

## Rape Trial Poem / Love is All Around [artists statement]

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**I**t is time to have a conversation on emotional labor, intellectual labor, that of women, and particularly that of women of color. It's time to talk about benevolent discrimination that derives from privilege, guilt, performance modeling, and the supposed aches and pains of "compassion fatigue."

The discourse we are having will improve our abilities to alter parts of the system that no longer serve us or only serve some of us - it means a restructuring, for a fourth wave feminist remix. We are dismantling, eviscerating, and putting back together in pieces, in fragments the pain and prisms of productive outcomes, to community oriented networking and co-creation of knowledge and artifacts. It is slashing, splitting, splicing and actively, consciously including marginalized, disposed, disenfranchised voices. We must make room and allow all intersections of human identity markers their space and pain.

We are making a small but necessary step to new unified creative outputs and genres for artistic expressions. We think in terms of rhythm, rhyme and meter, tone and texture, pitch and tenor, vibrato and feeling. We do not believe in static feminism - in capitalistic/capitalism/consumerism and mere awareness. A stale movement built on avoidance - too afraid to unleash and unchain. We need a remix that keeps growing and creating - a 360 degree (as in wholeness, as in unity, but as

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in dizziness too, but not as in being back where we started from at ground zero without the other waves and branches of feminism before us, backing us up, supporting us) manifestation that keeps your head spinning on your neck.

A conversation about women being the emotional center of their families and therefore society, as “the family” (in most cases the nuclear, immediate one) is still the first institution, the first socializing agent, the first place a society gets its modeling. A conversation about the intellectual labor of “other”, of women of color, of trans people of color, of poor people who have “lived experience,” of disabled people who are not here to inspire. We need to refashion, remodel, revamp, and rebrand.

We need to wonder and question when Hollywood “can’t find” people of color for blockbuster films. When their remix includes changing skin tones with excessive use of potted paints. When appropriation has no consequence. When a soft drink can suddenly bring peace and acceptance to turmoil and a dark repeated history. When white men are applauded for lowering their salary expectations to meet their female counterparts. When white actors are applauded for speaking on these issues, when they are awarded roles meant for people of color, or for trans folk, or for the differently abled. When actions do not meet presentation/appearances. When the girl next door agrees to a role that should/could be portrayed by others at the opposite end of the almighty slash, the binary that we will one day soon, break down. When the same girl can then wear “feminist” on her chest. Are we not washing out feminisms’ radical political potential? Are we neutralizing it? Of course we are commodifying it, but it is no longer taboo when fast fashion can splash “Fight like a girl” over \$6.00 t-shirts made by women girls who don’t make \$6.00 in a day? Can consumer become pro-ducer-user and use these ready-mades as tools to fight back? Is this too cruel of a remix?

Is that something in the remix that is inherent in the new culture of the millennial? We denounce wage gaps, and praise thighs gaps, but forget the women who don’t have choice and agency. We want body acceptance, self love, and self care, but denounce those who can’t perform it the “right way” as prescribed by society as a form of social control, a new opiate for the masses, a false flag to keep ‘em down, dumb and distracted. We cannot have any of it without accountability, rationality, critical thinking, and self-awareness.

We need to listen: to each other, our selves, and our bodies. We need to be our own authorities when the paterfamilias and the powers that be in an already enclosed neoliberal cis-heteronormative white supremacist capitalist patriarchy keeps trying to stop us, silence us, shut us up. If there is a way to reclaim hysteria, then we are it.



We do not need to be smiling, we do not need to be demure, to be pretty, to spice up your life. We are sick and we can grin dementedly. What’s revealed is the domination of human behaviors by ideology. We’re performing our genders, all the damn time but they are multiple and fluid and liberating. We will not take your labeling. To us they are more than mere masks or costumes. This is the remix. It’s time to un-stratify the spectrum.