

TENDER

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL MADE BY WOMEN

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“You just need to Lean In.”

ELLEN ADDISON	3
HOA NGUYEN	5
CLAIRE GROSSMAN	9
KRISTINA TZEKOVA.....	11
JESSE DARLING	15
SOFIA LEIBY	19
LISA ROBERTSON	21
ŽELJKA MAROŠEVIĆ WITH NINA POWER	24
KELLY SURDO	34
MARY RUEFLE	38
CLARE GRILL	43
ELIZA ROBERTSON	47
EMILY BERRY	51
CÉLINE GUICHARD	53





RITUAL FOR ATTRACTING MONEY

1. Act like you're a snobby goose
2. Buy groceries that are green colored
3. Braid your hair with golden ribbon and sleep with golden ribbons in your hair
4. Look at birds over your left shoulder
5. Walk with a cane very slowly saying "Hmm..."

[CATS UNDERWATER A ZOO]

Cats underwater as part of a zoo
tableau orange tabby cats
sad wet fur They blink
so rarely moldy necks
My sister doesn't feel anything
I was wearing the old black hat
on the subway when I saw the old lover
I think he has a "lard ass"

WORE A HEMP HAT

Wore a hemp hat ate grapes
A list of future baby names:
Waylon Angelica Martin Lucia
Rhymed some words & read a poem
Still damp the laundry Come on sun
Swished the toilets and watered plants
By March I'll have gained 2 extra pounds
in uterine muscle Ate gross cinnamon bun

SEAGULLS

To Poets

Seagulls
Wrap food around a stone
Throw it
Bird crashes dispatch
Eat it

At Home In Paradise

A deity rides a jet ski. An egret preens himself bald.
A waitress forever apologizing: *Pepsi okay?* Your cousin
asks if you've ever drag raced. Missed connection:
"in tallahassee & you were wearing an x-files shirt.
i totally don't remember your name, but wanted to keep
in touch." A diver finds a leg. A man believes a bird who
tells him there's a precious gem inside her body. Whose
python is this. Your neighbor runs away with her son's
tennis coach. Bolt cutters in a bookbag. Clouds turn
fat and mauve before a hurricane. Your landscaper turns
out to be a messenger of God. Angels build a swimming
pool in heaven and bring it to Florida. A girl with the
body of an ibis. A man shoots a peacock in his yard. You
learn that the state gemstone is moonstone, which is not
found naturally in-state, or on the moon for that matter.

Trust-Building Exercises

Sit on the floor with your legs crossed directly in front of your partner. Tell your partner a painful story from childhood. Do not break eye contact. As you tell your story, your partner must respond to each sentence with either “wow” or “ow.” Switch roles and repeat.

Stand facing your partner. Make full eye contact and describe in detail how you feel about your body. As you name a body part, your partner must position a hand to hover over that body part, palm flat and facing towards you. Do this for fifteen minutes each. Do not break eye contact.

Find a river. Swim sideways with one arm. Hold your partner’s hand with your free hand. Swim until something brushes your or your partner’s foot. Tread water in that spot for as long as you can stand it. Do not let go of your partner’s hand.

Watch your partner Google you for ten minutes. Your partner may re-enter different search terms based on what comes up in earlier searches. You may not speak at all. Your partner may not ask you any questions. You may not look away from the screen. Your partner may not look away from the screen. Switch roles and repeat.

Find a twin-sized bed and lay in it with your partner. You may spend up to ten (but no less than five) minutes deciding who will be the big spoon and who will be the little spoon. Position yourselves accordingly. Lay there until you both turn thirty. You may not switch positions.

Stand facing your partner on the low, circular wall of an enclosure. Inside the enclosure is a rattlesnake. The tap end of a hose is dangling over the inner edge of the enclosure. Tell your partner your 100% honest opinion of them. If you stop talking or say anything less than your 100% honest opinion, the hose will turn on automatically. Rattlesnakes cannot climb walls, but they are adept swimmers.

