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Feminist Spaces is an international journal of women's, gender, and sexuality studies that invites students, faculty, artists, activists, and independent scholars from institutions worldwide to submit formal essays, creative writing, and multimodal artistic pieces per our annual Call for Works. The online journal is published by the Department of English at the University of West Florida. For more information, visit feministspacesjournal.org.

the Fountain the red ink issue

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editor's note:

"I want you to see this before I leave: the experience of repetition as death the failure of criticism to locate the pain the poster in the bus that said: my bleeding is under control.

A red plant in a cemetery of plastic wreaths."

Adrienne Rich, "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning"

When looking for inspiration concerning this chapbook, I first considered the fountain pen motif in the *Feminist Spaces* logo. It seems like a natural choice: the tool of self-sufficiency. Previous to the creation of the fountain pen, dip pens were widely used, reliant on the source of a separate entity of ink. The fountain pen stores its inkwell inside of a tough barrel, traditionally adorning a golden nib connected to its innards. A slit separates two separate wings on the nib, allowing for ink to flow freely as they spread.

Within us all, there is a supply of pigment surrounded by its wooden or metal casing. To create is to apply the pressure necessary for releasing the ink. You don't want your inkwell to run dry or the nib to split for good. But what good is a nice pen sitting in a drawer, the bottom of your bag, or still in the package, untouched?

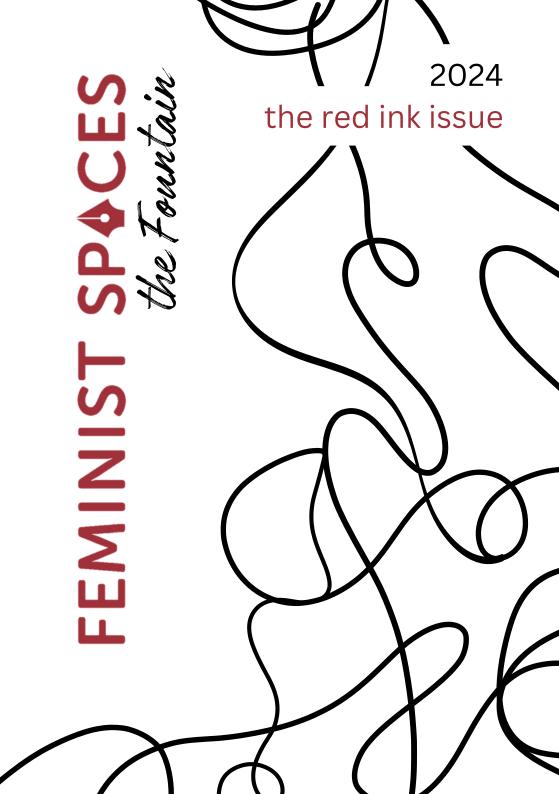
Scrolling through the emails of past submissions, I felt drawn to the mediums of expression contributors used. They yell, fight, and scream on a page. They claw at the confines of the PDF, and they drip from their deep wounds onto the canvas.

Existing as a feminine creative in the artistic space reserved previously for men exacerbates the need to create. Feminist Spaces creates a spot in academia that allows for feminist interpretation, critique of hegemony, and beautifully expressive multimodal art. But there's not room for everything we receive. And, as I said before, what good is it all if sitting and collecting dust?

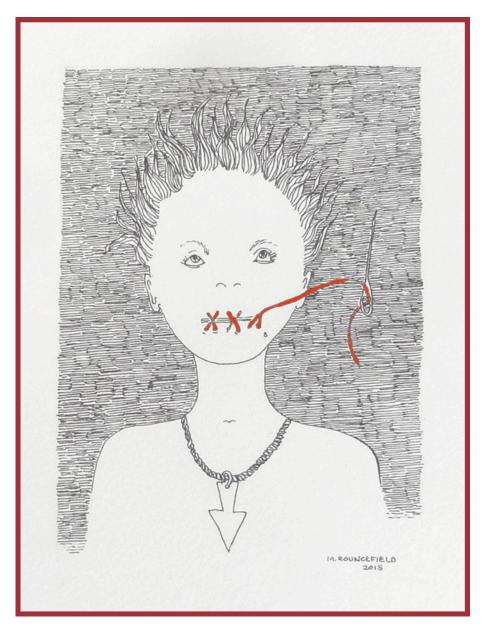
The Fountain is a meeting space for creativity, an apparatus for feminine homosociality, red ink in a black-and-white printing press. "The Red Ink Issue" is a spotlight for our contributors who, for one reason or another, didn't make it into the mainline Feminist Spaces issues. Their ink, or chalk, or thread, or oil, or pixels, come from a deep and incessant pain that, as Adrienne Rich says, criticism fails to locate.

