



## Denmark

Kirsten Christensen, Bodil Damgård,  
Annette Hoff-Jessen, Anna Klindt-Sørensen,  
Kit Mosegård-Bruun, Helle Nyberg, Gudrun Poulsen,  
Ursula Reuter-Christiansen, Kirsten Teglbjærg,  
Frida Zachariassen

## Finland

Outi Ikkala, Inari Krohn, Pirkko Lepistö-Saarinen,  
Ulla Liuhala, Kirsti Muinonen, Marika Mäkelä, Ulla Rantanen,  
Sigrid Schauman, Saara Tikka, Pirkko Valo

## Iceland

Valgerdur Bergsdóttir, Sigrídur Björnsdóttir,  
Edda Jónsdóttir, Borghildur Óskarsdóttir, Bergljót Ragnars,  
Björg Thorsteinsdóttir

## Norway

Aase Gulbrandsen, Gunilla Hegfeldt, Björg Holene,  
Sonja Krohn, Inger Lampe-Soholt, Solveig Lohne,  
Unni Löwe, Anne Mariendal, Kari Rolfsen,  
Mette Schau, Tonje Strøm

## Sweden

Benedicte Bergmann, Thea Ekström, Saara Harju,  
Ingegerd Möller, Anita Nilsson, Vera Nilsson, Lenke Rothman,  
Birgit Ståhl-Nyberg, Ulla Wiggen, Marianne Ågren

Malmö Konsthall vill tacka konstnärerna Marianne Ågren och Bergljót Ragnars för att de så envetet har trott på och kämpat för sin idé om en stor utställning, där kvinnor från hela Norden skulle visa måleri och teckning. När nu de första transporterna anländer till Malmö Konsthall kan man se en stor variation i uttryckssätt, en del av bilderna berättar specifikt om kvinnors liv och situation, en del vidrör påtagligt inte detta ämne.

För att samla in denna utställning och för att den skulle kunna gå vidare, vandra runt i Norden, blev det nödvändigt att söka ekonomiskt bistånd. Nordisk Kulturfond har välvilligt ställt en summa pengar till förfogande. För detta vill Malmö Konsthall på alla de deltagande utställningsinstitutionernas vägnar framföra ett varmt tack.

Ett tack för ett stort arbete går förutom till de inledningsvis nämnda även till Kirsten Andersen, Köpenhamn, som i arbetsgruppen åtagit sig omfattande administrativa uppgifter.

Utställningen kommer att visas runt om i Norden under drygt ett år. Må den ses av många och väcka diskussion och debatt!

Malmö i maj 1980

Eje Högestätt    Ingvar Claeson

On behalf of Malmö Konsthall we wish to thank both the artists Marianne Ågren and Bergljót Ragnars for their persistent belief in their idea of a large-scale exhibition of the paintings and drawings done by women from all five Nordic countries, and for their struggle to realize this idea. Now, on the arrival of the first exhibits at Malmö Konsthall, it has become apparent that there is a great deal of variation in style. Some of the pictures deal specifically with the lives of women and their situation. Others do not touch on the subject in an obvious way.

Financial help was necessary in order to gather together this exhibition and enable it to be sent out later to travel round the Nordic countries. The Nordic Cultural Fund has generously donated a sum of money for this purpose. On behalf of all the participating institutes, Malmö Konsthall would like to express sincere thanks for this support.

In addition to the artists mentioned at the start we would also like to thank Kirsten Andersen, Copenhagen, for the large amount of work she has put into the extensive administrative tasks she has carried out in the organization team.

The exhibition will travel round the Nordic countries for over a year.

May it be well attended and provoke discussion and debate!

Malmö, May 1980

Eje Högestätt    Ingvar Claeson

## Inledning

För snart tre år sedan väcktes idén om en vandringsutställning med "nu levande kvinnliga tecknare och målare i Norden". Initiativtagarna Marianne Ågren och Bergljót Ragnars, båda tidigare elever vid Konstakademiet i Köpenhamn, presenterade utställningsidén för Malmö Konsthall. Med löfte om Konsthallen som första arrangör och katalogansvarig vände de sig till Nordisk Kulturfond, som 1979 anslag 100.000 D Kr som bidrag till utställningens insamling, transporter och försäkring.

I samarbete med kollegor i de olika nordiska länderna har de två konstnärerna inbjudit 47 tecknare och målare. De deltagande konstnärerna har inte arbetat efter ett för utställningen givet tema utan urvalsprincipen har varit att försöka visa olika utvecklingsfaser och tendenser inom den kvinnliga konsten. Därför har man dels inbjudit äldre banbrytande konstnärer som Sigríd Schauman, Anna Klíndt-Sørensen och Vera Nilsson, dels unga konstnärer som i flera fall nyligen avslutat sin utbildning. Tyvärr fick Vera Nilsson och Sigríd Schauman inte uppleva utställningsidéns slutliga förverkligande.

Utställningen inleds på Malmö Konsthall och kommer därefter att visas på fem olika institutioner i Norden:

Finland: *Åbo Konstmuseum och*

*Keski-Suomen Museo/*

*Mellersta Finland Museum, Jyväskylä*

Norge: *Galleri F 15, Moss*

Island: *Kjarvalsstadir, Reykjavik*

Danmark: *Aarhus Kunstmuseum*

I anslutning till utställningen har Karin Schönberg, under handledning av professor Sven Sandström vid Konstvetenskapliga institutionen i Lund, i utställningsform utarbetat en kortfattad översikt om den kvinnliga konstnärers situation från 900-talet fram till vår tid. Dessutom kommer två elever, under samma handledare, att skriva uppsatser. Hjördis Hindsäter arbetar med en undersökning av formspråk och motivkretsar hos några av de deltagande konstnärerna under rubriken "Finns det ett kvinnligt bildspråk?". Kristina Jönsson kommer att belysa samma ämne och genom en enkätundersökning vill hon redovisa publikens reaktioner på några av de utställda verken.

Vi vill slutligen framföra vårt stora tack till alla som hjälpt till och därigenom gjort denna utställning möjlig. Ett varmt tack till institutioner och privatpersoner som vänligen utlånat bilder. Ett särskilt tack till Jan Thurmann-Moe vid Munch-museet i Oslo, Bengt von Bonsdorff vid Amos Andersons konstmuseum i Helsingfors, C-J Bolander i Västerås samt Katharina Nilsson-Gehlin i Stockholm.