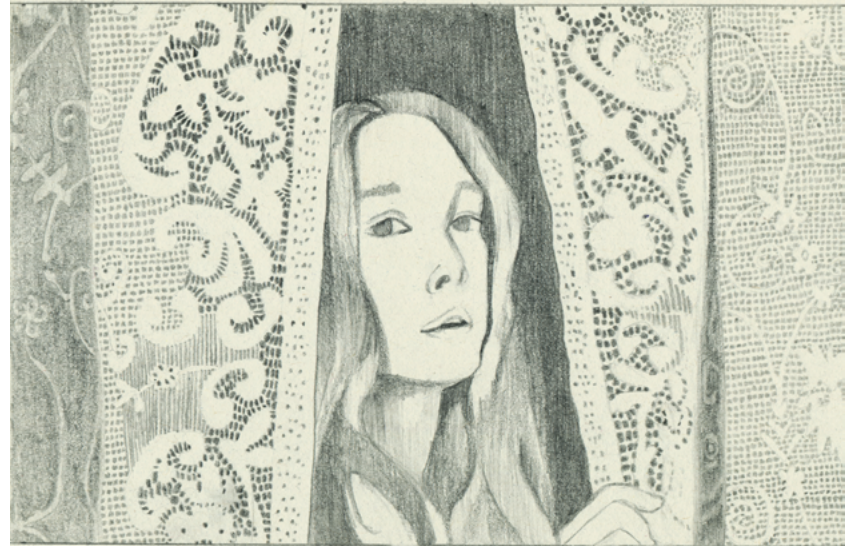


KRISTINA TZEKOVA



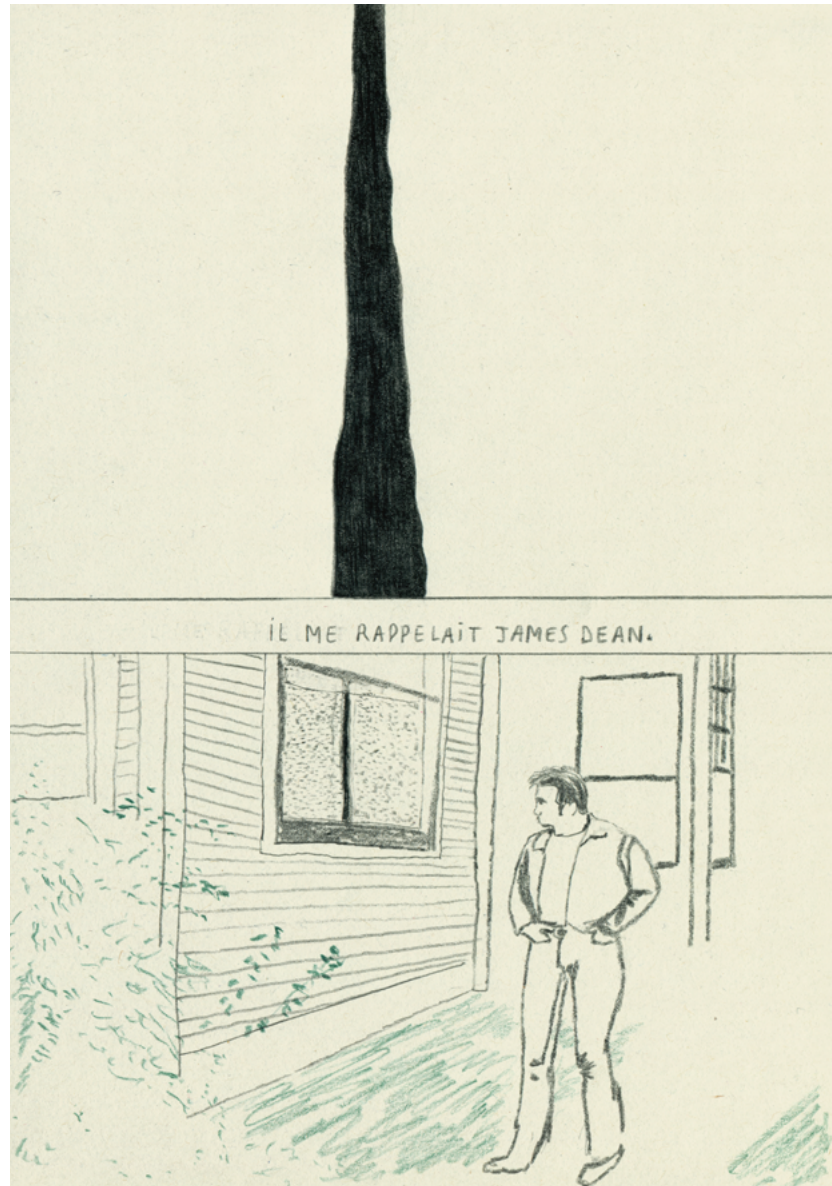
KRISTINA TZEKOVA

TERRENCE MALICK — BADLANDS (1973)



IL AVAIT UN DE CES CHARMES.





Eleven Dreams

An S&M musical ballet, everyone singing & syncopated. Some art space, Hans Ulrich Obrist is there too. We're talking about the work which is nowhere visible; it's meta-architectural. In the top corner, as with doctor's waiting rooms, there's a little telly playing weird art porn: I recognize the subtitles & credits as my parents start moving towards the grave. In the film a woman is engaging intimately with some kind of an animate organ, great big clump of whatever with a supple soft center, she's putting her face in it, she's putting her hands in it. *Oh gosh*, she says. She has a posh voice. She comes. *Sorry*, she says. There are thin women in Nazi military gear & the TV isn't art either. My father is there in a suit but I have to intercept him, do I strike him? Probably he's drunk. I call the heavies in & as I leave I tell em be gentle. Thin line between love & hate anyway. Someone says I should have had children earlier. *Ironic*, says a woman in a Nazi suit. *Mmm*, says the woman in the film.

I'm riding my horse off the ferry into the cold mountain road down Coney Island. The full head of Lady Liberty is lit up w the dawn, looming large over the hill it's not a true Coney it's another. She seems to be exploding but maybe thas jus what it looks like when they spark her torch up. I take pictures on my iPhone, knowing they'll like the image on Instagram. I'm riding my horse very much. We ride through a snowy Coney with nothing open but a rubber-smelling drug hustler boy's coffee shop staffed by a soft-voiced exhausted Polish girl & the gift shop-cum-breakfast bar, beacons in the cold steaming scent of inferior bacon fat & shrink-wrapped pastries being baked out of their packets sweet acrid artificial butter & vanilla. I'm in love with my horse & then I'm drinking with someone chubby, with dark hair & voluble when drunk; one of those things where you kiss & go home together after all, but doesn't it feel like that's the natural conclusion of every long night drinking? The whole dream feels like a hangover.

Elsewhere: a long table, a feast, feuds laid to rest in a mud world under a non-blue non-sky heaven; a new lover. We're sitting in the trenches with a child & its parents. I'm nervous, pulling out grass. I dig up something heavy & metallic: a bullet case someone made into a capsule for precious things. An old pound coin falls out & the child reaches for it. His father is stern. His father is my lover. *Excuse me, mister, you don't know where that's been;* & his mother says *look, somebody died here, this belonged to that person.* When I wake up it occurs to me that all the knowing adults I knew as a child were only playing at being knowing adults, & that nobody really knew anything at all.

My sister gives away a present she bought for me & I meet my old art teacher sitting on a bench. *I'm getting old*, he says. *Me too*, I say: *me too*. About fifteen years since I saw the guy & time can do a lot. "Danger is related to the size of things," says a patronising voiceover, "a jack knife for a baby is potentially fatal; an elephant might not even feel it."

