

YOKO ONO

ARISING

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Personal Structures Art Projects # 09

YOKO ONO ARISING

Concept & Production by Yoko Ono

ARISING testimonials by anonymous women from all parts of the world

Edited by Karlyn De Jongh, Sarah Gold, Jon Hendricks

Interview with Yoko Ono by Karlyn De Jongh, Sarah Gold

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Yoko Ono RISING

© 1994 Yoko Ono, Photograph by Matthu Placek

Yoko Ono ARISING: A CALL

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YOKO ONO: ARISING

Sarah Gold: Yoko Ono, it is a great honour to be sitting here with you, and to have your work ARISING in our Venice Biennale exhibition PERSONAL STRUCTURES, here in Palazzo Bembo in Venice, Italy. I think this work is an amazing opportunity for women to express their experiences, and this seems to be confirmed when considering the response that we have gotten already: women from all over the world have been sending letters and emails and also in the exhibition itself women are contributing, by sitting down and writing their stories behind the desk that you placed here in Palazzo Bembo. It seems to help them to express their experiences, to share their stories. And it seems to open doors for other women who did not participate in your work, too.

Yoko Ono: I am very very happy that my work is presented here in this PERSONAL STRUCTURES exhibition. I think it is very very important that we reach other women. After I did this, I thought: "Did I forget about men?" But let's do women first, because women are really in trouble for over 2000 years. All that time, there was a male society. So, we just have to hear what women had to go through. I think it is very interesting to hear their stories and I did not expect it would open such a big door. Now this door is open! And there are so many women who wanted to say something, they are coming here to Palazzo Bembo. It is a very big thing: it is as if the whole world of women is getting the opportunity to say something.

Some of my work is just asking people for conceptual participation, but many of them ask people to physically participate. This is why it is interesting to me that these women are talking to me and there is a big exchange. I hope that this is going to help the world a little. Interesting is also, I thought we would be needing only about 20 letters from women.

Karlyn De Jongh: The response has been overwhelming so far. You got many, many more letters! And today, 9 June 2013, we are only at the beginning. There is still time until the end of the Biennale for more women to participate.

YO: Yes! As soon as we opened the website [imaginepowerarising.com], 84 women immediately came with their story. I thought, "What am I going to do?" I am going to treasure each one of them and this book is a record of the women's right in our society.

Karlyn De Jongh: Yoko, in this work ARISING that you are presenting here at the 2013 Venice Biennale, you have also asked the participating women to send or give a photo of their eyes. Why do you wish to connect the visual image of the person with their story? And why did you choose to ask only for a photo of their eyes?

YO: I am so glad that you ask that question. The reason is because many women are in danger of speaking out. We have to protect them. We cannot have a full face, because maybe they will be attacked again. So, I just wanted something from them—a part of the face—so that we can connect with that woman. When I saw some of the eyes, it was remarkable to see how destroyed some of the eyes are. Some of the eyes are really frightened or shocked. The things that these women went through, are visible in their eyes. I think it worked. The fact that we cannot ask them to show their faces nor to spell their full

name, is because of how our society is nowadays. That is how much we are threatened and how scared we are. We are human beings, so naturally we are going to be scared and that is all right. We have to protect each other.

SG: Your work is called ARISING. What does the title mean to you?

YO: We, women, are now rising together. ARISING expresses the rising of our spirits.

KDJ: ARISING is now presented in Venice, a city that is visited by tens of thousands of people every day. Why did you choose Venice as the location for showing this work?

YO: It is not about choosing the location. It happened. Many of my works have some kind of strong faith that I did not create. It just came to me and I really appreciate that. I found out that it is very difficult to do something here, with the burning of the silicone female bodies. "Did I make a mistake?", I thought. No! When you see the work and the video, you see that it was totally important that it was done here in Venice.

The sound that you can hear in the video is my voice, from my 1996 record RISING. The recording is approximately 14 minutes in length, but it is like that from beginning to end—no editing, nothing. I created that work a long time before this work ARISING. It just fits very well.

SG: What was for you the relation between ARISING and your record RISING? Why do you think the two works fitted so well together?

YO: RISING was telling all people that it is time for us to rise and fight for our rights. But in the process of fighting together, women are still being treated separately in an inhuman way. It

weakens the power of men and women all together. I hope ARISING will wake up WOMEN POWER, and make us, men and women, heal together.

It was very interesting, the way this record was created. I was about to do a recording session with my son and my son's friends. At that time, my son was a teenager. He and his friends were just impossible people. They came to my recording session and I thought, "What am I going to do? Can I trust them in playing my work?" I thought I would just do one harmony and said, "Just play that from beginning to end." It just went "whooom!", like that. No editing, no rehearsal.

I think it is important that I did it, because it is the voice of a woman who went through a lot of pain, which was me. The reason why I created such a vocal—many people disliked it, so I might as well get a credit for it—was because when I was a young girl, my mother told me: "Never go near the servants' room, because they are talking about things you do not want to know." Of course, I wanted to go there! I sneaked up and heard them speak, "Did you know that my aunt just had a baby? And having a baby is a very strange thing, because she was going "whoa, whoa, whoaaa!" I thought, "hmm, this is scary..." and ran back to my room. But I never forgot that.

Later I realised that in society, woman are liked for being pretty and making pretty sounds and singing pretty songs. Those are the ones that sell the most, not someone who sings "whoaaa!". If you cannot sell it, what are you going to do?

I thought, I have to tell the world that women are not just pretty, but that they created the human race. We brought the children into this world. And that is a very difficult act. It is not very much

spoken about, but giving birth is a very dangerous thing to do. Many women die from it. It is a very important and dangerous thing and we all have to go through it. It is not a pretty and happy thing at all. It is a very important and serious thing! It is even much more powerful than a huge earthquake. Each child that comes into this world is going to influence our society.

So, what are we doing when only showing the pretty side? The reason is that men cannot have babies. They do not want to know that the other sex can do that, in a way it is a competition between the people. They do not want to talk about it, not think about it. Men want to euphemise the situation, saying that it is such a beautiful thing and that women love to do it. Women love to do it? Let them do it! Then men will see that it is not that pleasant.

I learned all that and thought I should at least use some sounds that we, women, make. As soon as I sang, "Whoaaaaa!", the teenagers stopped working and all went into the bathroom. Because they could not say they wanted to escape, so they just went to the bathroom. When we made the song, John said "did you get that?", checking if the song was recorded. It was one of the rare moments that it was recorded.

This is the kind of thing that women go through and when you listen to that song, you will understand that it is your emotion. It is your experience that is turned into music.

KDJ: When we burnt the silicon bodies for your work, we went with a whole group of people to one of the islands in the Venetian Lagoon. There were also many men present. To burn these bodies, was a very strong experience for everybody I think, not only for the women that were there. It seemed to me that also for the men it was a strong experience.

YO: Yes, it would be unfair to say that men just like pretty voices. They are nobody without the presence of women. When you face them with this, then they start to understand. Now there are also what I call 'new-age men': there are many men who are very understanding and they are also suffering because of that understanding. John was one of those men and he always said he felt lonely, because there were not many men around who understood it. He wished there to be a group of men to talk about it, because he felt very very alone. Now there are many new-age men and that is great. When I am in New York and go to Central Park, I see many men pushing a baby car. Now this is a natural thing, nobody is surprised about it. But they do not know that when John did this, nobody did it. No man wanted to be seen with a baby car. I am very very happy that now it is a normal thing. I thank John for being so courageous.

SG: Do you think that by addressing these themes in your work and at the same time asking people to participate in your works, that you contributed in educating our society?

YO: Yes, very much so. The more you participate, the more you make this a normal thing. It became normal that women are strong. It is ok to be strong. We were so scared of being strong and we made ourselves small, I made myself small. In China they for example had to make their feet very small. Women were suffering from it. Every night they cried. That is how bad it was. That is how bad the society was to women.

Now it is getting better and better, but we have to understand: we are not the only ones in a society. We also have to understand the suffering of the opposite sex. They have suffering too, you know. I started to learn about this, when I was reading a lot of books about WWI and WWII, for example. The books described

how men's faces were destroyed and how they lost their limbs. It was a terrible situation that men went through. Men have a different way of dealing with it. They are so macho that they do not want to complain. But we have to understand all the difficult situations that they have, which they cannot speak about because they are macho, but they are very lonely. We women make men lonely in that sense. So, this work ARISING reaches to men as well.

KDJ: I have the feeling that through their participation, the women feel really part of it. They can share their thoughts, and maybe even share 'your' work. It seems almost as if 'the group' is making the work, rather than only you as an individual.

YO: Yes, this thing—participating and telling your story—is almost like a therapy. They can send in their stories of what they had to go through. It is like a therapy. However, it is better than therapy, because with a psychologist you can talk about your feelings and it is being taped, your personal words are being taped by the psychologist and you have to pay for it. In my work, it is really just about saying it. I feel the power of the people.

KDJ: What is it that you hope for, for the future?

YO: Well, for the future, I am always hoping that we are able to create a better society and we are doing it. Some people are skeptical about it, because we still have war. Ok. But you know, the thing is: the world did not collapse. Maybe we are holding up the sky, but at least we are still ok. We no longer have the luxury to indulge in negative thinking, because the thing is becoming incredibly dangerous and complicated. If we want to survive as a human race, we have to start by being positive. Be positive first and then complain later.