Many thanks, as always, to the UWF English Department Chair, Dr. Kevin Scott, and our advisor, Dr. Robin Blyn. Without them, these projects would not be possible. Thank you, as well, to the *Feminist Spaces* Editorial Team, especially Natalie and Sydney, for allowing me to witness and compile these beautiful pieces. And most importantly, thank you to our contributors for your willingness to create and share.

Lauren Watkins
Associate Editor, Feminist Spaces



Mary Rouncefield **Untitled**



Angelika Forray "La Femme"

one:

the paradise between your legs many will want to visit only allow for the one that will care for it the others, will leave debris that will take many tears to clean

three:

I am a woman
I create
be it a child, a painting, a dream
it is my nature to care
for what I have birthed
to hold it
to make sure
it sprouts
from seed to tree
to provide shade for those
who come next

five:

i drive down paved roads signs of women i should be i can't see my self in any of them their perfection haunts me reminds me of what i try to hide my skin my thighs my little breasts resentment bubbles up i remember it's all make believe these women are shadows in the male dream they have the same flaws i do they have been edited for a snap in time and bravely wear them for a lifetime

Angelika Forray "La Femme"



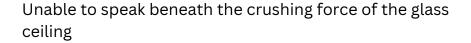
Kathy Bruce "De-Objectifying Heroine"



Ra'anaa Ekundayo "AFAB / ACAB"

I am an endangered species
But I sing no victim's song
I am a woman I am an artist
And I know where my voice belongs

Femininity my enemy
Like a poetic painter the patriarchy
illustrating an infantilised fantasy
Bare skin, naivety
and silence on my lips
A man's unwanted touch on my hips



My body can't take the weight My soul can't wait

How long 'til we shatter these porcelain shackles?

The world turns while they regress

No rights, just man and wife for eternity

Starve myself into submission Pluck and tweeze away my very nature Shake and jive to the rhythms of their lies for what? for who?

AFAB ACAB The man can't save me The man won't protect me

Sandra Bland. Aura Rosser. Janisha Fonville. Atatianna Jefferson. Breonna Taylor. Michelle Cousseaux. Regis Korchinski-Paquet.

Gone but not forgotten Lost but our voices found

Splinter the table and burn it to the ground

We are magic. We are divine.

Perfect in our image by the god's design

Stronger than they'll ever see More powerful than they'll ever know

And to the white man, you reap what you motherfuckin' sow

I am a woman I am an artist
And I know where my voice belongs

Tatiana Garmendia "Sheela Na Gig"







First and Last



Insecurity Blanket

Sam Rueter "Wolves"

I have this dream that I'm standing in the middle of the street.

Not just any street; but the one I grew up on. The only detail I notice is the air. It's warm, the sweetness of summer. My favorite season.

I walk beyond the front yard; towards the crest of the first hill. Something in the air shifts & I notice the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

Fear.

Every bone in my body suddenly telling me to run.

As I approach the road ahead, I notice them. There at the top of the hill, I see a pack of wolves.

Staring. Then crouching. They've noticed me.

Their body language changes. And I know they're ready for a hunt.

My heartbeat rings through my palms as my body adjusts.. Slowly backing away until my legs take me home, never looking back to see if they're gaining ground. Maybe that was my first mistake.

The dream visits me for years.

I become afraid of what used to be a safe haven.

Each time, the wolves draw closer. Now down at the bottom of the hill— Until they're only a few yards away. I can see them, baring their teeth. Their growls ringing in my ears. Less time to notice, less time to run.

Each time, I only just save myself— Awaken soaked in my own sweat. Each time, I'm startled by my lack of instinct. To be unaccustomed to sense the immediate danger; in a place I assume to be safe. To see them, snarling, each time I close my eyes— and continue down the road.

To be so foolishly naive.

But when I forgave you, the wolves stopped coming.

There was nothing left to outrun.

