

W O M A N I F E S T O - S P I R I T O F F R I E N D S H I P

REPETITION VOITITER
 同音反复
 AS A GESTURE TOWARDS
 声深入心
 DEEP LISTENING
 - STAGE I -

女
性
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**首届泛东南亚三年展
 序列研究展 项目 #1**

*The first Trans-Southeast Asia Triennial
 research exhibition series #1*

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合作机构:
 “女性宣言”小组
 越南工厂当代艺术中心

鸣谢:
 香港亚洲艺术文献库

展览时间: 2021年3月8日-2021年5月10日
 开幕时间: 2021年3月25日
 展览地点: 广州美术学院大学城美术馆
 5、6号展厅

Host:
 Guangzhou Academy of Fine Arts

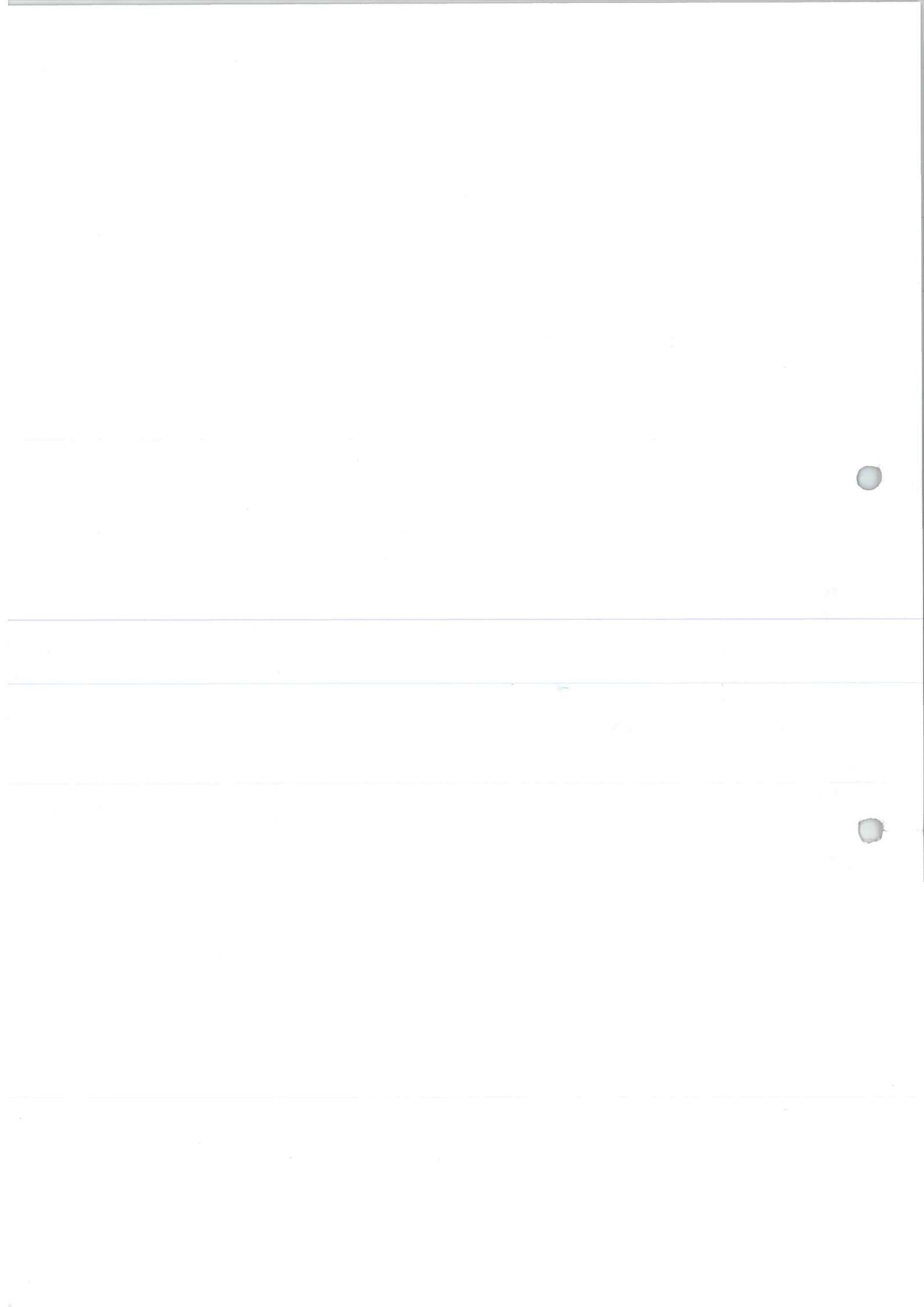
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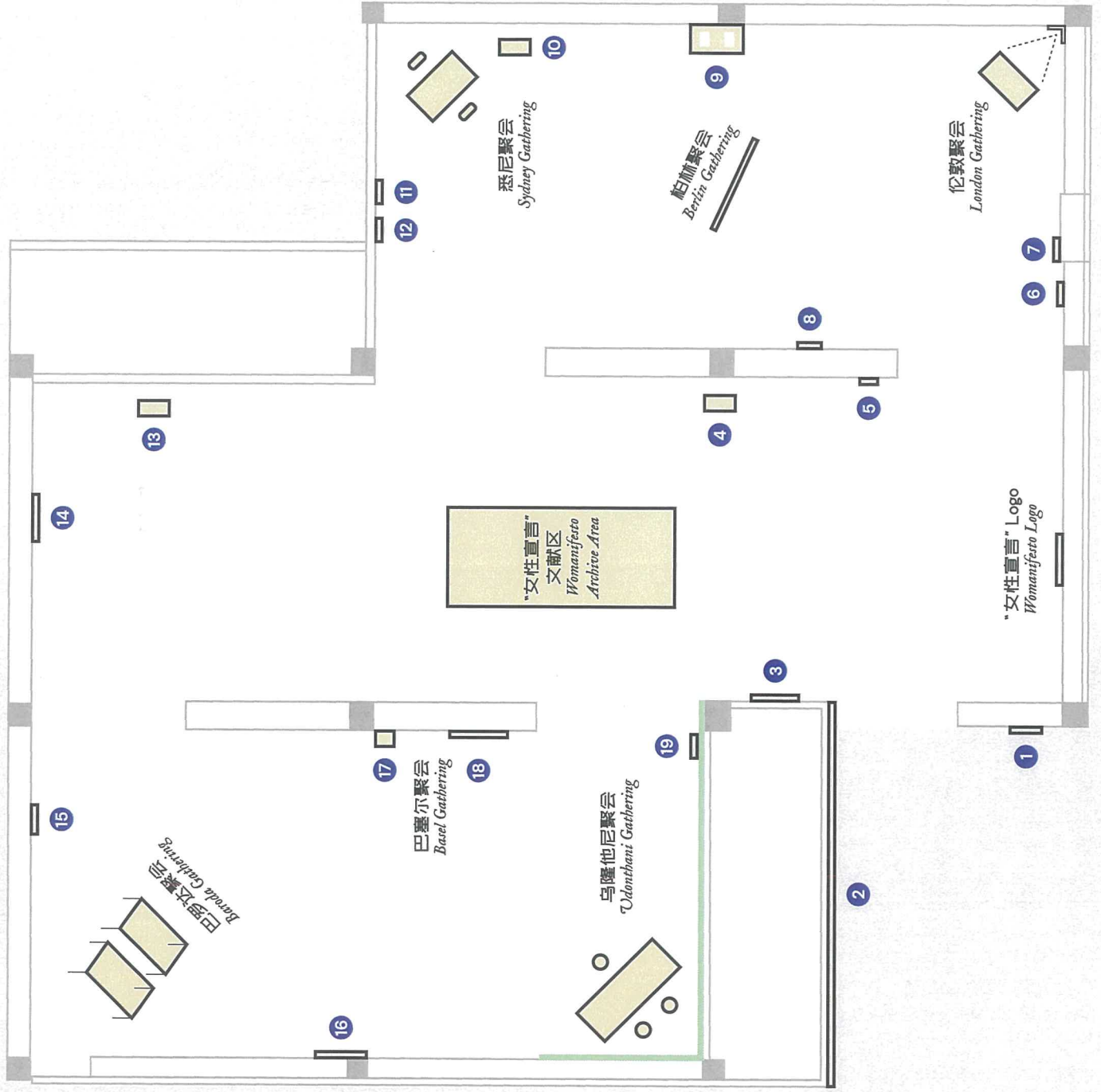
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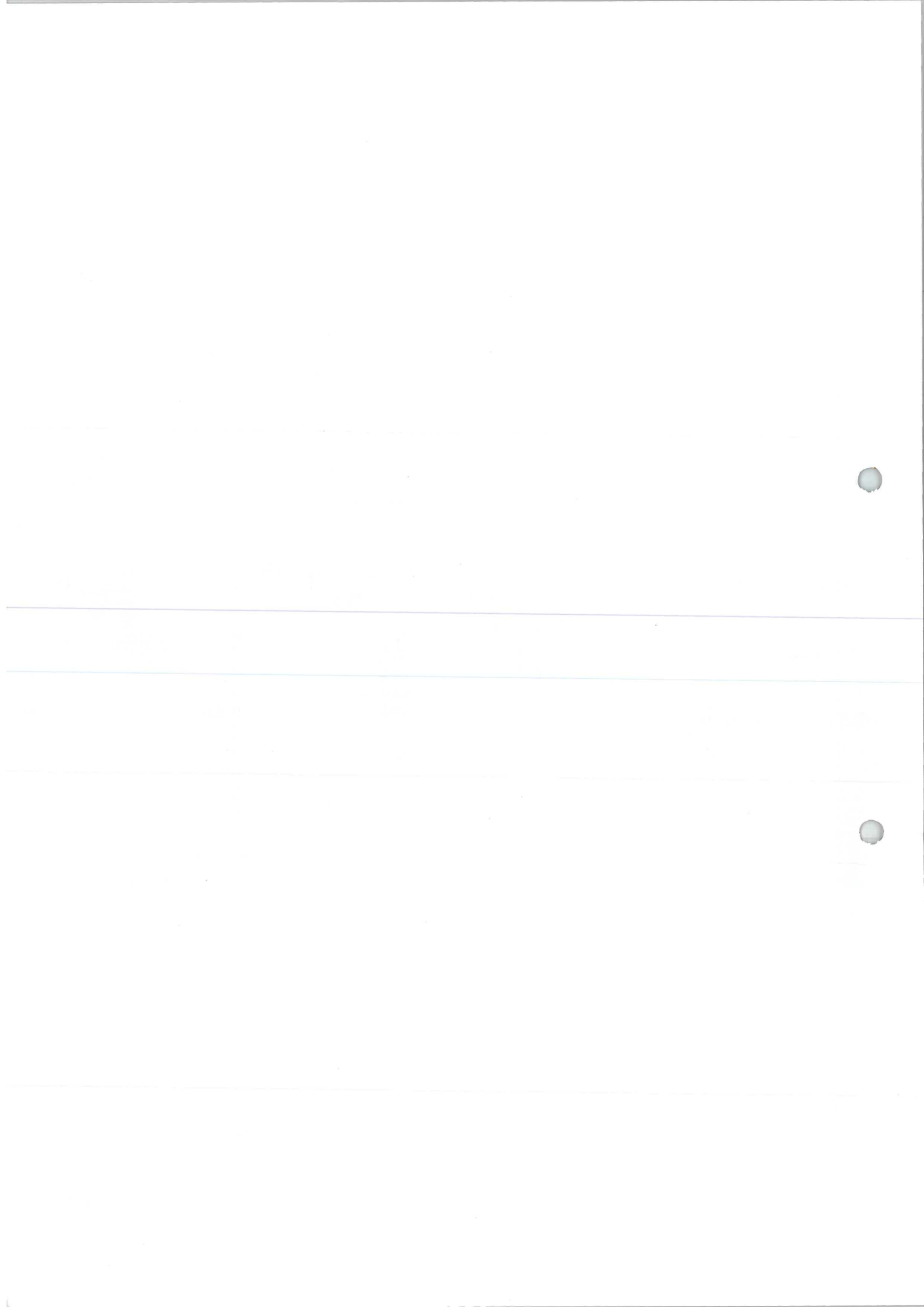
Exhibition Period:
 8 March, 2021 – 10 May, 2021
 Opening: 25 March, 2021
 Venue: Exhibition Hall 5-6, Art
 Museum of GAFA, University Town,
 Panyu District, Guangzhou





1. “女性宣言”展览文件夹 | Womanifesto Folder
2. “女性宣言”照片 | Photo of Womanifesto
3. “同音反复, 声深入心”展览介绍 | Introduction of Repetition as a Gesture Towards Deep Listening
4. “鸡笼中的手” | Hands in the Coop
5. “女性宣言”之家 | Womanifesto Home
6. “伦敦聚会”介绍 | Introduction of London Gathering
7. “吸入光明”介绍 | Introduction of Inhaling Light
8. “柏林聚会”介绍 | Introduction of Berlin Gathering
9. “唤醒记忆”邀请函 | Invitation of Meeting Memories
10. “女性宣言——悉尼”视频 | Video of Womanifesto Sydney
11. “悉尼聚会”介绍 | Introduction of Sydney Gathering
12. “记住黄色”介绍 | Introduction of Remembering Yellow
13. “女性宣言”2001年工作坊纪录片 | Documentary of Womanifesto 2001 Workshop
14. “女性宣言”介绍 | Introduction of Womanifesto
15. “巴塞罗那聚会”介绍 | Introduction of Baroda Gathering
16. “院子里的声音”视频 | Video of Voices from the Courtyard
17. KAP日历 | KAP Calendar
18. KAP漫画 | KAP Comic
19. “乌隆他尼聚会”介绍 | Introduction of Udonthani Gathering





“2020女性宣言：聚会”

泰国乌隆他尼

瞬间一差异 Kokgai咖啡馆兼工艺品店

2020年3月，我再次回到家乡乌隆他尼 (Udonthani) 定居，这是泰国东北部的一个省。此前我在不同的地方生活了45年——早年在曼谷、斯里萨凯 (Srisaket) 等地，最后是乌汶 (Ubonratchathani)。我父亲在乌隆他尼拥有一块土地，我就在此定居下来，为了生计，我开设了这家Kokgai咖啡馆兼工艺品店，它也最终成为了我的艺术项目。过不了多久，我会在这片土地上建成“女性宣言之屋”来作为活动场所，它将保管所有“女性宣言”艺术活动的档案。

值得庆幸的是，我们所在的村庄很安全：这里土地辽阔，四周有许多树木、稻田和池塘，所以只有在外出时，我们才需要佩戴口罩。

在2020年里，包括我和我女儿在内的七名女性来到乌隆他尼。有些只住了一个月，有些则住了好几个月。作为该项目的成员，她们为Kokgai咖啡馆兼工艺品店提供了帮助。从她们那儿我也得到了许多有趣的见解，想必这是因为我们都来自不同的背景，并都从这次共同的生活和工作经历中获益匪浅。我们的聚会基于我们日常的现实生活，我们的相关艺术活动也仍在进行中。

我们的聚会为这个地方创建了一份历史记录。迄今为止，所有活动都以照片和视频的形式记录下来。与此同时，我从每个人的物品中挑选了一件，放在这里以代表她们，您可以在展览中看到这些物品。在项目的最后，我还将制作一本手工日志书，当中会收录这七位参与者分享的回忆故事。

聚会参与者：

妮塔雅·乌伊莉沃拉库 (Nitaya Ueareeworakul)，吉达马斯·斯里拉卡撒 (Jidamas Sriraksa)，提卡蓬·法依乌帕拉 (Tikamporn Faiouppara)，考恩鲁迪·萨米亚帕克 (Khaunrudi Sameapak)，克里撒纳·瓦纳罕姆 (Krisanah Wannakham)，道鲁迪·坦奇提瓦 (Daorudee Tankittiwat)，米娜·乌伊莉沃拉库 (Meena Ueareeworakul)

妮塔雅·乌伊莉沃拉库 (Nitaya Ueareeworakul) 于1966年出生于泰国乌隆他尼 (Udonthani)，曾在曼谷的朱拉隆功大学 (Chulalongkorn University) 学习美术。她的绘画作品与混合媒体装置作品来源于个人经历，着眼于女性的情感问题和社会责任。从1996年至2000年，她被广泛邀请参加国际工作坊、艺术家交流活动和展览与驻留项目，足迹遍布澳大利亚、法国、韩国、新加坡、日本、奥地利、印度、越南和肯尼亚等地。在1994年至2000年期间，她创建并经营着Xang工作室，这是一个位于曼谷的画廊兼儿童艺术工作坊。她还是1995年成立的“女性宣言”的联合创始人及协办人。

时隔45年，Nitaya于2020年3月再次回到家乡乌隆他尼定居，自毕业后，她曾在曼谷生活了几年，随后搬去斯里萨凯 (Srisaket)，最后是乌汶 (Ubonratchathani)。她为了生存和谋生付出了很多。这使得她在很长一段时期内无法专注于自身对视觉艺术的实践——这令她十分煎熬，但她不停地告诉自己：对日常生活的塑造亦是一门艺术。她在日常生活中灌注自己对美学与艺术的感受，并在一呼一吸之间秉持此道。于是，她再一次留在乌隆他尼，在她父亲的土地上定居下来，并开了这家Kokgai咖啡馆兼工艺品店，而这也成为了她的艺术项目。她身兼多重角色，如母亲、女儿、经理、职员、领导者和艺术家，而这些角色都统一在她的女性身份之中。

吉达马斯·斯里拉卡撒 (Jidamas Sriraksa) 出生于泰国乌汶，今年45岁，毕业于艺术学院并做过木匠。

提卡蓬·法依乌帕拉 (Tikamporn Faiouppara) 出生于泰国乌隆他尼，今年35岁，毕业于Khonkhane大学美术专业。她近期主要在从事摄影工作。

考恩鲁迪·萨米亚帕克 (Khaunrudi Sameapak) 出生于泰国乌汶，今年51岁。

克里撒纳·瓦纳罕姆 (Krisanah Wannakham) 出生于泰国乌隆他尼，今年60岁，毕业于清迈大学 (Chiangmai University) 人文学院。

道鲁迪·坦奇提瓦 (Daorudee Tankittiwat) 出生于泰国乌隆他尼，今年52岁。

米娜·乌伊莉沃拉库 (Meena Ueareeworakul) 出生于泰国乌隆他尼，今年17岁，目前在乌朋拉其尼 (Ubonratchathani) 职业学校美术学院学习。

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

Udonthani, Thailand

Moment - Differences *Kokgai Café Arts & Crafts*

In March 2020, I settled down again in Udonthani, my hometown, after living for 45 years in different places – such as Bangkok, Srisaket, and most recently, Ubonratchathani. Udonthani is a province in the northeast of Thailand. Here at Udonthani, on my father's land, I settled down and created Kokgai Café Arts & Crafts, in order to make a living, and it eventually became my art project. On this land, in the near future, the House of Womanifesto will be established as a home where an archive of all of Womanifesto's activities will be taken care of.

It is very lucky that our village is a safe area. The land is big, and it is surrounded by a lot of trees, rice fields and ponds, so we only needed to wear a mask when we had to go out.

During 2020, seven women, including myself and my daughter, came to Udonthani. Some stayed only for one month, whereas other stayed for a few months. All of them were involved in this project and did something for Kokgai Café Arts & Crafts. I found out many interesting point of views from each participants because we all come from differences background, we all have learning a lot from living & working together here. Our gathering was based on our daily realities, and our activities are ongoing.

Our gathering creates a historical record of this space. And all activities already have been documented in photos and videos. In the meantime I have selected an object from each person which remains here to represent them, and you can see these objects in the exhibition. At the end of the project I will create a handmade book diary, in which I will write the memory stories about all the participants.

Participants:

Nitaya Ueareeworakul, Jidamas Sriraksa, Tikamporn Faiouppara,
Khaunrudi Sameapak, Krisanah Wannakham, Daorudee Tankittiwat, Meena Ueareeworakul

Nitaya Ueareeworakul was born in 1966 in Udonthani, Thailand, and studied Fine Arts at Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok. Her paintings and mix media installations were from personal experiences, focusing on women's emotional issues and social responsibility. From 1996–2000 Nitaya had been invited to International workshop, Artist's Exchange, Exhibition & residency program in Australia, France, South Korea, Singapore, Japan, Austria, India, Vietnam & Kenya. She founded and managed Studio Xang, a gallery and children's art workshop space in Bangkok from 1994 – 2000. She also was the co-founder and co-organizer of Womanifesto since 1995.

In March 2020, Nitaya has settled down again in Udonthani, her hometown after 45 years away, after she graduated in art and lived for several years in Bangkok then moved to Srisaket and latest Ubonratchathani. She have done so many things for make a living and for surviving. It took such a long period that she couldn't focus on her visual art practice as a visual artist..that was a suffering for herself but she keep telling herself what she have done in everyday life is an art work. Everything that she had dealing with needed a sense of aesthetics or art, which was always in her breath. Then again, here at Udonthani, at her father's land, she settled down and opened Kokgai Café Arts & Crafts for make a living and it became her art project. She has to be a mother, a daughter, a manager, an employee, a leader, and an artist – all in one woman.

Jidamas Sriraksa was born in Ubonratchathani, Thailand. She is 45 years old, she graduated from art college and have been working as a carpenter before.

Tikamporn Faiouppara was born in Udonthani, Thailand. She is 35 years old, she graduated in Fine Art from Khonkhane University. Recently she have been working in photography.

Khaunrudi Sameapak was born in Ubonratchathani, Thailand. She is 51 years old.

Krisanah Wannakham was born in Udonrthani, Thailand. She is 60 years old, she graduated from faculty of Humanities, Chiang-mai University.

Daorudee Tankittiwat was born in Udonrthani, Thailand. She is 52 years old.

Meena Ueareeworakul was born in Udonrthani, Thailand. She is 17 years old, now studying in Fine Art at Ubonratchathani Vocational college.

