

Lydia Schouten

We tell ourselves stories  
in order to live

MIXED MEDIA DRAWINGS AND STAGED PHOTOGRAPHY 1980 - 2018

### The Drawing

In a small catalogue (1985) from the Museum Folkwang in Essen, Germany, all kinds of small drawings of Lydia Schouten are reproduced next to photos from two video works.

This is remarkable, because they come from one of her script books that at the time were not (yet) meant for publication. Starting with her first video work, the artist made detailed visual scripts, before she started shooting. They are books full of colorful, direct drawings, mostly done with felt-tipped pen, here and there completed with short texts, Polaroids or colored Xeroxes. They are exciting comic books that, because they are so accurately drawn, hardly need text to be read. A part of the drawings were enlarged and used as decors for the videos. The majority, however, remained hidden from the public. I have always thought it was a pity that they weren't published as separate books. In the two publications Lydia Schouten has compiled about her work, *Desire* from 1989 and *Personals* from 1992, she has reproduced a number of these sketches.

Even if they functioned only as sketches and even if they are accompanied by photos of the real scenes, they make clear that they function as autonomous drawings. When Schouten started showing her drawings in 1992, it was less surprising than was suspected. Not only because of their past as script sketches, but also because of the nature of the drawings. The first ones are like a kind of installation laid out on a flat plane. They consist of various loose elements, realistic reproductions and texts that seem to be dispersed randomly across the paper. They are held together by one central (foreground or background) image, by a film that is put over the whole drawing, or by the drawing style they share. This is a story, just like her installations, yet also in the drawings the traditional, logical or chronological connection is missing. It consists of loose fragments. The viewer can combine ad lib. In the works the media icons surface again, as the design or cause of desire.

Media images in works on paper, this is absolutely impossible, but exactly this contradiction adds an extra quality to it. When

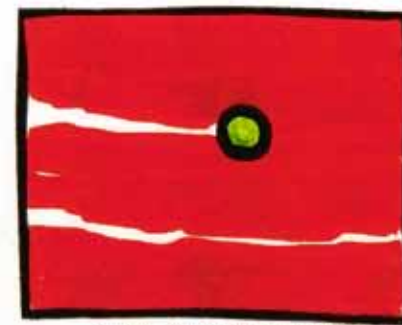
FUCK STYLE LET'S DANCE



you choose, as an artist, for photography or video, you know that authorship is under discussion. To put it simply: the camera makes the work and the result can be multiplied. Originality, still highly respected, is undermined. Certainly, with mass media as your theme, such as mass media form of expression is obvious. Mass media reduce every individuality to a stereotype representation and through their manipulation techniques they often succeed in turning these representations into reality. By going back to the pure hand work that drawing is, as Schouten is doing, and by visualizing this disappearance of individuality and originality, she adds a new dualistic element to her work. Once again she misleads the viewers and deprives them of the safe feeling that they know her work. In her most recent installations she reinforces this unlogical duality. The drawings take a central place indeed and she makes the texts into drawings by explicitly giving them an external form, as she combines them with photos, light effects and transparencies. Moreover she puts her drawings directly on the wall. The ultimate form of originality, for they disappear after the exhibition period. By working in this manner she liberates the drawing of the dusty and wrongful sketch image and she gives an extra impulse to the discussion about authorship, that in the postmodern era in the long run has been considered in a very generalized way.

Rob Perrée, 1994

Originally published in the book *Lydia Schouten* Provinciaal Museum Hasselt, Belgium, *Twenty-one Desires in search of a Plot*

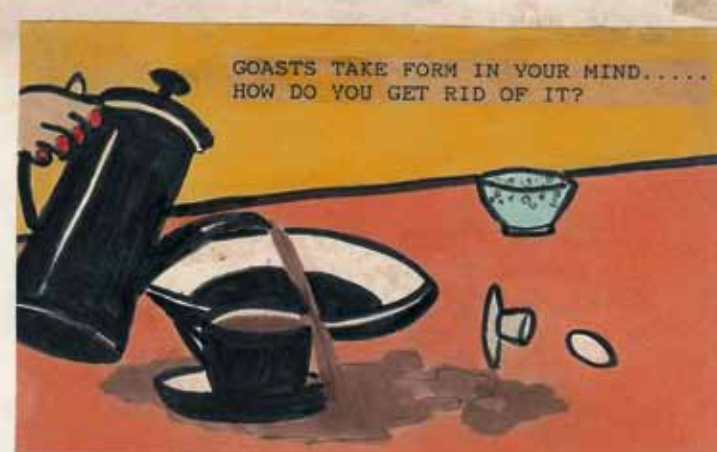
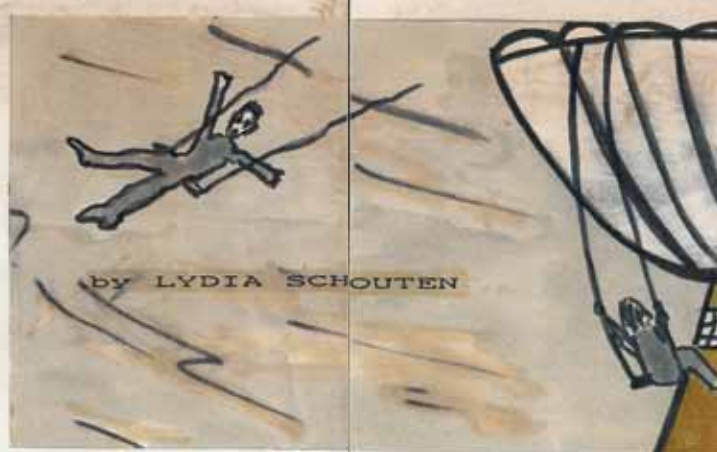




*Animal Space* 1980, marker, pastel on paper, 21x29cm  
> *Split Seconds of Magnificence* 1984, scriptdrawing, 21x29cm



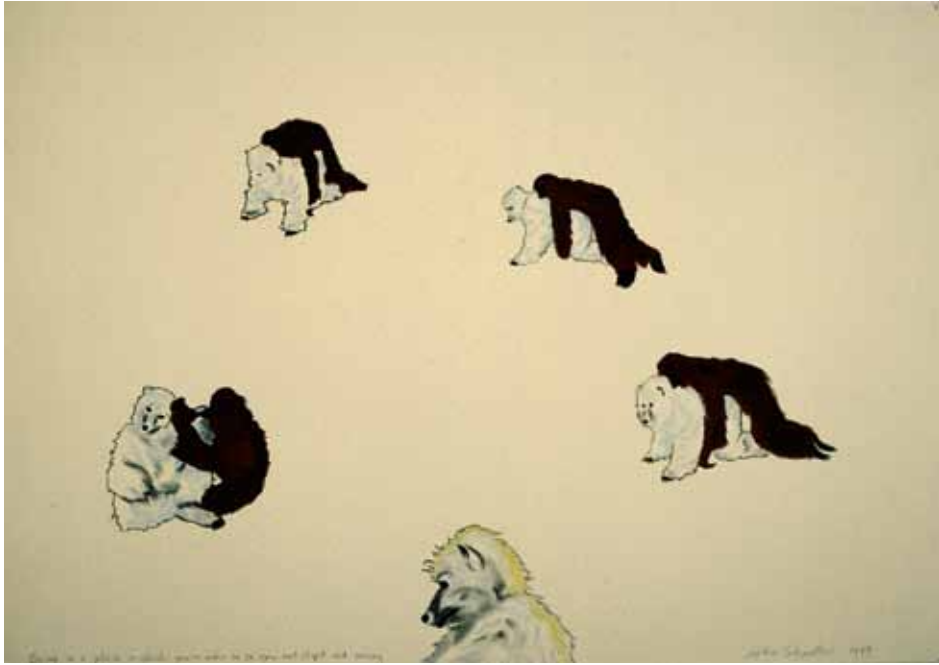




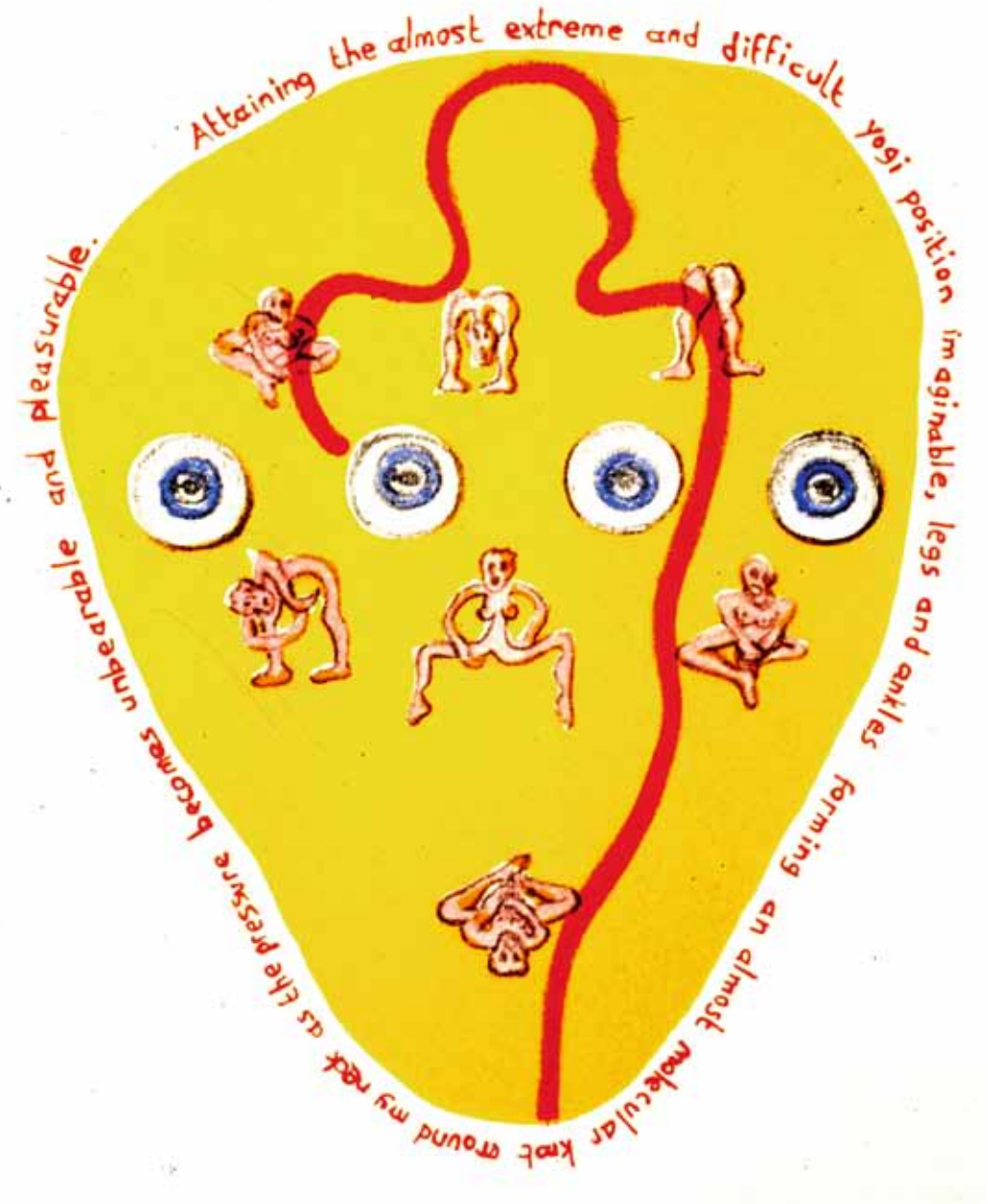
The people from Mars burst out, migrant  
 They wander Zion.  
 They have huge record collections and eat  
 the kind of 'brown' soap.  
 They live on helium, granite and follow the  
 melody of 'Coke' petrol.  
 What they love is that they sit the corpse  
 around the city and system and start to  
 perform, and with one red head, another, a pop,  
 and that.  
 They also usually make perfect speeches for their  
 own people.  
 They are their personal people and they like to  
 talk to you because they're all dead in their  
 stomach with the stars and falling out only to  
 be back you. There is already one girl among  
 them who is beautiful and a goddess.  
 So to the most beautiful, and will her eyes  
 be a lesson, if you are not careful.  
 There is nothing in Planet Mars  
 Maybe you can see other faces that of earth you  
 That makes they are together.  
 They have reached their destination, they are modern  
 and peaceful, they are not dead.  
 In my imagination is a hypothetical world which  
 could be seen, in the future with one head  
 or more, in a high, little way.