Anna Holmbom Kirsten Andersen

## Introduction

Nearly three years ago the idea of a touring exhibition of works by "now living women draughtsmen and painters in the Nordic countries" was aroused. The initiators Marianne Ågren and Bergljót Ragnars, former students at the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen, brought their idea to Malmö Konsthall. With Malmö Konsthall as first organizer of the exhibition and responsible for the catalogue they applied to the Nordic Cultural Fund which in 1979 contributed 100.000 DCr to the collection of the pictures, transport and insurance.

The two artists have invited 47 draughtsmen and painters to participate, in co-operation with colleagues in the Nordic countries. The participating artists have not worked on a special theme but the selection has been made with the intention of trying to show different developmental phases and tendencies in art created by women. Therefore, they have invited both older epoch-making artists such as Sigríd Schauman, Anna Klíndt-Sørensen and Vera Nilsson, and young artists who, in many cases, have just finished their training. Unfortunately, neither Vera Nilsson nor Sigríd Schauman were able to see the realization of the idea of the exhibition.

The exhibition will start at Malmö Konsthall and then be shown at five different places in the Nordic countries:

Finland: *Åbo Art Museum and*

*Keski Suomen-Museo, Jyväskylä*

Norway: *Galleri F 15, Moss*

Iceland: *Kjarvalsstadir, Reykjavik*

Danmark: *Aarhus Art Museum*

In connection with this exhibition Karin Schönberg under the supervision of Sven Sandström, professor at the institution of art history at Lund, has composed a brief summary of the situation of the woman artist from the 10th century up to our time. Two other students, also under the same supervisor, will write papers on the subject. Hjördis Hindsäter is working on a study of the forms and motifs of the participating artists under the heading, "Is there a feminine imagery?" Kristina Jönsson will investigate the reactions of the public to characteristics and features of some of the exhibited works.

Finally, we wish to thank heartily all those whose help has made this exhibition possible, including all institutions and private persons who have kindly lent us pictures. In particular we wish to thank Jan Thurmann-Moe at the Munch-Museum in Oslo, Bengt von Bonsdorff at the Amos Anderson Art Museum in Helsinki, C-J Bolander in Västerås and Katharina Nilsson-Gehlin in Stockholm.

Anna Holmbom Kirsten Andersen

## Inledning

Personligen känner jag ett stort behov av att utbyta erfarenheter med andra kvinnor. Jag tror att kvinnor många gånger genom ett nära samarbete kan få stöd av varandra för att visa sin särart och få mod till att uttrycka upplevelser, på ett sätt som blivit förtryckt eller inte accepterats.

Dessa tankar, som legat till grund för utställningen, fick gehör hos en god vän och kollega, Bergljót Ragnars, som jag lärt känna under min studietid vid Konstakademiet i Köpenhamn. Eftersom hon var isländska, växte idén fram om att försöka genomföra en utställning med målsättning att visa hur några nordiska kvinnliga tecknare och målare uttrycker sig i sina bilder.

Vi tog kontakt med Vera Nilsson, som genom sin positiva inställning gjorde att arbetet på allvar satte igång. "Egentligen", som hon uttryckte det, "har jag ju slutat att ställa ut men för sakens skull . . .".

Tillsammans med Bergljót har jag rest runt i Norden och i samråd med kollegor har vi inbjudit en rad konstnärer. Urvalet vi gjort med vår bakgrund som tecknare och målare är subjektivt och naturligtvis grundat på vår otillräckliga kännedom om alla nordiska kvinnliga tecknare och målare. Vår förhoppning är dock att utställningen ska ge en någorlunda representativ bild av vad kvinnliga konstnärer arbetar med i vår tid samt ge inspiration till liknande utställningar.

Katalogen innehåller, förutom en presentation av de deltagande konstnärerna, fem artiklar rörande den kvinnliga konstnärens situation. Artikel författarna är dels i utställningen deltagande konstnärer, dels konsthistoriker som på olika sätt belyser ämnet.

Utan Malmö Konsthalls garantier och starka stöd från början och under hela förberedelsearbetet, utan Eje Högestått och Anna Holmboms helhjärtade engagemang, utan Kirsten Andersens och Kirsten Simonsens underbara hjälp, utan ekonomiskt stöd från Nordisk Kulturfond och berörda utställningsinstitutioner hade projektet inte gått att genomföra.

Tack till deltagande konstnärer och artikelskribenter för er medverkan och ert stora intresse under denna långvariga arbetsprocess!

Marianne Ågren    Bergljót Ragnars

## Introduction

Personally I feel a great need for an interchange of experiences with other women. I think that women often, through close cooperation can give each other the support they need to enable them to show their individuality and give them the courage to express experiences which have been suppressed or unacceptable.

These thoughts which are at the bottom of the idea of the exhibition met with a response from my good friend and colleague, Bergljót Ragnars, whom I met while studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen. As she is from Iceland, the idea of organizing an exhibition to show how some Nordic women artists express themselves in their work gradually developed.

We contacted Vera Nilsson who, by her positive attitude, made the work start in earnest. As she expressed it, "I don't really exhibit any more, you know, but for the good of the cause...".

Bergljót and I have travelled round the Nordic countries and in consultation with fellow-artists invited a number of artists to participate. The choice is of course subjective based as it is on our own background as painters and drawers and on our insufficient knowledge of all women working in the field in the Nordic countries. However, we hope that the exhibition will give a fairly representative picture of how women artists work nowadays as well as inspire to similar exhibition projects.

The catalogue includes, besides a presentation of the participating artists, five articles concerning the situation of the woman artist. The authors are partly artists, participating in the exhibition, partly art historians who, in different ways, illustrate the subject.

Without the whole-hearted devotion of Eje Högestått and Anna Holmbom at Malmö Konsthall, without the wonderful help from Kirsten Andersen and Kirsten Simonsen, and without financial support from the Nordisk Kulturfond (Nordic Cultural Fund) and the institutions concerned, it would have been impossible to realize the project. We thank you, artists and authors, for your participation and your great interest during this long process.

Marianne Ågren    Bergljót Ragnars

## Danmark

" — Den første dags formiddag gik jeg rundt i en cirkel og holdt foredrag for mig selv.

Og da det var slut styrtede jeg ned og købte en kjole.

