

Projecting Words and Bodies

We're all golden sunflowers
inside.

- Allen Ginsberg



Projecting Words and Bodies

This series uses projection photography---a technique that originated in the 1960s with the work of John French, in which photographic images are projected onto a model. For this series images of short poems and vintage playboy playmates were projected using a mini-beamer onto a model, Maya, who posed against a light background. These images were selected to illustrate how, historically, the male gaze has been formed. The male gaze, or male perspective, is difficult to avoid in art nude photography, for often the photographers are male, while the models are female.

From a feminist vantage point, the *male gaze* is the act of depicting women from a heterosexual perspective that represents women as objects for the pleasure of the male viewer. It is a manifestation of unequal social power, between the gazing man and the gazed-upon woman; and also contributes to a patriarchal sexual order.

This series comments on two of the building blocks of the male gaze. Poets have created cultural narratives which emphasize the differences between men and women and which highlight the importance of the physical beauty of women. Women are often identified in poems as a prized possession, acknowledged merely for their physical attributes. While many poets have written about women as the object of a romantic chase, the men's magazines of the last half of the 20th century, and in particular Playboy Magazine, characterized women quite differently. They created and propagated sexualized images of the girl next door, in ways that contributed to the objectification of women and to fostering sexist attitudes. For this series, we combine short poems and playboy playmates with a model who strikes poses that question the male gaze.

The G

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at Right

rain

Figure 5

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ceded

clangs

owls

heels rumbling

gh the dark city





I never felt
oppressed
because of my
gender. When
writing a
drawing,
a female;
artist.

-Patti Smith





The
Amor
and
I saw the
in gold
on a
fire
mov
ten
un
to go
siren
and
thro
figure 5
truck
heeded
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the dark ch





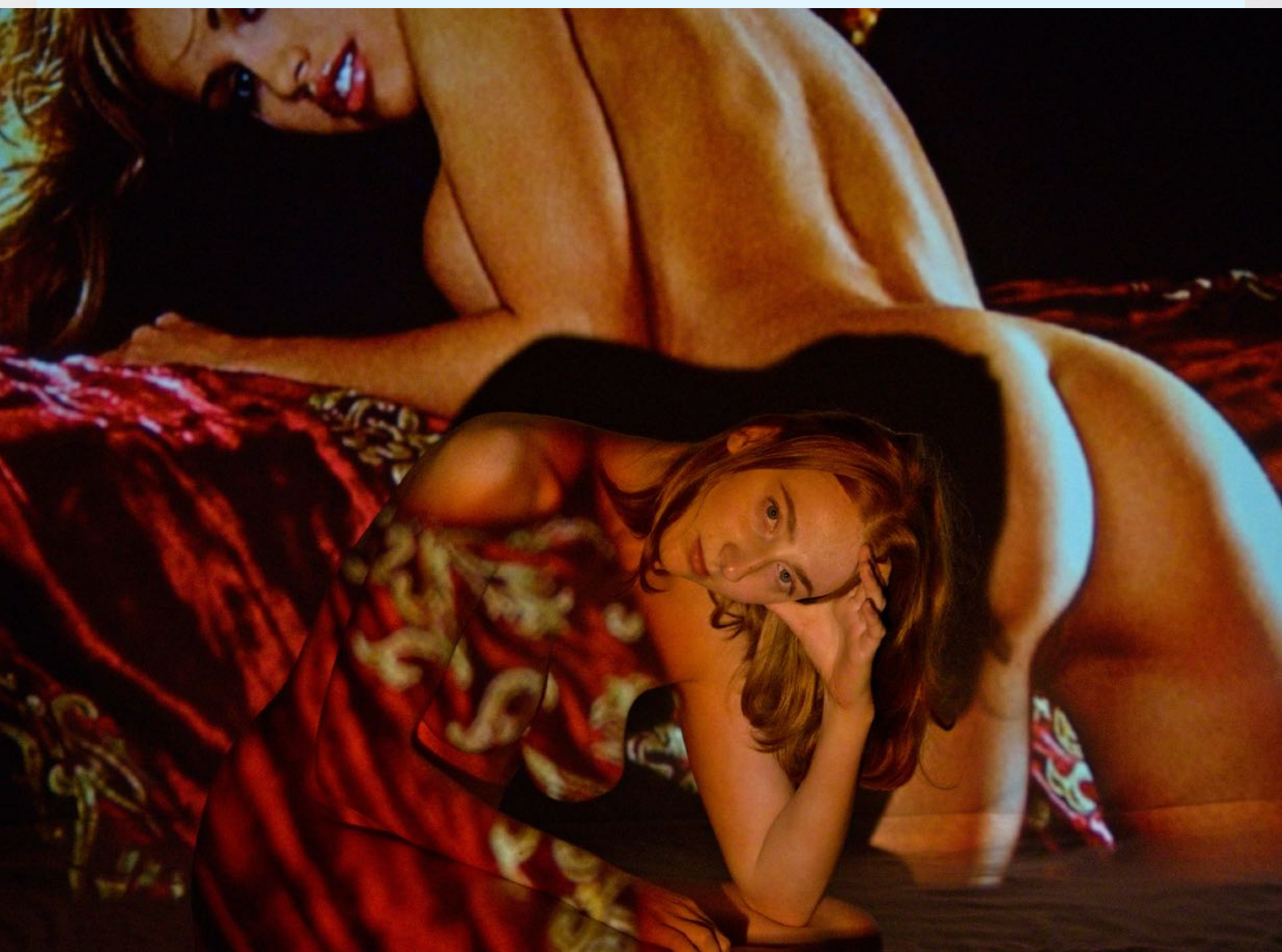
I pretend to fit in
but I rarely do.

