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Busy Work is a thesis about finding my feminism. For two years I investigated my feelings surrounding my roles as a woman and an artist. I realized early on that things are not often as they appear, opinions are often tightly held, and nothing can be considered inherent. My goals changed from creating a body of work that looked good and made sense, to making the work that would guide me towards finding my own place

BUSY WORK

by

Anna Wallace

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Committee Chair

APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis written by Anna Wallace has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Committee Chair _____
Nikki Blair

Committee Members _____
Barbara Campbell Thomas

Jennifer Meanley

Heather Holian

Date of Acceptance by Committee

Date of Final Oral Examination

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Thank you Eric Waters, my partner and fiancé, for being my rock throughout these two years and patiently doing all of my photography. To my father, Bob Wallace, for teaching me the importance of words. And to my mother, Roberta Wallace, for teaching me what feminism is by example.

Finally, to all the female artists who came before me, thank you for providing me with the hope and wisdom to continue.

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CHAPTER I
FINDING FEMINISM

I can remember the moment I finally understood what feminism was and that I identified as a feminist. It was the summer after I graduated from college and I was having lunch with some girls I went to high school with. My friend Megan, a Women's and Gender Studies minor was describing a disagreement with a male classmate about whether or not he could identify as a feminist. I mentioned that I wasn't sure I would call myself one – at the time it seemed antiquated, unnecessary, and frankly extreme to me. Outraged, Megan asked me, “Do you believe in equality?” Immediately I answered, “Yes, of course.” “You are a feminist,” Megan replied.

I spent the next several years mulling over this realization before taking ownership of my new identification as a feminist. Later, when I began to take ownership of my desire to have a child, my system of beliefs was truly put to the test. As an artist, I grew up with the idea that I would never be a mother - that artist and mother were opposite and irreconcilable roles. If I believed in this opposition, where did that leave me as a feminist? Why did it take so long for me to identify as a feminist? Why did I tell myself that I could only be an artist or a mother and not both? *Busy Work* has become a way for me seek answers to these questions, not by working through them, but rather by making through them from within my art practice (Figure 1).

CHAPTER II

POST-FEMINIST DEBACLE

Growing up as a Millennial, my culture told me that feminism was a part of history. Begun by women of the Victorian Era fighting for suffrage, the First Wave accomplished voting rights. In the 1960's and 70's the Second Wave burned their bras and asserted their right to do more than raise children and clean house. I, along with generations of men and women, believed that these waves were successful in their efforts.

These past two years taught me that I was indoctrinated with this idea of post-feminism. I spent one semester of self-directed study on feminist topics, which taught me that I was not alone in my feminist confusion. Writer Clare Johnson addresses my generation directly:

Post-feminism is a contested term and as others have pointed out has been used in a number of ways by different authors. Most frequently, however, it gives name to a tendency that emerged in the 1990s and 2000s to represent feminism as homogenous, unattractive and irrelevant to contemporary life. It suggests a time after feminism, which is left behind as if it is unnecessary (Johnson 21).

There is a pendulum that swings back and forth through time. During the Second Wave, feminists fought against being stuck at home caring for the children and doing the housework. This was argued with such fervor that it became unacceptable for a woman to actually desire to do those things. Having a job “outside the home” was the only

appropriate feminist way to achieve self-actualization. This swings too far and devalues the work done inside the home. What if a woman's true desire is to foster her creativity through childcare and homemaking?

Gloria Steinem speaks eloquently on this topic, giving voice and value to homemaking. Reading her 1983 book, *Outrageous Acts and Everyday Rebellions* opened my eyes wider and wider. I was completely bowled over by this statistic: "According to the United Nations, females do one-third of the paid work in the world, and two-thirds of all work, paid and unpaid. In industrialized societies like the United States, homemakers work harder than any other class of worker: an average of 99.6 hours a week." (Steinem 194). Outrageous indeed.

CHAPTER III

VICTORIAN INSPIRATION

During my second semester I completely gave myself to the topic of motherhood. I started telling everyone, classmates and faculty alike, that my greatest desire was to have a child – and I started making work about it. Everyone had an opinion that they gladly shared with me. I had amazing conversations with women who were mothers and artists about how they made it work. I talked with women artists who did not have children and how they felt about that. Overwhelmingly, these conversations lifted me up and helped move the work forward.

