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Sometime I forget my name, My spanish name. I have modified it to your liking. But, not completely to your satisfaction. Even though I have let the R fall back in my throat and let the A take first place, Your eyes still scold me. Your eyes look over me and scream: "Foreigner," "Wetback," "Illegal." Sometimes I forget my name, My real name. I am now called by the language of your eyes. This language has erased my identity and has written on top of it the new image of me, And now me is a blonde haired girl and now she responds to "Ari." No, I didn't forget my name. Every time I meet you, my name is on the Very edge of my tongue but retreats And transforms to something new. Something easier, more pleasant to your ear. Sometimes I remember my name, My real name. Not the one society has taught me To say because they fear being reminded That the "foreigners" are amongst them. 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March 2016

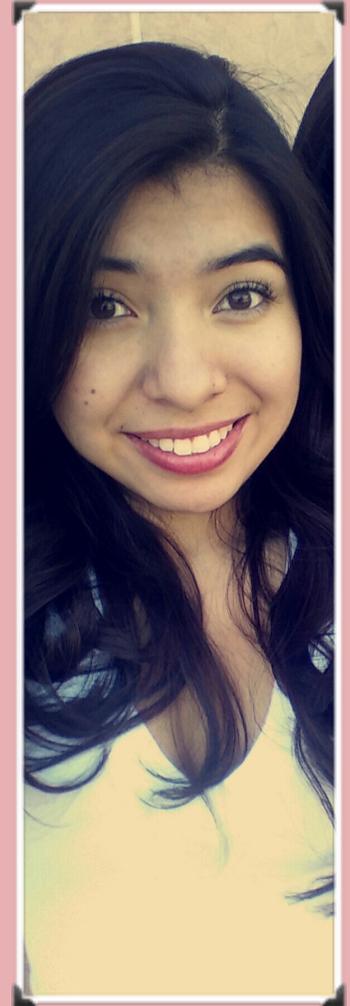
ARTISAN

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Dear Reader,

Language is organized through binaries: hot/cold, up/down, black/white, male/female, destruction/creation. These binaries uphold one term at the expense of the other. Thus, we must constantly be aware of the use of language as a subtle yet powerful reinforcer of biases. These binaries persist within the arts. In our society today, the word artist inherently refers to male artists. Marissa Vigneault expresses “[...] nowhere will you find written ‘man artist.’ The closest we come in our verbiage is ‘male artist’” (896-97). Society equates artist to man. Consequently, anyone who does not identify as a man is not inherently considered an artist. *Artisan* works to challenge and resist this dominant cultural norm through the cultivation of subjugated knowledges. Subjugated knowledges are “knowledges of subordinate groups that have been ignored, silenced, or deemed less credible by dominant groups” (Mann and Patterson 223). Patricia Hill Collins explains that subjugated knowledges “develop in cultural contexts controlled by oppressed groups” (275). *Artisan* aims to cultivate a space where these subjugated knowledges can flourish.

Artisan targets young adults, who identify as woman or gender non-conforming and wish to see more works of art created by them for them. How you may ask? Here at *Artisan*, we strive to share creative works of art with you, including but not limited to poetry, paintings, literature, and music. “For many of us acts of writing, painting, performing, and filming are acts of deliberate and desperate determination to subvert the status quo. Creative acts are forms of political activism [...] for resisting dominant cultural norms and are not merely aesthetic exercises. We build culture as we inscribe in these various forms” (Anzaldúa xxiv). Using a feminist perspective, we aspire to seek, explore, and critique works of art that do feminist work in hopes of showing you, our reader, that feminism can go beyond the walls of a classroom. *Artisan* hopes to spur and inspire new thoughts and conversations. Our team strives to create a space that spotlights, shares, and celebrates powerful works of art dedicated to empower women and gender non-conforming individuals.

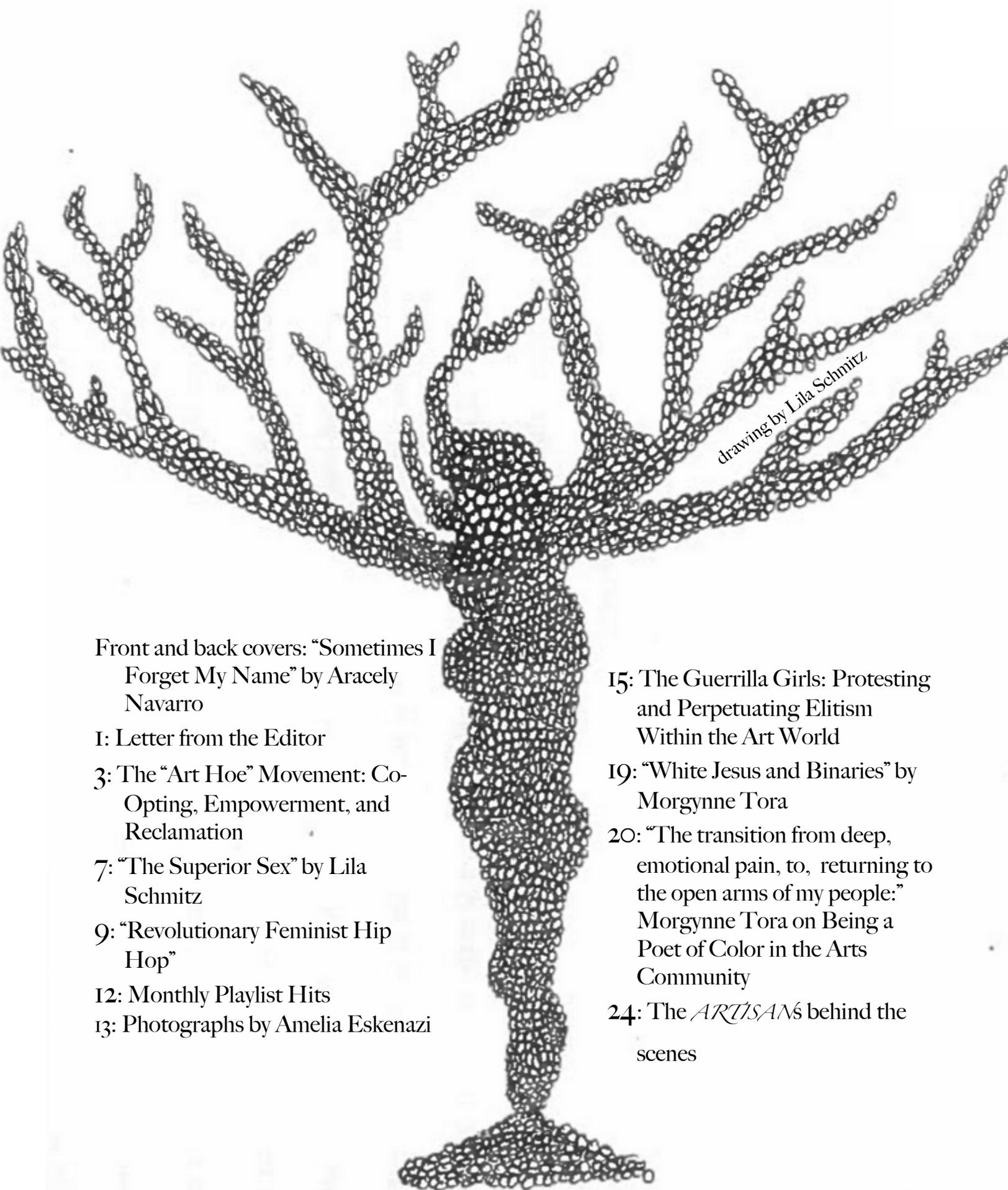


In this month’s issue of *Artisan*, we feature an interview conducted by our journalist Cheanna Gavin with a local Denver poet, Morgynne Tora, revealing their experiences as a woman of color in the arts community. Cheanna also brings us into conversation with today’s hip hop artists and their music. Art movements and groups such as the “Art Hoe” movement and the Guerilla Girls are analyzed and critiqued by our journalist, Amelia Eskenazi. Finally, our captivating layout, designs, and portraits, which we make a point not to photoshop, were brought to you by our graphic designer Lila Schmitz. “Art is a struggle between the personal voice and language [...] the human voice trying to shout a roaring waterfall” (Anzaldúa xxiv). *Artisan* welcomes you, our reader, and artist, to share with us your paintings, poems, films, lyrics, and stories. Our team hopes you enjoy this month’s edition of *Artisan* as much as we enjoyed piecing it all together for you!

