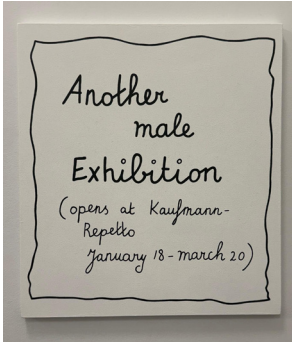
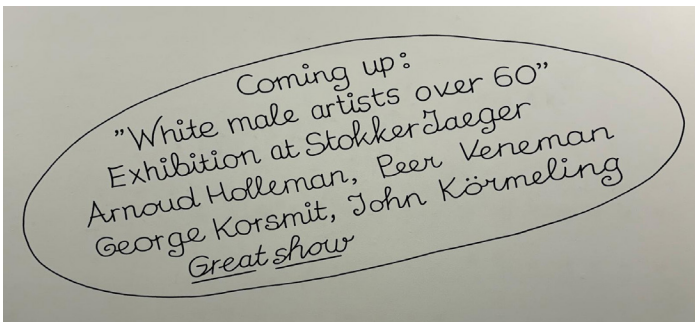


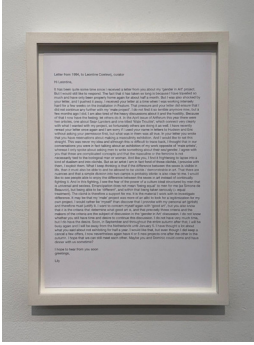
Lily van der Stokker *Male Art Exhibition, Great Show!*



One enters the show with a panel saying, "Another male Exhibition (opens at Kaufmann Repetto, January 18 - March 20)". This artwork is a fantasy exhibition announcement. For me, it is a correction fantasy of the uncountable all-male art shows from the past that went by without ever being questioned for their possible male temperament rather than the suggested gender neutrality.

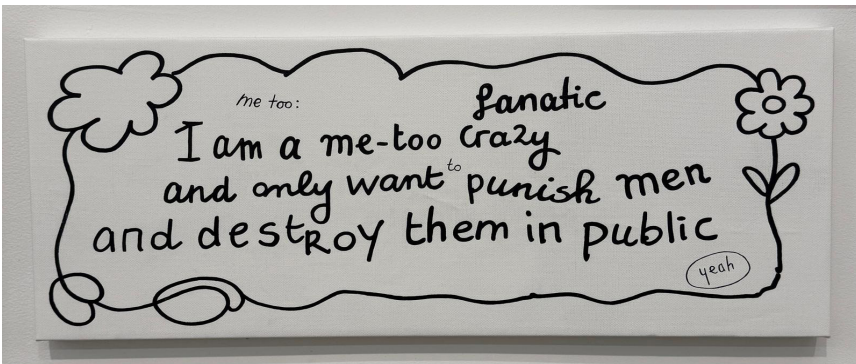


Then on the same wall you see a text wall painting, it says: "Coming up: 'White male artists over 60' Exhibition at StokkerJaeger..." StokkerJaeger is the name of my recently opened nonprofit project space in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. I created this text artwork last year as a possible graffiti to cover my own "Nothing Wall" fence wall painting at the Parnassusweg in Amsterdam for the Hartwig Museum of Modern Art. The idea for this StokkerJaeger exhibition has not yet been realized. The artists mentioned here are all artist colleagues my age. I invited each of them to explain and ask permission to use their names in this wall piece of mine. These discussions turned out to be sometimes emotional about the exclusion of male artists in recent years. The idea came from one of them visiting me in my project space last year and asked me to look at his art and to show his work. At the end of the talk he shrugged and said, "Oh well, I am a white male artist over 60." The next morning I wrote him an email and said, "How about if we make an exhibition with that title?" He answered, "Sure, I am in!"



Letter to Leontine 1994

In 1994, I wrote to a curator (see "letter to Leontine 1994" framed in the exhibition) about my wish to make a show to visualise what masculinity looks like in art, at a time when every discussion about gender in art was blown away with the dead end remark that only quality mattered. I wrote: "what I keep thinking is if the difference in the sexes is visible in life, then this must also be able to, and be allowed to be visible in art." Simply put, 33 years ago, in the early nineties this discussion was always being overruled by the concept that quality in art is the first criteria, not gender. But there I was, confronted with mainly male art movements, exhibitions in museums and galleries, and I was the one standing out being "different."



