Rosalind Krauss. The streak of defiance

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I

> He's sitting there just as I remember him, next to the neat little marble-topped table, with its prim lamp in gilt bronze mounted by a simple white shade, and behind him a painting that might be by Kenneth Noland but is hard to identify in the tightly held shot that frames him. His face is much the same, flabby and slack, although time has pinched it sadistically and reddened it. Whenever I would try to picture that face, my memory would produce two seemingly mismatched fragments: the domed shape of the head, bald, rigid, unforgiving; and the flaccid quality of the mouth and lips, which I remember as always slightly ajar, in the logically impossible gesture of both relaxing and grinning. Looking at him now I search for the same effect. As always I am held by the arrogance of the mouth – fleshy, toothy, aggressive – and its pronouncements, which though voiced in a kind of hesitant, stumbling drawl are, as always, implacably final.[1]

With these words Rosalind Krauss describes Clement Greenberg's appearance in the TV series *Art of the Western World*'s episode *In Our Own Time*.[2] In the following, I will trace this paragraph – in its simultaneous linguistic harshness and familiarity – through a close reading of selected writings by Krauss. To do so, I will begin by introducing the relationship between Krauss and Greenberg, which started as that of a student and her mentor and culminated in public dispute. Further, I will place the paragraph in its original context, chapter six of her book *The Optical Unconscious*, to finally address Krauss's feminist gesture at the end of the chapter.

Although Krauss does not mention Greenberg by name in the text quoted above, there is no doubt for contemporary readers who he is. It is not only the description of the bald head and the fleshy lips, which reveal aggressive and relentlessly definitive words, nor the painting of Noland in the background that exposes the person described, but above all the past familiarity that resonates in this paragraph. Krauss carries memories – of his face, which time has 'pinched sadistically and reddened' – and she draws on a wealth of shared experiences, so that for her there is an 'as always'. According to Krauss, his pronouncements are 'as always, implacably final'.

Krauss met Greenberg through his writings in 1961, when *Art and Culture* appeared on the new acquisitions table in the art library of Wellesley College, where

[1] Rosalind Krauss, *The Optical Unconscious,* Cambridge: MIT Press, 1993, 243.
[2] See 'In Our Own Time', documentary film, *Art of the Western World,* Oberhausen: Athena, 1989.

she was studying on a scholarship.[3] Although she wrote her senior thesis on Willem de Kooning, she was unfamiliar with Greenberg's articles from the 1940s and '50s on Abstract Expressionism, which had not appeared in art journals, but in *Partisan Review* and *The Nation*.[4] Like many of her fellow students, Krauss was fascinated by Greenberg's formalist approach, the comprehensibility of his arguments, and the clarity of his language.[5] In an interview in the 1990s, she recalled 'Thus when I met up with Michael Fried at Harvard, what we had to talk about was the greatness of Clement Greenberg.'[6] She began her master's studies at Harvard in January 1963 and met Greenberg in the spring of that year, when he came to lecture at the neighbouring university, Brandeis. Michael Fried, her fellow student and soon-to-be friend, had been Greenberg's protégé for some time and brought her into the circle of 'Greenbergers,' as Donald Judd phrased it in 1969.[7] It was Fried, who enabled Krauss to first write for *Art International* and then for *Artforum*.[8] The description of this group of students who coalesced around Clement Greenberg varies between 'team',[9] 'band',[10] 'gang',[11] and 'family'.[12] Krauss later reflected on the milieu: 'He was on to the whole "Post-Painterly Abstraction" thing, and we were all wide-eyed about that. So whenever we went to New York, we would always go and have a drink with Clem.'[13]

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[3] See Amy Newman, *Challenging Art. Artforum 1962-1974*, New York: Soho, 2000, 77; Clement Greenberg, *Art and Culture. Critical Essays*, Boston: Beacon, 1992.

[4] See Newman, *Challenging Art*, 77. For Greenberg's writings see Clement Greenberg, *Clement Greenberg. The Collected Essays and Criticism*, ed. John O'Brian, vol. I–IV, Chicago u.a.: University of Chicago Press, 1993.

[5] See Newman, *Challenging Art*, 77. For Krauss's early fascination with Greenberg, see also: Judy Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art. Profiles of Power*, New York u.a.: Praeger, 1984, 151.

[6] Krauss quoted in Newman, *Challenging Art*, 78.

