Women, Gender, and Creativity House Group Exhibition
April 19 - May 1, 2017
A collection of works by students in the Global Village at Douglass Residential College.
Mary H. Dana Women Artists Series Galleries, Douglass Library
WOMEN, GENDER, AND CREATIVITY HOUSE
GROUP EXHIBITION
A collection of works by students in the Global Village at Douglass Residential College.

April 19 - May 1, 2017
Mary H. Dana Women Artists Series Galleries, Douglass Library
8 Chapel Drive, New Brunswick, NJ 08901

ARTISTS

CO-CURATORS
Natalia Yovane, Global Village Instructor
Deborah Lee, Center for Women in the Arts and Humanities Intern

DOUGLASS GLOBAL SUMMIT
Friday, April 28, 2017
Conference
11am - 5pm • Ludwig Global Village Living Learning Center, DRC
Exhibition Reception
5:15 - 6:30pm • Mabel Smith Douglass Room, Douglass Library
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Natalia Yovane and Deborah Lee  

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Cover: Chelsea LeBron, *Female Idol Collage Project*, 2017, Mixed media
Women, Gender, and Creativity House Group Exhibition

Introduction and Acknowledgements

We are pleased to present the 2017 Women, Gender, and Creativity House group exhibition, a collection of works by students in the Global Village at Douglass Residential College (DRC).

The Global Village is a Living Learning Community that seeks to develop language skills, intercultural appreciation, global awareness, and a sense of community among students at DRC. In this unique residential environment, students live together in themed houses that combine curricular and co-curricular activities designed to enhance each student’s overall college experience.

In the Women, Gender, and Creativity House Living-Learning Community topics of gender, sexuality, identity, creativity, perception, and visual communication of women in the arts are explored and discussed. Texts, films, lectures, and critiques are used to encourage the development of ideas through multiple vehicles of expression including visual art, performance, and creative writing. During the course of the 2016-17 academic year, these young women have created artworks that are personal and intimate. Some of these works celebrate innovative and influential women who have inspired their lives and work, while others explore and reflect on feminist imagery and beauty. The students altogether present a cohesive collection of multi-dimensional artworks that delve into the important topics of female imagery, beauty, and empowerment. This exhibition highlights the drawings, self-portraits, sculptures, ritual objects, video performances, and written works produced by the fourteen student artists.

We would like to acknowledge and thank the Mary H. Dana Women Artists Series, a program of the Center for Women in the Arts and Humanities (CWAH) in partnership with Rutgers University Libraries (RUL), for giving the students this exhibition opportunity, as well as Douglass Residential College, the Global Village (DRC), and NJSCA for sponsoring this exhibition. Many thanks to the donors to Douglass Residential College, the Douglass Fund, and the AADC for their contributions that have made this show possible.

Special recognition and deep gratitude goes to the staff of the Center for Women in the Arts and Humanities for their insightful guidance, advice, creative solutions, patience, and hard work that brought together this exhibition and catalog. Many thanks to Gwendolyn Beetham, Global Village Director, for her guidance and for organizing the exhibition reception.

Natalia Yovane
Global Village Instructor 2016-2017

Deborah Lee
Center for Women in the Arts and Humanities Intern
GODDESS PORTRAIT PROJECT
2017, Digital prints, 12 x 18”
Photo credit: Andre Johnson

Project Description:
Students selected a goddess from a Shakti Coloring Book whose qualities they wished to embody in hopes to encourage and nurture their inner beauty. They gathered makeup, costumes, and props for their Goddess self-portraits and Andre Johnson, a Vogue fashion stylist, gave them artistic direction as the students were encouraged to channel their highest selves during the photo shoot.

Images

Cheyenne R. Terry
Kelly Donnelly
Kalina Nissen

Katherine Parker

Mahogany Laveau
DIVINE FEMININE COLLAGE PROJECT
2017, Mixed media, Dimensions variable

Project Description:
Students explored different images that they believed to portray their own versions of the Divine Feminine.

