Schneemann's Doubt

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ESSAY

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In 1974, Carolee Schneemann (1939–2019) published her first artist's book, in an artisanal printing of 200 copies on colored paper. The book was called *Cézanne, She was a Great Painter* (1974, reprinted in 1975 and 1976). The work brought together childhood drawings, never-sent letters, short declarations, and fragments of performance texts woven together in ways that were both precarious and unpretentious. It also united a large set of ideas, impressions, and sensations that, when considered in hindsight, seem to have motivated and molded Schneemann's practice as a painter, performer, and filmmaker during the previous decades. Although it would never have been defined by Schneemann in such terms, the publication suggested a flavorful and spirited postulation of poetic election.

The cover image of a drawing made when Schneemann was four years old pronounced the artist's future interest in eroticism and, more specifically, in erotic equity between the members of an amorous heterosexual relationship: a set of simple lines depicting two bodies laid out on a bed as they regard and caress each other tenderly. In the volume's introduction—the lone text written specifically for the occasion—Schneemann wrote: "Around twelve years old I knew a few names of 'great artists'. . . . I decided a painter named 'Cézanne' would be my mascot; I would assume Cézanne was unquestionably a woman." The name not only had a female suffix ("Anne"), but it seemed to her to be perfectly plausible that the unfinished and awkward, disproportionately long bodies of the swimmers that she saw in a painting's reproduction would be the work of a woman. If a woman could paint that way, then she could also

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become a painter, and she would do it by transforming Cézanne into her first muse.

Although unusual, this queering of Cézanne is not so absurd. Sexual ambivalence and androgyny are not exactly strangers to the work of the Impressionist painter, who disregarded conventions of similarity and expressiveness as much as he did those of gender representation. This is especially evident in two sets of paintings that, for quite different reasons, became important to Schneemann: *The Bathers*—her first encounter with Cézanne's work, her *coup de coeur*—and the portraits of Madame Cézanne, to which I will return later in this text. Much has been said (and much of it critical in nature) about the masculine traces and heavy expression to be found in the painter's depictions of Madame Cézanne. Yet it is with Cézanne's bathers, however, that sexual ambivalence appears most disconcertingly. In this series of paintings, and most supremely in its latter entries, the markings of gender are reduced to a few schematic indications: Hairs or nipple-less breasts applied to bodies whose curves and silhouettes allow for different interpretations. The naked body is not only entirely de-eroticized—it is also frequently rendered androgynous. Instead of graceful, it is solid and heavy, without any sign of femininity, coquetry, or seductiveness.

Let us now imagine a very young Schneemann browsing through an art history book and discovering these "trans" bathers without warning. If we allow ourselves this imaginative exercise, then it would not be at all absurd to imagine that that young teenager could extend her doubt regarding the bathers' sexualities to the sexual identity of the artist.

Cézanne would remain an obsession for Schneemann who, over time, would come to see what once struck her as being a product of "feminine awkwardness" as in fact being an irreparable and even desirable approach to structuring pictorial space. But what interests me most in this anecdote is not the reception of an Impressionist painter by an artist who began her own production within the context of abstract expression before proceeding to launch herself into the spheres of happenings and filmmaking. Rather, it is what I see as being the fabulation of a point of origin for a vocation that spreads throughout all of Schneemann's artistic practice, mainly, that of a search for meeting lost and forgotten women. I refer not to women condemned by history, who were blotted out or treated unjustly by dominant narratives; rather, I refer to those who, even when noted, were overshadowed by the images, constructions, or projects in which they were objects. I speak of women whose existences and singularities were lost in favor of images produced by masculine gazes—of artists' muses, companions, and wives. Women of whom we know nothing, or nearly nothing, save for that, for instance, they had masculine

features and responded to their husbands' names, such as was the case with Madame Cézanne.

With the mere suggestion of Paul Cézanne having been a woman, Schneemann opens space to raise two doubts whose radicalities reside less in their true and definitive resolutions than in what they, in their simple assertions, oblige us to imagine, conceive, project, and fabulate: What if Madame Cézanne had been a painter? What if one of the greatest names of Impressionism had been that of a woman?