Saturday Morning, etc. I do and I'm a child,  
 When from some terrible dream, I do.  
 Oh no, what DID I do last night? What a huge  
 block of memory I must have killed me like a  
 slab of messy, emotional facts.  
 I feel soft and fragile like a pile of crushed bones  
 My ego is in a little plastic bag in the refrigerator.  
 I don't socialize any more. When I do, I wear an  
 ice-cream on my head.  
 I'm beating on the things that have come to men that  
 are half-up and half-finger.  
 I have entered into the industrialized world of sex  
 and tropical love, I was shocked to run away from your  
 mischief and routine. You are an age, the lady hairless  
 perhistoric monster. A French girl.  
 I find myself whining like a Middle Champion of pure  
 'Lambert' rhythms, I guess the moment away from the  
 life of Summers and looking garbage cans that look away  
 from quite the same side.  
 Why am I attracted to sexual degenerates?  
 During a time for the last time of sleep  
 I had some with the devil. My devil.

Wie die Wilden 1992, silkscreen, acrylic, 142x200cm



*Songs of Innocence* 1997, scriptdrawing, 21x29cm



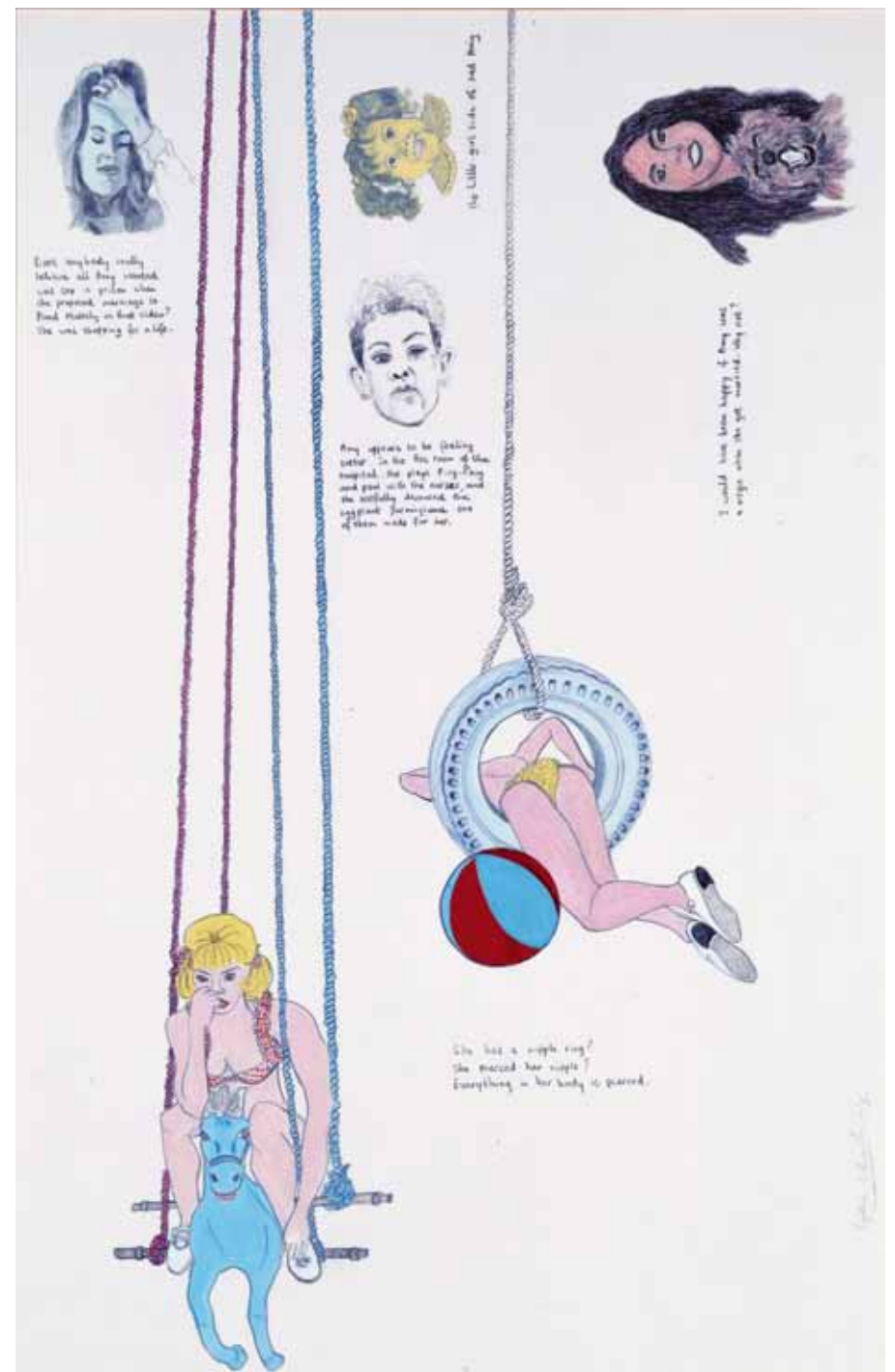
*Echoes of Death, Forever Young* 1986, scriptdrawing, 21x29cm



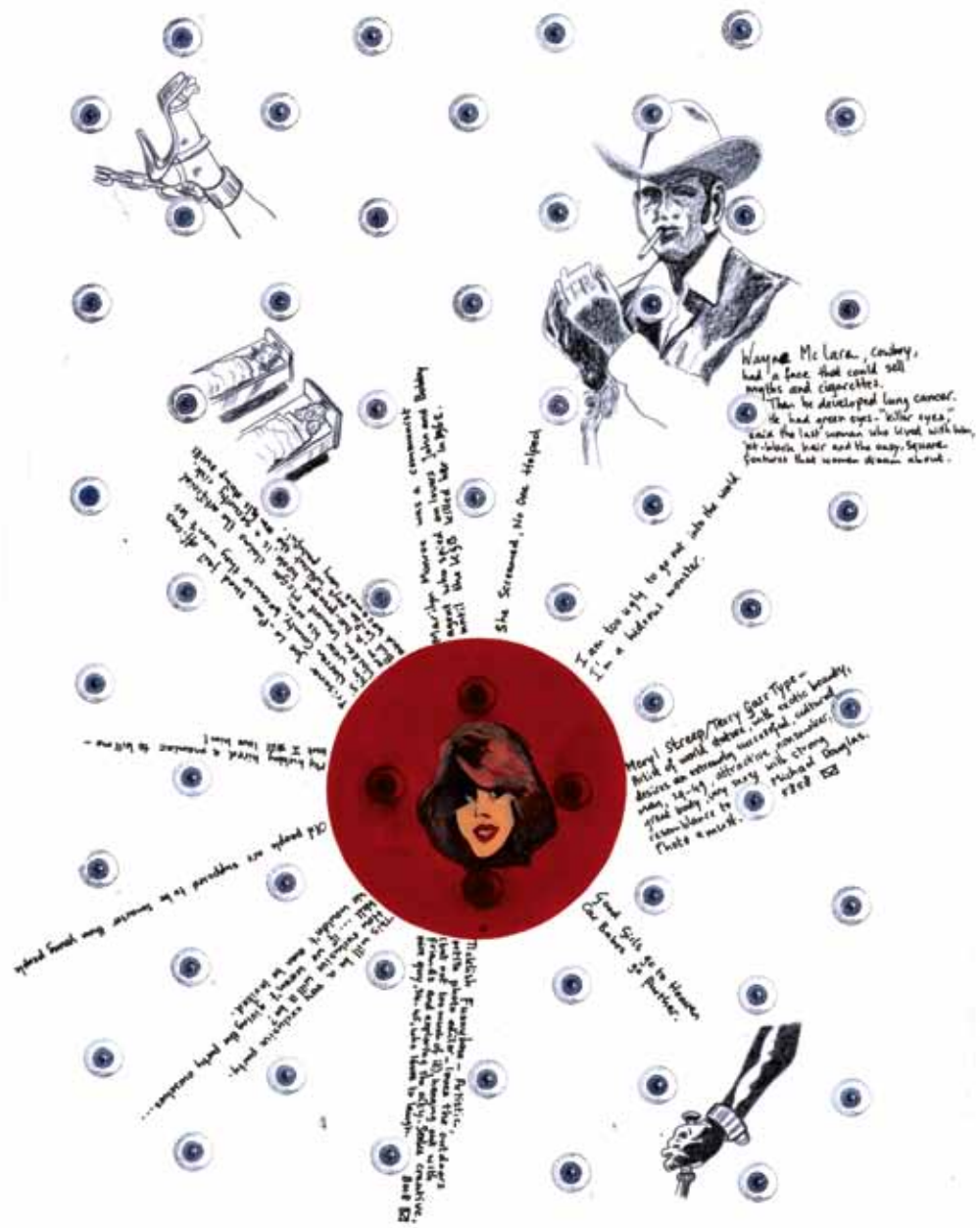
We tell ourselves stories in order to live. The princess is caged in the consulate. The man with the candy will lead the children into the sea.

The naked woman on the ledge outside the window on the sixteenth floor is a victim, or the naked woman is an exhibitionist, and it would be interesting to know which. We tell ourselves that it makes some difference whether the naked woman is about to commit a mortal sin or is about to register a political protest or is about to be, the Aristophanic view, snatched back to the human condition by the fireman in priest's clothing just visible in the window behind her, the one smiling at the photo lens. We look for the sermon in the suicide, for the social or moral lesson in the murder of five. We interpret what we see, select the most workable of the multiple choices. We live entirely, especially if we are writers, by the "ideas" with which we have learned to freeze the shifting phantasmagoria which is our actual experience.

Joan Didion  
*The White Album*, 1979  
Excerpt



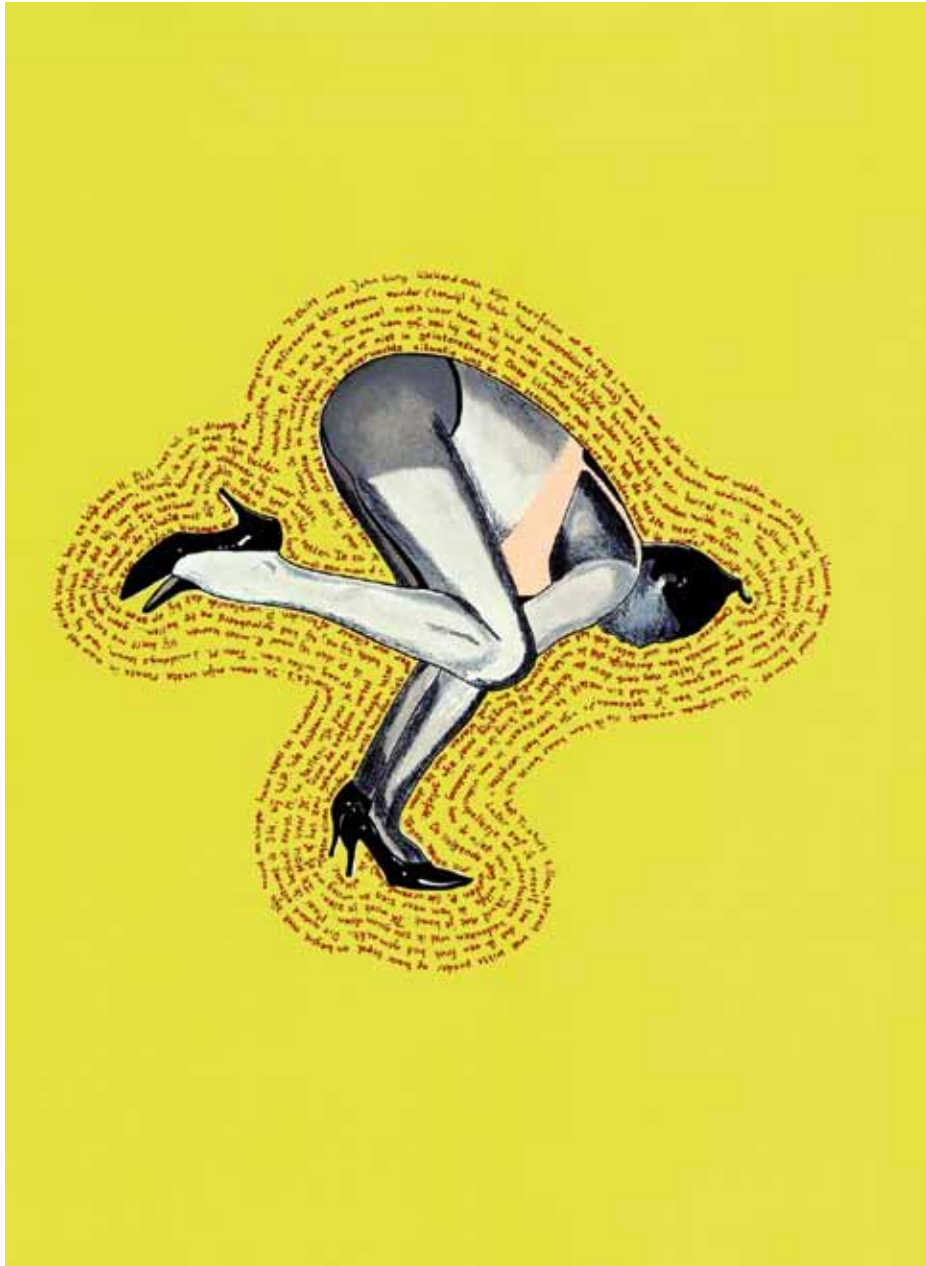
*The little Girlside of sad Amy* 1992, acrylic, pastel, 71x107cm



No Title 1992, acrylic, pastel, stamp, 80x61cm



As a Child I used to sit backwards on the Toilet 1992, acrylic, pastel, 67x104cm



*Somme mensen denken dat ik aandacht wil trekken* 1995, silkscreen, edition: 50, 65x50cm



*I dreamed I was dead* 1995, silkscreen, edition: 50, 65x50cm



Mr. and Mrs. Wong's Pleasure Saloon 1993, acrylic, pastel, 77x101cm



You're really weird, you're really all fucked up 1993, 197x152cm

...That night, one of my girlfriends led me through whatever city I was living in. To an antique store. I didn't want to go there because antique stores are graveyards for all those who are dead.