“2020女性宣言：聚会”

印度巴罗达

院子里的声音

巴罗达 (Baroda) 的聚会 —— “院子里的声音”，灵感来自于我和拉什米玛拉 (Rashmimala) 2020年9月首次相遇时的交谈，当时我俩都在参加同一个编织工作坊。最终成型是在新冠肺炎疫情期间，在经历了很长一段时间的隔离之后，一小群女性艺术家组织了为期两天的研讨会，这是她们的第一次聚会。能与其他艺术家相遇，并还能面对面交流，——虽然带着口罩，但这充分显示，能在一个共同的空间中聚会和交谈是多么必不可少。

随着聚会的主题定为“女性宣言2020：聚会 (Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings)”，我提议讨论女性的无形劳动和贡献，这就不仅仅是指平常的劳动，更是涉及我们在疫情封城期间所担当的责任。拉什米玛拉聊起她正在翻译的一部短篇小说，其中提到女人的生活是如何被角色定义所控制，又是如何被社会分工所指派，但女性的劳作并没有得到足够的认可，甚至连声音都被扼杀。我们也讨论了女性创作，以及女性的声音必须被听到的必要性，而这些正是“女性宣言”艺术家小组的活动理念。于是在12月20日，我邀请了7位女性——包括艺术家、设计师和一位统计学专家——来讲解、演绎和展示一件其他女性或她们自己的作品。在院子这个私密空间的一日聚会中，她们用独特而具个性的声音呈现出一件件发人深思的作品，并展开了各种讨论。

聚会参与者：

阿南雅·帕特尔 (Ananya Patel)，拉什米玛拉 (Rashmimala)，额尔纳·辛哈 (Urna Sinha)，
阿姆鲁塔·帕特尔 (Amruta Patel)，阿努拉达·乌帕德亚亚 (Anuradha Upadhyaya)，
姆鲁杜拉·库娜塔赫拉珠 (Mrudula Kunatharaju)，瓦莎·纳尔 (Varsha Nair)

阿南雅·帕特尔 (Ananya Patel) 是多学科艺术家和设计师，她出生于伦敦，在印度瓦多达拉 (Vadodara) 长大。2018年她毕业于哥德史密斯学院 (Goldsmiths College)，获得设计学位。此后，她一直在两个城市之间工作。她的工作是对文化和社会叙事的不断探索，并通过材料实验，档案调查和实证研究创建引人入胜和形式生动的研究共享。
www.ananyapatel.com

拉什米玛拉 (Rashmimala) 是生活在巴罗达的一名艺术家和独立研究者。她拥有M.S.大学美术学院的绘画和艺术批评研究生学位。她曾在香港亚洲艺术档案馆巴罗达项目的子项目Jyoti Bhatt档案 (Jyoti Bhatt Archive) 中担任项目研究员。该项目承担了对四位重要艺术家个人档案进行数字化加工的任务，这些艺术家曾在巴罗达M.S.大学美术学院建立的最初几年任教。她为Priya Maholay Jaradi编辑的Marg杂志专刊《Marg Volume Baroda: A Cosmopolitan Provenance in Transition》撰稿。拉什米玛拉参加了多个独立展览和团体展览，目前正在开展植物插图类型的个人研究项目，重点考察印度独立前的文本作品。该项目还将包含一系列取材于18世纪Shaikh Zainuddin的自然历史绘画作品的绘画和雕塑作品。

<http://rashmimala.me>

<https://rashmimala.tumblr.com/>

额尔纳·辛哈 (Urna Sinha) 在西孟加拉邦的桑提尼科坦 (Santiniketan) 出生和成长。她的艺术实践活动围绕三个部分进行：收集、观察和思考。她拥有巴罗达M.S.大学版画系硕士学位 (2018-2020)，以及桑提尼科坦 Visva Bharati大学Kala Bhavana版画系的学士学位 (2014-18)，期间也曾交换到法国昂热的高等美术学院完成2017春季学期的学习。2020年，她被印度政府机构 (MHRD) 和中国留基委 (CSC) 遴选入读中国杭州国际当代艺术硕士课程。目前，她在西孟加拉邦桑提尼科坦和巴罗达居住和工作。

联系方式：urnasinha@gmail.com

阿姆鲁塔·帕特尔 (Amruta Patel) 出生在巴罗达，现居英国伦敦，担任司法部的统计学家。

阿努拉达·乌帕德亚亚 (Anuradha Upadhyaya) 的作品，研究在社会政治环境中女性主义意识形态话语内外的“女性”观念如何变化。她在M.S.大学先后获得绘画和平面艺术的视觉艺术学士学位和硕士学位。她使用多种艺术媒介探索“女性特质”概念的变化。阿努拉达目前在印度巴罗达生活和工作。

库娜塔赫拉珠·姆鲁杜拉 (Kunatharaju Mrudula) 2014年在维萨卡帕特南的安德拉大学获得绘画专业学士学位，并于2016年在瓦多达州的巴罗达M.S.大学获得绘画硕士学位。姆鲁杜拉创作的形式包括绘画、表演、影像和装置艺术，探讨主题是存在、文化约束以及妇女所受社会限制的普遍意义。她于1993年出生在印度安得拉邦 (Andhra Pradesh)，目前在印度巴罗达生活和工作。

瓦莎·纳尔 (Varsha Nair) 是一位出生在乌干达的艺术家，其作品涵盖了多种方法和类型。从1995年到2019年，她住在曼谷，与他人共同创立了“女性宣言”活动。纳尔曾在展览和不同场所中展出作品，其中包括“文本和亚文本：当代艺术与亚洲女性”，LaSalle-SIA艺术学院，2000年；泰特现代美术馆，2006年；“仍在移动的身影”，Devi 艺术基金会，2008年；以及KHOJ Live 08，2008年。她的著作发表在《n.paradoxa》、《亚太艺术》以及《Ctrl+P 当代艺术期刊》上。纳尔是卢塞恩艺术学院 (HSLU) 的客座讲师。她毕业于印度巴罗达的美术学院，目前居住在巴罗达。

www.varshanair.studio

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

Baroda, India

Voices from the Courtyard

Voices from the Courtyard in Baroda, developed out of a conversation with Rashmimala when we met for the first time in September 2020 at a weaving workshop. Slowly emerging out of the lockdown, this was the first meeting of a small group of women attending the two-day workshop after a long time of what felt like being in isolation. This encounter with fellow artists and the conversations we could have face to face, with our masks on, further stressed how essential it is for us to be able to gather and talk, be in one space.

For Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings, I proposed considering women's invisible labour, generally and particularly in relation to responsibilities we took on during the lockdown. She told me about a short story she was translating that underlined how women's lives are controlled by roles defined and assigned to them by society, and their unrecognized labour, erasure of their voices even, within it. We discussed writing by women and how essential it was to make these voices heard, which is the very ethos of Womanifesto. On December 20, I invited seven women – artists, designers and a statistics expert – to orate/perform/present a text written by other women or themselves. And this is what they brought into the intimate space of the courtyard for our one-day gathering, each a thought-provoking text presented in their distinct and individual nuanced voices that also opened up various discussions.

Participants:

Ananya Patel, Rashmimala, Urna Sinha,
Amruta Patel, Anuradha Upadhyaya, Kunatharaju Mrudula,
and Varsha Nair

Ananya Patel is a multi-disciplinary artist and designer, who was born in London and grew up in Vadodara, India. She has been based between both cities since graduating from Goldsmiths College with a degree in Design in 2018. Her practice is an ongoing exploration of cultural and social narratives, and creating engaging and active forms of sharing research through material experimentation, archival investigation and empirical study.
www.ananyapatel.com

Rashmimala, is an artist and independent researcher based in Baroda. She holds postgraduate degrees in Painting and Art Criticism from Faculty of Fine Arts, MS University. She has worked as a Project Researcher for the Jyoti Bhatt Archive, a section of the larger project, the Baroda Project, by Asia Art Archive, Hong Kong. This project undertook the task of Digitization of personal archives of four important artists who taught in the initial years at Faculty of Fine Arts, M S University, Baroda. She has contributed for the Marg Volume Baroda: A Cosmopolitan Provenance in Transition, Ed.by Priya Maholay Jaradi. Participating in various solo and group exhibitions, Currently Rashmimala has embarked on a personal research project on the genre of Botanical illustrations with special reference to the text produced in pre-Independent India. This project would also encompass a series of drawings, paintings and sculptures done by taking a cue from the 18th Century natural History paintings of Shaikh Zainuddin.
<http://rashmimala.me>
<https://rashmimala.tumblr.com/>

Urna Sinha was born and raised in Santiniketan, West Bengal. Her practice revolves around three segments, collecting-looking & thinking. She completed her Masters degree from the Department of Printmaking, M.S. University of Baroda (2018-2020). Previously, she gained a Bachelors degree from Department of Printmaking, Kala Bhavana, Visva Bharati University, Santiniketan (2014-18). During that period, she also completed a spring semester at Ecole Supérieure des Beaux-Arts TALM, Angers, France, as an exchange student (2017). Currently she lives and works from Santiniketan, West Bengal and Baroda.
Contact Details: urnasinha@gmail.com

Amruta Patel, from Baroda, now lives in London, U.K. and works as a Statistician for the Ministry of Justice.

Anuradha Upadhyay's works investigate the changing notions of the 'feminine' within and outside of the discourse of feminist ideology within its socio-political milieu. Having completed her B.V.A and M.V.A from the M.S. University in painting and graphic respectively; she works in multiple Medias to explore the changing notions of 'feminine'. Anuradha lives and works in Baroda, India.

Kunatharaju Mrudula obtained Bachelors degree in painting from Andhra University, Visakhapatnam (2014) and Masters in painting from The M. S. University of Baroda, Vadodara (2016). Working with paintings, performative videos and installations, Mrudula addresses issues of existence, cultural conditioning and common implications of restrictive standards imposed on women by society. She was born in 1993 in Andhra Pradesh, India and currently lives and works in Baroda, India.

Varsha Nair is a Uganda-born artist whose work encompasses various approaches and genres. From 1995 until 2019, she was based in Bangkok, where she co-founded Womanifesto. Nair has exhibited in exhibitions and venues, among them *Text and Subtext: Contemporary Art and Asian Women*, LaSalle-SIA College of the Arts, 2000; Tate Modern, 2006; *Still Moving Image*, Devi Art Foundation, 2008, and KHOJ Live 08, 2008. Her writings have been published in such journals as *n.paradoxa*, *Art AsiaPacific*, and *Ctrl+P Journal of Contemporary Art*. Nair is guest lecturer at HSLU, Lucerne School of Art. She currently resides in Baroda, India, where she graduated from the Faculty of Fine Arts.
www.varshanair.studio

“2020女性宣言：聚会”

瑞士巴塞尔

以下是所有参与巴塞尔聚会活动的艺术家简历。她/他们制作了2021年日历 (Calendar)。

聚会需要场所。而我们聚会的场所包括以下地点: Lodge Gästetelier, Kaskadenkondensator, Lodypop, Amerbach, Davidsbodenstrasse, Rheinschwimmen。

我们希望通过日历 (Calendar) 项目来分享在我们会面及交流工作的地点所发生的故事。我们在这些场所不断开展学习。因此, 关于这些地点的简介, 在某种程度上和我们本人的简历一样重要。

聚会参与者:

尼克·柏伊拉 (Nicole Boillat),
丽娜·埃里克森 (Lena Eriksson),
马蒂娜·格木尔 (Martina Gmür),
马蒂娜·亨兹 (Martina Henzi),
克里斯·亨特 (Chris Hunter),
吉姆·奥斯塔奇 (Jim Osthaarchic),
克里斯·雷恩 (Chris Regn)

* 您可点击以下链接, 观看日历 (Calendar) 项目的老版本:

https://www.edit.li/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2016/12/RZ_KAP_Nr26_Kalender_2017.pdf

https://www.edit.li/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2015/01/KAP_Nr25_Kalender_2016.pdf

http://www.kasko.ch/2012/files/KAP_Nr20_Kalender_2014.pdf

尼克·柏伊拉 (Nicole Boillat) 在她自己的设计工作室“Edit”中与女性艺术家合作。她喜欢实验, 长于精心设计和汲取偶发的灵感。她的工作室位于阿默巴赫 (Amerbach), 这绝非偶然。从艺术空间“Lodypop”和“Kaskadenkondensator”开始, 她就一直担任KAP的编辑。

丽娜·埃里克森 (Lena Eriksson) 是一位友善的艺术家和斡旋人。促成友好交流是她工作的重中之重。如果她被某人所吸引时, 她会通过绘画、制作视频和表演来表达。从2004年至2009年, 她在巴塞尔指导艺术空间“Lodypop”, 也从事其它艺术工作。自2014年以来, 她一直担任卢塞恩应用科学与艺术大学的讲师, 并随着时光流逝, 逐渐学会当好一名大学讲师。

马蒂娜·格木尔 (Martina Gmür) 最初是艺术组合Gabi的画家和表演者。目前, 她作为艺术家和感知专家, 担任大量教学工作, 并且是Kaskadenkondensator和Lodypop等许多项目非常重要的参与者。她曾与尼克·柏伊拉, 丽娜·埃里克森和克里斯·雷恩同住并共享工作室。

马蒂娜·亨兹 (Martina Henzi) 是一位刚毕业的逻辑学家和视觉艺术家, 她一直坚持以探索和坚定的态度来从事脚踏实地的艺术实践。她与克里斯·亨特 (Chris Hunter) 一起生活在阿默巴赫工作室的前楼, 并在尼克·柏伊拉的工作室担任主管。

克里斯·亨特 (Chris Hunter) 运用多种艺术媒介, 并和背景不同的人合作。他喜欢辨识地理和星座, 在他眼中, 星座和地理犹如经过人类智慧学加工调整之后的80年代朋克艺术。他居住在Amerbachstrasse, 和克里斯·雷恩在阿尔萨斯 (Alsace) 是共享一个花园的邻居。他常常往返于格劳宾登州 (Graubünden) 和巴塞尔之间, 在两地参与行为艺术活动。

吉姆·奥斯塔奇 (Jim Osthaarchic) 擅长绘画, 同时也是手语翻译员。她居住在汉堡和巴塞尔, 与克里斯·雷恩和尼克·柏伊拉合租一间公寓。

克里斯·雷恩 (Chris Regn) 从不一个人单独工作, 她相信团队工作能够激发灵感。她崇尚合作协商和追求结果。她喜欢在人际间搭起桥梁, 并推动各种关系的建立。

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

Basel, Switzerland

Here the CVs of all the Artists which were involved in the Gathering in Basel for making of the Calendar for the year 2021.

Gatherings need places and these are the places we have been in: Lodge Gästeteatier, Kaskadenkondensator, Lodypop, Amerbach, Davidsbodenstrasse, Rheinschwimmen.

With the Calendar we would as well like to share stories about the places we meet and share work. Places we constantly learn nonstop. Their CV's in a way are as important as ours.

Participants:
Nicole Boillat,
Lena Eriksson,
Martina Gmür,
Martina Henzi,
Chris Hunter,
Jim Osthaarchic,
Chris Regn

* We are happy to share older versions of the Calendar:
https://www.edit.li/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2016/12/RZ_KAP_Nr26_Kalender_2017.pdf
https://www.edit.li/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2015/01/KAP_Nr25_Kalender_2016.pdf
http://www.kasko.ch/2012/files/KAP_Nr20_Kalender_2014.pdf

Nicole Boillat works in her own design studio "Edit" on projects with female artists*. She loves experimentation, careful design and chance. It is no coincidence that she has her studio in the Amerbach Studios. She is editor of KAP since the beginning in the art spaces "Lodypop" as well as "Kaskadenkondensator".

Lena Eriksson is an artist, friend and mediator. Friendly exchange are central to her work. She likes to draw, make videos and sometimes performance, if she is getting seduced by somebody. From 2004–2009 she directed the art space "Lodypop" in Basel, among others, and since 2014 she has been a lecturer at the Lucerne University of Applied Sciences and Arts and is learning to play the role as the years go by.

Martina Gmür started as a painter and Performer in the collective Gabi. Currently she teaches a lot and is very important in many projects at Kaskadenkondensator and Lodypop, as artist and perception specialist. She has lived and shared studios with Nicole Boillat, Lena Eriksson and Chris Regn.

Martina Henzi is a freshly graduated logician and visual artist who sets her glimmer strokes in a searching and determined way. She lives with Chris Hunter in the front building of Amerbach Studios and works in Nicole Boillat's studio as a boss.

Chris Hunter works with diverse media and people, and loves to recognise situations and constellations and celebrate them as 80s punk paired with anthroposophical finetuning. He lives in Amerbachstrasse, shares a garden with Chris Regn in Alsace and travels as a performer between Graubünden and Basel.

Jim Osthaarchic is known as a draughtswoman and sign language interpreter. She lives in Hamburg and Basel in a shared flat with Chris Regn and Nicole Boillat.

Chris Regn never works alone and believes in the shared stroke. She trusts in formulating and realising things together. She loves to assume connections, to formulate and implement them.

“2020女性宣言：聚会”

英国伦敦

尼洛法尔·阿克姆特

我们是一群跨越不同年龄段的艺术家，但成员主要还是年轻艺术家，刚刚开始和“女性宣言”艺术小组建立了联系，想学习举办集体创作工作坊的技巧。我希望小组成员们能够拓展理念，在各自的国家里把这些方法应用起来。

由于新冠肺炎疫情在欧洲肆虐，出于安全原因，我们不得不借助Zoom视频通话。第一次Zoom视频会议上，每个人都准备了食物，大家隔空虚拟共享美食。

最初，我要求小组成员每人策划一个项目。然后我们开展集体创作行动，忘掉“自己”，而共同完成创作。这是一项艰巨的任务，但并非无法实现。

我们尝试了各种练习和试验，每个人都讲述了自己的故事。

玲子和斯特法诺不断地记录下渐渐发展的集体想法，最开始我们在Zoom视频会议中商量好的计划被不断修正调整。本来我们打算以当下事件为主题进行创作，但最后我们形成了这个题为“吸入光明” (inhaling light) 的项目。

我让小组成员向我提供摄影或视频图像，在此基础上激发了我们思想和想象的汇合交融：

安卡的摄影：苔藓。

莉莉安娜的视频：烹饪泥巴。

斯特法诺的视频：她的呼吸。

玲子的摄影：石头的一部分。

我的艰巨任务是进入每个人的思想，用她们提供的视觉形象来反映她们的思想。

我右手持一个廉价望远镜镜头工作，镜头连接着一个朝向墙壁的微型投影仪上，投影仪则置于一个黑暗的房间里。一台50毫米镜头相机安放在投影仪之上，对投影的墙面进行拍摄。我左手拿小手电筒，照亮分割成块的墙壁表面，定向到摄影图像上。我尝试从源头上消解静止图像的表面，这样我们所看到的就是无形、空灵的抽象图像。

我请玲子绘制影片的内容结构示意图。

配音是为了营造一种克制感、虚空感，从而反映出“吸入光明”的意象。

最终影片由安卡、莉莉安娜和斯特法诺编辑完成。

聚会参与者：

安卡·迪莫夫特 (Anca Dimofte)：罗马尼亚艺术家

青柳玲子 (Reiko Aoyagi)：日本艺术家

莉莉安娜·康斯坦丁 (Liliana Constantin)：罗马尼亚电影制片人

斯特法诺·博英 (Stefano Boring)：数码艺术家

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

London, England

Nilofar Akmut

An inter-generational group of artists with an emphasis on a younger generation, who are now linked up with Womanifesto to learn the mechanics of running collective workshops that I hope evolve into extending a similar understanding in their respective countries.

With COVID-19, pandemic rampant in Europe, we had to resort to Zoom calls for safety reasons. Food was brought to the first Zoom meeting and shared virtually.

Initially, I asked my group to provide individual projects. Then began the difficult but not insurmountable task of undertaking a collective means of forgetting the I and working together.

Various exercises and experiments were undertaken and personal stories were recounted.

Reiko and Stefano were writing away evolving thoughts around a collective breath, breaking from our original ideas of current affairs garnered from our Zoom meetings, which led to our final project 'inhaling light'.

I asked them to provide me with photographs or video images. The moment to merge thought and imagery had arrived.

Anca: Photographs: moss.

Liliana: Videos: cooking mud.

Stefano: Videos: her breath.

Reiko: Photographs: section of a stone.

I had the formidable task of entering each person's mind to reflect their thoughts with their images.

I worked with a budget telescopic lens that I held in my right hand. This was attached to a miniature projector facing a wall in a darkened room. A 50mm lens camera sat atop the projector capturing as a movie, the fractured surfaces being lit from a small torch in my left hand, directional onto the photographic images. I experimented to disembodify the surface of the still images from their source to leave us with incorporeal, ethereal, abstract images.

I asked Reiko to map the structure of the film.

The sound was to be a measure of restraint and emptiness that reflects the imagery of 'Inhaling light'.

The final film is edited by Anca, Liliana and Stefano.

Participants:

Anca Dimofte: Romanian Artist,

Reiko Aoyagi: Japanese artist,

Liliana Constantin: Romanian Filmmaker,

Stefano Boring: Italian Digital artist

“2020女性宣言：聚会”

德国柏林

唤醒记忆

虽然“女性宣言”的相关记录已被完好地存为电子档案，但鉴于该活动已搁置一阵子，其所在又千里迢迢，因此大家一直渴望有真正的艺术聚会——在因新冠疫情而被迫保持社交距离，以保证生命安全的当下，这份渴望尤其强烈。虽然柏林在夏秋转冬之际沦为“热点”疫区，但一些女艺术家仍秉持“女性宣言”的精神，在确保自身身心健康的前提下，找到了（合适的）方式和场所来聚会。

作为一个好客的女艺术家，对我来讲，与年轻女性、为人母者和年长女性这古老的三位一体保持联系似乎很重要。因此，我一直在寻找机会，想跟合得来的三位女性一起工作，形成一个组合。年龄不同，回溯和处理记忆的方式也不同。一整年来，（人与人的）接触十分受限，物品就成了我们名为“唤醒记忆”项目的一个载体。我们每人从日常生活中选取三样物品做研究，再次唤起记忆或更新记忆，从而让我们的艺术宣言能够有这样的实物载体得以流传。

一次偶然的机会，我恰好遇到两位跟我一样的年长女性，她们远离了职场生活，并常对创意活动感兴趣。苏珊·杜布罗沃达 (Susanne Dobrovoda) 和安·诺埃尔 (Ann Noël) 两人身体健康，她们同意可在她们或我的公寓中碰面。12月29日，我们的最后一次会面就像一场表演：首先喝一点迎宾酒 — 陈列9幅作品 — 触摸物品原件 — 品尝咖啡，并决定将物品的相关描述与图像分离 — 为9页图纸定好最佳排列顺序 — 每个人都在手工制成的纸上，用母语写下跟所选物品有关的小故事 — 通过朗读让记忆发声 — 朝圆餐桌移动，享用节日盛宴，饭后开瓶酒，佐以小食 — 最后分享喜悦、畅谈人生...

加布里埃拉·巴斯克斯·帕切科 (Gabriela Vasquez-Pacheco) 是一位从事艺术教学的同行，也是两个孩子的母亲；莉亚·马腾科罗茨 (Lea Mattenklotz) 是我以前在库尔特·施维特斯学校 (Kurt Schwitters School) 的学生 (当我提出请求时，艺术学院的学生们都很感兴趣，但他们的工作和学习生活太紧张了，只在今年的最后几天有空着手这个项目)。由于莉亚还不知道新冠病毒的检测结果，在通过电子邮件介绍了各自选择的物品后，我们决定进行线上工作会议。我们做了防疫措施，会议于今天 (2021年1月3日) 再次举行：她们二人正巧同时抵达我公寓门口 — 当时外面正在下雪 — 莉亚的脸上戴着一个蓝色口罩，她从楼上递给我一个黑色的信封，加布里埃拉则在脱下被雪濡湿的大衣和鞋子 — 因为我们彼此相识，在莉亚离开前大家还交谈了一会儿 — 简单地吃过早餐后，加布里埃拉和我着手排列那9件作品，并通过Jit.si (视频会议软件) 与莉亚讨论 — 而当加布里埃拉准备离开时，莉亚为了作品签名再次来访...