Best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Alejandra Hernandez', written in black ink on a light-colored background.

1 Alejandra Hernandez



drawing by Lila Schmitz

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THE “ART HOE” MOVEMENT: Co-Opting, Empowerment, and Reclamation

written and photographed by Amelia Eskenazi

With the rise in popularity of social media, artistic representation has expanded from the galleries of the Museum of Modern Art and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art to sites such as Tumblr, Instagram, and VSCO. With an increase in artistic platform, however, comes the perpetuation of exposure—oftentimes white cisgender straight men whose creative thought is valued over others. The “art hoe” movement thus began out of frustration stemming from the consistent lack of representation coupled with the apparent fetishization and misrepresentation of black, trans, and queer bodies. According to *Dazed Digital*, rapper Babeo Baggins coined the term, “art hoe.” Urban Dictionary describes the term as “a hoe who is mysterious and chill and like hippyish and good at art.” (Urban Dictionary: Art Hoe). In 2016, many associate the phrase with specific fashion choices such as color choice, backpack brands, and shoes. On June 27th 2015, a blog called Art Hoe Style published a post titled “Top 20 Art Hoe Closet Basics.” Items on this list include circle shades, high waisted jeans, Kanken backpacks, striped shirts, overalls, Doc Martens shoes, and choker necklaces (arhoestyle.tumblr.com 2015). While these aesthetic clothing choices do portray a specific image when worn, the term “art hoe” has come to mean much more. According to Mars, the movement co-founder along with blogger Jam, the “art hoe” movement was created: “To present exposure to POC so that they can feel self assured. Especially when we coincide in a society that eradicates the identity of POC and dehumanizes us for tedious notions. The movement was proposed for artists, LGBTQA, POC, and basically everyone who wanted to feel empowered” (sensitiveblackperson.tumblr.com 2015). The “art hoe” movement has thus become much more about the empowerment of artists oftentimes ignored in mainstream culture and less about upholding a specific aesthetic image of oneself. Mars, a 15-year-old genderfluid artist, explains that the movement was created to “eradicate stereotypes” about “how Black people can’t be delicate, Latinx people are naturally feisty,” as well as a means of combating the “generalization of Asians” (sensitiveblackperson.tumblr.com 2015). Nevertheless, we must analyze the ways in which the movement’s original goal has been skewed into a series of posts about color schemes, clothing patterns, and sunglass styles, fueling consumerism and capitalistic values rather than a furthering of the discussion concerning the erasure of people of color in mainstream media and art.

In an interview with *The Guardian*, Mars discusses the “co-opting” of the movement, saying that the perpetuated aesthetic expectations that have been grouped with the movement are not only classist, but furthers the effects of “people of color being denied their artistic ability” through the creations that are “stolen by white counterparts” (Frizzell 2015). This counter-movement is no longer simply a means of white people inserting themselves into a crusade that was not made for them, but a distortion of the original meaning of the efforts to reclaim the artistic potential of people of color. Mars’ frustration with the whitewashing of the movement, however, lies in much more than an insertion of self. The power of the “art hoe” lies in the ability to shift the dominant gaze in which people of color,

Art Hoes: Ariannis Hines

queer, and trans individuals who are so often defined by those in dominant positions of power. “By emphasizing the power of self-definition and the necessity of a free mind, Black feminist thought speaks to the importance African-American women thinkers place on consciousness as a sphere of freedom... Black feminist thinkers offer individual African-American women the conceptual tools to resist oppression” (Collins 275). These tools serve as an encouragement for young people of color to produce art, counteracting the messages telling them that no matter what they create, their white counterparts will generate something better.

This movement has resulted in an eclectic compilation of colorful self-portraits, paintings, and zines celebrating body image, natural hair, and overall sense of self. Adorned with Haring-esque doodles, bubble letters, and using the romanticized backgrounds of paintings created by Monet, Van Gogh, and Matisse, these artists are utilizing the gaze once used to stereotypically define them as a means of empowering themselves. Through the use of the hashtag #arthoe on social media platforms, the production of these pieces of art is accessible, allowing other artists to become involved simply through the use of the hashtag as well. The utilization of multiple social media platforms allows all artists to be involved in some way or another. Those whose preferred form of art is poetry may be more attracted to the blogging platform of Tumblr or the ability to publish short bits of prose on Twitter. Visual artists such as painters, photographers, and drawers have typically utilized sites such as Instagram, VSCO, and Snapchat as a means of furthering their creative processes.

The “art hoe” movement is not simply a means of establishing presence within an exclusive culture of the arts; it is the creation of a new culture, separate from the source of restriction, allowing the creators a way to expand upon their own visions and ideas. It is a perpetuation of the history of utilizing art as a means of “a radical reordering of western cultural aesthetic” (Neal 29). Rather than simply begging for insertion into the museums and galleries that exclude them to begin with, these queer, trans, and artists of color are using social media platforms to create their own spaces of recognition. It is no longer important whether or not their creations are valued by the white cisgender straight men who are oftentimes the only artists that receive any acknowledgement. The importance of the “art hoe” crusade lies in the expansion of creativity, done by those who are never given the opportunity in the first place. Larry Neal describes the Black Arts Movement as one that is “radically opposed to any concept of the artist that alienates him from his community. Black Arts is the aesthetic and spiritual sister of the Black Power concept. As such, it envisions an art that speaks directly to the needs and aspirations of Black America” (29). The movement thus empowers rather than separates communities.

The “art hoe” movement emerged a year after the Black Lives Matter movement. Together, the two have been used as a means of furthering the voices of people of color, specifically within the United States. Rather than attempting to work within the confines of systematic racism, both the Black Lives Matter movement and the “art hoe” movement challenge these systems of oppression as a means of liberation. As written by the Combahee River Collective in A Black Feminist Statement, “We believe that the most profound and potentially the most radical politics come directly out of our own identity, as opposed to working to end somebody else’s oppression” (249). However, by fighting to end systematic racism, these movements are consequently combatting other forms of oppression as due to the fact that “the major systems of oppression are interlocking” (Combahee River Collective 247). These major systems of oppression, do not solely manifest within mainstream culture, but within Black culture as well.

The degradation of women, specifically within the culture of hip hop is not only accepted, but normalized. Women are oftentimes hyper sexualized through the perpetuated use of framing their identities as bitches and hoers. A mainstream “fundamental attitude” lies in the idea that “women are bitches, and bitches are whores and prostitutes” (Rose 386). Through the desire for a unified black culture as a means of combatting the pervasiveness of White supremacy, it is difficult for women to be assertive. That would further the stereotype of an angry Black woman.

“For Black women—who are already marginal in larger society—taking a stand in a way that might alienate them from their local community is painful and difficult and often not worth it. So, instead, there is a great deal of silence or skirting of the issue, as Black women find ways to manage what is a hurtful, insulting, and discriminatory language of belonging” (Rose 387-388).

The use of the term “hoe” within the “art hoe” movement is a way in which individuals, specifically female-bodied individuals, can reclaim a formerly degrading aspect of their own culture.