I will return to Cézanne and Madame Cézanne later in this text. For now, I am interested in pursuing the idea of a communion formed by Schneemann with other overlooked women through the lens of an additional encounter, this time, that of the young painter with the married couple Stan and Jane Brakhage in 1958. In doing so, I intend to reframe the narrative around this encounter and its importance in Schneemann's artistic trajectory, especially in relation to her film *Fuses* (1964–67), in order to dislocate its center from Stan to Jane. I hypothesize that the encounter with the couple provided Schneemann with her first experience with the principal problems with which she would deal as a female painter interested in the problematics of female representation.

In this process, another displacement will be necessary: from Schneemann's cinematic work to her paintings. One painting in particular will orient the discussion: a portrait of Jane Brakhage painted in 1958. I believe that in this portrait and in the process behind it can be found the missing link between Schneemann's artistic practice, her feminism, and the films that she made from 1967 onwards.

* * *

From the outset, Schneemann's practice sprouted, in one sense, out of a frustrated search for female references and doubles in art history and, in another, out of a critical and sensitive attention to how her male colleagues represented and related with their female models and ideals. In regard to this latter aspect, she demonstrated a recurrent interest in the places of muses in the history of painting. In the 1970s, when feminist debates began to gain greater agency within the art field, Schneemann incorporated into her films and published in editions of artist books some annotations and diary entries of hers from the previous decade that bore witness to this longstanding interest. As examples, I cite two passages, the first one coming from 1959: "WE ARE SHE—NOT A MUSE. To banish the auxiliary female-muse—the stand-in for our own actions! To constantly write, object, protest the persistent exclusion of the female feminine or neutral pronoun (1959–)."[1] The other is undated, but included on the soundtrack of her film *Kitch's Last Meal* (1976):

> Artists with tender feelings for their female muse want women artists to understand their exclusions are only loving distances by which they are better able to see us in their own light. We are a special sort of artist—slightly set apart from these men who welcome us as fascinating guests in their domain.

As a female painter looking to her predecessors and dealing with eroticism, Schneemann concerned herself with the problems connected to female representation and the notion of muses even when the term "muse" was not explicitly used. At the start of her trajectory, as with all ambitious artists that try to push in new directions and pose new problems to what has been learned from previous generations, Schneemann puts to herself the following question: "Could a naked woman be at the same time a *producer of images* and an *image*?"

The formal and historical radicalism of this question can be found in the equal importance given to the two terms. If, on one hand, Schneemann announced a concern shared by feminists during subsequent decades—namely, regarding the near-absence of women artists from the narrative of art history—on the other hand, her defense and interest in the author-representation of erotic feminism was as challenging for the patriarchal critique as it was for a significant portion of the feminist critical body of her time.[2]

Sensitive to the instrumentalization of the female body throughout art history, Schneemann proposed an erotic, orgasmic, and libidinal equality with its masculine counterpart. She did not dislocate the source of activity to the feminine and reduce the masculine to a passive image, in what would be a mere attempt to reverse places. Rather, she sought an egalitarian heterosexual dynamic.

Fuses would be her supreme achievement in this regard. In the 30-minute film, Schneemann and her then-partner James Tenney share the camera during intercourse, with each member of the couple filming the other's body, sexual organs, ecstasy, and fluids. The couple's cat Kitch triangulates the relation and subjectively embodies the external eye of the camera or of the spectator. With a sensuality that is as physical as plastic and formal, the film gives equal attention to Tenney's erect penis and to Schneemann's aroused breasts and vagina. In examining masculine and feminine sexualities without defining a point of view, the film invents a new position of subjecthood—still little explored in heterosexually oriented erotic cinema—for the pairs in a couple.

As is widely known, *Fuses* serves as a response to two films made by Stan Brakhage in which Schneemann participated—*Loving* (1957) and *Cat's Cradle* (1959)—as well as to a third Brakhage film, *Window Water Baby Moving* (1959). In *Loving*, she and Tenney appear having a sexual encounter in the grass. In *Cat's Cradle*—an important film for the affirmation of Brakhage's personal and

intimate approach to cinema, made soon after his marriage to Jane began—the four friends and a cat appear, almost always individually over the course of very short shots, performing everyday tasks inside a home. During the shooting of this ode to domesticity, Jane was passing through her first pregnancy of an eventual five. *Window Water Baby Moving* registers the birth of Myrrena Brakhage, the couple's first child.