I was also told that my work should not look like it was made by a girl, that hopefully I wanted to do more with my life than have a baby, and that I was privileged to think I could make art and be a mother. When I looked to recent art history for guidance I was saddened to find very little on the topic of mother and artist. In 2007 when Cornelia H. Butler and Lisa G. Mark curated *Wack*, a compendium of Second Wave feminist art they noted, “one curious aspect of all this woman’s work...is the fact that no women dealing with their own bodies and biographies have introduced pregnancy or childbirth as a major image” (*Wack* 138). By 2013 Clare Johnson still cited that ““Good mother” and “successful artist” remain mutually exclusive roles” (Johnson 62). This empowered me to continue.

I began looking further back in history. I have always gravitated towards the Victorian period; growing up I read more Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë than I did the popular contemporary literature for young adults. As I looked at this period through the lens of my current work, I appreciated that Victorian women were under no illusions that they needed to fight for their rights. Today, most women are complacent – myself included. I have so much to learn from Victorian women; they were well read, extremely eloquent, and actively involved in creating change through their words.

Thus, words became a driving force behind my work. I looked less and less at the visual art of other women and more and more at female writers and the words historical and contemporary female artists used to discuss their work. This freed me from becoming caught up in mimicking styles of work. By interpreting novels, poetry, and artist statements of other women I opened up my working process to the outermost bounds of my imagination.

CHAPTER IV
ANNA'S HOUSE OF DREAMS

My own desire to be a mother naturally led me to my relationship with my mom, who although has spent her life working as a social worker, is also an incredible artist. When I realized that she was my first artistic collaborator I drove to Durham and raided the antique wooden trunk at the top of the stairs where we keep fabric and old sewing projects. My mother and I have collected textiles together for many years. We favor bark cloth from the 1940's and 50's and bright floral patterns from the 1960's and 70's. The bulk of this fabric was originally intended for domestic use: curtains, table cloths, upholstery, bed spreads, sheets, and house dresses, which not only dated the fabric but also placed it within the home. With these materials my mother taught me to sew simple projects like pillows, purses, and headbands. As I dug through the piles of unused fabric and scraps of projects half-finished I knew I had found my medium.

I took a huge stockpile of the fabric back to my studio and started sewing bricks. I made a simple pattern of six faces that I sewed together like a rectangular pillowcase, and then stuffed each with foam. I was thinking about homemaking and the building of something meaningful from many small and insignificant parts. I painstakingly hand-stitched these patchwork and patterned bricks into four walls, inside of which would contain the relative size of my body (Figure 2). The title of this piece, *Anna's House of Dreams*, was inspired by book five in the *Anne of Green Gables* series by L.M.

Montgomery, titled *Anne's House of Dreams* published in 1922. I grew up with this series and studied them again during undergraduate school as a part of my Victorian Children's Literature course. Anne is such a kindred spirit to me, always dreaming and growing up with lofty artistic goals but eventually finding room in her life for a family. *Anna's House of Dreams* took nearly an entire semester of dedicated work, after which, I received the feedback from my faculty that I had been doing "busy work."

I was broken hearted. What may have looked like insignificant stitching represented a breakthrough for me. I was finally allowing myself to make the work I needed to be making and I was finding myself through the process as well. My second semester, although marking a turning point in my work, led me into one of my worst depressive episodes. I felt consistently low and unappreciated for my efforts and I began having panic attacks with increasing frequency.

Still, I kept sewing, and for a while turned to embroidered text to help focus the work. I needed stability and small successes and so I turned to the activities I had been telling everyone I cared so much about: homemaking. I do not yet have a child so this meant focusing on cooking, baking, cleaning, exercise, and feeding stray cats. Everyday for one month I wrote down all the domestic activities that I accomplished on a piece of paper. I then chose 25 items that seemed the most frequent or meaningful, and I embroidered them on quilt-like patchwork rectangles I sewed from my mother's fabric (Figure 3). I took time and care to complete these tasks, helping to restore my mental health, and then I took time and care to create a way to share that with others. I was coming to the same conclusions as Mierle Laderman Ukeles did in 1969:

She realized that as an artist, a woman, a wife, and a mother, she did “a hell of a lot of washing, cleaning, cooking, renewing, supporting, preserving...” These “maintenance everyday things,” as she called them, were taking her away from making art. She saw that “culture confers lousy status on maintenance.” But, she reasoned if “everything I saw as Art is Art,” then she could confer art status on maintenance. Voila: “My working will be the work” (Broude 243).

