

fall 2019 - performance

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We live in a visual culture that is dominated by the male gaze. This magazine acts as a window that looks out onto the world through the female gaze. This magazine focuses on the power of art, and its ability to celebrate the intersectionality of our world today. She magazine is interested aims to celebrate this intersectionality through image, text, and illustration.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

As women, there is a certain pressure to perform, to look a certain way, to act a certain way in order to live up to this idea of femininity. This idea of performance can manifest itself in different ways. For our third issue of She Magazine, we wanted to explore this idea of performance, and how it shapes the female experience. As well as how people rebel against, reclaim it, or reject it completely. Performance can take place in the form of gender, political, and self expression. As artists, performance often becomes mutually exclusive to our craft, this issue seeks to understand how female artists especially incorporate aspects of performative ideals into their work. Performance is most blatantly defined as the act of staging or presenting yourself in a certain way. Whether that is through literal performance, as an actor or a dancer, or personal performance, in the way we express ourselves, or artistic performance, how we exhibit our aesthetics visually.

About Our Magazine

Did you know that less than 4 percent of artists on display in the Modern Art section of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art are women? But 76% of the nudes depicted are of females? Since the beginning of art history, women have been cut out the picture. We started this magazine because, the bias when it comes to gender in the art industry is becoming a disparity that can't be ignored. Despite how revolutionized our world

has become, women are still considered the ideal subject. Women are portrayed as passive objects of beauty. An object to be desired. A mannequin. A prop. They are encouraged to strip themselves of intellect and become visual commodities rather than strong individuals with voices and ideas of their own. We are fascinated by the power of the gazes, and how the male and female gazes vastly differ from each other based on the context of history. The goal is to find a middle ground between the two, to be able to reclaim the tropes and norms created by the male gaze and turn them into something new and authentic. There cannot only be one way of representation, it is as novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie said, "the danger of a single story." Women and girls should be empowered by images, and they should be able to find themselves within them. While the beauty of women should not be ignored or devalued, it should not define her or objectify her. She Magazine is a space for women in art to speak their truth through a visual medium. We want this magazine to serve as a platform for women artists, a chance for them to tell their own stories through artistic means without the need for male approval and without the fear of retribution.

Meghan Marshall
Cecile Jeanne Reed



portraits de jeunes femmes

"All these photos are portraits that evoke many aspects of femininity.

I focus here on exploring the great strength and extreme softness of women.

I use film photography to best reflect all these emotions

I like the experimental side of this medium that intensifies the power of the moment"