Schneemann felt that, in *Loving*, Brakhage failed to capture the egalitarian dynamic of the eroticism shared between her and Tenney. She also felt uncomfortable with his insistence on representing her dressed in an apron in *Cat's Cradle* while men appeared in reflective activities, such as writing or conversing. With *Window Water Baby Moving*, Schneemann felt perturbed by the absence of the sexual act; for her, Stan's focus on Jane's pregnant body, granted without the desire that led to the fertilization, removed any generative power from the female sex and female sexuality. *Fuses* thus became her way of equalizing the dynamic between model and artist by placing the two in both positions while, at the same time, elevating eroticism to its original point of creation.

The release of *Fuses* brought to public light the story of the encounter (and of its accompanying conflicts, discomforts, and discordances) in 1958 between Schneemann, Tenney, and the Brakhages, from which *Cat's Cradle* emerged. From her youth onwards, Schneemann maintained a spirited and impassioned dialogue with Stan Brakhage. The two first met in the mid-1950s, soon after the start of the relationship between Schneemann and Tenny, who had been Brakhage's childhood friend. The soon-established intimacy between them permitted the young—and, at the time, bachelor—filmmaker Brakhage to record his romantically involved friends in a sexual relation, a register that would constitute *Loving*.

Soon after his initial encounters with Jane, Stan Brakhage took her for a two-week stay at the home where Tenney and Schneemann lived in Vermont. Although *Cat's Cradle* (born from this encounter) gives no such indication, the visit was extremely disturbing for both couples, and it left a lasting impression on Schneemann.

Schneemann sensed that she and Tenney had been used to project an ideal of love as desired by Brakhage. This was something that not even Stan himself denied:

> So they [Tenney and Schneemann] were heavily involved in the mythos of film-making by way of loving, and the love they had found for each other and the marriage they had made was an idealized one. Fool that I was, like many young husbands are, I felt an urgency to take Jane into a relationship with them, i.e., went to visit them in Vermont and stayed two very disturbing

> weeks with them, where naturally Jane, not sharing my mythos of marriage, and certainly not by way of another man and woman, resisted all of that concept tremendously. I was trying to take an ideal form and strike a marriage thereof [sic], like taking a cookie shape and making cookies.[3]

The function of this myth of love in Brakhage's work carries great importance. Stan would film Jane and the couple's life from their marriage onwards, and it is common to encounter in the artist's written work allusions to the importance of his meetings with his wife for the flowering of his poetics. Jane had not only saved Stan from committing suicide, but with her, he had learned that his creativity and inspiration lay not inside his ego but rather in an intermediary space between them. For example, to explain the meaning of the words "By Brakhage" with which he signed his films, the filmmaker often said that since his marriage the phrase should be read as "By way of Stan and Jane Brakhage." He further elaborated, "It is coming to mean: 'by way of Stan and Jane and the children Brakhage' because all the discoveries which used to pass only thru the instrument of myself are coming to pass thru the sensibilities of those I love."[4] The statement, which has since been frequently repeated without much critical mistrust, has helped to fuel the myth of Stan Brakhage as a romantic hero working within a family-based idyll and of Jane as being the supreme muse of this cinema.

Schneemann, however, was especially sensitive to the contradictions of this family project. Even more disturbing to her than having been used in a construction of a myth of romantic love was the gender inequality inherent in the construction, an inequality made evident in the divisions of labor seen throughout *Cat's Cradle*, with women cutting onions while men engage in intellectual activities. Schneemann also showed a special attention and care towards the dynamics of the relationship between Stan and Jane.

In a letter to her friend, the writer Naomi Levinson, Schneemann wrote an attentive, fascinated, and loving statement about Jane, providing us with what could be a kind of sensitive and private testimony about the relationship that would have been inaccessible to audiences at that time. Jane is described as a wild animal, raw and naïve in nature, who can only be accessed in Stan's romantic self-consciousness as a kind of idealization. For Schneemann, Jane appears walled between her fascinating liberty and absolute capacity to deliver herself on one hand, and her captivity and confirmation of worth through Stan's gaze on the other:

> And the oneness of twos. Inequality is bewildering to me and disturbing to Jim, so our discomfort and theirs during the early part of the VISIT. The wild