Although it was painful to do so, following the feedback about *Anna’s House of Dreams* I cut each brick apart and re-sewed them into a new formation. Connecting them end-to-end I created an extremely long soft-sculpture accordion book and retitled the piece *Diary* (Figure 4). On the book’s pages, which were the actual bricks, I catalogued all of the hurtful comments that were made to me in regards to my work. Using a technique similar to frosting a cake I piped out acrylic paint and wrote each comment in cursive. While the paint was wet I sprinkled glitter over the entire surface. Instead of letting those words hold me back I let them become the work because I felt it was important for the public to hear the sentiments that are still present in today’s world. All of the words on the book are quotes by women.

These small parts coming together to create something larger has become very meaningful to me. The bricks from *Anna’s House of Dreams* and the *Acts of Domesticity* tiles are physical reminders of the time and method of making. I did not build a house out of one large piece of material, or create an autonomous wall hanging. Instead, I carved out small moments of time and produced the individual parts that I could later use to create a whole. This way of working reflects the way women have always had to work:

Women’s lifestyles tend to contain small time-scales, brief moments – we need flexibility to deal with the tiny important moments that children, friends, lovers,

present. This is often presented in the work. And we are so busy with the children, jobs, domestic life that time for art-work has to be slotted in between tea and the ironing or whatever (Parker 206).

I was learning how to turn a temporal structure into a visual structure. The compressed and fragmented moments of women's days do not lend themselves to the common male-directed understanding of an artist devoted to their work. Rather than fight against these interruptions I have come to embrace them and allow them to create a new framework for my studio practice.

CHAPTER V

THE MAKING

After spending a full semester focusing on sewing and embroidery I became obsessed with learning new fibers techniques. Without looking up any tutorials I taught myself how to weave. I took the anecdotal knowledge I had about how weavings were constructed – at their most basic, an overlapping of warp and weft threads – and began. I hammered lines of nails into my studio walls and on the top and bottom edges of painting stretchers, and wrapped thin threads back and forth around the nails to create my warp. Using brightly colored vintage tapestry yarns I found my way looping the weft back and forth, beginning simply and slowly developing more complex patterns and textures.

My largest weaving, taking many months to complete, I titled after a quote from Sarah Stickney Ellis's novel of manners, *The Daughter's Of England* (Figure 5). While Ellis's many texts have the reputation of being severe on the female sex, this quote speaks to the connections between women that are unique to the female experience:

In the circle of her private friends, as well as from her own heart, she learns what constitutes the happiness and the misery of woman, what is her weakness and what her need, what her bane and what her blessing. She learns to comprehend the deep mystery of that electric chain of feeling which ever vibrates through the heart of woman, and which man – with all his philosophy, can never understand. She learns that every touch of that chain is like the thrilling of a nerve; and she thus acquires a power peculiar to herself, of distinguishing exactly between the links which thrill with pleasure, and those which only thrill with pain (Ellis 199).

I felt this invisible connection in creating this weaving. Although no individual woman taught me, I was somehow connected to the history of women throughout my making process. By performing these actions, my female muscle memory was reaching through time and circumstance to create a visual representation of this *Electric Chain of Feeling*.

I longed to learn more textile techniques and voraciously moved from one to another. I began filling myself with knowledge about the various types of rug making. I taught myself to make rag rugs, hook rugs, and punch rugs. I collected the materials and tools, practiced the techniques, often beginning small, then growing larger and larger, making fearless design and color choices.

Rag rugs combine simple hand-sewing techniques with the deeply feminine act of braiding (Figure 6). Braiding another woman's hair is such an intimate act, and as I sat braiding scraps of vintage fabric together in longer and longer strands, I again felt this connection to the history of women's work and the collective power of females. Each braided strand, getting spiraled around on itself, grew larger and larger, gaining power and momentum, just like I was feeling the women's movement grow around me through my work.

Hook rugs are an extremely slow-moving process (Figure 7). Tiny little pieces of pre-cut tapestry yarn are individually latched around a gridded material in a laborious process. Time slows down and the resulting surface seems blurry. To me this blurriness represents the inability to pin down one specific meaning, and when paired with the physical slowness of the making process, hook rugs allow me a space of meditation to parse through the simultaneous truths contained within the work and myself.

