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One winter evening I was heading back to work when a man catcalled me. I'd forgotten an art project at work and was speed walking to make it back to my train on time. Wrapped up in a winter coat and scarf, I huffed and puffed thinking over the timetables. Beside me a car crept, unusual for the quaint town outside the city.

He honked. Again. And again. Finally the window rolled down and he yelled, "Hey, you're beautiful!"

Two more blocks to go and I'd be at work. I ignored him. The yells changed. "You don't think you're beautiful? You know what, you're really ugly!" I made it back to work, grabbed my art project, and made my train back to the city.

The title of the piece I was working on? *Don't tell me to smile.*

I make ceramic portraits of women existing outside the male gaze. It started with that face mug and has developed into busts. By nature, the material they're made of will last centuries. Unfortunately, by nature, the sexism they address now will be just as relevant then.

In the meanwhile - I'm not here to be pretty, and neither are my sculptures.