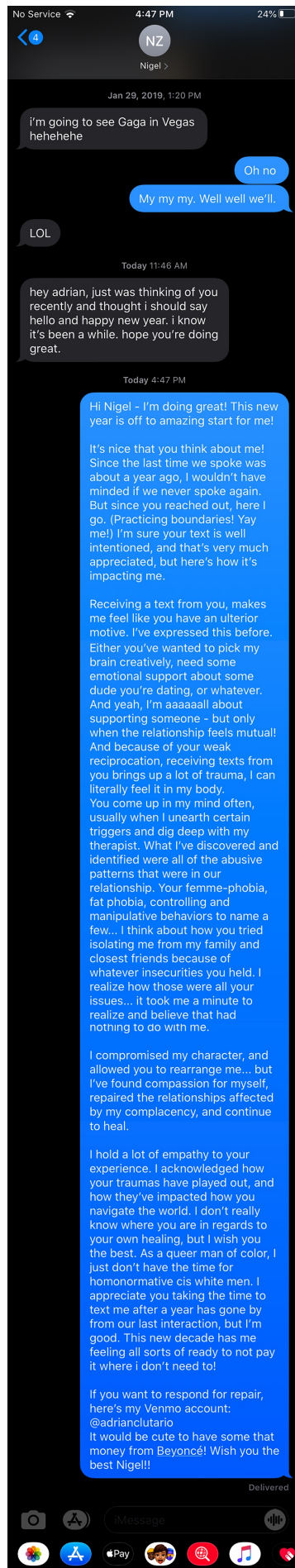




Museoexclusion Exorcism

Tanya Aguiñiga
2022

**OM
CA.**



Adrian Clutario

Beth Robinson

Madonna Whores is a series of hand-sculpted clay busts that have Anne Sexton's poem "Buying The Whore" carved into their chests. Additionally, each stanza is represented with the next level of quieting her voice - but with headgear related to S&M play so her silence becomes sexualized. The sculpture of the final stanza, the female is wearing a posture collar that covers her entire head and forces her to "keep her chin up."

Anne Sexton poem:

"You are the roast beef I have purchased
and I stuff you with my very own onion.

You are a boat I have rented by the hour
and I steer you with my rage until you run aground.

You are a glass that I have paid to shatter
and I swallow the pieces down with my spit.

You are the grate I warm my trembling hands on,
searing the flesh until it's nice and juicy.

You stink like my Mama under your bra
and I vomit into your hand like a jackpot
its cold hard quarters."



I first learned how to fold origami when I was six years old. One of my cousins taught me how to fold the triangular and star shapes out of tiny pieces of paper. I found myself drawn to this action but not really sure why. The cluster I sent you came from a group of pieces I folded when I was twelve. Repetitive actions would make me feel better, especially when I would have extreme anxiety. In retrospect I realize that I have utilized repetitive processes through most of my childhood life and into adulthood. These have become a way for me to cope with certain trauma and other unexpected negative things in life that come my way. The best thing about my relationship with repetitive processes now is that it is more about choosing when I want to use it, and less about feeling compelled to do so.

-Anonymous



Emilyn Eto

Dear Timothea,

Hello. This is your great-granddaughter Emilyn. I descended from your eldest daughter, my grandmother Rosario, or Lola as we called her. I have only recently gotten to know your name because my dad is in his early 80's and has been sharing lots of stories about his youth in the Philippines. One of these stories includes your family secret.

I had always heard relatives murmuring rumors about Lola being the daughter of a Spanish priest. This explained why she had fair skin, high cheek bones, and a regal air about her, but it never really crossed my mind what that really meant. The Spanish priest was so beloved. My dad and his siblings remember his frequent visits, his gentle kindness, his magic tricks, and the treats that he brought them. They also told stories about how Lola would go to him when she was troubled and how he loved all his children. His priesthood elevated our family status. An old sepia tinted framed photo of him sits in my parents living room today. He is a legend in our family.

To the child in me, it seemed he was another honorable patriarch. But now as an adult, as a mother trying my best to instill in my daughter confidence, self worth, independence, choice over her body, I can clearly see that there was so much wrong. It became clear that you, Timothea, were raped by this trusted person from your community, this priest.

Why didn't I see this before? It took me a while to process, perhaps because I felt so far removed. I live a privileged life in the America where my parents have given me the freedom and choice in decisions regarding lifestyle, career, marriage and even religion. Yours was a different time, a black and white time, a provincial time where priests were highly regarded, a holy men of the church that could do no wrong, and were untouchable. If you accused him, it would be your word against his and no justice could ever become of it. As it would turn out, he was even able to live amongst his children and the grandchildren they would bear later.

Perhaps you felt like you were in love or believed that this man of God was in some way helping you, but I am certain that it resulted in pain, confusion, hurt and shame because I understand that he continued to impregnate four more women who bore Lola's half siblings.

My Tita, who was close to Lola, recently told me that in elementary school, Lola was made fun of by the other children about being the child of the priest. She also told me that when Lola's sister, Esperanza, in her senior years, was asked by her daughter to write about her life, the first sentence was, "I am an

illegitimate child." What a burden to have carried all your life, during a time when it might have been explained as God's will or the fault of the woman, only to finally face it head on in your old age.

