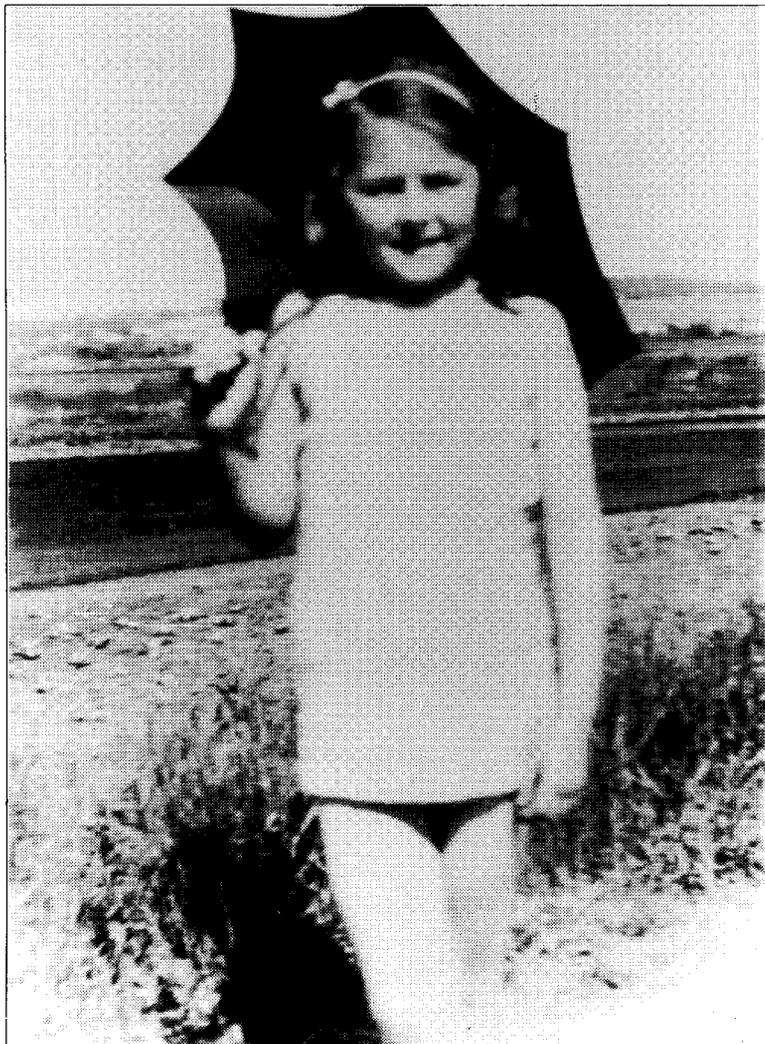


JOYCE WIELAND *An Interview*

"The atmosphere surrounding this problem is terrible. Dense clouds of language lie about the crucial point. It is almost impossible to get through to it." —Ludwig Wittgenstein, "Notes for Lectures on Private Experience"

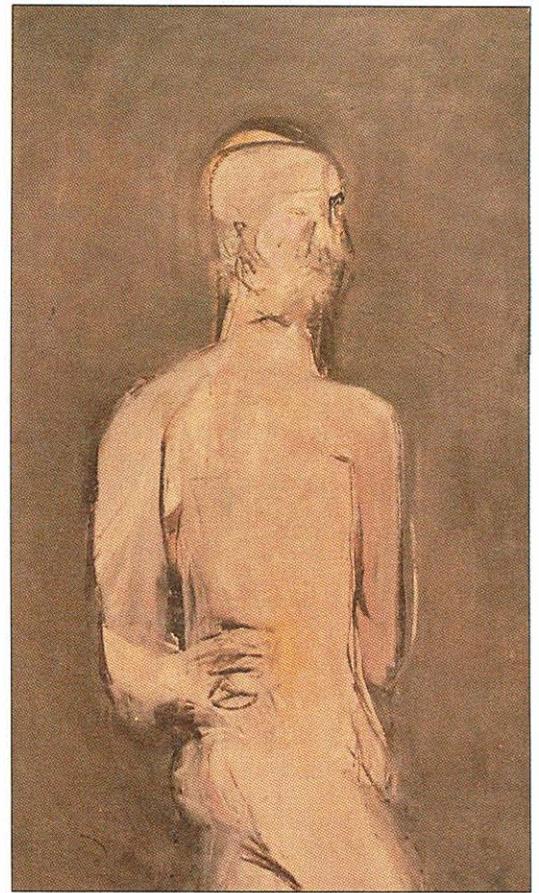
"When I was twelve, I could paint like an adult. It has taken me the rest of my life to learn to paint as a child." —Picasso



Joyce Wieland was only three when she started to keep visible her own internal experience in her drawings:

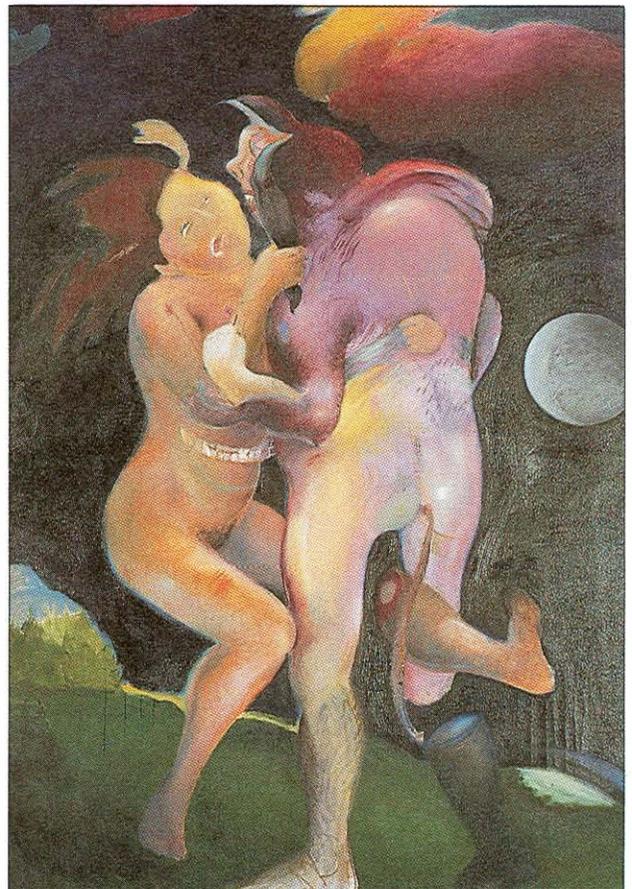
"...because what was on that piece of paper was my own, all my own...It became a way of getting it out, just feeling it. The words always came later, in the the middle or at the end."

"My father died when I was seven."



Joyce Wieland, *Man Turning*

She did not express her rage at her abandonment until later:
"I had to fall apart to become whole."



Joyce Wieland, *Paint Phantom*

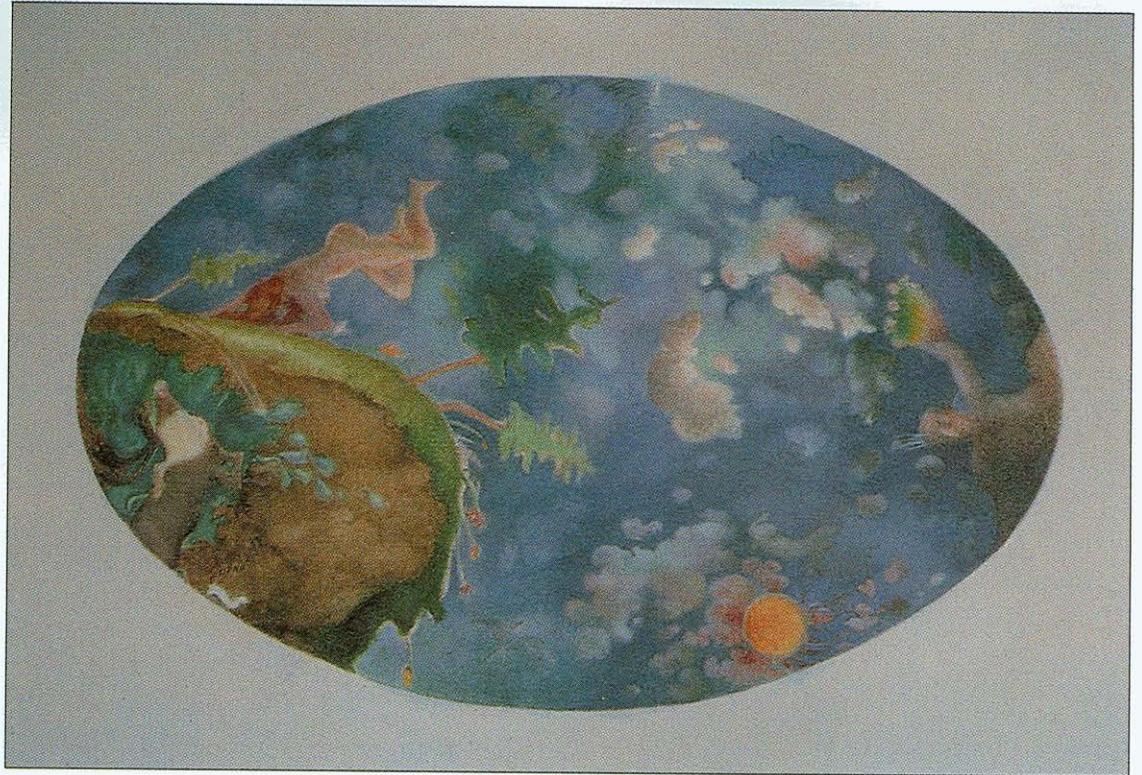
"My mother died when I was nine. This has to do with her. I have not finished with it yet..."



