WHERE IS ANA MENDIETA

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LINDA STUPART

Prelude (1985): A death drop/after the fall once upon a time there was a shadow, or a silhouette; silueta– once upon a time there was a shadow and her name was Ana Mendieta.

Men were angry because this shadow appeared to become real before their eyes; to enter language and also art galleries. Men became angry because this shadow grew a body from the mud and trees and the cow’s heart it swallowed. Men became angry because the shadow became naked became a woman became a name, became Ana Mendieta and so she dropped, she fell.

After Ana Mendieta fell from the window of the apartment almost all of the bones in her almost naked body were shattered. After she fell from the window of the 34th floor apartment all of her major organs were split open. After she fell from the window of the 34th floor apartment on Mercer her body was never photographed, which is strange since that was her practice. After she fell 269 feet from the window of the 34th floor apartment on Mercer a male pathologist dictated to stenographer Dorothy Stevens that her body was white, which is strange because brownness and skin were her practice. After she fell 269 feet from the window of the 34th floor apartment on Mercer in 4.21 seconds the male pathologist cut open her chest and took out her heart and weighed it; this was also her practice.

I want to tell the story of the decay of figure into ground, larvae playing under skin shining many eyed flies popping stitches in her chest alive malevolent snakes churning open mouthed waiting for revenge in the earth beneath the still performing silueta. But after she fell 269 feet from the window of the 34th floor Minimalist apartment on Mercer in 4.21 seconds, what remained of Ana Mendieta’s body was cremated.

After she fell 269 feet from the window of the of the 34th floor Minimalist apartment on Mercer in 4.21 seconds at a velocity of 120 miles per hour male artist Carl Andre, her husband of only eight months, suggested that she might have suicided because he was more famous than her, which is strange because he had fresh scratches on his nose and forearms and because people had heard her screaming and because she had called friends to say she was scared of him and because she was so scared of heights and because he changed his story so many times and because he had left her before in 1983 because she refused to turn down the Prix de Rome in sculpture and its yearlong residency, which would have made her more famous than him, for a moment.
CHORUS: Pain of Cuba/ body I am/ my orphanhood I live/ In Cuba when you die
the earth that covers us speaks. But here, covered by the earth whose prisoner I am
I feel death palpitating underneath the earth…

FANNIE SOSA + TABITA RAZIERA

A WHITE INSTITUTION’S GUIDE FOR WELCOMING PEOPLE OF COLOR* AND THEIR AUDIENCES
*In its pro-Black, pro-hoe, femme-centric, anti academic, non-european, decolonial meaning

a hands on model to stop demanding slave labor under the guise of diversity

Black folx and people of color are out making culture, like we always have been since times immemorial. But white supremacist patriarchal capitalism has upgraded itself and once again our cultural production is capitalised on, while our bodies, well-being and communities are still expendable. Consumerism, from the other side of the barbed wired fence, is extractivism. Extractivism -getting the knowledge, without caring for the people, leaving holes in existence- is what white institutions are almost irredeemably built to perpetrate, unless they have a strong will, purposeful practice and vigilant understanding of redistribution and reparation.

From the moment you first contact the artist of color -in its pro-Black, pro-hoe, femme-centric, anti academic, non-european, decolonial meaning- until our arrival back to our “home”, there are numerous ways we are subjected to gendered, racialized, corporative, corrective, institutional, financial, state and police violence. Too often, white institution’s approach to understanding these complicated realities takes a universal framework based on vague notions of diversity, rather than a targeted approach relying on inquiry, analysis, criticality, and reparation. Arts organizations implied in the holistic well being of the artist of color and their community play a crucial role in fostering and amplifying our work. Those who do not engage in extractivist behaviours that leave us precarious and exhausted.

This guide is non exhaustive compilation of ways cultural institutions, public or privately funded, where people in places of curatorial responsibility are overwhelmingly white and/or light skinned, as well as spaces that utilise the white cube/(black box) as the display frame, can and should and will have to redistribute their material and immaterial resources when welcoming Black folx, people of color and their audiences. It applies to a wide scope of sometimes seemingly politically disparate settings, such as museums, community centers, galleries, parties,
workshops, concert halls, URL platforms, universities, foundations, theaters, classrooms, autonomous and/or self managed spaces, online art shows, etc.