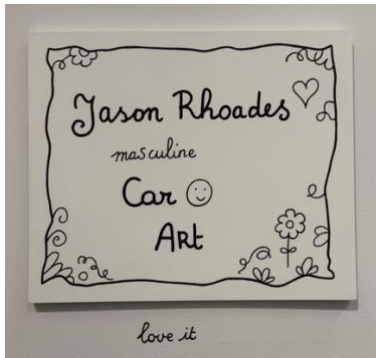
"Me too Fanatic"

The text is based on an article I read in a newspaper (20 feb 2026) about "The contempt for women in the Epstein files." I was researching texts written specifically on women in the Epstein files. Here Siegal writes to J.Epstein, "The entire #Me Too movement has brought nothing but misery. These feminists, these me-too crazies, only want to punish men and destroy them in public."



Cigarette and sausage art

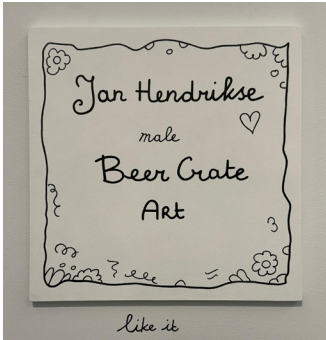
Gavin Brown and Paul McCarthy, a gallerist and an artist are mentioned here. The first sentence mentions an artwork that I saw in 2015 at Art Basel when I installed a wall painting ("Blue Blob Drip Wallpainting" at Kaufmann Repetto). The artwork was by one of Gavin's artists Urs Fisher. Gavin had one of the biggest booths in the fair, and he showed only one artwork in a completely empty booth: a packet of cigarettes connected to a rope, and the rope to a thin pole placed in the middle of the booth. Like in a carousel, the package of cigarettes moved and floated around the booth, 'filling' the empty and expensive space. The artwork was presented as an edition and priced at \$100,000 dollars. This was daring provocative exhibitionistic musclework. The next sentence mentions Paul McCarthy, we all know his famous video performances in which he makes fucking movements with imagined body parts as object, penises, anuses, sausages. So, I love Gavin Brown's program, Urs Fisher and Paul McCarthy's art. Cigarettes and Sausage art has a funny sound, and their art is without a doubt impressive. Typical male approach and male artwork.



Jason Rhoades

In the midnineties Jack (Jaeger, partner Lily van der Stokker, 1937 - 2013) and I saw an exhibition of a new artist represented by David Zwirner, then still in his early gallery years in a ground floor space in Soho, across from Feature gallery where I showed at the time. We regularly walked in and chatted with David about his exhibitions. Jason Rhoades had made a room filling an installation with lots of materials, let's say leftovers from the home garage. In the middle one could stand free, surrounded by the installation. Looking up, a drill hung in the middle of the ceiling pointing to the floor as a sort of chandelier. We laughed and said: "The return of macho Art!", because in those days' inclusivity was not discussed yet, but people of colour, women and gays were getting more attention in exhibitions and writing. Large expensive paintings by male artists were out, and had disappeared since the stock market crash in 1987.

In 2023 when I visited New York again, we saw a show that looked impressive from the outside: a large artspace in Chelsea had parked several luxury cars in the gallery as if it was a carshowroom. When we walked in, we saw it was an installation by Jason Rhoades. In the back we saw an installation as we had seen so often of him, lots of undefinable wood and metal constructions in which the heart was a car, and of course some messy wires and computer stuff, as well as a laptop you could see porn on. Why always porn? A male thing I guess. Art containing porn could be called a male art genre is my view. Then we saw another artwork, a film projected on the wall, which pictured Jason driving a car in Los Angeles. Jason died in 2006. But here he was alive and happy and talking about his car that he liked, obviously. It says tongue in cheek, in a way that is a bit provocative: "I consider this car to be an artwork!". Driving a car is then a performance? And so, yes, this car is an artwork. Object Trouvé, Marcel Duchamp, we get it. Beautiful, but manly. Time to say this.