聚会参与者：

苏珊·杜布罗沃达 (Susanne Dobrovoda)，安·诺埃尔 (Ann Noël)，卡拉·萨克斯 (Karla Sachse)，莉亚·马腾科罗茨 (Lea Mattenklotz)，加布里埃拉·巴斯克斯·帕切科 (Gabriela Vasquez-Pacheco)

苏珊·杜布罗沃达 (Susanne Dobrovoda) 出生于波茨坦并在柏林长大，然后在柏林生活和工作。1976年从柏林洪堡大学获得艺术教育的资格证书 (diploma)，然后在柏林的一所学校担任美术教师直到1986年。在那以后，她在Pankow博物馆担任展品收藏负责人和研究员 (curator) 一直到2019年退休。职业生涯忙碌之余，她一直都积极从事艺术创作。个人邮箱为s.gutwasser@gmx.de

安·诺埃尔 (Ann Noël) 出生于英格兰的普利茅斯地区，现在居住和工作于柏林。安·诺埃尔曾于1968年在巴斯美术学院 (Corsham校区) 获得平面设计和艺术的文凭 (diploma)。1969年她被邀请前往纽约，在Dick Higgins的Something Else Press机构中担任Dick Higgins的助理。也就是在这里，她遇到了她未来的丈夫Emmett Williams，并开始和Emmett以及其它激进派的艺术家们一起工作。安·诺埃尔的工作方式包括绘画、平面设计、版画、摄影和行为艺术，曾广泛参与国际展览和行为表演，她已经在柏林以艺术家身份出版了六本著作。她的个人网站是：<http://www.ann-noel.com/>

卡拉·萨克斯 (Karla Sachse) 出生于德国萨克森州 (Saxonia) 的Zschopau，卡拉·萨克斯现在居住和工作于柏林。1977年卡拉·萨克斯在柏林的洪堡大学获得艺术教育博士学位，先后担任艺术机构Studio of Fine Art Berlin-Lichtenberg的艺术助理和负责人，同时她也一直坚持艺术创作。1990年她建立并执掌了柏林库尔特·施维特斯学校 (Kurt Schwitters School Berlin) 的艺术工作室，并在那里任教一直到2015年。从1982年以来，她的作品开始被展出，而随着后来柏林墙的倒塌，也在国际范围内展览。她主要的艺术创作领域包括：视觉诗歌，素描，装置和艺术合作。她的个人网站为：www.karla-sachse.de

莉亚·马腾科罗茨 (Lea Mattenklotz) 出生并成长于柏林，但是居住于莱比锡，学习于哈雷 (Halle)。她于2015年在柏林的库尔特·施维特斯学校 (Kurt Schwitters School) 完成A-Level学习 (约高中毕业)，然后用了两年时间在不同的地区旅行以及参加各类工作坊。她于2017年在魏玛的包豪斯大学开始美术学习，并在2019年到2020年间前往莱比锡的版画机构Printing Workshop Complex短暂停留。2020年秋天至今，她是德国哈雷市Giebichenstein Castle of Halle/Saale的学生，隶属于玻璃研究专业 (department Image Space Object Glass)。她的邮箱为：Lea.mattenklotz@posteo.de

加布里埃拉·巴斯克斯·帕切科 (Gabriela Vasquez-Pacheco) 出生于秘鲁 Ayacucho地区，于1981年移民至德国，居住和工作在柏林。她大学就读于柏林艺术大学，获得美术文凭 (diploma) 后完成硕士课程 (导师为Tony Cragg)，并在2008年获得柏林艺术大学校长奖 (UdK)。期间她也于2009-2010年在德国学术中心 (DAAD) 奖学金的资助下，在秘鲁成功地创立了Cosmosophy in Pictures项目，并在2011年完成了她的艺术教育资格考试 (First State Examination in art education)。2010到2015年，她领导着流动无定址的画廊“神圣的当代” (Sacred Contemporary)，在柏林、秘鲁、墨西哥和纽约举办各种展览。2015年至今，她在柏林的库尔特·施维特斯学校 (Kurt Schwitters School) 任职。她的网站是：www.vasquez-pacheco.de

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

Berlin, Germany

meeting memories

As Womanifesto is far away in time and space now – although well preserved digitally – the longing for art-related *real gathering* was and is strong in a situation of a virus-forced social distancing to save lives. Although Berlin became a *crowned spot* when the lazy time of summer and autumn turned into cold winter, some women found paths and places to gather – with all the care for our physical and mental health in the spirit of Womanifesto.

For me as a welcoming female artist it seemed important to relate to the ancient trinity of the young, maternal and senior woman. Therefore I was looking out for possible groups of three women I would like to meet and work together. All ages have different ways of recalling and handling memories. Because *touching* was so restricted all year long, *objects* became a vehicle of our project *meeting memories*. Each of us should choose and examine *three* things of her daily life for memories revealed again or renewed. They should find their artistic manifestation on paper to be passed on as something tangible.

By chance and just in time I met two senior ladies like me, who are dismissed from everyday working life – and always interested in new creative activities. Susanne Dobrovoda and Ann Noël are both in good health that they could agree to encounter in their and my apartment. Our final meeting on December 29th had the following *performance*: starting with a little welcoming drink – laying out all the nine works – touching the original objects – drinking coffee while deciding to keep the accompanying stories separate from the images – finding the right arrangement for the nine pages – each of us writing the three little stories of the chosen objects to small handmade paper pieces in her mother tongue – giving the memories our voices by reading them – moving over to the round dinner table and opening the wine, filling it with light food after all the heavy holiday meals – having a long conversations with cheery stories from our long lives ...

Gabriela Vasquez-Pacheco, an art teaching colleague and mother of two children and Lea Mattenklotz, a former student of mine at Kurt Schwitters School and art student were enthusiastic when I asked them but clamped in their life of working and studies that they found time for the project only now on the last few days of the year. Because Lea had not yet had the result of a covid-test, we decided to have a working meeting online after we had already introduced our objects via mail exchanges. Our meeting was today on January 3rd again with Precautions: by chance both arrived at my door at the same time – it was snowing outside – Lea, her face covered with a blue mask, handed me over a black envelope from the top of the stairs while Gabriela took off her wet coat and shoes – because we all know each other, we talked a bit before Lea left – after a small breakfast Gabriela and I arranged the nine works and discussed it with Lea via Jit.si – when Gabriela was ready to leave, Lea came again to sign her pieces ...

Participants:

Susanne Dobrovoda, Ann Noël, Karla Sachse, Lea Mattenklotz, Gabriela Vasquez-Pacheco

Susanne Dobrovoda was born in Potsdam and raised in Berlin, Germany – lives and works in Berlin.

In 1976 she finished her studies in art education at the Humboldt University of Berlin with a diploma, followed by artistic teaching at a Berlin school until 1986. Afterwards she was a curator and head of collections at the Museum Pankow until her retirement in 2019. In addition to all professional obligations she was artistically active. s.gutwasser@gmx.de

Ann Noël was born in Plymouth, England – living and working in Berlin. She finished her studies at Bath Academy of Art Corsham with a diploma in graphic arts and design in 1968. Invited 1969 to New York as assistant to Dick Higgins' *Something Else Press*, she met Emmett Williams (her future husband) and worked together with him and other Fluxus artists.

She works as painter, graphic designer, printmaker, photographer and performance artist, has been exhibited and performed internationally, is author of six artist's books published in Berlin. <http://www.ann-noel.com/>

Karla Sachse was born in Zschopau, Saxonia/Germany – living and working in Berlin.

In 1977 she finished her studies of art education at Humboldt University in Berlin with a PhD, was artistic assistant and leader at Studio of Fine Art Berlin-Lichtenberg and free-lanced as artist. 1990 she installed and directed art studios at Kurt Schwitters School Berlin, teaching there until 2015. Since 1982 her works are exhibited, after the fall of the wall also internationally. Her main art fields are Visual Poetry, drawing, installation and artistic collaborations. www.karla-sachse.de

Lea Mattenklotz was born and raised in Berlin – lives in Leipzig and studies in Halle.

A-level at Kurt Schwitters School Berlin 2015 followed by journeys and workshops in several regions and spaces of the earth until 2017. Start of her studies of fine art at Bauhaus University in Weimar 2017 and stopping over at the Printing Workshop Complex in Leipzig 2019–20. Since Autumn 2020 she is student at Giebichenstein Castle of Halle/Saale in the department Image Space Object Glass. Lea.mattenklotz@posteo.de

Gabriela Vasquez-Pacheco was born in Ayacucho, Peru, immigrated to Germany 1981 – lives and works in Berlin.

She finished her studies at University of the Arts Berlin with a diploma of Fine Art as student and master student of Tony Cragg and got the award of the president of the UdK in 2008. With a DAAD Scholarship she developed the project *Cosmosophy in Pictures* in Peru 2009–10 and passed successfully her First State Examination in art education in 2011. From 2010–15 she led the mobile producer gallery *Sacred Contemporary* with exhibitions in Berlin, Peru, Mexico, New York. Since 2015 she is working at Kurt Schwitters School, Berlin and since 2018 she is Cultural agent with project realisations. www.vasquez-pacheco.de

“2020女性宣言：聚会”

澳大利亚悉尼

帕她湾·苏万那库特 (Phaptawan Suwannakudt) 1959年生于泰国，早年跟随父亲Paiboon Suwannakudt学习壁画创作，并领导着一组画家在佛教寺庙工作。她还参加了1995年的女性艺术家团体展览

“Tradisexion”和“女性宣言”。她于1996年移居澳大利亚，并在悉尼大学悉尼艺术学院获得了MVA学位。她曾在澳大利亚、泰国和国际上广泛展出，包括《言语的痕迹：亚洲的艺术和书法》，加拿大温哥华人类学博物馆（2017年）；《不讲故事》，清迈（2014年）和《悉尼》

（2016年）；《门槛：纽约当代泰国艺术展》（2013年）和悉尼第18届双年展《我们的一切关系》（2012年）。她被选中参加泰国曼谷首届艺术双年展《超越极乐》（2018-9）。最近她的作品还参加了墨尔本艺术中心和南威尔士州美术馆展出的《亚洲TOPA 2020》。她的作品被公共收藏，包括新南威尔士州美术馆、悉尼艺术银行、泰国国家美术馆和新加坡国家美术馆。

她的个人网站为：www.phaptawansuwannakudt.com

海伦·格雷丝 (Helen Grace) 是居住在悉尼和香港的艺术、作家和老师。她曾是香港中文大学视觉文化研究文学硕士课程的创始主任，现为香港中文大学文化与宗教研究系兼职教授，以及悉尼大学性别与文化研究系副教授。海伦是屡获殊荣的电影制片人和新媒体制作人。她的摄影媒体作品被收藏在Artbank、澳大利亚国家美术馆、新南威尔士州美术馆、南澳大利亚美术馆以及国内外的私人收藏中。她最近的项目包括《住房问题》（与纳雷尔·朱伯林 (Narelle Jubelin) 合作），彭里斯 (Penrith) 画廊，下水之家的家园（2019），思想日志，SCA画廊，悉尼（2016）和精神地图，悉尼4A画廊（2015）。她最近的著作包括《无处不在的媒体中的文化，美学和情感：平淡无奇的形象》

(Routledge, 2014年) 和《技术视觉性：文化重新着迷和技术体验》(合编，陈慧敏，杰思和黄建元)《IB Tauris》，2016年。

苏·佩德利 (Sue Pedley) 通过特定地点的装置和跨学科实践，研究与物质相关的地点、社区、文化和历史。苏已经在越南（2008）、伦敦（1993）、法国和德国（1985），以及在斯里兰卡的Asia Link（2001年）等地进行艺术创作。其他驻留地点包括东京奇迹遗址（2012）、北京红门工作室（2011）、加拿大毕夫艺术中心（2007）和邦达农基金会（2016）。参加过的展览包括：曼利美术馆和博物馆的曼利大坝项目（2020年）；塔斯马尼亚维多利亚女王艺术博物馆和美术馆“Light-Sue & Peggy Pedley”展览（2019）；宁波艺术中国博物馆“橙-网络”展览（2019）；日本寻水-越后妻有美术三年展（2018）等等。此外，Sue还参加了著名的日本濑户内三年展（2010）和越后妻有艺术三年展（2006）。

她的个人网站为：www.suepedley.com.au

弗吉尼亚·希利亚德 (Virginia Hilyard) 是澳大利亚电影制片人和艺术家，她主要在空间、场地和装置的背景下广泛地使用电影、视频和声音媒介，这反映了她在建筑和雕塑方面的早期学习。自1985年以来，弗吉尼亚的个人和合作作品已在澳大利亚、东南亚、欧洲、北美的城市展出。在完成悉尼艺术学院视觉艺术学士学位后，弗吉尼亚州加入了悉尼速8电影集团，在这段时间里，她致力于实验电影、展览和制作，通过与澳大利亚和东南亚的艺术家发起的集体合作参与发行。

陈淑霞 (Shuxia Chen) 是艺术史学家和亚洲艺术策展人。她拥有澳大利亚国立大学的博士学位，悉尼大学艺术史硕士学位和悉尼艺术学院的工作室艺术（荣誉学位）硕士学位。她的研究重点是中国现当代摄影、艺术家团体和后社会主义视觉文化。Shuxia的研究发表在《亚洲摄影评论》，《艺术：当代中国艺术杂志》，《中国制造》，Artforum等期刊上，还曾于中国和澳大利亚的多家博物馆和画廊担任策展人。她目前的策展项目包括：“摄影学习之家：1977-1980年星期五沙龙，北京和香港，2018-2020年”，“中国艺术中的吉祥图案”（悉尼，2020-2021年）和“旅途：70年代和80年代台湾摄影（堪培拉，2021年）。作为一名艺术家，淑霞主要在澳大利亚作画展，包括“中国制造，澳大利亚”（2012-2015），“让自己在家”（2012）和“来来去去”（2010）。

托比·黄 (Toby Huynh) 是一位出生在越南的澳大利亚籍华人，目前居住在悉尼。她毕业于澳大利亚西悉尼大学，拥有艺术史与批评专业的学士学位。在过去的25年里，她在新加坡生活和工作，在那儿，她参与了许多与艺术有关的项目。近年来，她研读新加坡的医学史，并曾出任新加坡中央医院的博物馆馆长。此外，她还设计了艺术与健康的联动计划，对社群艺术抱有浓厚兴趣。

佳蒂·苏哈托 (Kyati Suharto) 是一位拥有多学科背景的艺术、曾在悉尼公立音乐高中进修音乐，在Enmore设计中心学习插画，还在悉尼国立美术学院研习绘画。佳蒂在双文化环境下长大，对印尼爪哇岛 (Java) 有着浓重的个人情结，也曾居住在日惹 (Jogjakarta)。印尼甘美兰音乐总会唤起她无尽的思乡之情，引发她对所享有文化遗产的强烈自觉。由于她具有音乐背景，又掌握了多种学科的工作方法，在她的艺术实践中便自然而然地产生了声音与视觉艺术的碰撞。这种碰撞是其探索个人身份不可或缺的方式，也是其陶瓷作品中对视觉韵律的体现。

夏洛特·蒙哥马利 (Charlotte Mungomery) 毕业于澳大利亚国立戏剧学院，拥有表演设计专业的学士及硕士学位。2018年，夏洛特凭借其为布兰登堡交响乐团的歌剧《苦乐参半的迷恋》所作的舞台设计，成为了澳大利亚美术指导协会奖历史上最年轻的最佳现场表演舞台设计奖得主。她执导的电影作品在澳大利亚乃至国际电影节中脱颖而出，斩获奖项。她目前作为特邀艺术家，隶属于“星期四的儿童（全球艺术家计划）”，这是一个提供电影制片人和摄影师搜索服务的国际平台。

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

Addison Road Community Centre Sydney – The land of Gadigal and Wangal people of the Eora nation

Phaptawan Suwannakudt (born in Thailand, 1959), trained as a mural painter with her late father Paiboon Suwannakudt, led a team of painters that worked in Buddhist temples throughout Thailand during the 1980s–1990s. She was also involved in the women artists group exhibition *Tradisexion* in 1995 and *Womanifesto*. She relocated to Australia in 1996 and completed an MVA degree at Sydney College of the Arts, The Sydney University. She has exhibited extensively in Australia, Thailand and other countries, including *Traces of Words: Art and Calligraphy from Asia*, Museum of Anthropology, UBC, Vancouver, Canada (2017), *Retold–Untold Stories*, Chiang Mai (2014), Sydney (2016), *Thresholds: Contemporary Thai Art*, New York (2013) and the 18th Biennale of Sydney: *All Our Relations* (2012). She is selected to participate in *Beyond Bliss* the Inaugural Bangkok Art Biennale, Thailand (2018–9). Most recently her work is included in Asia TOPA 2020, Art Centre Melbourne and The National 2021, Art Gallery of New South Wales. Her works are in public collections including the Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Bank Sydney, the National Art Gallery of Thailand and the National Gallery Singapore. www.phaptawansuwannakudt.com

Helen Grace is an artist, writer and teacher, based in Sydney and Hong Kong. She was the Founding Director of the MA Programme in Visual Culture Studies, Chinese University of Hong Kong, and is now an Adjunct Professor in the Department of Cultural & Religious Studies, CUHK and Associate, Department of Gender and Cultural Studies at the University of Sydney; in 2012–13 she was Visiting Professor in the Department of English, Central University, Taiwan on a Science Council Fellowship.

Helen is an award-winning filmmaker and new media producer. Her photo media work is in the collections of Artbank, National Gallery of Australia, Art Gallery of NSW and Art Gallery of South Australia as well as private collections nationally and internationally. Her recent projects include *The Housing Question* (with Narelle Jubelin), Penrith Regional Galleries, Home of the Lewers Bequest, 2019, *Thought Log*, SCA Galleries, Sydney (2016) and *Map of Spirits*, Gallery 4A, Sydney (2015). Her recent books include *Culture, Aesthetics and Affect in Ubiquitous Media: The Prosaic Image* (Routledge, 2014) and *Technovisuality: Cultural Re-enchchantment and the Experience of Technology*. (Co-editors, Amy Chan, Kit Sze and Wong Kin Yuen) IB Tauris, 2016)

Virginia Hilyard is an Australian filmmaker and screen artist who has worked extensively with the mediums of film, video and sound, primarily within the context of space, the site and installation, reflecting her early training in architecture and sculpture. Producing and exhibiting since 1985, Virginia's solo and collaborative works have been exhibited in cities and regional centres throughout Australia, South East Asia, Europe, the UK, North America and Canada. On finishing her Bachelor of Visual Arts at Sydney College of the Arts, Virginia became involved with the Sydney Super 8 Film Group, an active member between 1983 and 1998. Over this time, she was committed to the development of experimental screen production, exhibition and distribution through her involvement with artist-initiated collectives in both Australia and South East Asia. Her range of experience in the film and television industry since 1985 includes crewing on independent documentaries; production management at SBS Television; teaching film and video production including community-based workshops and at secondary and tertiary level and directing commissioned projects for major cultural institutions including the Sydney Opera House Trust and the Museum of Sydney. She has trained and worked as a cinema projectionist.

Sue Pedley is an artist who researches place, community, culture and history in relationship to materiality through site-specific installation and interdisciplinary practice.

Sue has received Australia Council residencies in Vietnam (2008), London (1993) France and Germany (1985); and an Asia Link residency in Sri Lanka (2001). Other residencies include Tokyo Wonder Site (2012), Redgate Studio Residency, Beijing (2011), Banff Art Centre, Canada (2007) and Bundanon Trust (2016). Exhibitions include Manly Dam Project, Manly Art Gallery and Museum, (2020) *Patches of Light – Sue & Peggy Pedley – Queen Victoria Art Museum and Gallery, Tasmania* (2019); *Orange–NetWork*, Ningbo Art Museum, China (2019); *Tracing Water – Echigo Tsumari Art Triennial* 2018, Japan; *Mosman Art Gallery* (2017), *Spare Room*,

Elizabeth Bay House, Historic Houses Trust, Sydney, (2007); *Blue Jay Way*, Heide Museum of Contemporary Art and Penrith Regional Gallery & The Lewers Bequest (2007). Sue has also participated in the Setouchi Triennial (2010) and Echigo Tsumari Art Triennial (2006) in Japan. www.suepedley.com.au

Shuxia Chen is an art historian and curator of Asian art. She holds a PhD from the Australian National University, an MA in Art History from the University of Sydney, and an MA in Studio Art (Honours) from Sydney College of the Arts. Her research focuses on modern and contemporary Chinese photography, artist groups, and post-socialist visual culture. Shuxia's research has been published in journals such as *Trans-Asia Photography Review*, *Yishu: Journal of Contemporary Chinese Art*, *Made in China*, *Artforum*, among others. Shuxia has also worked with a range of museums and galleries in China and Australia as a curator. Her current curatorial projects include: "A Home for Photography Learning: the Friday Salon, 1977–1980 Beijing and Hong Kong, 2018–2020", "Auspicious Motifs in Chinese Art" (Sydney, 2020–2021), and "Wayfaring: '70s and '80s Taiwanese Photography (Canberra, 2021). As an artist, Shuxia has mainly exhibited within Australia in exhibitions including "Make in China, Australia" (2012–2015), "Make Yourself at Home" (2012), and "Comings and Goings" (2010).

Toby Huynh is a Vietnamese-born Chinese Australian who resides in Sydney. She is a graduate of the University of Western Sydney in Australia, where she achieved her Bachelor of Art History and Criticism. For the past 25 years, she lived and worked in Singapore. While there, she was involved in various arts-related projects and in her later years in the city, she read Singapore's medical history and was the Museum Curator for the Singapore General Hospital. Additional to reading medical history, she designs arts and health programmes and has a keen interest in community art.

Kyati Suharto is a multidisciplinary artist, having studied at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music High School; Illustration at Enmore Design Centre and Fine Art at the National Art School in Sydney. Growing up bicultural, Kyati has a strong personal connection to Java, having lived in the city of Jogjakarta. The sounds of gamelan music have always evoked a deep sense of nostalgia from within and have given her a strong sense of her cultural heritage. Having an upbringing in music and an interdisciplinary approach to her work, the interplay of sound and visual art felt not only natural for Kyati but also an integral means to convey these explorations of her identity as well as the transformative nature of sound through her ceramic works.

Charlotte Mungomery is a graduate of the BFA and MFA (Design for Performance) at the National Institute of Dramatic Art. In 2018 Charlotte became the youngest production designer to win the *Australian Production Design Guild* award for Best Set Design for Live Performance for her design work on Brandenburg Orchestras' Opera 'Bittersweet Obsessions'. Her directorial film work has been featured, and won awards, in film festivals across Australia and internationally. She is currently a featured artist on 'Thursdays Child Global', an international platform of hand selected filmmakers & photographers.