Images

Mahogany Laveau

Arianna Quinones
Joy Bibaoui

Tanya Banerjee
“I will not be another flower, picked for my beauty and left to die. I will be wild, difficult to find, and impossible to forget.” — Erin Van Yuren
FEMALE IDOL COLLAGE PROJECT
2017, Mixed media, Dimensions variable

Project Description:
Students chose a female idol that inspired them and created a collage based around the images of their specific idol.

Images

Marina Martinez

Aubree Phillips
Katherine Parker
MASK AND VIDEO PERFORMANCE PROJECT
2017

Project Description:
Students were assigned to create a mask. They then made one-minute performance art videos giving narrative to each individual character with the mask and behind the mask. As we get a glimpse of what the mask represents to each individual student and what it empowers or hides, we then see how the character changes or evolves in a collaborative setting when all the characters come together in a class video.

Images - Masks

Monica Elias
Aubree Phillips

Katherine Parker
Mahogany Laveau

Shaniya Wilson-Harper
Kalina Nissen

Joy Bibaoui
Images - Individual Videos

Cheyenne R. Terry

Kalina Nissen
Arianna Quinones

Monica Elias

Tanya Banerjee
Mahogany Laveau

Shaniya Wilson-Harper
Images - Collaborative Video

Collaborative Video

Installation View
Project Description:
Students were assigned to write a poem based on the words Water and Fire. They were given 10 minutes in class to write each poem and then were asked to present it as spoken word.

Poems

WATER

Key to my survival
And key to my revival.
Just one, single drop
Can rehydrate my soul.
Sometimes I get lost and drift away at sea,
But water always carries me back to safety.

FIRE

Most people see fire as destructive,
But when you burn your bridges
You not only destroy something,
It is your attempt to create something new.
Fire is a release of energy.
It is a release of your inner passions and fears.
So now when you stare into the fire,
Do not only pay attention to your rage and anger
Look through the ashes for you’re a new beginning.

Alexis Coleman
FIRE

Dancing exotically in the wind
My flames flicking from left to right
I take the words of hate from my enemies
Utilizing the oxygen to make me grow stronger
People attempt to pour water on me to end my dance
I may become small and appear dull
But underneath the ashes I am an ember waiting for the perfect moment to begin
my dance again.

WATER

Colorless and odorless
Flowing freely across the world
Water is a home.
Water is a source of fun
Water is a source of transportation
Water is filled with unknowns.
Water is faceless, adapting to the environment around it.
Reflecting the beauty around it
Changing from a shade of crystal blue to discreet darkness as the sun rises and falls.
Water is abundant and a necessity.
Water is life.

Arianna Quinones
AN INCH OR TWO

Can you believe the audacity of men?
It took how many eons for them
To discover my existence,
And they tried to snuff me
In a two inch container. Trap me
Under and iron cast and call
When they decide to shorten their
Ignorant lives. The disrespect.

They call me to cleanse wounds.
They call me to transcribe passion.
They call me to scare off the
Demons in the night. And you dare
Tame me, confine me
in a two inch container.

WATER

is the loose saliva that
lands on my head in the middle of a sentence.
She is the spot on the bathroom floor
that makes me regret wearing socks.
She is the pit stains that
force me to wear black.
Someone told me water is a necessity.
Someone is lying.

Aubree Phillips

WATER

An essential part of our lives.
Makes up 70 percent of our bodies.
Flows through our bodies like a river.
Helps our emotions float.
Happy, sad, anxious, excited.
It’s a river of water.
A river of emotions.
Each competing to float above the other.
Day by Day,
Hour by Hour,
Minute by Minute,
Second by Second…

FIRE

Where’s the fire?
Where’s the spark?
Where’s the motivation?
Her motivation to succeed.
Her motivation to be the person she always wished to be.
The fire has died.
The desire has passed.
There remains a little flicker.
A gentle fragile flame.
That needs to be reignited