- Cecile Andre

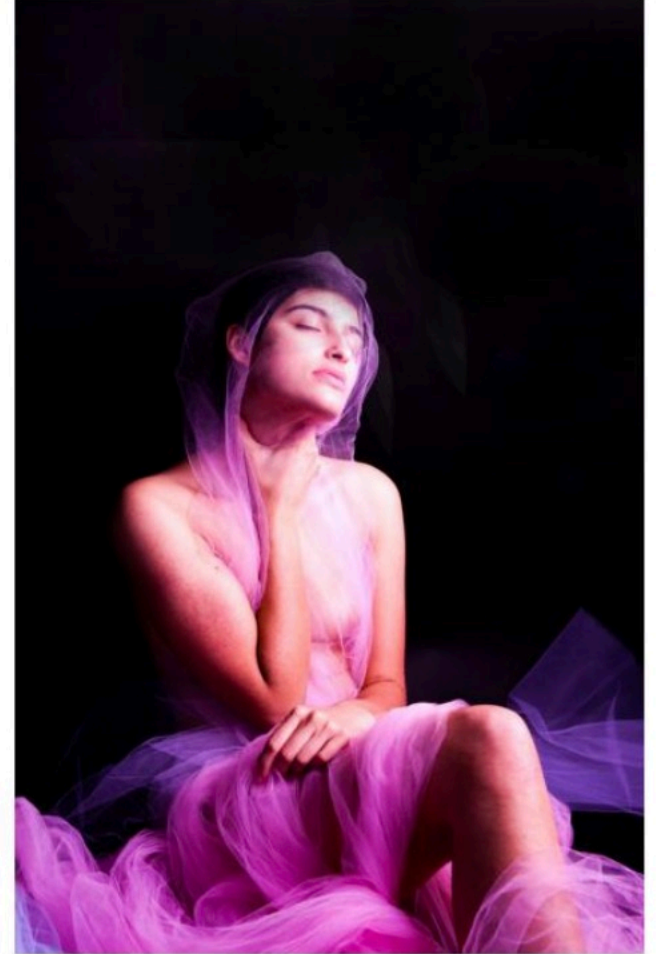
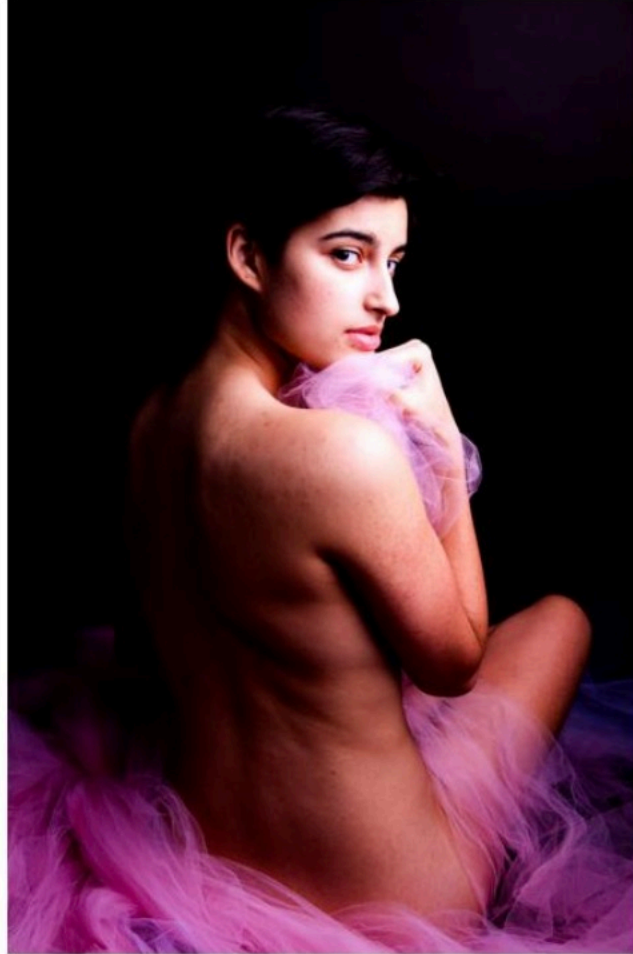






their projections

images by Meghan Marshall
creative direction by Marley Fernandes





I feel the most comfortable somewhere in between masculine and feminine. Power does not exist without sensitivity. Some days I miss being feminine. Some days I miss being masculine. I love my own fluidity and I cannot exist without it.

I struggle with feeling confident and secure in my body. Growing up, I wanted to exist in a feminine routine. Physically, I slouched. Tall girls intimidate boys. Boys in class ran from my broad shoulders and my heavy walk. Femininity meant being hyper aware of other's emotions around you. By the time I was in high school, I knew exactly what would make my boyfriend jealous; my actions pierced his surface, disturbing his deep insecurities like skipping stones. I wanted my femininity to comfort others, I wanted boys to make homes of it. Femininity is the knot in your neck from looking both ways before stepping on any crosswalk. Submitting to what others needed becomes automatic. With my bedroom ceiling staring down at me, I would practice giggling. I would try to make my eyes beg for him. In my mind, I needed to learn how to be a satisfying woman. I walked lighter on my feet. School dances turned into an assembly line of teenage hands working to make me up. Girls in my class rolled out their tongues like scrolls, listing what I could do to hold on to my femininity. My figure isn't petite, but I could lean against walls or look down at my shoes. Was my chest too flat? That was alright, as long as I wore tight dresses. I worked hard to feel feminine in the way that came naturally to them. I didn't like the 'idea of being swept off my feet.

At 18, I moved from San Francisco to London for university. Outside of my parents reach and away from minivan windows, I had the freedom to unravel the outline of femininity I had worked to push myself into. In that foreign city, I came out to my family over the phone. As soon as I could, I turned my back on femininity. It was therapeutic for me. I felt as if I needed to let go of what I had been told to be in order to portray myself. My clothes fled from the closet into garbage bags and

charity shops. The flood gates opened and I dumped my savings into the "Men's" section whenever I could. I had this idea in my head that the only body that "men's" pants can compliment has thin legs and a small butt. It is a hard expectation to shake, even after wearing "men's" pants almost every day. As I grew more comfortable with my gender expression and dated women, I began to worry that I wasn't masculine enough. My shoulders and arms weren't strong enough. Did I want my chest to be flatter? My gender grew into this wall around me, holding me at a distance from those whom I longed to fall into. The writing on the walls said that I was too masculine for him and not masculine enough for her. I fell into another set of routines: have the loudest voice in the room, open the door for her, and always impress him. In any relationship, the balance between performance and expectation is sensitive. I found it easier to lean into other's perceptions of me than to find comfort in my own body.