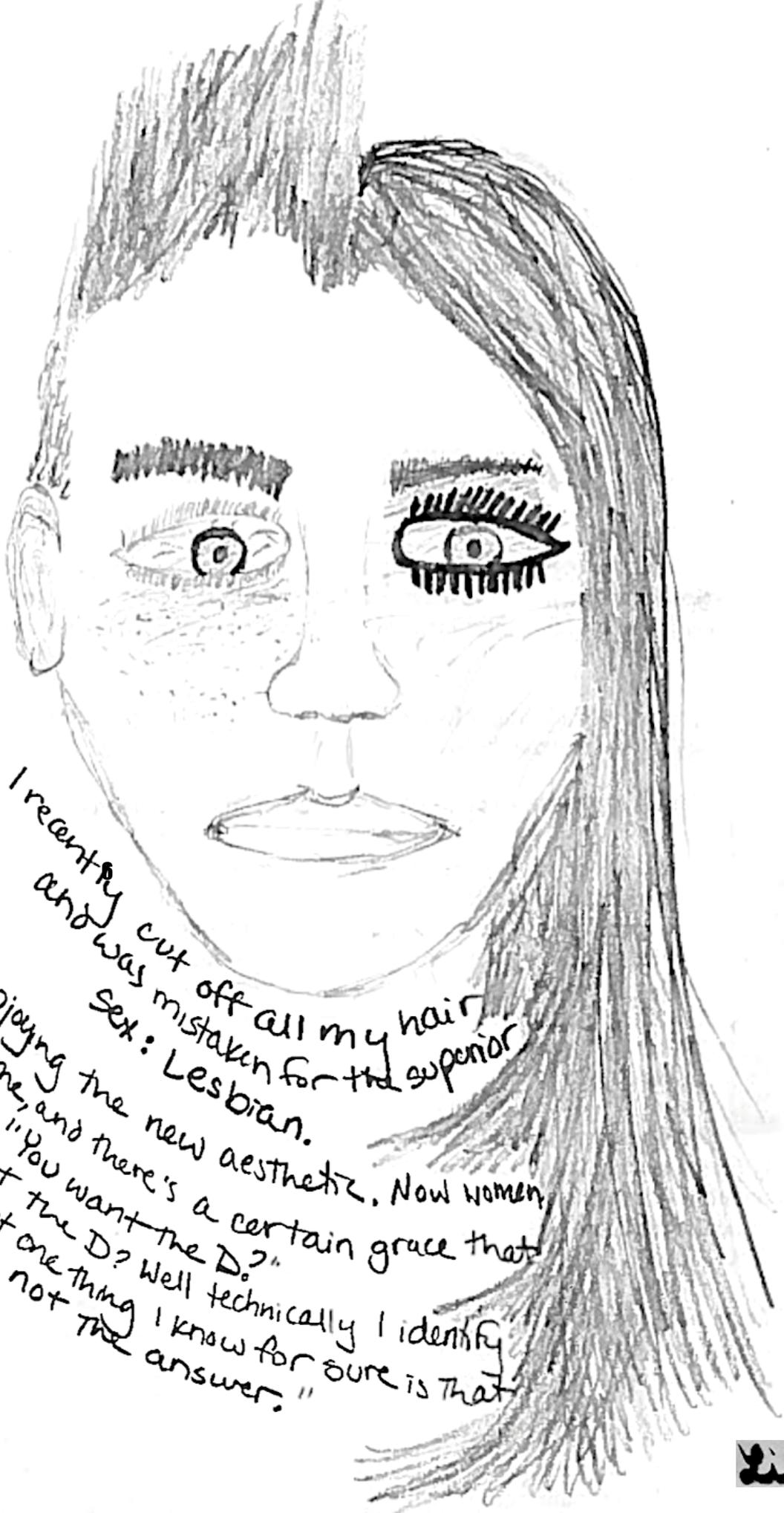
It is the assertion that a woman’s sexuality does not lie in the ownership of men. It is the celebration of those who applaud their own bodies, sexually or not.

The multiplicity of the oppression faced by women of color oftentimes results in a conflict of interest as women of color are forced to navigate the effects of racism and sexism in their everyday lives at the very least. It is through the reclamation of aspects of their own culture that people of color can enhance their communities from within rather than being forced to rely on others outside of the community. Larry Neal asks: “If art is the harbinger of future possibilities, what does the future of Black America portend?” (39). The impact of the “art hoe” movement lies within the power of conceiving a movement to benefit one's own community, building from within.



We all move forward
when we recognize
how resilient
& striking
the women
around
us are

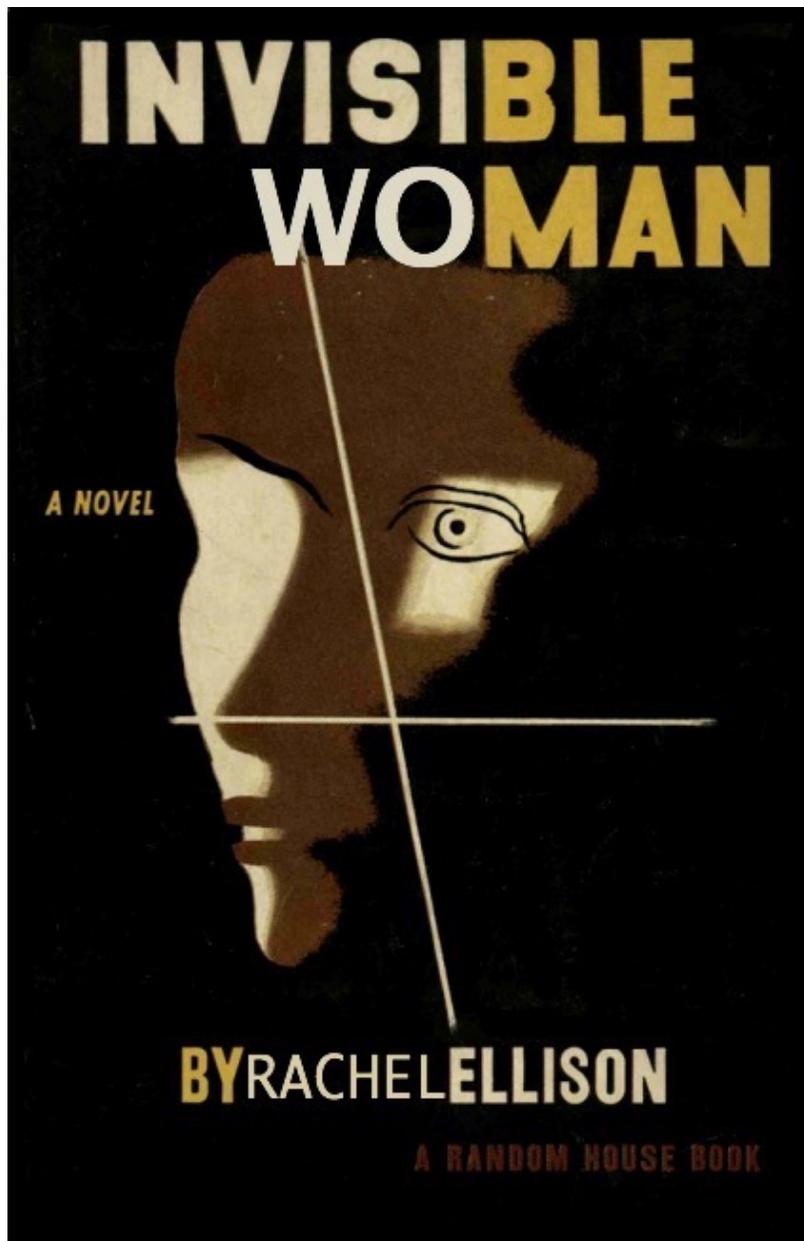
r.k.



I recently cut off all my hair
and was mistaken for the superior
sex: Lesbian.

I'm really enjoying the new aesthetic. Now women
are hitting on me, and there's a certain grace that
doesn't come with, "You want the D?"
"Hmm... Do I want the D? Well technically I identify
as questioning but one thing I know for sure is that
you are not the answer."

**"I am
an invisible
woman...
I am
invisible,
understand,
simply
because
people
refuse to see
me"
(Ellison 1).**



Unlike any novel you've ever read, this is a richly comic, deeply tragic, and profoundly soul-searching story of one young black woman's baffling experiences on the road to self-discovery.

From the bizarre encounter with the white trustee that results in her expulsion from a Southern college, to its powerful culmination in New York's Harlem, her story moves with a relentless drive: -- the nightmarish job in a paint factory -- the bitter disillusionment with the "Sisterhood" and its policy of betrayal -- the violent climax when screaming tensions are released in a terrifying race riot. This brilliant, monumental novel is a triumph of story-telling. It reveals profound insight into every human's struggle to find their true self.