ARISING A CALL

WOMEN OF ALL AGES, FROM ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD:
YOU ARE INVITED TO SEND A TESTAMENT OF HARM DONE TO YOU
FOR BEING A WOMAN.

WRITE YOUR TESTAMENT IN YOUR OWN LANGUAGE,
IN YOUR OWN WORDS, AND WRITE HOWEVER OPENLY YOU WISH.
YOU MAY SIGN YOUR FIRST NAME IF YOU WISH,
BUT DO NOT GIVE YOUR FULL NAME.

SEND A PHOTOGRAPH ONLY OF YOUR EYES.

THE TESTAMENTS OF HARM AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR EYES
WILL BE EXHIBITED IN MY INSTALLATION **ARISING**,
MAY 28 - NOVEMBER 24, 2013, IN THE EXHIBITION,
PERSONAL STRUCTURES, AT THE PALAZZO BEMBO IN VENICE,
AS PART OF THE 55TH VENICE BIENNALE.

A BOOK WILL ALSO BE PREPARED OF THE ARTWORK,
AND A SELECTION OF YOUR TESTAMENTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS
WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS BOOK.

THE INSTALLATION **ARISING** WILL CONTINUE TO GROW
AND WILL BE EXHIBITED IN MANY COUNTRIES.

I VERY MUCH HOPE FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION.

yoko ono
April 29, 2013

Bring your testaments and photographs of your eyes in person, or send them by mail to:
ARISING c/o GlobalArtAffairs Foundation - Palazzo Bembo
Riva del Carbon 47930 - 30124 Venezia - Italy
or email to call@imaginepowerarising.com



RISING

Listen to your heart
Respect your intuition
Make your manifestation
There's no limitation
Have courage
Have rage
We're all together

Follow your heart
Use your intuition
Make your manifestation
There's no confusion
Have courage
Have rage
We're rising

y.o. 1994



I kept the negative of this photo hidden for 17 years, until the installation of ARISING.

I lived with a bully until the death of my mother, from the after effects of the Atomic Explosion in Hiroshima, Japan. The same year my marriage ended, ended also her silence of the 'Atomic Explosion,' like my own silence. (Out of my silence came Atom Bomb Baby, my platform, my voice for peace)

Life is a circle. The photo of my eyes can now be used to help other women see.

Karol



I have been beaten, raped by someone who was supposed to be a friend, fondled in elevators by men I've worked for, denied promotions for being a woman, dismissed as mere "help", and blatantly ignored, until I walked out, by the one man who should have loved me.

Still, I have faith in The Almighty Creator, wherever she is...

Ann



On Valentines Day, whilst waiting for my boyfriend, I was abducted by men who knew him. I tried to escape from the car saying I needed the toilet. When I tried to run away they caught me and beat me. I fell to the floor, the main man kicked me repeatedly. I was dragged back into the car and slapped.

It was pure chance the police showed up. I was too afraid to file any charges. I went home and cried and sobbed like a baby. I felt so hurt, humiliated and powerless. I thought they were going to kill me.

Lynn



I am not your plaything.

I am not your backup.

I am not your punching bag.

I am not yours to hurt.

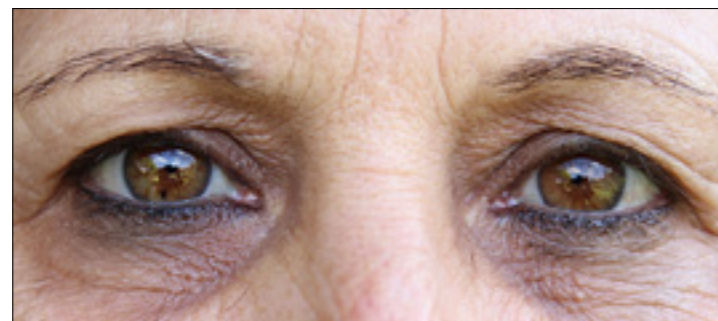
I am the vehicle to my future.

I am the change I seek to achieve.

I am the spark of a new life.

I am rising.

Caitlin



I am a survivor of sexual, mental and physical abuse. It all began at the tender age of infancy, when my paternal father sexually abused me. My mother did nothing to save me. Then, at the age of 13, my stepfather would beat me senseless, and also molest me during the middle of the night. This torture had lasted for 3 years, until I finally got the courage to tell my mother. My mother did nothing to help me, so I left home on my own.

As a young woman, at the age of 28, my boyfriend at the time, would become full of rage, and beat me so badly, I could not be seen in public, and I had to go to the hospital on occasion from being pulverized, with bones knocked out of place and cuts and bruises all over my head and body. He would always apologize, shower me with love and affection (often with gifts, as well). I finally left this psychopath after 2 years of being berated, beaten and left with a broken heart and spirit.

I am a survivor that lives to tell my stories. Even though the memories will always be fully intact, I am no longer broken.

Irvine



Thrown down the stairs and then beaten for trying to protect my child from my husband. It made me stronger.

Anne



I have been abused by you, betrayed by you, called names by you, laughed at by you, violated by you, disrespected by you, lied to by you, bullied by you, molested by you, ostracized by you, made to feel like I'm worthless by you.



He took my best times.
He denied my ideas.
He didn't listen to me.
He ignored my tears.
I left him.



Años de abuso verbal y violencia contra mi y mi imagen, mi todo. Atrás 17 años hacemos meses puede salir de tan tóxica relación. Todo puede ser diferente y uno tiene el poder de hacerlo y vivirlo diferente.

Ivana



When I was a child
I had to walk around
In front of you
Naked
When I was 12
When I was 13
When I was 14
Turning 18
I fell in love
You used me
Dropped and destroyed me.
It took me 20 years to heal

H



My name is "Anonymous" because that is how my father made me feel.

He touched and held her as tight as he could, though not in the way a father should. One day at a time was a secret test, he betrayed her love for an immoral quest.

Her mother had died and no one could tell as the little girl faced a living hell.

His slap was cruel upon her face; she tried to escape the evil embrace. His thoughts were wicked, his actions, impure; her innocent life was lost and unsure. She was trapped beneath a heart of stone—helpless... naked... and all alone.

When he had finished the heartless task, the father removed his darkened mask. Her heart was torn, her life bore a stain, she could never forget this awful pain.

...But she learned in life, one must forgive, or they can never learn to live. Through many years of tears and shame, she knows that darkness holds the blame.



Ma fille P à été violée il y a 3 ans. Depuis pas un jour, pas une nuit sans frayeur pour elle et pour nous mère et soeurs. La justice française a condamné le coupable. Un an après, dans la même ville, dans la même rue un autre homme a viole de la même façon...

Silence dans la ville, ne parlons pas des choses qui contrarient le business... "Montpellier la ville heureuse ou l'on ne se couche jamais" dit le slogan.

S



My father sexually, physically and psychology abused me for about ten years almost everyday in my childhood. I lived my childhood in terror and continued to feel that terror as a young adult. As a pre-teen, I was mocked and ridiculed for having large breasts. I was drugged and date raped when I was in my 20s and in my 30s. A man who was supposed to be my lover, broke my jaw and gave me a fat lip after months of telling me how I was not beautiful. I was discriminated against as a woman in a computer job because I wanted to be a technician but they only wanted me to do sales because "sex sells".

I left all of those situations because I am very strong, but my heart was still wounded.

Narcissa



La mia storia con “Il più bel ragazzo che tu abbia mai avuto” (come lo definiva la mia migliore amica) è durata due anni. Che qualcosa non andasse era chiaro dall’inizio... Più di una volta durante un litigio aveva minacciato il suicidio, una volta si era pure tagliato le braccia perché lo avevo minacciato di lasciarlo. Dopo un anno di gelosie immotivate, urla e insulti, cominciai la distruzione psicologica: “Sei una prostituta, solo io posso amare una come te, rimarrai sola perché non ti meriti niente”. Un giorno volevo uscirne e stavo per dirgli che era finita. Mi mostrò una pistola e mi disse: “Sai, ogni tanto vado a sparare al poligono”. Avevo paura, paura che venisse davanti a casa mia e sparasse a mia madre, a mio padre, a mio fratello... Così restai in silenzio per sei mesi, anche quando mi metteva le mani addosso, anche quando provò a strangolarmi... L’incubo finì una notte, litigavamo al telefono... gli dissi basta e lui mi disse “Sei un cadavere che cammina”. Mio padre mi trovò che piangevo nella mia stanza e dovevo “Mi ucciderà”. Mio padre mi portò a dormire con lui e mi disse che avrebbe risolto la cosa. Per paura non lo volle denunciare, mio padre gli disse di lasciarmi perdere e lui obbedì. A posteriori vorrei averlo fatto: la ragazza dopo di lui e quella dopo ancora non le ho mai conosciute di persona, ma mi è stato detto che anche a loro ha fatto del male. Denunciate... fermateli!

Silvia



Shame, blame, threats and retaliations.
Physical, emotional, psychic.
Simply for being a girl.
Raped by a roommate's acquaintance at 21.
In a room he bolted shut.
With a TV turned on full volume.
Hands around my throat pressing.
My eyes locking with his.
My voice and struggle silenced in a web of violence.
Simply for being a woman.



I was abandoned as an infant in China because I was born a girl.