“We know the blueprint for building preeminent white arts institutions, now let’s do that for communities of color. Stop pretending it’s so hard. You know what to do.”

1. First contact (URL/IRL)

Introduce yourself.
Address what is the story of the institution in terms of supporting artists of color.
Mention why you thought the artist of color’s work would be appropriate in the frame of a white institution.
Contact the artist of color with an upfront proposal of how much you can pay them.
Always separate this sum from any needed visas, transport from and to the airport both in the departure country and in the arrival country, accommodation as well as a per diem for food and transport.
If the artist needs a visa or permits to come to the white institution’s country, please take care of the bureaucracy.
Request their backstage needs. see: weed

1. Preparation of the event (URL/IRL)

Chances are your public is really white, middle aged, middle class, able bodied, cis-gendered, and predominantly male.
Ask yourself and your co-workers why this is.
Actively reach out towards audiences of color.
Listen to their needs.
Set up a quota for white/male/cis people in the audience. Example: ·60% of the audience needs to self identify as queer/Black/of color. Come up with a reservation system where people need to declare if they are white
Involve local artists of color in the devising of the event.
Pay the local artists of color.
A really effective strategy to dismantle and question the whiteness of the institution is organising a POC event only, explicitly mentioning the need for self segregated spaces.
Forget about contracts of exclusivity with the artist of color. Matter of fact, actually reach out to other institutions to see if the artist of color can do as much coin as possible when in town. This is the hustle.
Another strategy is to organise the event outside of the white institution, still backed by the white institution. Invest in a local gathering spot where people of color don’t have to take public transport to the central neighbourhoods.
3. **Arrival of the artist of color to the venue (IRL)**

The artist of color will have gone through the custom lines at the airport/station and will be stressed out. Make sure to have a person with good vibes present to collect them from the station and take them to the venue, preferably a local person of color. The best option for the artist of color is to take a cab. We don’t want to be hauling our luggage through the town like manics only to be stopped and questioned by the police. Remember, we come from far. And so did our ancestors.

Organise the arrival so as to give the artist of color a few hours (preferably between 6h and 24h) before the start of their performance/workshop/dj set/concert/workshop/training.

Let the security personnel know there will be an artist of color and their audience coming to the white institution so they don’t follow us around asking if we work there.

Have a quiet space ready for the artist of color to gather their thoughts and plug in their phone/computer.

Offer to give them time alone and/or with friends.

Always have water available. We need to stay hydrated.

Tell all your staff that an artist of color is coming so that we/our audiences are not assumed to be staff, or followed around/scrutinised by security. (Tabita add)

4. **Documentation**

Always ask the artist of color if they need assistance with documentation. Having a coherent, consensual trace of the artist of color’s passage is the white institution’s responsibility. For many of us, access to HD cameras, sound equipment and/or people available to document/edit is prohibitive. Make sure to support the artist of color’s access to appropriate documentation of their own work by setting up a time to discuss if/how to do this.

5. **During the event (IRL)**

One of the important things to think about when welcoming artists of color and their audience is what kind of infrastructure needs to accompany the event. People that can come to cultural events on, say, on 4pm on a friday are people that are not at work/caring for children----> white people. Be ready to tackle these issues.

Make sure to make the events on dates and times that people of color can attend, like for example 7 to 10 pm, or sundays during the day.

Child care and food should be provided for free.

The events need to be free.

If the events are open 4 all, be in the room. Be present, and be checking white people and their entitlement to the artist of color’s time and energy. Don’t expect
the artist of color to be the one to both hold the space and accommodate white fragility.
If the events are non mixed, make sure to stay around the site in case of emergency. Gatherings like these can be traumatic.

6. After care (IRL)

Chances are, if the event was open 4 all, that is was quite a taxing experience for the artist of color.
Make sure to make available a quiet space again for the artist of color to gather their thoughts, charge their phone/computer, recharge themselves. Offer to give them time alone and/or with friends.
Always have water/snacks available. White fragility and entitlement dry us, drain us, exhausts us. Soul and body nurture are needed after holding a space.