It's a cold day in an unfamiliar town, flea markets & sleety rain. I'm sick numb heartbroken from visiting the house of my ex-lover's ex-lover so I am looking for power objects & practicing being the cat that walks by itself. I need a suit, I think. No more lil tomboy! I'm gonna become a real man, a gentle man. So I go to this flea market selling army surplus & second hand morning formals & I ask the guy if he's got what I need. He's a big rough red-headed market carny, an archetype, probably Dutch or maybe he's Irish. But suddenly in amongst all this dead cloth I'm overcome by sad exhaustion & I sink to my knees. With my eyes closed I feel a hand stroking my face. It's the vendor, he's kissing me. Maybe he's death. I say *how did you know it was okay to touch me?* *Darlin* he goes, *I knew it from the minute you walked in here & I knew I wanted to do that more than anything.* So we go to his place, big draughty warehouse, clean & spare in the way that men who live alone tend to keep their houses & I sense he's been alone for a long time. He shows me where the suits are kept, over coals in a big morgue oven; he's got a wood stove & a loft bed & the place smells like damp & mildew. His touch is soft with longing, but more than that there's loneliness—the disbelief of a hand on skin. Maybe this is what dying will be like, & it's not so bad. None

of the fire of living love, but a soft & scaly desire that stirs the sleeping animal under the skin. & breathing in the dark & the smallest of sighs.

& now I'm with grown-ups except that I'm not, first time at a party feeling, can't let anyone know that my body has never felt this way before on strange drugs & unfamiliar emotions & the dizzy sick of first cigarettes. I know I'm handsome, but I'm scared of the older women looking at me & I wish I knew how to be pretty like the pretty lady & hoping someone will come & put their arm around me. There were 10 red planes crashing in balletic formation & it brought down half of Brooklyn. A hilltop highway more like France or California on fire or maybe it was just some street in Anywhere City & I was young, younger, getting packed off to somewhere with all my bags in the back of a car with a boy, a brother maybe or a crush or cousin & soon after the punch line which was a twist so huge & whole that putting words to it is just a killing act but I want to keep it though it's already lost.

Hot dusty world a dirty love between hybrids. I'm the androgyne outlaw figure & she's my submissive blonde ingenue. We're on the run we don't stop moving through a series of nice rural family-run hotels where we do it in the restaurants & people look askance. But this is our delinquency & there's rage in it, there is righteousness & lust in it & there ain't no stopping us, ain't no stopping us now. & we don't stop drinking either, woozy & handsy & tired out from travelling & from sex. We stand on the bridge & watch a massive crocodile. He is majestic but he's dying. He fills us with erotic unease. We stay in this town just to watch him every day. When we discover that there's a young lady vet who wrangles him out of the water to feed him his meds, we become obsessed with her too & with the act of shoving a thing down the crocodile's throat. One day after watching our croc I go to one of the country parlours & get a huge tattoo of red lattice scales in his honour: it starts at my shoulder blade & continues right up the side of my face. Briefly I wonder if this was a good idea & my heart sinks when I realize it's there for good. But soon I don't care anymore cos my lil girl is by my side & she can't get enough of me & we're back on the road & onwards.

Waves breaking on the turquoise tile of ancient beaches, flooding, seepage, rain, a storm. A love story, violent in its complexity. You are in there somewhere. Tears, more water, sex: “you wanna see the real Venezia?” Leering in, but yes, I do. I’m rocking like a boat, so hard it wakes me up.

The rings of Saturn are like a conveyor belt that spins faster & faster & faster & faster, vroom.

A family-run hotel with puce bruisey carpets in the foyer & long cold dorm rooms no better than a scout hut & groups of West London teens coming tout ensemble for a love-in, all very polite when they get the keys but one reckons it’ll be wall-to-wall debauchery once they bring the drugs back. *The whole world’s a migraine*, someone says. My mum’s in the observatory, on whose roof a miniature statue of liberty. & it’s a beautiful sky like the Lion OsX background, fleshy pale galaxial labial, a big salivary whitewash in the split center of a sky wet with stars. I’m spacing out while others are talking; I hold up my hands to make a bird shadow & give the statue of liberty wings. I’m smiling awkwardly from holding back tears of wonder. How lovely a thing can be.

A swimming pool, a sunbeam, a pretty girl with a little son, a 50 year old cake with my sister’s name on it, an elderly woman who pushes past me on a narrow brocaded platform to jump to her death because she’s “ready.” There’s a lion too. I remember a bodega selling coffee on the upper east side in a hot muggy dawn: am I dreaming New York or is New York dreaming me. A last memory of the barn & all was painted black.



SOFIA LEIBY



LISA ROBERTSON

from The Men

If in the warm day each thing expanded to the form of its word, if weather were poverty and I Laura never died, if I Hazel never wept, if I understood the sentences in the form of the world, if all the falsity remained internal to beauty, my juicy mouth would want to say just these things as the trees opened and to them. Entirely synthetically I speak in air with their choice of good words. Some things result from thought and yet they are not contingent. I refer to the idea of Spring and I refer to poverty. Humanly they are architectures especially in the evening light. They have undone us and they are not aesthetical. We have thought them before Laura ever died, undertaking to fill the boats. I have called it The Men, passing the vanished barbershops, and the cabs empty, and the soiled caps cast on the street, my coins in my hard fist reading Truth. Nostalgia isn't cognition. As much falsity as I can use, I carry. The men shimmer.

Prior and excellent head of the boy
Speaking words tell me the history of
The face. Tell me where it exits
Faceless and slipping from
Structure. I'm ready to believe
When speech slips out of the animal's head
It seems normal. I know the spot
On the skull where it exits and I rub it.

By means of concepts they pretended
Language and the moderation of extravagance
To satisfy the conditions of the fabulous problem
And the concepts that supply them with matter
Such as the experience of the lily behind me
Which nearly spoke
Or clearly called to me in its lily way.
This is a speculative song.
I hope to advance further.
It is the most difficult task I have undertaken.

By means of the construction of concepts
We shall not discover men in the concept
In my intuition no man belongs in the concept
Of necessity. Obscurely the men are preamble
My concatenation admits each flesh
In its silky conceptual covering
Thus the acute men produce themselves
In fully the era of my adolescence.
Trashfuck or hydromel:

How do I make them actual?
I stand or fall with the solution
And the thickness of the lives I stand on
Or this is all in vain— thus
Their transcendental problem.