[7] Donald Judd, 'Complaints: Part I. Studio International, April 1969', in *Donald Judd. Complete Writings 1959-1975*, ed. Kasper König, Halifax; New York: The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design; New York University Press, 1975, 198.

[8] See Newman, *Challenging Art*, 78–79; Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 151.

[9] 'And, yes, I was on the team.' Krauss quoted in Newman, *Challenging Art*, 188. 'The first was about my pride at the time in being part of the modernist "team," with all its machismo and swagger.' Rosalind Krauss, 'We Lost It at the Movies', *Art Bulletin* LXXVI, no. 4 (Dezember 1994): 579.

[10] 'that small band of art critics of which I was a part' Rosalind Krauss, 'A View on Modernism', *Artforum* XI, no. 1 (September 1972): 50.

[11] 'I think that's when I began to see that this gang had become totally doctrinaire and in so doing had moved toward a point of irresponsibility toward the actual experience of works of art.' Krauss quoted in Newman, *Challenging Art*, 293.

[12] 'The next person to expel me was Clem and then I was really out of the family.' Krauss quoted in Newman, 347.

[13] Krauss quoted in Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 152. In a similar tone Krauss tells Amy Newman about this habit: 'Like others of us from Cambridge, I would come to New York, go to see the shows, and then at the end of the day, go to have a drink with Clem. It was sort of a ritual; that was my relation with him.' Newman, *Challenging Art*, 165.

The extent to which Krauss was committed to Greenberg's formalist style, as well as his idea of flatness in painting, becomes clear in her 1968 essay "On Frontality", published in *Artforum*. In it, she analyzes the paintings of Jules Olitski, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella to delineate the difference between *frontality* and *obliqueness*. Krauss later reflected on her essay: 'in the case of "On Frontality," [...] I was performing for Clem as well, I suppose, sort of showing how this system could fire off even more jet engines, do even better.'[14] Krauss, who at the time was twenty-six years old, succeeded in impressing Greenberg with her text, as is revealed in an anecdote by *Artforum*'s editor, Phil Leider: 'Clem had been seduced, not in the literal sense, by Rosalind. I remember I criticized the thing on "Frontality" [sic.] to him, I thought it was labored and a lot of fancy footwork, and Clem said, "Wish I'd written it."'[15] Krauss showed her attachment to Greenberg not only by adopting his style in her texts and reviews: In the preface to her 1971 publication *Terminal Iron Works*, about the American sculptor David Smith, she thanks Clement Greenberg in her first sentence and emphasizes his, as well as Michael Fried's, instructive influence:

> My knowledge of modern painting and sculpture was developed largely through the critical essays of, and discussions with, Clement Greenberg and Michael Fried. With their aid I began, in the early sixties, to write criticism. […] I am deeply grateful to Clement Greenberg, who, not only as an executor of the Smith Estate but as a friend, helped the present work to come into being.[16]

Greenberg, as Krauss writes, had read the manuscript 'as a friend.' Similar to his confession to Leider three years earlier regarding "On Frontality", he told her the book on Smith was a treatise he wished he had written himself.[17]

But this appreciative bond between mentor and student did not last long. In an interview with Amy Newmann, Krauss recounts the moment when she first questioned Greenberg's theory. It was during the summer sessions she taught at Harvard, in 1970 – one year before *Terminal Iron Works* appeared. She showed the students Picasso's *Horta de Ebro*, in order to describe the painting with Greenberg's methodology:

> I had been doing the general rap about the paintings getting flatter and flatter and blah-blah-blah, and I looked around and I saw this *huge* amount of space in the painting. It was a Friday, I remember, and I turned to the class and said, "Everything I said to you in the last twenty minutes is a total lie, and we're going to start with this again on Monday and I'm going to tell you why

[14] Krauss quoted in Newman, *Challenging Art*, 222.
[15] Leider quoted in Newman, 223.
[16] Rosalind Krauss, *Terminal Iron Works. The Sculpture of David Smith*, Cambridge: MIT Press, 1971, vii.
[17] 'Prior to its publication, the manuscript for her book was read by Greenberg, and according to Krauss, he told her that it was a treatise that he wished he'd written.' Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 155.