6. Money (URL/IRL)

Artists of color are often precarious, freelance and in different, intersectional levels of migration/transit processes. A lot of us have crappy accounts in banks that charge us a lot for transactions.
Ask what currency the artists of color prefers to be payed in.
Eventually you can use paypal, venmo, transferwise, bitcoins or good ole cash.
Text to add as a dialogue between maybe my figurine and the white institution:

Wypipols: we booked only white artists because there is no Black or brown people in (insert place in Europe)
Me: mmmmmnope I could cite you at least 10 artists of color in your region
Wypipols: *grab pen and paper* oh cool could you give us their name, contact, immigration status and write a little summary on what it is that they do and if it would be appropriate for our platform?
Me: do your job :)

NINE YAMAMOTO

A Woman Vanishes

You with your regal stride and your gilded eyelids,
you with your Nefertiti gait and your clenched fists.
None of this matters here
where they disappear those like you
as sugar washed in water
held down firmly to merge with the sea

Ever since i was very young
women have been vanishing from my life
only there as their palpable absence
or slipping away and flickering
a hologram undecided and fading

And yet she is never far
the afterglow of her hands
a parting gesture
a faint ghost tingle on my fingertips
like rays
a soft negative space
the shape of her body in the tall grass
where she melted.
into
thin
air

We say her name
Ana.

She is never fully gone, the case is never closed,
a shadow of doubt
now nested on my temple
and in those nooks under my jaw
on either side under my tongue
where his fingers pressed
where her voice got trapped.

For a while i was transparent
fading child, not quite woman
air whistling through my ribs
and bones like glass;
years at the edge of fainting
a drowsy funambulist

She as flicker, somewhere to the right
a trace of her collecting on my temple
where his fists hit.
i recall
all these women
who disappeared.

_______
The stories are told backwards, if at all
the forensics of her last words
music that cannot be heard
the space between things
how could we know
why didn’t she say

Y’all real strong

She was shrinking, but then again
she had always been shy
translucent, angelic even
and a quivering edge in her voice
and now nothing
We say her name
Irena

one day the phone calls stopped

She lived in the attic, they say,
She fell out a window, they say.

She grew thinner
a struggle, a weak flicker,
a shadow on the corner of her mouth
a tooth fell loose
impenetrable slabs of night

When they found the bodies they were frighteningly thin
the overseas domestic workers
in the palaces first, then gradually
fading
evaporating
violated
mere bones.
We say her name
Marilyn

They let her sing for them
but showed her to the back of the bus
they handcuffed her to the bed
until she disintegrated
for a long time afterwards
the intoxicating smell of gardenias
We say her name
Billie

For a traffic signal
slammed my head into the ground
y’all strong
y’all real strong
no you don’t have the right
for a traffic signal
We say her name
Sandra.

She rose out of the seas
escaped out the window
dreamed a large white house
maybe by the sea
she was found strangled
under a hotel bed facing north
We say her name
Venus.

And who then
will hold her light
when it fades.

And who then
will cradle the embers.