Punch rugs are a much more rapid and almost manic activity (Figure 8). Long strands of yarn or cut fabric are fed through a tool and repeatedly punched through a backing cloth creating tight loops on one side and open loops on the other. This distinct double-sidedness leaves room for so much variation, exposing the undersides and process. Within the contrast between front and back, again the idea of simultaneous truths rose to the surface. I am at once woman and artist. While hook rugs allowed me the intimate spatio-temporality to discover this in myself, punch rugs are representative of my demand that the world see me this way as well.

Finally, I taught myself how to quilt. This time I did not start small. I committed to making a full sized quilt that would fit the bed I currently sleep on (Figure 9). My favorite quilt pattern has always been the Tumbling Blocks – I love the optical quality – and so that is where I began. Every night for weeks I spent hours cutting the little diamond shapes out of piles of vintage fabric, and the following day I would bring them to the studio and sew them all together. This resulted in a quilt that again revealed the time structure of making. Because I did not cut out all of the pieces needed from the same batch of fabrics and evenly distribute them around the quilt's composition, each day's work can be identified through the different collections of fabrics I was cutting from that day. It is necessary that the quilt be hung on the wall so this patchy quality can be seen. I have also left the underside open so that my working process is exposed, again representing the multiplicity of womanhood, of always existing in more roles than one.

CHAPTER VI
PINK PREJUDICE

Mary Kingsley, a Victorian anthropologist, details her nearly unbelievable and often hilarious journeys in her book *Travels in West Africa*. Her tongue in cheek tone often addresses topics of gender as exemplified by this passage in which she reveals the merits of holding on to her femininity even in the African jungle:

It is at these times you realise the blessing of a good thick skirt. Had I paid heed to the advice of many people in England, who ought to have known better, and did not do it themselves, and adopted masculine garments, I should have been spiked to the bone, and done for. Whereas, save for a good many bruises, here I was the fullness of my skirt tucked under me, sitting on nine ebony spikes some twelve inches long, in comparative comfort, howling lustily to be hauled out (Kingsley 96).

Upon falling into a game trap her female attire saved her life. In this case, Mary Kingsley's femininity served a specific task.

Mary Kingsley was an anomaly; for many female writers of the Victorian Era, even the use of their own name was unthinkable and they strove to distance themselves as far as possible from their gender. The Brontë sisters decided that their first book of poems:

were to appear under pseudonyms...deliberately androgynous-sounding...“we did not like to declare ourselves women, because – without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called ‘feminine’ – we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice.”

The Brontë sisters understood a great deal about the print culture of their day and its misogynistic bias (Harman 228).

While the Brontës, and other Victorian women such as George Elliot and George Sand, adopted nom-de-plums, other Victorian writers did just the opposite. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's novel poem *Aurora Leigh* tirelessly addresses the gendered double standard affecting her heroine. She specifically comments on the devaluation of her writing and embroidery, "Not as mere work but as mere women's work" (Browning 46).

I desire to take Mary Kingsley and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's approach and face this prejudice head on. I am declaring that I, a woman, made this work. At the same time I am demanding that viewers engage with what the work is actually doing, rather than what they expect it to be doing because it was made by a female and because they identify the elements of the work as traditionally feminine. As Lucy Lippard states, "Of course art has no gender, but artists do" (Lippard 145).

For example, instead of glazing over pink glitter as a girly and low quality craft material, the work demands that my specific material choice be more deeply examined. The glitter text on *Diary* is eye-catching and provides instant gratification as the words did to the people who originally spoke them. These words were hurtful and clearly lacked thoughtful response, only addressing surface level concerns related to personal opinions and not actual engagement with the work. The glitter coating each of these words sticks to me as I manipulate the book, physically reminding me of the hurt they caused. Yet the glitter slowly flakes off and wears away, the words becoming more and more difficult to distinguish as I move past and put these painful reminders behind me.

CHAPTER VII
PERFORMING THE FUTILITY OF WOMANHOOD

Eventually, simply displaying the objects I was making was not enough to carry my message. Viewers were still questioning my intent and mischaracterizing the work as saccharine. My own body had to physically enter the work. As humans we can empathize with the body in a way we cannot with inanimate materials. While making my work, I experience so many intimate moments, but my audience does not; they only see the result of those human-material interactions. Performing became a way for me to make those intimacies public.