Jan Hendrikse

We first met in 1985. Jan Hendrikse, a Dutch artist living in New York, came to visit me in my artist run gallery Stokker Stikker on sixth street in the East Village. He entered my storefront and in the middle of the space plopped a crate of beer on the floor, sat on it and offered me a beer. It was like 12 o'clock in the afternoon, and I am more like a tea drinking person, so it was a bit an awkward situation. We talked and it was obvious that he wanted an exhibition from me. Not much later his wife Sidi came to the gallery and said, "Lily, could you please give Jan an exhibition?" I didn't do it. Later I found out that he was an artist part of the fifties NUL (zero) movement. In it was a group of male artists that were anti-painting and celebrating everyday materials: Jan Schoonhoven, Armando, Herman de Vries, etc. Later I found out that the crate of beer had been an artwork of Jan's and that he also made artworks with pennies or cork bottles for example. Later we kept meeting at art fairs and in New York, and we were always friendly. The crate of beer and drinking is quite masculine, correct?



Roman Signer

We all know his work: throwing a chair out of an apartment window only to have it fall 11 floors down on the ground below. He filmed it and he declared it a performance. I saw his exhibition at Colin de Land in 1990 where the artwork was the residue of an exploded answering machine that happened after someone had called the gallery. I really like his work. Jack and I met Roman several times in NYC. A kind and friendly man. His art: boyish. It is being said by me in this artwork.

kaufmann repetto

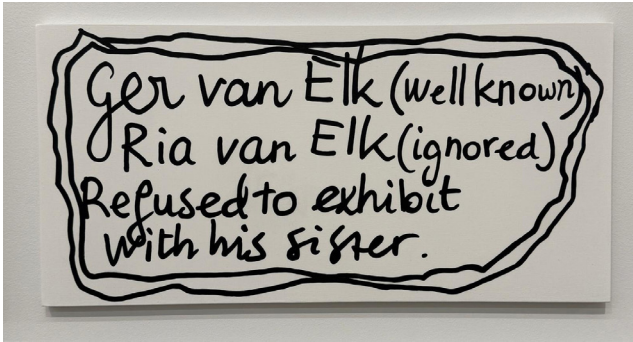
Gregory green

In 1993 I was working in the Cabinet Gallery in London to design and paint my "Motherfucker" wall painting. In the exhibition, curated by my friend Jack Jaeger, titled "Please don't hurt me," an exhibition about violence, I made my wallpainting in a small space where Grégory was making his "bomb factory." There had been quite some struggle with his travelling because he travelled from Canada to London with all the ingredients to make a bomb, in his suitcase. The two gallerists Martin and Andrew, and the artist, loved all the excitement of the custom problems. When things calmed down and I was quietly continuing to work on my wall painting, in the background I heard Martin, the gallerist, and Gregory talk and look for a while at the gun he had brought, holding it up to the light, looking at the straightness of the lines, the movements and clicks of the mechanism, and making remarks of admiration for the technical sublime of this gun. I remember thinking, okay, this does not interest me at all, even my art contemporaries have an obvious manly interest for manmade things.

Joep van Lieshout

Joep is a Dutch art colleague of mine, my age. An early work of his: he drove with a machine gun installed ready to 'act' on the back of his truck through the south of France. It is called a performance. Years ago, in the Bonnefanten Museum Maastricht, the curator showed me a recent acquisition of Joep: I saw a wheelchair, declared a sculpture, and on the side of the arm rests there were pockets added by the artist where old senile people could put their bottles of whiskey. No doubt about it that this is a typical man's way of thinking and making an artwork about alcohol and drinking. Not that it has ever been mentioned, now I do: masculine art.

I am making my work since the early 90s and I am constantly being framed as feminine and girly, and I am proud of what I make, but this framing and labelling is usually not a compliment, but belittling and degrading. So, in this artwork I conclude, these artworks are about whiskey and guns: macho.