This one was located behind a street. When we found it, it was shivering like a dying animal behind iron bars. Dead clothes filled it up. Dead clothes, the parts of the skin that have been used until they're flaky and yellow.

For weeks I needed new clothes. The city had been turning colder. Holes crept into all my wool clothing. I had searched for sweaters. Here, in the store, for the first time, were sweaters I craved, sexual ones, the kind that aren't manufactured anymore. I tried one on. Two of them. Sweater after sweater. Each one softer, more developed than the last. No two were ever the same.

A red velvet curtain, rather than a door, obscured whatever lay inside.

In there I looked at myself in a green sweater whose hairs were so long that they curled around each other. Green glass jewels hid in this hair. Its huge collar didn't imprison me, like most collars. Watching myself in a mirror that was older and taller than me, I realized I was beautiful.

The second sweater I put on, though black, was so thin that I could still see my own breasts. They had no nipples. The more naked I became, the more beautiful...

*Kathy Acker*

*Pussy King of the Pirates*

1996, excerpt



**The extra-ordinary Selftransformation of Lydia Schouten** 1992, pastel, acrylic, 70x100cm



**Adieu** 1998, acrylic, pastel, varnish, 70x100cm



**Mr. Henry** 1993, acrylic, pastel, 200x125cm

THE CAR DRIVES INTO A TRAFFIC JAM.

SMOKE IS TAKING AWAY HER BREATH

ON BOTH SIDES OF  
HER ARE STANDING  
CARS



PASSERS-BY ARE LOOKING INSIDE, BUT DON'T REACT.

SHE KICKS AND THUMPS AGAINST THE WINDOWS  
WHILE SMOKE MAKES SIGHT INVISIBLE.

Leslie Silberman 1997



I NEARLY LOST MY SIGHT,  
BECAUSE SOMEONE CRASHED  
GLASS IN MY EYES

Then he licked my nipples  
until they were wet from  
his tongue and sprinkled  
a little of the white powder on  
them and began to work them  
over with his mouth and fingers

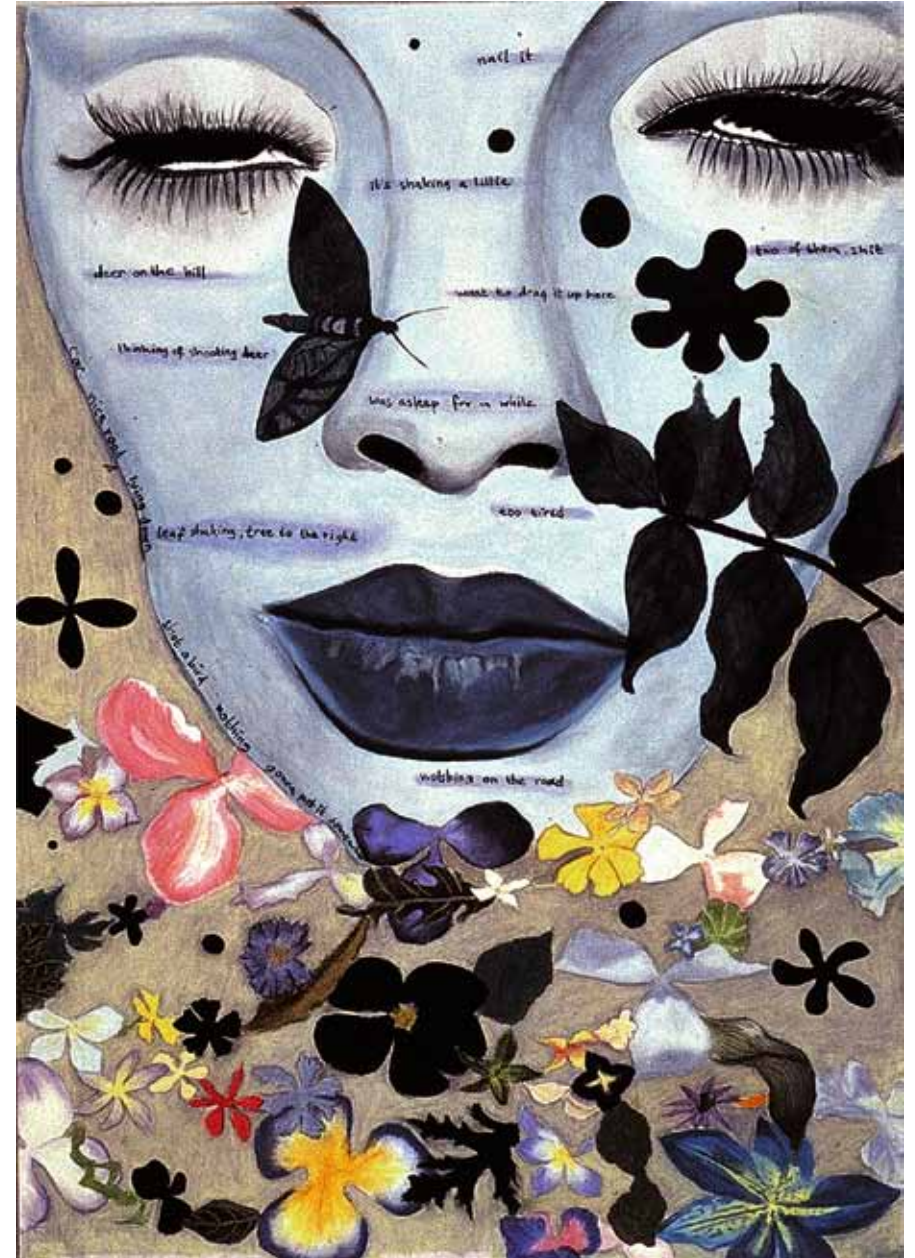
SOMEONE TOOK MY HAND  
AND DROVE HIS WIFE INTO IT  
BLOOD EVERYWHERE  
AFTERWARD HE WAS TRANSPARENT  
MEANWHILE THE BLOOD WAS  
DRIPPING ON MY ONLY TROUSERS



**Boom** 1998, acrylic, pastel, photographs, 200x220cm



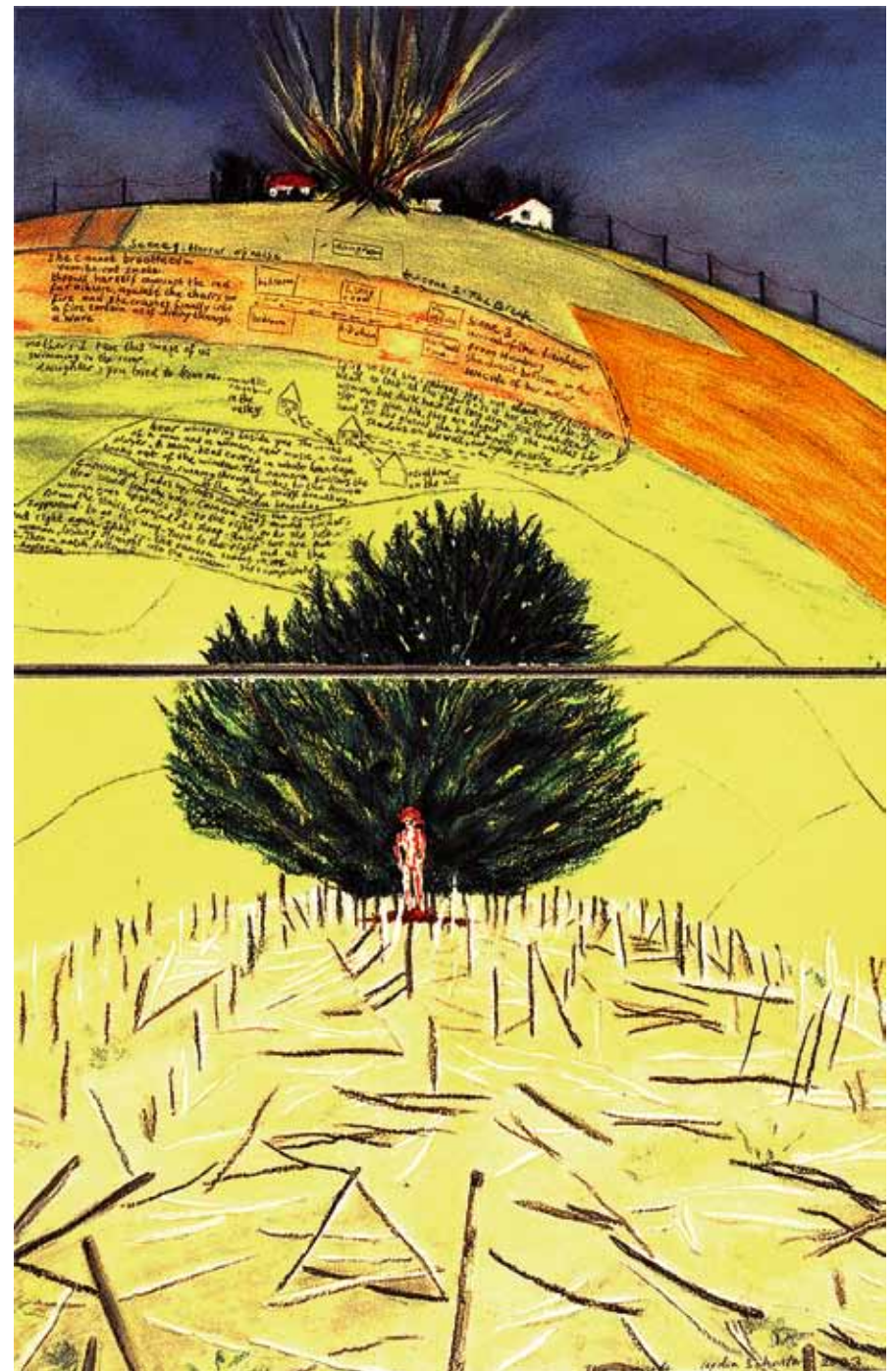
*You feel freaked* 1998, acrylic, pastel, varnish, 70x100cm



*Dry out, get wet, smell one way, smell another way* 1998, acrylic, pastel, varnish, 110x80cm



Trees 2014, acrylic, ink on paper, 21x29cm



The Suicide 2004, pastel on paper, canvas, 80x65cm



*Japanese Bathhouse* 1992, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 90x110cm



**Leerdam** 1998, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 90x110cm



**Leerdam** 1998, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 90x110cm

## ***The Rings of Saturn***

... Sebald moves from the heavy earth to imaginative flight.

'I sensed quite clearly the earth's slow turning into the dark', he writes, and as the earth turns he stares into the distant clouds over the sea.