**OUR FAVORITE MARCH READ
IN STORES NOW**

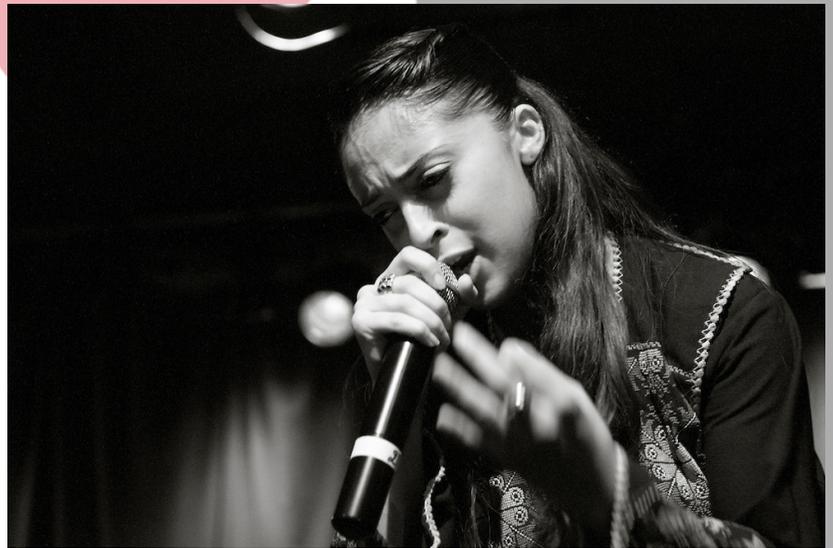
Revolutionary Feminist Hip Hop

by Cheanna Gavin

Throughout the hip-hop scene, women are constantly silenced or made invisible. Whether it be rapping, DJing, tagging, or breaking, women are often underrepresented and struggle to overcome the sexism, misogyny and homophobia that is within the hip-hop community. At first glance, it seems as though feminism does not have a place in hip-hop, and vice versa. However, when you begin to take a deeper look, it becomes apparent that feminism and hip-hop can, and do, coincide. Cathryn Bailey in *Unpacking the Mother/Daughter Baggage: Reassessing Second- and Third-Wave Tensions* discusses how an act can count as either resistance, conformist, or subversive depending on the context in which it occurs (372). Bailey argues, “Listening to hip-hop, even hip-hop that is blatantly sexist, may reasonably be understood as an act performed to counter the racist currents that may too selectively focus on the sexism of Black men. [...] acts of resistance should be defined by considerations both of intention and relevant external factors” (374). By using a third-wave feminist lens, we begin to see where feminism plays a part in hip-hop, but women’s involvement is still rarely discussed. In “No Beauty Tips or Guilt Trips: Rockrgrl, Rock, and Representation,” Athena Elafros argues that it is necessary for women to be represented in music because they “[provide] an alternative view and critique of mainstream ‘male-centric’ music media, and [reflect] diverse women’s points of view” (488). When we begin to look at revolutionary hip-hop, there is more representation of women artists than in mainstream hip-hop. Revolutionary hip-hop, as I define it, is political hip-hop that uses music to convey political messages as well as inspires action. Two women who have made their names known as revolutionary hip-hop artists both in the U.S. and internationally are Shadia Mansour and Ana Tijoux.

Shadia Mansour, also known as the “First Lady of Arabic Hip-Hop,” is a British born Palestinian hip-hop artist. Mansour’s music is very politically charged and has become a source of pride for many people struggling in the liberation for Palestine. Around the age of five or six when she began accompanying her parents at pro-Palestinian rallies, she started singing protest songs. She continued pursuing her revolutionary music, and eventually began rapping in 2003. One thing that distinguishes her apart from other British rappers is that although her first language is English, she chooses to rap in Arabic, and performs wearing a traditional Palestinian thawb. In an interview with BBC News, Mansour claimed, “Arabic is the language of poetry, a very classical language. [...] For me, it’s all about originality. I am Arabic, my name is Arabic, and I believe I should rap in Arabic” (Donnison). Along these lines, Meena Alexander asserts in *Alphabets of Flesh* that, “The facts of multilingualism added complexity to this split sense of writing in English. [...] Never learning how to read or write in Malayalam, I have turned into a truly postcolonial creature, one who has had to live in English. [...] Yet the price of fluency in many places might well be the loss of the sheer intimacy that one has with ‘one’s own’ culture, a speech that holds its own sway, untouched by any other” (144). By performing in Arabic, Mansour is reclaiming her culture, and expressing her personal/political views in a way that allows for more complexity than English alone would yield.

Shadia Mansour considers herself a part of a “musical intifada.” This musical uprising is against the oppression of women, the occupation of Palestine, and conservatism. Mansour raps and sings about issues, including Israel’s major offenses to Palestine, and her videos are often accompanied by images of decades of



conflict throughout the Middle East. When asked about her music, Mansour says, “My music sometimes sounds hostile [...] It’s my anger coming out and it’s resistance. It’s non-violent resistance” (Donnison). In her first single, “El Kofeyye Arabeyye” meaning “The Kofeyye is Arab,” she stresses the role of the Kofeyye as a symbol of Arab nationalism. Mansour was inspired to write this song after she discovered a blue-and-white American made Arab scarf with Stars of David on it. This song is an act of resistance against the colonization of her culture and of her identity. Shadia Mansour often collaborates with other revolutionary hip-hop artists and rappers including, M-1 of dead prez, Lowkey, The Narcicyst, and Ana Tijoux.

Ana Tijoux is a Chilean revolutionary hip-hop artist. She was born in France in 1977 to parents who were jailed and later fled from Chile, which

was under the dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet, to France. She sings and raps in both Spanish and French. Tijoux’s songs are deeply political, and revolve around topics including motherhood and feminism rooted in Chile and Latin America. Like many artists, she arrived to the music scene through her love of writing. Third wave feminists Bushra Rehman and Daisy Hernández articulate the importance of women of color writing, and defining their own lives, which is in itself an act of survival and resistance (378-379). The political education that her parents provided to her from a young age plays a huge part in the music she makes today. In an interview with Democracy Now!, Tijoux expresses that



her political education “is the DNA of [her] work and what [she does]” (Goodman). She also expresses that music, for her, needs to be both political and sensitive. Tijoux was introduced to hip-hop when she still lived in France. To her, hip-hop became “The land of the people that don’t have a land” (Goodman). As a Chilean born in France, she was able to use hip-hop as a tool to form her identity, and to make sense of where she came from and who she was.

Ana Tijoux and Shadia Mansour collaborated on a song called, “*Somos Sur*” or “We are the South.” This song is about the resistance in the South. Through this song, the two female MCs made a parallel between acts of resistance in Chile and acts of resistance in Palestine. The song addresses being proud without being chauvinistic, and the importance of identities that often reappear through resistance movements that have sprung up to fight against the same or similar patterns of violence that are often repeated throughout history. Tijoux states, “It was very important to make a song that talk[s] about this identity and this act of union and altermondialista also, in the beautiful fight of rebellion, beautiful rebellion” (Goodman). Louwanda Evans and Wendy Leo Moore also discuss the importance of resistance, especially for women of color. Evans and Moore argue, “[Women of color] must actively seek ways to engage in forms of resistance that promote counter narratives and protect themselves from denigration” (439). Tijoux and Mansour use this song to bridge Chile and Palestine in their similar struggles as well as their similar demands. Both countries are seeking liberation in some form.

*“Nigeria, Bolivia, Chile, Angola, Puerto Rico y Tunisia, Argelia
Venezuela, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Mozambique, Costa Rica, Camerún, Congo, Cuba, Somalia, México,
República Dominicana, Tanzania, fuera yanquis de América latina
Franceses, ingleses y holandeses, yo te quiero libre Palestina.”* (Tijoux *Somos Sur*)

This song and its video stress the importance of resistance against colonialism and imperialism not only in Chile and Palestine, but also numerous countries that they locate in the global south whose people have been silenced.