NINA POWER
INTERVIEWED BY ŽELJKA MAROŠEVIĆ



« I AM IN GENERAL MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN FALLING ASLEEP RATHER THAN LEANING IN. WORK IS SOMETHING TO RESIST AND REFUSE, NOT TO GET CLOSER TO. »

I received a copy of Nina Power's One-Dimensional Woman as a Valentine's Day gift in 2013. A small, slim volume with a hot pink cover, it was a welcome alternative to a greeting card. "Where have all the interesting women gone?" begins the pamphlet, before taking the reader on a whistle-stop tour of work, consumerism, sex and motherhood today, revealing the ways in which femininity and feminism have been bought, sold and exploited, always to the disadvantage of women. Power's writing style was striking and important: intellectual, witty and authoritative, it contained the most creative and original ideas I had read on the questions that had been bothering me for some time. What exactly was happening to women, and men, in the workplace? How did feminism get taken up as a consumer lifestyle product? Why did women always get blamed for having babies? Power placed feminism and gender in a wider social and cultural context, arguing for its absolute political centrality, while avoiding getting bogged down by the usual questions of, "is x feminist; and would a feminist do y?". For a book written out of such anger and discontent, some chapters, like those which proposed

an alternative history of pornography, were remarkably positive, not least because here was an interesting woman (with power in her name) precisely diagnosing the current political state of things and offering new modes of thinking.

Although ODW was published over five years ago, it brings together many of the ideas and subject areas that still interest Power today in her roles as a Senior Lecturer in Philosophy at Roehampton University and lecturer of Critical Writing in Art & Design at the Royal College of Art. Since the book's publication, Power has been involved in and documented the student protests and subsequent on-campus protests, and continued to write on a range of subjects including philosophy, work, politics and literature.

ŽELJKA MAROŠEVIĆ: *One-Dimensional Woman* was published in 2009, and the coalition government came into power the following year. Numerous reports have shown that austerity has been hardest on women, from a rise in precarious work to the introduction of "the bedroom tax", which has troubled the domestic space. What, in your mind, have been the biggest changes and what are the new issues?

NINA POWER: It's absolutely true to say that austerity has hit women and children hardest. What really shocked many were not so much the policies, a lot of which were continuations of New Labour policy, but the speed at which they were implemented. Although I'm not sure people would have predicted the extent of the vindictive and unworkable qualities of policies such as the bedroom tax, cuts to libraries, the utterly hostile and punitive cuts to disability allowances and so on. I was personally heavily involved politically in the fees and anti-HE cuts of late 2010, and spent a lot of time in court and supporting those who had been arrested on trumped-up charges.

One of the important things about these protests was the strength and confidence of young women not only on the streets but also as organisers of occupations and as spokespeople. I want to stress that the response to cuts and austerity also involved a repoliticisation (or simply

politicisation) of vast numbers of young women and men. This was also reflected in a kind of new seriousness that played itself out online, where discussions of feminism – and not just discussions, but organising and protests – were happening everywhere. As someone who felt depressed – fairly, or unfairly, I’m not sure – at the perceived absence of political thought and discussions in the early-to-mid 2000s, this was an exciting time. Of course, the moment you step out of line, you get punished. This was blatant in the attacks on the students, protesters, and many others in the years following the coming to power of the coalition government: the punishment where it wasn’t economic was also carceral.

It put opposition to austerity on a more or less permanent back foot. The world I described in *One-Dimensional Woman* was a period that was coming to an end, where women in particular were pushed into thinking of themselves as consumers. Now the credit bubble has burst and jobs are even more badly paid (or unpaid in increasing numbers of cases): I wish I had had more predictive power and focused more on the tendencies that pointed in this direction. In a way some of the writing was on the wall: work is just as gendered as ever, but now almost no one is being paid enough to live on. So I think things are much harsher for more people since 2009. In between then and now we also had the riots of 2011 and another round of extreme prison sentences.

So I don’t think there are new issues so much as things have become much worse, much more divided. And women bear the brunt of it: one statistic I find particularly revealing is that during the initial phases of the crisis men were losing their jobs faster than women, not least because women were on average cheaper to employ. But then the government started cutting public service jobs where women dominate, so women were losing the kinds of jobs that were basically being eradicated forever. A slight upturn sees men employed more heavily back in the private sector: what then happens to the women? The multiple part-time, precarious, terribly paid job on the US model is more prevalent now than ever, and just as gendered here as there.

ŽM: I want to quote a section from Sheila Heti’s novel *How Should a*

Person Be, in which the character of Sheila describes being commissioned by a theatre to write a play:

“Does it have to be a feminist play?”

“No,” they said, “but it has to be about women.”

I didn’t know anything about women! And yet I hoped I could write it, being a woman myself.

I thought this was a well-observed sentiment— the fact that as women we are often called upon to speak for other women, when actually we can only feel confident about our own experiences. How do you navigate this?

NP: Yes, I think this nicely captures something commonly felt but actually quite strange. It relates to the idea that men are somehow both universal/neutral in theory but also always individual in practice, whereas women are supposed to be particular in theory but somehow supposed to be representative or speak on behalf of all women in their practice, work and lives. I think women often feel caught between the desire to not be thought of as part of a group, “women” – not least because men rarely if ever have to think of what they do as reflecting on other men – and also feel under pressure to think about the implications for this group in terms of conforming, or not conforming. Either way, you are not allowed to be neutral or be the structure because the structure is always man-masked-as-neutral, thus everything you do if you are positioned as a “woman” stands outside of that.

I’ll give you an example: most of my work is in and around Philosophy, a highly male-dominated world and discipline. I am asked extremely often about the lack of women in Philosophy, as if I am a representative of a larger group into which I have privileged insight. Now there are obviously multiple reasons why there aren’t more women in Philosophy, most of which should be obvious to anyone involved in the discipline, whatever their gender. The implication that the people asking from within the discipline can’t work it out for themselves thus becomes part of the problem, and those who are supposed to have insight into a secret set of

reasons become bearers and representatives of that supposed group and its reasons, or even worse, go-betweens and outsiders to both groups.

To go back to your question, I'm not even sure I feel confident about my own experiences, to be honest. I think the only solution to this set of complicated problems would be for those interpellated as men to think more about how this happens and to understand its artificial and constructed nature.