Nu kan jeg godt se at den var rædselsfuld. Den var blåmønstret og hedder 'LOW PROFILE'. "Kan De se hvor den kjole gør Dem slank i livet" sagde ekspeditricen. Hun var på min alder og tæbygget, hendes sminke sad perfekt. Jeg havde lyst til at protestere, jeg ER slank, men skidt med det.

Da jeg kom ud i den blændende efterårssol med kjolen på, var der ikke længere nogen der fløjtede.

"Du ligner en præstekone" sagde Freddie og forlangte en ledig stol til mig.

Frokosten var begyndt klokken ét. De havde allesammen siddet der længe og havde fået en jævn, rød tone i ansigtet. Hele rummet summede af stemmer. Mange af ansigterne var fremmede. Det må være elever som er kommet på vores hold mens jeg har været i Italien.

"Det er også hvad jeg forsøger på" sagde jeg og tog imod et glas. Det hjørne hvor mit staffeli plejede at stå var tæt pakket med lærreder som man havde stuvet tilside for at få plads til bordene. Jeg havde værret der for en måned siden og fundet en ny plads, men idag var det ikke til at se om den var ledig.

"Så har jeg da været heldig med noget" sagde jeg og skålede.

"Ja, du skulle ta og få klippet det hår. Det har jeg sagt til dig længe! Kom op til mig, så skal jeg gøre det".

"Nej," sagde jeg "Jens kan bedst lide mig med langt hår".

Hans ansigt blev mørkere.

"Hvem er du" spurgte en af de ny, han sad til højre for mig. Man kunne se han var faldet til på skolen — eller også er det bare det udtryk han har, som om han ler og er alvorlig på samme tid. "Hvad hedder du" spurgte han "Og hvad laver du?".

"Jeg? Jeg er sekretær i *Kunsthonden*" sagde jeg "Jeg hedder Helle".

"Er du det!" udbød han. Han tav, og sad lidt og fik et snedigt udtryk i ansigtet.

Da klokken var fire havde jeg fået snakket med de fleste af dem, jeg skal dele atelier med.

Jeg har spændt lærreder op og limet dem. Hentet flere lærreder hjemme, og er gået igang. Og her står jeg, alene.

I virkeligheden skal jeg stå her på atelieret sammen med fem unge mænd. Men de er for tiden optaget af en udstilling i Herlev Kulturhus og jeg har for det meste set dem fra vinduet

når de slæber store billeder og gibsfignurer (i stil med George Segal) in i varebiler.

Udstillingens katalog har et ærligt tilsnit — det er dekoreret med et billede af de fem deltagere fotograferet gennem varebilens vindue.

Sommtider kommer de herop mens jeg står og maler, et par af dem har villet uddybe vores samtaler fra frokosten.

En af dem er faktisk god. Når atelieret er tomt plejer jeg at gå hen og kigge på hans billeder, jeg tror, han er ganske ung. Det sker, at jeg kommer om morgenen og opdager han har ændret noget i et billede efter at jeg er gået om aftenen, han maler åbenbart om natten. Man kan se, han har store problemer med et af billederne.

4 oktober

Min første dag gik med at tegne.

Den anden med at opgave at tegne og male direkte på lærredet.

Den tredje dag begyndte jeg at destruera.

Så hurtigt kom jeg til DET studie. Jeg hentede flere lærreder og begyndte forfra, jeg havde et maleri fra Mortensens Rappsuite i tankerne. Der må være én reel form, tænkte jeg, alt det andet skal ud. Hen på eftermiddagen kom der farve i den røde, jeg så til min tilfredshed at den lyste roligt og fast og kunne ses på stor afstand. Nu ville jeg presse den med en lys kromoxydgrøn. Der er selvfølgelig at sætte alt på ét brædt, og maleriet var allerede meget smukt, men det var ikke nok, jeg måtte videre. Jeg stillede lærredet på gulvet for eftermiddagssolen var skarp. Mens jeg sad og blandede farven tænkte jeg på Madame Curie og Karen Blixen. Så var mit hoved blæst for tanker, jeg var smeltet sammen med min hensigt, ydmyg.

I det samme gik døren op.

Jeg lagde penslerne og sendte den intrædende et nik; i næste øjeblik blev jeg klar over at han var på vej hen for at omfavne mig. Jeg blev stærkt forstummet siddende, det var tydeligt at han ikke anede, hvad han skulle stille op.

"Jeg var bare så opslugt af mit billede" sagde jeg for at redde situationen "Lyset er anderledes idag, jeg kunne ikke kende dig."

"Alt i orden — det skal du skam have lov til. Heroppe er vi bare som vi er. Alt i skønneste orden, du."

"Det er vel nok godt . . ."

"Mal du bare videre, jeg går igen."

Jeg vidste ikke hvad jeg skulle svare og satte maleriet tilbage på staffeliet. Et øjeblik efter smækkede døren bag min ryg.

En time senere kom Steen. Han er tredive år og eks-hippie. Han havde en kasse øller med

foruden dem, han allerede havde drukket.

Han var begyndt nede på grafisk skole; og det havde været en overvældende oplevelse. Men for øvrigt lånte han for tiden en båd og malede ude fra den. Intet er som naturen, sagde han, og om jeg ikke ville med ham ud at ro, han skulle nok ro båden. Vi kunne nemlig let gå hen og blive ensidige heroppe. Da jeg svarede nej fik han et såret udtryk i ansigtet og jeg gik ud og lavede en stærk kop kaffe til os begge to.

Næste morgen gik jeg op på Freddie's kontor.

"Jeg har egentlig mest lyst til at stå i fugleburet" sagde jeg. Han tilbød mig straks at finde en plads. "Jeg kan se hvor optaget du er af den farve" sagde han og gjorde plads på skrivebordet så jeg kunne sidde dér. "Den røde farve lyser langt væk, man kan SE hvor du holder af den!

Jeg rødmede. "Det er jeg glad for" sagde jeg.

I hans vindueskarm står en afhugget gren som har kraftig krumning. Ovenpå den slynger en udstoppet hugorm sin zigzag-stribe ind og ud mellem knoldene.

"Jeg er utilfreds" Sagde jeg "Jeg ved ikke hvorfor".

"Hvorfor kommer du ikke og tegner model?" foreslog han "Det har du tag på — det skulle du gøre HVER morgen. Hver morgen klokken ni!"

"Det gør jeg" sagde jeg "Jeg har over hundrede tegninger. Det er så u-virkeligt"

"Det er en skøn pige vi har fundet, synes du ikke? Hun er skam skøn"

"Hun ville lige have været model for Matisse"

"Ikke sandt?" Han afbrød sig selv: "Sid stille — sid HELT stille i den stilling!"