It was through the wolves I learned the hard lesson of trusting my instincts: even on a warm, well-lit summers day. With scraped knees and a pit in my stomach, I learned to recognize those who wish to eat me alive.

Monsters don't need to hide deep in the shadows; waiting to spring onto their prey from the dark forest or alleyway. Those would be easier to spot; to pinpoint, like a storybook. To name the villain.

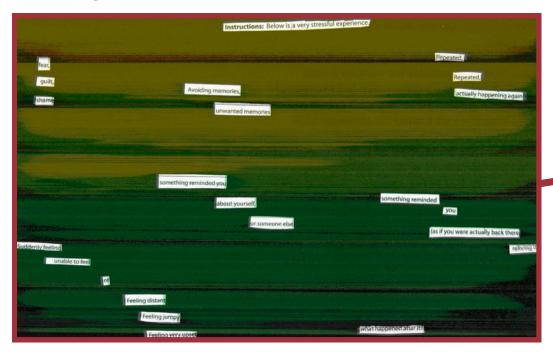
To decipher which to run from.

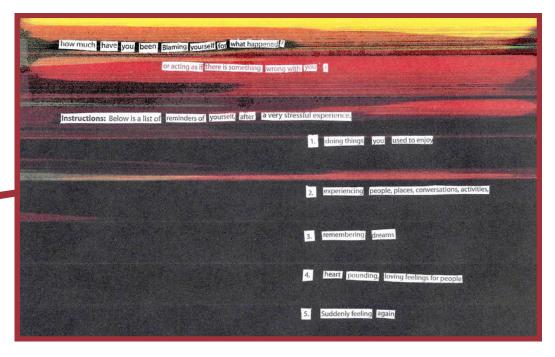
Sometimes, they wait patiently in plain sight.
Sneaking, lurking—treading. Slowly gaining ground.
Never presenting harm until they bare their teeth;
awaiting the first subtle sign of weakness.

Knowing you was like being hunted in broad daylight.



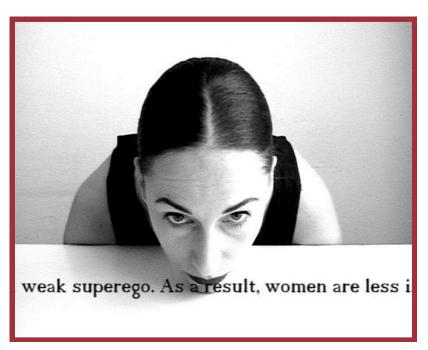
Sami Helgeson "44"



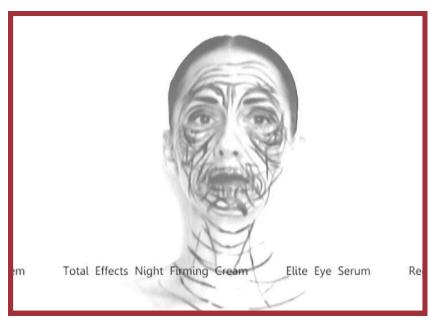


Sami Helgeson "14"





Structural Model



The Art of Aging



Simran Thapliyal

Gutted

The following is a quoted excerpt:

Ma, when I was researching on the method of uncovering our embodied histories, I everything apart from my incessant breakdowns and bathroom visits was the 'method'. When I looked within my own body and your body's pain as an archive, through the intestinal maze of our collective shame, I got entwined in our shared gut wounds. Alive, porous and bleeding, it communicated what we had tried to conceal all our lives. And when I decided to emulate this weeping, bleeding gut through an exhibition, I did not realise how mortifying this experience would be. I could see the textured fake blood dripping from my torn, fragmented body hung on the wall and feel the humiliation of being in this body. I could touch it, smell the ketchup on it, feel it outside of me, my shame had left my body to morph into its own being, alive as an entity, for everyone to see. I couldn't bear to see it. I was exposed. I had naively expected it to be a healing experience, but its materiality made it a profoundly shame-inducing experience. Here was this tangible proof that I was a failure too Ma, just like you.

And that we carried our worthlessness together, through our collective weeping gut, with me in your footsteps, carrying it forward and moulding it to become my own smothering hell.



In the process of searching for an appropriate method, I understood that the knowledge I was uncovering could not be fully articulated. Yasmin Gunaratnam emphasises that knowledge mustn't only be looked at as a "knowing how" but it is also important to consider a "potential of knowledge as a falling short" (Page 2017, 19).