Chun



My brother and his friend Jason wanted to play 'Spin the Bottle' for seven minutes in Heaven & I was the only girl. So I had to get nude first. At the age of 11, I had to play along and James, the larger brother, made fun of me for having a trainer bra. And then he came in the room when I lost. He tried to convince me that it was okay and he just wanted to look and I said no, but he grabs me, my brother. The other friend kept watching the door to see no one came in.

mm



I feel the abuse of men occurs within strong religious communities. Hidden by the love of *hashem*. In Judism we continue to hide & shame the female body. The abuse occurs in the enforcement of particular laws, in particular sections of the torah. While we ignore laws of sacrifice and land, we enforce female containment. I argue for liberation of women, liberation for all.



Leben ist die Freiheit nein zu sagen.
Du kannst mich nicht zerbrechen—Du nicht.
Du bist schwul geschickt getarnt,
und heiratest mich als dein Alibi.
Du prügelst mich in deiner Verzweiflung fast zu Tode nur
weil mir ein anderer Mann einen Kuss auf die Wange drückt.
Du sperrst mich im Haus ein,
und zündest im Gang ein Feuer an—
Du willst mich vernichten,
weil ich auf dem Papier deine Frau bin.
Ich kann doch nichts dafür eine Frau zu sein.
Du kannst mich nicht brechen,
auch wenn 24 Jahre oft die Hölle waren.
Die Narben auf meiner Seele sieht man nicht.

Leben—was ist Leben?
Die Freiheit nein zu sagen.

Biggi



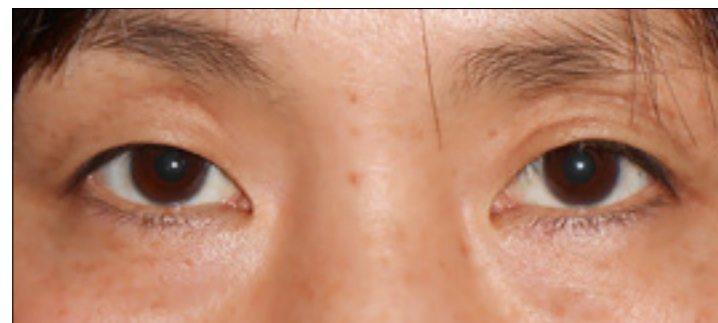
Labeled 'bossy' on the playground at age 5.
Saw a porno magazine at age 8.
Forced to loose virginity at age 14.
Called fat at age 20.
Called too skinny at age 24.
Labeled an angry feminist at age 26.
Called a lesbian at age 35.
Found herself at age 35.
Called a strong, smart, successful woman at age 37.

Jessica



I gave birth to a boy, but you were not there. You hated me because of all the books I had been reading. I decided Virginia Woolf was right: a woman should have a room of her own & her own money. No man will ever hurt me anymore. Women are strong, so strong they sometimes admit to be weak.

Mrs Dalloway



相信每一朵花的生命

Yue



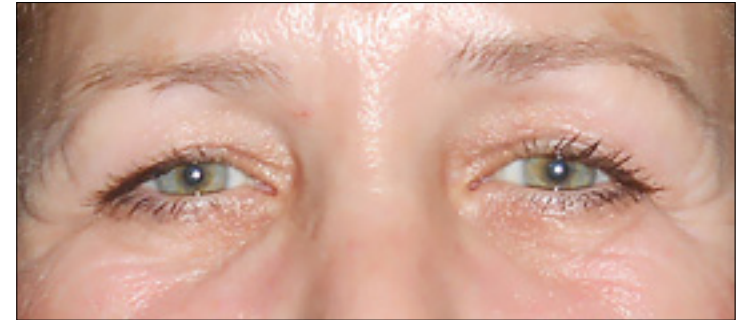
I was married at 18 to a man who lived in fear that I would leave; who would strike out with words and would cause physical pain. After twenty years, I came to my senses and left. It took that long to find the path to freedom because family continually stressed the importance of staying “no matter what.” My own physical limitations made me think I was useless, but with the realization of how wrong that idea was, I was able to take flight; figuratively and literally.

Eventually, I found a way to go back to college to study fine art and then on to graduate school. Now, I am a Professor of Art at a Texas college. It wasn't easy, but there have been numerous supportive people along the way.

Lesson learned: As long as one is still breathing, it is never too late to start anew.

I'm still breathing.

Glenda

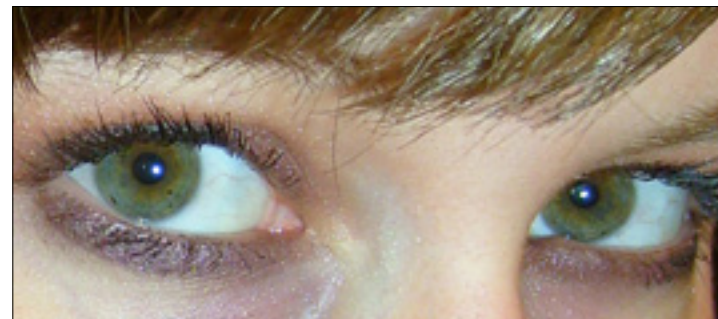


My asem is weggeslaan...
Vandag, 9 Augustus 2013, is vroue dag in Suid-Afrika.
Wangebruik het ek nie,
maar wangebruik, sal ook nie.
Want ek is vrou! En ek is sterk.
Al moet ek sterk wees vir almal.
Ek sal nie val!
Want ek is vrou!
My wens vir al die vroue in die wereld...
is die van Yoko—
Have courage.
Have rage.
We're rising.



I was verbally and mentally abused in a 13 year marriage. Always the victim—even in my job (which I was just let go from on Friday the 13th).

2014 is the beginning of a new me—no longer a victim—Power...



Cada vez que visito un oculista el me pregunta sobre la marca de accidente que se ve en mi ojo izquierdo... siempre respondo que nunca he estado en un accidente que no se de lo que el esta hablando.

Pero si se de lo que habla; no es un accidente de vehículo no me caí en el baño como tantas veces le aseguré a mi madre... uno trata de borrarlo y continuar viviendo feliz con lo que la vida de pone en frente... Pero aveces hay que recordar y apuntar el dedo hacia el agresor y decirle "tu hiciste esto... Y deberías de avergonzarse."

Años después no parece mucho trauma, es sólo una marca roja encima de mi ojo... Pero en esos días del pasado era como un huracán sin salida.

Lo bueno es que ese huracán es más mental que real... Puedes salir y escapar.

Hazlo, sal de el.

Mercedes



私は性暴力事件の被害者です。知らない人からの被害だけでなく、友人かのデートレイプなど、何度も性暴力で傷つきました。あの時、嫌だと言ってもやめてもらえなかったこと。

力では男性に勝てない無力さと、まるで命のないモノみたいに扱われた悔しさ。それでも、そんな加害者たちにこれからの人生は奪わせないし、他の誰にも私の人生はもう奪わせない。その覚悟でこの写真を送ります。



Don't you want to have a good time.

Innocent enough a walk and a kiss, wandering hands. I wanted to go back to the campfire. Body firmly behind me, neck in a choke hold, wandering hands. "But you smell so good." Looking at the beautiful starry sky... If this happens I will forever hate the stars!

Pushing away. "Let's go back to our friends." Silhouette rubbing himself in the dark. I run for my life. Not knowing the outcome, praying I make it back. I cannot scream; the bass is too loud.

His voice still echoes.

But I want to have a good time!

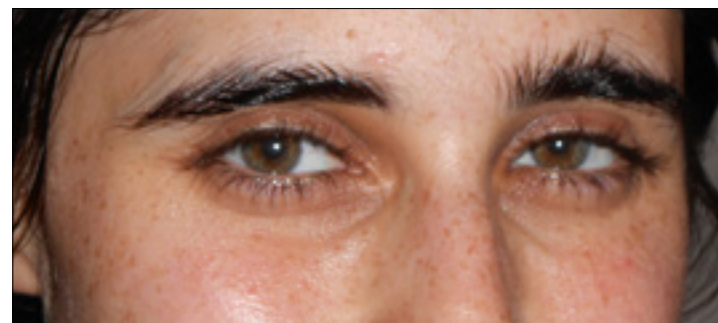
I'm safe.



I have rage that I could never speak.
Never really say what was on my mind.
"You cannot have the last word."
That is for Daddy.

Never beaten. Never physically abused. Do not think, young ones, that because you have not been raped, clubbed or beaten to a pulp you have not been abused. Abuse is what you take when you say "no" and they say "yes". Abuse is what you take when you stay in silence. Speak up little sisters, little ones. Respect your parents, learn from them by speaking.

Jean



I was 16. I was working alone. He came in, like any other customer. He started flirting with me. Then he abruptly turned, and turned back again. His eyes had changed. He looked insane, possessed. He then said: "I just killed my father, and now I will kill you." He held me at gun point for over an hour, torturing me. The worst part was that the store was full of people and no one helped. I felt betrayed by humanity.

I know now that I would rather die than be tortured.

Lauren



I once had my hand, arm, and back broken all at once by being drop kicked across a room by my husband in front of my 4 children on Thanksgiving Day because I wanted to help my sons take down their bunk bed while the turkey was in the oven.