Jeg fastholdt stillingen som han havde sagt.

Vi sad i lang tid uden at tale. Man kunne høre stemmer nede fra gården og lyden af en cykel, der blev trukket ud. Og nogen der sang omme i baghuset. Deroppe ligger operaen, man kan høre dem øve. Der er tale om at det danske folk ikke længere vil give penge til teatret, jeg spurgte Freddie om det var sandt. Han trak på skuldrene og smilede.

"Jeg er sikker på, du er en ånd" sagde han "Et gestalt — det må du være — det er dig, Dührer brugte som model for firehundrede år siden, dig som er stået op af graven — kender du den tegning?"

"Den af hans mor" foreslog jeg.

"Nej det er en Madonna, du må kende den — jeg VED du er et genfærd". Han begyndte at le.

"Jeg tror jeg går hjem" sagde jeg. Jeg var faldet fuldkommen til ro.

Han rejste sig og gik med mig hen til døren. Da vi stod i døråbningen lagde han fingeren

over sin mund og anbragte den ovenpå min. Vi vinkede til hinanden indtil jeg var forsvundet i porten.

Inat drømte jeg hele natten at jeg kysede en inder eller afrikaner — en mand, der i mørkret virkede sort men om dagen fik en gul-lig lod.

Drømmen var stærkt erotisk — jeg kunne mærke hans mund mellem mine tænder, en tyk og elastisk mund, som var helt stille, og halvåben. Tilsidst klynkede han. Jeg satte mig op i sengen. Pludselig forstod jeg at det ikke var mig, men Ulla, han elskede, og jeg begyndte at græde. Vi sad ved siden af hinanden i mørket med ranke rygge, jeg græd lydlost.

"Går du" spurgte han bedrøvet. Hans øjne var åbne — store og blide og mandelformede, helt åbne. Jeg nikkede og rejste mig. Han stillede sig op foran mig og var med et meget højere end jeg, nu virkede hans ansigt mørkere. Jeg løftede hovedet, vi stirrede på hinanden — og så slog jeg ham hårdt, to gange, tværs over munden.

(Afsluttende optegnelser fra mine akademi-år)

Helle Nyberg

## Finland

Förra året avled som över 100-åring en av den finska målarkonstens kraftgestalter, konstnärinnan Sigríd Schauman. Hennes levnadsarbete omspänner en lång tidsperiod inom finsk konst. I synnerhet är hennes verksamhet förknippad med att upprätthålla och fortsätta den betydande tradition som våra kvinnliga konstnärer innehar. Som konstnär och kritiker vågade Sigríd Schauman kristallisera sina tankar och målsättningar, uppskatta sin egen och andra konstnärers uppgift i detta lilla land, vilket så lätt isolerar sig: "Vi har under generationer lärt oss att se på konsten på ett bestämt sätt. För att kunna se på ett nytt sätt måste vi som människor växa. Man måste kunna frigöra sig från det invanda tänkesättet och vane-tänkandet. Vi måste frigöra oss från gamla synsätt på konsten, men trots allt bygga vår bild på naturens eviga lagar."

Under detta sekels första årtionden fanns det hos konstnärerna en medveten strävan att frigöra sig från detta "invanda synsätt". På 1920—30-talen lyckades de kvinnliga konstnärerna ihopsamla mycket av den finska kvinnans vinningar inom olika konstgrenar och inom folkkulturen.

Den kvinnliga konstnären har i den finska konsten redan tidigt varit en undantagsvis självständig och envis gestalt. På 1700-talet verkade Margareta Capsia ensam och utan

stödande konstnärsvänner men redan i början av 1800-talet bidrog den bildade klassens ökade konstintresse till att flickor ur ståndsfamiljer började kopiera och studera konst. På 1800-talet blev det snart till den grad en självklarhet att ha möjlighet till konststudier att, då utländska konstakademier vägrade inträde för kvinnliga studeranden, väckte detta allmän förundran och förbittring i Finland. De finska kvinnliga konstnärerna, vilka arbetade mycket intensivt tillsammans, kunde trots allt studera både i Düsseldorf och Paris, i Bretagne, i St. Ives och i Florens. Ifall de inte kunde skriva in sig vid akademierna och skolorna studerade de som privatelever. Helena Schjerfbeck, Maria Wiik, Ellen Thesleff och Fanny Churberg har alla kvarstannat i den finska målarkonsten som nyskapande, kompromisslösa och vidsynt iakttagande konstnärer.

Samtidigt som resultatet av deras fördomsfrihet och mod förmedlades till de kvinnliga konstnärerna i början av detta sekel, förflyttades till det nya århundradet även den återuppväckta hantverkarkonsten och allmogekulturen som 1800-talets nationella uppvaknande omhuldande ivrade för. Ett synligt och kraftfullt exempel var grundandet av Finska Handarbetsets Vänner 1879: inom den förenade sig den traditionella kvinnliga dekorations- och handarbetsverksamheten till en med omsorg omhuldad nationalegendom.

Då 1920—30-talens kvinnliga konstnärer lösgjorde sig från "det invanda synsättet" på konsten hade de sålunda två kraftfulla impuls-givare. Konstnärer såsom Impi Sotavalta och Maija Kansanen förenade i sina ryor och bildvävnader den av sina mödrar och Handarbetsets Vänner ärvda finska textila traditionen med bildkonstnärens fördomsfria och modiga målsättning. I deras textilier nådde den internationella modernismen inom bildkonsten sitt friaste nationella uttryck.

Finlands samhällsutveckling under detta sekel har lett till att flera traditionskraftiga hantverksgrenar försvagats. Strävan att sammanfoga nationella och internationella element, vilken fick en kraftig början och även uppnådde resultat, har stött på allt kraftigare motstånd. Samtidigt har konstskolningen differentierats i fria och tillämpade områden, vilkas inbördes kontakter är svagare än tidigare. Det förnyande och det traditionsmedvetna synsätten har småningom utvecklats till nästan två tävlande företag.

En stor del av denna splittring och försvagning av traditionen har just de kvinnliga konstnärerna fått bära. En sporrande faktor har dock varit, att då det åter finns möjlighet att på nytt dra fram den tradition som glidit ur händerna,

tycks dess kraft och livfullhet vara allt mera betydelsefull och givande.