In mapping embodied pain through acknowledging a falling short, I struggled knowledge as conceptualise in words what I was carrying. I knew there were feelings beyond words; there were smells, pains, sounds, textures that created upheavals in the process (Puwar and Frazer, 2008). research Perception is multisensory, and to grasp the elusive but pervasive affective self-knowledges, I relied on my sensory modalities in making-as-method. In a curious turn of events, as I tried to emulate our leaky gut, I poured ketchup to arrive at a consistency for the blood, and was overcome with the smell of the ketchup. Growing up, I spent mornings around the kitchen, begging for more ketchup in my tiffin, the smell brought me to imagine how different mornings looked like for my mother. The stink stayed on for days, the installation reeked of rotten tomatoes, and the haunting of the mornings opened new pathways of dwelling into my rotting gut.

For the full piece, including both essay and video art, scan here:





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Contributor Biographies

MARY ROUNCEFIELD IS A PRINTMAKER AND ARTIST WORKING IN DRAWING, TEXTILES AND SOME SCREEN PRINT. SHE IS BASED IN BRISTOL UK AND FORMERLY A MEMBER OF SPIKE PRINT STUDIO. SHE CARES VERY MUCH ABOUT THE INJUSTICES AND CRUELTY METED OUT TO VULNERABLE MEMBERS OF OUR HUMAN SOCIETY, AND BELIEVES THAT ART CAN BE A MEANS OF COMMUNICATION AND A CATALYST FOR CHANGE.

ANGELIKA FORRAY IS AN HUNGARIAN-CANADIAN ARTIST, AUTHOR AND POET. HER FOCUS IN VISUAL ARTS IS POTTERY AND PAINTING. SHE IS A PROCESSED BASED ARTIST, WORKING SPONTANEOUSLY AND INTUITIVELY. HONOURING NATURAL MARK MAKING AND BEAUTY CAPTURED IN EXPRESSIVE STROKES. THE THEMES OF HER WORK INTEGRATE THE NATURAL, ORGANIC WORLD WITH THE PHILOSOPHICAL. AS A MINDFULNESS MEDITATOR SHE INTEGRATES SIMPLICITY, CLARITY AND PRESENCE IN HER CREATIONS.

KATHY BRUCE'S COLLAGES EXPLORE ARCHETYPAL FEMALE AND MYTHOLOGICAL FORMS WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF POETRY, LITERATURE AND THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT. MS. BRUCE RECEIVED HER MFA AT YALE UNIVERSITY AND THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS. SHE IS BASED IN UPSTATE NEW YORK AND ARGYLL & BUTE SCOTLAND.

RA'ANAA YAMINAH EKUNDAYO IS AN EMERGING MULTIMEDIA VISUAL ACTIVIST SCHOLAR WHOSE PRACTICE EXTENDS BETWEEN TIOHTIÀ:KE (MONTREAL, QC) AND N'SWAKAMOK (SUDBURY, ON). THEIR WORK EXPLORES THE INTERSECTION OF ART AND ACTIVISM, PARTICULARLY CONTEMPLATING THE ENTANGLEMENT OF BLACK IDENTITY, COMMUNITY, AND FUTURITY. CO-FOUNDER AND CHAIR OF BLACK LIVES MATTER SUDBURY, RA'ANAA STRIVES FOR AN ACTIVE DECOLONIZATION OF EVERY FACET OF THEIR LIFE, SUPPORTING CALLS TO DEFUND THE POLICE, ABOLISH THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, AND FOR LIBERATION IN OUR LIFETIME.

TATIANA GARMENDIA IS AN INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST WITH A FIGURATIVE TWIST. HER WORK SYNTHESIZES FORMAL CONCERNS AND A HUMANIST ENGAGEMENT WITH HISTORY AND CULTURE. SHE WAS BORN IN CUBA DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE COLD WAR. REPATRIATION FROM THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT TOOK THE ARTIST'S FAMILY FIRST TO MADRID, AND LATER TO THE U.S.A. GARMENDIA IS A LIFELONG ARTIST WHO CURRENTLY LIVES AND TEACHES IN SEATTLE.

