



Barbette's very first theme-exhibition 'In Bloom' is a tribute to the blossoming quality of feminine nature, wishing to expose it's sunshiny bright side as well as the darker, more capricious corners.
In this exhibition we pay homage to different ideas and symbols of 'blooming' femininity in culture and nature.

blooming

adjective

1. Bright and clear in complexion; not dull or faded:

creamy, fresh, glowing, peaches-and-cream.

2. Of a healthy reddish color:

florid, flush, flushed, full-blooded, glowing, rosy, rubicund, ruddy, sanguine.

3. Chiefly British. Completely such, without qualification or exception:

absolute, all-

out, arrant, complete, consummate, crashing, damned, dead, downright, flat, out-and out,

outright, perfect, plain, pure, sheer, thorough, thoroughgoing, total, unbounded, unequivocal, unlimited, unmitigated, unqualified, unrelieved, unreserved, utter.

Informal: flat-out, positive.

4. Chiefly British. So annoying or detestable as to deserve condemnation:

accursed, blasted, blessed, bloody, confounded, cursed, damn, darn, execrable, infernal.

Informal: blamed, damned.

Chiefly British: ruddy.



"I knew I had fallen in love with Lolita forever; but I also knew she would not be forever Lolita."

- Vladimir Nabokov, Lolita

Everyone knows the notion of the Lolita, and while her whole poetic being is inspiring and will take you into many recesses of the mind; some glorious, some... of a slightly more sinister temper, it stands true that even the Lolita, or should I say, especially the Lolita, is human, (If anything becomes heart wrenchingly clear in Nabokov's story, it would be that), but she gets to battle a very conflicting war on a daily basis. She is attacked, loved, misunderstood, underestimated, overestimated, crucified and put on a pedestal. This notion has fascinated me for a long time because after Lolita-hood this destiny doesn't suddenly dim or fade out, in some cases it even grows stronger and brighter.

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By highlighting Lolita in this exhibition i wish to recognize the rare feminine creatures who don't go from caterpillar to butterfly overnight, but get flung into the danger zone of Lolitahood while transitioning from child to woman, for they are, though it may be a relatively short period, forever marked by this life experience.



"'I WON'T have an abortion!' " shrieks the heavily protesting Catholic Rosemary. Perhaps the most thought provoking line in the movie.

The theme of (feminine) nature running throughout *Rosemary's baby (Ira Levin)* is most fascinating. Poor, defenceless Catholic raised and bred Rosemary, having been sold - unbeknownst to herself - to the Devil by her suggestible and success-hungry husband, deals with a very primal idea: that all life comes into existence through a woman. And so, in effect, also evil can only be born through a woman.

*

Rosemary's Baby is one of cinema's most iconic examples when it comes to the life giving qualities of femininity, which homes dark and light, good and evil, and raises more questions than it gives answers, which after all, is the satanic school of secular thought, sharply contrasting the reassuring, celestial promises of Catholicism.



The Exhibition

 2^{nd} of May – 14^{th} of June 2015









Descripitions

- Page 7 & 9: Uterus [excerpt, real size: 100x100cm, acryclic on canvas) and Dragon Eye [Acrylic on canvas, 50x60cm) by Ed Schaap (1965). Exhibit # A & B.
- Page 10 & 11: Hunger and Thirst [Oil on canvas, 70x100cm] by Elena Cermaria (1976) and Satyr Raid [Collotype 21x18cm] by Norman Lindsay (1879-1969). Exhibit # 1 & 2.
- Page 12: Every time I Put My Faith In You I & II by Sara Koning [Pencil on panel, 40x25cm] and La Dolce Vita [Original print, silver-proof, 24x18cm] by Pierluigi Praturlon (1924-1999). Exhibit # 3, 4 & 5.
- Page 14 & 15: Nude [Oil pastel on cardboard 50x37cm] by Floris
 Duijvestein (1976); Der Artz, das Mädchen und der
 Tod [Etching, 51x69cm] by Ivo Saliger (1879-1939);
 Peacemaker [Acrylic on canvas 60x40cm] by Ed Schaap
 (1965) Lich-amen [Aquarelle, 27x34cm by Nicole
 Verhalle (1969). Exhibit # 6, 7, 8 & 9.
- Page 16 & 17: Jeune Femme Melancolique [Lithograph, 39x51cm] by Lev Tchistkovsky (1902-1969); Femme endormie [Oil on canvas, 38x55cm] by Paul Laureaux (1847-1909); Mechanical Animals [Oil pastel on paper, 43x33cm] by Floris Duijvestein (1976). Exhibit # 10,11 & 12.
- Page 18 & 19: La Toilette [Pastel on paper, 96x79cm (oval)] by Antony Troncet (1879-1939) and Dioniso implora Sileno per le uve [Oil on Panel, 70x40cm] by Otto Brandt (1828-1892). Exhibit # 13 & 14.