Efter en nyvärdering av de kvinnliga konstnärernas förgångna, nuvarande läge och framtid, uppenbarades mycket nytt och självständigt stoff i den finska bildkonsten. Härom vittnar utställningens finska arbeten.

Marjatta Levanto

## Island

Hvorfor behöves en udstilling som denne?

Når vi står foran et kunstværk og beundrer den skaberkraft, der stråler fra det, da kunne vi forledes til at tro, at kunstneren er i besiddelse af usædvanlig styrke. At han er indehaver af guddommeligt kraft, der gør ham i stand til at overstige de hindringer, der tvinger os andre, den gemene hob, til at leve som stækkede fugle i et tremmebur af daglige pligter.

Er det kun mandfolk, der har den fornødne styrke til at bryde ud af buret?

For katten, det passer ikke!

Kigger vi sagen lidt nærmere efter i sømme-ne, så konstaterer vi at samfundets herskende ideologi såvel som de konkrete realiteter, lægger kvinderne næsten uoverstigelige hindringer i vejen til berømmelsens piedestal.

En af disse realiteter er kønnenes forskellige reaktioner overfor barnegråd.

En kvinde, der er i gang med at dukke ned til bunden af sit indre for at fremdrage de funklende kostbarheder vi kalder kunst, farer sammen, når hun hører denne lyd, glemmer sit ædle ærinde, farer hen til barnet og underkaster sig dets tarv og vilje.

En mand, der i sin skaberproces bliver forstyrret af et skrigende barn, reagerer stik modsat. Han begynder selv at råbe op, fægter med armene, og hvis det ikke duer, farer han ud af huset for at trøste sin oprørte sjæl på den nærmest liggende kro.

Bagefter vender han tilbage til arbejdet. Hvis han er ihærdig — og heldig — kan han eventuelt svinge sig op til berømmelsens tinde. Mens kvinden, der sidder tilbage med børnene får at vide at hun er åndeligt underlegen. Hun kan ikke fremlægge nogen som helst beviser for, at også hun har et "rigt indre univers".

Disse kendsgerninger genspejles ligeså tydeligt på den islandske kunstnerscene som i andre lande. De få malerinder af format, vi kan prale af på Island, har enten måttet afstå fra at stifte familie, eller de har giftet sig sent i livet.

Det kræver jo nu engang tyve år af kvindens bedste år at opfostre et barn. At den kunstneriske produktion herved formindskes, har intet



med vedkommendes skaberkraft at gøre.

En individuel skæbne bliver ved med at mase sig på i tankerne. En islandsk malerindes livshistorie.

Som en af seksten søskende voksede hun op på en afsides liggende gård på Island. Ung, fattig, rødhåret og vital kom hun til Reykjavik som en "pige i huset". En tegneblyant kostede det dobbelte af hendes timeløn, men hun havde nu engang fået den grille i hovedet at ville blive malerinde, så hun sparede sammen og gik på aftenkurser.

Da hun fik et barn med en ung mand af en bedre stillet familie, blev hans slægtninge rystede. En tjenestepige med kunstneriske ambitioner, det var ikke lige den ideale svigerdatter, og det blev da heller ikke til noget.

Men pigen opgav ikke kunstnerdrømmene — ved bl.a. at sejle som skibsjomfru i minebelagte farvande (dette var under den sidste verdenskrig), fik hun skrabet penge sammen til at studere på kunstakademiet i København.

Her blev hun gift, fik børn og boede med sin familie i det indre København, i en lejlighed så lille, at hun måtte bruge en dør som staffeli. Men hele tiden under børnenes opvækst malede hun altid mindst femten minutter om dagen.

Når de endelig var fløjet hjemmefra malede hun på livet løs og høstede en del anerkendelse. Men netop som det syntes at være ved at lysne, blev hun ramt af kræft.

Trods sin ukuelige kampvilje måtte hun bukke under for døden, lidt over halvtreds år gammel.

Vi kvinder er stærke, men den sociale virkelighed holder os fast i tremmeburene. Forhåbentlig kan denne udstilling i hvert fald oplyse, at der er mange kvinder, der ønsker at bryde ud og fastslå at også de har skabende evner.

Det kan vi kun gøre sammen. Vi må give hinanden den opmuntring, de mandsdominerede kunstkriterier er så nærige med. De har voks i ørerne og hører ikke børnenes gråd.

Inga Huld Hakonardóttir

### Norge

Kvinnelige kunstnere er på fremmarsj i de nordiske land. Dette er ikke nødvendigvis et resultat av kvinnebevegelsen i 1960- og 70-åra, men det er nok sikkert at den nye solidaritetsfølelsen i kvinnebevegelsen gir kunstnerne mer styrke. Selvtillit, praktisk hjelp, hjelp til å overvinne nedarvede redsler og mindreverd, gjensidig kritikk, stolthet over hverandres fremgang er viktige trekk ved de kvinnelige kunstnermiljøene.

Hva har så kvinnelige kunstnere å bidra med som er spesielt for dem? Er det andre motiver? Er utførelsen annerledes? Er arbeidsprosessen annerledes?

I tradisjonell kunsthistorie har vi myten om kunstnergeniet som er sentrert om sin kunst — den sterke mann, ensom, hensynsløs i utøvelsen av sitt kall. Han er avhengig av slaver (kone etc.) til å få mat i seg, feie dritten unna, holde seg igang. Barna er en forstyrrelse, "det daglige" er en avsporing, kunsten er EN ting, livet noe annet. Kvinnelige kunstnere går bevisst inn for å bryte ned denne myten.

Medmenneskelighet, innlevelse i andres følelser, omsorg, deltakelse i dagliglivet er ikke nødvendigvis "i veien for en kunstners utfoldelse", men kan gi inspirasjon, motiver og arbeids glede. Men den kunstneriske arbeidsprosess krever sin kvinne, kravene til kunstnerisk kvalitet er like sterke, og utvikling og eksperimentering i uttrykksformer og materialer krever tid og konsentrasjon. Derfor, skal "balansen i naturen" bevares, kreves det av en kvinnelig kunstner en ny timeplan, en ny disponering av kreftene, ja, kanskje en ny livsplan. Om dette vil resultere i at "liv og lære" blir samlet i en ny enhet vil tiden vise.

De kunstnere som stiller ut her representerer flere aldersgrupper og formale retninger, uten iøyefallende særpreg.

Tilskuerne får selv avgjøre om det likevel finnes fellestrekk som forteller at de er av hunnkjønn.