“2020女性宣言: 聚会”

悉尼艾迪逊社区路中心

建在欧拉族 (Eora Nation) 盖迪该尔 (Gadigal) 和万歌 (Wangal) 原住民土地之上¹

短途旅行与工作坊

悉尼的这次聚会, 受到海伦·格蕾斯 (Helen Grace) 的启发。最早海伦设计了创作工作坊的方式, 包括互相合作的轮渡旅行与徒步。受此影响, 帕她湾 (Phaptawan) 邀请了悉尼的三位艺术家: 海伦·格蕾斯、苏·佩德利 (Sue Pedley) 和弗吉尼亚·希利亚德 (Virginia Hilyard), 来参加短途旅行工作坊。每位艺术家可以自主选择参与者, 自行安排时间, 开展一系列短途旅行会面, 作为悉尼2020年女性宣言聚会活动的一部分。参与者包括陈淑霞 (Shuxia Chen)、托比·黄 (Toby Huynh)、佳蒂·苏哈托 (Kyati Suharto)、夏洛特·蒙哥马利 (Charlotte Mungomery) 和弗吉尼亚的母亲雪莉·希利亚德 (Shirley Hilyard), 她们年龄不同, 性别不同, 有艺术家, 也有艺术圈外的人。短途旅行活动包括散步、公路旅行、乘渡轮、参观社区二手品商店和养老院等等内容。

参加工作坊的艺术家于2020年12月19日在UP工作室再次聚会, 每个小组展示、分享她们在活动中、在野餐中的收获。

聚会参与者:

帕她湾·苏万那库特 (Phaptawan Suwannakudt), 海伦·格雷斯 (Helen Grace), 苏·佩德利 (Sue Pedley), 弗吉尼亚·希利亚德 (Virginia Hilyard), 雪莉·希利亚德 (Shirley Hilyard), 陈淑霞 (Shuxia Chen), 托比·黄 (Toby Huynh), 佳蒂·苏哈托 (Kyati Suharto), 夏洛特·蒙哥马利 (Charlotte Mungomery)。

¹澳大利亚70年代起承认土著居民 (或译原住民) 对土地的拥有权。
一些场所举行的活动常常提及现在土地原来属于哪些部落或者居民所有。
此处在场馆名字之后标明是建在原住民拥有的土地之上, 即为此意。

Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings

Addison Road Community Centre Sydney

- The land of Gadigal and Wangal people of the Eora nation

Excursions and workshops

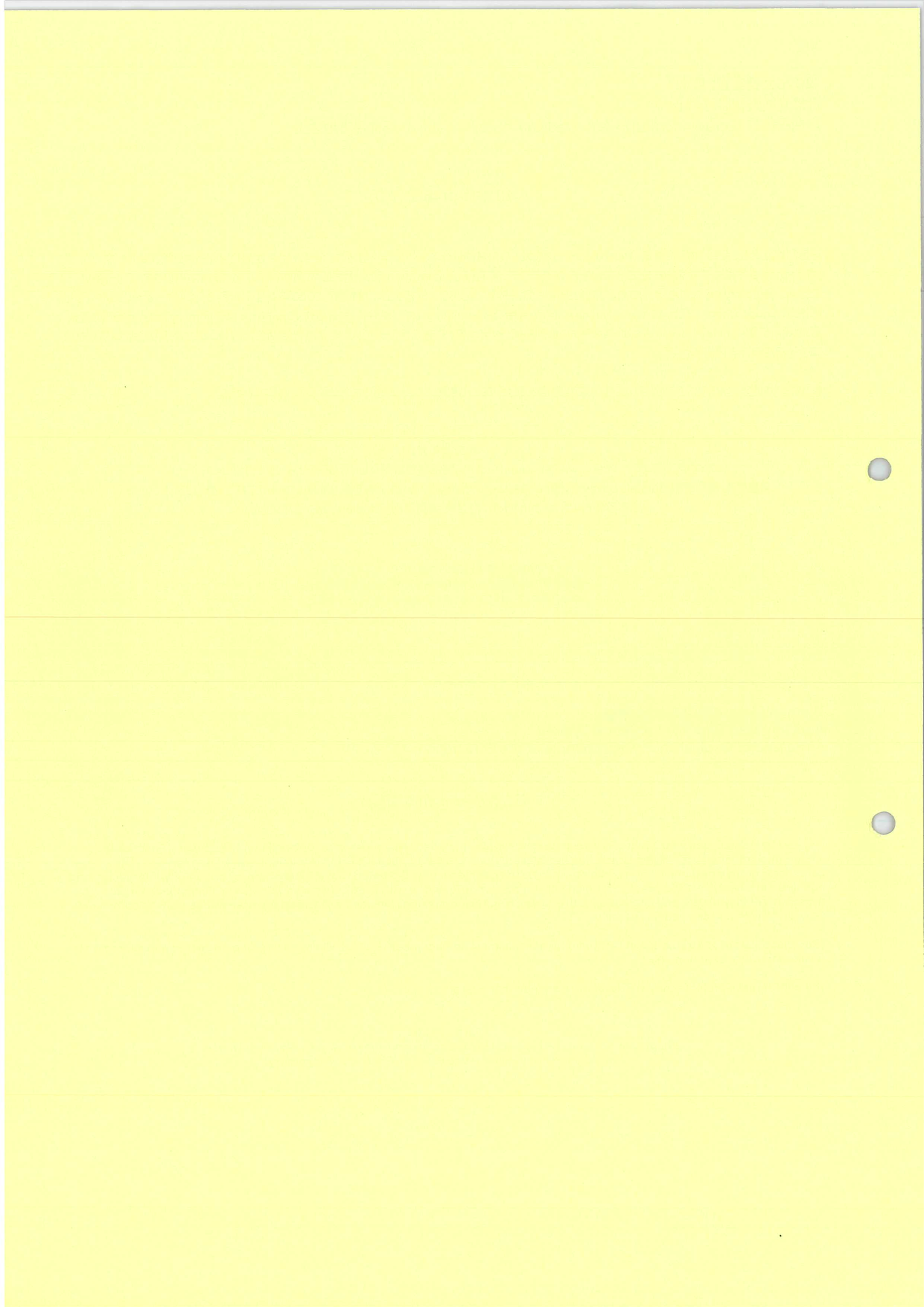
Inspired by Helen Grace who initiated a workshop model which included ferry trips/walks for a collaborative project, Phaptawan invited three other artists - Helen Grace, Sue Pedley and Virginia Hilyard to engage in the excursions and workshops, each with candidates of their own choice and in their own time. The people they collaborated with are from across generations, intergender and not all are involved in artistic practices. Helen collaborated with Toby, Sue with Kyati Suharto and Charlotte Mungomery, Virginia with her mother Shirley Hilyard and Phaptawan with Shuxia Chen. Their excursions included walks, road trips, ferry rides, visits to community recycling shops and an aged-care facility.

They met together at a gathering at UP studio for a picnic meal on December 19, 2020, where each group presented and shared what resulted from the experiences.

The collaborative projects they are developing are now in process.

Participants:

Phaptawan Suwannakudt, Helen Grace, Sue Pedley, Virginia Hilyard, Shirley Hilyard, Shuxia Chen, Toby Huynh, Kyati Suharto, Charlotte Mungomery.



心形坐垫

提卡蓬·法依乌帕拉 (Tikamporn Faioopara, 又名Krin) 在前来咖啡馆帮忙的人中, 是最年轻的一位。她将与我们共度一个月时间, 一起工作、吃饭和生活。Krin现年35岁, 来自乌隆他尼 (Udonthani), 毕业于孔敬大学, 获得艺术学位。对我来说, 她是一个追求梦想的新面孔。我们一起聊了各自的生活, 不同的经历和爱情, 互相赞赏对方的作品。很显然, Krin有自己的思维方式。她喜欢摄影, 我则非常喜爱她的摄影作品, 因为它们具有个性。她也用剩余的材料制作工艺品。凭借这种技能, 她用她在农场中发现的物品, 协助装饰了咖啡馆。我父亲前段时间买了一个电缆卷轴, 它被放置在一边, 静静等待我来发现它的功用。我把它放在咖啡馆的入口旁边, 希望用它呈现一些绘画作品来欢迎客人。Krin很好地实现了我的想法。

她也在咖啡馆里帮忙: 与Nuch合作设计了新的菜单、小吃和饮料, 协助儿童美术课, 涂画木头等等。

大约10年前, 我曾经在T恤上制作艺术品, 并积累了一堆破烂布头, 我便把它们送给了Krin, 让她任意发挥做成艺术品。她把它们绑在垫子上, 放在我们咖啡馆的树桩木凳上。每当我看到这些坐垫时, 我都会想起这个快乐的女孩, 她对自己的工作很认真。我希望, 她能如愿以偿, 找到她自己所追求的美好爱情。



A heart

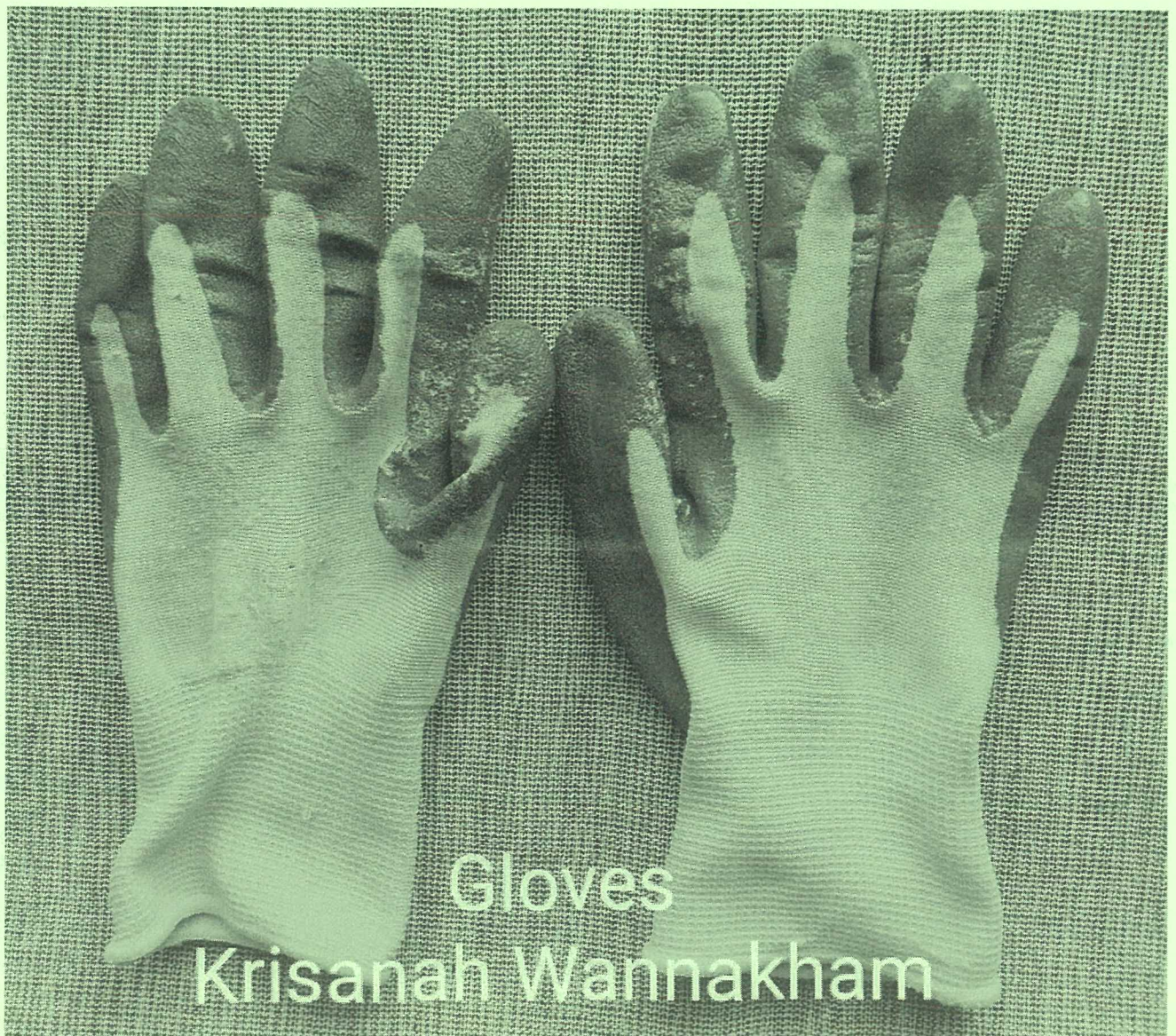
Tikamporn Faioopara (or Krin) is the youngest member coming to help. She will be working, eating, and living with us for a month. Krin is 35 years old, from Udonthani, and graduated from Khonkaen University with a degree in art. To me, she is a fresh-faced girl chasing her dream. After chatting together about our lives, our different experiences, love, and complimenting each other's work, it is clear that she has her own way of thinking. Krin likes to work with photography, and I am a huge fan of her photography works, as they have character. She makes crafts from leftover materials too. With this skill, she helped to decorate the shop with objects that she found on the farm. My father acquired a cable drum some time ago. It sat there waiting for me to make use of. I placed it next to the entrance gate and wanted it to feature some drawings to welcome guests. Krin handled the task nicely.

She helped out in the café as well: working with Nuch creating a new menu, snacks, and drinks, assisting in the children's art class, painting wood, and so on.

I used to make art on T-shirts around 10 years ago, and accumulated a stack of stretchy tatters, which I gave to Krin to work with as she wished. She tied them into cushions to put on our café's stump-seats. Whenever I see these cushions, I recall a jolly girl who was serious about what she does. I wish her luck with the love that she pursues.

手套

克里撒纳·瓦纳罕姆 (Krisanah Wannakham, 又名Nah) 是我姐姐的朋友。她今年60岁, 住在乌隆他尼 (Udonthani)。她罹患二期乳腺癌, 由于健康问题, 最近辞掉了工作。此外, 她还必须照顾她的母亲和八只宠物流浪狗。她想在大自然环境中尝试自我修复, 所以我和姐姐邀请她, 让她在Kokgai咖啡馆附近种植园艺、蔬菜和花卉。将这些植物种进地里的时候, 她感到非常高兴和放松。她只能待一个月, 因为她需要照顾母亲和那些可怜的流浪狗。有时, 她会去咖啡馆, 欣赏她种的绿色植物。她还对针线活表现出兴趣。我送给她一个针线包: 里面有各种颜色的线、针、棉布和一些布头, 让她可以在空闲时间尝试一下。我请她创作一些作品给我看看, 也好让我能给她些建议: 如何用她的手工活儿为她赚取一点生活费。



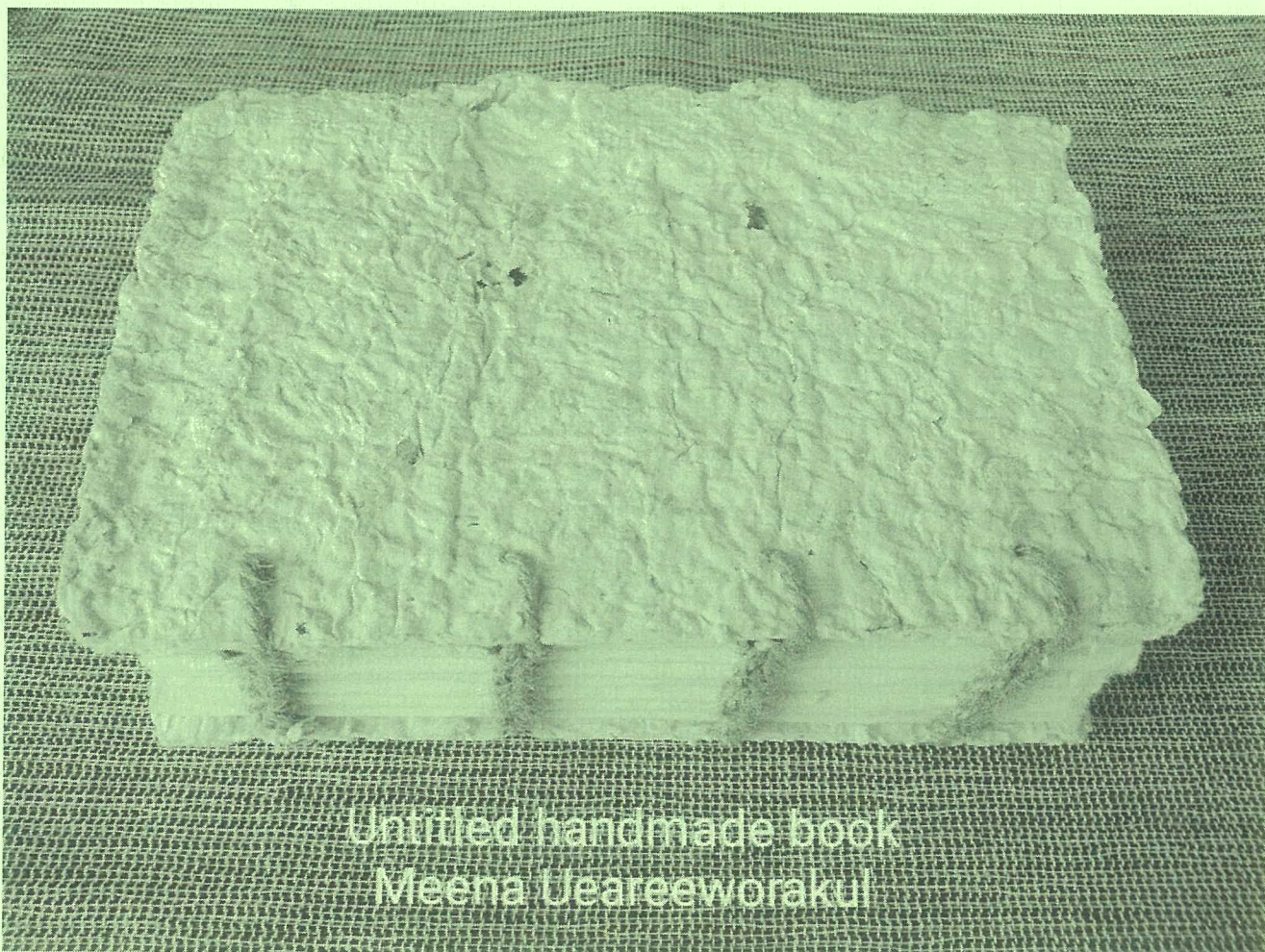
Gloves

Krisanah Wannakham (or Nah) is my elder sister's friend. She is 60 years old, and lives in Udonthani. She has recently left her job due to health issues: second-stage breast cancer. In addition, she has to take care of her mother and 8 stray dogs that she keeps as pets. She wanted to attempt self-healing in a natural setting, so my sister and I invited her to help with gardening, planting vegetables and flowers around Kokgai Café. She was so happy and relaxed when putting those plants in the ground. She could only stay for one month, as she needed to care for her mother and those poor stray dogs. Once in a while, she pays a visit to the café, and admires the greenery she sowed. She also showed interest in needlework. I gave her a needlework kit: multicolor threads, needles, cotton fabrics and tatters, so that she could try in her free time. I asked her to create some works and show them to me, so that I can suggest how to develop it into a source of income.

无题手工书

米娜·乌伊莉沃拉库 (Meena Ueareeworakul) 是我的长女。她今年17岁, 是乌朋拉其尼 (Ubonratchathani) 职业学校美术学院的三年级学生。在漫长的假期中, Meena回到了Kokgai咖啡馆帮忙。她包办了一切事情, 从涂画艺术墙, 教孩子们艺术课, 用硬纸板制作菜单, 协助咖啡师, 尝试新的小吃食谱, 到为顾客服务和洗碗。她还整理了咖啡馆以实行一套更高效的工作流程。

目前, 她喜欢制作手工书籍, 尤其擅长锁线装订。这个日志本就是我请她参与锁线装订的手工书。



Untitled handmade book

Meena Ueareeworakul is my eldest daughter. She is 17-years-old, and is a third-year student at Ubonratchathani Vocational College Fine Arts School. During their long holidays, Meena returned to help out at Kokgai Café. She did everything, from painting art walls, teaching children arts, making menus from cardboard, assisting baristas, trying out new snack recipes, to serving and washing dishes. She also organized the shop to create a more efficient work flow.

Currently, she likes to make handmade books and is particularly good at sewn binding. For this journal, I asked her to be involved in sewn binding the book.

在背井离乡45年之后,我于2020年3月13日返回家乡,我再次成为父亲的第9个孩子。我母亲十多年前去世了。现在,我父亲已经90岁了。我和他不太亲密,因为他是一个安静的人,而且总是很严厉。这块土地是我父亲的第二故乡。小时候,我记得父亲每天早上都来这里工作,从没休息过一天。父亲对他亲手打造的土地充满感情,一直在等待将接力棒传给下一代。而我则是被他选中的人。

我父亲虽已年过90,但身体健康。他积极走动,仍然开车,甚至骑摩托车。在这个农场上,我父亲饲养着17头水牛。他饲养的方式天然野生,因此牛群们自由地漫游。我们搬进来以后,想种些花草植物,但是它们都被水牛吃掉了!我父亲说:“好吧,在这种情况下,你需要在晚上将它们赶回圈里,早上再放出去吃草。”然后他教我们如何将牛群赶回来。赶牛的第一天非常混乱,需要6个人齐上阵——我和我的儿子,Nuch和她的儿子,我的父亲和一个工人。他指挥我们如何确定各自的位置,以便控制水牛。我们每个人都必须举起一根大棍子,然后一直大喊“kok!,kok!,kok!,kok!”(kok的意思是牛圈)。我父亲说,不用5天,牛群就能学会如何返回牛圈。从那时起,我们成为了每天晚上放牧水牛的小队。我和Nuch每天早晨放牧牛群吃草。一周后,就像我父亲所说的那样,把牛群围拢起来赶回牛棚的确十分容易。另外,我父亲喜欢斗鸡。每天早晨,他都在照顾自己的公鸡:他喂养它们,并用草药冲洗液擦拭、清洁它们。然后,他到处走动或驾驶小型货车去检查农场。他受到村民的好评,因为在过去,这个农场曾经是制糖厂,由他与别人共同创立,他们为他工作。

回到家乡和父亲生活在一起.....有时我们会因为不同的思维方式(旧的观念和新的观念)而争论不休。因此,我们的交流并不总是成功的。通常,我必须服从并做出让步。但是,很多次父亲都从他的生活经历中为我提供了参考,我发自内心地感激,因为他在一些我所不了解或缺乏经验的事情上给予了指导。与此同时,我可以感觉到父亲会从远处默默地照顾我,关注我,和支持我。



Returning to my hometown on 13 March 2020 after 45 years, I once again became the 9th child of my father. My mother passed away more than 10 years ago. Now, my father is 90 years old. I'm not very close with him, as he's a quiet man and is often stern. This land is my father's second home. When I was a child, I remember well that my father came to work here every morning, and never had a day off. Attached to the land he built with his own hands, my father has been waiting to pass the baton to the next generation. And I was the chosen one.

In his 90s, my father is rather healthy. He walks around actively, still drives, and even rides a motorbike. On this farm, my father keeps 17 water buffaloes. He rears them wild, so he lets them roam freely. When we moved in, we wanted to grow flowers and plants, but they were all eaten by the buffaloes! My father said, "Well, in this case, you need to herd them back to the pen in the evening and let them out to graze in the morning." He then taught us how to herd them back. The first day of the roundup was quite chaotic and required 6 people: —me and my son, Nuch and her son, my father and one worker. He ordered us where to position ourselves in order to keep the buffaloes under control. We each had to hold a big stick and keep shouting "Kok!, kok!, kok!, kok!" (kok means pen). My father said it would take no more than 5 days for them to learn how to go back to the pen. From then on, we became the team to herd the buffaloes back every evening. Nuch and I let them out to graze every morning. After a week, the roundup really became easier, as my father had said. In addition, my father loves cockfighting. Every morning, he cares for his roosters: he feeds them, and cleans them by rubbing each of them with herbal rinse. He then walks or drives a minivan around to check the farm. He is well-regarded by the villagers, because in the old days this farm used to be a sugar mill, which he co-founded and they worked for him.

Returning to be with him...there are times that we argue due to our different ways of thinking — the old and the new. Therefore, our exchanges are not always successful; often, I had to be submissive and back down. However, many times my father provided me with outlooks from his own life experiences. I felt thankful in my heart that he gave me guidance for things I didn't know about or lack experience in. At the same time, I can feel that my father will watch over me, keep an eye on me, and give me support from a distance silently.