> spirit of a Mary Jane for whom the "worship" involves strange acts of hostility, defense and aggression while still being keystone. So "what does that make the woman" has been beating about us and I am so filled with insights about this that it may be impossible to muster coherency. Primarily M.J is filled with intimidation by art (by us) claiming a superiority of naïve insights, of incommunicable sense on the other side of the intimidation; and this hoisted lofty by Stan as her great value and she being thus reduced to naïvité by his approbation and then resenting his freedom of imagination, of ACT and intellect (and ours, mine). [. . .] M. J expresses great longings suddenly, as S. and J. and I talk and I draw, to also draw . . . but she tried it once it was "no good." Establishing herself for the future life or non-attempts, imminence she sews great gowns to grow pregnant in and insists on nine children, with great natural joy, but also, and this so sad, with wide-eyed fear [. . .] MJ is already a configuration—a family and in a process of transferring individualization, that is, nothing is just for herself, for her discarding.
>
> [. . .]
>
> I am getting close to the paradox about M.J wherein lies a real beauty of her, an "idealness" for him but yet a certain relational peril. It has to do with an almost naked naturalness of her which is unique and which she distrusts in the context of our worlds.
>
> [. . .] M.J is wonderfully open, unencumbered, prepared for anything. Practical things impressed me: no underwear, no toothbrush and cosmetic paraphernalia, no ritualization of femininity, no baths, hair can be unwashed for three months, possessions can fit into a sack. A grandeur in this but she begins to feel it as idiosyncrasy, as insubstantial and resents his making much of this while it remains her most declared outward character sign.[5]

In Jane, Schneemann encountered her first live experience of the contradiction incarnated by a muse, who is both imprisoned by and dependent upon the image that the fascinated Other returns to her. With an awareness of this contradiction, and profoundly moved by the mystery of Jane, Schneemann dedicated herself to observing Jane for the sake of painting a portrait that would articulate her interest in feminine representation within the history of painting, as well as provide a concrete experience of the power dynamics of relations that underlie these images.

The Portrait of Jane

In *Portrait of Jane Brakhage* (1958), Jane appears seated nude in a chair that, due to the rapid passages between agile and violent brushstrokes (a movement remi-

Figure 1. Carolee Schneemann, *Portrait of Jane Brakhage*, 1958. Oil on canvas. © Carolee Schneemann Foundation.

niscent of abstract expressionism), appears to blend in with the background. Only Jane has her contours defined, and while the chair and background form a single de-materialized entity, Jane's nude body (painted with a softer palette and less abrupt brushstrokes) appears to float towards the surface of the picture plane. Concentric movements direct the spectator's gaze to three points there: Jane's eyes, her knees, and her stomach, where the even finer brushstrokes evoke the shape of a flower in a possible allusion to her pregnancy.

It is a kind of representation that is, at the very least, rare when dealing with female nudity: neither passively on display for the male spectator nor provocatively challenging him. Jane, without offering herself, is seen and sees frontally. No hierarchy exists between her frontal and resourceful gaze and her uncovered belly, around which the allusion to pregnancy refers to feminine eroticism as a creative force. In the history of Western painting, maternity is disembodied and sanctified; as is well known, the most represented mother in this history produced a child without having copulated. In the portrait of Jane, Schneemann returns female eroticism and desire to their origins, both in the sense of artistic creation and in the sense of life itself, without recourse either to sublimation or to symbolism.

Through this rare representation of female nudity and pregnancy, Schneemann establishes a direct dialogue with two painters, Willem de Kooning and Paul Cézanne—quite possibly the two most important painters in her formation—and more specifically, a dialogue with the representations of femininity in the works of both artists. These were representations that, when not vilified, were poorly comprehended by critics in their time.

The expressivity of the brushstrokes, the dematerialization of background space with the consequent advancing of the body against a surface, and most especially the composition of Jane vertically centralized on the canvas—her end points practically touching the limits of the frame—directly evoke the series of paintings that de Kooning devoted to women in the 1950s. This series, which began with *Woman I* (1950–52), provoked the most critical moment of de Kooning's reception, involving accusations of misogyny that persisted for decades. A degrading treatment of women was perceived through his disproportionally grotesque figures possessed of giant breasts and ferocious teeth and eyes. His representation of an aggressive sexuality was seen as constituting violence against women, born from an atavistic fear of the feminine.[6] In response to these criticisms, other authors have argued that, before coming under attack from the painter, these anti-Venuses were ferociously prepared to use their fierce teeth and inflated breasts to defend themselves, as though their body parts were shields from potential aggressions.