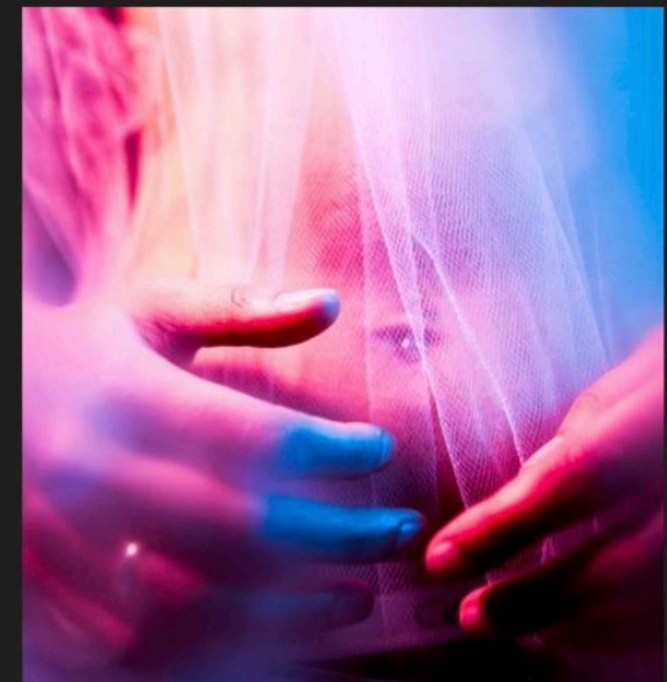
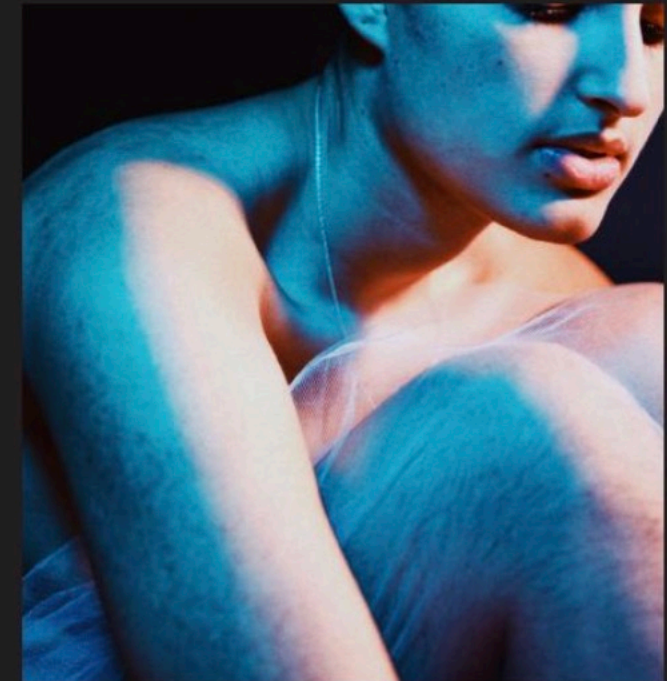
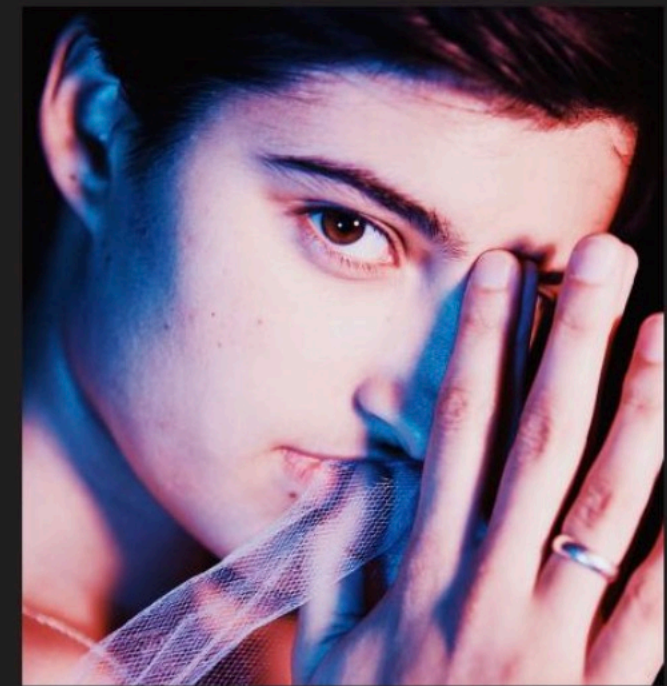
The collaborative photography series with Meghan Marshall, 'Their Projections' was created at a time in my life where I felt the most insecure. Leaving London, I slipped under water somewhere deep in Manhattan. Back in the states, family members would visit and friends from my hometown needed a place to crash on the weekends. I felt like a little girl under a fort of sheets in my bedroom trying to block out the noise coming from downstairs. The only way to make New York feel more like home was to lean into my own discomfort. My own performance left me feeling disconnected from myself. Underneath clothing, behind mannerisms, and between my learned routines...who was I? Being completely vulnerable, I wanted to touch the duality within the forms of gender.