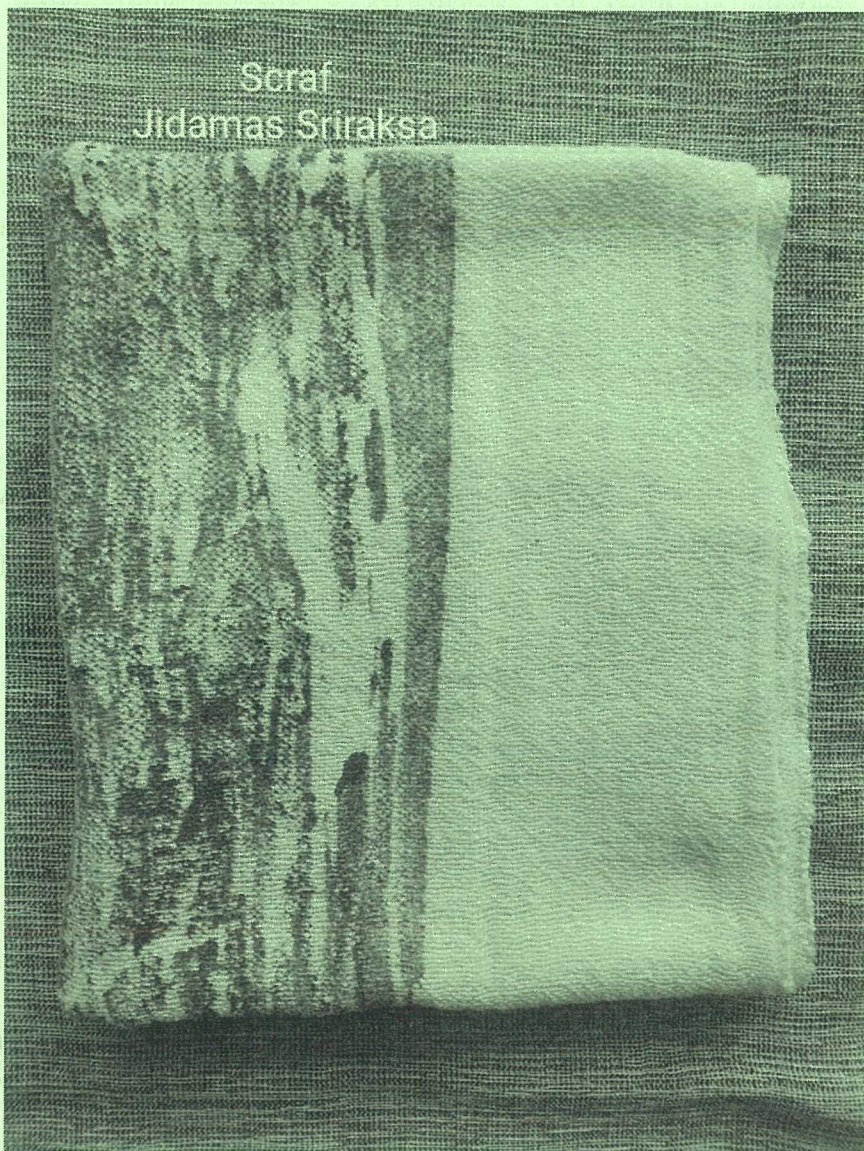
吉达马斯·斯里拉卡撒 (Jidamas Sriraksa, 又名Nuch) 和她9岁的儿子昂保 (Angpao) 和我一起从乌汶叻差他尼搬来。她今年45岁。我记得当我们带着全副身家第一次来到这里时, 父亲问: “难道Nuch的丈夫不来吗?” 我告诉父亲, Nuch是一位单身母亲, 他轻笑着说: “一群寡妇!”

Nuch毕业于Poh-Chang艺术学院。她以前做过木工。她非常活泼, 喜欢旅行。我说服并雇佣她与我一起在农场做一些基础工作。一连9个月, 她呆在同一间房子里, 吃饭, 工作, 睡觉, 并于11月搬回了乌汶。

我们的工作始于整理废弃物。因为这个地方被遗弃了几十年, 只有我父亲和17只水牛在场。Nuch带了她许多木工工具来。幸运的是, 农场里遗留了许多旧木材, 四处散堆着, 被白蚁咬得千疮百孔。Nuch开始收集变形的木材, 并进行清洁, 使之最终显露出经过岁月打磨的精致纹理。木材的魅力使我和Nuch非常兴奋和惊讶。农场里还有一些我父亲用木头做的公鸡笼子, Nuch和我从中挑选了几只状况还行的, 为Kokgai咖啡馆制作家具和装饰标牌。Kokgai咖啡馆的筹备工作完成后, 我们准备在2020年8月17日开业。

Nuch的工作首先是做咖啡师, 准备饮料和小吃。后来, 她也烹饪食物。我们刚搬来时, 趁着孩子们暑假, 我们计划和我姨妈一起在曼谷参加咖啡师课程。姨妈经营着Patoon咖啡馆, 在素坤逸101/1地区很受欢迎。可是, 我们的运气不怎么好, 由于新冠肺炎疫情的传播, 所有省份被迫陷入封锁, 我们不得不选择向YouTube网站这个“网络大学教授”学习。虽然经过大量的试错, 但是艺术家的身份最终帮助我们获得一个良好的开端。

Nuch和我还对白蚁损坏的木材进行了实验, 从中我们制作了木刻版, 用来在围巾和窗帘上印染图案。我们非常激动, 特别是Nuch, 她被织物上出现的木纹迷住了。



Hand print wood on scarf, 2020

Jidamas Sriraksa (or Nuch) and her 9-year-old son — Angpao — moved from Ubonratchathani together with me. She is 45 years old. I remember that when we first arrived with our belongings, my father asked “Isn’t Nuch’s husband coming?” When I told him she’s a single mom, he chuckled and said “A bunch of widows!”

Nuch graduated from the Poh-Chang Academy of Arts. She used to do woodcraft before. Nuch is a lively person and likes traveling. I persuaded and hired her to lay the groundwork at the farm with me. She stayed — eating, working, sleeping — in the same house for 9 months, and moved back to Ubon in November.

Our job started with waste management. Because this place was abandoned for decades, only my father and 17 buffaloes were present. Nuch came with many woodcraft tools. Luckily, a lot of old timber had been left at the farm. Piles after piles of deformed wood, chewed by termites, were everywhere. Nuch started to collect the misshapen timber, and cleaned them until the exquisite texture nurtured by time emerged. Nuch and I were very excited and astonished...by the charm of the wood texture. My father also had several rooster cages made of wood lying around. Nuch and I picked the ones in good condition to make furniture and decorative signs for Kokgai Café. After the Kokgai Café’s structure was completed, we were ready to open on 17th August, 2020.

Nuch’s job was firstly to be a barista and prepare drinks and snacks, and later she prepared food. When we first moved here and our kids were on their summer break, we thought of taking a barista course in Bangkok with my aunt. She operates Patoon café, which is popular in the Sukhumvit 101/1 area. Luck was not on our side, however, as the spread of COVID-19 forced all provinces into lockdown, we had to learn instead from Professor YouTube. There was a lot of trial and error, but being artists helped us get off to a good start.

Nuch and I also experimented with the termite-damaged wood, from which we made woodblocks to print on scarves and curtains. We were so thrilled, especially Nuch, who was fascinated by the wood patterns that appeared on the fabric.

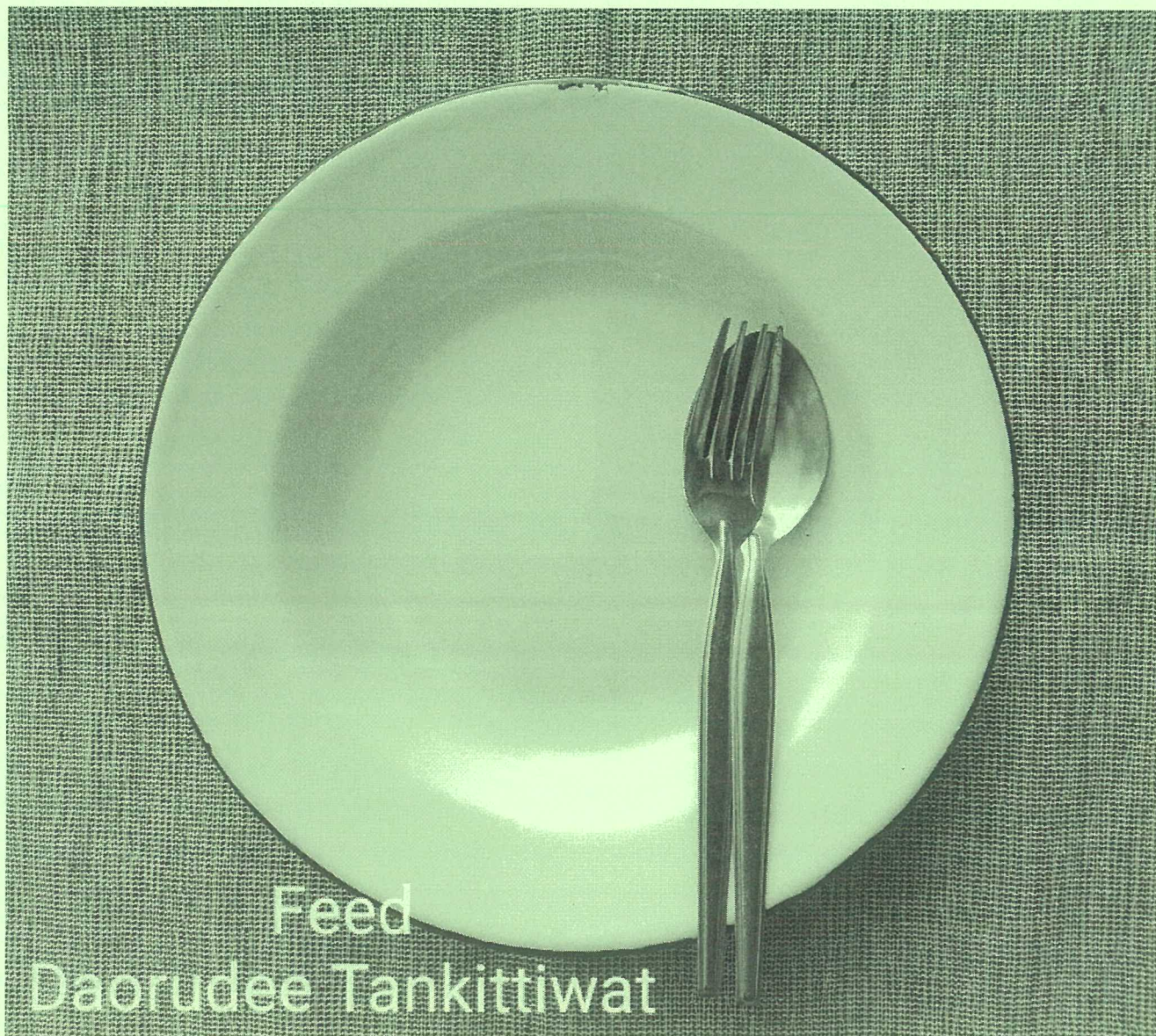
喂食

道鲁迪·坦奇提瓦(又名Aoy)是一名厨师,2020年12月1日刚刚加入我们这个咖啡馆兼工艺品店。她出生于乌隆他尼,今年52岁,小我2岁。她十几岁时移居到曼谷郊区工作,最近一次搬去那空府(Nakhonpathom)的萨拉亚(Salaya)。她说她做过各种工作,从自由职业到小本生意——像是缝制衣服、出售食物及烹饪(泰国)伊桑料理(如酸辣沙拉和青木瓜沙拉)。Aoy是一名单身母亲,她努力工作以抚养孩子长大。她高兴地告诉我,孩子们现在已经大学毕业,找到工作,各自成家。我喜欢听她讲过去的故事,那些她走过的路。

现在,她回到她的家乡班塔利(Ban Thali),照顾自己独居的老父亲。因为她是长女,她需要获得足够多的收入来养活父亲和她自己。我是通过我姐姐的朋友认识她的。

我和Aoy在一起工作、聊天,我必须承认,她十分坚忍。她每天要骑着摩托车过来跟我一起工作——每天往返90公里!一开始,她有点灰心,但后来,她喜欢跟我一起工作,她解释说这是因为我很善良,而且这里很美。我喜欢她的性格:直率健谈,态度积极,善于主动解决问题,还能随机应变。

除了在咖啡馆当厨师,她还请我教她怎么当咖啡师,这样我不在时(例如去市场)她就可以帮我。有时没有客人,我们就很自由。看到我在手工缝纫棉花,她就说要帮忙。她有一台耐用的缝纫机,她想让我买下它并放在咖啡馆。这样,她可以在业余时间缝制我设计的产品,扩充我们产品的种类。Aoy从不停止学习,她热爱工作,十分享受她所做的一切。



Feed

Daorudee Tankittiwat (or Aoy) is the latest person to join us as a cook, which happened on December 1st, 2020. Born in Udonthani, she is 52 years old, 2 years younger than me. When she was a teenager, she migrated to work in the Bangkok suburbs – most recently in Salaya, Nakhonpathom. She told me that she did all kinds of jobs, from freelance jobs to running small businesses such as sewing clothes, selling food, cooking Isan food, such as Larb & Somtum. As a single mom, she worked hard to raise her children. They have now graduated from university, have jobs and have their own families, she told me happily. I like listening to her stories of the past — the paths she traversed up to now.

Currently, she is back in her hometown — Ban Thali — to care for her old father who lives alone. Because she is the eldest daughter, she needs to earn enough to support her father and herself. I got to know her through my sister's friend.

Working together and spending time chatting, I must say that Aoy is a tough bird. She has to ride a motorbike to work with me every day – a 90 km roundtrip! At the beginning, she felt discouraged, but eventually she was keen to work with me, because she said I was kind and the place is beautiful. I like her nature: she is a straight talker, positive, very good at spontaneous problem-solving, and is ready to face any changes.

Apart from being a cook at our café, she asked me to teach her to be a barista, in order to help me out when I'm not around, like when I go to the market. Sometimes, there are no customers and we are free. Seeing me hand-sewing cotton, she offered to help. She has a heavy-duty sewing machine, which she asked me to buy and keep at the café. This way, she can sew my designs in her free time and add to our range of products. Aoy never stops learning, loves to work, and enjoys what she does.

希望

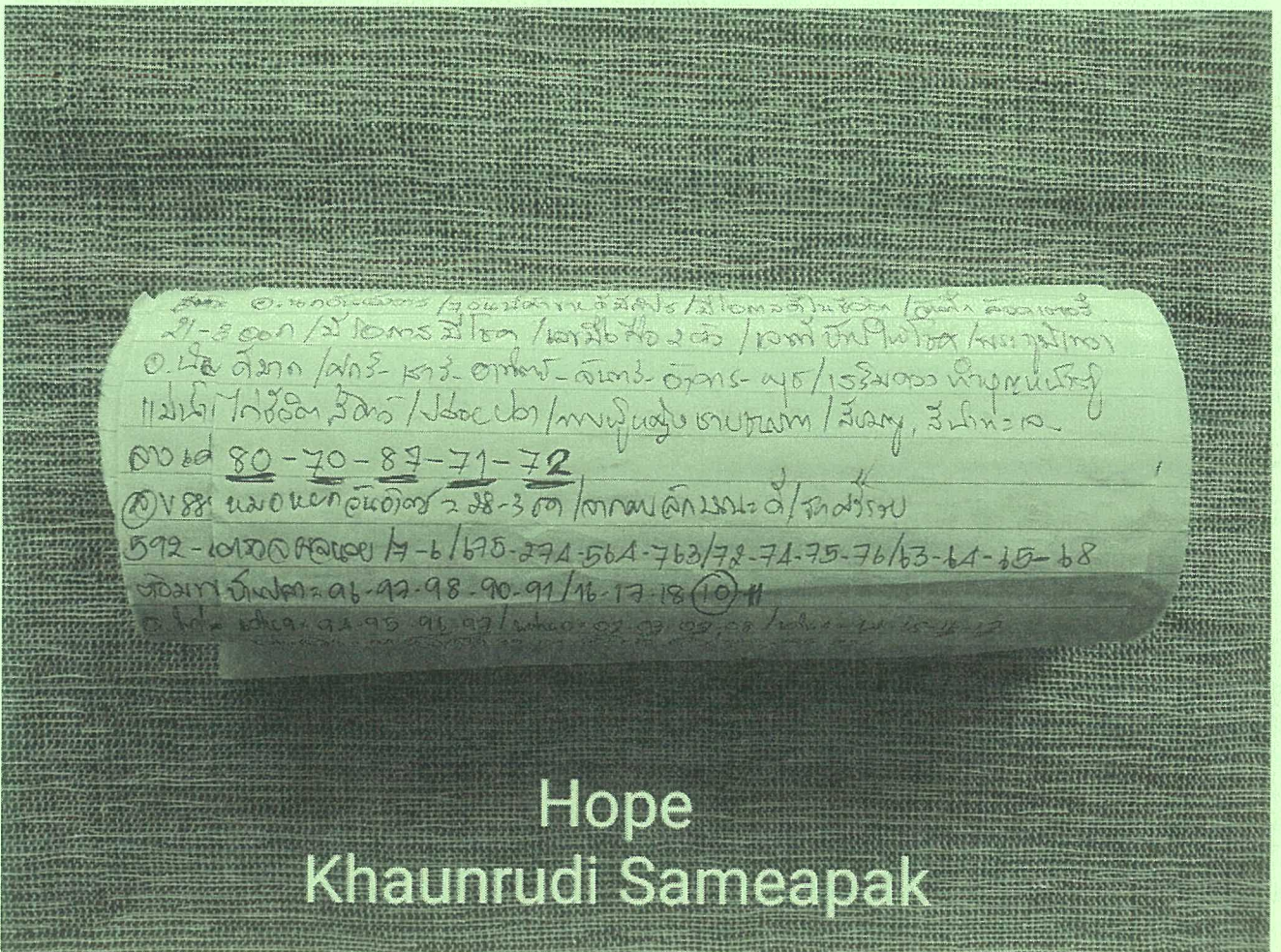
考恩鲁迪·萨米亚帕克 (Khaunrudi Sameapak, 又名Ja-eh) 是我来自乌朋拉其尼 (Ubonratchathani) 的年轻朋友。她今年50岁, 从2020年10月至2020年11月, 在Kokgai咖啡馆做了2个月帮工。Ja-eh也是一位单身母亲。Ja-eh待在这里时, 我们彼此之间有了更多的了解。在一起工作之余, 我们还交流了许多有关个人过去的生活和经历的故事.....

Ja-eh始终在逆境之中奋斗。她不得不在十几岁的时候养活自己, 并最终在春武里的餐馆生意中发了大财。她一度拥有房子和土地, 并从一开始就能够支持她的兄弟姐妹和亲戚。但那是经济蓬勃发展的时候, 随后经济危机接连发生, 现在则是新冠肺炎疫情大流行。她的生意因为累受打击而走下坡路, 直至最后彻底失败。现在她每月都为债务和银行利息烦恼, 再没有足够的钱来供孩子上学。在经济艰困的日子里, 她尝试卖掉房子和土地, 只不过找不到人接手。她满怀沮丧地来到咖啡馆。但是, 在这里度过了一段时光之后, 她说她很欣赏咖啡馆的气氛和宁静, 她期待着命运的改变。

每天早上, Ja-eh都会在黎明前起床去咖啡馆工作。她将咖啡馆里里外外打扫得清洁整齐, 并将餐具和设备放在适当的位置以备使用。凭借其在餐饮业多年的经验, 她教我如何记账、安排库存和管理员工等等。

在完成日常工作后, Ja-eh更喜欢独处。她手里拿着一支笔和一本大书, 上面记着数字。她对页面上的这些数字非常着迷, 以至于我压抑不住好奇心, 追问她这些数字的含义。她说, 这是泰国、老挝和越南的地下彩票数字预测。她承认自己别无选择。她没有人可以指望, 也没有现金。当她得到一些现金时, 她会赶紧送给她的两个孩子。她希望从待售的土地上获得一些好消息, 这将使她摆脱银行债务, 并有足够的钱来支付孩子的学费和其他费用, 这个念头是她在艰难时期仍然能够坚持的唯一方法。

然后, 在12月1日, 她留下了一个好消息: 有人想购买她的土地。



Hope

Khaunrudi Sameapak (or Ja-eh) is my young friend from Ubonratchathani. She is 50 years old, and came to help out at Kokgai Café for 2 months – from October to November 2020. Ja-eh too is a single mom. While Ja-eh stayed here, we got to know each other more. Apart from working together, we got to exchange many stories about our personal lives and experiences in the past...

Ja-eh always strives against adversity. She had to support herself as a teenager, and eventually made her fortune in the restaurant business in Chonburi. She owns buildings and land, and was able to support her siblings and relatives from the start. That was when the economy was booming. But then came one economic crisis after another, and now the COVID-19 pandemic. Her business was hit, went downhill, and finally was lost. Facing debts and pestered by bank interest every month, she no longer has enough money to support her kids to attend school. Her attempt to sell the buildings and land was unsuccessful at this time. She arrived at the café with deep dejection. However, after spending time here, she said she appreciated the atmosphere and serenity, and she is looking forward to a change in her fate.

Every morning, Ja-eh got up before dawn to work at the café. She kept both the interior and exterior clean and tidy, and put the utensils and equipment into their proper places to be ready for use. With her years of experience in the restaurant business, she taught me how to keep accounts, do inventories, manage staff, and so on.

After finishing her daily tasks, Ja-eh preferred to spend time alone. She had in her hands a pen and a big book, in which she jotted down numbers. She was so absorbed in those figures on the page that I had to ask her what those numbers were about. She said they were the underground lottery numerical predictions in Thailand, Laos and Vietnam. She admitted she had no choice. She had no one to count on, no cash in the bank. When she got some cash, she would rush it to her two kids. The only way to keep her going during this hard time was the hope of getting some good news from the land she put on sale, which would set her free from the bank debts and give her enough to pay her kids' tuition fees and expenses.

Then, on December 1st, she left with a little piece of good news: someone wanted to buy her land.

母女之间

“母女之间”的缘起是封城期间，我与母亲的电话交谈。这些日常的电话通话成为我们母女之间最亲密的交流时刻。

那段时间，我母亲向我敞开心扉，流露出她最幽暗的恐惧，最深沉的痛苦和失望。作为一名家庭主妇，她开始感到一切都十分艰难，她承担了太多，但她仍坚持料理家务，担起所有责任，并乐此不疲。

慢慢地，她开始对露台园艺感兴趣。一开始只是常见的家养盆栽。她跟我说，有一天，她在我们的露台上，将土壤和种子撒在几个罐子和废弃塑料盆里。几天后，种子开始长成一些蔬果，比如西红柿、茄子、秋葵、土豆、青椒等等。慢慢地，她对绿植的热爱扩展了她的园艺技能，她开始在我们公寓的后院种树——鼓槌树，玉米，香蕉，姜黄，月桂树，肉桂等。

有时，花园里的收成足够一天三餐，她就会跟邻居朋友分享多余的收成。这个花园已成为她度过夜晚的最爱角落，她越来越喜欢栽种了。

她一点点地坚持学习如何开发这个有机露台花园。她上网搜索，同时加入各种在线小组，分享蔬菜成长的照片。我慢慢留意到，她开发露台花园是为了给家人烹饪和提供健康的食物，而且我们爱吃什么，她就种什么。

作为女儿，我从未完全认识我的母亲。情感上，我跟她很疏远，也没关心她，因为与我弟弟相比，她对我非常严格，另外，她总是谈论我的婚姻，这是我最讨厌的话题。目前为止，我们从未同哭同乐。但是这些交谈使我意识到，我给我母亲的时间远远不够。作为一名女性、一个女儿，我从没关注她，也没想过她在经历什么。她牺牲了自我和价值，来扮演完美的妻子，完美的母亲。

在这次聚会中，我向母亲致敬。我希望我们的交谈令人深思，并让人们展开对女性的文化制约，和对女性普遍暗含的约束标准的讨论。

为此，我请大家寻求不同的对话方式、共鸣方式——比如创造自己的“花园”——在瓶瓶罐罐或者空地——来激发与过去和将来的对话，以在这个不得不保持社交距离的时代，滋养和增进你跟所爱之人的联系。

姆鲁杜拉·库娜塔赫拉珠 (Mrudula Kunatharaju)

姆鲁杜拉在“女艺术家宣言2020：聚会 (Womanifesto 2020:

Gatherings)”上，用视频投影的方式表演了她的一首诗《母女之间》。

这是2020年12月20日“巴罗达院子里的声音”活动中的一部分。她的表演

可通过以下链接欣赏：<https://youtu.be/xDOMw-ZWtRw>

Daughter to Her Mother

Daughter to her Mother is based on conversations with my mother on phone during the lockdown. These regular phone calls turned out to be the most intimate moments of exchange between us, mother and daughter.