As a result of having lived in New York and close to the abstract expressionist scene, Schneemann was aware of the polemics and repercussions surrounding de Kooning's paintings. Yet as someone attempting to advance the discussions of painting's problems in formal and historical terms from the starting point of the theme of eroticism, it was less important to Schneemann to resolve the controversy than it was to deepen it from a historical and pictorial vantage point. She was not interested in defining whether the violence of the representation in

de Kooning's work was directed towards women or towards itself, but rather, in exploring what this ambiguity revealed about historical precepts that were bound up with the representation.

In the tradition of portraiture, a woman worthy of having her image painted on different occasions should be, if not an authority figure (aristocrat, queen, religious leader, or mythological being, for instance), then at least beautiful enough to inspire the artist. In these cases, her beauty was confirmed by the artist's virtuosity; through repeating the muse's beauty within a personal style, the painter confirmed the forces of desire and inspiration provoked by her.

It is here that we return to Cézanne, both the painter and the painted. The reception and incomprehension that greeted the portraits of Madame Cézanne are revelatory of the presumptions regarding feminine representation, as much in terms of established conventions as in terms of common sense. In a primary association between model and representation, critics and historians frequently dismissed the portraits of Madame Cézanne by blaming her for facial inexpressiveness, absence of beauty, and graciousness, and for a supposed ill will towards the act of posing—a supposition that, of course, entirely disconsidered the fact of her having spent years sitting for hours on end to generate more than thirty portraits. For a substantial part of the critical body, Madame Cézanne was an anti-muse: when her "refusal" to smile and apparent boredom did not constitute an offense to the adoration that the painter directed her way, her wide jaw and impassive face—incapable of provoking any sigh whatsoever and "less interesting than an apple painted by Cézanne"—were proofs that her husband did not love her. They thus did not hesitate to conclude that she was "his insignificant other."[7]

Critics who were sensitive to Cézanne's rejections of the conventions of representation when the theme was that of landscapes or of still lifes failed to perceive that the painter posed a similar problem to himself when making portraits. How can one represent an Other without reverting to conventions of similitude (including the recognition of facial expressions and indications of character and mood)? In other words: How can one represent a face as if it were an apple or a landscape?

Pictorially, the approximation of the portrait of Jane Brakhage with the portraits of Madame Cézanne can appear to be more exaggerated than its approximation with de Kooning's *Woman I*. With that said, a letter from Schneemann to Naomi Levinson, written a month before her visit to the Brakhages, legitimates the evocation. In describing her emotional state before a portrait of Madame Cézanne—seen on display in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, a short time before it was sent to the Museum of Art

of São Paulo (MASP), where it continues to hang on permanent display—Schneemann highlighted and fixated on a detail. It was the undulated rose in Madame Cézanne's lap:

> A person leaves to live in us a set of rooms and spaces, gestures, configurations of personal relationships and reactings, and mementos but the art is only itself containing inwardly—in itself—a pure and absolute series of relationships which we can only really presume to through confronting IT. [. . .] To talk about the work without it is to leave it even further in memory and tenuous in a measure which belies its very life, makes it something personified, more like a person who died. Sad that these terms must also finally express what I knew of IT. Some feelings like this is how I was overcome, weeping, on the last exhibition day of the Cezanne portrait of Mme C—curling rose out of her fingers in the greenish lap—which was to go to Brazil.[8]

Apart from the presence of the flower in the portrait of Jane a mere month after Schneemann's emotional encounter with that *punctum*—the rose curved like an arrow, the meeting with it like a wound—one's attention is caught by the way in which Schneemann treats the painting as a subject, someone who, having left, continues "to live in us a set of rooms and spaces, gestures." The rose touches and animates her, and Schneemann is "animated" in return by transforming it into a being. Of course, I do not refer to animation in the sense of giving movement to the inanimate, but in the spiritual sense, in the attribution of *anima*—"'germinating' with the countryside," as Maurice Merleau-Ponty wrote in his essay "Cézanne's Doubt." Yet the association with cinema would not be unfounded, either: in "a set of rooms and spaces, gestures" there appears to be more than sufficient material for a film like *Fuses*.