HANNAH BLACK

The Men's idea of dystopia is the abolition of their privacy; in the confined swamp of this private life, a Man can do as he pleases without serious repercussions to the women who appear as muses, assistants, visions, stress toys, objects of desire, but
rarely as other bearers of the human gifts of which he considers himself master. Relationship as chance procedure: "I couldn't help myself!" Relationship as mastery of form: "Don't embarrass me." The Men are clean and the women are messy. The Men are historical and the women are just women. He writes down whatever comes into his head, he contemplates discarded bits of wood, he smells his own farts. The Man is lethally smug, a misogyny bot coded with an uncontrolled violence that he projects onto others: "You're being irrational!" (The phrases are generated by the basic patriarchy-software his brain runs on, he, the great original, the devil's-advocate, the freethinker, all thoughts pre-prepared and licensed in California.) He thinks he's radical or even revolutionary but he doesn't care about women: he will make a revolution without half the world. He will make a revolution in his own navel. The importance of his more often than not dry-as-dust works is drilled into us throughout our schooling. The world lies ruined by Men wearing his skin and meanwhile he calmly considers the perfect angles of a square, as if there were any place, even in abstract geometry, that has remained clean of a history soiled with his creation. When he comes to us, grinning and beckoning, sometimes -- because we believed the teachers, because we are hopeful, because we desire desire -- we lean into his arms. We are not Men; we know how to find ourselves guilty, a coping strategy for a world that lionises our murderers as geniuses, taking advantage of the capitalist distinction between "private" (to them not the soul-privacy of love or death, just the sexual and domestic functions) and "public" (collective life? no, just capitalist value). The Men celebrate killers, shake each other's hands, a conspiratorial bromance, false innocence of self-admiration, and meanwhile punish women with everything from the law to loneliness for tiny acts of resistance. And all the while the Men ask us to sympathise, to nurture, to animate their morbidly boring lives with love, though love remains too often emotionally and physically devastating to the not-men who are tasked with its everyday enactment. Let her death, for once, be laid at his feet as surely as the tedium of his works.

DOM WHITE

Bury me at sea with the souls of my mother, my grandmother, my great-grandmother.

Bury me at sea with the women who chose to rebel and defy white patriarchy.

Bury me deep within the unknown, as violence, hatred and exploitation still lingers in the land of the “free”.

It is in the depths of the unknown that our legacies live on and prosper as opposed to being diluted and set aside in the footnotes and indexes of a whitewashed history or insidiously diminished by being printed on the currency of the very same society
that enslaved you for financial gain. I have become accustomed to reading many stories about powerful women of colour that have been distorted due to the fear that their legacies would hinder the evolution of white supremacy, which means that our shouts and screams are often diluted or rewritten as a subchapter in the struggles of white women. To decolonise a white history is a laborious and mentally challenging task as creating one's own channels and rewriting one's own stories is often met with aggression and anger from the system.

Of course, dismantling and resisting the system is nothing new. My grandmother used to tell me that our anger and our desire to defy and overthrow is something that has been carried in blood since our ancestors revolted and escaped to the hills in Jamaica. Stories like these have shaped many familial identities, especially those of the Diaspora, whose identities and legacies have often been lost or skewed with time and relocation. However, I do often wonder how many of these stories die alongside their storytellers and how the younger generations can perpetuate these whispers in defiance of the powers who seek to silence us. In a world that consumes, regurgitates and discards information at an ever increasing rate, do we have to actively attempt to preserve our stories (new and old) in other forms to prevent being swallowed up or distorted by white supremacy?

But what happens if and when we do succeed in creating these other channels in which we excel and force our mark on history?

Sometimes I let my mind wander and it often wonders how many famous artworks, era-defining literature and societally challenging movements were hijacked from the minds of women of colour. I wonder whether the current system that is used to measure “Progress” can continue to exist in its dismissive and destructive manner. Is “Progress” measured by its proximity to to achieving supposed “Perfection”? The same rate of supposed “Progress” that tells us that the generation that murdered Sandra Bland and Sarah Reed is somewhat better than the generation that murdered Emmett Till. Progress can only truly be made when these aggressions, power dynamics and alleged generational behaviour are dismantled and eliminated. But until this happens, “Progress” will continued to be measured by white patriarchy and its ever mutating forms of supremacy.

Must we predominantly be remembered as the partners of revolutionaries, for our misfortunes and untimely deaths? Or do we continue to denounce the current form of Progress and decolonise a history steeped in white patriarchy?

EMILY POPE
The posters were everywhere. They read: ‘Suicide? Accident? Murder? Anyone With Information Please Call.’ The Guerrilla Girls denied their involvement. They did not make them, they said, and nor did the D.A’s office. Multiple masked figureheads were being asked for comment here, and no one was speaking, except a woman who died screaming: No.

