

Emma Wolf-Haugh

Domestic Optimism

**Act One: Modernism –
A Lesbian Love Story**



Introduction – Half-told Histories

Narrator

Our setting is The Irish Museum of Decorative Arts and History, Dublin. During the global post-pandemic collapse of capitalism. The museum is housed in Collins' Barracks, formerly known as Royal Barracks, where up to 1500 British soldiers resided across three centuries, *six soldiers to a room, two to a bed (hotbeds of virus, disease and fevered sex)*. The Neo-Classical buildings were the oldest continuously occupied example of colonial military domesticity in the world. Ireland being the first land colonised by England in the 16th and 17th centuries, used as its testing ground for techniques of imperial domination. Ireland would be annexed by Britain until Irish liberation from Colonial rule and the formation of the Irish Free State in 1922.

The barracks was repurposed as a museum in 1997. Architects were employed in an attempt to de-militarise the enormous hives of colonial-domestic quarters and render the blocks of hard, grey, symmetry hospitable. The Museum would boast *'Exhibition highlights including Soldiers and Chiefs, tracing Ireland's military history from 1550 into the 21st century, and Eileen Gray, exploring the life and work of the iconic 20th century designer'*.

The museum has recently closed due to a new-wave pandemic of cultural institution crash. Staff losing their positions, bottom up, from contracted cleaners and security guards, to temporary education and outreach staff to administrative employees. After 'letting go' the foundational labour force that propped up the institution the top heavy salaried positions of curators, archivists, and museum director, toppled. Nobody to maintain the exhibitions, archives, and storage vaults, no public to manoeuvre through the half told histories of things.

In an attempt to save the museum from collapse, a series of job-seekers positions have been made available. Administered by the islands failing Social Welfare system. The positions require some historical knowledge (non-specific) and twenty eight hours a week of exhibition attendance -stroke- security guard -stroke- outreach -stroke- maintenance -stroke- archival -stroke- curatorial labour along with the capacity to self-supervise. Payment constitutes receipt of social welfare, not enough to live on without something on the side. All of five positions have been occupied by a group of dykes, trans-dykes, boi-dykes, butch, femme and faggoty dykes from RADCLYFFE HALL (a squatted high-rise, post-war style tower block in Ballymun). As part of the squatting community they run ‘The Lesbian Her-story Projects’ throughout the rooms, corridors, and balconies of the fifteen story building. The quare collective have begun to re-purpose the museum as an outpost of community activity spilling over from Radclyffe Hall. They also sell ‘private, bespoke tours’ to generate extra income, historical fetishism is a lucrative niche.

On the East wing of the third floor is the Eileen Gray exhibition, a permanent display dedicated to the life and work of the Anglo-Irish, aristocratic, modernist designer and self-taught architect. Occupying a long, low ceilinged, darkened space, the exhibit is encircled by large wall mounted photographs, historical/biographical timelines and smaller bite sized columns of text and image. Purpose built display cases are deep set, flush with the walls, backed with stretched linen panels, framed in matt black metal and thick glass, many are empty. Tall and low standing vitrines break up sight lines throughout. A theatrically lit square stage, designed to showcase pieces of furniture, juts out from the back wall in the exhibits roomiest space.

The display has recently been ‘updated’ by the hybrid museum staff. Walls and informational texts have been over-layered with photocopies. *Here* is a large pasted image of Margarete Schütte-Lihotzky anti-fascist activist and designer of the Frankfurt Kitchen, *there* is an historical-biographical timeline that has been amended and re-titled ‘Eileen Gray – Sapphic lovers and the women who influenced her design’.

Several display cases are missing their original objects which have been replaced with two dimensional replicas, black & white photocopy prints pasted onto cardboard, modelled to scale. Included as part of the display are photographs of the original, missing pieces, installed in domestic spaces of the Radclyffe Hall squat. Coiffeuse, 1926, Bibendum chair, 1930, Transat Chair 1927. A handmade sign reads ‘The original piece has been removed from the museum for reclamation by lesbian her-story’.

The square stage is at present the main source of light in the dimly lit room. Lights have been covered with coloured gels, dusty pink, lavender, and green. At an angle across the stage hangs a fifteen panel room divider, fabricated from bleached denim and shiny tracksuits, it is soft and modular in design, it follows the form of Eileen Gray’s lacquered Block Screen, which has been removed, also for reclamation by lesbian her-story.

