

daniela luschin

PORT FOLIO

feminist resistance artist



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daniela luschin is a self-taught artist who turned to visual arts after the age of 40. her works are understood as artistic resistance against patriarchal structures, sexualized violence, and societal constraints to which women worldwide are subjected. she describes herself as a feminist (and anti-capitalist) resistance artist.

her creative journey began with watercolor and ink but quickly evolved into a complex mixed-media practice. in her works, she combines textiles, paper, yarn, acrylic paints, and other materials. her art is more than just an aesthetic expression—it is a call for reflection and a powerful statement for freedom and justice.

at the center of her works are themes such as femininity, the pursuit of self-determination, and the deconstruction of societal expectations. with dream-like visions, irony, and symbolism, she questions the realities that women face. her recurring motif, "the inner pirate," represents the inner rebel who challenges rigid structures and seeks new paths.

in recent years, her focus has increasingly shifted toward the connection between text and image. stories and poetry flow directly into her art, creating a narrative web that captivates viewers.

her art is a political statement, an artistic call for reflection and change.



series

die gefi_kten (the fu_ked)

he series "die gefi_kten" is dedicated to fictional historical female figures that daniela luschin "gives birth to" through image and text. it is a tribute to all the forgotten women and those who could have been great but whose potential was never realized. it's about those who were never, but could have been.

this series has sparked intense discussions – not all positive. harsh criticism came from people claiming she distorts reality or that the provocative title is inappropriate. but that's exactly why luschin chose this title. a watered-down "mimimi-title" would have gone unheard. with the deliberate omission of the "c," she builds a bridge between the "gefickten" (fucked) and the fiction she plays with.

in her portraits, she restores something to these women that should have been theirs from birth: dignity. their biographies are fictional, but they could have occurred in similar ways. because women's history is not a rosy, sugar-coated journey through time – it's an endless list of injustices. her fictional stories aim to shift historical inequality, even if only slightly, toward balance.

in addition to the portraits, her exhibitions feature audio recordings of the stories she has written about the portrayed women.

totgeschwiegen (silenced to death) (working title)

since the beginning of 2025, daniela luschin has been working on the series "totgeschwiegen", dedicating a portrait to each victim of femicide in austria. the series was prompted by the first femicide of the year, committed in the early days of january – a tragic yet symptomatic start to another year of patriarchal violence. these portraits are meant to be memorials, evoking not just grief but, above all, shame for a society that allows such violence to persist.

the problem: the names and faces of the murdered women often remain invisible. the media rarely publishes images, mostly just first names. this is precisely why the series is necessary. luschin gives faces to these statistics, to these nameless victims—even though she doesn't know what they truly looked like. it's not about exact depictions but about the principle of visibility: these portraits confront the perpetrators and the system with an accusatory gaze, standing as undeniable testimonies of a violent status quo.

each image is a cry, a "no" against the sick patriarchal system. it is an attempt to oppose the most devastating form of oppression—femicide—with faces that can no longer be ignored.

helga plazenta von hohenwald

series: die gefi_kten
mixed media on canvas
60x80cm

"another placenta-bearer." that was her father's reaction when he pulled the child from his wife's womb. he did this because it was his profession-his calling, as he saw it. he was one of the leading gynecologists in the city, professor doctor von hohenwald. it wasn't love for women that drove his vocation but rather curiosity about why women were so inferior. the answer came quickly: "the physiological idiocy of women lies in the uterus," he pathologized to his students at the medical faculty. that helga, as he begrudgingly named the unwanted new offspring, was anything but idiotic or inferior, he never saw. he didn't see any of them-not his wife, not his three daughters, certainly not his patients. he only saw their deficiency. helga suffered from her father's coldness. she brooded a lot, constantly trying to connect with him, nervously seeking his attention, desperately craving love. her mother had long since shut down, leaving nothing for helga to hold onto. she grew up under a figurative glass dome, suffocating from the mold of ignorance, rejection, and hatred that broke her heart with its silent presence. at 17, she discovered men who surrounded her with sweet words, caressed her with their eyes, smiled at her, and gently stroked her hand. and just like that, she was gone-diving headfirst into the deep, unknown waters of emotions. she didn't know the dangers of the open sea and lost herself in a whirlpool stirred up by a vile viennese pimp. he threw her a false lifeline of love and pulled her into his brothel in vienna's first district. her new home. where her body parts made her a desirable woman.