In the photographs of Their Projections, the material of chiffon became emblematic, the blue chiffon became armor. I could hold onto the delicacy of masculinity with fists and I felt its weight in my lap. As a masculine human, I felt the pressure to be strong and confident in my daily life. Others projected their own expectations onto me. Suddenly, I held the power in romantic relationships. I was seen as the partner who could hurt their femme. I became the antagonist and she became the prize I had to fight to keep. The blue light against my skin held emotion in place, much like the expectation for men to ignore their mental health via unhealthy coping mechanisms. When I reached out to cismen at my university, they told me to laugh everything off and, when that failed, go to the gym. The advice I received made me feel like I was being herded away from others and abandoned to face my own corner. I needed to lean more into myself and I forced myself to embrace my femininity again. We placed pink chiffon on top of me because I wanted to feel powerful underneath its weight. Around my neck, I felt every conversation that, during which, I had held my tongue. Looking directly through the chiffon, I began to demand

the space that my feminine body had previously given up without hesitation. 'Their Projections' helped mend the disconnect I felt from my own body.

I feel the most comfortable somewhere in between masculine and feminine. Power does not exist without sensitivity. Some days I miss being feminine. Some days I miss being masculine. I love my own fluidity and I cannot exist without it.

I'm working to unlearn conventional beauty standards and instead lean into my own traits. One of my many routines, is choosing to be visible. The way that I present, I am constantly aware of my queerness and the impact that it has on every one of my interactions. I know the space that I take up. I don't want to hide from anyone and I don't want to ever forget who I am, but I need to take a deep breath. I need a second to exist as I am in my own space. A routine and a body. Without anyone or anything on my mind.



drama queen

By Dani Leshgold

On the outside of town,
the trees do the hula. I feel home. But then I
see ghosts on storefronts. They're just mirrors.
When I get to the house,
I feel his hand on my shoulder. Whisper in my ear.
Voice slurred, but sweet. Anguished. He moves my hair
to get to my ear. He has to tell me.

I open up like a grandfather clock.
I see him writing. The hairs on his arm are dark,
like Ovaltine. He looks at me
and we somersault into the Underworld.
My body feels insulated.
I'm sinking in tar. I reach for him, but he's gone.
I reach for ages, but my arm falls off.
Just like that. I'm not bothered. I

turn to my toes but

find them glued together. I got a pinch of his shirt once,
but I slipped.

I drown in my drama. It
spills over edges, like
champagne on a bad night. I'm afraid
of slipping backwards, I'm afraid of slipping forwards.
Balance.

A game I play alone in the dark. He was there, once.
I leave my feet in the tar.
My legs stretch, like taffy.
They are 17 feet long now.
I'm not bothered.



Sitting at the bar, a Bulgarian writer asks me if I have ever felt the ache of a year in my throat.
I ask what he means, and he says
like how the whisper of a lover in the dark swallows a moment whole.
He continues and listening to him speak feels like trees talking to each other. He says he can
tell that I carry my moments in my shoulders, never on my face. I do not know him, but I feel
compelled to tell him about being 6 years old and in love with the rise and fall of my
almost-sleeping-belly
and the strawberry seeds I caught between my teeth. He says that at 6, he played handball
with resilience. He says things I do not understand.
Have you ever felt gravity sinking through your bones?
like how the air in a room can change in a moment. This is how I feel when the Bulgarian
writer tells me about his mother, and his dead dog.
He asks me if I've ever felt myself racing to catch breaths, and I tell him about being 16 in
the dark. About storing night in my cheeks and holding my breath for an entire year. He says
he understands. The breaths always get caught
in now.
Have you ever felt losing time while it's happening? This is how I feel when the Bulgarian
writer pulls his wallet out of his pocket and finishes his drink. He tells me I look sad. I say
that I feel almost's through to my toes, and when I was 17, I learned emptiness like wait for
it.
He says he's sorry, and that he wishes to nourish me with blindness. I still do not understand
him. He leaves me, and I drop midnight into my eyes

the bulgarian writer

By Dani Leshgold

finding bright.