I spent months creating a six-foot by three-foot stuffed yellow brick weighing about 15 pounds. Once complete I used my body to manipulate it and allowed it to manipulate my body. The brick ceased to be an object and transformed into another body in the space that I had to contend with. The form began to physically and mentally affect me and vice versa. At times the brick protected my body as I fell and at others it smothered me. My actions caused small stains and tares on its surface that I had to repair. I began capturing short videos of our interactions, some humorous and nonsensical, some vaguely sensual, and some with hints of violence and struggle. Eventually I performed *The Futility of Womanhood* in front of a live audience. Partially choreographed with my collaborator, musician Lowell Fuchs, but mostly spontaneous, this performance tested my emotional and physical stamina. I put myself completely on display and interacted with

the brick on and off for approximately 45 minutes in a performance that culminated in the repetitive action of practicing handstands and falling backwards onto the brick. This falling action directly speaks to the futility of womanhood: trying and failing, trying and failing, trying again (Figure 10).

Moments before the performance I was near panic attack and deeply questioning why I had decided to put myself through this emotional trauma. During the performance something entirely unexpected happened. I was aware of the audience, I was aware I was performing; yet I was also completely in the moment. I was creating art with my body, performing my work as I had never done before.

Performing brings up a whole host of other concerns. What should I wear? Am I putting myself on display and how do I feel about that? Should my actions be carefully choreographed or should they be improvisational? Am I able to have a real experience in front of an audience at all or am I simply acting, reacting, or even re-enacting? While these are important questions, I feel as though each performance comes naturally in the end, possibly because, as artist Cheri Gaulke says:

Performance is not a difficult concept to us [women]. We're on stage every moment of our lives. Acting like women. Performance is a declaration of self – who one is – a shamanistic dance by which we spin into other states of awareness, remembering new visions of ourselves. And in performance we found an art form that was young, without the tradition of painting or sculpture. Without the traditions governed by men. The shoe fit, and so, like Cinderella, we ran with it (Broude 160).

Performing has helped teach me to trust in my intuitions. Movements made in the studio are private and unseen; they can be erased, hidden, or destroyed before they are seen by

the outside world. Performing exposes these movements, sharing that which so rarely comes to light.

CHAPTER VIII
THESIS INSTALLATION

My installations are nearly always inspired in some way by *The Yellow Wallpaper* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. A radical woman living and writing around the end of the Victorian period, she was so ahead of her time in her views on animal rights, feminism, economics, and politics. *The Yellow Wallpaper* tells the story of a woman suffering from post-partum depression before it had a name. She is quarantined to an attic room to take the rest cure, a typical Victorian treatment given to women dealing with psychological ailments. She longs to write and to escape from this room with its walls covered in a pattern that “was not arranged on any laws of radiation or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of” (Gilman 172). This wallpaper first deepens the woman’s insanity and eventually comes to life – another woman, a doppelganger of herself, emerges from the wallpaper and finally breaks free of her bondage, literally stepping over her husband and captor on the way out the door.

In past installations I have used this idea of the wallpaper quite literally, covering walls of a gallery with hundreds of ceramic tiles to make up a dimensional wall pattern. These tiles, as with my *Acts of Domesticity* tiles, I hung without the use of measurement devices. Using a grid or other pattern format without measuring the length and width between each object inevitably creates a warped pattern. Eyes are not perfect and thus the result is a pattern that moves and sways. This imperfection is vital to me because it

highlights the fact that I am human and that I am flawed. Returning to my confused identity growing up as a non-feminist, this idea was tied to the 1980's myth of the "supermom" or "superwoman" who had it all – a family, a job, a power suit, and a calm and cool demeanor (Hochschild 1). This unattainable picture of perfection is damaging and should be replaced with appreciation of the striving for, rather than achievement of success.

In *Busy Work* I knew the walls needed a more subtle adjustment. Rather than totally covering the walls I decided to cover the corners and edges, marking where my territory ended and began. I sewed and stuffed nearly 400 feet of plush pink and blue tubing, which I used to create a framing device throughout the gallery. The entrances were lined in the blue tubing, representing the entry and exit from a "man's" world, and the rest of the gallery was bordered with the pink tubing, representing a space of female creation (Figure 11). While it may seem antiquated to use these traditional binary colors to distinguish between genders, I feel that both men and women need a reminder that overt femininity should not ever be confused with a value judgment. The whole space was meant to confront its audience with a reframing of femininity. Could I create a space that completely embraced my own personal sense of femininity, both aesthetically and conceptually, but that did not leave room for devaluation in other's eyes?