That was the time when my mother opened her heart to me and revealed her darkest fears, her deepest pains and disappointments. My mother being a homemaker, started to feel like everything happening was a demanding situation and disproportionately borne by her, but she carried on and loved to take care of the household chores and all responsibilities.

Slowly she found interest in terrace gardening. It all started with typical house plants. She told me, one day she filled soil and sprinkled seeds in few pots and discarded plastic tubs on our terrace. A few days later the seeds started to grow into certain herbs, fruits and vegetables like tomatoes, brinjal, lady's finger, potatoes, green chillies, etc. Slowly her love for greens expanded her gardening skills and she started to grow trees - drumstick, corn, banana, turmeric, bay leaf, cinnamon, etc in the backyard of our apartment.

Sometimes the harvest from the garden was sufficient to cook three meals a day and she would share the excess with her neighbouring friends. This garden has become her favourite corner to spend her evenings and her love for growing just kept multiplying.

She learnt slowly and steadily how to develop this organic terrace garden. She surfed the internet to clear doubts, joined various online groups and shared pictures of vegetables which grew. I slowly noticed that her idea behind the terrace garden is to cook and feed healthy food to the family, and the vegetables were grown according to our family's tastes.

As a daughter, I never knew my mother completely. I was emotionally absent and insensitive with her as I saw her being very strict with me when compared to my brother, and she always talked about my marriage which was the topic I most hated. Till now, we never shared any of our emotions. But these conversations made me realise how much less time I gave to my mother. Being a female and a daughter, I never looked to her and thought of what she went through. She sacrificed her own self and worth to fulfil the role of the perfect wife and mother.

In this performance, I pay homage to my mother. I want our conversation to be thought-provoking, and also lead to developing a dialogue around cultural conditioning and common implications of restrictive standards as applied to us women.

With this I request you to find different ways of conversing and connecting - by creating your own 'garden' – in pots or on open ground – that relates to conversations already had or ones you will have, one that speaks of nurturing growing connections with your loved ones in this time of distancing.

Mrudula Kunatahraj

Mrudula presented 'Daughter to her Mother' as a performance with a video projection and a poem she wrote, for *Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings*. As part of *Voices in the Courtyard*, Baroda. December 20, 2020. The performance can be seen at <https://youtu.be/xDOMw-ZWtRw>

关于“隐性劳动(或无形劳动)”，我一直在考虑两个文本。首先是一本名为《漫游女子》(Flâneuse)的书(译注：这一名词为“Flâneur”的女性名词)。我在伦敦读书时，在一家书店里发现了这本书。它由美国学者劳伦·埃尔金(Lauren Elkin)撰写。埃尔金在美国郊区长大，后来在巴黎学习了一个学期，发现了散步的乐趣：(散步能激发)“创造性潜力”，“一次愉快的散步能释放各种可能性”。她首先解释了“漫游者、游荡子”(Flâneur)这个概念。所谓“游荡子”，是指到处闲逛、观察社会的男人。“游荡子”还有许多别名，像是闲逛者、懒汉、无所事事的人、不事劳作者等。最重要的是，游荡子通常指男性。上述这些和游荡子有关的词使“它”听起来像鞋子、家具、或婴儿的交通工具。这里的讽刺意味容我待会儿再展开解释。

游荡子大胆自信，却依然不为人所见。瞧，这是游荡子的基本属性——他有能力变得隐形，消融在人群之中。他能够在这座城市晃荡而不被人注意。因此，按常理来说，女人不可能是游荡子，因为她在公共场所不可能不被人注意。没有她可以拥有的公共场所，尤其是她试图声称拥有公共场所的任何部分时，她不属于公共场所这一事实更加显而易见。

为什么当女人想要隐身时，人们不允许她隐身？

女性的显身，只是为了被解剖和检查，当检查结束时，社会便会对她进行某种无来由的评价。

女性想要或者不想要被社会关注时，为什么都得格外努力呢？

埃尔金(Elkin)在她《漫游女子》这本书中，如此描述一名走在大街上的女人：

“Flâneuse不是flâneur的女性版本。漫游女是一个完全可以被她自己吸引和启发的人物。她出发远行，去别人认为她不该去的地方；她强迫我们面对家庭和归属之类词的不同用法，认识到这些词是用来否定女性的。”

埃尔金曾说过，在这本书出版之前，当她在网上搜索“Flâneuse”一词时，她看到的搜索结果大多是法国家庭中躺椅的图像。这就是为什么我觉得游荡子被称为“lounger”(躺椅)，有点讽刺意味，有点搞笑。

我一直在思考，一个所谓“游荡女”的印度女性会是什么样子。我也一直在关注男性和女性使用公共场所的方式。

我承认，我自己算不上是个“游荡女”。我在孟买几个月，上班或下班时，我会大步向前迈，戴上护目镜，以便和世界隔离开来。我全副武装，一手拿着午餐盒，一手拿着手提包，脸上神情严峻，尽量地流露敌意，以避免路上的咸猪手，拒绝骚扰，尤其在公共洗手间旁。

我现在可以开车了，而且我觉得，比起步行，开车能让我对这座城市了解得更多。我可以去熟悉道路和坑洼，以及路政公司修复它们的速度有多快或者多慢。不过很显然，开车是一种特权，因为我现在可以观察大街上的女性，观察她们怎么在公共场所生活、工作和养家。即便她们在游荡，也不是漫无目的。我开车时，看到她们推着摇篮中的婴孩，看到她们捡拾破烂。同时，我还看到男人们自信地站在马路的边缘，站在很容易被车撞到的地方，还张着嘴打呵欠，挠着肚子。他们坐在长椅上闲聊，无所事事地跟我对视。当然，还有男人在路边面对墙壁小便。

我曾经看到一个女人在路边小便，不是面对墙，而是面对道路。她几乎与所有路过的人有眼神交流。我无法解释那是一种怎样的启示，那是我唯一一次看到一个女人穿着纱丽蹲在街边，在城市的公共场合小便。

这让我想起另一部我念念不忘的短篇小说，Begum Rokheya Sakhawat Hossain的《苏丹娜之梦》(Sultana's Dream)。

这部小说写于1905年，是一部女性主义幻想作品，故事发生在名为“女儿国 (Ladyland)”的虚构女性王国。故事中的男女角色通过微妙的方式互换。

在她的梦里，苏丹娜在街上被其他女性称为“男人婆”，因为她“像男人一样害羞和胆怯”。温顺怯懦的性格使她如此与众不同，一不小心就会被人取笑。

爱好和平的女性可以在街道上自由漫步，无需伪装，无需遮盖脸庞，男性则深居简出。女性被赋予权力、接受教育，并利用自己的才智和能力来改进社区，而不是搞分裂。有趣的是，作家Begum Rokheya不仅是通过虚构的叙事，而且是通过苏丹娜的潜意识和乌托邦梦想，憧憬能够拥有（声索）公共空间的女性。一个女人不需守在深闺，可以在公共场所漫游，这种想法是如此奇妙，因为在现实世界的任何地方都不存在。

关于《苏丹娜之梦》这部作品，有些地方我还没想清楚，没法跟大家分享。因为每次我翻阅这本书，特别是看到印度贡德 (Gond) 的艺术家Durga Bai创作的插图时，都会有些新的思考。今天，我想到了我们所处的这个院子，还有其它一些保留给女性的专属空间。在苏丹娜的梦中，家园是一个心形花园的中心，自由女性创造了神圣、体贴、尊重他人和受人尊重的公共场所。这些公共场所的创建考虑到大自然，与大自然和谐共生，也尊重土地、空间和财产。创造者关注植物学、农业、创新的农业实践和技术进步。她们将女儿国变成一个大花园。

如今，印度从事农业的人中约有85%是女性，但是当我们想到“农民”时，我们会默认为男性。

当我反思女儿国的乌托邦天堂时，我的想法是：当女性的的确确拥有对公共空间的选择、能力和主张时，她们会如何使用这些权利呢？在现实中，我们是否必须让男性陷入约束，才能获得某种平和？我们就不能只是一个人呆着、隐身或显身，大声或安静，想做什么就做什么吗？

世界上的苏丹娜们何时才能在现实，而不仅仅是梦中真正成为“漫游女/游荡女”？她能否在公开场合为自己开辟一条道路，只要她愿意，无论大胆或安静，无论阴柔或阳刚，而不必面对周围男人和女人的审视？

回想起来，我不知道自己的思想是如何从一个点“游荡”到另一个点，并最终停在这里。有趣的是，我意识到，《苏丹娜之梦》故事的开始和结束都是苏丹娜“躺在安乐椅上”。关于“漫游女”的故事似乎总是从躺椅开始，又回到躺椅。

我的文章是对两个文本的回应：劳伦·埃尔金 (Lauren Elkin) 的《漫游女子》(Flâneuse) 和 Begum Rokheya Sakhawat Hossain 的《苏丹娜之梦》(Sultana's Dream)。埃尔金的《漫游女子》是对“游荡子 (flâneur)”的反转。Begum Rokheya 的苏丹娜则是在一个夜晚的梦境中，“游荡”到一个名为“女儿国 (Ladyland) 的虚幻世界。女儿国中的性别角色颠倒了，男人被关在室内，而女人外出工作、学习，在公共场所自由漫游，无需守在深闺。基于个人经验，我思考了女性与公共空间关系中“隐性劳动”的概念。我的反思是进行中的，开放性的，我向参与聚会的其他人提出了自己未解决的问题，例如“当女性想隐身时，为什么社会不允许？”。针对女性试图拥有（声索）公共空间这个话题，我们就自己的观察、经历和挫折展开了对话。

Considering Invisible Labour, I have been thinking about two texts. The first is a book called *Flâneuse*, which I found in a bookshop in London when I was studying there. It is written by Lauren Elkin, an American scholar who, upon experiencing a semester abroad in Paris after growing up in suburban America, discovered the joys of walking, and what she calls the “creative potential” and “liberating possibilities of a good walk”. She first unpacks the ‘Flâneur’ – defined as a man who saunters around, observing society. A flâneur has many names - he is a saunterer, a loafer, a stroller, a loungeur, and above all, always exclusively a man. These words make him sound like a shoe, a piece of furniture or a means of transport for a baby. The irony of this will become clear later.

The flâneur is bold, and confident and yet remains unseen. See, this is the essential attribute of the flâneur - the ability to become invisible, blend into the crowd. To tour the city without being noticed. Thus, by default, a woman can't be a flâneur because she can't be invisible in a public space. She doesn't belong there and this will be made very clear to her when she attempts to claim any part of it.

Why is it that when a woman wants to be invisible, she isn't allowed to be?

She steps out only to be dissected, and examined, and when the examination is over she is kindly offered some kind of unsolicited evaluation.

Why does a woman have to work as hard to be invisible, as she does to be visible?

Elkin talks about this woman walking on the street. Her flâneuse. She says -

“the flâneuse is not merely a female flâneur, but a figure to be reckoned with, and inspired by, all on her own. She voyages out and goes where she's not supposed to; she forces us to confront the ways in which words like home and belonging are used against women.”

She also once said, before the release of this book, when she searched online for the word “Flâneuse” she was mostly shown images of lounge chairs in French homes. This is why I find it ironic and a little hilarious when a flâneur is referred to as a “lounger”.

I have been thinking about what it means to ‘flâneuse’ as a woman in India, and have been noticing the way men and women use public space.

I admit, I haven't flâneused a whole lot here. When I walked to and from work for a few months in Mumbai, I would stride and stomp and put my blinders on so I could shut out the world. I armed myself with my tiffin on one side, hand bag on the other and automatically pasted the biggest scowl on my face as I exuded as much hostility as I could muster in order to avoid the hands and elbows and to navigate the pavement bottleneck that always seemed to form right next to the public loo.

I am able to drive now, and I feel I've learned more about this city by driving than I have walking in it. I understand the roads and the potholes, and how fast or slow the corporation works to fix them. But of course, it's a privilege because I watch women on the streets now, living, working and raising a family in a public space. Even when they are loitering, it feels purposeful. As I drive I see them cradle their children, I see the women ragpickers at work. At the same time, I also see men standing confidently on the very edge of the road where they could easily be hit by a vehicle, yawning largely and scratching their bellies. Gossiping on benches and idly staring at me staring at them. And of course, the men urinating on the side of the road, facing a wall.

I once saw a woman urinating on the side of a road, not facing the wall but actually facing the road. She made eye contact with almost everyone who passed by. I can't explain what a revelation that was, that one and only time I saw a woman squatting in her sari and urinating in public, in the city.

This brings me to another short story I have been thinking about, *Sultana's Dream* by Begum Rokheya Sakhawat Hossain. In this 1905 feminist fantasy set in the fictitious queendom of Ladyland, the roles of men and women are reversed, in a nuanced way.

In her dream, Sultana is called “mannish” by other women in the streets because she is “shy and timid like men”. A timid disposition makes her stand out, and almost to the point of being ridiculed.

Peace-loving women roam the streets freely, not needing to veil their faces in purdah, and men lived behind closed doors in their *murdanas*. They are empowered and educated, and use their intelligence and ability to strengthen their community rather than rip it apart. I find it interesting that Begum Rokheya explored this fantasy of women claiming public space, not just as a fictional narrative, but through the subconscious of Sultana, and her utopian dream. Like the idea of a woman roaming in public without purdah was so fantastical that it couldn't exist in any realm of reality.

I haven't got a comprehensive list of thoughts to share about *Sultana's Dream*, every time I flip through my copy, I find something new to think about, supported by some brilliant illustrations by Durga Bai, a Gond artist. Today I think about this courtyard we're in and how sacred spaces like these are for women. In Sultana's dream, the home is literally situated in the centre of a heart-shaped garden, but the free women also created public spaces that are just as sacred, thoughtful, respectful and respected. While these are created with consideration and in harmony with nature, there is also a respect for land, space and property. There is a focus on botany and agriculture and innovative agricultural practices and technological advancements in this field. Turning the queendom into one great big garden.

Today, about 85% of people working in agriculture in India are women, but when we think of a 'farmer' our minds by default associate the word with men.

As I reflect on the utopic paradise of Ladyland, I think - when women DO have the choice, the capability and the claim over public space, what would they do with it? In reality, would we have to hoodwink men into confinement just to get some peace? Just to be left alone, to be invisible, or visible, loud, quiet or anything that we want to be?

And when will the Sultanas of the world be able to actually flâneuse in reality and not just in their dreams? Will she be able to carve out a path for herself in public and be bold or quiet, girlish or mannish, however she pleases, without facing scrutiny from the men and women around her?

Looking back, I wondered how my thoughts flâneused from one point to another and ended up here, and then, interestingly, I realised the story of *Sultana's Dream* begins and ends with Sultana "lounging on an easy-chair". It seems when it begins with a lounge, it always comes back to the lounge.

My text is a little reflection written in response to 2 texts - the book "Flâneuse" by Lauren Elkin and the short story "Sultana's Dream" by Begum Rokheya Sakhawat Hossain. It focuses Elkin's 'flâneuse' - a subversion of the male flâneur - and Begum Rokheya's Sultana, a woman who flâneuses through a fantasy world called Ladyland in her dream one night, where in a gender role reversal, men are confined indoors and women work, study and roam freely in public without purdah. Drawing from personal experience, I consider the idea of Invisible Labour in the relationship between women and public space. The reflection is inconclusive and open-ended, and I pose my own unanswered questions, like 'when women want to be invisible, why aren't they allowed to be?' to the others in the gathering, starting a conversation about our observations, experiences and frustrations as women claiming public space.

她发现自己伫立在那里。
有人要求她等待，但是她徘徊……
她发现自己伫立在那里，迷宫般的窄巷和长长的影子引导着她，
去一片遗迹，那是曾被精心维护的庭院

瓦砾中矗立着一棵椰枣树，骄傲地缀满果实，
壁龛里有细微的痕迹——尘埃勾勒出一个轮廓，那是她丢失的照片。
她发现自己伫立在那里。
那里，一只猫正蹲坐着晒太阳。
阳光从没洒入房间这个内角

在梦中，布从我的头上滑落。
我匆忙走进房间，重新整理好衣服，保持整齐，
马赛克仅呈现出破碎的图像。
但是在墙上的镜花中，相当大的一块掉了，
我看到她脸的轮廓。
……抑或是我的脸？

凭借某种程度的永恒，房屋的蓝图尽管暴露在外，但仍带有秘密
她的笑声和光芒穿透窗框，
在我蓬乱的床上溅洒颜色，直到现在。

在村里，他们讲了一个故事——一个收集草料的女孩，一个判断。
男人们来决定。

她死后
——他们说她是一个不到19岁的女孩，在深夜突然被死神带走。
从那以后，数百年以来，一段无法明确的时间流逝，
但是就像昨天一样，他们把她放在草木堆上，
没有宗教人员准备宽慰她：不要犹疑、直赴来生。

他们可能会说：
——我们不等
我们有火

他们可能会说：
——我们不用等待女人的哭泣声
这些噪音让空气变黑。
我们点燃柴堆。

他们可能会问：
——谁来照顾你的家？

伫立于此

他们说, 你已经被遗忘.....
她说, 他们将被提醒, 如果他们返回, 会发现她伫立在那里。
在那儿, 罗望子的气息没有变,
干燥饥饿田野上的第一场降雨, 带来的气味在空中飘散。
在那儿, 曾保护法院的围墙现在也自身难保。
破烂的墙壁、没有门的照壁上,
她开始慢慢在心中重绘一张熟悉的地图轮廓:

庭院的长方形: 小时候她骑着自行车眼花缭乱地在这儿转圈。
庭院的尽头: 她种下的小树苗已长成大树。
在这里: 一根水管仍然斜在干涸的水塘上, 一滴一滴地漏水, 令人厌烦
——涟漪在云层和天空的映衬下不断地扩大
在那里: 房间的影子笼罩着那棵孤独的椰枣树。
曾经光滑的墙壁, 只剩裸露的砖瓦和泥土,
那曾是她凭借直觉画画的地方。
孩子们都会凭着直觉画画, 她也一样.....

我发现自己伫立于此, 听一个女孩的故事。
相同的故事讲了几个世纪, 但一下子就讲完了。
还是那个故事, 破墙和早逝的女子, 带着坚忍的笑容, 被框进照片中。

风吹来香薰的樟脑味, 到达梦与醒的交融处,
只为再次分开, 让我想起过往的那些小差错, 现在我知道自己错过的那些。
摘下在墙另一侧生长的石榴, 我开始在边上给花园浇水,
一分耕耘, 一分收获。对于一些必须讲述的故事, 我试图梳理复杂的线索
.....关于仍在燃烧的大火

他们说没有人想念你。
时间已经过去太久, 没有人来寻找。
所有这些消失了的四季, 你现在又能怎么办?

你在等一个女孩, 你不认识她,
但你会认识她。

你已经来了, 来听她说的话。

2020年女性宣言活动: 聚会, 院子里的声音, 由瓦莎·奈尔 (Varsha Nair) 朗诵。
她在2006年前往伊朗旅行期间, 写下了这首诗。在伊朗, 她参观并拍摄了主要在
设拉子和亚兹德的女性庭院空间。这首诗于2020年进行了改写, 加入了新的内
容, 包括一份报道: 印度境内长期存在针对妇女、女童的暴力和强奸行为。

Standing here.

She found herself standing there.
She was asked to wait, but had wandered
She found herself standing there, where labyrinthian alleys and long shadows led her,
to the remains of a once protected courtyard

Amongst the rubble stood a date-palm defiantly bearing fruit,
and in the alcove faint traces – a dusty outline of her now lost photograph
She found herself standing there.
There, where a cat now sat basking in the sun.
The sun had never reached this inner corner of the room before

In the dream the cloth slips from my head.
I hurry into the room and rearrange my cover willing it to stay in place,
the mosaic only offers a fragmented image.
but amongst the mirror flowers on the wall a large enough piece has dropped, and
I see the outline of her face.
....or is it mine?

With some measure of permanence, the blueprint of the house though exposed, carries the secrets
Her laughter and light enter through the window pane,
splashing colour on my disheveled bed even now.

In the village they tell a story – of a girl gathering fodder, and a judgement.
The men decide.

When she dies
- they say she is a girl no older than nineteen and taken quite suddenly in the dead of the night.
An undetermined time has passed since then, hundreds of years,
but it feels like just yesterday that they placed her on a hasty pyre,
and no priest awaited to soothe her hesitant footsteps into the beyond.

They might have said:
- we don't wait
we have the fire

They might have said:
-we don't wait for the wailing shadows of the women
turning the air black with their noise.
we light the pyre.

They might have asked:
-who's taking care of your home?

They said you are already forgotten...
She said they will be reminded and should they return, will find her standing right there.
There where the tamarind tastes the same and,
scents from the first rain on dry hungry fields waft in the air.
There where even though the walls that protected the court now need protecting themselves.
And from within the façade of crumbling walls and absent doors,
she slowly starts to re-draw in her heart the lines of a familiar map:

This rectangle of the courtyard where as a child she rode a bicycle in dizzying circles.
At one end growing are the trees she planted as seedlings.
Here the hollow of the pond with the same tap an annoying drip drip drip that still sways the water
- growing circles in the reflection of the clouds and the sky
There a mere shadow of a room embracing that solitary date palm.
And on that once smooth wall, now architecture of exposed brick and mud,
is where she had instinctively drawn pictures.
as children do....

I find myself standing here to hear a story about a girl.
The same story told for centuries and no sooner told, brushed aside.
A story of broken walls and women taken before their time, framed in photographs with stoic smiles.

The camphor from the burner carries on the wind and reaches where dream and waking blend,
only to separate again, reminding me of glitches in time that I now know I have been missing.
Picking a pomegranate growing on the other side of the wall, I start to water the garden at the edge,
where the conditioning of then mirrors the now. I sort tangled threads of stories that must be told
... of fires that are still burning

They say you haven't been missed.
Enough time has gone by and no one has come looking.
What will you do now that all the seasons have gone?

You wait for a girl whom you do not know,
but will get to know.

You have come to listen to her.

Presented by **Varsha Nair**
for: *Voices from the Courtyard* on December 20, 2020, for *Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings*.

She wrote this poem whilst traveling in Iran in 2006, where she visited and photographed women's courtyard spaces mainly in Shiraz and Yazd. The poem was edited in 2020 to include references to recent events of continuing violence and rapes against women and young girls in India.