Skulle jeg peke på noe, måtte det være en interesse for nærobservasjonsgjengivelse av det sette uten å skape ideal. Fordi kvinnelige kunstnere kanskje er mindre belastet med samfunnsskapt myter om hva kunst bør være og hva kunstneren bør være, er det kanskje lettere for oss å gi motivet form utifra dets egne premisser.

Kari Rolfsen.

### Sverige

"Så kvinnligt!", kan någon utropa när jag visar mina bilder på en utställning, och jag blir alltid lika förstäm. Jag har försökt komma underfund med varför jag inte istället känner mig smickrad, glad. Jag tror att jag vid detta laget vet en del om det. Vadå kvinnligt?! Om ett skapat arbete är bra, skall man kunna säga: så konstnärligt, så mänskligt. Men schablonerna är djupt rotade och det präglar naturligtvis seendet, som så mycket annat.

Är inte män omgivna av tyger, barñ, dockor, trådar, skor, trafikskyltar, trasmattor, galler, blommor, sammanträden, väntsalar, operatio-

ner, bensinångor, stolar, bord, mossor, krig?! Uppräkningen kunde bli lång över allt det som omger oss, allt vi är indragna i, allt vi har att komma till klarhet med. Men det väsentliga är, menar jag, att vi har tingen och skeendena omkring oss oberoende av könstillhörighet. Antingen vi är män eller kvinnor delar vi belägenheten att vara människor.

Det som naturligtvis har skett är att både kvinnor och män har lärt sig att välja bort det de inte vill se. Eller befatta sig med. Följden har blivit att "bortväljandet" har fått sina etiketter. "Typiskt kvinnligt", "Typiskt manligt" har kommit att beteckna åtskilligt som i själva verket är: typiskt mänskligt.

När det gäller det skapade arbetet visar vi vad vi lagt märke till, vilka erfarenheter vi har, vad vi upplevt — kanske också vad vi längtar efter. Därför borde det angelägna vara huruvida vi har lyckats gestalta allt det vi ville meddela. Jag menar att risken finns att en täckmantel — eller två — smyger sig in i stället för ett välgestaltat arbete. Täckmanteln eller mantlarna, nämligen: gjord av kvinna — gjord av man —.

En vis man en gång, en Rabbi, välsignade någon utsatt person med orden: "De som inte skall se dig, skall inte se dig". Välsignelsen skonade den välsignade, han blev inte sedd av sina fiender. Jag önskar använda Rabbinens mening så; att det vi har valt bort att inte se, skall vi lära av varandra att se.

Att skapa med det viktigaste gemensamma mänskliga verktyget *lyhördhet* till att kunna orientera oss i vår snåriga tillvaro. Denna tillvaro där män, kvinnor och barn lätt går vilse.

Lenke Rothman  
Stockholm i mars 1980

### Denmark

"— On the morning of the first day I walked around in a circle, lecturing to myself.

And when it was finished I went down to buy myself a dress.

Now I can fully see that it was horrible. It had a pattern in blue and was called "LOW PROFILE". "Do you notice what a slim waist this dress gives you" said the salesgirl. She was my age and thickset, her make-up was perfect. I wanted to protest, I AM slim, but never mind.

When I got out into the dazzling autumn sun in my new dress, nobody whistled any more.

"You look like a clergyman's wife" said Freddie and asked for a free chair for me.

Luncheon had started at one o'clock. Every-

body had been seated for quite a while and their faces had an even, red colour. The whole room was humming with voices. Many of the faces were unknown. They must be students who had come to our quarters while I was in Italy.

"That's what I'm trying to do" I said, accepting a glass. The corner where my easel used to be was crammed with canvases to provide room for the tables. I had been there a month ago and had found a new spot, but today there was not a chance to see if it was free.

"Well, then I have been successful in something" I said and toasted.

"Yes, and you should go and get your hair cut. I've told you so for a long time! Come up to me and I'll do it"

"No," I said "Jens likes me best in long hair". His face grew darker.

"Who are you" asked one of the new ones, he was sitting on my right. You could see that he was already well adjusted — or is it just an expression of his, as if he were smiling and serious at the same time. "What's your name" he said "and what do you do?"

"I'm a secretary at the Art Foundation" I said "My name is Helle"

"You are!" He exclaimed. He sat in silence, a cunning expression appeared on his face.

By four o'clock I had talked with most of the people with whom I was going to share the studio.

I have stretched the canvases and glued them. I have picked up more canvases at home, and I've commenced. And here I am, alone.

Actually, I'm supposed to share this studio with five young men. But they are at present preoccupied with an exhibition at the Cultural Centre in Herlev and what I see of them has mostly been from my window, dragging big paintings and plaster figures (like George Segal) into delivery vans.

The catalogue for the exhibition has a true touch — it's decorated with a photograph of the five young men taken through the wind-screen of the van.

They sometimes come up here while I'm painting, some of them have wanted to go deeper into the conversations we had during that luncheon.

One of them is actually good. When the studio is empty I usually go over to take a look at his paintings, I think, he is quite young. It happens that when I arrive in the morning I discover that he has changed something in his painting since I left the previous evening. It's evident that he paints at night. You can see that he's having lots of difficulties with one of his paintings.

October 4

My first day was spent sketching.

The second was spent giving up sketching for painting directly on canvas.

The third day I started destroying.

That's how fast I got to that phase. I went to pick up more canvases and started all over again, I had one of the paintings in Mortensen's Rappsuite in my mind. It has to be in a sharp contrast, I thought, everything else has to be out. Later in the afternoon I found the exact colour of red, to my satisfaction I saw that it had the right intensity and brightness, and caught your eye from a long distance. I now wanted to mix it with a bright chrome green to give it the final, ultimate touch. This is obviously to stake everything on one throw of the dice. The painting was already very beautiful, but that wasn't enough, I had to go further. I put the canvas on the floor away from the bright afternoon sun. While mixing my pigments I thought of Madame Curie and Karen Blixen. Then my mind became swept free of all thoughts and I felt myself as one with my purpose.

At that moment the door opened.

I put the brushes aside and nodded. The next moment I realised that he was going to embrace me. Completely bewildered I remained seated, it was evident that he had no idea of what to do.

"I was so absorbed in my painting" I said to save the situation. "The light is different today, I didn't recognize you".

"That's all right — you certainly can do that. We are the only ones up here. Everything is perfectly all right, you know".