Candy



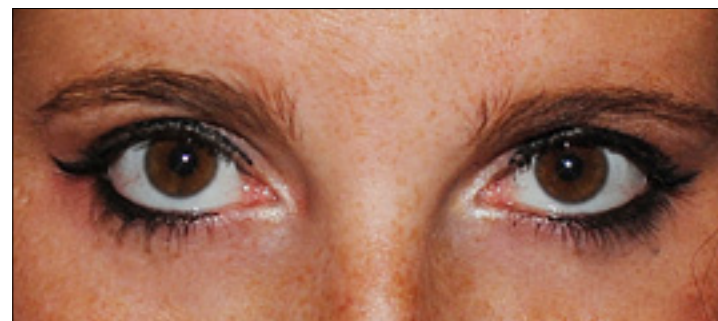
I let it happen to myself because I grew up in a society where women are naturally and traditionally submissive to men. Now I know how wrong it was, that I deserve better. I am free now, and my daughter is and will be free.

Matilde



Jag har blivit sexuellt trakasserad på arbetsplatsen när jag var ung. Sexuellt utnyttjad av en mycket äldre man efter att han fått mig så full att jag spydde. Jag har fått frågan om jag hellre vill vara man då jag har krävt att få min röst hörd. Jag har haft 8000 kr lägre lön än män i samma yrke. Jag har fått order av män att utföra uppgifter bara för att de tror att de har rätt att bestämma. Jag är den som upplevs obekväm när jag uttrycker att alla oavsett kön, etnicitet, klass eller funktionshinder ska behandlas lika.

Ingela



Escaparme, mentir, amar, reír, prometer.
Esperar, llamar, llorar, escribir, dormir.
Esperar, llorar, escribir, llorar, dormir.
Esperar, llamar, llamar, llamar, llamar.
Hablar, llorar, prometer, jurar, rogar.
Escondese, llorar, preguntar, recordar.
Olvidar, olvidar, correr, esconderme.
Volver a creer volver a amar, volver a reír. Volver a prometer?
Dudar, dudar, dudar, reír, querer.
Querer, pero dudar, dudar. Esconderme, mentir, escaparme,
defenderme. Gritar, llorar, correr, esconderme. Olvidar.
Amar, prometer, creer, confiar, esperar. Amar, visitar, caminar,
correr, reír. Amar, esperar, preguntar, esperar, llamar.
Esperar, preguntar, esperar, preguntar. Llamar, llamar, llamar,
preguntar, gritar. Llorar, preguntar, preguntar, implorar.
Perdonar? Convivir
Olvidar? Convivir
Confiar? Convivir, sobrevivir, subsistir.
Trabajar, convivir, limpiar, escribir.
Anhelar, convivir, escribir, anhelar. Anhelar, anhelar, anhelar.
Dana



Because of jealousy and to keep women competitors out of the "old boys network", I was repeatedly treated badly, unfair and bullied and harassed by male colleagues and peers so that in result I had to try to make career in another country. I'm still working and living outside my home country, which is Germany, and where women in leading positions until today range below 10%. This is the reality in this so-called First World.

Yvonne



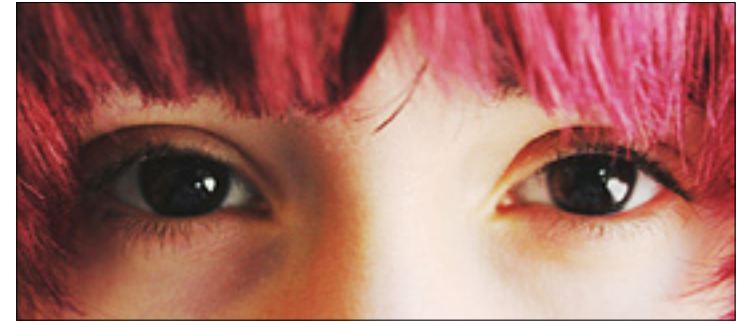
He claims he still loves me. He says he has never been able to get me out of his mind. He seems surprised that I didn't like the experience of an ongoing (non)relationship.

Now, 29 years later, he would like me to be part of his life again and has been trying to gain power over my mind by leaving me occasional messages.

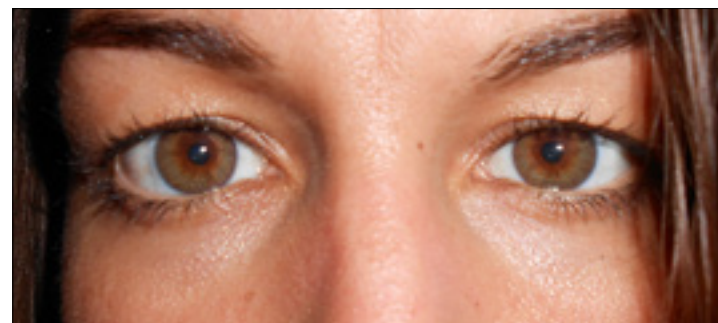
How could I possibly want him back! How could I want a man who didn't even make a move when I almost drowned in front of him?... not to mention the numerous times he lied to me and cheated on me. Not only did he always make me feel neglected, but I simply never felt safe around him.

Solitude has never been easy. Yet I think I have grown stronger and stronger by the years. I have slowly learned to do good to myself instead of sacrificing my existence to a psychopath's fantasy, I have developed my intuition and learned to stay away from danger. All that's left to do now is to forgive myself for wasting so much time and energy over him...

Claire



My eating disorder developed because I felt invisible to men and I tried to make myself perfect in order to win their attention.



She was not able to hold up my little sister to breast feed. I had to hold her up to my mother's breast. 14 years go by: I get a phone call from that same little sister, asking me: "Mom told me to call you and ask what my father did to you?" Probably the worst part of all of this, for this makes me cry, angry. My little sister has to be told of horrible things her father has done. I tell her of my memories and to this day (two years later) she is still in a bit of denial. I am angry for her: I can heal and love again! But how do you heal and love your own father, knowing what he has done to your own sister and mother... bastard!

Often I wonder: Did it really happen? Did I make it all up? I don't cry, I don't feel sad. It is hard to remember details and even my age, I was 5 or 6? Maybe I was too young to remember or maybe I have buried it inside... Memories or imagination? Feeling of my stepfather's weight on top of me. I could barely breathe. He spit on his fingers and touched my '6 year old' vagina. Was it only his fingers? I do not remember more... Showering with my stepbrother, wanting me to give him a blowjob, like in the porno we just watched... Seeing my mother's entire left side black and blue after being thrown 10 feet by my stepfather.

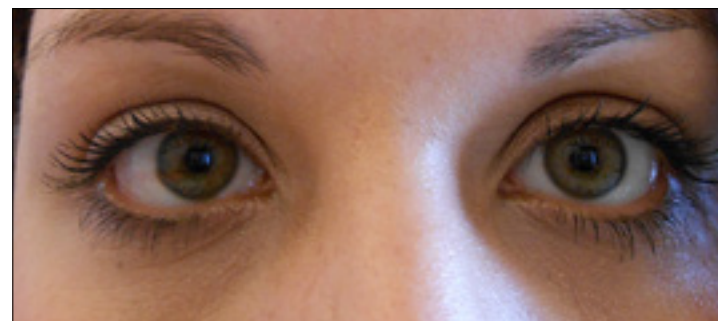


Die Dominanz des Chefs im Büro, übte moralische Gewalt aus, um nicht von den ständigen Belästigungen der Männer-Manager zu sprechen. Wahrscheinlich dauert es noch hunderte von Jahren, daß wir Frauen der Männer-Gewalt ausgesetzt sind!

Eva



My father will do anything for my brothers, but because I'm a female, I get no support, unless I marry a man.



Molested repeatedly from the age of 6.
Kidnapped and raped at gunpoint at 12.
Used and abused, suckered and betrayed.
I know there are good men out there,
because I have seen them.
But there are way too many bad ones.
And once they ruin you and leave their marks,
scarring body, mind and spirit,
implanting some kind of homing device for other predators,
even with a hyper vigilance and armed with knowledge,
a subconscious magnet attracting the wolf in sheeps clothing.

I have seen a lot, things that should never be seen
I have survived all of it

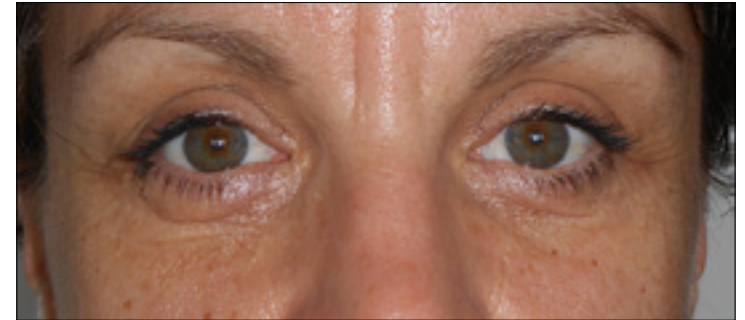
Shammy



From the age of 15 to the age of 25, I was raped by various males. They were abusing my need for approval and my poor sense of self esteem, which they 'sensed' like Predatory hyenas.