> everything I've said is wrong and how we have to think about this work very differently."[18]

Krauss expressed this observation about Picasso's painting, as well as the doubt that Greenberg's method was able to decipher modernism without gaps, in the exhibition review "The Cubist Epoch" in *Artforum*, in February 1971.[19] As if she were recounting her personal experience in the seminar, she wrote: 'It is as if a cloud of intellectual dust has settled on these works, a cloud which a glimpsed, sensuous detail will suddenly disperse, if only in patches.'[20] In the text, Krauss did not mention Greenberg by name, but merely noted in a footnote that his 1959 essay "Collage" strongly modified Pierre Reverdy and Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler's view that Cubism had turned painting into a self-referential and self-postulatory *tableau-objet*.[21] Nevertheless, the criticism of her mentor was seemingly clear enough. Retrospectively, she recounts, 'Greenberg read it and he realized that I was, as they say, "apostate," and that was the point when he started being very, very rude to me.'[22] A year and a half later, a quiet, personal, and poignant article followed, again in *Artforum*, titled "A View on Modernism":

> I am 31. Eight years ago I began writing art criticism. I was living in Cambridge then, so I frequently came to New York to look at art. Sometimes, on those trips, I would meet people who had known me before only through my writing. Phil Leider was one of these; I met him shortly after *Artforum's* offices moved from the West Coast to New York. His reaction to me was typical. "You're Rosalind Krauss?" he said. "I had expected that you'd be at least 40."[23]

Calm, reflective and self-assured, in this article Krauss professes modernism, but at the same time distances herself from Greenberg:

> I began as a modernist critic and am still a modernist critic, but only as part of a larger modernist sensibility and not the narrower kind. Which is further to say that what I must acknowledge is not some idea of the world's perspective but simply my own point of view; that it matters who one sounds like when

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[18] Krauss quoted in Newman, *Challenging Art*, 292–93.

[19] Rosalind Krauss, 'The Cubist Epoch. The Long-Awaited Survey Opens in Los Angeles', *Artforum* IX, no. 6 (February 1971): 32–38.

[20] Krauss, 32.

[21] See Krauss, 38 fn. 2.

[22] Krauss quoted in Newman, *Challenging Art*, 293. In her anthology *Perpetual Inventory* Krauss published the essays "A View on Modernism" and "The Cubist Epoch" under the heading *Apostate.* Rosalind Krauss, *Perpetual Inventory*, Cambridge: MIT Press, 2010. In conversations with Amy Newmann and Judy Collischan van Wagner, Krauss mentions that their divergent political views also added to a personal distancing. See: Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 155; Newman, *Challenging Art*, 293.

[23] Krauss, 'A View on Modernism', 48. On the mentioning of her age, Krauss says retrospectively: 'The discussion about sounding as though I were forty arose because I had been writing out of the mouth of someone who was considerably older than forty, producing these packaged pronouncements and using this kind of dogmatic tone that I no longer wanted to associate myself with. So it functioned as a declaration that this was over.' Newman, *Challenging Art*, 347.

> what one is writing about is art. One's own perspective, like one's own age, is the only orientation one will ever have.[24]

This article, in which Krauss appears tender, vulnerable, and reflective, could be interpreted as a conciliatory farewell to Greenberg and a return to her own voice, based on her own experiences.[25] But the public contention with Greenberg was only just beginning.

Two years later, in 1974, a clear and public indictment of Greenberg followed. As executor of David Smith's estate, he had paint removed from several sculptures, and let others weather outdoors without protection. Although Krauss listed Greenberg's name only as one of the three executors, the essay points out that Greenberg preferred Smith's sculptures colourless, while the artist himself sometimes coated them with up to 30 layers of paint and publicly spoke out against any third-party alteration of his works on several occasions during his lifetime.[26] Yet Krauss, who three years earlier in her preface to *Terminal Iron Works* had sincerely thanked the administrators of the Smith Estate,[27] claimed she had not set out to attack Greenberg.[28] "Changing the Work of David Smith" was a commissioned text for *Art in America* that editor Elizabeth Baker had asked Krauss to write.[29] Baker herself wrote a brief preface to the text in which she outlined the occasion for the article, namely the changes and deterioration of Smith's works on his property, which photographer Dan Budnik had been documenting for years.[30]

Four years later, when Greenberg wrote a letter to the editor of *Art in America* criticizing an article by Diane Headly, he could not resist in a post scriptum to refer to Krauss's article described above and justify his behaviour.[31] Greenberg ends by

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[24] Krauss, 'A View on Modernism,' 51.

[25] Later Krauss reflected: 'I wrote "A View on Modernism" and at that point officially severed my ties with Greenberg, Fried and their hard-nosed position.' Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 156.