In the shadows in front of the stage there is an original piece of Campaign furniture, a collapsible leather chair used by officers while engaging in military campaigns as part of British colonial expansion. The piece from the early 20th century was produced by the Irish Company Ross & Co. Army Furniture manufacturers at their factory located nearby the Barracks in Dublin. The chair has been moved from the museums military showcase to become part of the Eileen Gray exhibit. Highlighting Gray’s early influence by the multi-functional Campaign Furniture design which decorated the Gray family estate during her youth in County Wexford.

Seated in the campaign chair is a woman who looks to be in her late thirties, early forties, she clicks a set of keys in one hand and pulls on a slim silver vape in the other, puffing pleasantly scented vapour towards the stage. She is dramatically expectant. Her clothes are sharply pressed, dark patterned silk in cream and teal, fine wool in tan, and baby soft leather in chocolate brown. Her dress and general demeanour demonstrate wealth and comfort with privilege.

This evening's tour guide is a tall faggoty dyke. They are wearing a jumpsuit made from the same denim as the room divider and a cap embroidered with text that reads: *'The lazerbeam their-story projects'*.

The Lazerbeam Theirstory Projects Present: Campaign Chair

WELCOME

*Do take a seat and question
this chair's connection to imperialist obsession
with domination
its legacy and preservation
Emulation
Implication
Masturbation
Flagellation
Subordination
Domestication*

*Yes
It's an original
Great
Fantastic
Enjoy the show.
oh! and...
No photo.*

*Campaign Furniture
Educational Presentation
By the Lesbian Her-Story Projects*

*Campaign furniture
Campaign...furniture...
Travelling-
Chairs
And chests
Beds and desks.
Elite British officers travelled in style with the finest travel furniture
from the emerald isle... Ireland...
Ross & Co.
Army supply for the rank and file
finest woods and textiles
...19th CENTURY...
From Burma to Malaysia they became the enemy with weaponry.
Men left their manors (MANNERS!) to expand and command the
queens stolen laaands.
Stomping the colonies in arrogant elegance...these men and their
families wanted excellence!*

O O O

*Colonists
Administrators
Army
and navy
to Patrol
Document Map and extract
dominate
violate
segregate
devastate
stir hate and tax-ate
While sitting their arse on a campaign chair, enjoying the comforts of
home from India to Nigeria
Officers riddled with disease...and male hysteria...
Reclining on a bed designed, acquired, and admired in Ireland!
Collapsed and packed for easy travel by Ross & Co*

0 0 0

Campaign furniture
Bloodstain furniture
Sugar Cane plantation furniture

0 0 0

Eileen Gray
Hereditary nobility
Land
Property
High ranking family
in the British army
Wealth and title
Colonial-survival
Anglo Irish so so stylish
The Finest of everything
Campaign furniture
she grew up around...handed down...during the height of British
colonial expansion
Multi purpose, clever, folding...
Pivoting
Rotating
With flexibility of use in mind...much Like Gray's inventive furniture
design...

000

Isn't It?

000

Isn't It?

000

Modernism/colonialism

Modernism/colonialism

Modernism/colonialism

Faggoty Tour Guide Presents: E 1027

Stage directions: The projection shifts to a single colour, deep pink, and the faggoty tour guide steps to the microphone, they lock eyes with the woman in the campaign chair and slowly unzip their overalls from the neck down, just past their chest, a puff of vape smoke reaches the stage and hangs there a moment. They take hold of the microphone, and begin the tour.

The Western worlds most championed modernist architect, since the early 20th century, has been Le Corbusier...applauded as an uncompromising innovator who is claimed to have exerted significant influence on urban planning and domestic space. The benefactor of a set of principles to house us, to engineer better humans, functional, clean and healthy.

Eileen Gray's legacy has been conjoined to Corbusier's, a story told in the line of his genius.

To better understand the historical intricacies at play we begin with a little known but decisive turn in Modernist design, Le Corbusier's unresolved lifelong desire for lesbians. A desire undoubtedly borne of his enduring and fruitless longing to become lesbian. To be euphorically sapphic.