misia. (family name unknown)

series: die gefi_kten
mixed media on canvas
50x70cm

misia appeared suddenly in innsbruck. on the main square, she addressed the grim-faced tyroleans with her broken german: "flowers, signora? flowers for the beautiful lady, sir? pleeease." with tears flooding her eyes, threatening to drown her pupils. with an empty stomach churning like a washing machine. the tyroleans were stingy dogs. and to a foreign flower seller, they certainly didn't want to give a single coin. better to donate to the church. to misia, they generously gave crooked smiles, rolling eyes, and arrogant tongue clicks. the men would occasionally grope her roughly when the bella signore weren't looking. but not all were hypocritical xenophobes. there were three, maybe four, or five people in the city who occasionally bought one of her meager flower bouquets, which she collected laboriously in the early morning hours outside the city. some even gave her a coin or a piece of stale bread out of pity. and one man even let her sleep in his barn at night—if she stroked the "happiness" in his pants with her young girl's hand while gazing up at him with big, admiring eyes. on september 13, 1744, her lifeless body was found in an alley. her blouse and skirt torn. marks of strangulation on her neck. the summoned gendarmes shrugged indifferently. "no one will miss her. just a foreign flower seller. just a woman. just a whore. not worth the trouble."



maria papai

series: die gefi_kten
mixed media on canvas
80x100cm

maria was different from a young age. she learned faster than everyone else. she spoke earlier than her siblings. she could read by the age of three, even though no one had taught her - just by watching her cursing brothers and sisters grudgingly doing their homework after school. she couldn't wait to finally go to school, even though everyone told her the excitement would fade quickly because "they don't want people like us there." "i'm not like you!" she'd snap back, sticking out her sharp little girl's tongue.

when the day came, her siblings mocked her, "told you so! we told you! bleh!" because at school, maria was no longer just maria; she became "gypsy mitzi." even the biggest fools-and the teacher-looked down on her. being smart didn't help. so maria, like the other roma children, started skipping school more than attending. instead, she lay in the meadows reading every book she could get her hands on.

but she had a secret. when no one was looking, she'd sneak away with her father's guitar, running far into the fields where no one could hear her play - just as she had observed the men in her family do. no one had taught her. that wasn't proper for a romni. strumming and fiddling were reserved for men. that maria was far more talented than her brothers (and uncles and father), composing melodies so beautiful that even birds in the sunflower fields paused their pecking, interested no one.

they'd made it clear when she was repeatedly caught as a child, playing with mozart-like genius. "maria! you're defiling the guitar!" - punctuated by a forceful slap. she remembered. and from then on, she only played in secret. and less and less as the years passed. until she eventually gave up entirely.



aysun shafak

series: die gefi_kten
mixed media on canvas
80x120cm

with wide eyes, the shy aysun watched a group of hippies moving their lanky bodies to music she had never heard before but found magically captivating. she stiffened her body, trying not to sway with the rhythm, not wanting to stand out. the gaze of her parents clung to her, even when they weren't there.

suddenly, the handsome viktor appeared in front of her, wearing a suit more patterned than the persian carpet in her living room. he held a balloon in his hand, offering it to her with the words: "come! be as free as this balloon." he took her hand—and with his eyes, her heart.

a few days later, she secretly slipped out of her parents' apartment and left with the colorful hippies. she dived into a pool of freedom she had never known, feeling parts of herself she hadn't even realized existed. she savored freedom like a cake made of rainbows, absorbed love like a newborn drinking milk from its mother's breast.

until her father and brothers came, packed her into a car, and after an agonizingly long journey, brought her back to anatolia, where she was married off to a cousin in an equally long ceremony.

here, the trail of aysun is lost. her freedom flew away, like the balloon viktor had given her, its string abruptly severed by her family.