'I gazed farther and farther out to sea, to where the darkness was thickest and where there extended a cloud bank of most curious shape', and this shape prompts a memory of a long dream-walk through the mountains 'just as remote and just as unfamiliar'. 'It was unfamiliar, yet he recognised it: 'it was a scene that felt familiar in an inexplicable way'. 'It must have been a distance of a thousand miles or more, through ravines, gorges and valleys, across ridges, slopes and drifts, along the edges of great forests, over wastes of rock, shale and snow. And I recalled that in my dream, once I had reached the end of my journey, I looked back, and it was six o'clock in the evening. The jagged peaks of the mountains I had left behind rose in almost fearful silhouette against a turquoise sky in which two or three pink clouds drifted. I suppose it is submerged memories that give to dreams their curious air of hyper-reality. But perhaps there is something else as well, something nebulous, gauze-like, through which everything one sees in a dream seems, paradoxically, much clearer. A pond becomes a lake, a breeze becomes a storm, a handful of dust is a desert, a grain of sulphur in the blood is a volcanic inferno. What manner of theatre is it, in which we are once playwright, actor, stage manager, scene painter and audience?...'

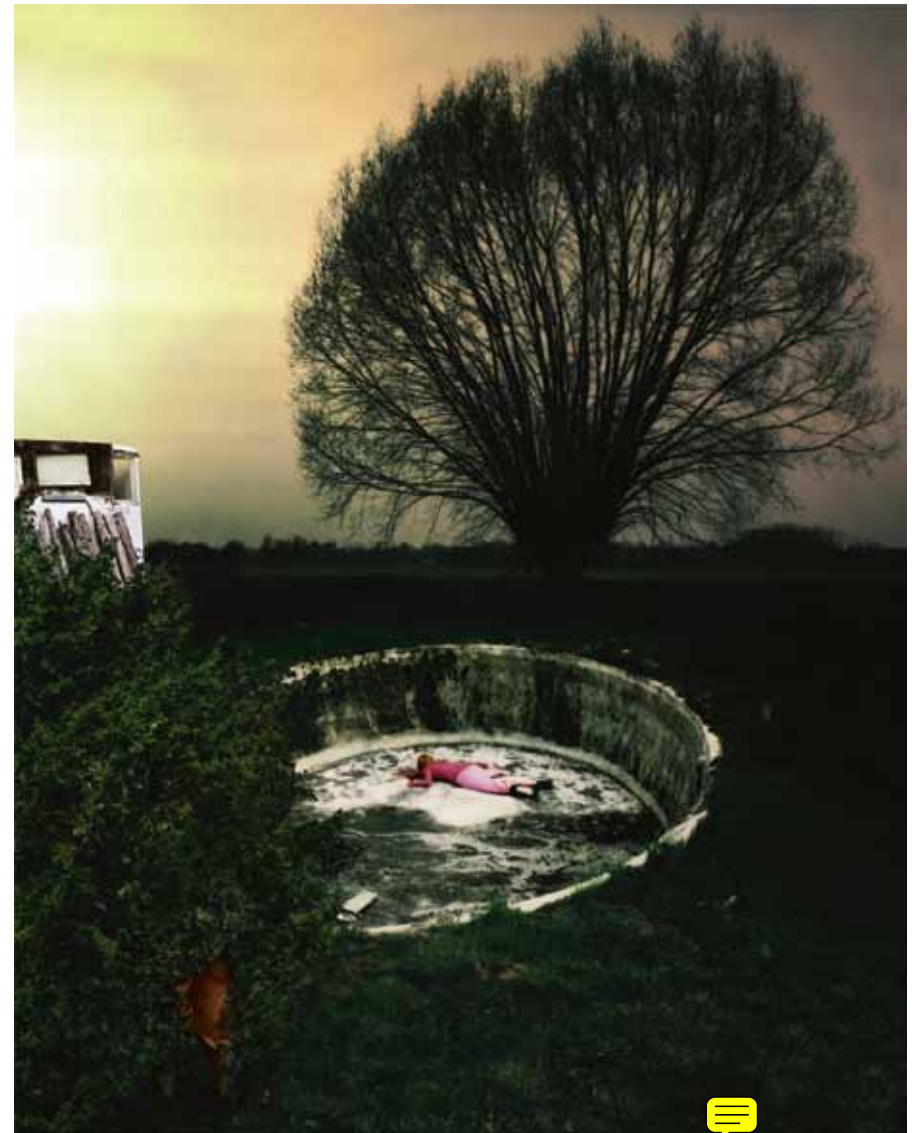
W.G. Sebald

excerpt from *The Rings of Saturn*





*The Road* 2004, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 110x90cm



*Le Jardin secret* 2004, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 180x120cm



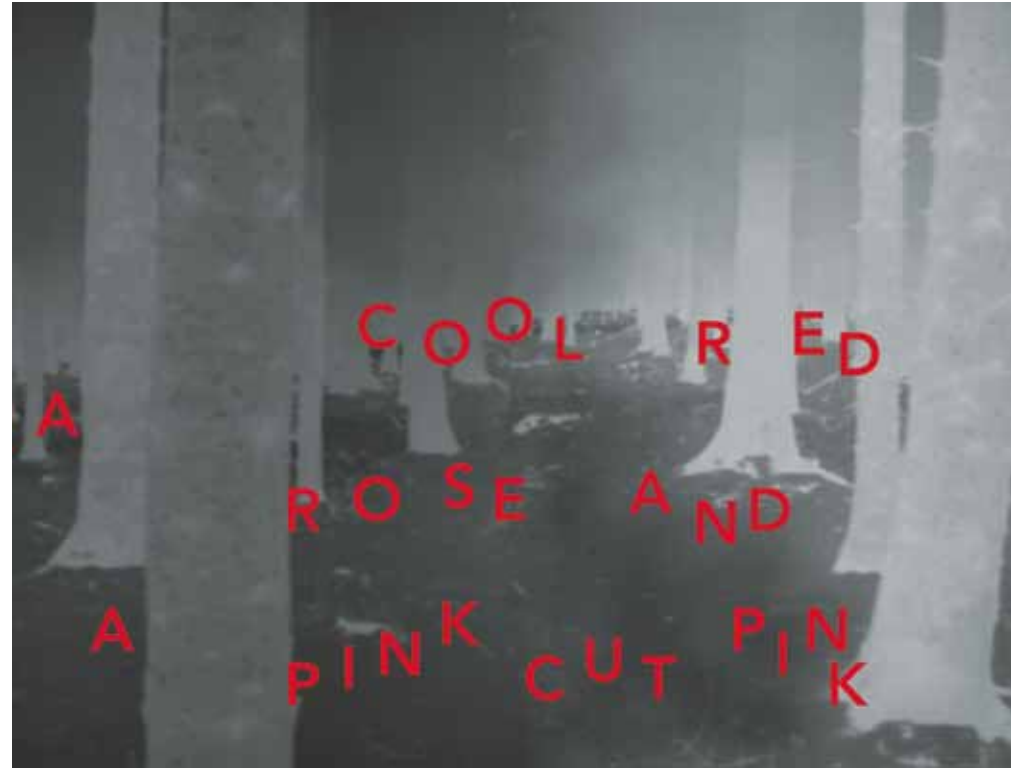
*Waldgeschichten /1* 2007, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 90x110cm



*Waldgeschichten /2* 2007, ilfochrome photograph, plexiglass, dibond, 90x110cm



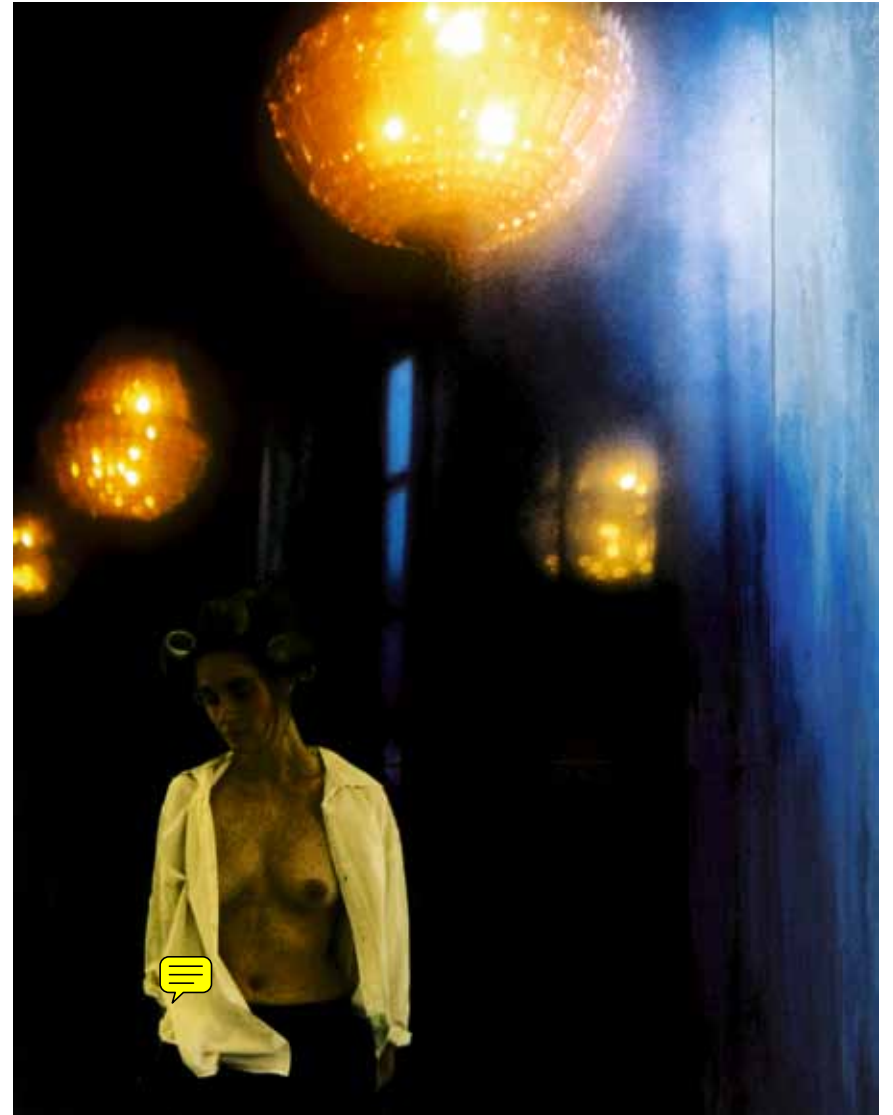
*Into the Woods* 2018, photograph, acrylic, aluminium, 46x43cm



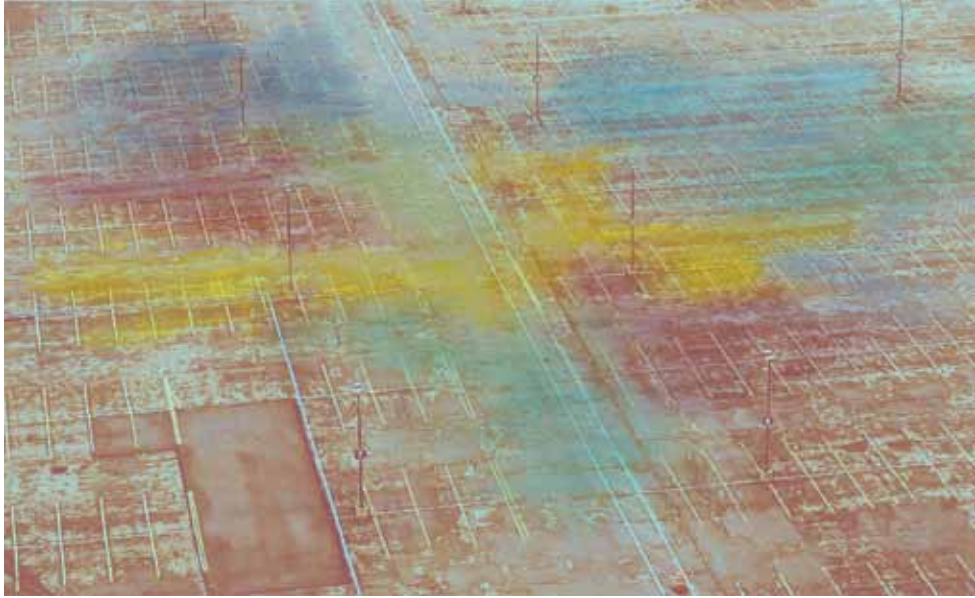
*A cool red Rose and a pink cut Pink* 2018, photograph, aluminium, 52x35cm



