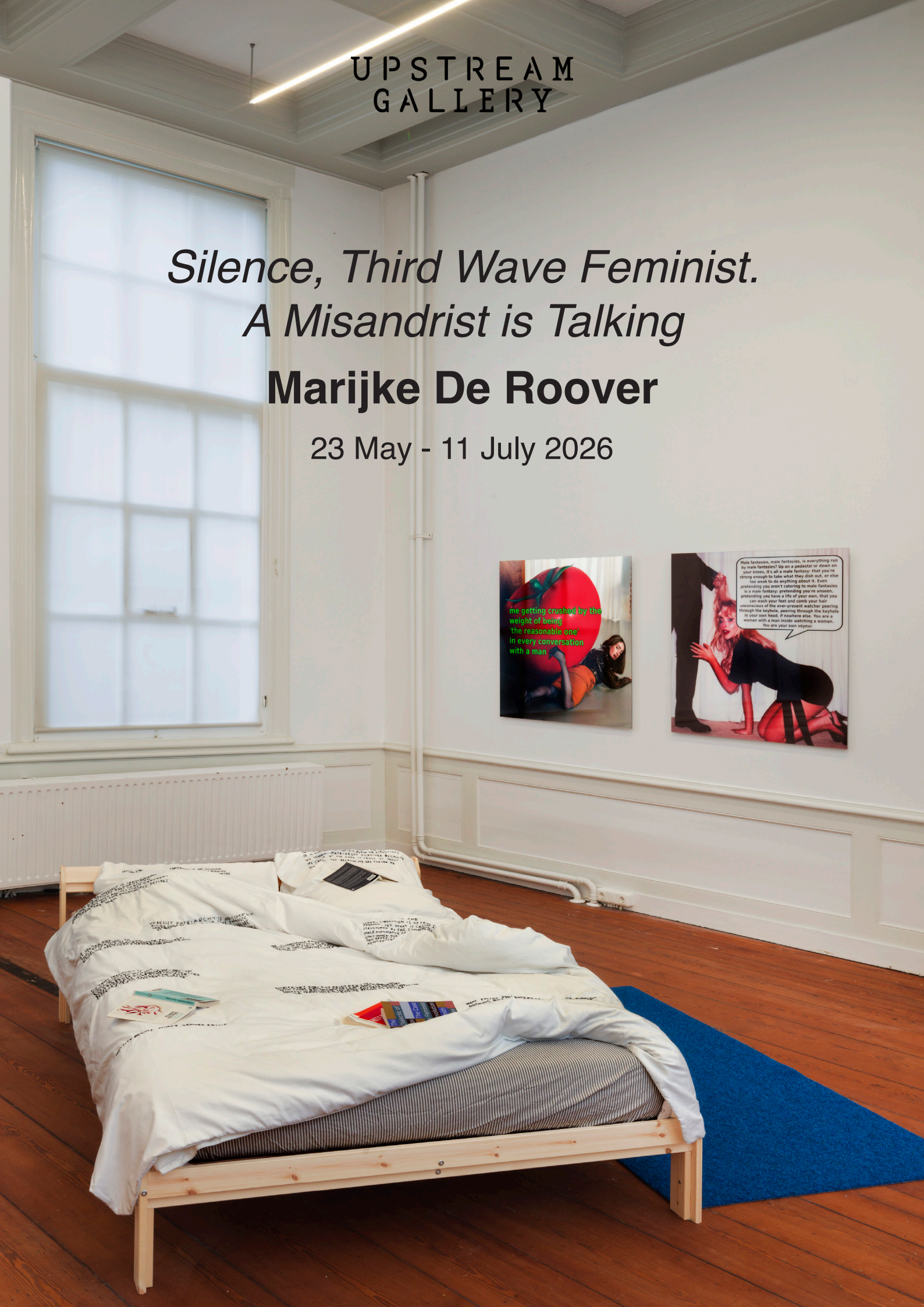
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GALLERY

Silence, Third Wave Feminist. A Misandrist is Talking

Marijke De Roover

23 May - 11 July 2026



Silence third wave feminist. A misandrist is talking

In the age of endless circulation, the worst thing you can do is still speak. Especially if you are a woman who has read too much and forgiven too little. This exhibition does not ask to be heard; it insists on being misheard, which is the only honest form of address left. The title itself is already a crime scene: a command, a confession, and a shitpost all at once. Silence third wave feminist. As if the third wave had not already drowned itself in its own good intentions. A misandrist is talking. Finally.