**fernanda maria
duchess of lorraine**

**series: die gefi_kten
mixed media on canvas
70x80cm**

they called her fernanda. the noble-born girl of the spanish court, whose sweet gaze made the other high-borns around her flutter their lashes in delight, knowing that such an adorably lovely girl would soon become a wonderfully productive little birthing machine, securing the eternal genetic manufacturing of blue blood.

fernanda. fernanda. the name meant something like bold. brazen. and protective. and safe. but the boldness and defiance that poured from her every pore as a toddler were quickly drained. her cunning plans were replaced with a bit of embroidery. a bit of prayer. a bit of language learning. and a bit more practice in looking pretty.

as for protection and safety, the name meant nothing. at 14, she was married off to franz alexander of lorraine, 20 years her senior. franz was not only as heavy as a whole pig but behaved like one, too. no one had thought to teach her the "bit about spreading your legs" for the wedding night. but the swinish duke taught her quickly, ceremoniously crowning himself founder and ceo of the "fernanda & co. birthing factory." with outstanding production numbers: 12 children in 14 years, not counting the four miscarriages in between, including the six children who died before the age of ten from smallpox, pertussis, plague, pustules – or pure lovelessness.

by 28, it was over. fernanda was dislocated, discontinued, disharmonized – a rusted, wheezing, groaning factory ruin. the swine duke had the remains of the once-thriving birthing machine buried with honor. after such service, he felt it was the least he could do. and he was almost a little sad. but not for long. a younger replacement was quickly found.



pippi 2.0

mixed media on paper
DIN A2



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defibrillatory friendship

mixed media auf papier
DIN A2



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the bird is a hand grenade

mixed media on canvas
100x120cm



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i'm not your fucking fairy tale

mixed media on paper
DIN A2



fuck purity

mixed media on canvas
50x70cm



tame impala

mixed media on paper
DIN A2



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exhibitions

2026. solo exhibition (title pending). barockschlössl. mistelbach.
2025. solo exhibition **die gefi_kten**. castle wolfpasing. lower austria.
2025. group exhibition **frau mut und ihre schwestern**. ausstellungsraum. vienna.
2025. group exhibition **cycling**. kunst-service. vienna.
2025. solo exhibition **die gefi_kten**. the gallery of things. berlin.
2025. solo exhibition **anständig widerständig**. ega. vienna.
2024. group exhibition **totgeliebt**. semmelweis-klinik. vienna.
2024. solo exhibition at the women's counseling center kassandra. schwechat.
2024. solo exhibition **die große anschau-show**. vienna.
2024. group exhibition **grand dames**. otto-bauer-areal. vienna.
2024. group exhibition **hausfrauenkunst**. ausstellungsraum. vienna.
2023. exhibition **unterwegs | daheim** with daniela flickentanz. strandhotel. weissensee.
2023. exhibition **berührungspunkte** with anne eck. aussenstelle kunst. vienna.
2023. solo exhibition. artist's room at restaurant napoleon. vienna.
2023. solo exhibition. art space at gasthaus puster. seckau.
2023. solo exhibition. art space at gasthaus puster. seckau.
2022. solo exhibition. gallery alpha. vienna.
2022. exhibition with daniela flickentanz. kulturquartier32. eisenstadt.
2022. solo exhibition. art space at gasthaus puster. seckau.
2021. group exhibition. within circus holi moli. bad vöslau. schutzhaus harzberg.
2021. solo exhibition. kunst.lokal. grobenzersdorf.
2021. solo exhibition. fem-net.art galerie. zurich.



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