Today - I’m trying to speak to humanity on the ethics of betrayal and on the failure of the justice system, in the 80’s, in a country where I do not and have never lived. I am feeling overwhelmed, slightly ridiculous, AND I am learning by way of experience. Questions of public falling, and capitalising on the public fall scare me and make me angry in two corners in equal measure. At the same time I know from experience that there are men wandering around who perpetrate violence on a daily basis and they keep doing it, over, and over again. Our cultural institutions embrace them, and on a smaller (and in some ways more intrusive level) - so does the corner shop. Yes – I know – you are not surprised. Keep it coming, as long as you sell that pint of milk, who gives a shit? Don’t spill it, don’t make a scene.

Do you want to be involved in this protest? I think for a bit.

I think - when I am being an artist in public - I think -really I should sing Oh Sit Down really loudly and sarcastically in your face, as you spread your legs out on the bus next to me and I think actually my thigh is wider than yours at the top so why am I shrinking myself to make more space for you – and you don’t . even . look . apologetic. This is not the opening scene from Shame, absolutely no one at any point today told you to internally scream my name, and interpret my squirming as the good kind of pain, because this is not S&M and there are many more shades of that than you might realise because - no offence – you don’t look like the imaginative type. Oh Sit Down is a song by a band called James. It’s good for when you need to do a sit in. I'm telling you - you’ve got to confront it on a daily basis.

Another tip. The art of a good one liner is useful at a protest e.g; ‘Is this the queue for the food bank?’ Naivety and supportive language on placards speak for the greater good, which exists somewhere in the ether, but what depicts the greater good is the group selfie on Facebook, which has the banner in shot. I can't tell if these images are about camaraderie or the lipstick, and I think probably both. I speak to some friends. I like advice. I mean, don’t we all, that’s our THING isn't it?

So – TECHNICALLY – technically what you are saying IS fascist. This man was acquitted. You are saying you want our institutions e.g THE TATE, to operate OUTSIDE of the law. The only way I think this protest could work is if there was some sort of... clever element of self-satire involved. You know what you are doing. You want to be in Dazed and Confused.
So – do you want to be involved with this?

What I try and do, when I catch myself separating being an artist who is political, and a person who is politically active – is shut down that distinction. The art world is not special; it is an industry. We do not need to fetishize it. If something pisses you off, if it makes you feel sad and angry that there might even be a SMALL chance that huge amounts of public money are being spent platforming abusers, then please don’t think this is some sort of SPECIAL SPACE. Use it. Use the space, use the circumstance to make the point anyway, neoliberal traps are everywhere anyway – in doing this you will make a wider claim and get people talking. The action and the talking extend beyond you, individualism & this specific instance.

AMANDA MILLIS

Now that I am in the abyss without identity, I will talk about what it’s like to be a woman trying to stay alive making art. Judith Butler states, “Feminine gender is formed (taken on, assumed) through the incorporative fantasy by which the feminine is excluded as a possible object of love, an exclusion never grieved, but ‘preserved’ through the heightening of feminine identification itself.” 1 I want to be in love and define love similarly to what Bracha Ettinger terms, “copoiesis”— several subjects in co-creative- creation and “wit(h)nessing”— ”cultural awareness and a potential, through the aesthetic encounter, (for) a passage from the traces of trauma”. 2

With my privileged upbringing in the U.S. in the 80’s and 90’s, I have been raised to go to a good university to get a good degree to catch a good enough husband. I have to be pretty enough, skinny enough, and young enough to make white, christian babies or my vagina will shrivel up and not be worth anything. I have been taught that the first time I was raped—at five years old—my vagina became worthless anyway. All of the times I’ve been raped since only assert the worthlessness. (”In a 1999 longitudinal study of 3,000 women, researchers found that women who had been victimized before were seven times more likely to be raped again.” 3 ) As Rosalyn Diprose says, self-identity &quot;is built on the invasion of the self by the gestures of others, who, by referring to other others, are already social beings” 4 , and I no longer wish I could separate my gender identity from being a rape survivor— I ONLY WANT TO STAY ALIVE MAKING ART, to wit(h)ness, to be in love.