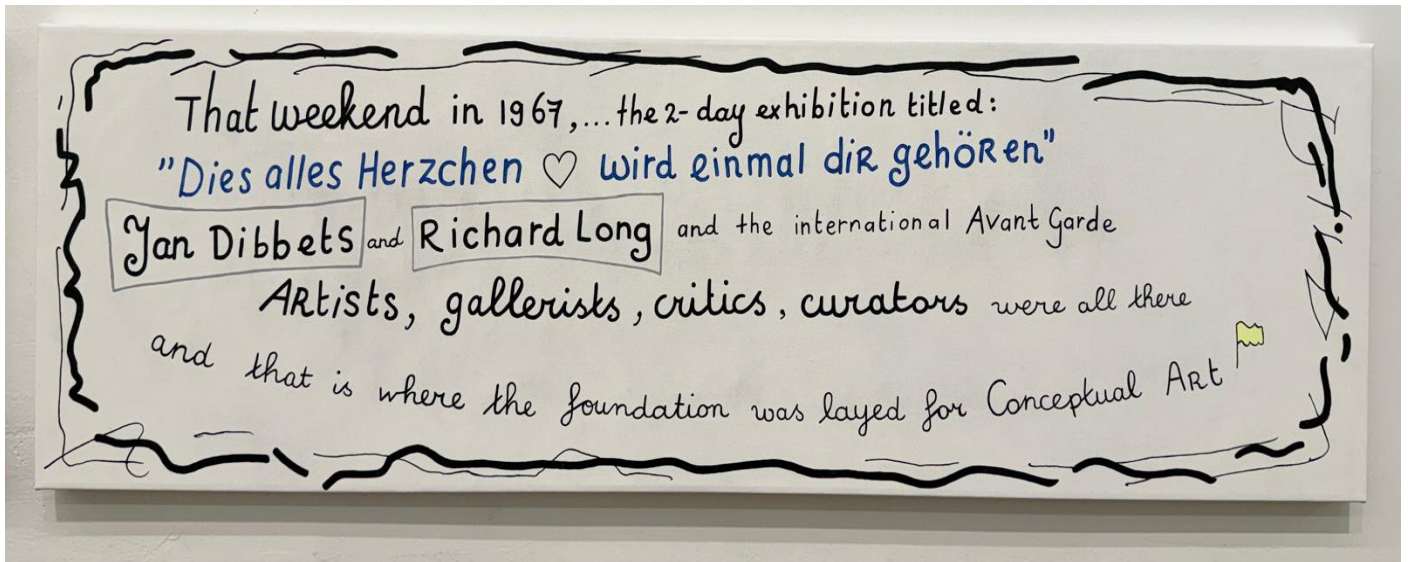


Maria van Elk

Maria and Ger van Elk, sister and brother, both Dutch contemporary artists. As young upcoming artists in the sixties, both were invited to participate in the prestigious Documenta Biennale in Kassel Germany. The brother said to the curator Rudi Fuchs that he did not want his sister to be in the same exhibition. The curator was persuaded and only the brother participated with his conceptual photo-works. I found a book about her some years ago, in which I could see her sixties work: Textile applications, subject matter mother and child, and a sunken seating area "Soft Living Room" described as "a soft sculpture, a landscape in black and white for silence and contemplation", 1968. Subject matter probably too "soft", too sixties also, and too female. Later she gave up on the art of her youth and worked in a minimalist fashion. He became quite well-known and respected, she remained an art school teacher all her life.



Maria van Elk in the interior of the 'Soft Living Room', 1968-1969



"Herzchen"

This text is about the birth of conceptual art. A few summers ago I read the book "conceptual art in The Netherlands and Belgium 1965-1975," the catalog accompanying the exhibition with the same title at the MoMA, New York, and the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, around 2002. All artists mentioned in this book are well known male artists, Bas Jan Ader, Carl Andre, Art & Language, John Baldessari, Marcel Broodthaers, Daniel Buren, Jan Dibbets, Gilbert & George, Joseph Kosuth, Sol Lewitt, Bruce Nauman, On Kawara, Edward Ruscha, Robert Ryman, Robert Smithson, Lawrence Weiner, with one woman artist mentioned, Hanne Darboven. One anecdote mentions the title of a two day exhibition in England. The title of this exhibition struck me as being from a cheap romantic novel about female dependency to men when getting married: in German "Dies alles Herzchen wird einmal dir gehören", (translates into: "All this, my dear, will one day belong to you"). Further the text claims that this weekend exhibition with the funny title, laid the foundation for conceptual art.

Lily van der Stokker

April 2026