The works circulate like symptoms. You cannot control them any more than you can control your own unconscious once it has been memefied. They accumulate meanings you never authorised, produce allergic reactions disguised as discourse, and leave you, the author, strangely invisible to yourself in the very moment of hyper-visibility. This is not the vertigo of too much wine. This is the vertigo of watching your own gesture masturbated by the internet without your consent. A ghost of authority you never possessed in the first place

The exhibition offers no catharsis, no healing, no sisterhood. Only the vertiginous honesty of a misandrist who has stopped pretending her rage is “complicated.” The circulation continues. The meanings multiply like mould. You will be misunderstood beautifully. You will be hated accurately. And somewhere in that gap, between the unmade bed, the biting memes, and the videos that refuse to look away, something like truth flickers: sharp, funny, and completely ungovernable.

Come closer.
A misandrist is talking.
Try to silence her.



I MEET SOMEONE

↓

WE TALK

I TELL THEM

↓

THEY LEAVE

me getting crushed by the
weight of being
'the reasonable one'
in every conversation
with a man

My Bed (All work is women's work)

At the literal and conceptual centre squats *My Bed (All work is women's work)*. Not Tracey Emin's bed, though it shamelessly squats on her precedent like an unwanted lover who stayed four days and left the sheets stained with theory. Here the sheets are embroidered with fragments by De Roover, spectral traces of the Seamstresses' Union, one of the first all-female labour organisations in the Netherlands, those forgotten women who stitched history while the men wrote manifestos. Scattered across the mattress like evidence: dog-eared Dworkin, battered Bates, the whole miserable canon of women who refused to be nice. The bed is unmade, unrepentant, and brutally public. It is intimate in the way a crime scene is intimate. Everyone wants to interpret the stains.

This is not a celebration of vulnerability. Vulnerability is the neoliberal sacrament. This is a declaration of mess as method. Domesticity, depression, theory, and unpaid emotional labour fused into one abject object that refuses to perform productivity or "sex positivity." All work is women's work, including the work of being looked at while you fall apart.

My Bed (All work is women's work), 2026
Installation (Bed, mattress, embroidered bed sheets, books, carpet)



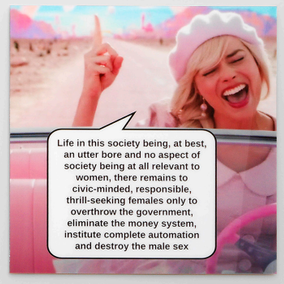

PATRIARCHY DOES NOT PRIMARLY FEAR THE WOMAN WHO HATES MEN: IT FEARS FAR MORE THE WOMAN WHO STOPS BELIEVING IN LOVE. BECAUSE ONCE THE FANTASY OF ROMANTIC COMPLEMENTARITY COLLAPSES, THE WHOLE IDEOLOGICAL EDIFICE BEGINS TO TOTTER
WHAT PASSES FOR "BODY POSITIVITY" IS FR
NOTHING BUT THE LATEST INJUNCTION
SUPER-EGO: LOVE YOUR BODY. WHICH REALL
YOUR INADEQUACY, NARCISSISTICALLY INVEST IN
THE SYMBOLIC ORDER INSCRIBE ON YOU
ANDREA DWORKIN
The Dialectic of Sex
The Case for Feminist Revolution
Shulamith Firestone


MEN WHO HATE WOMEN
The Extremism Nobody is Talking About
LAURA BATES
SCUM MANIFESTO
VALERIE SOLANAS
INTRODUCTION BY AVITAL RONELL
"Articulate, angry and funny" Guardian


