The ghost artist

Tracing spectral embodiment as a figure of aesthetic resistance, in an unknown woman’s eighteenth century paintings, and works by Hilma af Klint and Louise Bourgeois

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Who was the ghost artist? Who is she today? This study has presented a conceptual figurine whom I argue has danced her way, unnoticed, through art history. A figure taken up by women artists who reject portraiture as an appropriate register of a life in which objectification is a lived bodily reality. A figure who has found fantasised forms of portrayal to step into, and whose aesthetic vitality thrums within the skins of these self-knowing stand-ins. A figure I have found within the logs, maps, embroideries, mirrors, and windows re-presented by artists working across three centuries.

The stand-ins that the anonymous notebook artist, Hilma af Klint, and Louise Bourgeois chose as holders of this figure, all came from objects close to their own bodies, ones they experienced regularly from the sensing side of their skins. And the aesthetic bodies they produced from meditative study of these objects all took serial forms. Making still objects function through time in this way obliges us as viewers to dance with the figurine in order to see her, and to use both memory and imagination in this visualisation of a non-naturalistic body, revealed as parts. The way each artist immersed this spectral idea of embodiment, of figures on the edge of vision, within what we could, expansively, call the representational stage of the still life, is a sort of ‘natural magic’ that reconfigures the body as a thing, and returns it as a situation in time. The dance of viewing builds towards a portrait of the vitality that animates all our skins; of the pulse within. Tracing this dance has required new research routes into both the notebook and the work of Hilma af Klint. These have utilized contemporary psychoanalytic concepts familiar to studies of the work of Bourgeois, but not to that of these earlier painters. Unfurling these ideas backwards in time has framed the notebook as the anonymous record of an older woman negotiating picture-making in an attempt to make sense of her inner world, and my writing has stepped
with her as she painted a new sort of body, one that might hold her subjective experience, an imago she was unlikely to have found within the image world around her. This art historical lack has left that painted body unrecognised until now, but once seen, it is as blurrily insistent, beneath its religious and alchemical masks, as the one beneath Cindy Sherman’s masquerades.

It is a body that entered representation as a log floating in space, a choice that takes on the specular body, pulls it apart, and returns it as willed and speculative. The conceptual figure that makes this possible takes on the ghostly blank that the artist’s mimetic self-portrayal would have presented to the world, and forcefully returns this as a body self-consciously insisting on a new form of presence, which both registers, and rejects, its cultural erasure. This feminist de-scripting of a received world-view belongs, amazingly, to the eighteenth century, but the ghostly figurine supporting it also flits through Af Klint’s Temple cycle and Bourgeois’ Cells. These are also serial bodies of work that displace self-portraiture, and return its potential for self-alienation—the realisation of one’s object status in the eyes of others—within works that steep the artist’s subjectivity within the ‘skins’ of domestic objects, and so take on the silencing power of objectification.

She clicked and rose from the desk, concentration falling off like cold river water as she broke surface into the early evening sun. Her muscles delighted in its warmth, and her face re-mobilized out of its working rigor mortis. Walking to the big back windows, she looked out at massing clouds. She thought of her mother as she watched a lavender cumulus build high over the trees. It seemed to be coming off the sea, and was rolling slowly up and right, along the coast. Lower and faster, on some local wind, a grande dame of cloudy sails was speeding the other way, head up and oars out, trailed by wispy outliers that were curbed by an up-draught into sharp birds clawing home to their night time.

She poured a glass of wine from the bottle in the kitchen and went back to the window. The low clouds had become pale grey against the now inky darkness of the cumulus, and the sailing ship had become a lunatic head tossed upwards, and cackling at the end of the light.
At around the same time as the notebook was being painted, and the gentlemen scholars of Europe were collecting and classifying their Enlightenment world, the Emperor of China was also busy cataloguing. In *A History of the World in 100 Objects*, historian Neil McGregor (1946– ) recounts what happened when this Emperor came across an object he could not define. He was struggling to locate the history of an ancient jade ring, or *bi*, and in attempting to classify it, he compared it to other, similar, objects, collected what historical traces he could find, and admired its aesthetic achievements. However, he remained baffled as to the ring’s actual use, and so he wrote a poem about its speculations, and had it carved into the back of the *bi*. This final intervention draws breath, but McGregor, who remained baffled as to the ring’s actual use, and so he wrote a poem about its speculations, and had it carved into the back of the *bi*. 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focussed on art that resists and returns this dehumanisation, and I have found it in older women's art practices. It may be that it takes half a lifetime to find a way to work out, and work with, the rage that all these works, in their different ways, insist on revealing. It may be that this is the raging embrace of the freedom that the invisibility of ageing skin, as the visible erasure of reproductive capacity, also brings.

I have traced this aesthetic act of resistance back through hundreds of years, but The Ghost Artist is a project of and for today. As human trafficking moves countless women round the world like cattle, and the 2017 Me Too movement refuses to be silenced, and workplaces in the West continue to support the careers of men over women, as hard-won reproductive rights are eroded, and women of the Global South additionally contend with FGM and female infanticide, I end with Catherine McKinnon’s (1946–) description of what happens when women’s bodies become images for the use of others.

As the human becomes thing and the mutual becomes one-sided and the given becomes stolen and sold, objectification comes to define femininity, and one-sidedness comes to define mutuality, and force comes to define consent as pictures and words become the forms of possession and use through which women are actually possessed and used. Pictures and words matter, and we all need to see our inner ghosts being valued, out there in the world. To this end, I have not focussed on images of objectification itself, but on the ways these women have flayed and returned their objectified bodies, in the notebook, the Temple cycle, and the Cells. It is a gesture I found in the representation of domestic objects touched by the sensing side of the artist's own skin. This sensing, this being alive, is the knowledge that is carried, as aesthetic vitality, in these stand-ins that name the cage and retreat of the home as their site. By imagining body representation differently, by skinning their conceptual bodies alive, and hurling them back through art, they aesthetically insist on life in the raw, but a unified body is never seen. It pulses like a ghost and leaves us to patch our own body image together with our own, viewing, minds; a shared work of spiralling and dancing, forwards, backwards, and around.