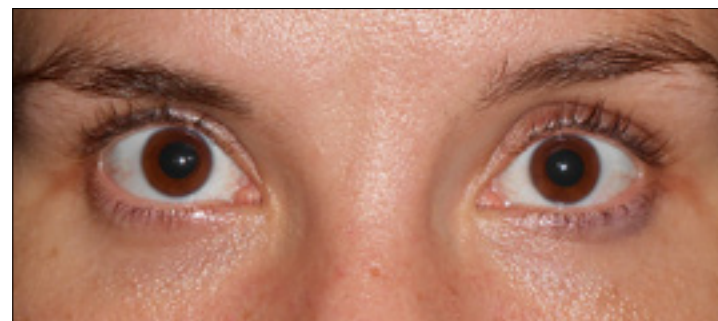
I despise these people and the visual culture, which is driven by consumerism and perpetuates this vision of woman as object.

A.Sc.



When they don't listen.
When they don't care about your feelings.
When they believe they know what's right for you to feel.
When they don't see.
When they don't speak.
When they talk loud and speak over your words.
When they make you feel miserable and ignore your suffering.
When they think what you do for them is a duty.
When they don't remember.
When they don't ask you and decide what must be done.
When they don't notice.

Amrita



My name is Andrea. Since I was a young girl I was taught that women were second to men and that a woman's voice did not really matter. I was verbally abused and constantly judged on my physical qualities instead of my intelligence and talents because I was a girl. I was taught to listen to men no matter how much they hurt you. As a woman, I was taught to judge myself harshly and feel there were many things wrong with me. I have been lied to, drugged, raped, manipulated, physically abused, and mentally harmed. I have learned and grown from it all, and now I will never be that woman who believes lies anymore. I am proud to be a woman and a mother to a wonderful daughter. I will always do my best to teach her the truth.



Quando ero bambina il mio papà penso che fosse giusto insegnarmi a conoscere le cattive intenzioni dei maschi, cosicché avrei poi potuto prevenire, sottrarmi, le violenze... Affinché potessi riconoscerle, ci pensò lui, ma senza mai picchiarmi! (Perché mi voleva bene!). Così a 5 anni mi svergìnò con il mio piccolo dito medio della mano (per non dover poi patire dolori in seguito).

“Non dirlo alla mamma se no lei, che non può capire, mi costringerebbe ad andare via, ma io piuttosto vi ammazzo tutti...”. “Devi andarti a confessare perché mamma ci tiene, ma tu non devi dire queste cose al prete, perché comunque sono tutte favole e non devi crederci...”.

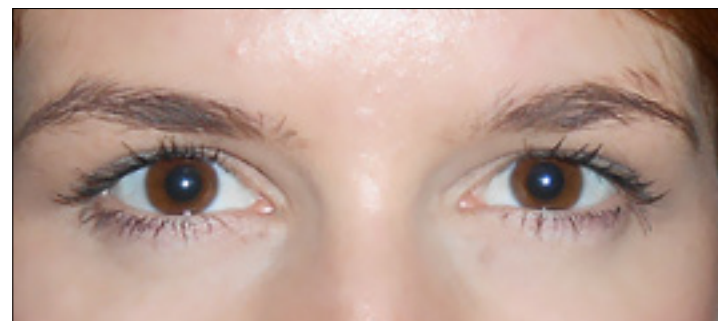
La peggiore violenza è stata soprattutto psicologica... Ma abbastanza per convincermi a dover rinunciare al piacere nel sesso. La volontà dei bambini è fortissima e può essere definitiva, come è stato per me.

Carla



My father, a hand engraver, always told me there were no great women artists. I always wanted to learn what he did—carving images into precious metals. When he decided he would get an apprentice to teach, I wanted to be that person. But he took on the son of his friend. I waited until I was 40 years old to go back to art school. I am now here in Murano working as an artist at the Venice Printmaking Studio. I am 61 years old.

Randy



I have been raped and abused like many women of the world, and guess what—we don't die.

LP



I was molested at 2 years old, and I remember everything, my father was 6 ft 8in... a sheriff. I was put in the shower with him and sexually abused. I was tucked in at night..... and abused over and over..... I was raped as a virgin when I was 13 years old.....again at 15 and again at 16..... Life isn't always fair..... it can be brutal, I have been beat up and had my life threatened. Because I was a little girl, I was taken advantage of..... I still feel the pain in my heart..... I think God only gives me pieces to remember.....The whole picture would kill me and he knows because he is my True father.....
Lost but Found



When I was 17, I was walking home at night and an older boy, a 19 year old acquaintance of mine, grabbed me and pulled me aside into a small parking lot. There was a wall around it which shielded us from being seen by passers by. He had been drinking & was really upset about something, so I was consoling him when he started forcing himself on me, both of us fully clothed. He smashed me up against him, kissing/biting my neck and feeling me up. He crushed my body up against his and he was so strong I couldn't get away and I don't remember how I eventually did. He made giant, inexplicable hickies on my neck which lasted for a couple of weeks after. Inexplicable, especially because I wasn't dating anyone and everyone in my new Freshman dorm suite knew that. I wore turtlenecks the first couple of weeks in college, but they didn't really work and I could hear the hushed whispering. I will never forget that sense of powerlessness against someone who preyed upon my sympathies before devouring my defenses.

S



Shame: "The painful feeling arising from the consciousness of something dishonorable, improper, ridiculous, done by oneself or another."

There is no shame in being you!
There is no shame in being different!
But...

There is shame in making feel guilty a little girl by inappropriate gazes and allusions! There is shame in being a persecutor of a child that you are supposed to educate!

I'll kick you in your skin again and again no matter what you tell to the world... despite your lies I'll kick you in your skin again and again... and today no one will trust you.

Valentina



Do you see me??

I am invisible to most... but I still can see me...



Not all harms are physical or sexual from men to women. I spent five years of my life living in a place where my intelligence didn't matter because of my sex. Once I left that place, it took years... and it still takes strength... to believe in my abilities and power. I was emotionally squashed and conditioned to feel I was less valuable. I'm happy that's over now, except when I hold it in my mind.



He insisted on abortion.
I never got pregnant after.
It was twenty years ago.



They tried to crush my spirit, my weakness in being a sensitive person. For feeling, for caring, for being soft. They tried to make me hard and abandon what makes me beautiful, unique, my gift to see what others don't see. They tried to make me use a bottle when my body and mind said use your breasts. They tried to make me abandon being a mother and reject my child's needs for nurture and nourishment. They tried to make me unnatural and shamed me for fighting to remain whole. They abandoned me. My husband didn't love who I was becoming, just what he wanted me to become. They stole my love and crushed it. They tried to take my babies innocence and bond from me. They tried to stop me being an artist and breathing like one. They tried to take the essence of me and deny my children their real mother.

Marie



We were in love. I'd never been treated with such kindness. I felt so understood, so cherished. Our parents talked of how beautiful our lives would be, and of the children who would be born and nourished, so wanted.

And then the call... from Public Health. Your partner... he has exposed you to syphilis... to HIV.

The agony. The betrayal. Doubt. Hatred. Revenge. I outed him. Years later. I escaped disease. I am free. He is dead. I am free.



There are so many. I don't know which one to tell.

E



At 16 I was drugged by a man so he could fuck me...
He did that.
My trust in humanity was gone.
My belief in myself was gone.
I was broken.

That was 20 years ago now.
To that man and to all the other men who violate and harm,
I say: fuck you!
I am not broken.
I am not weak.
You are broken.
You are weak.

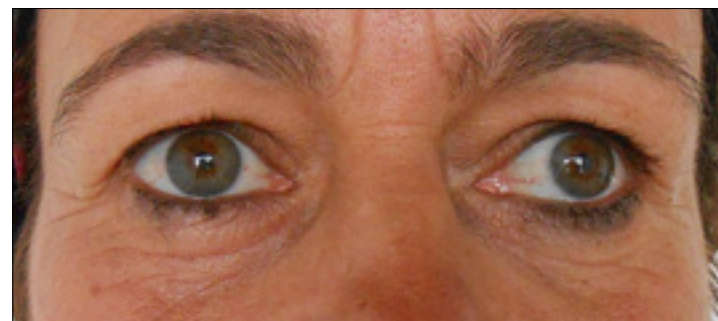
Kitty



Mich gegen meine Bilder geworfen...
Meine Autoscheiben 2-3 x zerschlagen, bestohlen...
An meine Füße gehängt...
Mit Mord gedroht, da ich exakt die Frau sei die er suche.



5 years old.
Don't tell your parents.
You want a coca-cola?
Don't you need to go to the toilet?
At the end I said yes...
I told my brother.
They called the police.
Till 13 never alone in the streets.
Now never afraid of anything.