[26] Krauss quotes two letters by Smith, which he had written to the editors of *Art News* and *Arts,* to publicly complain about the alteration of his works. He called the alterations 'a willful act of vandalism', he regards his works as 'partially destroyed'. See Rosalind Krauss, 'Changing the Work of David Smith', *Art in America* 62, no. 5 (October 1974): 32–33.

[27] See Krauss, *Terminal Iron Works*, vii.

[28] On the article's formation and the evidence she had but did not cite, that Greenberg had the paint removed, see Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 156–157.

[29] See Collischan Van Wagner, 156–157.

[30] A year later an article followed, also in *Art in America*, on a touring exhibition of Anthony Caro's sculptures, in which Krauss sets out the danger of influential art criticism. She explicitly criticises William Rubin's catalogue essay based on Clement Greenberg, here cynically called 'the authority' by Krauss. While she agrees with Greenberg's characterisation of 'modern sensibility', she uses Caro's works to show that, from 1969 onwards, the artist moved away from his own style by following the terminology of esteemed critics too closely. See Rosalind Krauss, 'How Paradigmatic Is Anthony Caro?', *Art in America* 63, no. 5 (September–October 1975): 80–83.

[31] 'P.S. I can't resist taking this occasion to correct another set of items that appeared in the pages of your magazine – in its Sept–Oct number of 1974. It was in an article by Rosalind Krauss about the white primer I had taken off five of David Smith's sculptures some time

insulting Baker, who wrote the introduction to the article, and appends the following quote, 'What did Plautus say? That *Mulieres duas pejores esse quam unam*.'[32] Krauss's response to Greenberg was printed on the same page and ends with a counterstrike on Greenberg's misogynistic remark. Thereby, she not only deflects the derogatory attack, but reverses it:

> But quoting out of context is an old and dreary practice that would be annoying if it did not also occasionally provide one with humor.
> Mr. Greenberg's final shot is one of those latter cases.
> Plautus placed the remark "two women are worse than one," (itself a misquotation form Aristophanes) near the end of his farce *Curculio*, in the mouth of a self-serving and cunning trickster whose machinations have just been unmasked – by a woman. But Plautus clearly meant for his audience to see through this character's remark. It not only betrays the preposterousness of his outrage, but also the slimness of his learning.[33]

This answer clearly shows not only Krauss's willingness to fight, which her good friend Yves-Alain Bois once emphasized, when he wrote: '[...] her combative stance has constantly represented for me a rock to which I could return at moments when my strength was threatening to fail',[34] but above all her capacity to argue razor-sharp, with precision and linguistic wit.[35] Like her mentor, it seems, she criticized without regard for losses. In the above-mentioned 1971 exhibition review 'The Cubist Epoch', for example, she wrote: 'But the intellectual poverty of the catalog is small change compared to the esthetic [sic.] disaster of the exhibition itself taken as a whole. Except for the first section […] the walls are awash with wave after wave of bad painting […].'[36]

II

A similar linguistic brutality is found in the paragraph quoted at the beginning:

> He's sitting there just as I remember him, […] His face is much the same, flabby and slack, although time has pinched it sadistically and reddened it.

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after his death.' Clement Greenberg, 'Letters. Greenberg/Headley/Krauss', *Art in America* 66, no. 2 (April 1978): 5.

[32] 'Two women are worse than one.' Greenberg.

[33] Rosalind Krauss, 'Letters. Greenberg/Headley/Krauss', *Art in America* 66, no. 2 (April 1978): 5.

[34] Yve-Alain Bois, *Painting as Model,* Cambridge: MIT Press, 1990, xxx. Remarkable in this context is not only the sharpness of Greenberg's attack and Krauss's counter-strike, but also her choice of words, when she writes about Greenberg's last 'shot'. When Alain-Bois calls Krauss 'a most powerful ally', David Carrier saw in Bois's quote rather the description of a civil war than an intellectual debate. See David Carrier, *Rosalind Krauss and American Philosophical Art Criticism. From Formalism to Beyond Postmodernism,* Westport; London: Praeger, 2002, 81.

[35] On her diligence, Leider says: 'Rosalind was hung up on getting A's and she writes "A" papers all the time, and she still has the same problem, there's usually one idea in everything she writes that she just overdoes and pounds into the ground.' Newman, *Challenging Art*, 222.