KOSAMBARI:

一种用扁豆制成的沙拉, 有益健康且简单易做。

这是一种典型的南印度沙拉, 由豆类植物 (去皮扁豆) 制成,
加入磨碎的椰子和芥末籽调味。
这种沙拉有时可以作为零食, 但通常属于一份套餐的一部分。

以下食谱来自我的朋友Chitra KS,
她经常在我们夏季的定期聚会中做这道沙拉。
对了, 我还会在沙拉中加入自己种的香菜, 以增强其味道和香气!

先把一杯去皮的绿豆 (green gram) (也称黄色扁豆yellow lentils) 洗净,
然后浸泡两至三小时。同时准备一份与绿豆等量的切碎黄瓜,
一杯新鲜磨碎的椰肉, 一到两个绿辣椒切成的小块, 一把切碎的香菜叶,
一个小柠檬的榨汁, 并根据口味准备食盐少许。
将以上所有食材放入沙拉碗中。

接下来准备调味料:
放一汤匙新鲜椰子油加热,
再加入一汤匙黑芥末籽、两个红辣椒、一小撮阿魏 (asafoetida)
和一些咖喱叶。加热至芥末籽有点蹦蹦跳跳炸开时关火。
最后将这些调味料放入刚才装有豆类和黄瓜的沙拉碗中,
搅拌好后即可食用。当然, 也可以略过加热的环节。

按传统做法, 祖母们更喜欢把绿豆和切好的黄瓜一起浸泡,
因为这样能浸出其中的水分。这道沙拉乃夏日午后的绝佳食谱。
还可选择加入磨碎的胡萝卜或黄瓜。

如果你喜欢制作和分享这道Kosambari沙拉, 它出现在短篇小说《Nizora》中,
我为“2020年女性宣言活动: 聚会 - 院子里的声音”朗诵了这篇小说。

KOSAMBARI,

A healthy and easy to assemble salad made with lentils.

This is a typical south Indian salad made from pulses (split legumes) seasoned with grated coconut and mustard seeds. These salads are sometimes eaten as a snack, but usually as part of a full course meal.

This recipe is from my friend Chitra KS, who often makes it for us during our regular summer gatherings. Also, I make sure to use the coriander I grow which has an enhanced taste and fragrance!

Wash and Soak a cup of split & skinned green gram (yellow lentils) for two to three hours. Take equal amount of finely cut cucumber, one cup of freshly grated coconut, one or two green chillies cut into smaller pieces, thinly cut coriander leaves, juice of one small lemon, and salt according to taste. Layer all the ingredients in a salad bowl.

To prepare the seasoning,
heat 1 tbsp fresh coconut oil, add 1 tbsp black mustard seeds,
2 whole red chilli, a pinch of asafoetida and a few curry leaves into it.
Put off the heat once the mustard seeds splatter.
Add this seasoning to the layered mixture of soaked pulses and cucumber
and mix well before serving. However, this tempering part can be skipped.

Traditionally grandmothers preferred soaking the lentil
along with the cut cucumber, as it releases its own water.

This is an excellent summer afternoon recipe.

Optionally grated carrot or cucumber can be added.

Enjoyed making and sharing this salad, which related to the short story "Nizora" that I read for *Voices from the courtyard*, Baroda, for *Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings*

月亮多么孤单

笼子的阴影也是一种囚禁
我依然是衣服的影子
我的手成为别人的一部分
土地现在荒凉了
为什么河流独自流向大海？
多么孤独，这是一种选择

分离了，我与那些死亡的人分离
我从大火之中醒来
我在石头之上徘徊
我淹没在泥土之中：前边倒下的，是哪一棵树？

我的悲伤：你的名字是孩子
在我手中，玩具的碎片
在我眼中，人性
许多身体在索取我的双眼
我不知道我的起点在哪里

天空比我年轻
飞行不需要降落
手代表着谁的声音？
你不得不忍受我的谎言

当你步入丛林、释放鸟类时
灯笼就有了火的味道

我把衣服挂在人身上晾干
在我能感觉的距离之内有一只眼睛
我用痛苦装扮自己
我，穿上火焰的她
我应该告诉你，我的影子叫什么吗？
我把每一个夜晚的月亮，都奉献给你

莎拉·沙古芙塔 (Sara Shagufta) 是一位巴基斯坦诗人。她用乌尔都语和旁遮普语创作实验诗歌、自白诗歌和政治题材诗歌。沙古芙塔于1954年出生在旁遮普邦的古吉兰瓦拉 (Gujranwala)，大半辈子生活在卡拉奇，多次因病入院、尝试自杀未果，最终于1984年在卡拉奇Drigh Colony因火车事故去世。沙古芙塔17岁时迎来第一次婚姻，随后产下男婴，但不幸夭折。她饱受艰辛，短暂的一生充满争议。在她生活的时代，她饱受盛名，既是一位杰出的艺术家，又是一位敏锐的女权主义者。但由于她的独立、对爱情和性解放的追求，她也备受责难。沙古芙塔的诗表达了孕育和母性的不易与痛苦，她陶醉于人与人相连而成的爱，讴歌自然世界的美，为穷人、被遗忘者和被轻视者祈求正义。她死后出版了两部诗集：《眼睛》(Aankhen) 和《沉睡之色彩》(Neend ka Rang)。

来源：
<https://www.wordswithoutborders.org/contributor/sara-shagufta>

HOW SOLITARY IS THE MOON

The shadow of a cage is too an imprisonment
I continue to become the shadow of my clothing
My hands become a part of others
The mud is now lorn
Why did the river travel on its own to the sea?
How solitary, the act of choice

Severed, I am severed from those who die
And I wake to arise in the fires
I am reverberating in the stones
I am drowning in the mud, wondering which tree ahead lies

My sorrows; thy name is child
In my hands, toys in pieces
In my eyes, humanity
A multitude of bodies are asking me for eyes
I do not know where my own beginning is

The skies are younger than I
Flight does not require a landing
Whose voice do hands represent?
You will have to live with my lies

When you enter the jungle and free the birds
The lantern gets a taste of fire

I hang clothes out to dry on the roof of my person
Within my distance lies an eye
I dress myself in my pain
I, she who dresses herself in the garb of fire
Should I tell you the name of my shade?
To you, I give the moons of every single night.

Sara Shagufta was a Pakistani poet who wrote experimental, confessional, and political verses in Urdu and Punjabi. She was born in 1954 in the Punjabi city of Gujranwala, lived most of her life in Karachi, and after a series of hospitalizations and suicide attempts, was killed by a train in Drigh Colony, Karachi, in 1984. Shagufta's short life was troubled by controversy and hardship, beginning with her first marriage at the age of seventeen and the subsequent death of her infant son. She was known as both a brilliant artist and a sharply critical feminist in her time, but she was also shamed for her independence and her pursuit of love and sexual liberation. Her poems boil with the sorrows and difficulties of pregnancy and motherhood, revel in the love that emerges from human connection, elegize the beauty of the natural world, and sing for justice for the poor, the forgotten, and the overlooked. Two collections of her poems, *Aankhen* (Eyes) and *Neend ka Rang* (The Color of Sleep), were published posthumously.
<https://www.wordswithoutborders.org/contributor/sara-shagufta>

尼索拉： 春天

这位女人可能在76岁或77岁左右，也有可能80岁了。她的身体很虚弱，手脚长、个子高，更加突出了这一点。不过她的声音很有力，走路也没有那么慢。只是她一走路，人们就会注意到，她得慢慢拖着脚，右脚已经没什么力气了。她头发花白，但没怎么掉头发：她的头发整齐地分开，前额两侧的发丝都卷了起来。她的眉毛和睫毛呈灰白色，但还没全白。她的额头上有一颗硕大的朱砂红点。她看起来比实际年龄小得多。通常洗澡后，她就去花园摘花，供奉上帝。

她摘下鲜花，走进祈祷室。在婆罗门家庭的祈祷室里，摆着贝壳化石（一种标志性的宗教物品），这是他们要遵守的规章制度之一。这块贝壳化石来自她丈夫的祖先。完成祈祷需要花费相当长的时间。祈祷一结束，她就会坐下，准备蔬菜烤饼，摆好煤气炉。这是个老式的炉子，但仍像新炉子一样闪闪发光。她把面粉与温水混合成面团，在盘子中继续揉捏一段时间。然后，用薄薄的棉布盖上，慢慢发酵一会儿。坐在低矮的木凳上，她切开当季的新鲜蔬菜。她非常用心，好像不是在切蔬菜，而是在一匹布上制作精美的图案。她切的卷心菜，就像盘子上的细线；她切的茄子小块，就像有包装的饼干；她切的土豆，准备用酥油来炸，切的就像竹签一样整齐；她切的芋茎，将放进油里炸成馅饼，切的就像纸做的花环；而她切的葫芦瓜碎片，就像整齐完美的糖块。切好蔬菜后，她把面团揉开，同时点燃两个燃气灶，将平底锅放在较小的灶上，握着铁网罩的手柄，开始烤制一个又一个完美圆形饼。烤饼会像油酥那样膨胀起来。她把丝绸一样顺滑的烤饼折叠起来，放在一个热砂锅里。做完蔬菜烤饼后，她总会做些甜点：番茄酸辣酱或一点米布丁（kheer）。最后她就把这份早餐放在餐桌上。

然后，她会在芦苇编织成的座椅上坐一会儿。从她坐着的姿势，特别是她尝试用一只手拉伸右腿、用另一只手把左腿收拢时，看得出她有点疲惫了，或是身体某处有点疼痛。实际上，由于最近的病情，她坐在地板上做早餐时，不小心拉伤了右腿。她又做不到所有的活儿都站着干，即使吃了降压药，也不知怎的突然就中风了。她的右侧完全瘫痪，两天后才开始好转。

她的丈夫贾那丹·查卡拉瓦蒂在祈祷室吹响海螺、敲响铃铛时，她就会起来，走进厨房。她把牛奶、水倒进小平底锅里，放在燃气灶上，把月桂叶、一点碎姜丢进锅里。等到混合了月桂叶、生姜的茶香散开，她的丈夫就会到餐桌旁坐下来。老夫妻俩开始默默地吃早餐。她在吃饭时，会时不时地压一下右脚，再松开。接着，查卡拉瓦蒂先生坐在阳台上看报纸。差不多这会儿，卡玛拉的母亲就会来这帮她做点家务。等查卡拉瓦蒂先生出去采购东西再回到家时，她们两个女人已经做好了家务。卡玛拉的母亲洗完餐具、衣服，把地拖干净，很快就离开了。卡玛拉不让她干厨房里面那些活儿。卡玛拉双手接过她丈夫的食物袋，就好像收到祝福的礼物。她把买来的东西摊在一个竹制的编织托盘上。她把各种蔬菜放进罐子里浸泡、清洗，接着放在篮子里晾干。洗干净菜是留着一会儿再用的。她不喜欢丈夫只买一种鱼，所以自从查卡拉瓦蒂先生在茶园工作以来，每次他都会带回来三种以上的鱼。至于要买什么蔬菜去搭配哪种鱼，查卡拉瓦蒂先生自己就很清楚，不再需要卡玛拉提醒：Xingora鱼要配茄子，Xol maach鱼要配萝卜，Rau鱼要配好的土豆，Ilish鱼配芥末，Kandhuli鱼配洋葱，Mua maach鱼配茄子，但是跟Xingora鱼用的茄子不一样。如今，查卡拉瓦蒂先生已经对这些细节熟记在心。

尼索拉：春天

但是今天，他只买了一种鱼。因为在路的一边，铁路正在扩建、运输中断，所以本来售卖各种鱼类的市场就没剩下几种鱼。他只买到Ilish maach鱼。看到今天的鱼少了，卡玛拉很烦恼。不过，就算他没法从市场带回来跟以往一样丰富的食材，他还是尽可能有啥买啥。今天他这条Ilish maach鱼至少块头不小。

现在是上午九点四十五分。女人坐着，旁边放着鱼、咖喱、大米和小扁豆，她往嘴里放了一块槟榔叶。现在从她脸上一点儿也看不出她的疼痛了。

此时，查卡拉瓦蒂医生准备去药房。从茶园退休后，他就到镇上广场的药房里坐诊。不过晚上他并不工作。如果需要，他也会出诊上门。卡玛拉坐下来用鱼刀切鱼。她不喜欢买切成片的鱼，她喜欢买整条鱼，然后用自己的方式切。如果有鱼籽，她会让她切下来的每块鱼都带一点鱼籽。鱼头通常分成四块。

然后，她开始研磨玛莎拉调料。把鱼涂上檀香木膏一样的芥末酱后，她撒上切好的绿色辣椒、滴几滴芥末油，这时香气就会四散开来。接着，她把鱼放在一个碗里，盖上盖子，再放进一个卡拉伊（一种高高的烹调碗），卡拉伊里有一半是水，接着她把一块杵石放在小碗的盖子上。水开始沸腾了，杵石开始摇晃起来，发出嘶哑的“哒哒”声。鱼在卡拉伊里撑开。老太太停了一会儿，聆听这些声音。她的嘴角露出一丝微笑。接下来，她用木杵在研磨钵里磨碎孜然种子，点燃火炉，开始煮鱼头。浓郁鱼头咖喱出锅后，她开始烤绿豆。她没有用勺子，而是用一束竹棒去搅拌它们。“恰克恰克”的声音与烤扁豆的甜味混在一起。小扁豆用干辣椒和姜酱调味，和Ilish maach鱼一起蒸；在小茴香糊中煮熟的鱼头咖喱；用茄子煮熟的加纳特奶酪……在这些香气中，卡玛拉像蝴蝶一样在花上飞舞。现在她全身心地投入这“工作”，再没有什么让她困扰，围绕她的只有美好的香气和幸福感。她忘记了所有疾病，忘记了与儿媳一道定居美国（那边称其“夫人”）的儿子，忘记了她两个女儿遇到的成百上千个问题。她甚至忘记了丈夫的糖尿病。她似乎连自己都浑然忘却了。从市场上买来的整条鱼，经过她的双手，变成了两个雪白的晚餐碗里两份新鲜的咖喱菜，这让她上瘾。鱼籽蘸满面粉糊，炸成脆条，放在小碗里。剩下的一点芥末酱混上一点切碎的香菜叶、两滴柠檬汁、切碎的姜和绿色的辣椒——混合酱料也散发出一股香气。她完全忘记了自己的存在。

在上午11:10前后，卡玛拉就会做好饭。查卡拉瓦蒂医生通常在中午一点钟左右回到家。虽然餐桌上色香俱全的盛宴并未吸引他们落座，这种盛宴气氛依然持续着，这十分重要。在这种气氛里，卡玛拉走来走去。从上午十一点到下午一点或一点半，时间在她看来是静止的，就像一块磐石岿然不动。她先坐在阳台的木凳上，然后走进房间，或站在大门附近。她感到不舒服：右腿烧灼的疼痛加剧，头部沉重，额头里好像有两三块煤在燃烧。大概这个时候，她的儿子“出现”了，在她身边走走停停。有时是他蹒跚学步的脚步声；有时是他骑着红色的新自行车；有时他骑着自行车在门口等，不耐烦地按着铃催促。几乎每天，她都想起，这个小男孩已经离开了。她想起一个巨大的机场，透过玻璃门，看见他背上挂着单肩包，一次也没回头，他离开了。这时，两个女儿也“出现”了。两人都坐着白色小汽车，在宽敞的茶园院子里停下、走出来。院子的花园长满粉红色的九重葛。在餐桌上，像过排灯节一样，节庆的气氛等待着两个女孩。有时会有两个、三个或更多年龄相仿的女孩一起来。（但是，）两个女儿也离开了。她们跳上装饰着花朵和叶子的汽车，各自跟着一个男人离开。因此，卡玛拉现在总是听到一些声音：哭泣声、口哨声、汽车行驶的轰隆声、人们的耳语声，还有机场里回响的广播

——一个陌生女子在通知着什么，她没听懂。她缓慢地按摩右脚，一边警觉地听着这些声音。有时，一切都安静下来。有时只有一只鸽子，或者两只麻雀在低语。这些声音也常常一闪而过，只有沉默在她周围徘徊。已经离开孩子再也不回来了。她强烈希望摆脱这种不可思议的沉默。也不知道为什么，她走进厨房，拿一个扁扁的或胀胀的米饭罐头，调好糖浆，加一点姜末，扔进切碎的花生，倒入膨化的米饭，慢慢搅拌。这种混合物散发出一些气味、色彩和声音，让本来将要把她打败的那份沉默，反而消失。缓慢行驶的车辆声、哭泣声、机场里回响的广播声，也逐渐消失。（她又回到了现实里。）她把膨化米饭和粗糖粒的粘性混合物撒在酥油中，做成几盘圆形糖米果。她用一块干净的布把玻璃罐子擦干净，把糖米果一个一个放进去。大罐子只装满了四分之一。还有半小时或一小时才到一点钟。她会花很长时间继续打扫厨房，虽然已经打扫过一次了。中途她可能会去趟洗手间，再次洗手洗脚，有时还要换衣服。不过通常，她连洗手间也不去。无论她做什么工作，她的衣服总是干净利落，整齐得好像刚刚换上。她坐在门廊南角的藤椅上，伸出右腿。通常在这时，她会眯下眼。坐在椅子上，她衰弱的身子朝前倾。午休通常不到五分钟，所以，小睡后仍要等一个小时，菲亚特汽车才会到大门口。这一个小时里，她一直等待着，盯着大门口，扫视着道路上每一张面孔。也许，她可能会瞥见一张熟悉的面孔，也许，有人会突然停下来问：“一切还好吗？”

平房门口有两棵牛乳树，粉红色的九重葛覆盖着屋顶。这些都是她让园丁种的。以前她很少站在大门口两棵树中间。现在她只有走到那里，才能看到几张面孔，和别人说上几句话。一张张都是女人的脸，她用她们的名字来命名她们的房子：“Dactorni Baideo”“Amal的妈妈”“Juthika的妈妈”“Jethaideo”“Xakhi”“Mahideo”“Pehi”等等。

这些地址就像落下的牛乳花散发着芬芳，让她着迷。慢慢地，这些女人坐在卡玛拉的花园门廊或绿色草坪上。之后，她们开始聚会。这么多东西、这么多故事、这么多笑声！她们坐在露台旁的椅子上交谈时，中间的圆桌上会摆一个装满茶的茶壶，卡玛拉会把装满糖米果的罐子拿过来。大玻璃罐本来是满满的，一转眼，在人群的笑声中，罐子就空了一半。大家都赞赏她的手艺。汽车到达门廊，人群就开始散开。卡玛拉开始忙活，土豆虽然去了皮，但还没炸。今天查卡拉瓦蒂医生带来一位客人。医生喜欢这种切得很细的土豆丝，跟蘸了面糊炸成的茄子条、南瓜条一块吃。医生去洗手间梳洗整理时，她把这些事完成了。医生和客人在餐桌旁坐下。

她在盘子里盛上热米饭，撒上一茶匙自制的酥油，放上热酥油炸过的土豆条，酥脆的木田菁（一种豆科植物）花、南瓜或茄子条，它们散发着黑种草籽的香气。在盘子的一边，她盛上椰子碎烤菠菜，蘸着稀咖喱（煮熟的小茴香糊）和孜然酱的罗胡鱼，蘸着芥末酱的Bhangun maas chachari，车前草花与米粉混合制成的酥饺。最后是用枣和葡萄干制成的酸辣酱，它跟蜂蜜一样甜。丈夫默默地赞赏着，客人则热烈鼓掌、喝彩，加上刚刚其他女人交口称赞，卡玛拉开心得像要融化了一样。她非常满意，就算这般赞赏让她有些不知所措。

这些天发生了什么事？当她斜倚在大门上看着路人时，或者坐在阳台上的藤椅里打盹时，或者在一个安静的下午，就连鸽子都没咕咕叫时，她就失去了时空

尼索拉：春天

感。过去和现在交融在一起，她在黑暗中摇摆。在某个地方，唯独一个图像是清晰的：

在加尔各答Shyam集市附近的一间房子里，一个女孩走进客厅，坐在窗帘旁。房子里满是陌生的人。其中一个解开了她的发髻（本来姨妈用金色蝴蝶夹帮她扎好了），检查她的头发；另一个人掀起纱丽，检查她的脚。

接着，这个女孩开始唱歌，这让她放松了点。当时她在Bethun学院学习，她的唱歌功底是家族里最好的，她在学院里也很有名。那一年她获得了四项奖励，奖状一直放在客厅玻璃柜中展示。她父亲向客人中那个英俊的青年展示了奖状。那个年轻人靠近玻璃柜。她眨着眼睛，快速地瞥了一眼那个头发高高梳起、皮肤黝黑、举止温柔的高个子。

客人们离开后，家里人觉得她太幸运了，因为她将嫁给萨哈卜茶园里持LMP执照的医生。从这些人口中，她第一次听说阿萨姆邦有个地方叫纳哈然·蒲甘（Naganjan Bagan）。

那位来自纳哈然·蒲甘、头发高高梳起的年轻医生一直在茶园服务，慢慢变老了。他在隔壁镇的土地上盖了房子，现在他就和她住在一起。在这里，紧盯着大门口，她在等待的就是他。白色的菲亚特汽车现在正在桥上攀爬。汽车到了，但是后座空空的。难道发生了什么？女人失控了一秒钟。她想起每个月，一些男孩会带着武器过来，声音沙哑，肆无忌惮地收取保护费。他们最近一直想增加保护费的金额。就在上周，他们放出话来，不是对医生说，而是对她说：“嘿，老太婆，如果你想生活在我们的地盘，就必须遵守我们的规矩，否则就滚回你的老家！如果那老头子不多给些保护费，万一发生什么事，可别来找我们！”他们大声嚷嚷，气势汹汹，好像要从她身上踩过去一样。

驾驶员毕仁手上拿着包走进屋内。

“您的先生……？”

这些天，哪怕只有一丝担心，这女人都会全身颤抖、胸口发闷。

这是Arupa Patangiya Kalita的短篇小说《尼索拉：春天》（Nizora: The Spring）节选，由拉什米玛拉（Rashmimala）从印度阿萨姆语翻译而来。拉什米玛拉在2020年12月20日印度巴罗达举行的“2020年女性宣言：聚会，院子里的声音”活动中朗读了这个短篇小说片段，还做了文中提到的沙拉。

本篇小说来自：《Mariam Astin Athaba Hira Barua》阿鲁萨短篇小说集，由Arupa Patangia Kalita编撰，Rajendra Mohan Sarma & Dr. Rabindra Mohan Sarma出版社出版。2012年，书号：ISBN 978-93-244-0036-9。

Arupa Patangiya Kalita是当代印度作家，用阿萨姆邦（Assam）方言写作。她是英国文学教授，在阿萨姆邦大浪区的一个小镇唐拉学院（Tangla College）任教，2016年退休。她的作品涉及阿萨姆邦的历史和文化，密切关注人们的生活，尤其关注妇女、暴力和叛乱。她出版了一些短篇小说和小说集，为备受赞誉的阿萨姆故事片《寓言之河》（Kothanodi）撰写对白。她的书被翻译成多种语言，包括英语、印地语和孟加拉语。她获得多个文学奖项，包括Bharatiya Bhasha Parishad奖、Katha奖和Prabina Saikia奖。2014年，她以短篇小说集《希拉·巴鲁阿的孤独》（Mariam Austin Othoba Hira Barua）获得声望极高的Sahitya Akademi奖。她曾经获评Basanti Devi女作家奖，但她拒绝受奖：“无论由女性撰写还是男性撰写，文本就是文本。我认为，文本出版、在读者中传播后，应由读者来判断。读者应该把它当做一个文本，并根据其作为文本的价值来进行评价，而不是根据作家的性别来进行评价。男性也细致入微地写过关于女性的文章，也有男性作家创造了文学中不朽的女性角色。所以，评价作品时，作家应被视为作家，而不是男性或女性作家。”

Nizora: The Spring

The woman's age may be around 76 or 77, or might even be 80. She has almost a frail physique. Long hands and feet, and her considerable height make her look frailer. Voice is still quite strong though. Walking is also not so slow. Yet when she walks one can notice that she does not have enough strength on the right foot, as she slowly drags her feet. Hair has turned grey yet not fallen out much. There are curled rolls on both sides of the forehead. Eyebrows and eyelashes are greyish but not turned fully white yet. After bathing when she goes to the garden to pick flowers for god, with that big fat *sindoor* [vermilion powder] tip on her forehead, with neatly parted hair, she doesn't look that old. Rather, she looks much younger than her age.