atticu











What matters
most
is how well
you walk
through
the fire."

Czesław
Miłosz



Tired

by Langston

I am so tired

Aren't you,

For the world

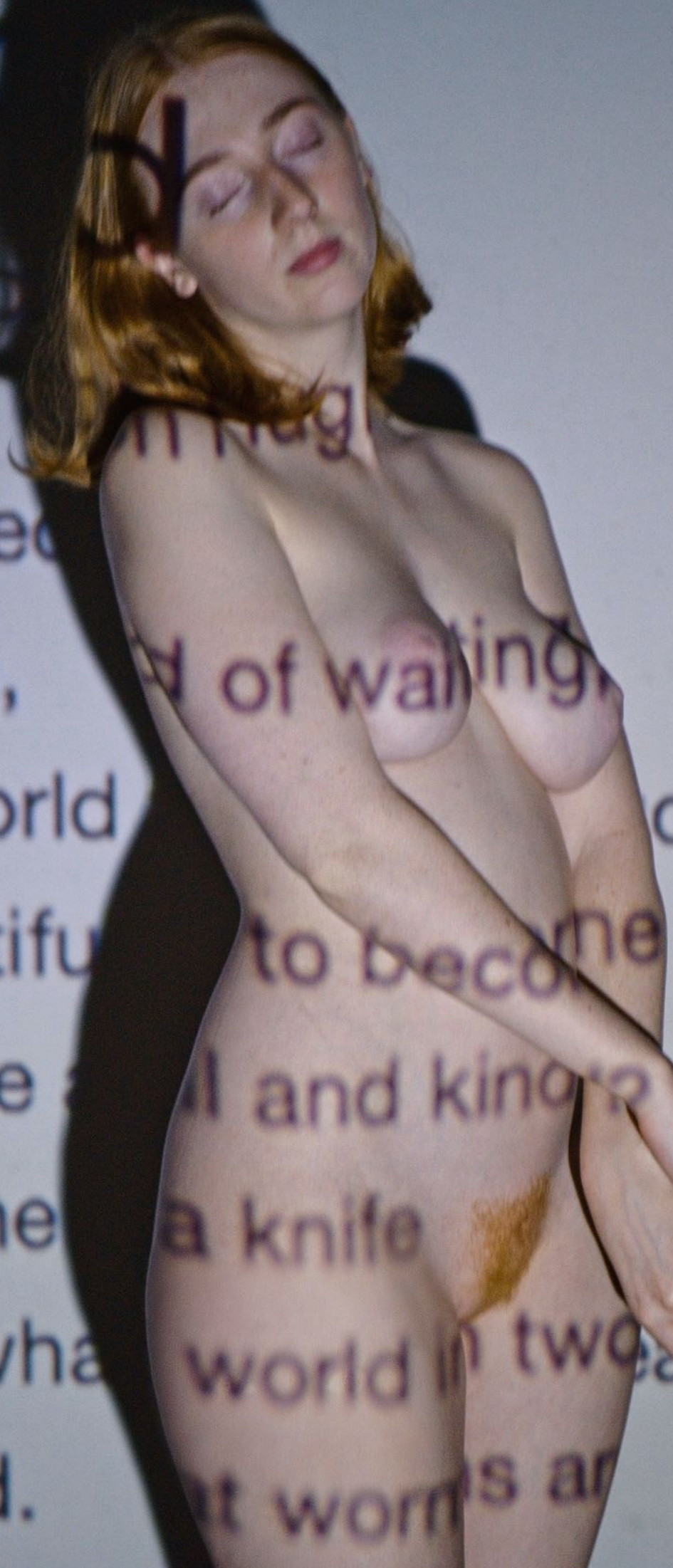
And beautiful

Let us take

And cut the

And see what

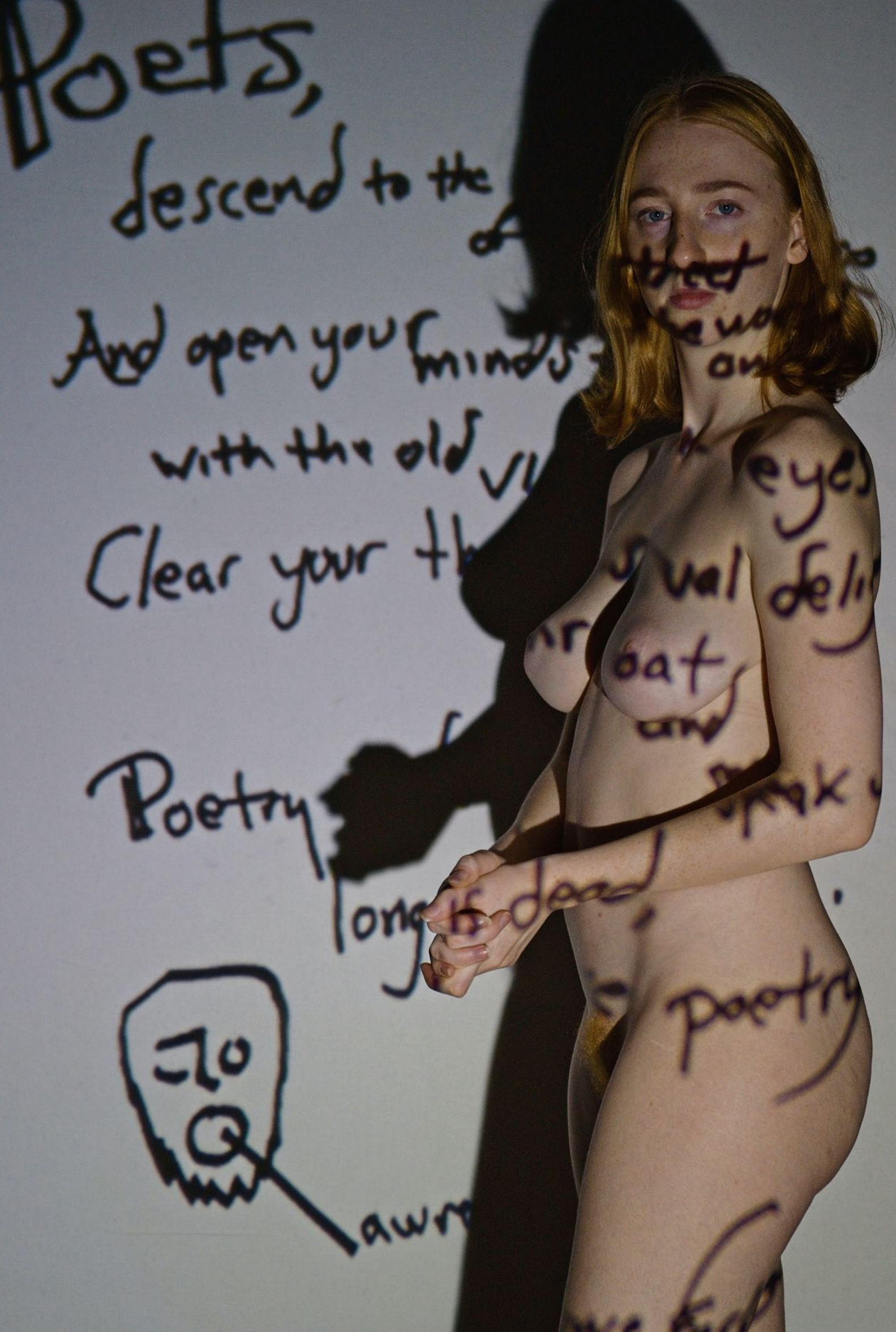
At the rind.