Again and again
It starts once again, the words, the screams, the pain
I do something
or maybe what I said is what makes him flip his lid
His words cut into my heart like a knife: says I'm retarded,
selfish, fail at life. I try to say something back but it's too late
He continues on and says I need to lose weight
My eyes fill with tears and I begin to cry
He doesn't seem to care nor ask why
I fight him back, at least I try to. Nothing works, nothing I can
do, I feel powerless, hurt and broken
The arrows of the words he has spoken
Pierced my heart, leaving me to bleed
Yet then he recoils and wants sympathy
Blames his father, childhood and bullies from school
That cause him to lose control, lose his cool
And I, despite being wounded deeply and dying inside
Forgive him as I have over many courses of time
He says that he's sorry for all the pain
But I know he's lying because it will happen again
Julie



slapped and slapped down
with fists and words
deeds and ideas
repeatedly
over time
same man, different body
I saw you
I see you
I leave you behind
rising up, moving on
finally in balance
with grace

Linda



As a woman, I have been cast away from my own family for protecting my body from men. As a woman, I lost my childhood, remembering my first encounter with abuse from a man, to be at age 7. As a woman, I lost childhood friends because men liked to look at me and I continue to lose friends to controlling men. As a woman, men have stalked me, destroyed my possessions, and held me hostage by force. As a woman, men make derogatory remarks to me, with comfort. As a woman, I have had my clothes torn-off by men in public. As a woman, I have been dragged by a man in the open streets. As a woman, I have been kicked, punched, slapped, burned and have bled for being in the way of a man. As a 5'1, 105 lb woman, I attempt to make myself look strong and fast when walking anywhere alone. As a woman, I have been left out of social activities because it is unsafe for me. As a woman, I have been felt up by complete strangers. As a woman, I have had no choice but to flee from strange men driving or running after me or taking photographs of me. As a woman, I have been held down or drugged, in order to be sexually taken advantage of by a man. As a woman, I am lied to by men...



I was 13 when you stuck the gun in my side and stuffed me into a car, taking me to an unknown place. You tied me up and raped me, burning me with your cigarettes and drugging me. Then there was you, a different face, a different prick. Break into my house and climb on top of me when I slept. Slash my ear until it hangs and must be stitched to save. Phone cords around my throat, "I want you dead."

They are free.

I will never be. I'm now 55.

Marie



You took from me my mother.
You robbed me of my sister.
You destroyed my self respect, my joy.
You violated my body and my soul.
You looked upon my sorrow and drank it like wine.
You told me I was crazy.
Finally you took my daughter.

You opened my eyes.
You taught me to resist forever.
You made me strong.

Elaine



When my breasts started to develop at the age of 13, my uncle started grabbing them whenever he saw me. This continued throughout my teen years and into my early twenties, even though I told him repeatedly to stop. His inappropriate behavior and lack of respect for me crippled my ability to be intimate with men without first self-medicating into a state of numbness.

Carolyn



Ik ben een vrouw,
geen vrouwtje!
Ik ben een collega,
geen collegaatje
Welke man wordt 'mannetje'?
Hij is gewoon een collega.
Ik ben echtgenote,
moeder,
nonna.
Ik ben vrouw!

Carla



Even if it's long ago, remembrance is hidden, I take the opportunity to tell it out.

Once, when I was 16 years old, three boys set me under drugs and brought me to a forest. There I got raped, they finally could get me, I couldn't protect myself anymore.

My face was quite damaged. You could see the cheekbone and for three weeks leaves came out of my vulva. I was so ashamed, that I didn't tell my parents, even not to the male doctor. I just said, that I played football.

I guess it made an impact to my sexlife. But my inner strength told me, there is something which can never be destroyed. So I'm here, 40 years later, an artist, creating my life, being touched by love.

Liane



I was 12. I was 14. I was 16. When he called asking me for my permission to publish a video of me when I was 14, drunk and being taken advantage of. I hung up after telling him off. I was 17. I was 21. I was 24. I nearly hit my head against the fireplace from the almost force of his hand to my face, it didn't happen, he left me because I didn't fight back. I decided to become celibate for 4 years at 26.

Lost so-called friends. Lost so-called lovers. Lost so-called supporters. Quit Drinking at 22. Sober for 14 years. I thought that was the problem. I wished I was taller, because I blamed my height, my petite frame, my 104 pound body for enticing them. It was not me. It was them.

I forgive and I love like never before, for I learned how to love myself unconditionally. My fight has been to remain true to myself and to continue to search for that pure love without their controlled pain.

I love. They did not break my spirit. But, boy, did they try.

Jennifer



I never thought I would be in an abusive relationship, and mostly didn't realize I was in one until I was knee deep in a mentally and verbally abusive relationship. It is hard to understand until it is over. I have always been strong, I had to be strong to get through it, and I am stronger than ever now. He would lock me in the house, and call me a cunt. He would tell me no one would ever love me except for him, but I am beautiful and entirely love-able—and this took me years to understand. I finally understood that if I didn't leave then I would never get out and it could become dangerous. I surrounded myself with every level of support and told everyone what happened. He left for India a few months later for a few years to find himself and fix the awfulness he put on me, I hope it worked. But I never plan to see him again.

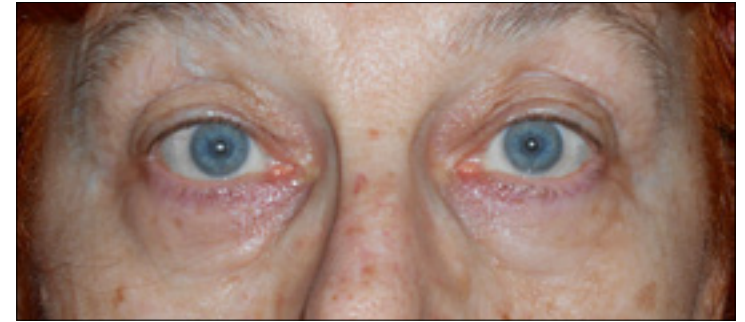
I am successful now, I am an entrepreneur, a musician, I am single and happy and have a degree, I have done everything I want thus far. I appreciate that experience because I apply it to every healthy relationship I have had since, but I still hate thinking about it. It will never be easy, but it will always be real and something to take with you in life. Move past, get through, be strong, you are a woman—and for that you deserve everything that you strive for.

Ally



Drei Kinder wurden nicht geboren.
Diese drei Seelen umgeben mich.
Ich war ängstlich.
Ich war verzagt.
Ich habe nicht auf mein Herz gehört.
Ich bin meiner Intuition nicht rechtzeitig gefolgt.
Verzeiht mir.
Das passiert mir nicht mehr.
Nun bin ich mundig.

Silke



My psychotic father tried to have sex with me when I was 11 years old, on the occasion of my mother's attempted suicide. After many years of struggling to heal from this and many other, subtler, incidents, around the age of 40 I wrote him a letter expressing my rage and outrage, explicitly stating what he had done and what the effects were on me and my relationships. He made jokes about the letter to my siblings, and has refused to this day to acknowledge that he did anything wrong. It is his inability to get that his behavior effected me negatively that has done the most harm. He continued to show a propriety attitude toward my body, touching me whenever and however he wanted to. At the age of 60, I finally told him that I do not let anyone touch me without permission, and I requested that he ask my permission before touching me. To my shock, he agreed, although I was not surprised that he showed surprise that I felt violated by his 'affection'. Due to this 'programming' I have felt helpless many times in my life around letting men know that I expect respect. I have come to have and hold self-respect as an elder in my communities; it has taken a lifetime to heal.

Suzy



I can't even say your name. You raped me and left me with a son who was stolen from me. My grandchildren are floating free of me forever. I wonder why I continue to wake up each morning, and pray for release.

Do I appear to be alive? Trust me, I am dead inside.

Elly



Qetësi nga thellësia.
Friga më shumë se çdo gjë na ka sjell këtu.
Të jesh një i panjohur në shtëpinë tënde.
Ja tash psherëtitij për shpirtin tim të humbur që këron të
dal nga ky trup mëkatar dhe të ndjej së paku një goditje të
lehtë nga era, së paku një fryrje.
Me të vërtetë më vjen keq për njerëzimin.
Vërtetë keq për heretikët e djegur që tash i kuptoj shumë mirë.
Më mirë të jesh i djegur se sa të djegësh të tjerë.
Së paku nuk je një turp për veten tënde.
Dashuria?! Çfarë aryetimi falso.
Njeriu?! Asgjë.

Sara



Cerco la mia libertà tra le mie mani e nei miei occhi di donna... occhi segnati da un uomo pieno di troppe parole vuote... occhi che desiderano purezza negli animi di chi guardano... mani non apprezzate nella loro forza... mani (e testa) pronte a creare sogni prima falliti... e poi piedi che calpestati a lungo ora cercano un diverso contatto con il mondo... piedi che come punto di appoggio anelano a un decondizionato equilibrio di un corpo riscoperto... scoperchio scatole e tiro fuori il mio cuore a lungo riposto in un buio di cartone... al suo posto ripongo ricordi passati... e punto i miei occhi verso il mio percorso di donna ricca di gioia...

Chiara



I can't have an intimate relationship with a man because the ones I loved and trusted, broke me and my children. My sons father left me while I was pregnant for a woman with money. My daughters father was sick and twisted and raped her when she was seven years old. I lost my colon in 2006 and have been home bound and sick for at least 12 years due to the stress of life and the worry surrounding the lives of my children.

I still believe in Love and Goodness and I know God will give me my turn at it one if these days...

Rachel



I never give eye contact like in this photograph, because I'm afraid people will see into my eyes and see me as vulnerable, I'm afraid to be looked down upon, like a man did to me when he took advantage of me physically and emotionally. Submissive, quiet, inverted, still, this was not the way I was born, this is the way I was molded, by a man whose eyes didn't let his soul believe that my equality never even existed. I was not born this way, I was born screaming, I was born to grow, I was born to express, but when the back of his hand hit my face I had realized I was below him.