Another well-known song by Ana Tijoux is titled, “*Antipatriarca*” or “Anti Patriarchy.” The general gist of the song is relatively self-explanatory, but the lyrics hold within them a more profound message. Tijoux explained that the main inspiration for this song was centered on the *machismo* ideal that is prevalent in our society (Goodman). In terms of education, men are at the forefront, both in literature as well as subject matter. Because of this *machismo* education, feminist text are often left out. When Tijoux was introduced to writers such as Gabriela Mistral and Simone de Beauvoir, she became aware of her ignorance about feminism, pushing her to further her education. The *machismo* also plays a role in the familial life and the way that Tijoux raises her children. As the mother of both a son and a daughter, she tries to educate them to make them aware of the *machismo* ideals that influence our society. Lastly, she recognized that women were rarely acknowledged as revolutionary leaders. The combination of the different ways in which the *machismo* ideology influences society inspired “*Antipatriarca*.” The song and video of “*Antipatriarca*” speaks to women and their liberation:



“*No sumisa ni obediente*—“Not submissive nor obedient
Mujer fuerte insurgente—Strong rebel woman
Independiente y valiente—Independent and courageous
Romper las cadenas de lo indiferente—Breaking the chains of indifference
No pasiva ni oprimida—Not passive nor oppressed
Mujer linda que das vida—Beautiful woman, you give life
Emancipada en autonomia —Emancipated in autonomy
Antipatriarca y alegría—Anti patriarch and happiness
A liberar”—Liberate” (Tijoux *Antipatriarca*).

“For young women of color, so much of our feminism has meant talking back and taking back the world that we live in. It is a taking back of our image, and a breaking down of roles imposed on us” (Rehman & Hernández, 379). Both Ana Tijoux and Shadia Mansour have been breaking down the roles of hip-hop, specifically revolutionary hip-hop. They have begun to take back the name of MC for female hip-hop artists, and challenge the societal norm that successful artists, specifically hip-hop artists, are men. Through their music, both Tijoux and Mansour resist cultural norms that are upheld across societies. Their creativity inspires political activism which allows individuals to build and rebuild their culture.



New this month:

1. "El Kofeyye Arabeyye" (feat. M-I of dead Prez) by Shadia Mansour
2. Somos Sur by Ana Tijoux, Shadia Mansour
3. Antipatriarca by Ana Tijoux
4. Language of Peace by Shadia Mansour
5. Follow Your Arrow by Kacey Musgraves
6. Sweet As Whole by Sara Bareilles
7. Hard Out Here by Lily Allen
8. Cool Slut by Chastity Belt
9. Nasty Grrls by Childbirth
10. Girls Intuition by Dum Dum Girls
11. Grrrls Like Us by Leggy
12. That Kind of Girl by All Dogs
13. Survivor by Destiny's Child
14. Lost Ones by Ms. Lauryn Hill
15. Independent Women, Pt. 1
16. Vengo by Ana Tijoux
17. Rumbo al Sol by Ana Tijoux
18. So Serious by Logic feat. Shandia Mansour
19. ***Flawless by Beyonce and Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie



Interested in listening to music by Shadia Mansour or Ana Tijoux?

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drawing by Lila Schmitz







Photographs by Amelia Eskenazi

The Guerrilla Girls: Protesting and Perpetuating Elitism Within the Art World

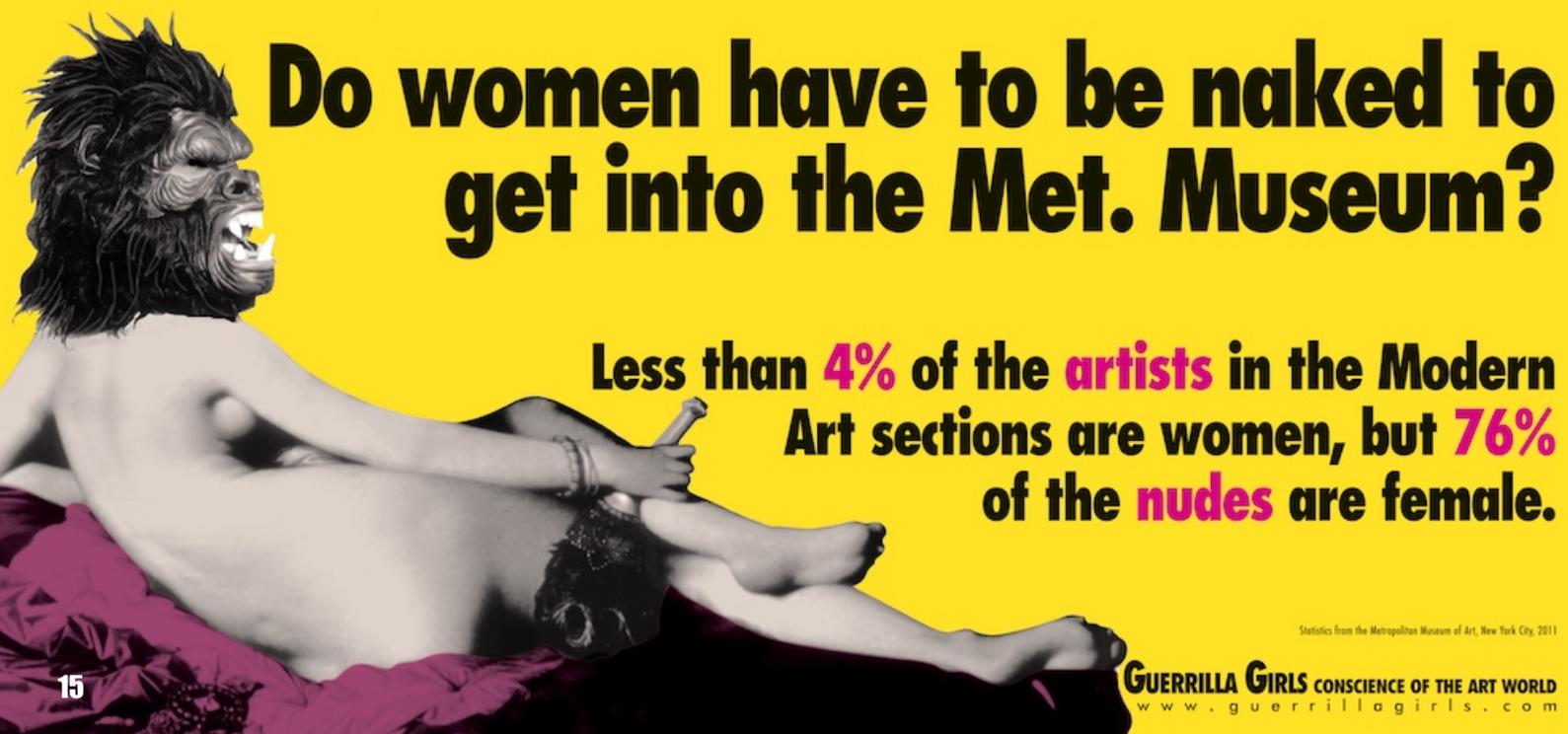
by Amelia Eskenazi

In 1985, a group of anonymous female artists started protesting the lack of representation in art museums. Their action was in response to an exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art where 165 artists were featured and less than 10 percent were women or minorities (Ryzik 2015). In 2015, the Guerrilla Girls celebrated 30 years of activism and art, disguised with gorilla masks and protesting under the pseudonyms of dead female artists such as Frida Kahlo, Alice Neel, and Zubeida Agha. But the work is far from over. Despite the poster show at the Abrons Art Center in April 2015, the material produced thirty years ago mirrors the issues most prominent in art museums to this day. Sami Abuhamedh and Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi claim in "The Artistic Personality: A Systems Perspective" that "an artwork will only be accepted as significant if it provides a meaningful extension (aesthetic, political, moral, etc.) to

the catalogue of past artistic achievements, the so-called 'grand narrative' of art" (233). Thus, we must interrogate what pieces are being deemed part of this greater narrative of cultural and artistic importance. We need to ask the question of whether or not art allows those whose voices have been previously marginalized to be heard.