I turn the corner of prayer and
In a blessing of the sun
Sun. In the name of the damned
I would turn back and run
To the hidden land
But the loud sun
Christens down
The sky.
I
Am found
O let
Scalded and drove
Me in his hand
His lightning and
Cry. My voice is with
Now I am lost in
One. The sun roars at







Follow

moonlight; don't
the mess.

Allen

Singberg



A bee

by Matsuo Bashō

Suo Ba

A bee

staggers

of the out

peony







THE GIRL

The casts

sweater

with blue

under a blue

bareheaded

crossing the

spape

reading a ne

stops, turn

and looks dow

as though

ne

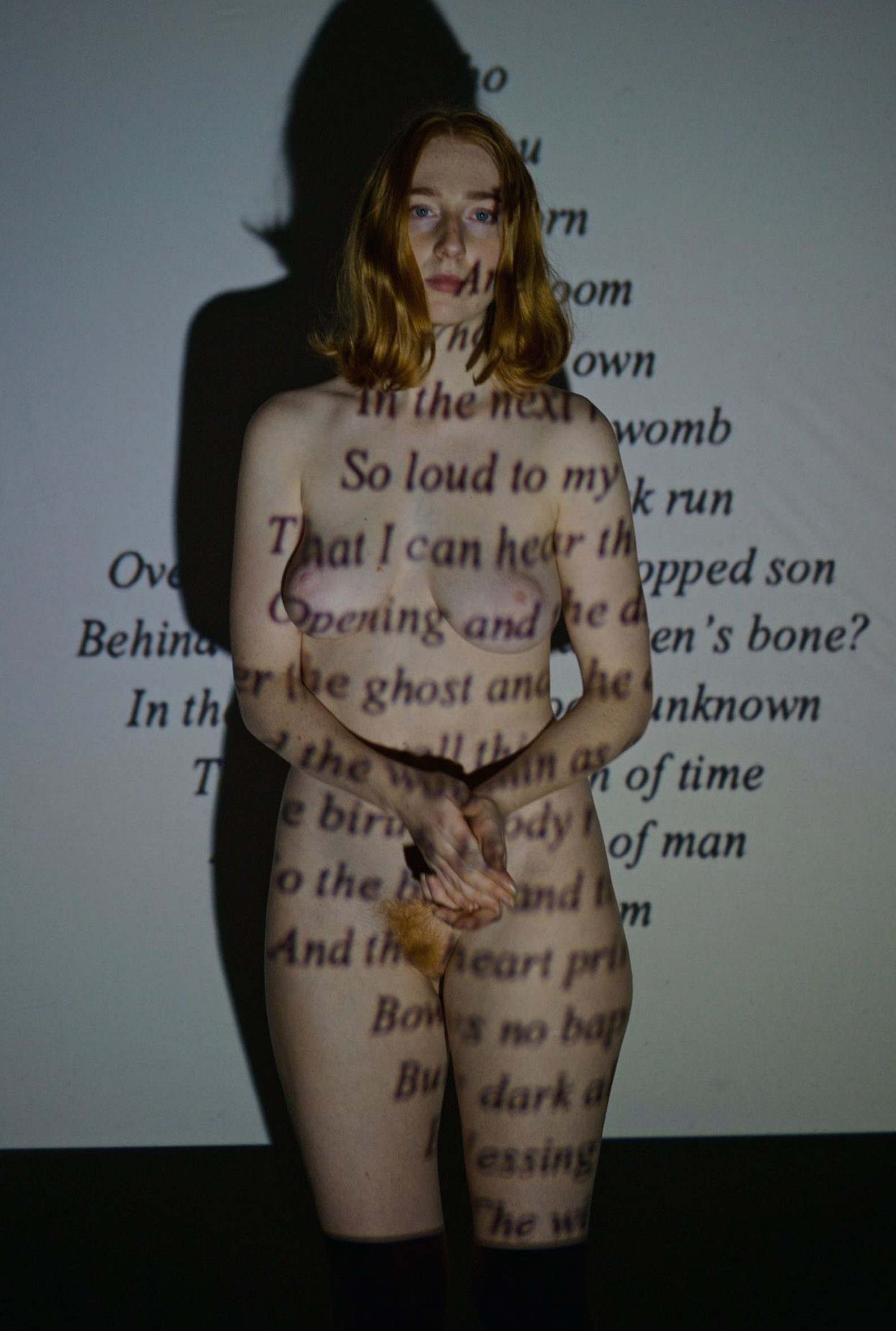
she had seen

on the pavem









to
u
rn
Am
oom
The
own
In the next womb
So loud to my k run
That I can hear the topped son
Opening and the d en's bone?
Behind
Over the ghost and he unknown
In the
The wall thin as
The bird body of man
to the b and m
And the heart pri
Bows no bap
But dark a
L blessing
The w