MEN WHO HATE WOMEN
LAURA BATES
SCUM MANIFESTO
THE NEW AGE OF SEXISM
LAURA BATES
PATRIARCHY DOES NOT PRIMARLY FEAR THE WOMAN WHO HATES MEN
WHAT PASSES FOR "BODY POSITIVITY" IS FREQUENTLY
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me getting crushed by the
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Male fantasies, male fantasies, is everything run by male fantasies? Up on a pedestal or down on your knees, it's all a male fantasy; that you're strong enough to take what they dish out, or else too weak to do anything to resist. Even pretending you aren't catering to male fantasies is a male fantasy; pretending you're unsexy, pretending you have a life of your own, that you can wash your feet and comb your hair unconscious of the ever-present watcher peering through the keyhole, peering through the keyhole in your own head, if nowhere else. You are a woman with a man inside watching a woman. You are your own voyeur.


Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex


SILENCE, third wave feminist
A misandrist is talking



Elsewhere, the radfem theory memes operate like ideological IEDs. Stolen quotes, compressed fury, radical feminist thought brutalised into shareable format. They do not explain. They bite. Born in the brief, regrettable experiment known as “trying heterosexuality again,” they function like borrowed glasses with the wrong prescription: suddenly everything is too sharp, too clear, and slightly nauseating. The theft is not hidden; the theft is the point. In a culture that rewards circulation over consequence, the meme becomes the perfect Trojan horse: funny, contagious, cruel, and utterly uninterested in your performative allyship. A jester who knows the king is impotent but still enjoys describing his tiny dick in precise Lacanian terms.



Silence, Third Wave Feminist. A Woman Who Noticed Men Kinda Suck Is About to Speak, 2025
Photo mounted between dibond and high-gloss plexiglass
100 x 100 cm



On the Particular Exhaustion of Realizing That 'Participation in Society' Is a Game Whose Rules Were Written Elsewhere and Will Not Be Amended Upon Request, 2025
Photo mounted between dibond and high-gloss plexiglass
100 x 100 cm


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Me Calmly Explaining Empathy While Getting Slowly Juiced by Male Fragility Tomato, 2025
Photo mounted between dibond and high-gloss plexiglass
100 x 100 cm



Even Pretending You Ignore Male Approval Is Still a Male Fantasy. You Never Clock Out, 2025
Photo mounted between dibond and high-gloss plexiglass
100 x 100 cm