The history of modern and contemporary art exemplifies that those whose voices are valued in everyday life are oftentimes the same voices and opinions valued in art and culture. As a means of combatting the stereotypical male gaze in art, the Guerrilla Girls created a poster campaign in 1989 interrogating the ways in which women are oftentimes featured in art museums—objectified and oftentimes nude. The poster from 1989 says: "Do women have to be naked to get into the met. Museum? Less than 5% of the artists in the Modern Art sections are women, but 85% of the nudes are female" (Guerrilla Girls 1989). The

Guerrilla Girls recreated this poster in 2012. The second half of the poster, however, said: "Less than 4% of the artists in the Modern Art sections are women, but 76% of the nudes are female" (Guerrilla Girls 2012). Similarly, from 1984-1985, both The Metropolitan Museum of Art and The Whitney Museum of American Art's single person exhibitions had all highlighted male artists. This was also the case for The Guggenheim Museum (Guerrilla Girls). The Museum of Modern Art, however, had one single person exhibition that highlighted a woman: Tatyana Grosman (The Museum of Modern Art). Nevertheless, this celebration of Grosman was too late; she had died three years prior to the gallery (New York Times). In 2015, The Guggenheim Museum of Art, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and The Whitney Museum of American Art all had a single one-person exhibition celebrating a female artist; The Modern Museum of Art



had two (Guerrilla Girls). Despite the perpetuated ideologies surrounding 'progress' within the 21st century, women still face difficulties when striving for representation, oftentimes relegated into the background. This generates a forced anonymity as women are oftentimes produced in the eyes of men, whether that is in the age of the Renaissance and Leonardo da Vinci or drawings created by Paul Klee within the last century; women are not recognized as producers of their own identity, only the produced. Iris Marion Young states in "Throwing Like A Girl: A Phenomenology of Feminine Body Comportment, Motility, and Spatiality" that "the objectified bodily existence accounts for the self-consciousness of the feminine relation to her body and resulting distance she takes from her body" (108). As a means of distancing themselves from their bodies and the possible objectification, the Guerrilla Girls wear gorilla masks as a means of shifting the focus from their physical beings to the activism and production of the group as a whole.

According to Suzanne Lustig in "How and Why Did the Guerrilla Girls Alter the Art World Establishment," "the Guerrilla Girls' most controversial choice was their decision to remain anonymous. This strategy highlighted the significant difference between enforced and chosen anonymity. Absent from art historical texts, women artists [have] remained anonymous for centuries" (279). The group is able to use anonymity to their advantage

through the masked unification and subsequent lack of focus on their individual beings, juxtaposing the effects of their work with the consistent degradation of female bodies within art.

**“Being an artist means drawing inspiration from my own experiences and the things that I am passionate about, things that upset or anger me. Being harassed on the street is definitely one of those things.”
-Fazlalizadeh**

The art that they produce is a production of a unified voice rather than a single individual. In an interview with The New York Times regarding their 30th anniversary, one of the Guerrilla Girls, Frida Kahlo said: "wearing this mask gives you a certain kind of freedom to say whatever you want [...] If you're in a situation where you're a little afraid to speak up, put a mask on. You won't believe what comes out of your mouth" (New York Times 2015). But this assertiveness can oftentimes be taken the wrong way. As a group of

women, masked or not, speaking their minds, many see this assertiveness as bitchiness instead. Jo Freeman states in "The Bitch Manifesto" that "the most prominent characteristic of all Bitches is that they rudely violate conceptions of proper sex role behavior" (97). Rather than asking for better representation in the art world, the Guerrilla Girls demand it. And they will not stop the poster campaigns, the sticker operations, and the projections throughout the city until they achieve their goal. Freeman continues to say, "Bitches refuse to serve, honor, or obey anyone. They demand to be fully functioning human beings not just shadows [...] therefore if taken seriously, a Bitch is a threat to the social structures which enslave women" (97). This incessant uproar has resulted in recognition for the Guerrilla Girls in the very institutions they were protesting.

In 2014, the Whitney Museum of Art acquired a collection of posters, advertisements, and propaganda produced by the Guerrilla Girls (Ryzik 2015). Similarly, the Walker Museum of Art in Minnesota also received a collection of work created by the Guerrilla Girls over the last few decades. According to The New York Times, their work is now featured in 60 cultural institutions worldwide (Ryzik 2015). Although the Guerrilla Girls sell their posters for twenty dollars online after displaying them in the streets as a means of offering exposure of their work to a wider range of audiences, the ultimate goal of their work is to diversify the art within art museums, thus perpetuating a classist erasure of those who cannot afford to enter.

Perhaps the attempt to address the institutions of art museums is the wrong approach. After all, if tickets range from five to thirty dollars depending on the museum, most people cannot even afford to see the diversified art that curators are supposedly striving for. In her project “Stop Telling Women To Smile,” artist Tatyana Fazlalizadeh creates portraits of individuals who have experienced street harassment and pastes the portraits all over city streets. Fazlalizadeh is able to expose her work not only to those who are willing to pay a price to see it, but also to all who walk up and down the streets of New York City. In an interview with *Dazed Digital*, Fazlalizadeh states that since the project began in 2012, the debate surrounding street harassment has diversified. “Since starting [the] project, I’ve seen that women of color; young women; older women; queer women—all different types of women—have really jumped into this conversation and shared their experiences. So the conversation has expanded to include a lot of different people” (*Dazed Digital* 2016). With the project being centered outside of institutional control, those who are oftentimes silenced have an opportunity to be heard.



After all, if art is supposed to expand the minds of individuals through innovative ways, shouldn't accessibility also be taken into account? Fazlalizadeh states, “Being an artist means drawing inspiration from my own experiences and the things that I am passionate about, things that upset or anger me. Being harassed on the street is definitely one of those things” (*Dazed Digital* 2016). Street art, therefore, can be used as a means of furthering accessibility, not only through class, but also by allowing anyone who places their art in the streets to have exposure. Alice Wexler argues in “Museum Culture and the Inequalities of Display and Representation,” “The question of the equitable representation of heritage, culture, and identity might be solved by returning to the local communities where they arise. The intersection of land, history, culture, and politics in the community inform art from the point of view of participation rather than exclusion” (31). One does not have to rely on an art curator or museum to approve their work. Wexler continues to say “to construct meaning within a group of participating viewers of art is to make new meaning together” (32). The importance of street art lies not only in the accessibility to all, but the power to dictate the guidelines of one's own project. Artists no longer have to strive to meet the hegemonic desires of curators within museums and individuals interested in art and culture no longer need to pay five to twenty five dollars to admire the product of creative minds. Perhaps the very individuals admiring the street art will one day create their own as well.

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My mother's pale face reflects missionaries
that tore up my grandfather's sugar cane fields
replaced them with white chapels,
filled them with white bibles
and a savior nothing like my father's family.

The same thing happens at pride:
White cis gays celebrating the supreme court legalizing marriage,
while in the same breath, justices ignored the murders of
mya hall,
islan nettles,
sumaya ysl.

In church,
I sing hymns that echo the miraculous resurrection.
Something that only happens to white men.
I would be lying if I did not feel closest to god in these moments.
I would also be lying if I said these songs only feel holy
because they make me forget I am hopeless sinner without burden of cross.

At 16, my mother ripped my closet doors from its hinges,
came to me with crucifix splintered hands and said,
"You weren't raised like this".

You're right mama.

I was raised to recognize a white savior.

Hiding has always been second nature.

It is a colonial tactic

to simplify vocabulary in order to break the savage into binaries.

My paternal grandfather was a Lutheran,
then Methodist,
then Baptist,
then Muslim,
and 20 years before he died, Mormon.

Mixed in with the western gifts of alcoholism,
diabetes and heart disease.

I think he knew

this white god never wanted to save him.

I am sitting at the last supper knowing I am both Judas and Pilate.

The lone missionary who knew there was already too much god in my islands
to build a colony of churches.

How do I prove this same god was instilled in me?

Do I break into your museums?

Take back our war clubs?

Our tools for cannibalistic ritual?

Fijians made easy meal of some of your friends, "cishet white allies".

You have never been hard to get rid of.

Just have a hard time letting go.

Your "it gets better campaigns"

are not welcome here;

advocates who 50 years ago erased me.

Take your xerox copies of our archetypes back,

to wherever you came from.

We have painted gender spectrums with colors captain cook could
have never even perceived

fa'afafine, fakaleiti, māhū, whakawahine, takatāpui, qauri.

My people have a history of breaking binaries.

Just like the ocean, my islands will always give refuge to my fluidity

“The transition from deep, emotional pain, to, returning
to the open arms of my people:”

Morgynne Tora on Being a Poet of Color in the Arts Community

by Cheanna Gavin

Third wave feminisms express the importance of individualism and personal narratives. Intersectionality theories were built through the necessity of those whose voices are not heard, to speak for themselves. Susan A. Mann and Ashly S. Patterson in *Reading Feminist Theory: From Modernity to Postmodernity* write, “Born of necessity and neglect, it was based on the profound realization that no one but [women of color] would adequately address their concerns” (218). Poetry has a unique and important role in the arts. Through poetry, one can use their individuality to move their audience in a way that helps them understand their society and the people around them. Through the openness of expression allowed in poetry, the poetic community has become quite accepting, which allows for growth and change. Rebecca Walker asserts in *Being Real: An Introduction* that, “There is no betrayal in being yourself, home must be made within, and the best communities are those built on mutual respect. The complex, multi-issue nature of our lives, the instinct not to categorize and shut one-self off from others, and the enormous contradictions we

embody are all fodder for making new theories of living and relating” (365). Although the community is accepting, women of color still tend to be silenced or left out by the dominating voice of white, heterosexual men.