By Jaina Cipriano





finding bright

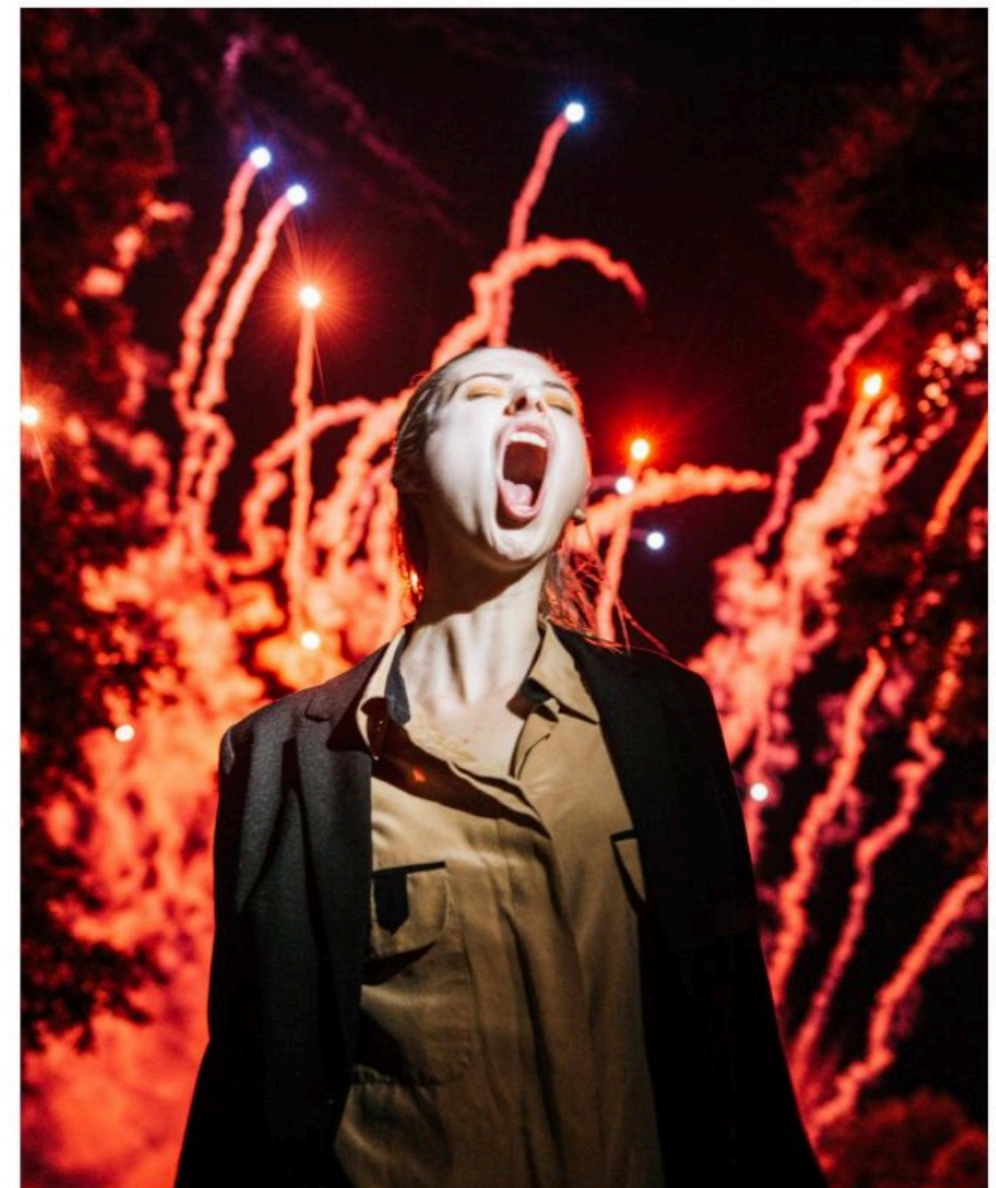
By Jaina Cipriano

Currently my work centers around coming to terms the visceral loss of childhood dreams. The sets I am building now are bright, theatrical and dramatic. I mix moments of childhood freedom with the sharp edges of an independence you are not prepared for. It is a drama made out of ordinary moments.