I return here to the beginning of this essay, and to the heretic and unusual queering of Cézanne. That the young Schneemann's delicious and unusual confusion of genders was initially provoked by the judgment of an uneducated eye capable of consuming Cézanne's contribution to painting with a feminine inability should not prevent us from seeing in this gesture—later reaffirmed in Schneemann's adult life through the publication of *Cezanne, She was a Great Painter*—a revolutionary irony destined also to do justice to a person whose name of "Marie-Hortense Fiquet" was systemically obliterated by art history's preference for describing her by her married name, as a generic appendix to the painter.

In allowing herself to invent or speculate a fictitious history for Marie-Hortense Fiquet, Schneemann calls attention to the suppression of this woman's history from the official narrative: What was known about Ms. Fiquet beyond

what her husband's critics had related, or what had appeared in the painter's letters? Was it possible that she had been a painter whose traces were blotted out from history? By extension, Schneemann also makes us think of an entire tradition of female painters whose identities were obliterated, when not vilified, by their masculine counterparts (whether husbands or close relatives)—Berthe Morisot, Elaine de Kooning, Lee Krasner, and others. And lastly, in creation she gives agency to all the silenced and unnamed women in her position, women dreamed and imagined by their partners through the portraits dedicated to them.[9]

In this speculative fabulation, or speculative feminism (to use two expressions that were unavailable to the critical vocabulary of the 1970s but which make great sense when used retrospectively), Schneemann affirms her vocation in order to inquire, rethink, and redefine the muse's place from a feeling of kinship with the women forgotten or silenced by men throughout art history, regardless of whether they were artists, muses, or anti-muses. Although Schneemann dedicated works to other women artists, this sisterhood was not necessarily a cause to be spelled out, attacked, or denounced. It instead existed as a latency, a subterranean connection, a kind of atavistic memory used to orient her gaze and stimulate her practice.

She writes: "To meet lost women who give me form it is their works I carry (always been my hidden audience my secret directors!). I see them as a fan a rainbow a splatter disappeared forgotten unknown ancient bright as fireflies (sic)."[10]

It is like a latent glow pulsating as a bouquet of arteries at rest on her lap that Hortense Fiquet meets Jane Brakhage and all the women throughout art history who were (m)used, idealized, and de-individualized by their male peers.

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Notes

1. Carolee Schneemann, "Response: Movie Journal" and "Statement in Contemporary Artists" in *Carolee Schneemann Uncollected Texts*, ed. Branden W. Joseph (New York: Primary Information, 2015), 138–140.
2. Schneemann's work met with as much resistance from the majority-male critical establishment as it did from feminist critics. In the 1970s, her films were rejected from festivals of films made by women and were received with explicit scorn by some female critics, who denounced her "narcissism," "exhibitionism," and "self-indulgence." This double rejection can perhaps be explained by a resistance among the first members of second-wave feminism to any representation of female eroticism that could please the male gaze. It was, if not an eroto-phobia, then a sense of taboo in relation to the representation of female eroticism that brought feminists close to the patriarchal critique of the 1960s and 1970s—even if these groups' reactions arose for different reason.
3. Stan Brakhage, *Metaphors on Vision* (New York: Film Culture, 1963), n.p.
4. Brakhage, n.p.
5. Carolee Schneemann, "Letter to Naomi Levine, May 28, 1958," in *Correspondence in Course: an Epistolary History of Carolee Schneemann and Her Circle*, ed. Kristine Stiles (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2010), 25–28.
6. See David Caterforis doctoral dissertation, "Willem de Kooning's 'Women' of the 1950s: A Critical History of their Reception and Interpretation," Stanford University, 1991.
7. John Rewald, *Cézanne: A Biography* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986), 77.
8. Schneemann, "Letter to Naomi Levine, March 12, 1958," in *Correspondence in Course: an Epistolary History of Carolee Schneemann and Her Circle*, 23.
9. Linda Nochlin demonstrated that, in general, history afforded poor treatment to the wives and lovers of modern painters. "Artists' wives get bad press. Delacroix, Géricault, Courbet, van Gogh, and Seurat never married; Manet's wife is often denigrated, despite the fact that he continued to live with her, write to her, and paint her (she was fat, an added negative); Mme. Pisarro was a demanding, ignorant shrew; Picasso, succumbing momentarily to bourgeoisification during his marriage to Olga, retaliates by transforming her into a castrating monster on canvas . . . and so it goes." Linda Nochlin, "Cézanne Studies in Contrast," *Art in America*, vol. 84, nº 6, 1996, 65–66.
10. Schneemann, 1974, 220.