*MM at the Party* 2014, photograph, acrylic, aluminium, 40x50cm



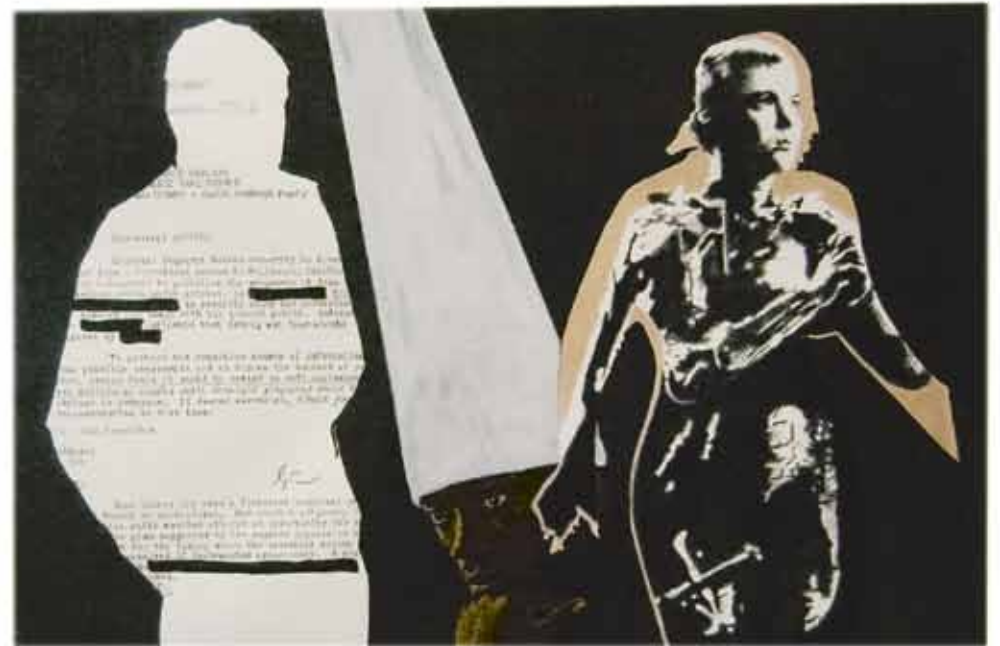
*MM in the Room* 2014, photograph, acrylic, aluminium, 40x50cm



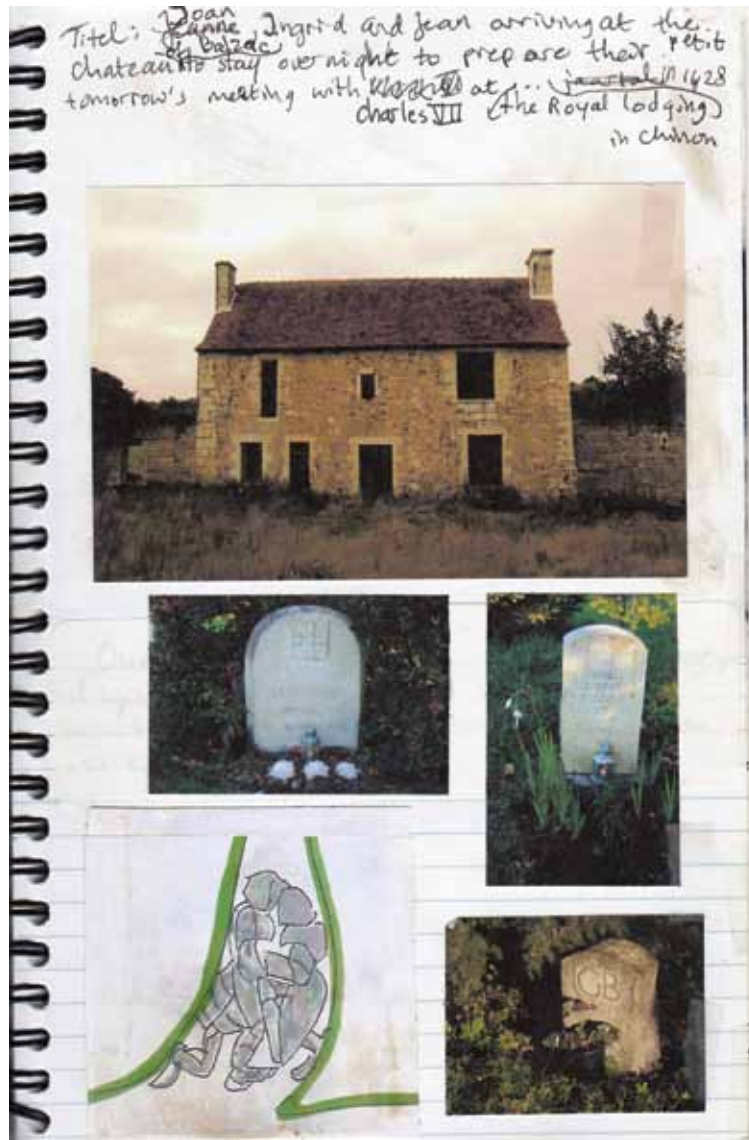
*Car Park, The End of Kodak* 2018, manipulated photograph, pastel, 30x40cm



*Hongkong Bird Flu* 2016, acrylic, pastel on photograph, 30x40cm



Jean, Jeanne 2014, photographs, acrylic on paper, aluminium, 20x13 and 20x30cm



For my drawings I like to choose objects or situations, to which we never or no longer pay attention. It is precisely because they are on the edge that their power as transceivers has, in a way, remained intact. It is their strangeness, their timelessness, like the junk room that, when its door is opened, suddenly pours its thick past over the thin layer of the present.

*Lydia Schouten*



Chateau Mondion 2010, photographs, acrylic on paper, aluminium, 100x140cm

## THE OTHER DRAWING

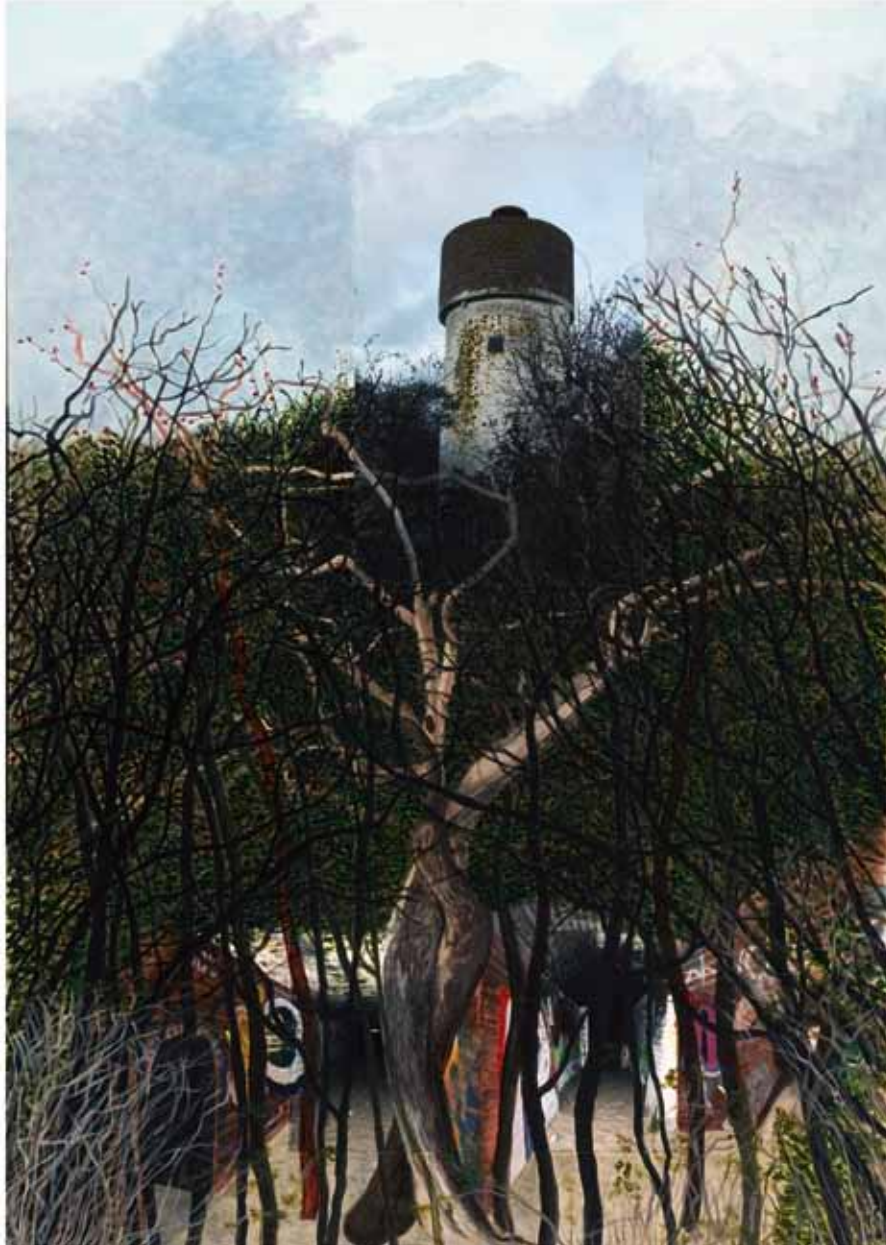
The drawing has actually always had a place in Lydia Schouten's work. It was just that she did not initially want to share her passion for it with her audience. She has been making scriptdrawings (her word for them) ever since her first video work in 1981, *The Lone Ranger Lost in the Jungle of Erotic Desire*. Drawings telling the story that she will later record on video. Direct, graphic novel style drawings, fully colored-in, with an eye for detail, which could easily stand alone. Since their destiny was to be a script for a video, they got no further than the drawing board and the application form to the subsidy provider (who usually found them irresistible ...). It was not until this year that they were fully printed in a book about her early work (1).

More than 10 years on and drawings are emerging that do indeed claim the right to stand alone. It is also only now clear why these have to be seen. They have a different job. In her video works Schouten creates worlds that relate to the sort of worlds with which advertisers try to entice us. Worlds with little in common with reality, but in which Schouten can indulge in her (erotic) desires, can live out her secret dreams. In her drawings from the nineties she distances herself from this dream world and thereby from her former self. Ironically at first ('You are really weird', 1993), but gradually more seriously ('I dreamed I was dead', 1995 and 'Suicide', 2004). Her awareness of the directness of the medium also enables her to use it to respond to social wrongs.

In 2007 and 2008 she makes a series of drawings in which photograph, drawing and text engage with and reinforce each other – for example 'Westenschouwe, het zal je berouwen' - and she appears to have completely mastered the medium in her own, original way from 2010. An artist-in-residence at the IBB on Curacao (2) is responsible for this. In Willemstad and the surrounding area she is faced with the island's history of slavery. Buildings and locations with an emotionally charged past ensure a harrowing confrontation. She photographs them first and later works on the image using painted elements. As if she personally wants to bring history up to the present-day. She often also sticks on strips of text. The texts were significant in her video works - they frequently provided an ironic undertone - but in these works on paper they form more than references or supplements with regard to content, they are also image elements that play a formal role in the total composition.



117 *Verdonken Dorpen* 2007, photographs, acrylic on paper, aluminium, 140x100cm



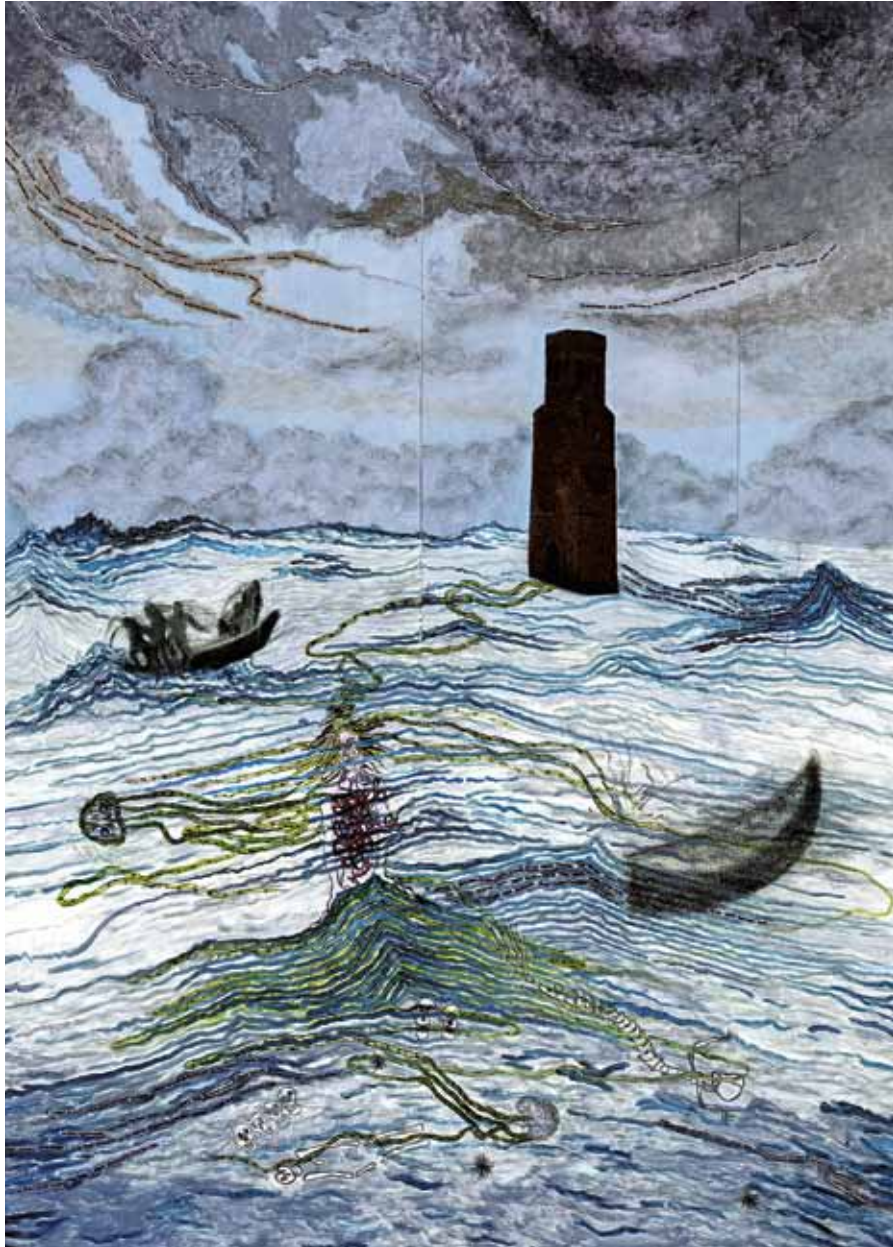
**De Verklikker** 2008, photographs, acrylic on paper, aluminium, 140x100cm