Poets and writers of color such as Gloria Anzaldúa, bell hooks, and Aurora Levins Morales all find ways to take back, and own their literature in ways that allows their voices to be heard. They take back their literature in many ways, including writing in their native language and speaking to their multiple identities, which expresses how women are multidimensional and simultaneously whole. Anzaldúa often integrates Spanish into her poetry, which not only expresses her individuality, but makes her poems more accessible. Papusa Molina in “Recognizing, Accepting and Celebrating Our Differences” writes, “*Ese miedo* that enters me when I am afraid of not being able to express my deepest feelings because *el Ingles no da*—it’s too short, too practical, not romantic enough, not soft enough” (326). Sometimes English does not allow poets to convey their sentiments adequately, and so incorporating their native tongue

allows for clarity as well as acceptance. Along these lines, Gina Miranda Samuels and Fariyal Ross-Sheriff in *Identity, Oppression, and Power: Feminisms and Intersectionality Theory* discuss how Morales “challenges our thinking about women’s experience as multiple, shifting, and layered across time.” Thus, women in poetry are able to break out of socially constructed definitions of women as well as poets.

Morgynne Tora, a Fijian poet, is an example of a woman of color succeeding and thriving in poetry and the poetic community. Their writing expresses their views on intersectional feminism, pasifika culture and politics, radical self-love, and body positivity. Though they believe in intertwined narratives, they are aware that there are very few Black-Fijian, let alone queer pasifika voices in the arts community. They work to create a space for themselves, as well as others who are like them. Tora agreed to an interview over email, and gave great insight into their experiences in being a woman of color in the arts community.

Cheanna Gavin: How did you first get into writing poetry?

Morgynne Tora: I first started writing poetry in 8th grade as part of a semester long poetry unit in literacy class. I was inspired by the different medium and the way it inspired me to tell my own story.

CG: How did you become interested in performing your work?

MT: I went to the Mercury Café for the first time in the summer of 2010. One of the hosts of the slam convinced me to get on the open mic list and the rush I felt on stage, that, that is what pushed me to keep performing. It's an out of body experience every time, and it is the most liberating thing I do.

CG: What connection have you found between gender oppression and racial oppression within the arts community?

MT: There is no way to separate the two. I live in this body as both black and woman; I do not have the ability to separate the two. In the arts community, specifically the poetry community that I am a part of, is where I feel the safest because I am consistently given the space to be all of me, in all my intersections, unapologetically. Of course, there are certain instances where sometimes I feel like I am being spoken over and for, especially by cis-het black men and white queer folks, but it's a community of checking each other.

CG: How open is the arts community to change?

MT: The arts community thrives off of feedback. I am in a place now where if I see an example of misogyny, more specifically misogynoir or something else problematic in someone's artistic expression, I can speak. And if I say or do something problematic, I can trust my community to check me, although, personal accountability is vital.

CG: How has your identity shaped your experiences as a poet?

MT: My identity has given me the blessing and burden of speaking from my unique intersections. There aren't a lot of queer Pacific Islander women whose voices are heard, so it's my job to speak my story as authentically as possible.

CG: What inspired your poem titled "White Jesus and Binaries?"

MT: It came from a place of very deep pain. I was outed to my mother before I was ready to come to terms with my sexuality and that caused a lot of self-doubt and feelings of worthlessness because I come from a very religious family. On the other hand, learning that people like me have always existed in Fijian/Pacific Island culture was very freeing, so that's where I was writing from. The transition from deep, emotional pain, to, returning to the open arms of my people.

CG: Has your poetry influenced outreach into the community? If yes, how so?

MT: Yes, it has given me a voice and the tools to address the issues in my community in a way that people understand.

CG: What do you find most rewarding through your work as a poet?

MT: I love when I can provide language to articulate a hardship or complex idea because intersection specific language is how we free [ourselves].

CG: What do you have in store for your poetry/performances in the near future?

MT: I will be releasing a chapbook this summer, and of course just continuing to teach workshops and performing.

CG: What advice do you have for poets of color who are just getting into performing?

MT: Tell **YOUR** story. Too many poets are caught up in "speaking for the voiceless". We are not voiceless and our stories are important. Be unapologetic in your narrative, you are so necessary.



Tora's narrative vocalizes the importance of self-expression. Bushra Rehman and Daisy Hernández emphasize in their "Introduction to Colonize This! Young Women of Color on Today's Feminism" that, "It's important for women of color to write. We can't have someone else defining our lives or our feminism" (378). By using personal narratives, Tora is able to express their own sentiments while simultaneously creating a platform for those with similar situations to relate to. This platform also creates a space for others to learn about different societies around them. Anzaldúa in *Making Face, Making Soul, Haciendo Caras* writes, "For many of us the acts of writing, painting, performing and filming are acts of deliberate and desperate determination to subvert the status quo. [...] By sending our voices, visuals and visions outward into the world, we alter the walls and make them a framework for new windows and doors. We transform the *posos*, *apertures*, *barrancas*, *abismos* that we are forced to speak from. Only then can we make a home out of the cracks" (xxiv-xxv).

This notion of reclaiming spaces connects to intersectionality theories revolving around gaining a voice, speaking out, and taking back. I think it is important that Tora points out that "Too many poets are caught up in 'speaking for the voiceless.'" As a queer Pacific Islander woman, they point out that there are not many other queer Pacific Islander women whose voices are being heard, but makes it clear that they are speaking for themselves and telling their own authentic stories. With this approach, Tora is able to make not only their poetry and the complex ideas they discuss more accessible but also forms a space that is accepting of others' narratives.

"my voice is still new to me. i spent a majority of my life suppressing and staying quiet because, "it was not my place." but people like me... melanated, queer, femme, too loud, too big... are never given spaces. thus, everything i do is an act of creating room for myself."

- excerpt from Morgynne's blog

As seen in the interview as well as in their poem, Tora addresses their own personal battles as a queer Pacific Islander woman, as well as a woman of color in the arts and in poetry specifically. They bluntly express their opinions on what is wrong in the world and are unapologetic in a way that allows them and others a means to overcome some of their adversity. In Chrystos' letter "Not Editable to Anzaldúa," she articulates that writing, for the most part, is discarding fear. To her, writing is "trusting that one's private voice can give voice to others" (226). Although the arts community is accepting and ever changing, it can still be silencing. We must value women of color who work to make the spaces of the art community inclusive as well as strive to bring