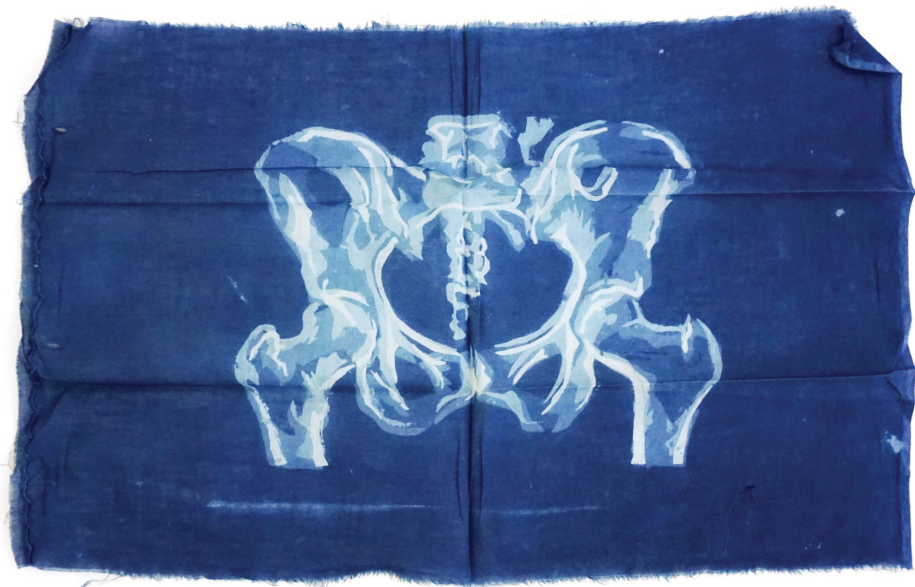
I asked Tita what your name was. I was truly dumbfounded that I did not even know your name, you, my grandmother's mother. She quietly replied Timothea. I was so heartbroken to know that in all these years, I had never even heard your name before. No one had ever recognized you as a matriarch in our family. No one I knew had named any child after you. We calculated that you must have been 17 years old and the priest 30 years old when Lola was born. No one, not even my aunt, had ever considered this difference and therefore no one realized that you were a minor and he, so much older.

Timothea, I am so sorry - sorry for what happened to you, sorry that you were violated, that your worth was diminished by a man who used his power thinking he was above the law, sorry you were never recognized or revered. I am sorry for the hidden shame it created for you and your child, because Lola took to this awful truth to her deathbed, never wanting to talk about it even many decades later. I feel the suffering you must've endured. It saddens me greatly, even to the point where I blame my dad and his siblings for never recognizing you. But, I know that you are at peace now. That you would not want to me feel your suffering. That in the end it turned out ok and ultimately it is not my burden to bear.

Yes, your experience is no longer a secret, but know that your life was not in vain. Instead, it clearly exposes the source of a strong will and resiliency that you, my great-grandmother, passed down to my Lola, who in turn instilled it in me. This is your gift to me, to us, this power to overcome.... and for this I am grateful.

With love, honor, and gratitude,
Your great-granddaughter,
Emilyn





Tue, Jan 7, 1:30
PM

Galia Linn

to Tanya

Dear Tanya,

Thank you for extending me an invitation to participate in your project.

I immediately thought of my clay talismans / charms. Attached below you can see a few of them. They are not very big or heavy and have holes that can be used to attach them to your fiber sculpture or worn as a necklace as part of the exorcism ceremony. Other uses are possible. If you think they would work for your project I am happy to send one or a few off into your arms.

A little background about the work for context. For more than 25 years now I have been obsessing over images, objects, architecture and the culture of neolithic cities as brought to life in excavation sites. I think it is a combination of facts such as: There was no word for religion - just the cycle of life, there was no separation between life and death - ancestors bones were buried in the homes and lastly as evidence shows men and women were treated with equality.

I see these charms as mirror of objects that want to come back into existence. And like your work evidence that we are able to be compassionate and perhaps they can serve as amulets to help us overcome the empathy chasem we are currently experiencing.

Happy to provide more information, stories and objects to this beautiful project if this works.

Warmly,

Galia



I am a product of fear, poverty, rape, white privilege, desperation, denial, hope, lies, war, colonialism, appropriation, survival, love, hatred, hidden meanings, regret, peace, resiliency, progress, secrets, gentrification, lessons, escapism, water, salt, dirt, the sacred, the corrupt, the shame, vulnerability, magic, compassion and confusion.

I am sorry.

I cannot be everything I hope you can see in me, I cannot be everything in me you wish I held, that I wish I could hold. I cannot be full or quarter or 1/16th or 1/32nd or none or all of anything.

I cannot claim to know where I fit in, to know who claims me, to know fully who I claim, but I do know where I come from, and who loves me, and I will never forget.

I can only speak for myself, and I am tired.

I am exhausted from existing in my own narrative, of trying to prove my relationship to place, to build a box that makes my existence digestible for an external gaze, that dismisses my whole and evolving self, my lived experience for a data set to judge from.