Joyce Wieland, *untitled; unfinished*

In her art, she has struggled with her relationship to her own body, to her womanliness, and to the break-

ing of important connections with others:



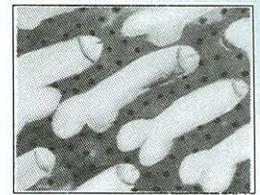
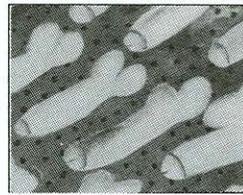
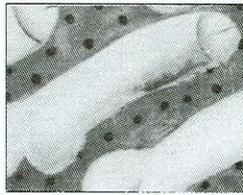
Joyce Wieland, *The End of Life as She Knew It*

Her wit and her vision have drawn tentative joy out of the periods of pain and chaos:



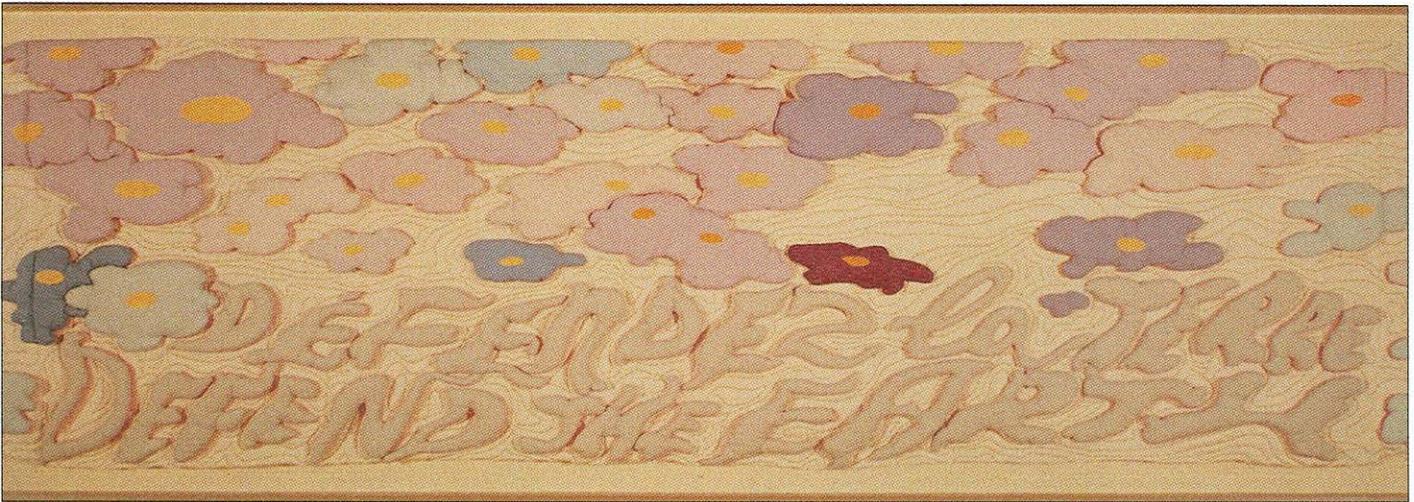
Joyce Wieland, *Victory of Venus*

She has gained new perspectives



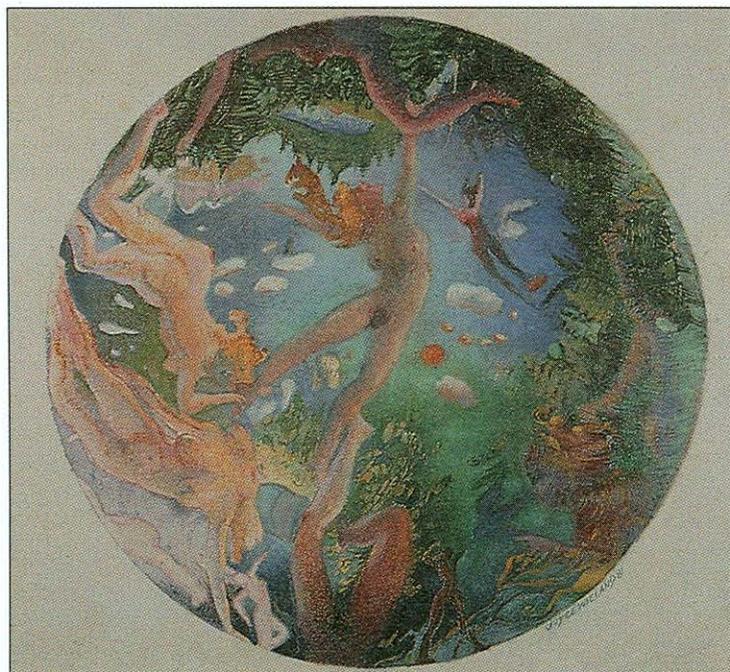
Joyce Wieland, *Penis Wallpaper*

and a deep grounding in her affection and respect for the earth...



Joyce Wieland, *Defend the Earth*

...and in the synergistic strength of her relationships:



Text/design: Eimear O'Neill

Joyce Wieland, *What They Do at Sunrise*