ŽM: I was amused by how Sheryl Sandberg's book *Lean In* had an argument that worked in direct opposition to your thoughts on feminism and the workplace. Sandberg advocates exactly what you warn against: the working woman becoming a walking CV, the smiling, clean, wholesome, heel-wearing mother, who exploits the feminisation of the workplace for her own ends. What was your reaction to the book and its reception?

NP: It's funny, but not unsurprising, given the ideology of this kind of pro-work, right-wing feminism. I think it was interesting that so many were critical of Sandberg along the lines of class i.e. that presenting this kind of self-presentation in the service of capital as a matter of "will", "belief", "pulling your socks up" etc. is ideological in the extreme in that it ignores much greater structural reasons why women are disadvantaged in the workplace. Obviously I find Sandberg's argument symptomatic and laughable rather than anything else, but it is also a measure of desperation: it's not enough to sell your labour power, you have to sell your personality too, and at all times! I am much more interested in feminist arguments against work rather than this rebooted plucky secretary imagery which, if it even works, can only apply to an extremely small number of already middle-class women.

ŽM: The "leaning in" of Sandberg's argument chimed particularly with your phrase the "auto-objectivization" of the female body, which in this case literally bends to the needs of the market place. Did Sandberg's catchphrase bother you?

NP: Yes, it's a revolting idea and image, though it does inadvertently point out how much harder women need to work in order to be taken seriously. It conjures up the image of a well-dressed business woman sitting around a table, perhaps among mainly male colleagues, while performing a kind of over-keen perkiness by listening a bit too hard to what a bloke is saying. It places the onus on women to conform (or really, over-conform) to hostile business environments, all while sucking it up. It is gross to suggest that if women perform just a bit more intensely – and perhaps care less about being mothers, human beings, friends or private individuals – that they'll get to where women "should" have been all along. I am in general much more interested in falling asleep rather than leaning in. Work is something to resist and refuse, not to get closer to.

ŽM: You've written about the changing face of work, and how the individual is expected to be constantly working or bettering herself for the needs of the marketplace. In his book *Non-Stop Inertia*, Ivor Southwood writes that expecting a work/life balance used to be normal; now it's seen as a radical position. Creativity requires independence, daring, irreverence, boredom, time. Are we losing the ability to recognise these needs?

NP: Yes, of course we are. In fact, I think it's more complicated than that, in that the "needs" or capacities you identify, far from being outside of paid employment, are always already being sucked back into the requirements of work. Many theorists have noted that the blurring of life and work and the increased domination/transformations of work especially into majority service/knowledge employment has meant that lots of those things we might have regarded as "private" – one's personality, emotional life, creativity, etc. – are yet more material for employers to exploit.

Thus we get the sandwich chain Pret inserting a clause into workers' contracts to the effect that they must always appear happy and cheerful. If a secret shopper determines that the person who serves him or her

was not then the entire team loses any bonus. It's enforced happiness at the point of an economic gun. These dimensions of work, which often induce cognitive dissonance and serious emotional problems, as Hochschild described it a long time ago in *The Managed Heart*, are omnipresent in the service industry. It seems increasingly clear that we won't get back these capacities without radically overhauling or eliminating employment as it currently operates.

ŽM: The notion that men have obsessions, or as you put it "ideas and arguments and fixations" while women are more balanced (and by association, less interesting) is widespread. How have you found that this plays out in the academic arena?

NP: I'd forgotten about that argument. Yes I think there is something to that, a pride in being obsessive which is associated with certain images of maleness—I suppose the success story in this regard is the "nerd" who becomes an internet billionaire. On the other hand, women in academia are allowed their minor "obsessions" – such as feminism – precisely because almost none of their male colleagues will bother themselves by reading it. So there are obsessions which are allowed to dominate, and smaller obsessions which are marginalised because they are deemed partial, partisan and thus "uninteresting". At the time I think I wanted to defend the idea of the passionate, fixated woman who is really into something that has nothing to do with wanting to be desired or get a "proper" job.

ŽM: You write about the commercialisation of feminism, Feminism™, in which "feminism" can mean anything at all, so long as it sells a product. I'd be interested to know how you feel about feminism's adoption into popular literature and culture, most of which is arguably relatively intelligent, from Caitlin Moran's *How to Be a Woman* to TV and film (I dread to mention "GIRLS"). Is this the same as Feminism™ or is something else going on here?

NP: My target was a specifically uncritical kind of populist feminism

that was compatible with capitalism: in that sense I think Sandberg as you mentioned above is the natural heir to the objects of my critique. I think "GIRLS" is doing something interesting in parts, though what it amounts to is perhaps not that much. It's clearly supposed to be in part a portrayal of how annoying and blinkered 20-somethings can be, of their lack of awareness, but it's also not without some sympathy. Some of the depictions of work in the show – or rather not finding work – are quite interesting for what they tell us in the shift from a "Sex and the City"-type environment where all of the women were high-powered in one way or another to a slightly younger generation who are doing internships, working in coffee shops etc.

Moran I have less to say about— I like that she's trying to be funny but sometimes I think there's a kind of "I'm wacky me!" approach to supposedly "difficult" questions and "issues" that just eliminates what's interesting about them altogether.

I don't think either Moran or "GIRLS" fit into the "Feminism™" mould straightforwardly— certainly not because of the reason that they are popular, for example. But of course they could be more revolutionary. Perhaps they will become more so?

ŽM: One of the most interesting and complete depictions of the confused debate around the hijab and female objectification that I've seen is in the film *Holy Motors*. The scene begins with a silent Eva Mendes enacting the feminine ideal as she poses for a magazine photo shoot in Père Lachaise while a photographer snaps endless pictures of her as he mutters "Beauty, Beauty...". Mendes is then kidnapped by a demented madman who carries her off into a cave. There he turns her revealing golden dress into a niqab and has her walk in it as though she's on a catwalk. The scene ends with her singing a lullaby to the naked man as he falls asleep on her lap with an erection. Where do you stand on the debate? What do you think of the media depiction of Muslim women during the Arab Spring and since?

