

case for copyright infringement. Sure, I could say with a childish tone that I made mine first, and that I have three public presentations to prove it, dating back as far as April 2009. However, I can picture the counterargument unfolding like an absurdist play.

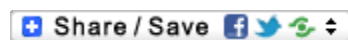
Ironically, Perry's representatives could actually argue for transformative use, which is one of the conditions allowing the reuse of content in US copyright law. Whereas my piece has an explicitly feminist intent (see my artist statement alongside the detail photo at <http://artistintransit.blogspot.com/2009/06/chick-lit-in-kitchen.html>), Perry seems to be objectifying women. At least this is the conclusion I come to based on context—in light of her shooting two cans of whipped cream from another bra, and in light of her lounging naked on a cotton candy cloud. We may be polar opposites in this regard, but we're more alike than it may seem on the surface. In a behind-the-scenes clip of the filming of *California Gurls*, Perry refers to her breasts as her assets. When I stepped out of the Green Room in a wearable art show last month in Boston, provoking bold and instantaneous responses with my own cupcake bra, I was well aware of the implications of selling sex.

Am I envious that Perry's video is all the rage and that the cupcake bra has been called genius (*Trendhunter Magazine*) while my piece, which took a week of non-stop sewing to make, lies on the fringes of art world obscurity? Not really. If anything, it gives me the illusion of having my finger on the pulse of popular culture (which, for my Snoop Dogg confusing self, is admittedly flattering). No, if there are any sour grapes (or cherries?) it's harmless envy about Perry's personal association with Russell Brand and her professional affiliation with Will Cotton. In my opinion, much of the bad feelings related to copyright lie in people's insecurities about one work being confused for another, which seems to be bound up in identity and ego. Frankly, I don't think there's any risk of me being confused with a singer who straddled a microphone onstage the other day. I'm happy to let the focus stay on similarities between Perry's ejaculating bra and Lady Gaga's gun holster bra from the Alejandro video.

Besides, at the end of the day, can I really harbour bad feelings for someone who says she 'lurve[s]' my homeland?

SOURCES:

—-. "Naughty Cupcake Bras: Katy Perry 'California Gurls' Video Teaser is Sinfully Tasty," *Trendhunter Magazine*, July 2010. <http://www.trendhunter.com/trends/katy-perry-california-gurls-video>.



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[The Heretics](#)

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“[We] fell in love with each others' minds” – Marty Pottenger

New York is a funny place. It feels so big that it could swallow you whole, but sometimes it seems as small as the rural village where I was raised in Canada. For instance, I had no idea that the friendly woman I was chatting with in the bathroom Thursday night at 92Y Tribeca was Joan Braderman, director of *The Heretics*, whose screening I was about to see. What would I have done differently had I known it was her—offered her my lipstick? Opted against using lipstick in front a more seasoned feminist than myself? I'll say this: it was a fitting way to start an evening celebrating the camaraderie between women, and a reminder that the gap between Second Wave feminists and Third Wave feminists—insurmountable though it sometimes seems—can close in an instant.

The documentary, made by a three-person crew in multiple locations, traces the development of *Heresies*, a significant feminist art publication that ran from 1977 to 1992 out of New York. A goldmine for feminist art historians, it is replete with archival footage and contemporary interviews with 28 of *Heresies*' key figures. Any reservations about the value of this film quickly fall by the wayside: we are reminded of the importance of institutional memory by a montage of contributors' conflicting or nonexistent answers about where the first meeting was held. The film is effectively a piecing together of history, a kind of collaborative storytelling that establishes credence through repetition.

Watching *The Heretics*, we are captivated by the inception of the publication—by the list of some 300 titles considered, by the ability to mobilize without the power of the Internet, by the founders' earnest attempts at organizational equity. We are stunned by *Heresies*' perseverance in spite of resistance to a business plan, to male advertisers, and to so many conventions that keep publications afloat. And, I can't speak for everyone, but for those of us who have lost countless nights of sleep to the publishing world (I even bumped the date of my wedding to accommodate a production schedule), we are inexplicably nostalgic for the smell of wax. Mostly, though, we are enraptured by the stories of the talented women who came together to change the world, who—as Marty Pottenger phrased it—“fell in love with each others' minds” and capitalized on synergy.

Inspiring though the documentary may be, the content is gravely serious. A case in point is Lucy Lippard's retelling of men and women bringing the same slides to galleries and the women being turned away while their male counterparts generated great interest. Stories like these give insight into the impetus for creating and sustaining *Heresies*. The serious subject matter carries over into the history of the publication itself. For example, Harmony Hammond recalls the tension of restricting the editorial team to lesbians for the lesbian issue, and Su Friedrich tells the story of how she got fired preparing the sex issue late at night in her workplace. Interestingly, despite the sobering content, the film doesn't take itself too seriously. A saxophone plays in the background when the aforementioned sex issue is discussed and the dramatic sound of thunder accompanies the first mention of the so-called *Heretics*; there are many such examples. A cut-and-paste aesthetic lends a quirky sensibility to the film, which might come across as amateur if it didn't reflect the general look of the publication.

On the surface, *The Heretics* is about the project that tied these women together but it functions as biography in equal measure. The interviews conducted three decades later emphasize that creating the publication was not an isolated act, but rather part of a trajectory in each woman's life. *The Heretics* reveals *Heresies* as a natural outgrowth of the contributors' existing commitment to feminism, but also as a catalyst for personal change.

For more on *The Heretics*, see <http://www.wmm.com/filmcatalog/pages/c780.shtml>