Ana Mendieta started an impressively eloquent career— she was alive. She was making art. She was in love, and the man that was supposed to be in “love” with her halted her making with multiple attempts of abandonment throughout Mendieta’s career and eventually by murdering her.
Mendieta’s work is powerful—defining the female (lost) identity with spiritual, earthly, and body actions. The first time Mendieta included her body in her art practice was in 1973 with her work Rape Scene. “Finding the apartment door slightly open, the visitors entered a darkened room [in Mendieta’s apartment] in which a single light illuminated the artist from the waist down, smeared with blood and stretched over and bound to the table…” 5 Ana Mendieta’s work is further evidence pointing to the fact that she was murdered by her husband, Carl Andre, rather than evidence that she killed herself as her artwork has been used to unjustly and fictitiously prove. I will briefly exemplify this in the next paragraph. Andre, never tried by jury, still lives in the Greenwich Village apartment where he murdered her.

We have a deep connection to Mendieta’s life, art, and understand her abusive relationship. We know that once love and abuse are combined into one act or come from similar sources enough times, the abuse itself actually feels comfortable and feels like veiled love—leading the victim to seek out or stay with the abuser(s) to be able to feel love. This process plays out again and again with more intensity each time until it becomes fatal or the cycle is painfully broken with excruciating discomfort. The discomfort of learning to feel love when actual loving is happening (in life and in art) feels so confusing that it goes against the very identity (soul, gender, and body) of the victim/survivor. So, the process of leaving abuse is hazy, and in this haze, it takes long periods of time to grasp the reasons for and method of leaving. I won’t go further into the decades of psychoanalytic knowledge we have on human attachment or trauma bonding here, but this knowledge along with the evidence surrounding Mendieta’s life and death shows that CARL ANDRE MURDERED ANA MENDIETA.

The London underground ads for the new building of the Tate Modern state, “Art Changes. We Change.” In the new building, the Tate is featuring works by the man that murdered ANA MENDIETA, when the Tate possesses a number of Mendieta’s works that are never displayed. We felt it when Mendieta was murdered in 1985. We asked where she was at the Guggenheim Soho protest in 1992, and 24 years later we are still asking:

Dear Tate Modern,
Where is ANA MENDIETA? Your advertising is false. We request change. We know that is can be hazy and confusing to leave the production of abuse so we are offering you a clear method: We request that you exhibit ANA MENDIETA in place of carl andre. We ask that you work to exhibit art—making, creation, wit(h)nessing and change. We ask that you move forward from being in the business of violence.
In Love,
Amanda Millis
Associate Lecturer: Psychoanalysis in Culture and Society, Goldsmiths University
Artist, Tate Modern 2015

2 Pollock, Griselda. Abstract to “Aesthetic Wit(h)nessing in the Era of Trauma”, EURAMERICA Vol. 40, No. 4 (December 2010)
3 Acierno, Resnick, Kilpatrick, Saunders and Best, Jnl. of Anxiety Disorders 13, 6.
5 Phelan, Peggy and Helen Reckitt, Art and Feminism, Phaidon Press, Inc. 2001. p98.

LIV WYNTER

SEE I KNOW THAT IF ID BEEN THERE
IF ID BEEN THERE
I WOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE FRONT.
BUT I JUST DON’T KNO
IF IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ME
THAT JUMPED INFRONT OF A HORSE

SO I GUESS I DID KNO I WAS NEVER REALLY JUST GNA JUMP INFRONT OF A BUS
I WAS JUST
A LITTLE MORE PRONE TO CROSSING THE ROAD WITH MY EYES CLOSED
I WAS A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE AND SOMEHOW OUTWARDLY COMPOSED
MY LOVER HAD SAID I WAS SELF OBSESSED AND I WAS LIKE
YEAH
I KNOW