CHAPTER VIII

WOMEN'S WORK INTUITION

Towards the end of my final semester I needed to find a way to combine all of the techniques I had been learning into larger and more complex pieces, using more speculative thought rather than pre-planned designs. Working with larger sections of fabric, portions of rag rugs, and completed hook and punch rugs, I began blindly sewing parts together without any plan as to the overall form. This resulted in unwieldy forms with floppy appendages and bits turned inside out exposing the undersides. The first piece did not immediately stand up on its own so I stuffed random pieces of Styrofoam inside to create a crude framework. Yet, this framework did not match the form of the outside of the piece and therefore stuck out at odd angles – sharp protrusions pushing against the soft underbelly of the stuffed sculpture. This immediately reminded me of Judy Chicago's infamous question, "How to fit a soft shape into a hard framework?" (Chicago 94). More interesting to me, my pieces addressed the question of *How do you fit a hard framework into soft shape?* (Figure 12).

After completing my quilt I had a small section of the cube pattern left over. I intuitively started surrounding that shape with larger sections of fabric to create a composition. Then, as an opportunity to practice the actual quilting technique, I added a backside and filled the center with batting. Some areas needed to be hand stitched

because they had volume; the flat portions I quilted with my sewing machine. One corner needed some embellishment, so I added a braid (Figure 13).

This method turned out to be the perfect solution for a group of tiny collages of fabric that occurred as remnants from previous sewing projects. These beautiful compositions, more idiosyncratic than anything I could have devised, had been lying in wait in my studio until I found a way to resolve them. They are delicate and needed to be appreciated for what they are rather than be completely consumed by some larger piece, however, they also needed a slight something more to help them stand on their own.

I followed the same general series of actions as with the first small quilt, but also stayed open to what each piece needed, allowing myself to be intuitive, as I feel the work of women often is. Jokes are made about “women’s intuition,” yet I feel that there is an innate tactile knowledge that women possess within the practices of women’s work, and it is this knowledge that my busy work has been constantly attempting to access. After years of practice at these art forms, learning techniques and acquiring muscle memory operating my sewing machine and threading my fingers holding a needle back and forth between the folds of fabric, with these last few pieces I have made, I have finally begun to connect to what I am calling *women’s work intuition*. This method of working combines the distinctly female segmented time structure, a constant doing and undoing, attention to all sides in order to expose simultaneous truths, and this sense that by using these techniques I can connect to all the women, past and present who have also made the same motions. Through this commonality we create a collective *women’s work intuition*.

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CATALOGUE OF IMAGES

Figure 1. *My feminism is...*, 2017. Fabric and embroidery floss, 16 x 9 ½ in. and 13 x 8 in.

Figure 2. *Anna's House of Dreams*, 2017. Fabric, foam, and Poly-fil, 5 x 3 x 3 ft.

Figure 3. *Acts of Domesticity*, 2017, Fabric, embroidery floss, and cardboard, 8 x 9 ¼ in. each.

Figure 4. *Diary (performance still)*, 2018. Fabric, paint, glitter, foam, and Poly-fil, dimensions variable.

Figure 5. *Electric Chain of Feeling*, 2017-2018, Fabric, yarn, wire, and Poly-fil, 60 x 80 x 12 in.

Figure 6. *Rag Rug with Fringe*, 2017. Fabric, 48 x 22 x 2 in.

Figure 7. *Blue Sketch*, 2017. Hook rug and clay, 13 x 7 x 3 in.

Figure 8. *Beyond the shadow of a stool*, 2018. Punch Rug, 18 x 16 x 1 ½ in.

Figure 9. *Quilt*, 2018. Fabric, 100 x 93 in.

Figure 10. *The Futility of Womanhood (performance still)*, 2018. Hook rug, fabric, Poly-fil, 3 x 6 x 1 ft.

Figure 11. *Busy Work (installation shot)*, 2018.

Figure 12. *How can you fit a hard framework into a soft shape? II*, 2018. Fabric, yarn, Poly-fil, Styrofoam, and clay, 45 x 65 x 35 in.

Figure 13. *Quilt Painting I*, 2018. Fabric and batting, 17 x 10 x 3 in.