"Good..."

"Just you go on with your painting, I'll be leaving"

I didn't know what to answer and put my painting back on the easel again. A moment later the door slammed shut.

An hour later Steen showed up. He is thirty-two and an ex-hippie. He brought five six-packs of beer, not counting the ones he had already drunk.

He had started at the graphic art training school and that had been an overwhelming experience for him. Besides that, at present he had borrowed a boat, and was using it to paint in. Nothing is like nature, he said, and asked if I wouldn't like to go for a row with him, promising to row the boat. It's easy to get a one track mind up here. When I answered no he got a hurt expression on his face and I went to make a cup of strong coffee for the two of us.

Next morning I went to Freddie's office.

"Most of all I'd really like to be in the Bird-cage at the Academy" I said. He immediately offered to find me a place there. "I can see how absorbed you are in that colour" he said and made room on his desk so I could sit down. "The red stands out from far away, it's obvious how much you like it!"

I blushed. "I'm happy to hear that" I said.

On his window sill, there is a cut off branch with a sharp bend. On top of it there is a stuffed viper, which slithers its zig-zag body between the knots of the branch.

"I'm not satisfied" I said "I don't know why".

"Why don't you come and draw live models?" he suggested "You have the knack of doing it — you should do it every morning. Every morning at nine o'clock!"

"That's what I'm doing" I said "I have more than one hundred drawings. It's so un-real".

"We have found a beautiful girl, don't you think so? She really is beautiful".

"She could very well have been a model for Matisse".

"Yes, couldn't she?" he interrupted himself: "Be still — be COMPLETELY still in that position!"

I froze.

We sat for a long time without speaking. You could hear voices from the yard and the sound of a bike being wheeled out. And someone singing over at the opera house, you can hear them rehearsing from here. There is some talk about that the Danish people don't want to give money any more to the theatre, I asked Freddie if it was true.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I'm sure you're a ghost" he said "A spirit — you have to be — you're the one Dürer used as a model four hundred years ago, the one who is resurrected from the grave — do you know that drawing?"

"The one of his mother" I suggested.

"No that's a Madonna, you must know it — I KNOW you are a spirit" he started to smile.

"I think I'll go home" I said. I was completely at rest now.

He stood up and walked me to the door.

When we were standing in the doorway he put his finger over his lips and then placed it over mine. We waved to each other till I had disappeared through the gate.

Last night I dreamt that I was kissing an Indian or an African — a man, who seemed black in the dark but who got a yellowish complexion in day.

The dream was very erotic — I could feel his mouth between my teeth, a full and soft mouth, completely still and halfopened. Finally he whimpered.

I sat up in bed. Suddenly I realized that he didn't love me, but Ulla, and I started to cry.

We were sitting beside each other with straight backs, I silently crying.

"Are you leaving" he asked sadly. His eyes were open — big and gentle, almond shaped, fully opened.

I nodded and got up. He stood up in front of me and was suddenly much taller than I, now his face seemed darker. I lifted my head and we stared at each other — and then I hit him hard, twice, right across his mouth.

(Finishing notes from my years at the Academy)

Helle Nyberg

### Finland

Sigrid Schauman, artist and vigorous personality within the Finnish art of painting died last year, over 100 years of age. Her career covers a long period of time in Finnish art but her activity is above all associated with preserving and continuing the important tradition held by our female artists. As an artist and a critic of art Sigrid Schauman dared crystallize her thoughts and her aims, and also evaluated her own work as well as that of other artists, in this small, remote country: "For generations we have learnt to consider art in a very definite way. We have to grow as human beings to be able to consider art in a new way. We have to be able to liberate ourselves from accustomed and routine ways of thinking. We have to liberate ourselves from old concepts, and build our imagery based on the eternal laws of nature."

During the first decade of this century the artists consciously strived for liberation from these "accustomed conceptions of art". In the twenties and thirties Finnish women artists succeeded in bringing together much of what Finnish women previously had achieved in different fields of art and in popular culture.

Since early days the Finnish woman artist has, with few exceptions, been an independent and head-strong personality. During the 18-th century Margareta Capsia worked alone and without support from artist friends, but in the beginning of the 19-th century women from the upper classes started to copy and to study art as a result of the growing interest in art among the educated classes of the population. During the 19-th century it soon became accepted without questioning in Finland that women could undertake studies of art, and a general astonishment and exasperation resulted from foreign art academies' refusal to admit women students. But the women artists who worked very closely together could, in spite of this, study in Düsseldorf, Paris, Brittany, St. Ives and

in Florence. In those instances where they couldn't enrol in art academies and art schools, they became private students of art. Within the Finnish art of painting, Helena Schjerfbeck, Maria Wiik, Ellen Thesleff and Fanny Churberg were all creative artists, free from compromise and broadminded in their observations.

The result of their courage and lack of prejudice reached other women artists in the beginning of this century. Simultaneously, the compelling interest in handicraft art and peasant culture, which had seen a revival during the 19-th century's national awakening, was carried over into the new century. One manifest example of this was the founding of Friends of the Finnish Textile Art Association in 1897: here the traditional female art of decoration and needlework were brought together into a treasured national property.

Thus women artists were stimulated by two powerful influences when they liberated themselves, in the twenties and thirties, from "accustomed conceptions of art". In the rugs and weavings by Impi Sotavalta and Maija Kansanen the artists brought together the Finnish textile tradition inherited from their mothers and from the Friends of Finnish Textile Art Association with the courageous and unprejudiced aim of the pictorial artists. The international modernism within pictorial art attained its fullest national development in their textiles.

The social development in Finland during this century has caused a weakening among several branches of handicraft, which have had a strong tradition. The effort to join national and international elements had a forceful start and achieved results, but is now facing an increasing opposition.

At the same time art training has become differentiated into free and applied fields, where interaction is more and more feeble. The new and traditional conceptions of art have gradually turned into two almost competing factions.

Especially the female artists have had to carry the burden of this split and weakening of the traditions. When once again there is a possibility of bringing forth the tradition which has slipped through our fingers, it is encouraging that its power and vitality seem to be more and more important and rewarding.

A new evaluation of the past, present and future state of the women artists discloses in the Finnish pictorial art a variety of new and independent material.

The Finnish works in this exhibition are a proof of this.

Marjatta Levanto

## Iceland

Why is an exhibition like this necessary?