In the brothels of a lively interwar Paris he paid sex workers to be erotic with each other, to be lesbian for him, he made drawings. Huge thighs, big bums, he liked the best, Corbusier coveted a LOT of lesbian.

He believed eroticism between women was second to none
*“Women loving women – that’s what appeals to me, the only decent,
the only passionate love.”* Said Corbusier.

But Corbu was shrewd enough to know that if he became a lesbian he
could not become a genius. Lesbian or genius?

As history shows over and over and over and over and over again
Corbu chose genius.

To be a genius one must be a MONO, a singularity, Corbu, like all other
geniuses, knew that he did not want to share. And to become lesbian
one must acknowledge that physically and creatively there is a
continual rubbing off and up against one another. This kind of corporeal
and psychic merging he was not willing to accept.

Corbu began to build a tall and narrow pillar to elevate himself on high.
UP UP UP went Corbu, narrow and cramped his podium, confining,
pinched and spare. no room for his inner large limbed superabundant
lesbian.

To become a genius he had to become a MAN, a MAN of HIS STORY.
A man of history. A place that lesbians were not allowed.

He knew that through practices of elimination he would be
remembered... MONO-MENTALLY... a genius! Over and over Corbu
wrote his collaborators O.U.T. Building his podium – erectile concrete
slab – taller and narrower throughout his architectural career

He said: *I’m approaching the paradise of power... hygiene...hygiene...
MORALITY... rigour, dominance, precision... UNIVERSAL LAWS...
UNIVERSAL TRUTHS...STANDARDS OF THE MIND...STANDARDS
OF THE HEART...STANDARDS OF HISTORY AND STATISTICS...
MANIFEST A HIGH MORALITY...PURSUE PERFECTION!!!*

Thus Corbu is remembered...singularly... (exceptional, eminent, amazing, astounding, tremendous) A GENIUS... a title not available to lesbians.

Corbu, unable to reconcile his lesbian longings with his genius, displaced his desires in a very strange way. He became obsessed with a *très moderne* lesbian house...not a house where lesbians lived per se, more a house that was in and of itself, lesbian. E 1027, the first house designed and built by Eileen Gray.

By overwriting Corbu's floor plans Gray eclipsed his concepts and amended his mistakes. Redrawing the normative masculine taste for stripped down/unembellished essentialism Gray filled that spatial void with texture, colour, folds and layers, drapes, pockets, hidden rooms, disrupted sight lines, and inexact repetitions. Screens became walls, interior decorating became architecture. The living room became a sociable non-binary boudoir – a large day bed as it's main attraction (*I mean what kind of a person puts a bed in the living room?*). The lines between pleasure, rest, work and gender were blurred. Spaces proposed and invited nonconformist relations. Interiors leaking outside and exteriors slipping in. The house was a crack in the boundaries of heteronormative modernist architecture.

As a guest in the lesbian house Corbu felt himself spilling over, he became irrational, languorous, sultry and unrestrained, his repressed lesbian urges surging forwards to merge with the splendidly sensual interiors...un-genius-like and frighteningly pleasurable. In an effort to master internal conflict Corbu decided that he must not become possessed by the lesbian house instead he must possess it. Ownership – a singularity to put order on internal chaos. But often as he tried, Eileen Gray would not permit him proprietary rights.

And so, in the guise of a temporary tenant, Corbu became a domestic parasite intent on satisfying his genius and vanquishing his inner lesbian once and for all.

Corbu decided to exorcise the lezzie demon now flailing about inside his psyche. And so the man who wrote a treatise demanding that:

*'every citizen is required to replace his hangings, his damasks, his wallpapers, his stencils, with a plain coat of white Ripolin (paint). His home is made clean.... Then comes inner cleanness, for the course adopted leads to refusal to allow anything which is not correct, authorised, intended...'*²