[36] Krauss, 'The Cubist Epoch', 35.

> […] As always I am held by the arrogance of the mouth – fleshy, toothy, aggressive – and its pronouncements, which though voiced in a kind of hesitant, stumbling drawl are, as always, implacably final.[37]

These are the opening words of the sixth chapter in her 1993 publication *The Optical Unconscious*. In the course of the chapter, these sentences will be repeated, with slight variations, three more times.[38] Like a refrain, the recurring paragraph divides the chapter into four sections. All of them are dedicated to the American artist and Greenberg's protégé Jackson Pollock, as a small picture tile in the table of contents reveals.

First, Krauss cites Greenberg's story, presented in the documentary series *Art of the Western World*, of how he met Pollock, only to immediately reveal it as part of his effort to sublimate Pollock – to elevate his drip paintings from the floor, on which they were created, to the wall, the vertical. In contrast to Greenberg, Krauss proposes an alternative reading of Pollock's works rooted in a close observation of his painterly practice and complimented with theoretical concepts. She playfully packages it as a criminal case, or rather a fictional sprawling investigation into Pollock's fatal car accident in 1956, when he drunkenly crashed his car into a tree late at night. In the process, she continuously switches roles from narrator, to detective, witness, and prosecutor.[39] Without having to state it explicitly, it becomes clear who is in the dock: Clement Greenberg. With his influential initial exaltation of Pollock and his subsequent discrediting of his 1951 ink drawings, Greenberg, according to Krauss, played no unimportant – or, in respect of her rhetorical game, one might say he played no *innocent* – role in the artist's fall into alcoholism and his early death.

In contrast to Greenberg's 'implacably final pronouncements', she playfully presents her interpretation of Pollock's drip paintings along excursions into psychoanalysis, semiotics, and Gestalt psychology, namely Sigmund Freud, Charles Sanders Pierce, Jacques Derrida, René Girard, and Anton Ehrenzweig. According to Krauss, the central aspects in Pollock's painting – overlooked by Greenberg – are the violent gesture, the focus on the horizontal, and the work with gravity. She outlines this while reflecting her anachronistic approach, with the help of three artists who followed Pollock: Cy Twombly, Andy Warhol, and Morris Louis. In the course of the chapter, Krauss draws the image of Pollock from different perspectives: she lists facts, such as his sales revenues in 1949 and 50, and relates them to the annual income of average office workers in America at the time. She provides formal descriptions of his works and quotes anecdotes from friends and acquaintances to illustrate his ongoing rivalry with the Spanish painter Pablo Picasso. She makes clear that, in her opinion, the loud, public debate, fomented and led by Greenberg, about Pollock's works as the culmination of Abstract Expressionism missed the essence of his art.

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[37] Krauss, *The Optical Unconscious*, 243.

[38] See Krauss, 248, 266, 289–90.

[39] One year later, Krauss provides a reflection of her 'paraliterary' writing style in *The Optical Unconscious*. As early as February 1987 at a symposium at the University of California at Davis, Dominique LaCapra had inspired her to try out other forms of writing. See Krauss, 'We Lost It at the Movies', 580.

III

Attached to the sixth chapter is a coda that Krauss devotes to the work of the female artist Eva Hesse. It begins with a familiar refrain:

> He's sitting there just as I remember him, next to the neat little marble-topped table, with its prim lamp in gilt bronze and its assortment of tiny ashtrays, one of them containing a heap of crumpled butts, the only disarray in this fanatically ordered space. I am across the room from him, perched on a long yellow sofa above which there hangs a dour Hans Hoffman, a brown surface of palette scrapings from which two squares of pure color have been allowed to escape with relative impunity, a larger one of vermillion, a smaller, acid one of green. As usual he is lecturing me, about art, the art world, people we know in common, artists I've never met. As always I am held by the arrogance of his mouth – fleshy, toothy, aggressive – and its pronouncements, which though voiced in the studied hesitancy of his Southern drawl are, as always, implacably final.
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> We have been talking about critics, one of whom has just presented her views in an attention-grabbing article about art he detests.
>
> "Spare me smart Jewish girls with their typewriters," he laments.
>
> "Ha, ha, ha," I reply, sparkling with obedient complicity.
>
> I think of that now as I wonder how many of us there were in those days, in the mid-1960s, smart Jewish girls with typewriters, complicit, obedient, no matter what long streak of defiance we might have been harboring.[40]