“You are not allowed to--”

“I’m doing it anyways!”

These are visual metaphors for the crushing lows of abandonment and the joyous heights of a potential salvation. Love and loss, lost and found. I have often felt that vulnerability is an authentic one woman performance, sweating under the spotlight as you unzip your core and showcase your guts. These photos capture that essence.





gallery.

Allis Chang
Gemma Cross
Juliette Banville
Isabel Damberg
Lucrezia Dipasquale
Chloe Dugourd
Noa Eden
Brooke Grant
Kavya Krishna
Braba Mason
Stefanja Orlowski
Anya Pertel
Finn Raba
Clara Reed
Lauren Stone
Michelle Ta
Samantha Winslow
Kayla Witmer



L'estate, Isabel Damberg 2019



Left: *Untitled*, Juliette Banville 2019
 Right: *Ocean Eyes*, Michelle Ta 2019





Untitled, Anya Pertel, 2019

a trillion miles

By Stefanja Orlowski from "Can I Borrow Your Face: A Renaissance of Poetry, Art, and Fashion"

How do I illustrate
The way I feel for you?
Promise the stars?
Swallow your sweet perfumes?
For you I'd climb
Snow covered mountains
And swim across the seven seas
If I was
one trillion miles away
Would you still love me?
I'd love you
one trillion miles away
For eternity

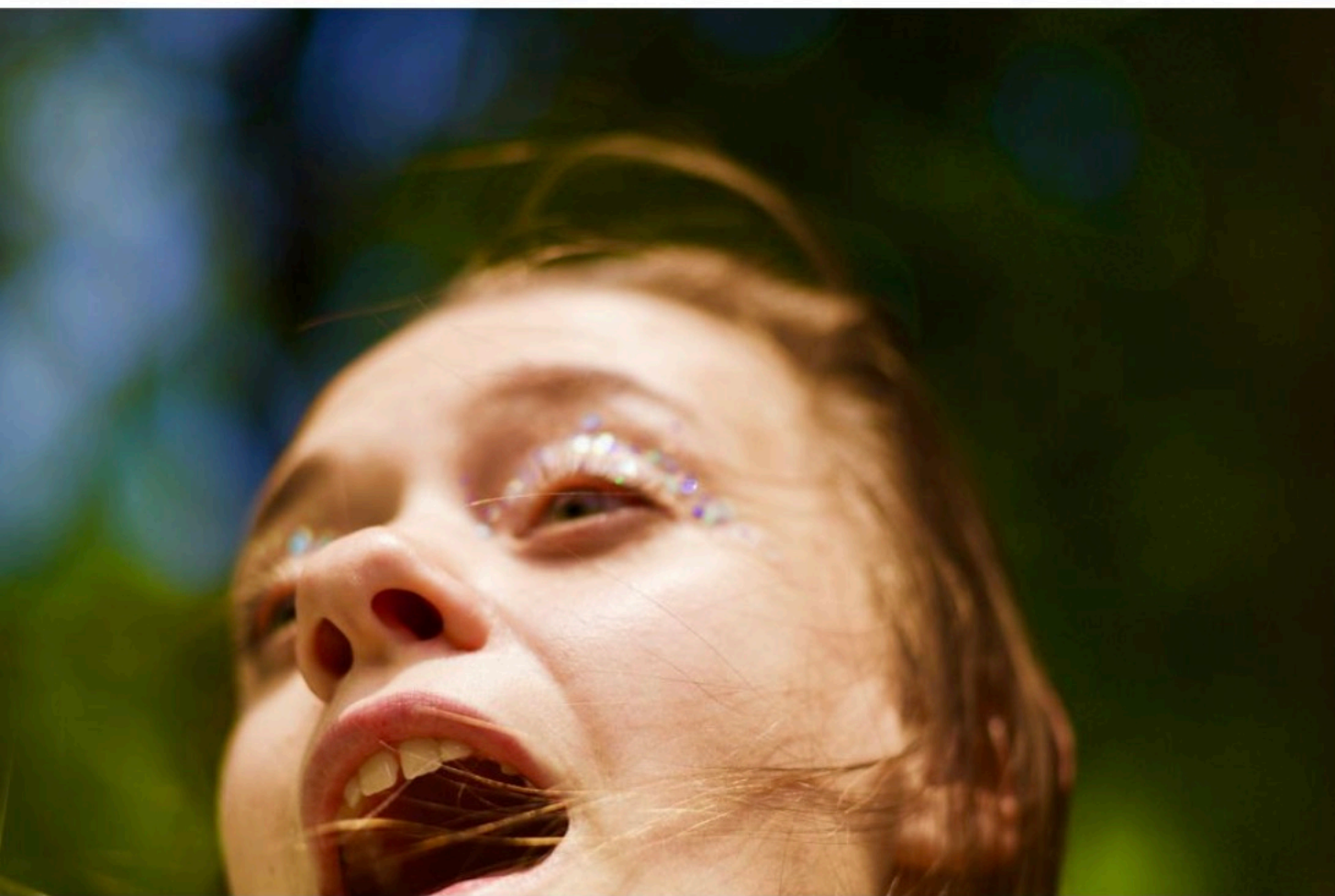
How can I demonstrate
The love I need to share
Give you the world?
Let's lay our feelings bare
For you I'd eat
Two poison apples
For you I'd burn 10,000 years
I'd want you
one trillion miles away
Would you still want me?
If I was
one trillion miles away
For eternity