NP: I've not seen this film. I tried, as many did at the time of the Afghanistan and Iraq invasions, to call out the imperialist use that supposedly "oppressed" women were being put to in the name of a warmongering "feminism" of the right. I think that idea still exists: it is always important to work out who is talking about "liberation", "democracy", "freedom". Unless it comes from grassroots activists and their genuine supporters, it is usually best to be wary. More recently there have been quite a few stories where individual women wearing headscarves are supposed to be "married to Jihad" and other such scare stories, as if they can either be silent and oppressed or politically active and therefore terroristic. The demonization of Islam that followed on from the demonization of communism is still as dominant as it was a decade or more ago.

ŽM: In *One-Dimensional Woman* and elsewhere, your writing style blends theoretical terms with references from popular culture, seamlessly moving from a glossing of Kant to criticism of "Sex and the City". Was this style a conscious decision?

NP: Yes. I also wanted the book to be funny and the opposite of patronising, whatever that is. I had been sick of the many articles and feminist books writing in a talking-down style so wanted to do something in opposition to that. The style of writing – which is also very patchy, fragmentary, incomplete, ranty – comes from the blogs, which at that point myself and a few friends were heavily into. The book is quite a bit of a mess to be honest, with typos and missing references. But at that point the publisher had no editors and I threw it together from various blogposts and other scraps, into the short text it became. If I'd have known anyone would read the damn thing I would have changed and improved quite a few things.

But in general I write like I think and I spend a lot of time thinking about philosophical ideas as well as political and cultural themes.

ŽM: To the question, "What do women want", you suggest that popular discourse answers "chocolate". I remember in the early days of "Who Wants to Be A Millionaire" one contestant said she would spend her

winnings on taking a bath in chocolate. She won a million pounds. Now that "The Great British Bake Off" dominates popular discourse, has the desire for chocolate been replaced by a desire for the perfect Victoria Sponge?

NP: Yes, cake is one of those things women are supposed to "want" in the same way that chocolate is. Perhaps cake is to the austerity age what chocolate was to the credit boom era?! I think you should pursue it!

ŽM: One of the most salient arguments in *One-Dimensional Woman* is your writing on teenage pregnancy, and how it is only perceived as a problem because social structures aren't willing to support young mothers. I'm still surprised by the conservatism of the media and my peers on this subject; why do you think these attitudes remain unchanged?

NP: I'm not really sure. Clearly there's a class dimension: middle class families don't want their sons and daughters to be parents at a young age because it is perceived as something working class people do, and it might affect their possibilities of studying etc. But it's also an admission that really the structures aren't in place for families in general to be treated well, it's just that this becomes focused and blamed on the youngest parents. Again, if things were radically restructured such that everyone received support for parenting, some of the social stigma would go away.

ŽM: More recently you've written about the student protests and how the Cops off Campus demonstrations highlighted the increasing encroachments the police are making on public space. Have we essentially lost the right to protest? Is it possible to find new ways to revolt?

NP: These are huge questions, and ones I've been thinking about and practically involved in for a few years now, following the student protests of 2010. I'll just say that we need to fight to protect our right to take up space and the streets against a system that will do everything it can to prevent us from doing so.

KELLY SURDO



KELLY SURDO



KELLY SURDO



KELLY SURDO



from "Beyond Sunset"

Purple sadness is the sadness of classical music and eggplant, the stroke of midnight, human organs, ports cut off for a part of every year, words with too many meanings, incense, insomnia, and the crescent moon. It is the sadness of play money, and icebergs seen from a canoe. It is possible to dance to purple sadness, though slowly, as slowly as it takes to dig a pit to hold a sleeping giant. Purple sadness is pervasive, and goes deeper into the interior than the world's greatest nickel deposits, or any other sadness on earth. It is the sadness of depositories, and heels echoing down a long corridor, it is the sound of you mother closing the door at night, leaving you alone.

Black sadness is the ashling, its remains are scattered over several provinces, it is the sadness of rakes and hyphenated names, of clouds who think they are grapes, it is the sadness of cameos, which may be worn on the breast or at the neck but how sad none see the sadness of detail there, the woman playing a guitar without strings, the hare leaping from the fox in vain, it is sadness torn and sadness rent, it is the hole in sadness from which no words escape and no soul can spring. Many of us bought for the funeral a black velvet skirt, it is little Angie Moss on her way to the fair, it is there she will have her first adventure.

Orange sadness is the sadness of anxiety and worry, it is the sadness of an orange balloon drifting over snow-capped mountains, the sadness of wild goats, the sadness of counting, as when one worries that another shipment of thoughts is about to enter the house, that a soufflé or Cessna will fall on the one day set aside to be unsad, it is the orange haze of a fox in the distance, it speaks the strange antlered language of phantoms and dead batteries, it is the sadness of all things left overnight in the oven and forgotten in the morning, and as such orange sadness becomes lost among us altogether, like its motive.

Yellow sadness is the surprise sadness. It is the sadness of naps and eggs, swans down, sachet powder and moist towelettes. It is the citrus of sadness, and all things round and whole and dying like the sun possess this sadness, which is the sadness of the first place; it is the sadness of explosion and expansion, a blast furnace in Duluth that rises over the night skyline to fall reflected in the waters of Lake Superior, it is a superior joy and a superior sadness, that of revolving doors and turnstiles, it is the confusing sadness of the never-ending and the evanescent, it is the sadness of the jester in every pack of cards, the sadness of a poet pointing to a flower saying *what is that* when what that is is a violet, yellow sadness is the ceiling fresco painting by Andrew Mantega in the Castello di Giorgio in Mantova Italy in the 15th century, wherein we look up to see we are being looked down upon, looked down upon in sadness and mirth, it is the sadness of that.

Brown sadness is the simple sadness. It is the sadness of huge, upright stones. That is all. It is simple. Huge, upright stones surround the other sadnesses and protect them. A circle of huge upright stones— who would have thought it?