Monica Elias
WATER

My feelings are seasonal.
When it snows in December, the cool baby flakes of change seep
through my windows
and onto my pillow as I sleep.
Wake me up in a bed of water,
hardening around my body, like icicles poking into me.
Frostbite.
Baby teeth chattering.
It’s too cold now to fling wet blankets off of my body.
Weigh me down, weigh me down
like hail on clothes.
Bury me in water to wash out the sounds around me.
I wish I could hear the soft whispers of the ocean in this hurricane head.
Tsunami symptoms,
my sleeping is seasonal
Spit and gurgle and spit
Drink and swallow
When it snows for the last time I can feel the droplets release my skin,
and I will try to get out
of bed.

FIRE

Damn,
Daring drum goddess
braless blue eyed venus,
Do your hands burn from how tight you grip those sticks?

Swing them around so I can see your muscles tensing,
like it stings to be in love with a bass drum.
Sizzling snare,
Little red flames,
Spitting flakes of fire from your fingers.

My abdomen is a bonfire, hit me with your wood and light me up.

Feverous fingers,
my head crackles when you look in my direction.
Bang your head to the rhythm,
I am listening.

Single hooped earring angel,
I am dead for you,
Take me under.
Milk skin, tequila tongue

Put a match to me so we can be one.
WATER

Like a stream always flows forward
So does my life
Tethered to time, there is no going back
I must douse my body in the realization
That like the ocean, my body is occupied
Occupied with wishes instead of fishes,
Failures, hopes, and dreams
Drink me in, and you’ll know my story

FIRE

More than an ache
More than an itch
As the flames of our passion
Pursue our body in embrace
I hope we catch fire
Our touches spark a light so brilliant
May your body melt into mine
And fill my empty spaces
I believe in this heat, this love
You’ve fed me nothing less than 100 degrees since we met
Don’t let me down now
Keep our temperature rising

Cheyenne R. Terry

WATER

Liquid life source
Like liquid energy
gentle in its fluidity
but violent in its nature
violent at the bottom of a pool
violent lost at sea among the monsters
breathing in deep, filling lungs
and muffling screams, yet
water seems to be innocent
none of us is innocent

FIRE

Sweet heat,
You have burrowed your way into my skin,
flames licking and
fingertips flying
Pheonixes rising
with the devil behind us
imagining just how hot we can burn

Katherine Parker
WATER

Living water.
Fountain of life.
The well from which you drink will never cause thirst.
I need this everlasting water. To compose my body.
Water is to purify, to cleanse and make clean.
It is to wash away shame, pain, and darkness.
Water, holds my body together, and comes out in forms of tears,
tears of sadness.
Where are my tears of joy?
Have I been consuming the wrong water, the wrong self-identity?
I am composed of water, but am I composed of the everlasting water?
The water that heals wounds, the water that fulfills my thirst for
truth, my knowledge of who YOU are.
Where, is the well?
The well, with the holy water, the well that will end in tears of joy,
and not sadness.

FIRE?

Why this word?
Why…fire?
Now it fulfills no purpose but to remind me of anger, fiery anger.
Red hot, flaming, and speedily growing anger. Anger so loud, it
consumes whatever touches it,
just like the fire.
Anger that only burns me, like fire.
Anger that isn’t safe, like fire.
I hate anger, but anger also hates me, no wonder it won’t leave.
Crazy, how specific words you hear,
Specific places you see,
Track back memories trapped in your mind that will call your anger
to reappear,
As fast as lighting a match.
And the way your anger effortlessly grows,
Like one flame in a forest, destroying everything of its beauty.
Destroying my beauty.