I love you, a trillion miles, I love you
I love you, a trillion miles, I love you

If I walk on water
Could you think my love was real?
If I lived forever
I'd never play the field
Your smiles are angels
Bathing in bowls of cream
You drive me crazy
I swear on this diamond ring
I'd love you
one trillion miles away
Would u still love me?
If I was
one trillion miles away
For eternity



Let's Go Down to the Tennis Courts, Samantha Winslow, 2018



Left: *du bonheur*, Lucrezia Dipasquale 2019
 Right: *Roxy and Meg*, Lauren Stone 2019





Left: *Release*, Gemma Cross 2019

Right: *Sinjun and Solena*, Lauren Stone 2019





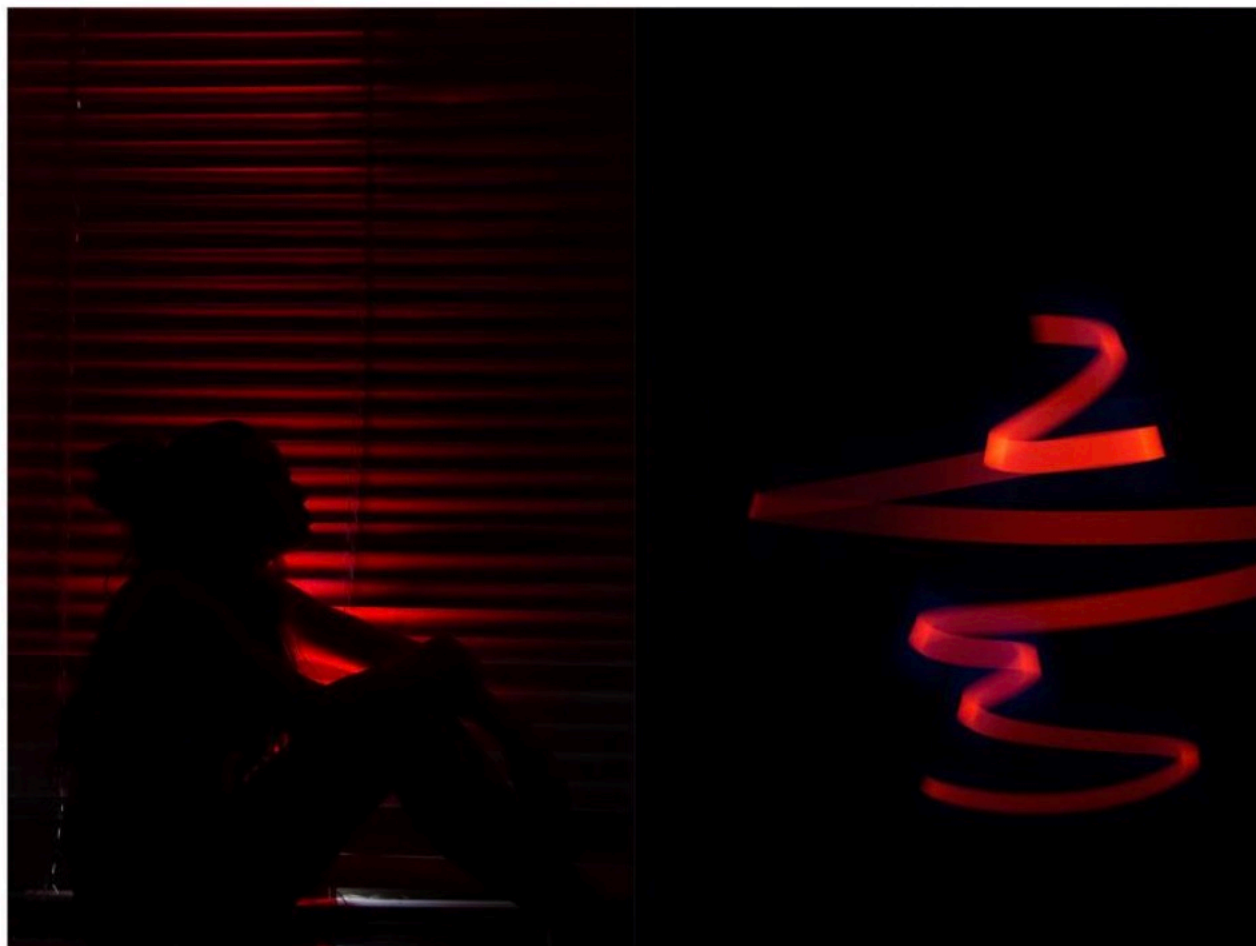
Left: *Never the Life of the Party*, Brooke Grant 2019