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THEY LEAVE

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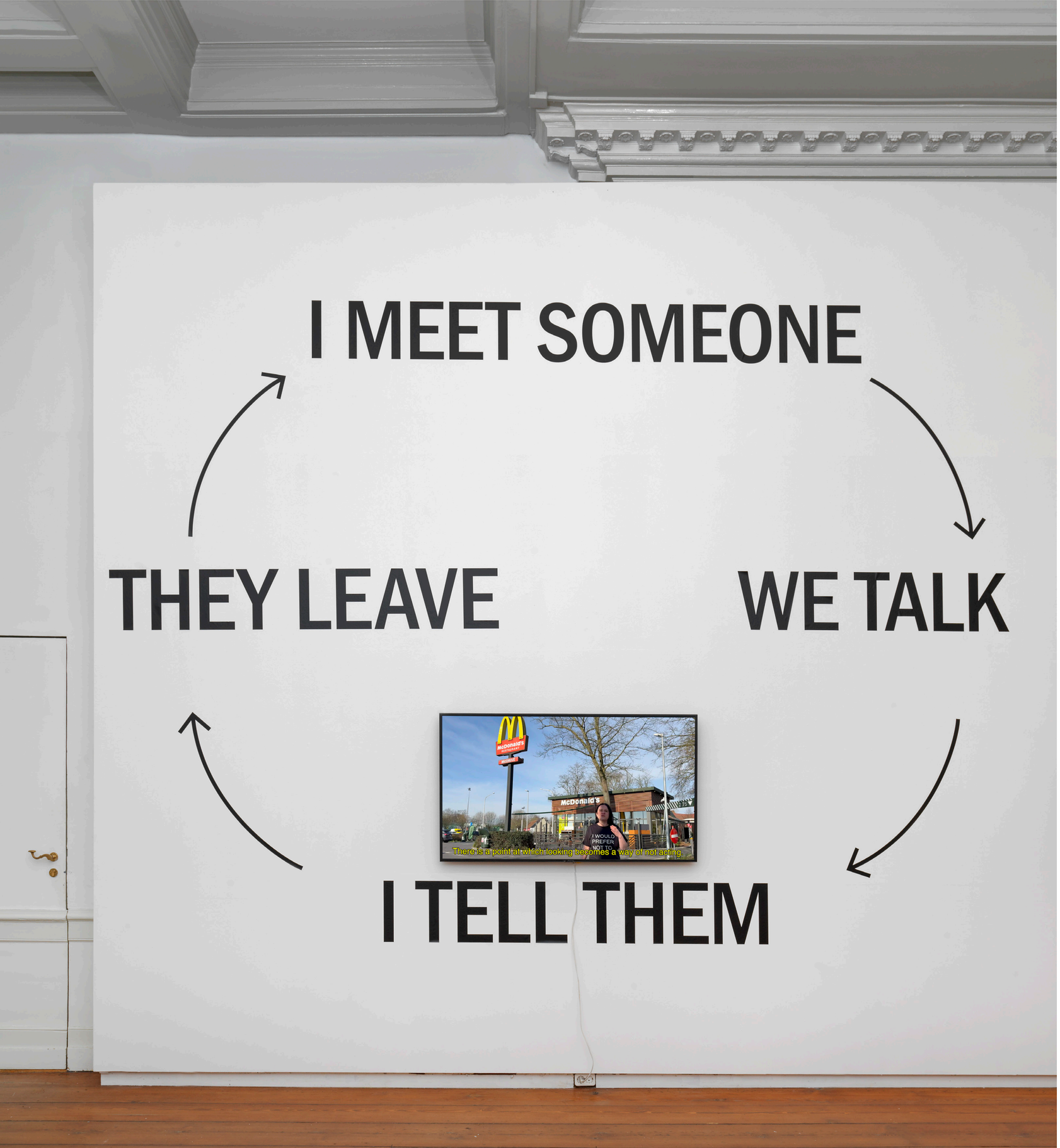
THEY LEAVE





I Meet Someone / They Leave

And then, looming on the walls like digital altarpieces: *I Meet Someone / They Leave*. Two video installations, each placed atop the viral “I meet someone” wall sticker, merging the aesthetics of the endless scroll with the unbearable duration of video art. They function as persiflage on Žižek videos, pop-philosophy, and the entire libidinal circus of contemporary culture. You watch a woman in an high vis vest explaining her own abandonment through Lacan, through the Real, through the obscene underside of liberal tolerance. One dissects the Epstein circuit, elite male impunity, the Lolita Express as symptom. The other performs a ruthless radfem porn analysis: a cold, clinical, and savagely funny vivisection of today’s pornographic imaginary, where desire, trauma, capital, and “empowerment” fuck in perfect synchrony while liberal feminism applauds from the sidelines.



i meet someone/they leave (1), 2026
Video installation: video and wall sticker
Video: 11 min. 35 sec.
Wallsticker: dimensions variable


McDonald's
RESTAURANT
McDRIVE
McDonald's
2,75
I WOULD
PREFER
Pedophilia, in elite contexts, is not a glitch.


McDonald's
RESTAURANT
McDRIVE
McDonald's
2.75
I WOULD
PREFER
NOT TO
There is a point at which looking becomes a way of not acting.


McDonald's
RESTAURANT
McDRIVE
McDonald's
2.75
I WOULD
PREFER
As if female suffering requires a technical qualifier to register

i meet someone/they leave (2), 2026
Video installation: video and wallsticker
Video: 6 min. 14 sec.
Wallsticker: dimensions variable




because confusion here is not accidental—it does real work.


liberal feminism wants equality, access, representation, choice.


domination is not only enforced—it is eroticized.

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