DIANA BAUMBACH'S CREATIVE WORK IS ROOTED IN THE ACT OF MANUAL LABOR AND DAILY PRACTICE. SHE EXPLORES INTERSECTIONS BETWEEN ART, CRAFT AND EVERYDAY LIFE. PROCESS AND MATERIALITY ARE CENTRAL TO HER WORK. DIANA EMPLOYS REPETITIVE - SOMETIMES OBSESSIVE - ACTIONS SUCH AS PIERCING, PUNCHING, STITCHING AND FOLDING TO GENERATE PATTERNS. PATTERNS APPEAL TO THE HUMAN DESIRE TO FIND ORDER, YET, WHEN MADE BY HAND THEY HIGHLIGHT THE TENSION BETWEEN REPETITION AND ERROR. DIANA BUILDS PATTERNS BY DEVELOPING A SIMPLE GESTURE WHICH BECOMES AUTOMATIC TO HER BODY OVER TIME.

SAM RUETER IS A MULTIDISCIPLINARY ARTIST WHO EXPLORES THE HIDDEN NARRATIVES OF THE BODILY FACADE, UNVEILING THE UNCONSCIOUS PATTERNS THAT DEFINE OUR EXISTENCE. BORN AND RAISED JUST NORTH OF NEW YORK CITY, SAM IS CURRENTLY LIVING AND WORKING IN CHARLESTON, SC. SAM RECEIVED A DUAL DEGREE IN BOTH FINE ARTS AND ARTS EDUCATION AT MARYWOOD UNIVERSITY IN 2013. HER WORK HAS BEEN SHOWN BOTH NATIONALLY AND INTERNATIONALLY, AND HER WORK CAN BE FOUND IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS AROUND THE GLOBE.

SAMI HELGESON WRITES ABOUT HOME, TRAUMA, AND YOUTH THROUGH THE LENSES OF GLACIERS, TECTONIC FORCES, AND QUEER GIRLFHOOD. HER POEMS ARE ROOTED IN MEMORY AND PLACE AND IN THEM SHE SEEKS TO PROBE AT UNDERSTANDINGS OF RESILIENCE AND CHANCE. ORIGINALLY FROM THE DRIFTLESS REGION OF WISCONSIN, SHE NOW LIVES IN THE HIGH DESERT OF DENVER, CO. SHE HOLDS A B.A. FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER IN ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE AND INTERNATIONAL STUDIES, WITH A SPECIALIZATION IN INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS, SECURITY, AND HUMAN RIGHTS AND MINORS IN LEADERSHIP STUDIES AND GENDER AND WOMEN'S STUDIES.

EVELIN STERMITZ WORKS ON MEDIA AND NEW MEDIA ART PROJECTS BY USING DIFFERENT MEDIA LIKE PHOTOGRAPHY, VIDEO AND NET, INCLUDING INSTALLATIONS AND CONCEPTUAL WORKS. THE FOCUS OF HER ARTWORK IS ON GENDER BASED FEMALE AND SOCIO-CULTURAL TOPICS. HER PROJECTS CONCERN GENDER, ROLE MODELS AND THE GAP BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN. SHE STUDIED PEDAGOGICS AND MEDIA COMMUNICATION (1996 – 1999) AT THE UNIVERSITY KLAGENFURT, AUSTRIA, COMPLETED WITH A MASTER'S DEGREE IN PHILOSOPHY.

SIMRAN THAPLIYAL IS PURSUING MA GENDER MEDIA AND CULTURE AT GOLDSMITHS UNIVERSITY, LONDON. SHE IS A YOUNG INDIA FELLOW FROM ASHOKA UNIVERSITY AND HOLDS A BACHELORS OF ARTS (HONOURS) IN ECONOMICS FROM RAMJAS COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF DELHI. SIMRAN HAS BEEN ACTIVELY INVOLVED IN SOCIAL INTERVENTION FOR WOMEN, QUEER AND INDIGENOUS GROUPS AT THE GRASSROOTS IN NORTHERN INDIA. SHE HAS CARRIED RESEARCH AND ACTIVISM FOR DIGNITY AND RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN SLUMS AND TRANSGENDER COMMUNITIES IN DELHI. SHE ALSO SERVED AS THE VICE PRESIDENT OF COMMUNICATIONS AT LIVE TO LOVE INTERNATIONAL AND WORKED TOWARDS GENDER BASED VIOLENCE AND ANTI-HUMAN TRAFFICKING AWARENESS CAMPAIGNS IN THE INDIAN HIMALAYAS AND NEPAL.