In 2015 Lydia Schouten presents 'Mannahata', an ode to Manhattan in the form of an ingenious video installation. Perhaps it is rather more than an ode, it is also a crystallized yearning for a city that has always functioned as a source of inspiration and has influenced her work on all sorts of levels and in many different ways. The viewer is completely absorbed into the work. Like in a huge, lively city he is surrounded by moving (video) images and all kinds of only vaguely recognizable sounds. A number of drawings are incorporated within this whole. Here the drawings have a subservient function. They are an inextricable component of the whole, but they are also an orientation point within the hectic environment. Some are more than this. On these works within a grid - referring to Manhattan's own grid - all sorts of New York stories are brought together. Collections of stories in images and short texts that, as it turns out later, can also be exhibited autonomously. Technically the drawings in this installation are comparable with the drawings created on Curaçao.

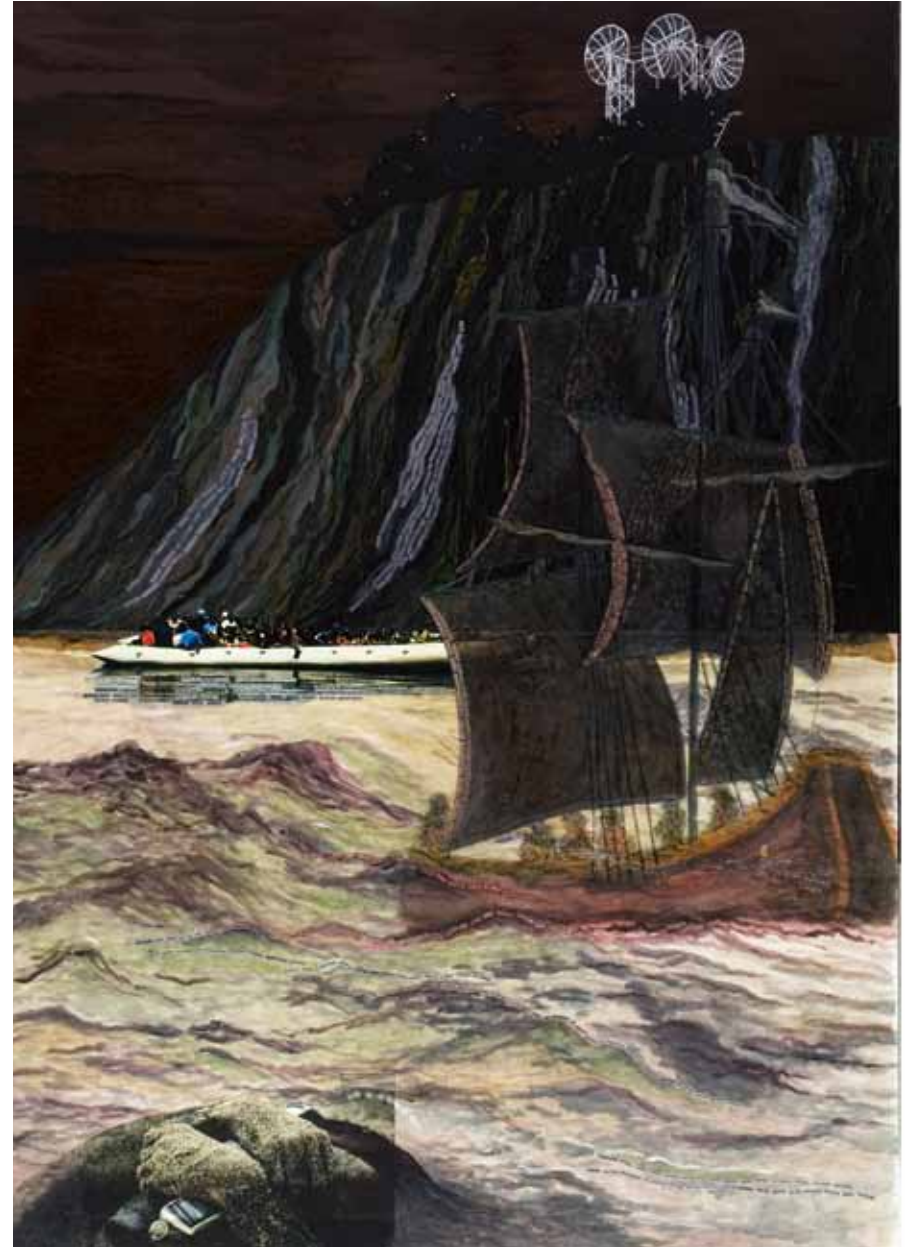
Going back to New York has affected the work that Lydia Schouten has since made. It probably lies at the foundation of one of the most impressive drawings of recent years: *I can't breathe* (2015), an elongated drawing of at least 1 meter by 3 meters. In black and white and composed of a number of horizontal image layers that narrate America's black history using well-known, and yet continually shocking images from newspapers and magazines, with the addition of strips with quotes, similar to those used in earlier work. The whole thing evokes the impression of a set of four revolving videotapes that not only refer to the suffocating violence against blacks but also take the viewer's breath away. Because they appear to move from left to right they underscore, implicitly or explicitly, the never-ending issues for black people in the United States. In this motivated work the artist has sought out and exhausted every aspect of the medium: drawing, photograph, collage, text and motion have organically entered into an alliance that the viewer can no longer evade.

In fact the word drawing proves inadequate.

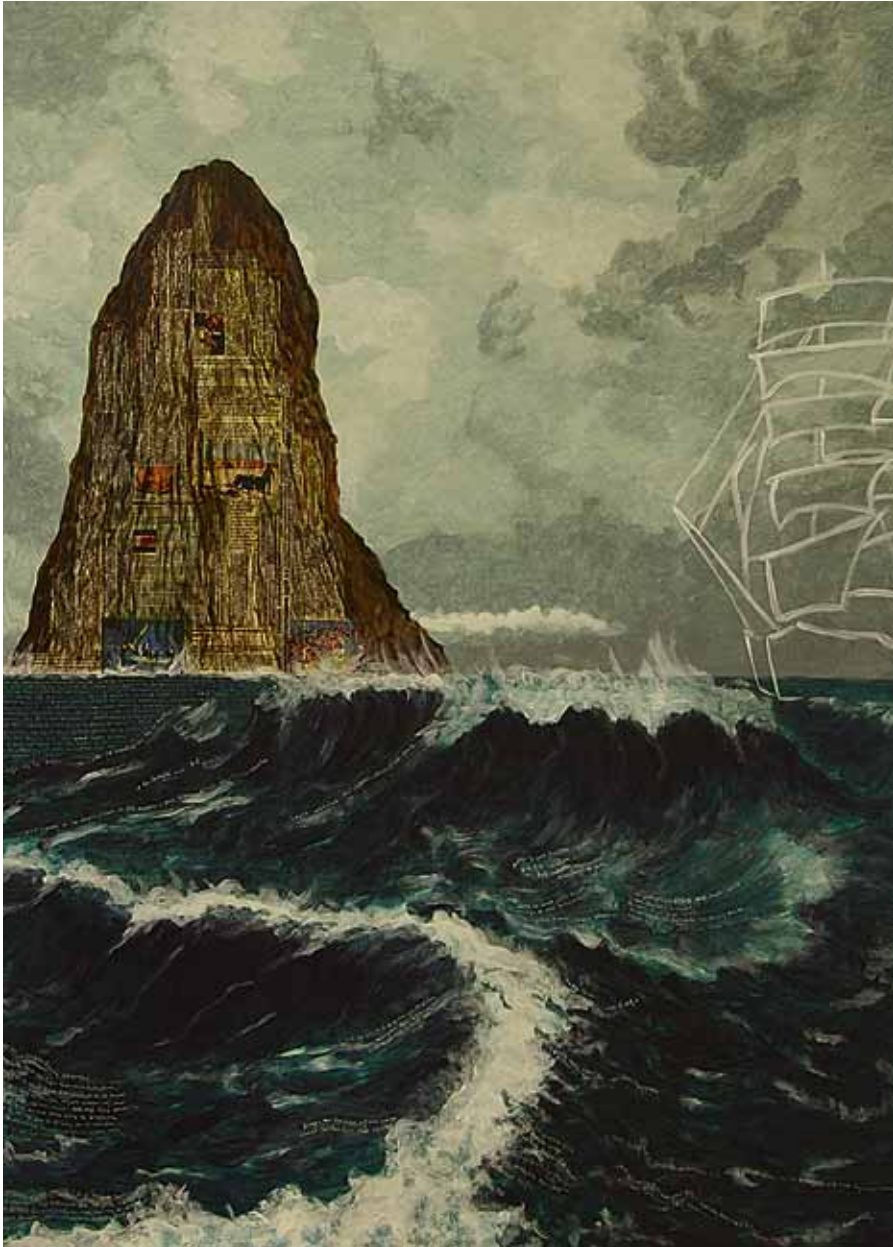
*Rob Perrée, 2017*



*Westenschouwe het zal je berouwen...* 2008 acrylic, pastel, photographs on paper, aluminium 140x100cm



*Land in zicht* 2008, photographs, acrylic on paper, aluminium, 140x100cm



*Logboek* 2007, acrylic, ink, photographs on paper, aluminium, 140x100cm



*Inferno* 2007, acrylic, ink, photographs on paper, aluminium, 140x100cm



*Birth of a new Species* 2009, photographs, acrylic on paper, aluminium, 70x100cm



*Transatlantische Dwaalgasten* 2010-2015, acrylic, texts on paper, aluminium, 100x140cm



*Rif St. Marie* 2009, acrylic, photographs on paper, aluminium, 100x140cm



*Tuin der dolende Zielen* 2010, acrylic, photographs on paper, aluminium, 100x140cm

In my most recent work, I like to create a time zone where the past is rethought and the future imagined. Starting point is a horizontal structure, where heterogeneous, vertical elements are added, through which an unsettling number of images are born and resonate with each other on this timeline. These horizontal and vertical lines form together an imaginary grid, which you can lay over a city, an area or a country.

In order to portray, to represent, 'present time', I want to reach into the different depths of history and combine these with the current time. It is a place where narrative elements resonate and together attempt an exchange.