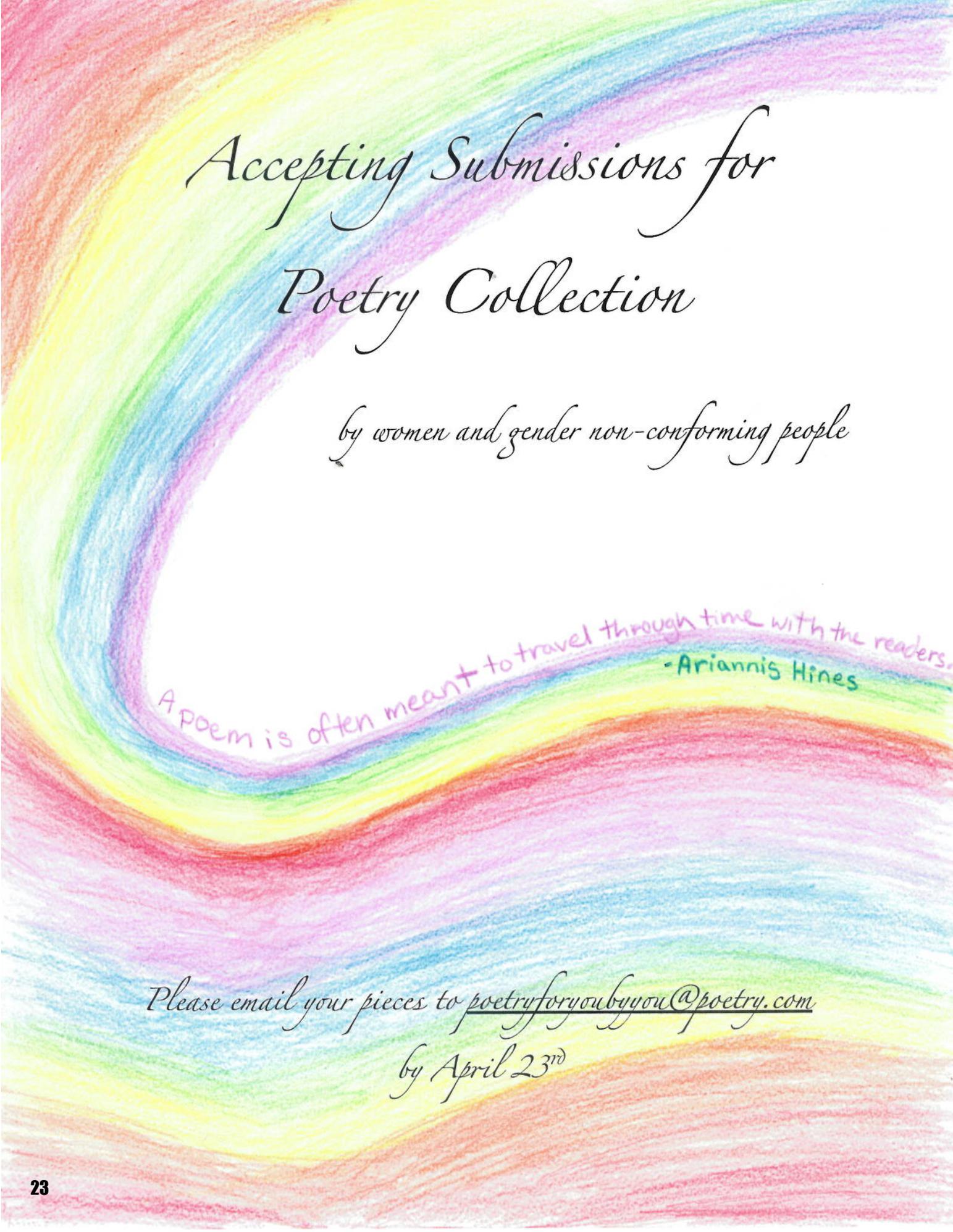
more women into these spaces so their voices can be heard. As more women of color share their personal narratives through different mediums of art, the universal collective experience of a "woman" is continually broken down.

As Tora expressed, they are both Black and a woman, and they are unable to separate the two. Society is more capable of understanding the multiple identities and challenges that women face while women simultaneously remain whole beings through the individuality they convey throughout the arts.

To follow up with Tora and their work, visit their social media platforms:

Twitter: @mohoneytora,

Blog: sideeyechronicles.wordpress.com.



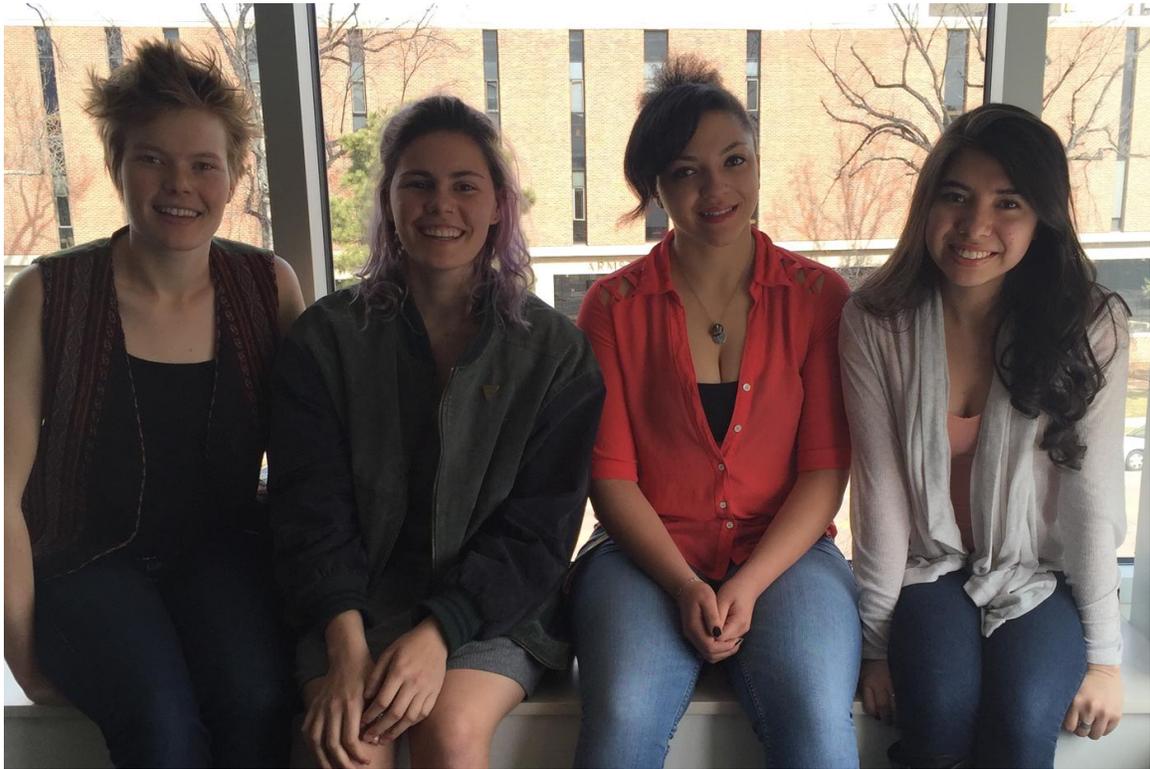
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-Ariannis Hines

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thrown away and upon the ash of devastation Home for those non-colored Tongues are built. You, have gentrified my name. Taken its beauty and culture And to replace the emptiness You have placed artificial Vowels and consonants. I have remembered my name, It is Aracely. Not arassuly, Ari, or fucking cely. No, me llamo Aracely. I have remembered my name. -Aracely Navarro Sometimes I forget my name, My real name. You know, the name that requires R's to be rolled off your tongue, Something that proves difficult for those with non-colored tongues. Sometimes I forget my name, My real name. Not the one that I say to you To save myself from the endless, "Can you repeat that?" No, I forget the one that Speaks and shows my culture, my ancestors. The one that require a fast rolled R between two vowels. Though, it's not new to me. You want me to forget myself. Sometimes I forget my name, My real name. The one that reminds you of the 3rd world you created. The world that sits in your backyard, ravaged with violence, poverty and greed. A world developing in your image. But, you don't want to be reminded, And you want me to forget...me. No, I didn't forget my name, You have wiped it from my mind Like the way you wiped my language from my people, Like the way you wiped them off their land And made them question their own being. Sometime I forget my name, My spanish name. I have modified it to your liking. But, not completely to your satisfaction. Even though I have let the R fall back in my throat and let the A take first place, Your eyes still scold me. Your eyes look over me and scream: "Foreigner," "Wetback," "Illegal." Sometimes I forget my name, My real name. I am now called by the language of your eyes. This language has erased my identity and has written on top of it the new image of me, And now me is a blonde haired girl and now she responds to "Ari." No, I didn't forget my name. Every time I meet you, my name is on the Very edge of my tongue but retreats And transforms to something new. Something easier, more pleasant to your ear. Sometimes I remember my name, My real name. Not the one society has taught me To say because they fear being reminded That the "foreigners" are amongst them. No, I remember the one That was given to me by my mother The immigrant The name that translates to "Alter of Heaven" Because my body, my being is a vessel, an entrance to greatness and divinity. In the midst of forgetting and remembering my name, My real name. I came to the realization that my name, Was not altered by my tongue. But, it was taken, used and changed, then returned to me. It was changed in the same way That the projects in the hood are Uprooted, thrown away and upon the ash of devastation Home for those non-colored Tongues are built. You, have gentrified my name. 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