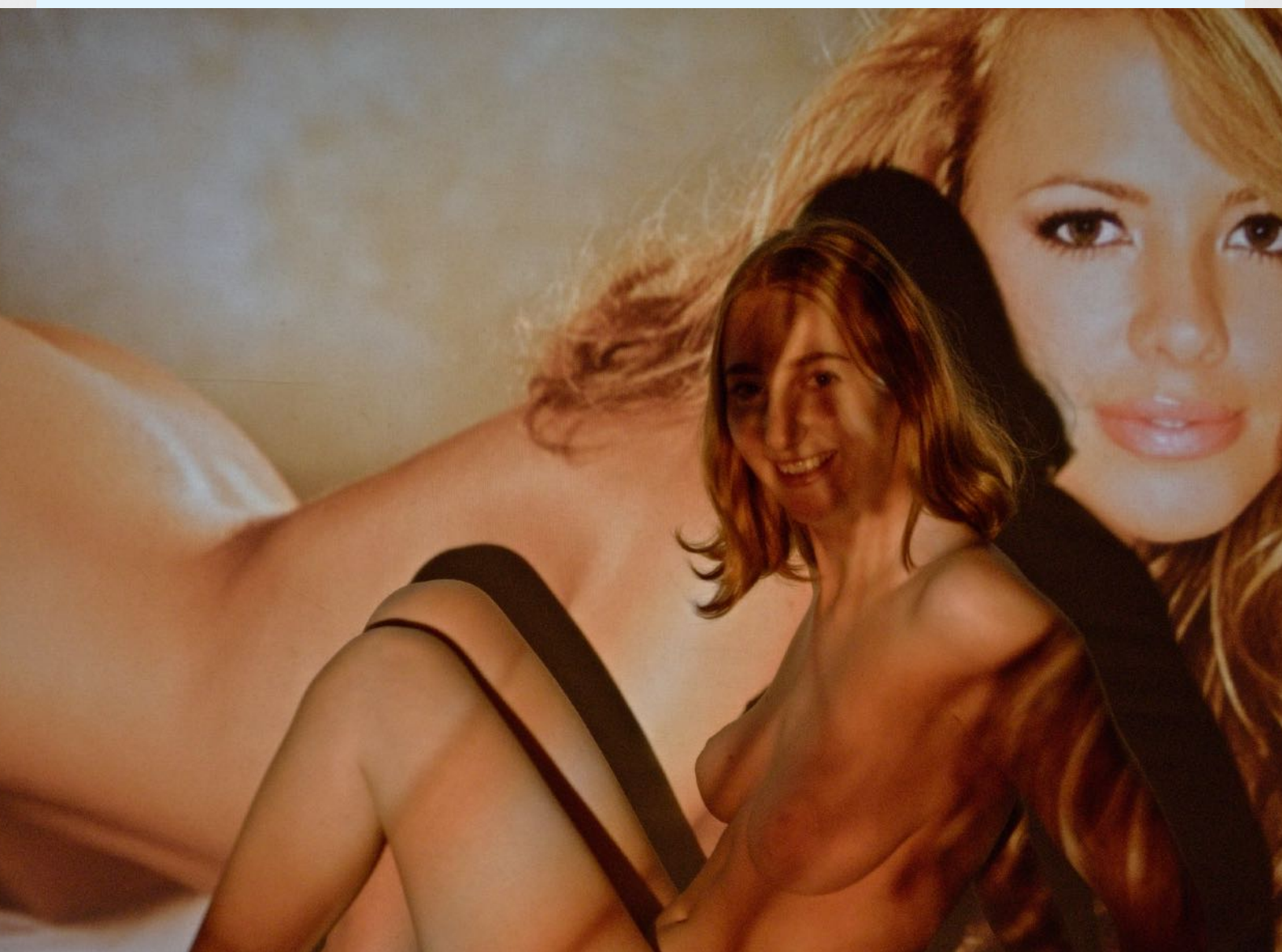


"Day by day
and night by night
we were together
all else
has long been
by me



Sound of a stream
Sunlight dancing on,
Life wakes up again on waters
ain.





I am
a series
small victo
and large
and I am
amazed
as any o
that
I have
from t
here.



owski

Charles







The ... are
those who dream by day that
esognizant of many things by at
night those who dream only
-Edo
Allan Poe








However mean your life is,
meet it and live it:
do not shun it and
call it hard names.

Henry David Thoreau
Walden





A nude woman with long, wavy red hair stands in the center of the frame. Her eyes are closed, and her hands are raised to her temples. She is positioned in front of a light-colored wall. A large, dark shadow of her figure is cast onto the wall behind her, appearing to the left. Projected onto the wall in a dark, serif font is a block of text. The text is partially obscured by the woman's body. The visible text includes: "There is", "a crack in", "in every", "That's", "the light", "gets in", "n.", "- Leon", "ard", and "Co".

There is
a crack in
in every
That's
the light
gets in
n.
- Leon
ard Co







Risk

And then the day came,
when the risk day came,
to remain the risk
in a bud
was more painful
than the risk
it took
to blossom.







knew

i ad

he didn't love m

but

lored him any

patti smith



if i were to mention this rain

i (might)

say

it

belongs

to

the (many)

who to

their high h

birds

(w

feels & top hats

se)

in the lig

earing the perfume of

outside

h

hom

he func

net

dog





the

sky

was

can dy lu

minous

edible

spry

pinks shy

lemons

greens coo

olate

s.

un der,

a lo


co

mo





I
Must lie
Still as stone
By the wren bone
Wall hearing the moan
Of the mother hidden
And the shadowed
Casting tomorrow
And the midwives on
Until the turbulent
Burns me his name and
And the winged wall
By his torrid cro
And the dark throw
From his loins
To bright
Light.

A woman with red hair and purple body paint is standing in profile, facing left. She is positioned in front of a large, light-colored wall. On the wall, a poem is projected in a dark, serif font. The woman's body is covered in purple paint, which forms the words of the poem. Her arms are crossed, and her hands are clasped together. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The overall mood is artistic and evocative.



The
Among
and
I saw the
in gold
on a
fired
mov
ten
un
to go
siren
and
thro
figure 5
truck
heeded
clangs
horns
rumbling
the dark cl