ID BEEN TOSSIN OUT CLICHES LIKE IF YOU LOVE ME LET ME GO WHEN IT WAS ALL FOR SHOW
CUZ HOW HARD IS IT
TO SELF DESTRUCT ON YOUR OWN ID SAY
WHY DO YOU WANNA KNO? ID SAY
MOVE FROM ME
BURN THIS WITCH UNDER THE CEDAR TREE AND LEAVE HER BE
LEARNT TO LOOK YOU IN THE EYE WHEN I TELL A LIE LISTEN MAN IVE SAID//IM FINE IM JUST
PASSING TIME
I AM JUST TICKING CLOCK HANDS FROM YOUR YARD BACK TO MINE WHEN REALLY. NEARLY.
I WAS LOSING MY LIFE. OVER MY TONGUE BEING TIED.
ID BECOME THIS
ACCESS DENIED I WAS CARD DECLINED IM STILL HABITUAL NEGLECT OF MY UNQUIET MIND EXCEPT IM NOW DEFINED
BY ALL THESE FUCKING WORDS THAT I REVISE AND I CANT KEEP

I CANT KEEP PRODUCING FROM MY WOMB THINGS THAT DON'T MEAN SHIT TO YOU CANT YOU SEE THAT IM DRAINED
I CANT KEEP MY EDGES CONTAINED IM HEARING GHOSTS YO YOU KNOW IVE GOT THESE PHANTOM PAINS
AS THE WOMEN WHO WALK BEFORE ME NOW CALL MY NAME AS ANA MENDEIITA COURSES THROUGH MY VEINS
WE MOVE THROUGH EACH SPACE WE LEAVE BLOOD ON THE WALLS AND AT OUR FEET THERES OILS STAINS SHE LOOKS THROUGH MY EYES AND TURNS BACK TO MEET MY GAZE

BUT KNOW THIS

THERE IS REVERENCE IN MY RESIDUE
I AM ELEGANT WHEN IM DESTITUTE I AM SEDIMENTS
AND I HAVE PASSED THROUGH FUCKING RIVERS OF YOU
SO DON'T MOVE
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE DON'T TRY
YOU CONFUSE THESE TEARS IN MY EYES FOR WEAKNESSES IN MY SPINE AND YOU KNOW
YOU CANT JUST KEEP PIECES OF ME LOCKED UP IN YOUR ARCHIVE
SO BURN YOUR FUCKING MEMORIES
LET MY VERSES BY ME ELOGIES DON'T YOU KNOW SKIN ON SKIN IS NEVER GNA BE MY REMEDY
WASH UR MOUTH OUT OF MY INTIMACIES AND PLEASE JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU KISS ME

CUZ YOUR NOT SMART ENOUGH TO DECONTRUCT MY IMAGERY AND IVE LEARNT TO BE
IM BOTH MY LAMB AND MY SLAUGHTER
AND AS THE UNSPAT BARS OF MY SISTERS MY DAUGHTERS DO PASS THROUGH MY WATERS TO YOUR LIPS AND IF YOUR LUCKY BOY I MIGHT LET YOU DRINK BUT TRUST ME I WILL ALWAYS BE THE ONE WHO SPITS.
ELLA JUSTINE FROST

I am looking into Ana Mendieta
I am trying to find out who she is
Who she was
And YOU KNOW WHAT
It’s difficult, it’s actually hard, I’m not trying to find out about her work
It could be debated she is her work, but even Picasso must have had a
preference between
a red lolly and a yellow one
And I WONDER what hers was.
The same words appear again and again
Veins, blood, sticks, feathers, land, sensuous, my favourite ethnic, feminist, earth, mother, healing, sand,
AND ALWAYS ALWAYS ALWAYS ALWAYS
fall
The more I read the less I know
not about her work, she has to be her work now.
And the less I know and the more I read the more the gap in the articles
dissecting her work becomes wider and more apparent.
And the only thing to know is that
she should be here
Like I just want to see a video of her face going from a frown to a smile.
So I am going to hash together what I can, with what I bring and continue to find it
strange how glad I am to mourn someone who I didn’t know existed a year ago.

TIFFANY CHAN

women of colour are crazy.
women of colour are irrational, unstable and overemotional.
women of colour should be submissive because an outspoken woman of colour
is not desirable and our only purpose is to be desired. women of colour only
exist for your sexual fantasies and we are all the fucking same. and when
women of colour 'act out of character', and don't fulfil the 'submissive sexual
object' norm, we are told we are not like the others, as if the white male gaze
knows fucking everything.