Rayven



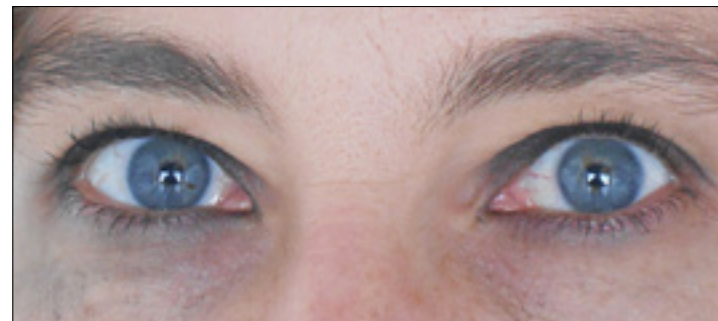
A Testament of Harm — "I deserve this."
My mantra, my life — "I deserve this."
Condescending remarks, dismissals — "I deserve this."
Embarrassed admissions, accusations — "I deserve this."
Insanity, insomnia, low self-esteem — "I deserve this."
Consume my body but reject me — "I deserve this."
Not what you thought you want, I must be wrong —
"I deserve this."
Console, comfort, distract; it's not enough — "I deserve this."
All these years this mantra persists — "I deserve this."
Careless treatment, disregard, subjection, exploitation,
rejection, objectification. Convinced me I was weak.
But I'm not.
I don't deserve this.
I am you, you are me.
We are we.

Violet



I am like many women today abused by the men that are supposed to be in love. Like so many women who believe the lies these men tell. At first they are charming and loving. Once a set time has passed it suddenly changes. Then it becomes verbal at the start the usual: you're useless, you can't do anything right, you're ugly and no one else will ever want you. You sit and blame yourself for what is happening so you think if I try harder, if I do this differently then maybe he will stop but he doesn't he gets worse. Then he goes on about the bedroom your no good, maybe I should find someone else who's better at it than you, and this is just for starters. then when he is confident you won't leave him the hitting starts or he deprives you of sleep, some will not let you enjoy a pregnancy and others will cause the children to walk on eggshells too. Most of them will use the children against you. Once you have left the abuse, there are some who will stalk you. I have been through all I have mentioned but I always remember one point: not all men are like this and there are men who go through this too. It is wrong for a system to persecute people who have gone through this but got out by taking their children away. it does not matter if the abuser is male or female they should not be treated like the victim. The abuser is the criminal and the victim is the victim.

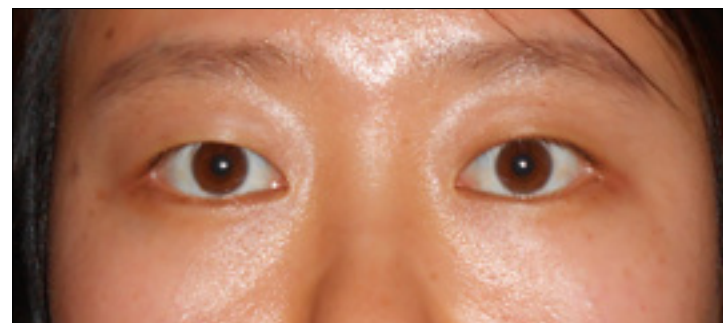
Ann Marie



You tell me that I am worth less than you are
Worthless
That I am cunt whore bitch pussy slave
That I am less
Worthless
Worth less
That I am 77 cents to your dollar
That my brown sister is 60 cents to your dollar

I tell you we are above price
Priceless
Not priced less
Mothers
Sisters
Daughters
We rise

Jennifer



暴力と嘘。裏切りと利用。うわべだけの愛。私は傷つけられた。許せないけど生きていくしかないの。我慢してきた私は良いカルマをつくっている。私を傷つけた男たちは悪いカルマを背負って生きていくしかない。そのカルマは必ず襲ってくる。いつかはわからない。

私は誰よりも幸せになるわ。こんなに苦しくて、こんなにみじめで、こんなに我慢してる。

私は良いカルマによって必ず幸せになるわ。こんなに傷ついているのにこんなに美しいもの。

天使と宇宙は私の見方なの。ありがとう。愛してる。

香織



Bueno tanto daño y tanto aprendizaje, creo que en esta sociedad Latinoamérica, la cultura machista está bien arraigada, por ello no pienso en lo que me ha hecho 1 hombre sino en todos los hombres que por su crianza, la sociedad, el medio que se desenvuelven, etc, etc, de una u otra forma han colaborado a que pase malos ratos, malos ratos que me enseñaron mucho y que ahora son una parte superada. Logre entender que no es culpa de los hombres que no hay malos hombres solo hay carencias, nadie puede darte amor sino lo siente, nadie puede darte seguridad si no la tiene, nadie puede darte el puesto de reina si él no es un rey, en parte la culpa es de todos, yo por elegir a una persona que me iba a herir y el por herirte. ¡A cambiar nuestras mentes para evitar el dolor!

Alejandra



I was bullied, belittled and beaten by my father who always told me, "if you were a boy it'd be different".

I was raped repeatedly by my alcoholic first husband. He waited until I was asleep. He also choked, punched and threatened to smash my head in. The courage to leave finally came when he brought home a sledge hammer.

That all happened eons ago. I've grown much stronger since then. Never again.

Lynda



I never were abused by men in a physical sense, but I was mentally, and I don't even know what is worse: a short act of panic, pain, frustration, or a long-termed torture, when for many years he makes me trust he loves me, and suddenly throws me away as if I were some trash, telling me how he never loved me, and how horrible my body and my soul are. And always were.

Day after day, day after day, day after day for many years, he's been making fun of me.



Sexually abused as a child by a friend's uncle with a missing part of the right ear.

Still and always looking for him to spit on his face.

But I think he's dead, I was 8, he was 65.

I started recovering when I told my dad what happened that day. Well, those days.

Women rise up, we are the strength that made the world move.

Alice



Blank faces
assume I have nothing
important to say
nothing to contribute.

Kathleen



This issue is difficult, because a precise instance is, now, difficult to recall. But I remember a (then) young Italian art critic who, as I came to collect a text by him, assaulted me sexually... to avoid being violated, I performed (quickly) fellatio; he was satisfied, I got the text—but will never have contact with him again (obviously).

How many times have we submitted to this (“friend rape”) ?

Mas



When I was a child, 6 years old, my uncle Black Swan wanted to kill me, with his own sex.

But

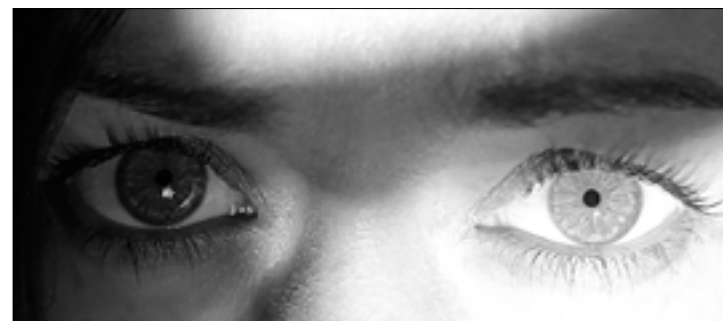
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It's finished.

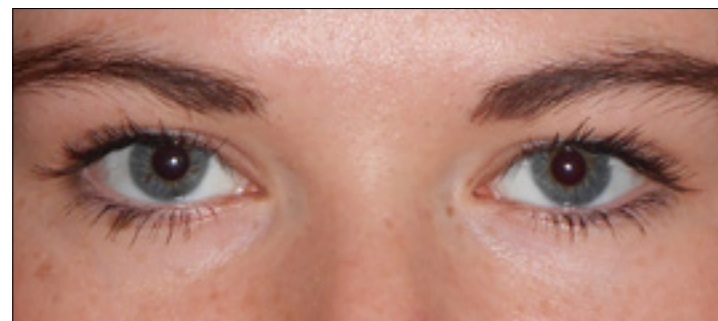
I am a great woman.

Saved!

My learns will be
only Laughing and Live.



רקור תא הגפסש וזה עסקישה
סויה ךל תרמוא
השיא ינשעש ךורב



He refused to take no for an answer. He broke his filthy dick inside of me from the force. The blood poured all over the bathroom. He spent the rest of the party bragging. No one believed it was a rape. I had to live with his friend for a year after that, who said, I quote:

"That's not real rape, rape is old men touching little girls in parks."

I hated his friend even more than him. He made me feel dirty, used, objectified.

I still have flashbacks.

Something has to be done to educate.

Alicia



My testament... perhaps all of the times I've walked home from work / the grocery store / a bus / a friend's house and random strangers have aggressively assaulted me, groped me, called me names like "slut", "whore", seemingly for no apparent reason? Or perhaps my ex boyfriend during teenage years who forced me to have anal sex? Perhaps every working hour of every working day when men, again for seemingly no apparent reason, make more money than I do for the same kind of labour?



I was a young aspiring artist when I met my husband. He threw my art across the wall and demeaned me until I stopped making art. He repeatedly strangled me, told me I should be put in a meat grinder, took away my friends, my money and my self confidence. When I left him after two years of abuse, it took ten years to get away from his stalking. I am now a curator finishing my PhD. No man will ever control me or hurt me again. I am free and happy, but the scars are still deep.