She picked the flowers and went inside the prayer room. In a brahmin household's prayer room, with *silagram* [fossilized shell - an iconic religious object], there are many rules and regulations to follow. This *silagram* belongs to her husband's ancestors. It takes quite a while to finish the offering. Just after this she will sit down to prepare *roti sabzi* [flat bread and vegetables], put the gas stove down. It's an old fashioned stove, still shining like a new one. Mixing the *atta* [flour] with warm water she would keep kneading the dough for some time on a plate. Then, this will be kept covered under a thin plain cloth for a while. Sitting on a *piraa* [low wood-plank seat] she would cut the vegetables that are available season-wise. It is as if she is not cutting vegetables, but making fine patterns on a cloth. When she cuts cabbage it will be like thin threads on the plate, the fine round cut pieces of brinjal would be like biscuits out of a packet, the pieces of potatoes to be fried in ghee would be like equally cut bamboo sticks, cut colocasia stems ready for frying into fritters would be like paper garlands, and the pieces of bottle gourds become like perfect cubes of sugar. After cutting the vegetables she would roll out the rotis, lighting both the gas burners. Placing the *tawa* [flat pan] on the smaller burner she would hold in hand the iron *jhali* [mesh] with a handle, and start to roast perfect round rotis one after another. The rotis would puff up like deep-fried *puris* in oil. Folding the rotis that resembled silk cloth, she would put them inside a hot casserole. After the *roti-sabzi* is done, she always makes something sweet. Tomato chutney, *carambula ambal* or a little bit of *kheer*. And then she would lay this morning meal on the dining table.

Then, after, she would sit in a *murha* [seat made of woven reeds] for a while. From her very posture of sitting one can guess either she is somewhat tired or has pain somewhere in her body. Especially when she tries to stretch her right leg by one hand and gather it close by the other. Actually, doing the breakfast by sitting on the floor the right leg gets pulled due to her recent illness. But it's not manageable to do anything by standing. Even though the blood-pressure medicine was on, who knows why or how the stroke occurred suddenly. Her right side was completely paralyzed but for only a couple of days before it got better.

When her husband, Janardan Chakravarti blew both the conch and rang the bell together in the prayer hall, she would get up. Getting up she would again enter the kitchen, would put milk and water in the small saucepan and place it on the gas stove. Into the saucepan, she would throw a bay leaf and a bit of crushed ginger. Once the aroma of the tea flavoured with bay leaf and ginger would spread, by then the man would come and settle at the table. The old couple would silently start to eat their morning meal. The woman would keep pressing on her right foot while eating, on and off. After this Mr. Chakaravarti would spread out the newspaper sitting on the veranda. Kamala's mother would arrive by now and she would get busy with her. By the time Mr. Chakravarti finishes his shopping and returns, her chores with Kamala's mother would be over, after washing the utensils and clothes she would mop the house and leave. She would not be allowed to do any of the kitchen chores. Chakravarti returns from the market. She receives the grocery bag with both her hands almost as if receiving *prasad* [blessed offering]. Then she

Nizora: The Spring

would spread the stuff bought one by one on a bamboo *dolla* [woven tray].

Each vegetable would be washed by dipping inside a tumbler then put in a basket to dry. Only afterwards would they be arranged. She does not like only one type of fish brought back from the market, so from the days of his tea garden job till date, Mr. Chakravati would choose at least three types of fish. With each type of fish what vegetables to buy - one does not need to be told anymore. If it is *Xingora* fish - brinjal, radish for *Xol maach*, good quality of potatoes for *Rau*, mustard for *Ilish* or onion for *Kandhuli*. The brinjal to be bought along with *Mua maach* is not the same for the *Xingora*. These days Mr. Chakravati remembers these sorts of details well.

But today he bought only one kind of fish. On this side, works for the expansion of the railway line are on so the market that is usually filled with various kinds of fish are getting much less due to interrupted railway transportation. That is why Chakravati got only an *Ilish maach*. Seeing less fish makes her feel annoyed. Even though he cannot bring things as he used to during their tea estate days he tries to get stuff, whatever is manageable. Today too, he got a commendable-sized *Ilish*.

It is a quarter to ten minutes in the morning. The lady sat with the fish, masalas, rice and lentils, and put a *tamul-pan* [betel leaf] in her mouth. All signs of physical pain were erased from her face.

Meanwhile, the doctor got ready to go to the pharmacy. After he retires from the tea estate job, these days he sits in the pharmacy in the town square. Not in the evening though. If required, he checks in on patients at home. The lady settled down to cut the fish with a fish knife. She does not like the fish to be bought cut but likes to cut it in her own way. If there's roe in the fish, she could cut the fish in a such way that each piece would have one portion of the eggs remaining inside. The fish head is usually split into four pieces.

Then she starts grinding the masalas. After smearing the fine paste of mustard which resembles sandal paste, she would add cut green chillies and a dash of mustard oil on the fish and the aroma would spread all around. She then places the fish in a bowl covered with a lid and places it in a *karai* [deep cooking bowl] half-filled with water, placing a pestle stone over the lid of the bowl. Water starts boiling with a *bok-bok* sound and the pestle stone starts swinging with a thak thak sound. The fishbowl starts doing khat-khat in the *karai*. The old lady pauses for a moment to hear these sounds. A wave of smiles spread across her lips. Next, she grinds cumin seeds in the mortar and pestle to cook the fish head, and lights the stove. Removing the thick fish head curry she starts to roast the mung daal. She does not use a spoon to stir the daal, but a bunch of bamboo sticks. The charak charak sound of this mixes with the sweet smell of roasted lentils. Lentil seasoned with dry red chilli and ginger paste, steamed *Ilish maach*, fish head curry cooked in cumin paste and the *ghanta* cooked with brinjal - among all these aromas the lady moves around like butterflies on a flower. Amongst all this nothing else bothers her, there are only aromas, good taste and a sense of happiness. She forgets about all illnesses, forgets about the son settled in America with the 'Mam' daughter-in-law, does not remember the thousand and one problems of her two daughters and their naggings. She even forgets her husband's diabetes. It's as though she may not even remember her own self. The whole fish bought from the market passes through her two hands to turn into two fresh curries in two snow-white dinner set bowls, kindling the woman's addiction. Two pieces of fish eggs smeared with gram-flour batter turn into crispy fritters to be placed in a small side bowl. A bit of the excess mustard paste leftover gets a handful of finely cut coriander leaves, two drops of lemon juice, chopped ginger and a green chilli. This mixture also releases an aroma. The woman gets lost in herself.

Exactly around 11.10 or 11.15 am, or sometime even before that she finishes the cooking. The doctor usually reaches back home around one o'clock. The festival of colors and smells on the dining table does not attract them, even then this arrangement of festivity goes on, that's the main thing. And, within this arrangement, the lady shuttles around. From 11 am onwards till 1/1.30 pm, time turns into a stone for her. Forget about lifting it, time, like that unremovable stone pushes the lady. Seated on the wooden bench in the veranda, the next moment she moves inside or goes to stand near the gate. The tinnitus on her right leg increases; her head turns heavy; her body feels restless; her forehead almost feels as if two or three pieces of burning coals are placed within. Around such a time her son comes and loiters near her. Sometimes with the unsteady footsteps of a toddler; sometimes riding the new red bicycle; sometimes he waits near the gate with the impatient tit tit sound of his bike. Almost every day she recalls that the boy has left. A huge airport, through the glass door, with the shoulder bag hanging on his back, without even looking back once, he leaves. Both the girls appear too. Both getting down

from the white ambassador car in the courtyard of the spacious tea estate bungalow with the front-yard garden covered with pink bougainvillea veils. On the dining table a festive spread, like at Diwali, waits for the girls. Sometimes there would be two, three or more girls of their age. These two leave too. Climbing into decorated cars with flowers and leaves, they leave with a man each. They both climb into the car crying. And so, the woman now always hears a few sounds - weeping, whistling, moving sound of cars among the whispering of people, echoes of some unknown words of a female voice announcing something in an airport. She listens to these sounds alertly while massaging her right foot slowly. At some point everything becomes silent. Sometimes a dove coos, a pair of sparrows chirp. Often these words also do not remain, only a silence hovers around her. The already departed children too cannot come back. She strongly desires to break away from this uncanny silence. Without her own knowledge, she reaches the kitchen and pulls down flattened or puffed rice tins, makes a jaggery syrup, adds a bit of crushed ginger, throws in finely chopped ground nuts, pours in the puffed rice, and slowly stirs it. From this mixture emerges some scent, color and sound together, and the silence that was about to push her down disappears. The sounds of slowly moving vehicles beneath the uluullus and weepings, the waves of echoing announcements across an airport gradually fade away. A sticky mixture of puffed rice and jaggery which she spreads out into the greased plate with ghee shapes up into platefuls of puffed rice laddus [rounded sweets]. Wiping a glass jar neatly with a clean cloth she puts the laddus inside one by one. Only one-fourth of the big jar fills up. It would be yet an hour or half to 1 o'clock. She would continue cleaning the already cleaned kitchen for a long time. At one point she would go to the bathroom and wash her hands and feet neatly again, sometimes changing her clothes. Mostly not. Whatever task she does her clothes would always be neat, as if just worn. She sits on the cane chair kept in the southern corner of the portico, stretching her right leg. Usually, she falls into a catnap by this time. While seating, her frail body cradles towards the front. This nap lasts hardly for five minutes or so, and even after this small nap, there would be still an hour left for the fiat car to arrive at the gate. This time she waits, holding onto the gate and tries to scan through each face on the road. Who knows, she might get a glance of a familiar face - someone might stop! Suddenly he/she may ask, "How's everything, fine?"

There were two *bakul* [Mimusops elengi] trees at the gate of that bungalow whose roof was covered by the pink bougainvillea. The woman had them planted by the gardener. She rarely used to stand at the gate between the trees, and just by being there, she would be greeted by several faces with several queries. One by one all the faces coming out were women after whom the houses were named: "Dac-torni Baideo" "Amal's mother" "Juthika's mother" "Jethaideo" "Xakhi" "Mahideo" "Pehi".

These addresses enchant her just as the fallen bakul flowers spreading their fragrance do. Slowly, these ladies sit either on the portico or the green lawn of the garden. And then, what an *adda* [gathering], so many things, so many stories, so much laughter! In between, while engrossed in conversations sitting in chairs around the verandah, the round table in the middle gets filled with a teapot full of tea and the lady brings the glass container full of ladus. The big glass bottle is filled till the brim but in a blink of an eye gets half empty amidst the laughter of the group. All praise the hand of the lady. The group disperses as the car reaches the porch. The woman also gets in a hurry, potatoes are peeled and kept ready but not fried yet. Today there is a guest with the doctor. The doctor likes this kind of finely cut potato fries, along with a piece of brinjal or pumpkin fries layered with *besan* [gram flour] paste. These tasks she completes while the doctor goes to the bathroom to freshen up. The doctor and the guest, who usually accompanies him, sit at the dining table.

Serving hot rice on the plate she spreads a teaspoonful each of home-made ghee, serves juliennes of potatoes fried in hot ghee, crispy *bok phool*, pumpkin or eggplant fritters filled with the smell of nigella seeds. On one side of the *thali* [platter] she serves moong dal fried with shredded coconut. She serves *rohu* fish dipped in the thin curry cooked with only jeera [cumin] paste, the *bhangan maas chachari* laid in the mustard paste sauce, and the *pakor*as [fritters] made by mixing plantain flowers with rice powder. At the end comes the tomato chutney made with date and raisins, which almost resembles honey. Amongst her husband's silent satisfaction, the guest's loud applause, the clamorous praising of the women that left a while ago, the woman melts. She is overwhelmed with a kind of wonderful satisfaction.

What is happening to her these days! While watching the passers-by leaning on the gate or while falling into a nap on the cane chair in the veranda, or in the quiet afternoon when even the dove stops

its cooing, she loses her sense of place and time. Past, present, everything gets mixed up to become one and she cradles in the dark and shade. Somewhere, one picture gets clarity, the rest turn muddy.

This one picture gets even more clearer than clear. In a house around the Shyam bazar area of Kolkata a girl enters the sitting room moving aside the curtain. The house is full of unfamiliar people. One amongst them unties her bun tied with a golden butterfly clip by her aunt and checks her hair, another one checks her feet lifting her saree a bit.

The girl eases a little while beginning to sing a song. She was studying in the Bethun college at that time, and her singing talents were reaching beyond the family circle and spreading around the college too. The four awards that she had received in that year only were kept displayed in the glass almirah of the sitting room. Her father showed them to the handsome young man sitting amongst the people. The young man had moved closer to the almirah. With a squinted eye, she had glanced at the tall, sweet complexioned young man with back-brushed hair.

After the people left, her family felt she was lucky to get an LMP-pass doctor from the Sahab's tea garden. From these people's mouths, she heard about the never before heard name of Naharjan Bagan of Assam.

That back-brushed-hair young doctor from Naharjan Bagan became old serving in the tea garden, built a house on the piece of land in the nearby town where he stays with the woman now. And here, holding on the gate, it is for that person that the woman is waiting now. The white fiat car is climbing on the bridge now. The car reaches, and the back seat is empty. What might have happened? The woman lost control for a second. She remembered the boys with hard voices coming every month to collect money openly bearing weapons. They have been pressuring to increase the amount for a few days now. Just last week they said, not to the doctor but her, "Hey old lady, if you want to live in our state, you have to follow our rules, or else go back to where you came from! If the old man does not increase the amount and anything happens, not our fault!" Shouting aloud, the boys almost stepped over her body.

Driver Biren came inside with a bag in hand.

"Your Sir...?"

The woman shivers these days with the slightest of worry, with a heaviness in her chest.

This is an excerpt of the short story "Nizora: The Spring" by Arupa Patangia Kalita, translated from Axomiya by Rashmimala. A reading of this story, and the making of a salad, was offered by Rashmimala for Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings - Voices from the courtyard, Baroda, on December 20, 2020.

The story is from: A collection of Assamese short stories, *Mariam Astin Athaba Hira Barua*, by Arupa Patangia Kalita. Published by Rajendra Mohan Sarma & Dr. Rabindra Mohan Sarma, on behalf of Chandra Prakash, Panbazar, Guwahati-1, Assam, 2012 ISBN : 978-93-244-0036-9

Arupa Patangiya Kalita is a contemporary Indian writer who writes in the Axomiya language from Assam. A Professor of English literature, she taught at Tangla College, a small town in Darang district of Assam, before retiring in 2016. Her works touch upon Assamese history and culture, intimately addressing the lives of people and focus specifically on concerns of women, violence, and insurgency. She has published several collections of short stories and novels and written the dialogues for the critically acclaimed Assamese feature film Kothanodi (The River of Fables), and her books have been translated into several languages including English, Hindi, and Bengali. She has received several literary awards including, the Bharatiya Bhasha Parishad Award, the Katha Prize and the Prabina Saikia Award. In 2014, she received the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award for her short story collection titled *Mariam Austin Othoba Hira Barua* or "The Loneliness of Hira Barua". Once, rejecting an award given by Basanti Devi Award for Women Writer, Arupa explained: "A text is a text, written by a woman or a man. I feel, after it is published and given away to the readers to judge, it should be considered merely as a text and judged according to its merit as a text, not on the basis of gender. Even men have written about women sensitively, and some immortal female characters in literature have been created by male writers. When questions of merit and judgment come in, a writer should be treated as a writer, not as a male or female writer."

一位相信独角兽的女性主义统计学家：现实让我沮丧

不工作的女人根本不存在。只有工作不取报酬的女人¹。许多研究、文章和论坛都探讨了妇女及其在工作场所中的地位。例如，我们知道对于女性员工来说，办公室温度通常设置得太低，因为男性的体温要比女性高。实际上，在我自己的办公室中，有些女性员工不得不戴上手套，手暖和了，才能打字。我们还知道，女警使用的防护背心是根据男性的身体骨架结构设计的——有时尺寸太小，无法容纳乳房；或者太大，以至留下各种缝隙，子弹和刀子可以穿透。由此我们知道，妇女在工作场所承担的身体负担，是可以测量出来的。但是，我们仍不了解女性在社会赋予她们的角色中所承受的情感负担，更别说去量化这种负担了。

女性常常充当照顾者，不仅在身体上，而且在心理和情感上。新冠肺炎疫情期间，因为我独居，我每天都打电话给妈妈，跟她分享我的生活经历，自己的喜悦和担忧。我从没停下来想想，我说的是不是太多了？虽然我希望对妈妈我没有过于唠叨自己的事情，但这免不了让我思考：对我自己而言，我是否也允许过别人利用我的情感关切或“倾听的耳朵”，来“利用”我呢？我肯定自己遇见过这种事，比如我的一个前男友就从来不知道什么是给予，反而非常擅长于索取。社会教导女性去承担亲人的情感和反应，但有时我们会忘记教我们的女孩去划定界限：当“伙伴关系”变成过于依附对方的关系时，别人其实已经越界了。女性没法成为所有亲人的治疗师，而且，我们扮演的这些角色往往可能让自己的身体和情感受伤，甚至更糟。我们又如何量化这一类无形的劳动呢？是去数数有多少肩膀供人哭泣而被浸湿吗？是去数数我们花费了多少时间去忧虑如何解决问题吗？是去数数女性多少次为了让男性不要生气而道歉吗？我得好好想想，大家可以先看看这些数据：

在英国，

1. 平均每三天有一名女性被男性杀害。
2. 被男性杀害的妇女中有62%是被现任或前任伴侣杀害。
3. 她们中将近一半曾试图离开自己的伴侣。
4. 在尝试离开伴侣或已经离开伴侣的女性中，有近90%在一年内被杀死²。

最后，在现任或前任伴侣或其他男性亲戚所犯下的所有谋杀妇女案件中，一半以上有虐待史。

这意味着，人们之前早就知道。法院之前早就知道，警察之前早就知道，这些女性的亲人之前早就知道。

但是，

他们什么也没做。

我们必须更好地教导我们的女孩，设定自己的情感界限，并教导我们的男孩：尊重女性。我们必须更好地理解女性的隐性情感付出。

¹Caroline Criado Perez著《看不见的女人》。于2019年出版。

²英国2009年至2018年《杀害女性情况普查》。2020年发布。

<https://www.femicidecensus.org/>

以前面这篇文章为出发点，
阿姆鲁塔·帕特尔 (Amruta Patel) 将举办工作坊

欢迎注册参加：2021年4月16日下午16:00-17:30
(注册方式以及地点等信息请关注大学城美术馆公众号通知)

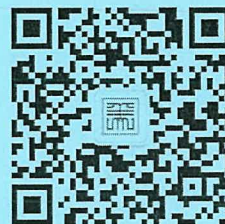
广州美院大学城美术馆——艺术家阿姆鲁塔 (Amruta Patel) 在线工作坊，
讨论性别数据鸿沟问题 (gender data gap)。

请工作坊的参与者准备一个案例，讲述一次你感到完全被误解或遗忘的经历。比如，你看到某一件产品，觉得它在设计上少了一样东西（如一条没有口袋的裙子），或者在某个场景，你做着一件完全正常的事情（比如在黑暗中行走），但却感到不舒服。

我们希望以案例引发讨论，为什么发生这种情况，以及我们怎么解决问题。

工作坊日期及时间和地点信息：

2021年4月16日下午两点，视频主会场位于广州美术学院大学城校区（地点视报名人数待定），请关注大学城美术馆公众号通知。



The Frustrations of a Feminist Statistician who believes in Unicorns

There is no such thing as a woman who doesn't work. There is only a woman who isn't paid for her work¹. There are many studies, texts and discussions that have explored women and their position in the workplace. We know, for example, that office temperatures are often set too cold for female employees, because men run warmer than women. In fact, in my own office, some of us women had taken to wearing gloves to keep our hands warm enough to type. We also know that the protective vests used by policewomen are designed using a male frame- it is at times too small to accommodate breasts, or so big it leaves all sorts of gaps for bullets and knives to penetrate. So, we know, because we can measure, the physical burden taken on by women in the workplace. But what we have still failed to ask about, let alone quantify, is the emotional burden taken on by women in the role society has ascribed to them.

Women tend to play the role of caregiver, not just physically but mentally and emotionally too. During the pandemic, as I was living alone, I took to calling my mum every day, regaling her with stories of my triumphs and worries. I never stopped to consider, is it all too much? I hope not, but this led me to evaluate whether I had allowed anyone to take advantage of my emotional support or 'listening ear', and of course, I had - an old boyfriend who never quite understood the meaning of 'give' but was very good at the 'take'. Society teaches women to be the bearers of their loved ones' emotions and reactions, but we sometimes forget to teach our girls to set boundaries and recognise when lines have been crossed - when the 'partnership' becomes a little too parasitic. Women cannot be therapists for all their loved ones and often, these roles we play can lead to our own physical and emotional trauma, or worse. How can we quantify this toll, this invisible labour? In the number of sleeves drenched being the 'shoulder to cry on', the number of hours spent worrying about how to fix it, the number of times she apologises just to make his anger go away? I need to think about that a little more, but perhaps I can leave you with this:

In the UK,

1. On average, a woman is killed by a man every 3 days.
2. 62% of all women that were killed by men were killed by a current or former partner.
3. Nearly half of them had tried to separate themselves from their partner.
4. Of those that tried to or did separate, nearly 90% were killed within the first year².

And finally, a history of abuse was known in more than half of all femicides committed by a current or former partner or other male relatives.

That means people knew. The courts knew; the police knew; their loved ones knew.

But

they did nothing.

We must do better at teaching our girls to set their own emotional boundaries, and teaching our boys to respect them. We must do better at understanding women's invisible emotional labour.

Amruta Patel, from Baroda, now lives in London, U.K. and works as a Statistician for the Ministry of Justice.

¹ Invisible Women, written by Caroline Criado Perez. Published in 2019.

² The UK Femicide Census, 2009 to 2018. Published in 2020.
<https://www.femicidecensus.org/>

**Taking point of departure of text above,
Amruta Patel will host a workshop**

Please follow the WeChat public account of GAFA Art Museum for further notice and registration.

Introduction on the Workshop:

London-based statistician & artist Amruta Patel will host a workshop to discuss the gender data gap following her opinions in her article *The Frustrations of a Feminist Statistician who believes in Unicorns*.

Please come with an example of a time that you felt completely misunderstood or forgotten. It could be in seeing a product that is lacking in something (like a dress with no pockets) or a scenario where they have felt uncomfortable doing something completely normal (walking in the dark)?

We are hoping to spark discussion from there on why this happens and what we can do to fix it.

Workshop time:

April 16, 2021, 2 p.m. online

(please follow our public WeChat account for further information and venue on campus)