_being termed by whiteness is all I've ever wanted._
so while we, women of colour, are taught since birth that our features are ugly and undesired, *because I still catch myself hating myself so fucking much, because sometimes i hate myself so fucking much.* white celebrities, white artists, white friends 'celebrate' the same features by fetishising, exoticising, imitating them without the package-of-a-deal-we-call-oppression-and-microagressions that comes with it. *wow i envy that oblivion!!!! what a fucking privilege!!!! how fucking alienating!!!*

white friends reassure me i'm so lucky to tan so easily and to have such full lips and "'exotic' eyes" and i should be glad i'm not 'boring old plain English', as if i wasn't also born in England, and how that still doesn't qualify me as English. you can't be english and brown. and these same friends tell me they thought i was Hawaiian, Tibetan, Mongolian, Japanese, Thai, anywhere near Asia and it never occurred to them that every wrong guess was a blow to remind me i don't belong.

*and it never occurred to them how important it was for our parents to assimilate, to fit in, and how we, as children of immigrants, have already realised we will never belong.*

i see through your back handed compliments and your gross admiration of my non white body. the same way white artists like picasso, vladimir tretchikoff and how other rich white men used women of colour’s bodies to make their work more interesting, 'cultured' and to fucking profit from it, while the women did not. the way our skin tones are so alien, so alien that they're depicted as green, blue, red, purple. and how every time i step outside i cannot even avoid being reminded i don't look like i belong. because being a woman of colour means we are so visibly alien, so regularly exoticised and fetishised and sexualised and objectified. and microagressions mean my sadness and my frustrations aren't valid because women of colour are crazy, and they are irrational, unstable and overemotional. microagressions mean the ones who are supposed to support you make you feel you're overreacting.

**WHEREISANAMENDIETA**

WE WILL NOT EXIST SILENTLY IN YOUR ARCHIVE
WE WILL NOT HAVE OUR LIVES TAKEN FROM US
WE WILL NOT SUPPORT MURDERERS
WE MUST RAISE OUR VOICES FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT BE HEARD
WE CANNOT ALLOW THE DISAPPEARING OF WOMEN TO GO UNQUESTIONED
WHERE IS ANA MENDIETA

Ana Mendieta apparently fell from the window of her 34th floor apartment on the 8th of September in 1975, during an argument with her husband, the minimalist sculptor Carl Andre. Carl Andre who in the weeks leading up to this fall had written poetry about wanting to push her from a window, and had seen his own dwindling career threatened by the blossoming of hers. Ana had an acute fear of heights, Carl’s statement changed many many times, he was tried by judge and not jury, there are no photos of her body, the final thing the doorman heard before hearing her body crash into the floor was her screaming no. It is obvious, to me and many others, this fall was not a fall at all.

In the case, Ana’s work was used against her to show that she was mentally unstable, or suicidal. This is the most obvious example of how women who dare to find voices and be creative are dismissed as unstable, hysterical, damaged and flawed in someway. This is an obvious example as to how an honest emotional female voice is a threat to patriarchal institutions.

To the institution - to a judge, it makes obvious sense that a woman who has potentially experienced sexual violence, one of the themes of her work, would kill herself. What could she possibly have to live for. This dismissive nature is what eventually led to Carl Andre being aquitted due to lack of evidence.

The tate is about to open its new collection, which includes Carl Andre’s work. The tate, it is worth noting, also owns some of Ana Mendieta’s work. It is not on display. I think it is incredibly important that we take a stand against both the tate and andre and say that we are furious, disgusted by their lack of acknowledgement towards the blood stained work they are choOsing to show. A violent white man over a dead woman of colour, this is a rhetoric we encounter constantly, daily, and it must end.
If you wish to contact WHEREISANAMENDEIETA – or contribute//support the archive we are creating, focusing on violence within institution and the eradication of women, please contact

whereisanamendieta@gmail.com

WHEREISANAMENDEIETA stands in total solidarity with SISTERS UNCut and are grateful for their support with this movement.