



Bea Schlingelhoff
“The Art Dealer Reads Misogyny
Re-loaded”

Essex Street
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Extreme-edge institutional critique, or structural political critique, had a noticeably strong presence in New York this winter. In addition to Poitras’s “Astro Noise” exhibition, Cameron Rowland raised the case for race reparations, scrutinizing the slave trade and prison labor complex in “91020000” at Artists Space, and Andrea Fraser summoned social inequality and the sounds of Sing Sing jail in “Down the River” at the Whitney. At Bea Schlingelhoff’s show, the gallery was left empty except for several speakers that played an audio track of the gallerists reading the full text of Abigail Bray’s book *Misogyny Reloaded* (2013), which in no uncertain terms lays out the prison of misogyny: the structures that perpetuate women’s status as less legitimate or less valuable beings.

It’s an uneasy experience to hear Maxwell Graham (whose voice was playing on my visit) describe the ways in which rape culture is so ubiquitous in daily life, surfacing everywhere from jokes to movies to everyday interactions. Material aside, there is a certain authoritarianism in the demand to sit in a white box and be lectured. Schlingelhoff (*1971) paid the gallerists for their time, in an attempt to “invert” the financial relations between female artist and male gallerist, but I wonder whether there is enough transformation to the original material in this gesture. In a resurgent moment for questions about race, reparations, misogyny, social inequality, and the prison-industrial complex, it’s important to think about one’s position in relation to these systems. My concern with Schlingelhoff’s show, though it has a brave kind of ferocity to it, is that it replicates (and therefore perpetuates) ingrained systems of power in the forms that power takes. The show left little room for reply.