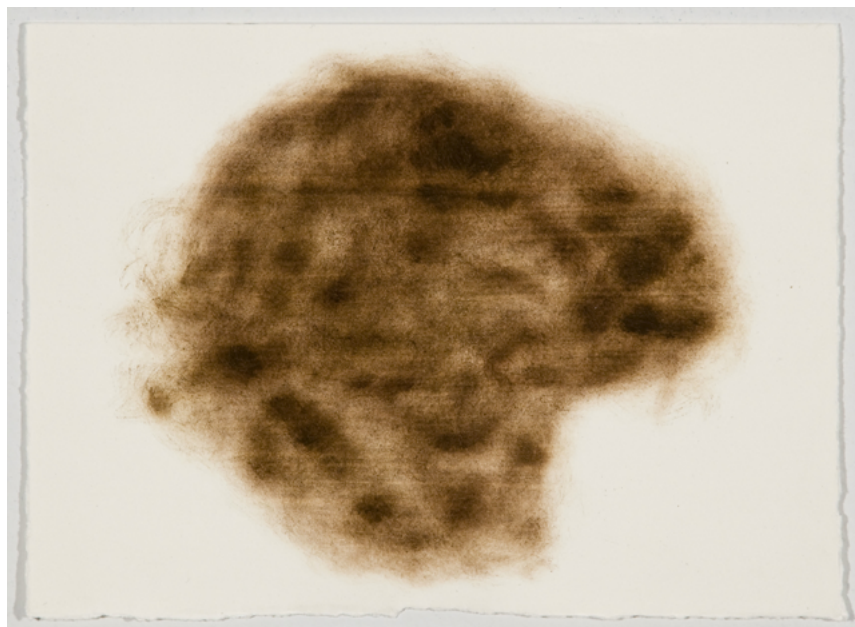
CLARE GRILL



CLARE GRILL



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ELIZA ROBERTSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY



Sun in Sagittarius

She is good, idealistic, enthusiastic, warm. She is independent and has a taste for travel.

She drinks water too fast, which leads her to cough until someone offers a new glass of water, which she finds ironic.

Sagittarius ascendent Leo

She has a flair for drama and/or sports. She wants to be praised for her creativity. She is happiest when others apply the phrases “brava” or “like the shower scene in *Psycho*,” which she interprets to mean “like Mia Farrow,” whose style she rates highly.

The messages she received in childhood were not contradictory overall. She gets on well with her parents.

Moon in Aries

Prone to short-lived crushes, tabloid magazines, and bidding for house appliances on eBay. Once, her boyfriend froze her credit card in a

bucket of water. The bucket did not slide easily into her Wellco MW202 microwave, but when she removed the glass plate, she could wedge it on a sort of diagonal. It did not rotate well. The metal handle largely lit on fire.

Moon in IX

Immersed in prolonged studies. Has contact with foreigners. Ability to learn new languages. Longs for somewhere else when she is unhappy. Imagines if she were to move, or travel, she would be happier. Twice, she bought new socks at Poundland instead of doing her laundry.

Sometimes she replaces love with food. Specifically, Cadbury Creme Eggs. She ignores the metaphorical implications of creme eggs. She thinks she would find even her own kids annoying.

Sextile Mars – Neptune

She strives for wisdom and the ideal. She likes water, sea voyages. She likes odd people.

Mercury in Scorpio

She reads between the lines. Searches for the real meaning behind things. Would make a natural psychologist or war tactician.

She likes jokes, plays on words, mimicry. Clever communications attract her in romance. In rare cases, this indicates more than one lover at once.

Venus in Capricorn

Lovers complain she is too deliberate. They are unhappy when she explodes microwaves, and unhappy when she does not explode microwaves. They suggest a “middle path” between “maniacal care” and “carelessness.” Like the Buddha, they clarify.

But she is more romantic than she lets on. She plants new bulbs in her lovers’ gardens and does not tell them. Specifically, she plants fennel and bee balm because they attract pollinators, she hears, which sustain both human-managed and natural ecosystems.

Conjunction Venus – Uranus

Her professional life can be unstable. She sometimes clicks reply all instead of reply because she is tired, generally, and doesn’t bother to check.

Original message, to office:

Hey guys. Well done on the McGimpsey presentation. In case you’re counting, he’s the third client we’ve signed since October. Keep up the good work.

Reply all:

Rob, did you read that Gimpy’s on board? Ten pounds says it was Marcy’s cleavage on the powerpoint.

Reply from Rob:

Babe, check your send field.

Reply all:

Hi everyone. I am writing to express my sincere apologies for that last email. I can only imagine the embarrassment I have caused our team, and especially Marcy...

Mars in Scorpio

She finds it difficult to keep friends of the same sex, though she will not admit this.

She tells her vegan neighbor that she used vegetable broth. Of course

there are no eggs in the pastry. That carton on the counter is from breakfast.

Trine Jupiter – Saturn

She washes her bed sheets more than she shaves her legs. She leaves the heat off until October. She overthinks. She writes to-do lists. Pros and cons lists. Lists of her top ten books, films, albums, Christmas albums. She rarely eats pie, but she has on occasion drawn a pie chart.

She is more prone than most to the influence of cold & cough medicines and films with human-sized rabbit suits.

She blow-dries her hair. She takes multivitamins for women 50+ and eats calcium chews for children 6-8. She underestimates things like time, and how long it takes to blow-dry her hair. She talks with her hands.

Neptune in VI

She likes sea cruises.

She adopts a parakeet instead of a cat because she hears they travel well. She buys wing clips and as many clothes as fit in her suitcase. She borrows books from libraries.

She has one passport and twenty-two library cards.

When librarians comment on her stack of library cards, she resists the urge to say: one in every port.

Once, she did not resist the urge. They asked her to leave.

She has one passport and twenty-three library cards.

she had it

(a cut-out)

she had it
all cut off
It was more suitable
If only I
could see
my mother
when it is dark,
I can see
only myself
She won't come,
they can remove
even this
cut it off.

Summer

In a kitchen, on an island, stirring tomato sauce, I am far from home.

I stir the thickening tomato sauce.

Deadly kitchen, which is hot with the temperament of this country in which it abides, and with the heat of cooking.