Toujour se battre
Toujour se battre
Toujour se battre
Toujour se battre

Catherine



Ok. My story could fill a whole book of abuse, violence and neglect. But long story short: I am alive and that is what counts most for me today. I am a survivor and I feel a strong bond to other survivors out there, women or men.

My abuse started while I was still a young child. My father was beaten by his father and so he was beating me. As an infant, I did not know he was wrong. I thought it was my fault. I thought I was bad. I thought I was worthless. I cried every day. I thought about killing myself. But I didn't. I kept on living to be sexually abused by an older man at the age of 14. He tried to choke me in the middle of the street. People were watching but no one helped me. So what to do? Hating everyone or hating myself?

Many, many more incidents happened, but now after many years of soul searching and therapy at the age of 31, I know, I am worth everything. I survived. It is alright. I made my peace. It was a long, long journey.



My name is Mary and this is the harm done to me as a woman. Left vulnerable & abandoned... Emotionally blackmailed... Victim of disfunction... Controlled... Molested / forced to have sex... Robbed of joy... Isolated... Got paid less than men for the same work... Abused mentally / physically... Made fun of... Shamed... Yelled at with obscenities... Terribly hurt by words & action... Treated inferior... Disappointed in love... Told that he wished I was dead... Lonely and trapped... Told that I am not capable... Lied to and lied about... Withholding love & affection... Hopeless feeling & panic... Used... Not loved & cared for... Turned down for a job... Taken advantage of for auto repairs... No safety net or empowerment...



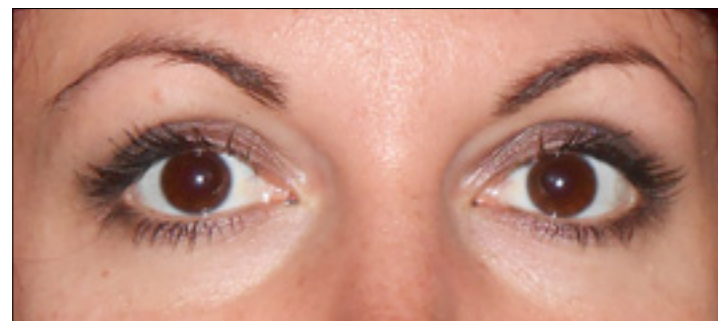
Du schlugst in mein Gesicht, bis ich Sterne vor meinen Augen sah. Noch heute befürchte ich manchmal, daß durch die Schläge ein Tumor in meinem Kopf entstanden sein könnte. Aber mein Testament kann Dich nicht mehr erreichen, denn Du bist inzwischen verstorben.

Angela



I've been hurt by both men and women because of my womanhood. You see, I'm a trans woman. As such, I'm discriminated by nearly everyone I come into contact with, regardless of their gender or sex. It sucks, but it's true. Luckily, I have a support network of friends who care. But it still sucks.

Sarah



Años soportando el abuso físico y mental de quien no tenía mente.

Manos en el cuello.

Contra el muro.

Diciendo palabras que no soy.

Libertad al pensamiento de mujer.

Amor al cuerpo de mujer.

Unión para el orgullo de ser mujer.

Vero



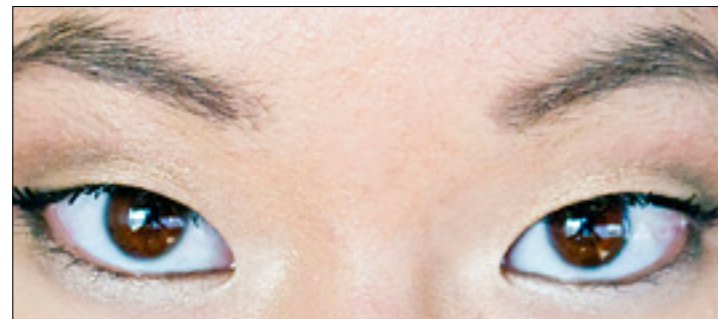
Women deserve equal pay for equal work... As an elder there were many times in the past in my youth I was cheated and treated unfairly, since fair is fair—We are still in 2013 fighting for fairness, for equality, for equal pay... It's time to turn this into all of the same for all men and women—sons and daughters. We are all connected on this planet and we must make change, for fairness for all everywhere...

Arising will be a new beginning where women and men will start to realize—we inhabit this world together and neither of us should do any harm to the other... In order to live in a world free of violence, each of us should care and respect one another... we can make a world of peace and beauty and love—for this is the only way—for each person and each country for men and women to teach boys and girls, that our shared future depends on all of us.



As an academic / student, I assumed trust among my teachers and colleagues. But time and again, this trust has been violated: accosted by a senior professor who tried to kiss me in my hotel room as he walked me to my door; subject to lewd comments by mere 'colleagues' at an international conference. I'm learning that it never ends and that just because we work in the same field, I can't assume good intentions. This makes me profoundly sad.

Z



He made me understand a different kind of pain. One of the worst kind. The kind that makes me feel used and worthless. I was nothing to him but convenient. Another to add to his record.

He told me:

“you know you wanted it”

“I will beat the shit of out of the guys that talk to you”

“get back in the kitchen”

“you’ll get over because you’re on your period”

“you can’t be good at sports, you’re a girl”

From that moment on, I promised myself that I would never ask a man for help and that I would excel in everything I did.

Hannah



The harm done to me for being a woman—who is now 80—has left scars that won't heal. A lack of trust—a complete turn off from sexual relationships—unhelpful bowel operations that have followed—permanently damaged. The years lost being on a chemical straight-jacket—chemically lobotomised when I wasn't believed—malpractice.

Memory empairment from electro shock & major tranquillisers. Flashbacks—low threshold for stress—constant tiredness from the fight for survival—to get on top of the drug induced domentia to be there for my children.

Psychologically, emotionally and financially abused—each time I spoke out—medication increased! The horrific aftermath after coming off drugs—the social crisis that followed—no community or church support—my children were like strangers to me as I was to them. How can one measure the harm done by traumatic experiences? I am woman.

Enid

YOKO ONO ARISING

This book constitutes *Personal Structures Art Projects #09*. It is an artist book of Yoko Ono made in conjunction with her continuing artwork *ARISING*, which was first realized in Venice during the exhibition *Personal Structures* as part of the 2013 Venice Biennale. It has been published as a limited edition. The edition comprises 260 copies, of which 50 Deluxe are numbered from 1 to 50; 50 Deluxe Hors Commerce are numbered from I to L; plus 10 Deluxe Artist Proofs are numbered AP #01-10. The 150 Standard copies are numbered from 51 to 200. Each copy of this limited edition consists of a book and a DVD in a case, housed together in a specially made box. The Deluxe editions are signed by Yoko Ono, and additionally contain a work by the artist made of Murano glass.

This limited edition has been divided as follows:

1-50: Deluxe edition: Luïscius Books, Netherlands

51-200: Standard edition: Luïscius Books, Netherlands

HC I-L: Hors Commerce, Deluxe edition

AP # 1-10: Artist Proofs, Deluxe edition

YOKO ONO ARISING

Concept & Production by Yoko Ono

Curated by

Jon Hendricks

Fabrication of figures

Coordination by Ellen Goldin

Fabrication by Pinkhouse Studios,
Mark & Sue Prent

Figures: Jane Cundy, Monique

Deschamps, Olivia Hoh, Emily Bedard,
Sarah Binshadler

Burning of figures

Directed by Jon Hendricks

Assisted by Jonida Turani

Logistics by Global Art Affairs

Foundation, coordinated by
Davide De Carlo

Exhibition

YOKO ONO

ARISING

June 1 - November 24, 2013

Curated by Jon Hendricks

Curatorial assistance by

Jonida Turani, Susie Lim

Installed during the exhibition

PERSONAL STRUCTURES, curated by

Karlynn De Jongh and Sarah Gold,
Palazzo Bembo, Venice, Italy

ARISING boxes

Thanks to Luigi Bonotto, Giulia
Bussinello, Cristiano Seganfreddo

ARISING website

www.imaginepowerarising.com

Built and managed by Simon Hilton

Special thanks to

Sarah Gold, Karlynn De Jongh, Rene
Rietmeyer, and the Global Art Affairs
Foundation staff; Karla Merrifield, Sari
Henry, Michael Sirianni of Studio One

ARISING concept, installation, film,
music and work 2014 © YOKO ONO



Personal Structures Art Projects # 09

YOKO ONO

ARISING

Personal Structures Art Projects are projects which are documented as special edition artists' books. Each project centralizes one artist and emphasises their work. All books in this series will be published by Global Art Affairs Foundation, the Netherlands. An excerpt of each project will additionally be published in the ongoing series *Personal Structures: Time · Space · Existence*.

Previously published in this series:

LAWRENCE WEINER: SKIMMING THE WATER [MÉNAGE À QUATRE]

HERMANN NITSCH: UNDER MY SKIN

ROMAN OPALKA: TIME PASSING

ON KAWARA: UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

ARNULF RAINER: UNFINISHED INTO DEATH

LEE UFAN: ENCOUNTERS

BEN VAUTIER: INTROSPECTION TRUTH ART & SEX

HERMAN DE VRIES: BEING THIS JOY EXPERIENCE UNITY

In discussion to appear as part of *Personal Structures Art Projects* in 2015 is:

ZERO: HEINZ MACK · OTTO PIENE