...well, throughout 1938 and 1939, this very fellow, painted no less than nine murals across the plain walls of E1027. He stripped himself bare and seized his brush. Out across the living room wall came the hammerhead lesbian carrying the red, sharp toothed, lesbian demon, to a coffin. Out came the one eyed, wonky titted, orange/yellow lesbian dominatrix with HUGE blue fisting fists. Out came the toothless, unbrowed, lesbian terrorist, wrapped in a yellow scarf and carrying an enormous blue double dildo. On and on Corbu painted, everywhere he looked a lesbian demon looking back at him. He needed something final, something total and so for his concluding exorcism out came a wall sized drawing from distant memory... a sketch he had made in the brothels of Paris all those years ago... a reclining lesbian with a woman between her legs. He feels a pang of longing, his inner dyke won't let go easily. In a push to master his emotion he paints himself in, a voyeur looking on the scene. In a final stroke he paints a symbol of triumph across his chest... a terminal point... the most insistent mark of singularity... the swastika: one idea, one people, one nation, one leader, one genius allowed... the singular vision that facilitated his position in the Vichy government in fascist collaborationist France... his plan to build a total fascist city entirely authored by him...

Stage directions: The woman seated in the campaign chair, uncrosses and recrosses her legs drawing attention to herself, she stands, circles the campaign chair and leans on the curved wood of the chairs back. She takes a long drag on her vape and on the exhale points her index finger towards the stage...a comment...

Wealthy Client

But can you claim, I mean really isn't it absurd to insinuate...is it even thinkable...I mean is there really fascism in the architecture?

Stage directions: The faggoty tour guide gives the wealthy client a dramatic stare, stepping off the stage, they walk slowly behind the woman. Leaning very close, they slip their fingers across the front of her soft wool trousers, undoing the clasp. Then gliding their palms across smooth silk underwear stretched taut by anticipatory/eager asscheeks, they whisper in her ear...

ftg: *Is there fascism in the architecture?*

1925, Corbu is invited by the French Fascist and Antisemitic league 'Le Faisceau' (founded by the Italian dictator Benito Mussolini)³ to give a presentation on his work, he promotes his plan for a total architecture 'The Radiant City'.

SPANK!!!

wc: *Ah...*

tg: After Corbu's presentation Le Faisceaux' founder Georges Valois writes:

*'Our comrades initial reaction to (Le Corbusiers) slides was a moment of astonishment ... before 'The Radiant City' – they saw their own dream materialised. I then said how his grand conceptions expressed the deepest thought of fascism...Now fascism is precisely this, a rational organisation of the entire national life...Le Corbusiers work expresses this with genius.'*⁴

SPANK!!!

wc: *Ohhh...*

ftg: 1934, Corbu is called to Rome to discuss his thesis of urbanism with Mussolini.

SPANK!!!

wc: *Ah...*

ftg: Immediately after the fascist occupation of Paris Corbu is flown to Algiers by the new collaborationist ‘Vichy’ government. He holds discussions about the city’s renovation for the centennial of French colonial occupation when Algiers would become the capital of Colonial French Africa. He draws a plan that segregates the indigenous population from the French and charts the re-organisation, purification, and population reduction of the Casbah. He calls the project ‘Obus’ after the trajectory of an exploding shell.⁵

SPANK!!!

wc: *Yees...*

ftg: 1941, Alexis Carrel, a eugenicist surgeon, puts Corbu in charge of the “Committee studying problems of habitation and construction” as part of his department of Bio-Sociology of the Foundation for the Study of Human Problems, an institute promoting eugenics policies under the fascist Vichy government.⁶

SPANK!!!

wc: *Ohhh*

ftg: *Is there fascism in the architecture?*

Stage Directions: Interlude...lights out...computer voice with music...

Genius...genetics...genes...genealogy...eugenics...

Genius...genetics...genes...genealogy...eugenics...

Genius...genetics...genes...genealogy...eugenics...

Butch Tour Guide Presents: Gertrude Stein's Special Portrait Chair

The modernist writer and art collector Gertrude Stein – believed a bit in Eugenics⁷ and a LOT in genius. Gertrude was a lesbian who became a man in order to become a genius. Gertrude theorised that genius could only exist in a male brain and therefore her brain must be masculine. And so Gertrude became a genius. Gertrude lived with her wife Alice B. Toklas, in a house in the lesbian district of Paris, not far from the infamous lesbian salon hosted by Natalie Barney. Gertrude's house was also famous for salons where according to Gertrude genius's and their wives would gather and socialise. Gertrude's wife Alice taking care of the wives and Gertrude taking care of the Geniuses.