Standing in front of a work of art, admiring the creative power that radiates from it, we could be led to believe that the artist possesses exceptional strength, and divine power, which enable him to overcome the obstacles that force the rest of us, ordinary, mortal souls, to live like wingclipped birds in a barred cage of daily duties.

Is it only men who have the required strength to break out of the cage?

No, no, no!

If we carefully analyse the situation, we observe that the dominating ideology in society as well as the realities of life put almost insurmountable obstacles in women's path towards the pedestal of fame.

One of these realities is the two sexes' completely different ways of reacting to the crying of a child.

A woman, who is probing deeply within her inner self to bring forth the sparkling treasures we call art, is startled when she hears this sound, forgets her noble task, rushes to the child, and accommodates its needs and desires.

A man, who, in the middle of his creative process is disturbed by a crying child, reacts quite to the contrary. He, himself, also starts to scream, waves his arms, and if this doesn't help, dashes out of the house to console his upset soul in the nearest bar.

Afterwards he returns to his work. If he is energetic, persistent — and lucky — he might rise to the peak of fame. While the woman who sits with the children is made aware that she is intellectually inferior. She has no means to prove that she also has a "rich, inner universe".

These facts are just as clearly reflected on the Icelandic artistic scene as in other countries. The few women artists Iceland can boast of have either had to renounce marriage and having a family, or they have married late in life.

Bringing up a child requires the commitment of twenty of the best years of a woman's life. The resulting loss in artistic achievement clearly has no relationship to the women artists' inherent creative powers.

She feels within herself the need to achieve her artistic identity.

The biography of an Icelandic woman artist:

As one of sixteen children she grew up on a remote farm in Iceland. Young, poor, redhaired and vital, she got to Reykjavik as a maid. The price of a drawing pencil was twice the amount she received in wages for an hour of work, but as she was determined to become an

artist, she saved her money and attended evening art classes.

When she had a child with a man from a higher class family his relatives were horrified. A maid with artistic ambitions was not their idea of an acceptable daughter-in-law, and nothing came of the relationship.

But the maid didn't abandon her artistic dreams — among other things she worked as a stewardess on a ship that sailed on mined waters (this was during the last world war) and scraped together enough money to start studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen.

She got married, had children and lived with her family in the center of Copenhagen, in an apartment so small that she had to use a door as an easel. But she managed to paint at least fifteen minutes every day while her children grew up.

When they left home she devoted her life to painting and commenced to achieve a measure of artistic recognition. But just as things started to get better she was discovered to have cancer.

In spite of her indomitable fighting spirit, she succumbed to this sickness at somewhat over fifty years of age.

We women are strong, but social realities confine us to the barred cage. Hopefully this exhibition can show that there are many women who wish to break out, and that women artists also have creative ability.

We can only do that by working together. We have to give to each other that measure of encouragement that maledominated artcriteria so sparingly offer.

They have wax in their ears and don't hear the crying of the children.

Inga Huld Hakonardóttir

## Norway

Women artists are advancing in Scandinavia. This is not necessarily a result of the women's liberation movement during the sixties and the seventies, but the new feeling of solidarity within this movement has unquestionably given more strength to the artists. Self-confidence, practical help, support to overcome hereditary fears and feelings of inferiority, mutual criticism, pride in each others' success, all these are important elements in the women artists' environment.

But what is so unique in female art?

Are the motifs different? Is the workmanship different? Is the workprocess different?

In the traditional history of art, there is the myth of the artist genius, who is centered around his art, the strong man, alone, ruthless in the carrying-out of his mission. He is dependent on slaves (wife etc.) to get some food into his stomach, to have the house cleaned, to keep going. The children are a disturbance, everyday living is a distraction, art is ONE thing, life is something else.

Women artists are consciously trying to break down this myth.

Brotherliness, involvement in other peoples' feelings, solicitude, participation in everyday life need not necessarily impede the growth of the artist; these can provide to the artist inspiration, motivation and zest. But the process of artistic work places demands on its women, the requirements on artistic quality are equally demanding and development and experimentation in materials and in different ways of expression are also demanding in time and concentration. Therefore, if the "balance in nature" is to be preserved, the women artists have to make up a new timetable, a new disposition of their powers, yes, maybe a new life-plan. Whether or not this will result in a new unity, where "live and learn" will merge, remains to be seen.

The artists exhibiting here represent several agegroups and trends without any conspicuous characteristics. It's up to the beholder to decide whether there are common traits in the works of art presented that reveal they are created by women. If I were to point out anything, it would be the interest of the artists in depicting the close reality of life about her, without creating ideals. As women artists may be less burdened with myths about what art should be and what the artist should be, it may be easier for us to give the motif a form based on its own conceptions.

Kari Rolfsen

## Sweden

"Very female!", somebody may exclaim when I show my work at an exhibition, and everytime it makes me equally depressed. I have tried to make out why it doesn't flatter me and doesn't make me happy. By now I think I know quite a lot about it. Female! What does it mean female? If a work that somebody has created is good, it should be possible to say: very artistic, very human. But the clichés are so deeply rooted that of course a mark is left on, among other things, our vision.

Men are surrounded by fabrics, children, rag-rugs, bars, flowers, meetings, waiting-rooms, operations, petrol fumes, chairs, moss, war, aren't they? The enumeration of all the things that surround us, that we are involved in, that we have to make clear to ourselves could make a long list. But the important thing is, in my opinion, that we have those objects and those processes around us irrespective of our sex. Whether we are male or female we do share the state of being human beings.

What of course has happened is that men and women have learnt how to filter out those things they don't want to see, or that they don't want to concern themselves with. As a consequence, labels have been given to this rejection process. "Typically female" and "typically male" has come to signify a lot of things which basically are: typically human.

Regarding creative work, we project what we see, what has happened to us, what we have experienced — maybe also what we are longing for. That's why the important thing should be whether we have succeeded in giving form to all those things we wanted to communicate. I mean there is a risk that a cloak — or two — steals in partly concealing a well formed work. The cloak, or cloaks, being: made by woman — made by man.

A wise man, a rabbi, once blessed an endangered person saying: "Those who shall not see you, shall not see you". The blessing spared the blessed one and he was not seen by his enemies. I would like to use these words of the rabbi in the sense that; what we have wanted not to see, we shall learn from others to see.

To create with the most important common human tool true perception, so that we are able to find our way in our thorny existence. This existence where men, women and children so easily lose their way.

Lenke Rothman

Stockholm, March 1980