With these words, Krauss now puts herself in the picture. Not as she was put into the picture four years earlier in the episode *In Our Own Time*, but as she recalls it; during former days in Greenberg's apartment, when they met for a drink after visiting exhibitions in New York. Moreover, Krauss reinforces in this paragraph that the chapter not only provides a reinterpretation of Pollock's drip paintings, but through the addition of Eva Hesse's work, negotiates the male-dominated art world and juxtaposes it with a strong female artistic position as she confronts Greenberg as a female art critic. One year later, she reflects on this very approach in *The Art Bulletin*.[41] While describing her inspiration to experiment with a 'paraliterary'[42] writing style for *The Optical Unconscious*, she expresses doubts about having woven two personal anecdotes into the text, one of which is the passage quoted above. She points to the power of a witness as her central motivation for mentioning the misogynistic moment with Greenberg:

> But in adopting this subjective limit it would also gain a certain power as witness. It could, that is, proclaim a different relation to truth. And in my case part of this was the truth of the conflictedness of the female subject in the

[40] Krauss, *The Optical Unconscious*, 309. In the Introduction of her anthology *Perpetual Inventory* Krauss states that Greenberg made the comment in 1974. See Krauss, *Perpetual Inventory*, xii
[41] Krauss, 'We Lost It at the Movies'.
[42] Krauss, 580.

> early 1960s, a sense of conflict and ambivalence that allowed me to speak of something important about the instance of subjectivity that mattered to me at the end of the book: which was not my own, but Eva Hesse's.'[43]

Krauss intensified her focus on female artists five years later, in 1999, in the publication *Bachelors*.[44] In the book with its ironic title, she discusses the works of nine female and no male artists. Thereby winking at her esteemed colleague at City University New York, Linda Nochlin, who, in 1971, had published her now iconic essay 'Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?'[45] The sixth chapter of *The Optical Unconscious* can be regarded as a preparation for *Bachelors*. Here Krauss highlights the tensions of the art world: male dominance and female industriousness. Moreover, she reflects on her own complicity in Greenberg's misogynistic behaviour.[46] Almost ten years before the text was published, Krauss had already spoken about the roles and positions of women:

> I have come to see that all of our thinking has been deeply affected by the feminist movement simply saying certain things out loud. These things were always in a way unthinkable and unsayable. Now, because they've been stated, I think a lot of women when faced with circumstances they find inexplicable and weird ... suddenly the nickel drops and they think, "Oh, it's because I'm a woman." To use the horrible word "consciousness," I would say that my consciousness about how I am perceived and the limitations of the possibilities of my operations because of how I'm perceived as a woman ... that's all been put in place for me over the last three years. I now deeply understand, in a way that I never did before, the kind of war that's going on, that it's really serious and mean.[47]

Against the background of this statement from the 1980s, it is all the more remarkable how professionally and sharp Krauss reacted to Greenberg's publicly printed statement 'two women are worse than one'.[48] And it is all the more understandable why, despite her criticisms, she did not mention Greenberg's name in her own disassociations from him that were published several times in magazines. Even in her scathing description of his face in the sixth chapter's recurring refrain, his name has to be read between the lines – but at the same time Krauss makes it clear that today she is no longer complicit nor obedient. For the harshness of her descriptive words is followed by a sophisticated, poetic, theoretical, and thesis-laden text on the art of Jackson Pollock and Eva Hesse. Along with her wink to Nochlin

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[43] Krauss, 579.

[44] Rosalind Krauss, *Bachelors,* Massachusetts: MIT Press, 1999. In an interview with Anna Maria Guasch, Krauss spoke about the ironic title and the feminist gesture. See Anna Maria Guasch and Rosalind Krauss, 'Entrevista Con Rosalind Krauss', *Lápiz. Revista Internacional de Arte*, no. 176 (October 2001): 75.

[45] Linda Nochlin, 'Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?' in *Women, Art, and Power and Other Essays,* New York: Harper & Row, 1988, 145–78.

[46] On Greenberg's misogynistic behaviour, see also Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 155; Newman, *Challenging Art*, 230.

[47] Collischan Van Wagner, *Women Shaping Art*, 163–164.

[48] 'Mulieres duas pejores esse quam unam' Greenberg, 'Letters. Greenberg/Headley/Krauss'.

that there have been great women artists, she seems to almost shout it out: There have also been great female art historians – and I am one of them.

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