On a rainy day in January 1927 Gertrude was to be celebrated, her writing acknowledged, within the lesbian circles of gay Paris. Salon queen, heiress, poet, lover of a great many women Natalie Barney was hosting a Salon in honour of Gertrude's innovative writing. All of Paris's Sapphic scene was invited. Natalie had prepared her salon for the occasion by gathering together portraits of interconnected friends, lovers and feminist comrades.

- A dashing portrait of Natalie painted by her long time lover Romaine Brooks.
- A cheeky portrait of Natalie's wife, the communist, disinherited, aristocrat Lily De Gramont, also painted by Romaine and gifted to Barney as a wedding present, sealing the threesomes *arrangement*.
- Romaine's sexy androgynous self-portrait, occupying a prominent spot amongst the domestic clutter.
- A lesbian-merging portrait by the painter Gluck titled Medallion the 'You We' portrait.
- Another painting by Romaine of the painter Gluck, titled portrait of Peter (a young English girl)

A whole wall is given over to the seductive photographic portraits of fashionable dykes by Bernice Abbot, including Eileen Gray, columnist Janet Flanner, writer Djuna Barnes, publisher and bookshop owner Sylvia Beach, lovers and co-publishers of the journal *The Little Review* Jane Heap and Margaret Anderson.

On a long wooden sideboard are a lovingly arranged selection of intimate snapshots of dear friends, club-owner, hostess, and entertainer Ada 'Bricktop' Smith, filmmaker Ester Eng, publisher and civil rights activist Nancy Cunard, writer and equality campaigner Radclyffe Hall, and a signed postcard of entertainer, French Resistance agent and civil rights activist, Josefin Baker.

Gertrude had offered Barney a portrait from her own collection for the evening, a portrait of Gertrude painted by Picasso, but Natalie tactfully declined suggesting that Gertrude rather bring along her special chair. A chair decorated with a tapestry woven by her wife Alice B. The tapestry inlaid on the back of the chair being Alice's interpretation of the portrait that Picasso had painted of Gertrude.

As the lesbians begin arriving Gertrude is ready and waiting, seated at the head of the salon, in her portrait chair, Alice B. Is sitting beside her on a low slung armchair designed by Adrienne Górska.

Drinks are served, friends are greeted and a flirtatious atmosphere is animated by Dolly Wilde (niece of Oscar Wilde) who swoons across the room, high and in flying form. But this event is about Gertrude and Natalie ushers her guests to take their places for the evenings program.

As Gertrude's work is read by the writer Mina Loy, Alice B. Strokes her fingers across the tapestry on the back of Gertrude's chair, the tapestry portrait of a portrait of Gertrude. Her fingers are very sensitive to the texture of the threads and she thinks how Gertrude's most successful book is in fact a biography of her, an auto-biography of Alice B. written by Gertrude. She feels a tugging sensation on the tips of her fingers, the same digits that are so often *intimate* with her wife, as if to redirect her thoughts she moves her hand only to find that her fingers have become

woven fast to the back of the chair with threads extending from the tapestry. Panicked, she moves her other hand to free herself but the threads swiftly wrap her wrist pulling both of her hands deep into the weave. Now Alice is contorted and unable to move without causing disruption to Gertrude's big event. Gertrude feels Alice twitching at the back of the chair, irritated, she reaches behind to gesture Alice away, stroking the threaded digits, she feels a strange clutching sensation as the threads wrap her hand, knitting across her arm and up to her elbow. Now Alice and Gertrude make a strange tableaux vivant, the guests think it a performance and clap enthusiastically. The painter and interior designer Romaine Brooks has come this evening hoping that Alice B. Will have some good news regarding the publishing of her memoir 'No Pleasant Memories' Alice is known for getting things published, Romaine is lingering in the shadows between her own paintings, she can see that the guest of honour and her wife are struggling. Moving closer Romaine realises that their hands have become part of the tapestry portrait of a portrait. She steps toward them and, always one for gallantry, crouches behind for a closer look. She touches Alice's arm reassuringly making a move to stand and find a scissors, but her arm has become woven together with Alice's, jerked out of posture she stumbles catching a hold of the aristocratic communist Lily De. Gramont. Gramont clasps Romaine's shoulders offering support and watches in amazement as colourful threads weave across Romaine's body encasing both of her hands to Romaine's shoulders. Now the four women are tied up, the tableaux vivant growing more dramatic, another round of applause. Natalie takes the hand of her most recent lover, secretary, cook and chauffeur, Nadine Wang, and slips through the crowd to see what is going on, this has not been planned. She sees her two wives bound together, threaded to Alice and Gertrude, part of a continuing tapestry, Nadine, ever knowledgeable, whispers to Natalie that a lesbian merge has begun and that she must refrain from touching any woman in proximity, an impossible task for Natalie who is already embracing her two wives and fast enmeshed in the weave.