Deadly sauce, which thickens with my sinking feeling. Which cracks my ice caps.

And now they let out a scream.

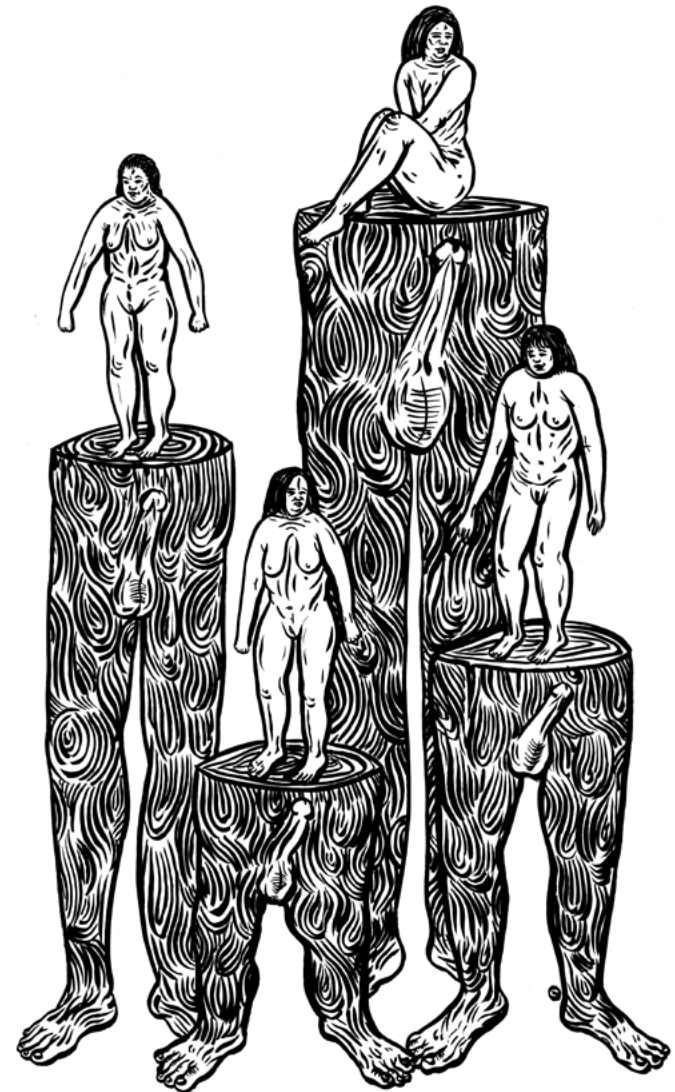
I am thirteen years away from home. Later, twenty, and so on.

I can't get back.

Someone is holding me and crying. Greek sunset.

From now on I will eat only the foods of the region that require no preparation, that cannot break into me: white cheese, white bread.

Colour all over my hands, I get down on the floor of a tiled, white room.





IN THIS ISSUE

ELLEN ADDISON is an artist and writer living in Oakland, CA. She has self-published sixteen comics and zines, including *Soft Matriarchy*, *I Miss Brittany*, *Touchy*, *Read Me*, and *Ugh Finally*. Her work was recently shown at Mission Comics.

EMILY BERRY's debut book of poems *Dear Boy* (2013) won the Forward Prize for Best First Collection and the Hawthornden Prize. She is a contributor to *The Breakfast Bible* (2013), a compendium of breakfasts.

JESSE DARLING is an artist and not a woman.

CLARE GRILL earned her MFA from Pratt Institute in 2005 and in 2011 received the Pratt Alumni Award to attend the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture.

CLAIRE GROSSMAN is from Miami, Florida.

CÉLINE GUICHARD is actively involved in the scene of contemporary design through exhibitions, publications and collaborations. She makes images inspired by childhood memories of obsessions. celineguichard.name

SOFIA LEIBY is an artist and writer based in New York. Exhibitions in 2014 include a solo exhibition at Devening Projects (Chicago), and group exhibitions at LVL3 (Chicago, IL), Sadie Halie Projects (NYC), NADA Art Fair (NYC), and Springsteen Gallery (Baltimore).

ŽELJKA MAROŠEVIĆ is the Managing Director of Melville House UK. She writes fiction and poetry. You can follow her on twitter: [@ZeljkaMarosevic](https://twitter.com/ZeljkaMarosevic)

HOA NGUYEN is the author of three full-length collections of poetry. Wave Books released a volume of her early, uncollected poems, *Red Juice, Poems 1998-2008* in the fall of 2014. She currently lives in Toronto,

Ontario where she teaches poetics privately and at Ryerson University.

NINA POWER is a senior lecturer in philosophy at Roehampton University and lecturer of Critical Writing in Art & Design at the Royal College of Art.

ROSE ROBBINS is an illustrator based in Bristol. She is starting a blog about autism and the arts, and is co-founder of publishing imprint Often and Mistakes.

ELIZA ROBERTSON was the 2013 winner of the Commonwealth Short Story Prize. Her first collection of stories, *Wallflowers*, comes out with Hamish Hamilton Canada and Bloomsbury this year. She lives in Norwich.

LISA ROBERTSON's books of poetry include *XEclogue* (1993); *Debbie: An Epic* (1997), nominated for a Governor General's Award; *The Weather* (2001); and *R's Boat* (2010). Her essays are collected in *Occasional Works and Seven Walks from the Office for Soft Architecture* and *Nilling* (2012). First published in Canada in 2006, *The Men* now has its UK debut thanks to Enitharmon.

MARY RUEFLE is the author of *Trances of the Blast* (2013), *Madness, Rack, and Honey: Collected Lectures* (2012), a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award in criticism, and *Selected Poems* (2010), winner of the William Carlos Williams Award from the Poetry Society of America. She has published ten books of poetry, a book of prose and a comic book.

KELLY SURDO lives and works in New York. *Dying Angels* is an ongoing series and can be viewed at kellysurdo.com.

KRISTINA TZEKOVA is a Belgian cartoonist and illustrator. She lives in Liege, Belgium, where she's currently finishing her first comic book.



"You go, girl--lean in!"

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