*Lydia Schouten*

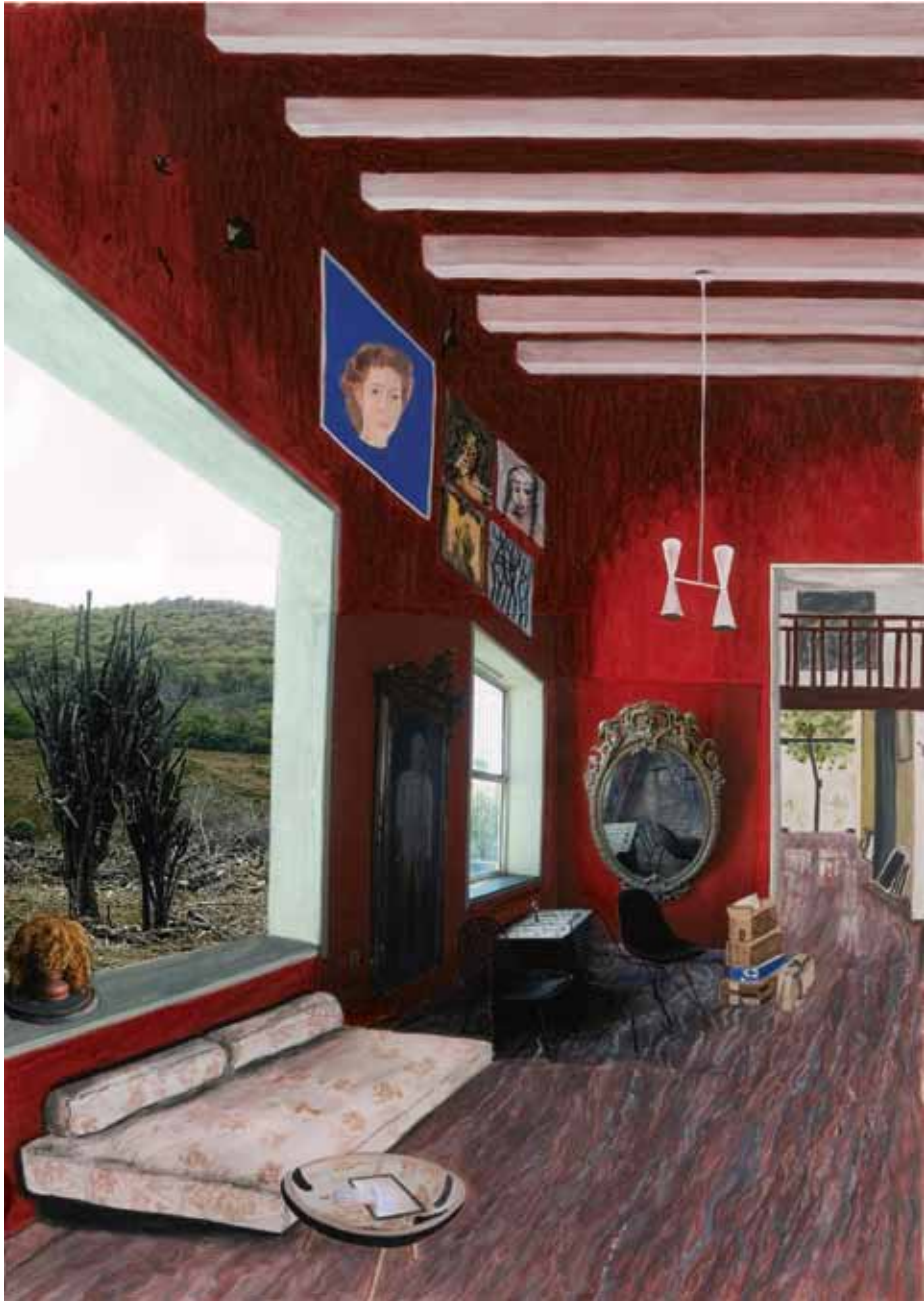




*Koraal Tabak* 2010, acrylic, photographs on paper, aluminium, 100x140cm



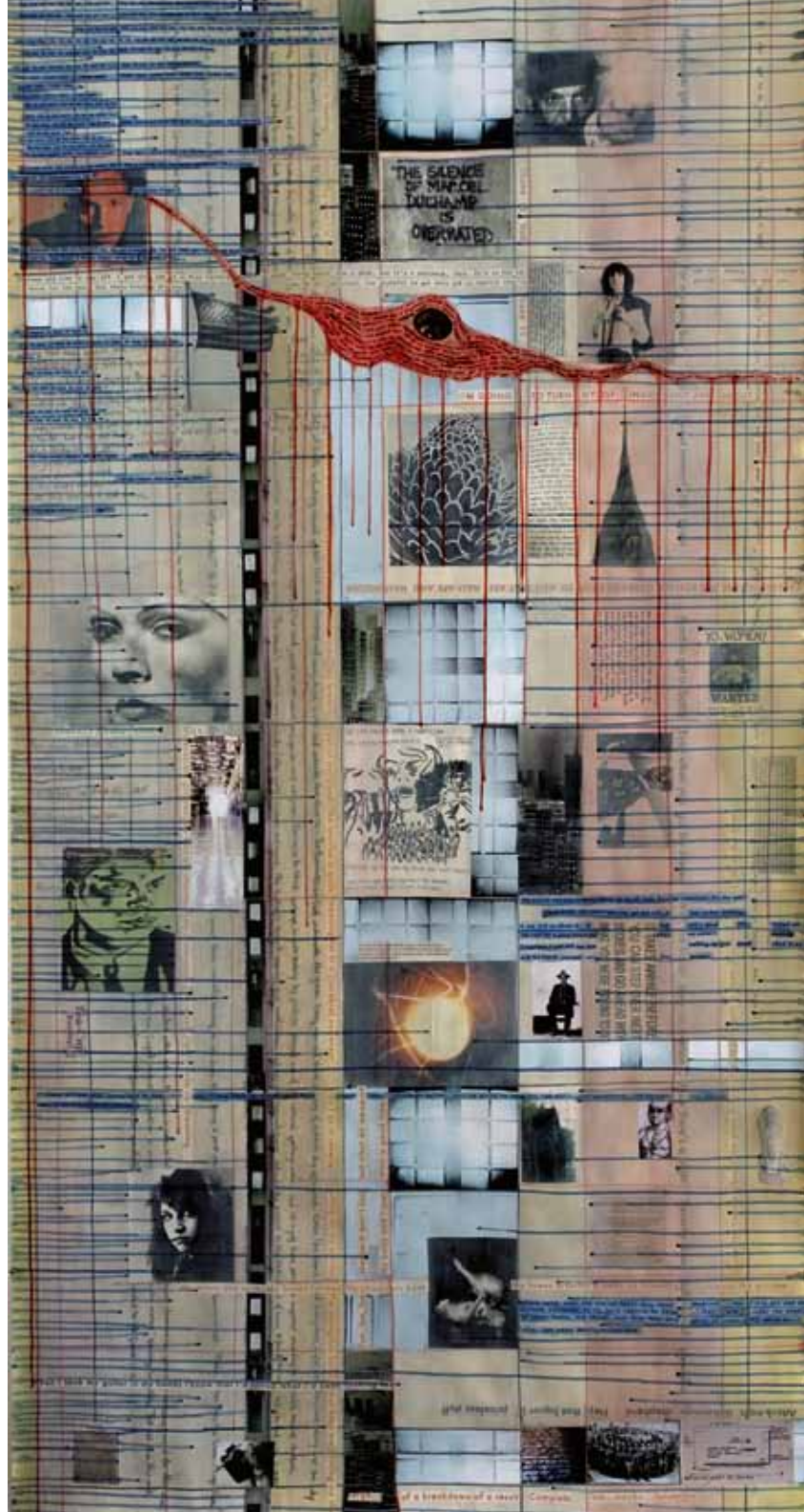
*Plantage Wechi* 2010, acrylic, photographs on paper, aluminium, 100x140cm



*Villa Stroomzicht* 2010, acrylic, photographs on paper, aluminium, 100x70cm



*Lost Paradise* 2010, acrylic, photographs on paper, aluminium, 100x70 cm



### ***A Song for Mannahata / Drawings***

Manhattan as a house, making connections between the present and the past as the basis for new interpretation, social relationships, relationships with other cultures, where people and stories resonate with each other on a timeline and together form a world, which defines 'NOW'. The Manhattan grid as a layered composition of videos, objects, drawings and texts. It consists of separate story fragments from hugely differing sources; books, newspapers, internet. An assemblage of heterogeneous stories, memories, dreams. Combined they form the city's inner self.

*Lydia Schouten*



*Mannahata* - Halve Maen 2011 – 2015, acrylic, photographs, text on paper, 200x108 cm



*Stomp the Devil. Shake, Shake, Shake!* 2011, acrylic, photographs, text on paper, aluminium, 100x140 cm

There were three poets. The three poets were ugly old men. They had once been hippies. They thought that without their visions, this city would dissolve. They were just like snakes who, not having anything to eat, eat their own tails. There was a falling-down church. The church was a hideout for Puerto Rican terrorists.

It was one of the weekly readings in St. Mark's in-the-Bowery. Bums of all kinds including sexual genders lived on its doorsteps. The Puerto Ricans lived underneath the graves. Every now and then a gang of children dug up a grave.

One of the three old men was just about to begin to read his poetry. Because he liked garbage, he wrote poetry by picking phrases out of the cultural garbage cans and stringing these phrases together according to inaudible musical rhythms. He would have been reading to a sax, but the saxophonist had died ten years before. The church's audience were friends, students and bums. The students were revolutionary radicals and nonrevolutionary radicals who aspired to the radicalness of bums. A few of the latter radicals had come in order to burn the church down. The bums had come to escape the cold. The church wasn't heated. No one gave a damn about the reading.

"We'll burn down the church," one student whispered to another. Cause religion sucks!"

Dick, the old poet who was about to read, stammered out, "Pope...Pope Pius the Sixth... Pope Pope." Maybe he thought he was more famous than he thought. Then, becoming lost in the wonder of his imagination, he started reading: Just as a revolutionary student pulled out a Magnum in order to halt the artistic nonsense, one of the older men limped toward the podium. Tall and thin, this poet, pasty-faced, three hairs away from bald, for years his mouth frozen by speed into a smile, signaled to his friend to shut up.

At the same time, a bum walked into the church. Ther were many bums in the church. That's how society is.

Mayor Koch, and other government and real-estate agents were walking through the church in order to get rid of poverty. One of the real-estate men said, "Poetry is shit." The crowd agreed with him. "Shit," yelled the members of the religious congregation. "Shit." "Let's elect our own mayor," a bum said. Cut to the quick and deeply hurt, Mayor Koch and his cohorts, scrambled through walls of bums and ran away from the church's graves.

*Kathy Acker*  
*Hannibal Lecter, My Father, 1991*  
excerpt



**St Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery** 2012 – 2015, acrylic, conté on paper, aluminium, 200x200 cm





*Waiting for Renovation* 2015, acrylic, pastel on paper, 70x100cm

< *Construction and Destruction interlocked* 2014, acrylic, conté on paper, 125x200cm

*Bathroom Coney Island* 2015, acrylic, pastel on paper, 100x140cm



*Down below Houston Street* 2015, acrylic, text on paper, alluminium, 97x69cm



*Cloudburst above Mannahata* 2014, photographs, acrylic on paper, 97x69cm

When Patti and her father watched the Rolling Stones on TV, he screamed at them and she was “turned on”, having her first orgasm. She identified with their non-Oedipal sexuality. “A girl would feel power; a guy could reveal his feminine side” Dylan. “He played ... with such urgency. As if he had stilted lifeline. As if he had a pin in his nerves. It totally hit me then. Him in his plaid jumpsuit. How a guitar rests so completely on a man’s cock.”

She rejected the simplicities of the false arcadia of the sixties in favor of the realities of an ambiguity of urban violence in the seventies. She also accepted that rock and violence must coexist. Hers was the first manifestation of “punk” rock.

Dan Graham  
*Rock my Religion*  
1993, pg 93

When I took my guitar in my hands I knew that I’d found what I’d been looking for.