Feminine Softness in a Men's World

Men are my favorite people.

I love women as I love myself and I wish to connect to other feminine creatures. I delight in my own softness and I long to recognize it in the women around me.

The love I feel for women is a very different sort of love than the love I feel for men. My love for the masculine is strong, earthy and utterly tempestuous in its nature. It's also unreasonable and pure.

My friends and followers on Facebook may be aware of my feelings when it comes to men and their admiration of feminine beauty, feminine presence. On several occasions, I have mentioned that I would never shame a man for uttering this admiration. No matter

how "racy" their praise and its way of conduct may get, I would never wrong a man for admiring the feminine, and how it is beautifully symbolized in our female flesh.

While some may call it superficial, vain or even misogynist. I disagree, emotionally and strongly. When a man expresses his admiration I do not feel objectified, used or looked at as "less" because I do not believe I am less, or that my body and sensuality are dirty. And thus I see it as one of nature's most beautiful and useful expressions and receive it as pure poetry.

When expressing my love of the feminine and masculine, I do not wish to focus on social inequality, social conditioning and the laws and rights ascribed or (historically) denied to women. But in my first blog-exploration of the feminine in the masculine world I do want to spend a little attention to it, so here I go:

In no way do I want to trivialize the triumphs of the first, and in part, the second feminist waves. As a woman living today I can only be grateful that certain social inequalities have been corrected and that we have been set free from these cages of social restraint, a feat greatly attributed to the passion and courage of these women before us that should be applauded with nothing less than admiration and gratitude.

I understand that in order for these courageous women to fight for their – and our – rights they had to connect with their masculine sides in order to battle, to make a physical change to social wrongs, to "fight fire with fire", so to speak.

And yet I can't help but feel that ever since the second feminist wave, women have somehow been locked away in an entirely new cage...

What's worse, it is a self-imposed cage. A cage I will call *the masculine mask*: an unfortunate side-effect that remains lingering long after the marvelous accomplishments of the feminist movement. As women took on the masculine roles to make a change and remove themselves from these social inhibiting cages, they lost sight of what makes femininity valuable and so very much-needed in a man's world.





It seems to me that this balance has never been restored, making it so that many women today walk around with this protective masculine mask, hiding away their most valuable feminine traits, because somewhere along the way they got confused with weakness. And this is a development that I greatly mourn.

The dreamy feminine is the haven the masculine aspires to sail onto. A sentiment best depicted by Greek Poet Homer. In his 'Odyssey' he speaks of the masculine represented in Odysseus, who spends ten long years roaming the seas to find his way home to his wife Penelope, their son and his mother country after winning the Trojan war and securing safety for his family and fellow countrymen and women.

Would it surprise you that James Brown's 'It's a man's world' is one of my very favorite songs? After reading this, probably not...

When reading the lyrics, you will see how it relates to my views expressed here.

"This is a man's world, this is a man's world but it would be nothing without a woman or a girl

You see, man made the cars to take us over the road Man made the train to carry heavy load Man made electric light to take us out of the dark Man made the boat for the water, like Noah made the ark

"This is a man's world, this is a man's world but it would be nothing without a woman or a girl Man thinks about little baby girls and baby boys Man makes them happy 'cause man makes them toys And after man make everything, everything he can You know that man makes money to buy from other man

This is a man's world, this is a man's world but it would be nothing without a woman or a girl

He's lost in the wilderness He's lost in bitterness"

In the center of this man-made world, the world of conquest, discovery and development rests the languorous world of beauty, warmth, reflection and love. All beautiful, desirable and honorable qualities.

It is time women dare take off their masculine masks to expose their inspirational, soft and feminine selves again. The world and its male inhabitants need us like the earth's plants need rain to blossom fully and healthily.

by Barbette Timmers, September 14 2013





Image Page 5: In Bloom (almost finished) by Elena Cermaria (1976) expected to arrive this June at our art salon.

Lyrics page 31, In Bloom (Kurt Cobain).

The themes and associations tied to selected works presented at the art salon are unrelated to the artist's intention.

With special thanks to Taco & Lou.

Barbette



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Sell the kids for food Weather changes moods Spring is here again Reproductive glands

And he's the one who likes all our pretty songs

And he likes to sing along

And he likes to shoot his gun

But he don't know what it means

Don't know what it means when I say: Yeah!

We can have some more
Nature is a whore
Bruises on the fruit
Tender age in bloom