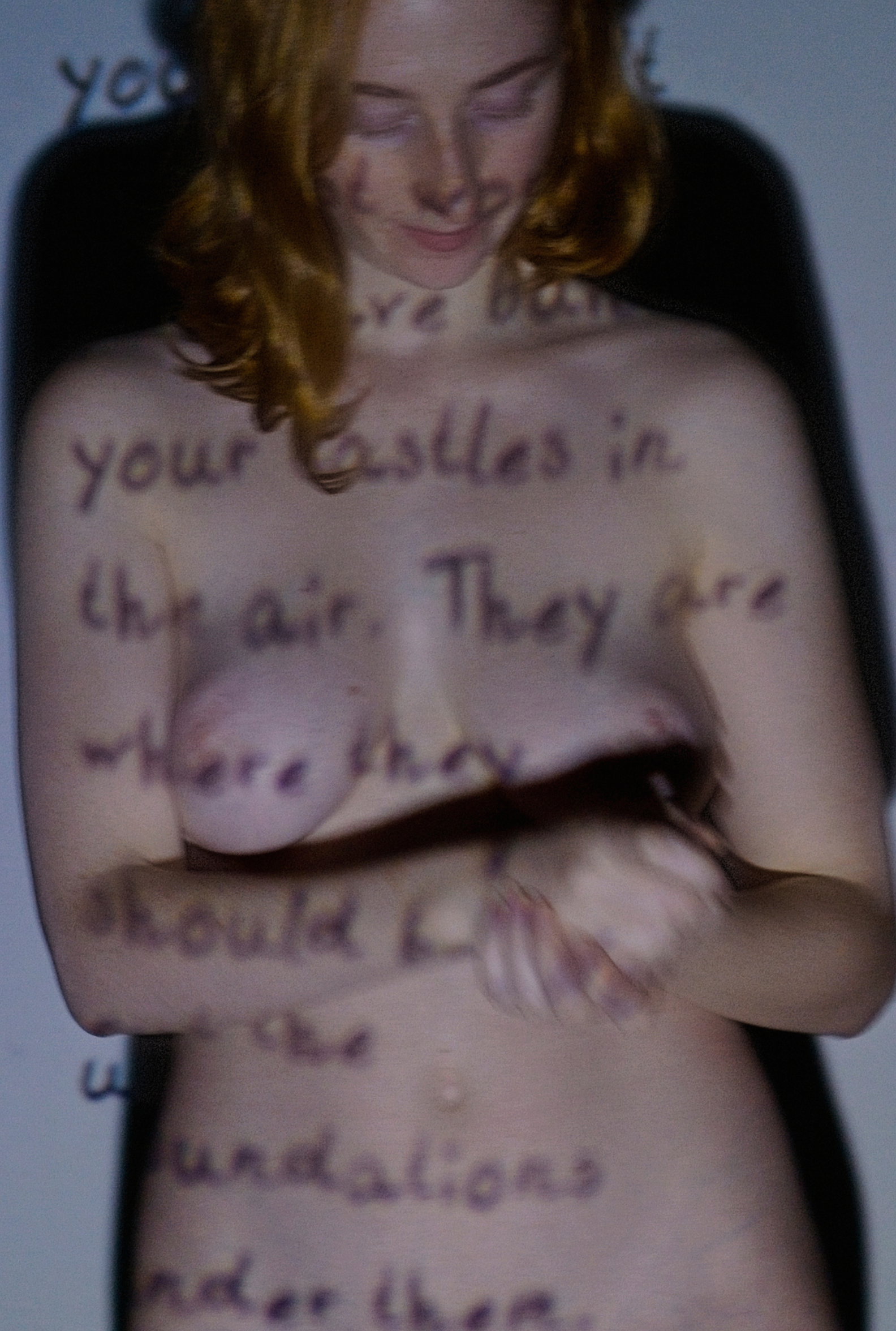




CANDY IS
DANDY BUT
LIQUOR IS
QUICKER







you

it

we have been

your castles in
the air. They are
where they

should be
the
un

undulations

under them.





love
A world
love
(kill
a place of peace)

you is a world
A in this world of
you live
(kill
all world

... ..



PIGHEADED POET

Everything I
everything I
drives me
from me
those I love
If it
they
is good
if it is
are bewildered
ashamed
bad
At great
to the
I walk
in quicks
at risk
ove they bear me
barefoot
and

A nude woman with shoulder-length red hair and blue eyes stands in the center of the frame. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her hands are clasped in front of her pubic area. She is standing in front of a light-colored wall. To her left, a large, dark shadow of her figure is cast onto the wall. Projected onto the wall behind her is text in a serif font, arranged in several paragraphs. The text is partially obscured by her body. The lighting is soft, highlighting her skin.



The Red Wheelbarrow

BY WILLIAM OS WILLIAMS

so much de
upon

A CAR

pende

a red n
barrel d w
row

glazed wi
water

th rain

beside the
chickens

white







紅月

鴻子

芭燕

健子





Time is very slow
for those who wait.

Very fast for those
who are scared.

Very long for those
who lament.

Very short for those
who celebrate.

But for those who love
time

William





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