Joy Bibaovi
WATER
Surrounded in a vast ocean of stress
Something healthy in large doses becomes sinister, threatening
I sit at the bottom of an ocean panicking
there’s only so much time in my lungs
and the fear makes the clock tick faster

I didn’t think I could breathe underwater until that became my only option
And it turns out I can
Now I just need to learn to swim

FIRE
Fire is something to be feared yet we use it as a symbol of passion.
Are we afraid of that emotion which is the strongest?
It’s the passion of the protesters burning buildings and bras
turning the old way of things to ash.
Are we afraid of the destruction or of having beliefs that challenge others
Are people hesitant to say I love you because of the vulnerability because when you burn that strongly it’s easy to burn out.
Are we afraid of fire or the cold absence?
We shouldn’t be afraid.

Kalina Nissen
WATER

Liquid life source
Like liquid energy
gentle in its fluidity
but violent in its nature
violent at the bottom of a pool
violent lost at sea among the monsters
breathing in deep, filling lungs
and muffling screams, yet
water seems to be innocent
none of us is innocent

FIRE

Sweet heat,
You have burrowed your way into my skin,
flames licking and
fingertips flying
Pheonixes rising
with the devil behind us
imagining just how hot we can burn

Katherine Parker
WATER

The sun reflects its rays on its icy waves that runs through land near and far. It senses our presence and recognizes our facial features that have come to be its own. We see it as a mirror that separates its view from ours. We see it as a clear liquid that quenches our thirst, revives our minds when we are in a daze, and captivates our attention once we see it as a mirror that shows our reflection. What if there wasn’t any water? What if our oceans were vacant and empty as the sky that engulfs the stars? What if everyday felt like a path through the Sahara desert whose sand dunes swallow our feet and legs and sucks the air from our lungs? What if we no longer had our faces to see, and a reflection to be cracked and rewritten, as we splash our hands against its wet surface?

FIRE

I sit and gaze at the flames that spark little specs of light in the air. They look like fleeing fireflies that want to escape in thin air and then they disappear for good. But they seem to reproduce each time a new spark starts. The heat touches my face and warms my body. It’s amazing how fire can be so far yet so close that you can feel it, sense it, or be surrounded by it. Burn, Burn, Burn. The candle lit by the fire burns eternally and captures my eyes for minutes that then turn into hours. Its orange and yellow hues become our only light in the pitch-black darkness. That fire that burns inside me is a fire that is consistent with momentous rage, anger, and ambition. This fire symbolizes many things that can be contradicting. From negative, to dark, to hopeful.

Mahogany Laveau
FIRE

Their faces are red
He moves closer to her and raises his voice
Words pour out
And scold her soul.
I watch with clenched fists,
Rage twists my senses
Love, protective fire pulls me forward.
Their faces are red.
Snowflakes cling to her hair.
He pulls her forward and he says
I wish you weren’t wearing gloves so I can feel your touch.
Her face burns but it’s not from the cold.
My face is red and I’m spluttering to get the words out.
I’m tapping my foot to try to redirect my trembling,
But I won’t be silent.
You will always hear the crackling so long as there’s a fire.

WATER

Drip. Running down my throat.
Drop. Running down my face.
Drip. Flowing downstream.
Drop. Cascading down leaves on trees.
Splash. The shock of cold against my half naked body.
Steam. Scolding hot as I hesitantly pull back my foot.
In the ocean. In the lake. In me.
Wrung from the mop. Wrung from my hair.
Shooting above me as I dive into the current.
Knocking me down. My body tumbles forward.
It’s in my ears, burning my nose, coming out in spluttered coughs.
It’s banging against my roof.
Sticking my clothes against me like a second skin.
It’s slowing down. It settles.
I am cleansed. I am of the ocean.