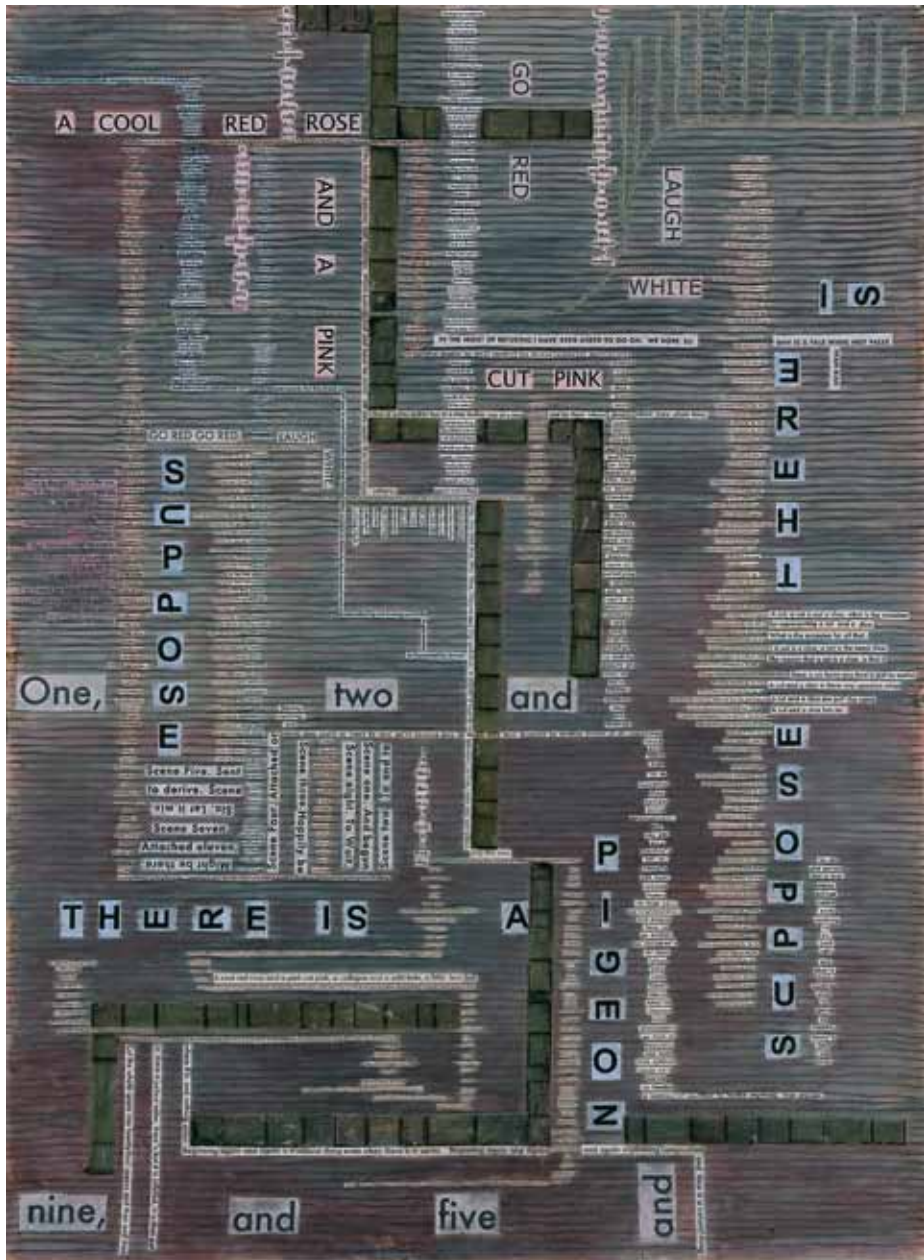
Patti Smith

...There’s a lot of people who care about rock ‘n’ roll or just believe in... getting us all to a point where we have a harmonious rhythm. Rock ‘n’ roll... is getting powerful all over the world... Rock ‘n’ roll is being taken over by people again... They just want to get down on the rhythms; they want to crawl like a dog, or they want to rise up. They just want to feel something... This is the art of the future...

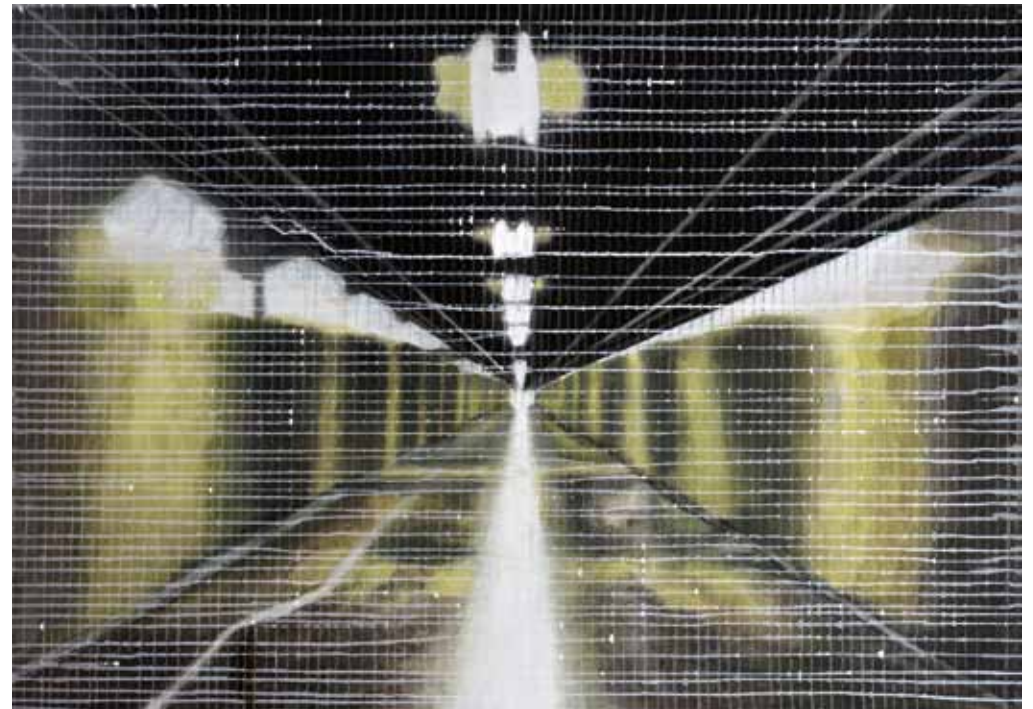
Women are especially capable of animal sounds due to the fact that we reproduce in such a completely animal way when we give birth; you’re just howling away (like a wolf), you can’t help it, it just comes from real far away, so far you don’t know where it comes from.

Patti Smith, 1979





*Tagging a Pigeon in N.Y.*, 2015, acrylic, pastel, texts on paper, 140x100cm



*Abandoned* 2015, acrylic, pastel on paper, 70x100cm





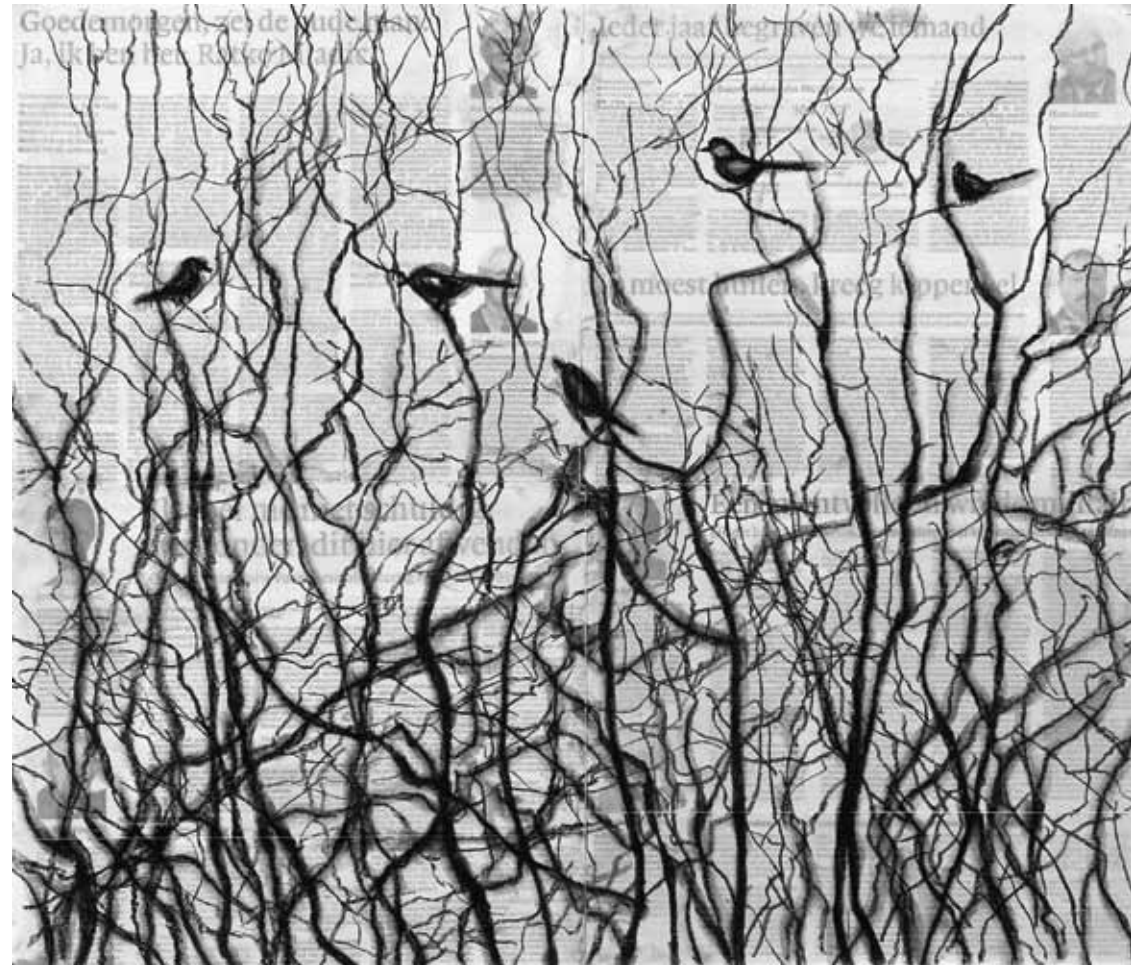
**Jump** 2015, acrylic on photograph, aluminium, 27x26,5cm



**Secret View R.M.** 2015, acrylic on photograph, aluminium, 49x48cm



*Playing the Piano* 2015, acrylic on paper, 100x70cm



*Rondom de Enclave* 2015, conté, pastel, newspaper on aluminium, 50x43cm



*Desi* 2015, acrylic on photograph, aluminium, 47x48cm



*Fort Zeelandia, Cel* 2015, acrylic, pastel on paper, 58x94cm



*Falling Palms 2015*, acrylic on photograph, aluminium, 46 x 59cm

In my early artistic years around 1980, my performances were characterized by sex-related conflicts, inherent expectations, self-inquiry. For the exhibition Art Scene & Unseen at Castle Oud-Rekem in Belgium, I was asked to make a work, as an ode to the influence of Foundation De Appel, established by Wies Smals in 1975, to different generations of artists. I reconstructed the floorpiece *I feel like boiled Milk with a skin on it* in combination with a monitor with the original performance from 1980. On two walls 6 videos and 3 photographs show works from that same period, where I play, in different disguises, the title role in my own adventures.

Lydia Schouten



floorinstallation *I feel like boiled Milk* 2018, Kasteel Oud-Rekem, Belgium, flour and soil, diameter: 8m

Floorinstallation *I feel like boiled Milk* 2018, flour and soil, **diam: 8m** 6 videos, 3 photographs during *Scene – Unseen* exhibition, castle Oud-Rekem

other publications:

LYDIA SCHOUTEN

Ladder of Escape

Videos, Installations, Multimedia

Performance

1988 - 2018

Publisher: Lydia Schouten

Year: 2018

Texts: Lola G. Bonora, Richard

Goldstein, Maurice Nio, Rob

Perrée, Lydia Schouten, Jonathan

Turner

Design: Karelse & Den Besten

Lydia Schouten

LYDIA SCHOUTEN

Split Seconds of Magnificence

Early videos and performances

1978 - 1987

Publisher: Lydia Schouten

Year: 2017

Texts: Mirjam Westen, Rob Perrée,

Lydia Schouten

Design: Karelse & Den Besten

Lydia Schouten

LYDIA SCHOUTEN

Publisher: Provinciaal Museum

Hasselt, Belgium

Year: 1994

Texts: Rob Perrée

Design book: Moniek Calcoen

PERSONALS

Publisher Con Rumore

Year: 1992

Texts by: Rob Perrée, Renate

Puvogel, Richard Goldstein,

Kathy Acker

Design book: Karelse &

Den Besten

DESIRE

Publisher Con Rumore

Year: 1989

Texts by: Karen Henry, Mariëtte

Haveman, Rob Perrée,

Multatuli, Lydia Schouten

Design book: Lydia Schouten

INFERMENTAL 5

Publisher: Con Rumore

Year: 1985

Texts by: Rob Perrée, Leonie

Bodeving, Lydia Schouten

Design book: Karelse &

Den Besten

MODERN DENKEN ART

MAGAZINE 1980, 84

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Texts by: Rob Perrée, Lydia Schouten

Quotes by: W.G. Sebald *The Rings of Saturn*,

Joan Didion *The White Album*

Kathy Acker *Pussy King of the Pirates*

Dan Graham *Rock my Religion* + quotes Patti Smith

Kathy Acker *Hannibal Lecter, My Father*

Design: Karelse & Den Besten, Lydia Schouten

2018 