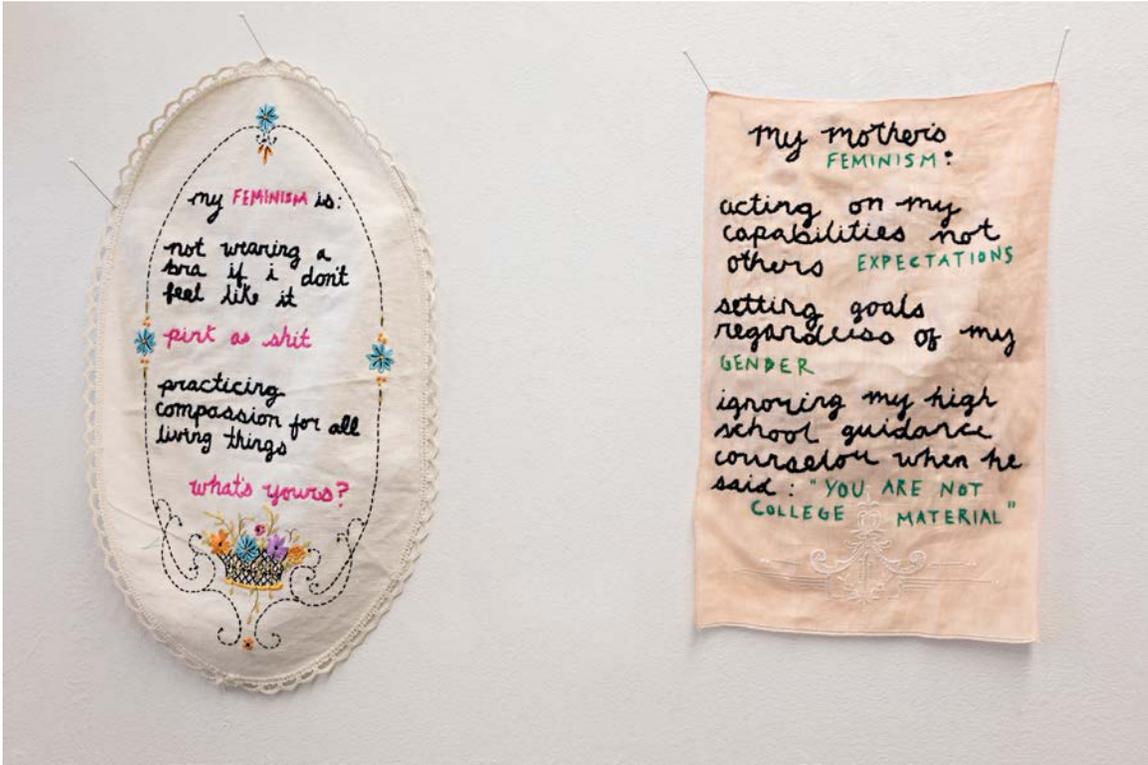


Figure 1. *My feminism is...*, 2017. Fabric and embroidery floss, 16 x 9 ½ in. and 13 x 8 in.



Figure 2. *Anna's House of Dreams*, 2017. Fabric, foam, and Poly-fil, 5 x 3 x 3 ft.



Figure 4. *Diary (performance still)*, 2018. Fabric, paint, glitter, foam, and Poly-fil, dimensions variable.



Figure 5. *Electric Chain of Feeling*, 2017-2018, Fabric, yarn, wire, and Poly-fil, 60 x 80 x 12 in.



Figure 6. *Rag Rug with Fringe*, 2017. Fabric, 48 x 22 x 2 in.



Figure 7. *Blue Sketch*, 2017. Hook rug and clay, 13 x 7 x 3 in.



Figure 8. *Beyond the shadow of a stool*, 2018. Punch Rug, 18 x 16 x 1 ½ in.



Figure 9. *Quilt*, 2018. Fabric, 100 x 93 in.



Figure 10. *The Futility of Womanhood (performance still)*, 2018. Hook rug, fabric, Poly-fil, 3 x 6 x 1 ft.



Figure 11. *Busy Work* (installation shot), 2018.



Figure 12. *How can you fit a hard framework into a soft shape? II*, 2018. Fabric, yarn, Poly-fil, Styrofoam, and clay, 45 x 65 x 35 in.



Figure 13. *Quilt Painting I*, 2018. Fabric and batting, 17 x 10 x 3 in.