Marina Martinez
**WATER**

When I was younger, my parents called me “their little fish”
I was always in the water – in pools, oceans, lakes
The smell of the low tide always reminds of a home that I do not remember
Something in me always drew me back to the blue oasis of endlessness,
of rivers that continue to go with the flow
Water, the element of optimism, of hope,
Where I set my sail on a sea of possibility

**FIRE**

Fire is the energy that keeps us alive, figuratively and literally
Not only does fire produce the heat to keep us warm
But it is also helps to ignite our soul, to keep us going
Even when the path appears unclear and scary
Fire comes in the form of stars burning as well,
Which have been rumored to always lead us home,
Whether we have one now or are still finding it,
Wherever and whomever it might be with

**Kelly Donnelly**
DRIP DROP

Who would have ever thought that a rainstorm could be so beautiful? Who would have ever thought that what we cover ourselves from could turn out to be so soothing? The way we run away from the raindrops is the same way we experience the obstacles we face within life. Instead of facing our fears and going after our goals, we choose to take the easier route out. But I encourage you to stay and fight. It may rain but that does not mean you have to miss out because you are afraid to take the first flight.

FIRE

I see it. I feel it. But I still don’t believe it, I can’t seem to come to the realization that you’re inside of me. You’re so convincing, that my brain becomes so easily distracted. It’s as if you’re manipulating me day by day. Reinforcing me that’s it’s still not the time to give up without a fight. But you even saw truth as he drove on by. I have given my all once before, so why do keep on insisting that I should continue to fight. At night you have to tendency to fill my head up with dreams. Dreams that seem so far fetched that no one else could reach. I get it. You believe in me. However, I still haven’t found the courage to believe in you. To believe that my fire within is still ignited, despite my countless failures. I do see you. And I do feel you. But honestly I doubt I could ever believe you.

Shaniya Wilson-Harper
BURN THE LOVE

A fire doesn’t grow;
It rages.

When she is a storm,
You begin the forest fire.
You destroy everything
In your path,
And soon you see yourself
Standing in your own way.
You succumb to the flames,
Just as you cower and crumple
When your mother
Slaps you with her burning arms.
It doesn’t sting;
It burns.

A fire doesn’t grow;
It rages.

When he is a tornado,
You begin to fly up in flames.
When your father encompasses you
With his gusts of beating air,
And tells you that you
Cannot love,
You wish that his skin
Welts and scars
With his own sins,
And that they never heal.
They won’t sting;
They’ll burn.

Those who love you
The most
Hurt you just as much.
Supposedly, their fire
Warms the heart.
It doesn’t warm;
It scalds.

A fire doesn’t grow;
It rages.

OUR LOVE IS LIKE WATER

The color of water
Is the essence of our love:
Transparent.

We are open;
We are within
Each other,
Flowing freely, smoothly,
From your soul to mine.

My love trickles
Into your darkest depths,
As yours drips into mine—
The corners that have no light,
But are so readily illuminated
When I feel the steady flow
Of love that you give endlessly.

We are water:
We share a bond
So strong;
It is unbreakable.
It grows and strengthens
Each time we hold
Each other close,
Feel each other’s skin
And thoughts and feelings,
Each time we say,
“I love you.”

Tanya Banerjee
SHAKTI COLORING BOOK
2017, Mixed media on paper, 9 ½ x 8 ½”

Project Description:
Students chose a specific page from a Shakti Coloring Book and colored in between the lines, adding in their own vivid colors to the beautiful imagery.

Images

Kelly Donnelly
Marina Martinez
Aubree Phillips
Shaniya Wilson-Harper
Chelsea LeBron
Cheyenne R. Terry
Project Description:
Mandalas are a symbol in Hinduism that represents the universe. Commonly formatted as a repetitive geometric pattern, students familiarized themselves with a mandala from a coloring book. They began to see the de-stressing benefits from engaging in a coloring trance while coloring and making their own mandalas.

Images

Aubree Phillips

Kalina Nissen
TAROT DECK PROJECT
2017, Mixed media on paper, Dimensions variable

Project Description:
Since its publishing in 1910, *The Rider-Waite Tarot Deck* became one of the most popular tarot decks in the world. Its simple images with its detailed backgrounds that featured abundant symbolisms attracted many of its readers. Students studied all of the female representations in the deck and created their own versions of that specific card as they dove deep into its message.