Eileen Gray accompanied by her former lover and current business partner (the choreographer and lighting designer) Gaby Bloch are amazed by this dynamic display of animated soft furnishing, keeping

their distance atop a rug designed by Gray and her former lover and business partner Evelyn Wyld, they haven't noticed that Barney's foot is tipping the rug's fringe, the tapestry threads engaging the wool and mingling their patterns, the wooly strands have begun to hug Gray's manly shoes and caress her trousered legs drawing her into a contorted entanglement with Bloch, not wholly unpleasant.

Bloch uses her training to experiment with movement inside the entanglement and finds that if one moves with the connection and not against it then motion is not only possible but also pleasurable, the threads pulling, pressing and vibrating in all the right places.

As the flow of threading continues, knitting the women together across the room, dancer and lover of Romaine Brooks Ida Rubenstein continues Bloch's manipulation of the threads to magnificent effect, sending pulses and rhythms through the knotted mass. As the women give in to the bounded group body the room slowly fills with sighs, moans and shudders of gratification.

Gertrude will not be pulled in to such an orgiastic scene, these binds are intolerable, one must know where one begins and ends, her genius was to be singled out this evening not twisted into a web of women. Lifting her knee high she stomps down hard her one free foot sending a violent quiver through the threads, bringing some shadowed corner of the room into climax.

ENOUGH! DISENTANGLE ME! I WILL NOT BE MADE A PART OF THIS! Growls an irate Gertrude.

Ada Smith has arrived late to the salon with her lover Josephine Baker, they look on the scene highly amused, Ada sees Gertrude, red in the face and thrashing her attachments. Gertrude honey, she says, your a part of the scenius now... and there is no one thing you can do about it. You might force yourself to an oblique angle heaving your body to the front of the picture, but we'll all still be here, moving in and out of the tapestry, spilling out of the frame...it's the lesbian scenius baby, and without it there is no modernism worth shit...

Lesbian Scenius Song

Lesbian Scenius

More than genius

The scenius equals the scene of genius

It's genius in communal form

Subcultural swarm

Embedded in the scene not in the genes

Look at us

SCENIUS

GENIUS

SCENIUS

GENIUS

Lesbian Scenius

MORE FUN TO BE MORE THAN ONE

SINGULARITY TO PLURALITY

A radical modern temporality

This was not heterosexuality

Individuality combined

We were that way inclined

Remember us together, tethered

Pick us apart lose the heart

Don't screen the scene and regress towards the mean of average genius

It's just too easy

See the scenius not the genius

See the scenius not the genius

See the scenius not the genius

Love and creativity make our history

Collectivity tells a different story

yeah, oh yeah

yeah, oh yeah

yeah, oh yeah

Intertwined across space and time

See the scenius not the genius

See the scenius not the genius

See the scenius not the genius

yeah, oh yeah

yeah, oh yeah

yeah, oh yeah

Don't kill the buzz

- 1 <https://www.museum.ie/en-IE/Museums/Decorative-Arts-History/Visitor-Information/About-The-Museum>
- 2 A Coat of Whitewash: The Law of Ripolin, Le Corbusier, 1925
- 3 <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Faisceau>
- 4 Le Corbusier: A Life, Nicholas Fox Weber, Alfred A. Knopf, 2008
- 5 Le Corbusier, Orientalism, Colonialism, Zeynep Celik, Assemblage, No. 17 (Apr. 1992) pp. 59-77
- 6 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Le_Corbusier
- 7 Otto Weininger – Germanic patriarchal, anti-Semitic, homophobic sentiments – a masculine utopia



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