Right: *Amelie*, Juliette Banville 2019

anxiety

By Chloe Dugourd

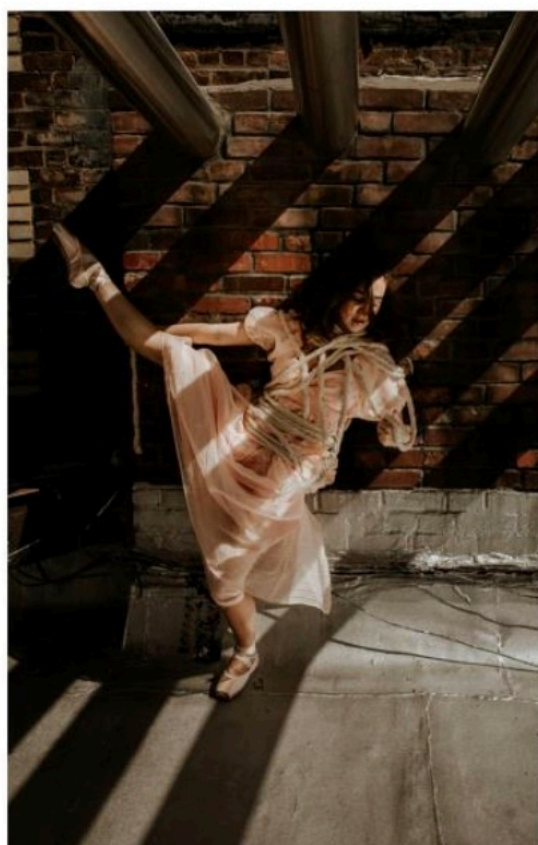
I started this project when I was just starting to figure out my anxiety and to really try to delve deeper into what I experience on a day to day basis. Anxiety is a very common struggle in modern life for many people, and this project focuses on the inner vs outer reaction to working through that struggle. I find it interesting to balance the calm exterior with the internal intense emotional moment. This play of expressing feelings that are not visually apparent through photography is a fascinating challenge in this series.





Left: *Blood in the Bathrub*, Finn Raba 2019
Right: *Annual NYC Dike March*, Lauren Stone 2019





Left: *Ariadne*, Clara Reed 2019
Right: *L'estate*, Isabel Damberg 2019





"I am always contemplating fluidity on the cellular soul level, beyond our physical self. Gender is often perceived based on an individual's prominent traits and whether they are viewed as dominantly masculine or feminine. The idea that a person must wholly encompass one gender is an outdated and undignified concept limiting our ability to experience one another. We all possess both masculine and feminine energies. Embracing fluidity allows us to bypass the physical form and truly see the person beyond their gender. These images represent the exploration and connection between two souls experiencing one another through fluidity as movement."

- Allis Chang



Left: *Sincerity is Scary*, Allis Chang 2019 (Models: Gina Lerman and Owl, Hair/MAU: Jordan Hamje)

Right: *Dead*, Michelle Ta 2019



Translucence, Noa Eden 2018



Left: *Untitled*, Kayla Witmer 2019
 Right (Top): *Untitled*, Kavya Krishna 2019
 Back Cover: *L'estate*, Isabel Damberg, 2019