Images

Tanya Banerjee

Alexis Coleman
Arianna Quinones

Marina Martinez
VENUS SCULPTURE PROJECT
2017, Mixed media, Dimensions variable

Project Description:
After reviewing Venus figurines from the Aurignacian to Paleolithic period, students looked into how these images influenced other representations of women throughout art history. Most of the figurines had small heads, wide hips and legs that taper to a point, an exaggerated abdomen, breast, thighs, or vulva. It was suggested that they might have served a ritual or a symbolic function for fertility and abundance. Students made their very own female goddess Venus sculptures out of clay.

Images

Alexis Coleman
Kalina Nissen
Shaniya Wilson-Harper

Mahogany Laveau
Exhibition Checklist

**Goddess Portrait Project**, 2017, Digital prints, 12 x 18”

**Mask and Video Performance Project**, 2017, Masks and Videos

**Divine Feminine Collage Project**, 2017, Mixed media, Dimensions variable
Tanya Banerjee, Joy Bibaoui, Alexis Coleman, Kelly Donnelly, Mahogany Laveau, Chelsea LeBron, Marina Martinez, Arianna Quinones

**Female Idol Collage Project**, 2017, Mixed media, Dimensions variable
Tanya Banerjee, Alexis Coleman, Chelsea LeBron, Marina Martinez, Katherine Parker, Aubree Phillips, Cheyenne R. Terry

**Water and Fire Poems**, 2017

**Venus Sculpture Project**, 2017, Mixed media, Dimensions variable

**Mandala Project**, 2017, Mixed media on paper, 8 ½ x 8”

**Shakti Coloring Book**, 2017, Mixed media on paper, 9 ½ x 8 ½”

**Tarot Deck Project**, 2017, Mixed media on paper, Dimensions variable
Tanya Banerjee, Alexis Coleman, Marina Martinez, Arianna Quinones
WOMEN, GENDER, AND CREATIVITY HOUSE STUDENT LIST
2016-2017

Tanya Banerjee
Major: Psychology and Communication
Minor: Creative Writing
Class of 2019

Marina Martinez
Major: English and Communications
Minor: Psychology
Class of 2019

Joy Bibaoui
Major: Marketing
Minor: DCIM
Class of 2019

Kalina Nissen
Major: English
Minor: Creative Writing and Theater
Class of 2019

Alexis Coleman
Major: Biology
Minor: Ecology, Evolution and Natural Resources + Animal Science
Class of 2019

Katherine Parker
Major: Journalism and Media Studies
Minor: Psychology
Class of 2019

Kelly Donnelly
Major: Communications
Minor: Education
Class of 2019

Aubree Phillips
Major: Exercise Science
Minor: Psychology
Class of 2019

Monica Elias
Major: Pharmacy
Class of 2021

Arianna Quinones
Major: Animal Science
Class of 2019

Mahogany Laveau
Major: Criminal Justice
Minor: Africana Studies and Theater
Class of 2019

Cheyenne R. Terry
Major: English
Minor: Comparative and Critical Race and Ethnic Studies
Class of 2019

Chelsea LeBron
Major: English and Cinema Studies
Minor: Visual Arts
Class of 2019

Shaniya Wilson-Harper
Major: Human Resources
Class of 2019
The **Women, Gender, and Creativity House** group exhibition is sponsored by Douglass Residential College; New Jersey State Council on the Arts; and the Center for Women in the Arts and Humanities (CWAH), a university-wide unit reporting to the Associate Vice President for Strategic Initiatives under the auspices of the Office of the Senior Vice President for Academic Affairs, and a consortium member of the Institute for Women’s Leadership, at Rutgers, The State University of New Jersey.

The Mary H. Dana Women Artists Series is a program of the Center for Women in the Arts and Humanities in partnership with Rutgers University Libraries (RUL). It was founded in 1971 by renowned artist and Rutgers graduate Joan Snyder, and is the oldest continuously running exhibition space in the United States dedicated to making visible the work of emerging and established contemporary women artists.