I will no longer do this, I cannot play this colonizers game any more.
I want to rip my heart out, for you to test its authenticity.

I want to give you the honor to tell me if I am enough, and then as I take my last breath, look into my eyes and tell me that I am not. And I will forgive you.

Will you forgive me?



Aloha means farewell to thee
Aloha means goodbye
It means until we meet again
Beneath a tropic sky
Aloha means good morning
And always to be true
But the best thing Aloha means
Is I love you

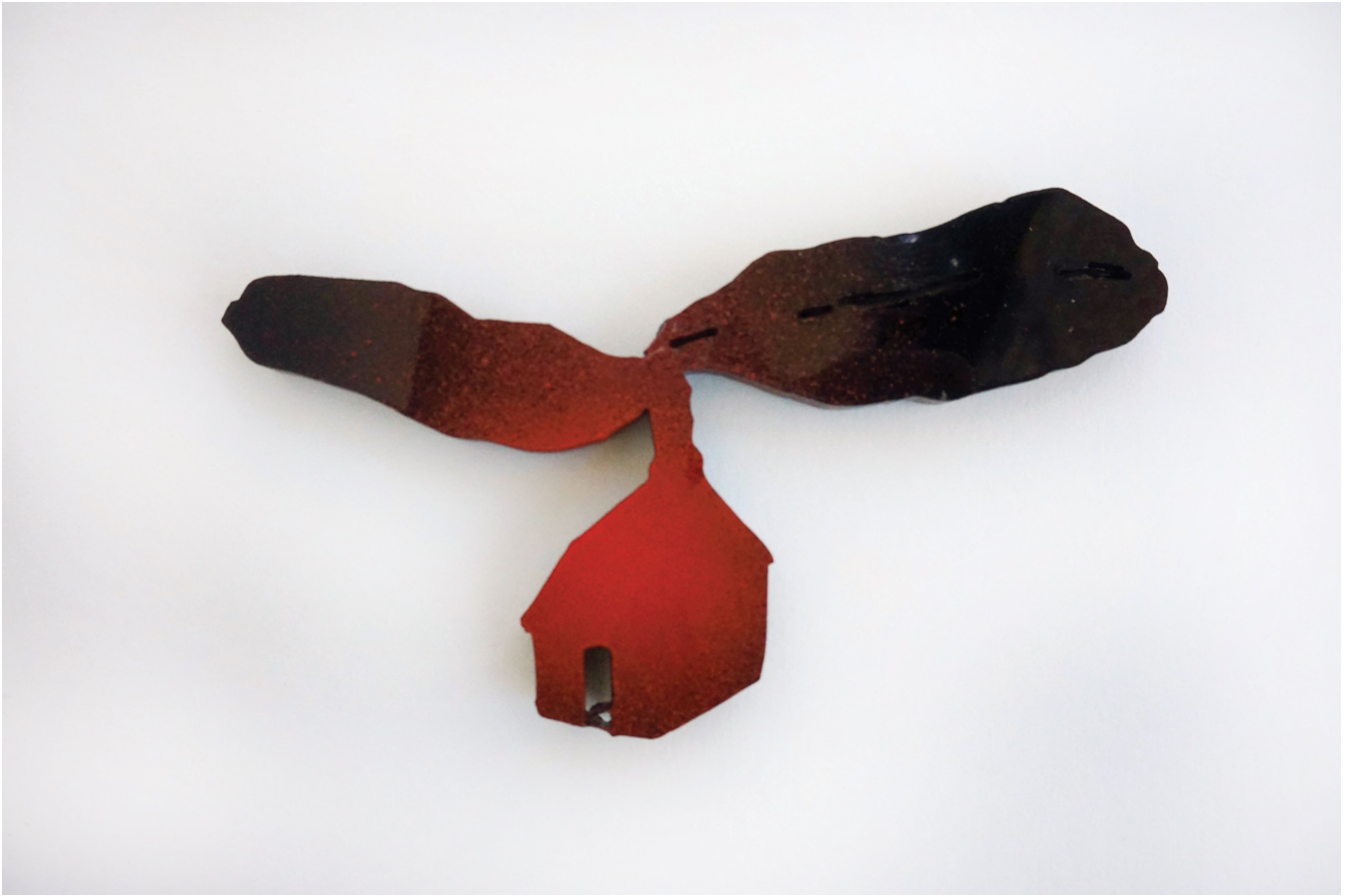
Aloha Hawaii

for Tanya, Bella feminist 30 Jan 2020

Irene Tsatsos

1. My mother was a very strong woman, but she was broken, so I am broken.
2. I want to be adopted by a mother.
3. I don't know the difference between pain and not-pain anymore. But I still try to differentiate.
4. Life shouldn't be a punishment but it is for many people. Make happiness a goal.
5. I am now living in my imagination, rather than that of someone else. Toward happiness and contentment.
6. Plugs pulled from holes. Holes filled with self.
7. A private reconciliation, a separate peace, the courage of mistakes. Discipline and ritual. A willingness to accept responsibility, a source of self-respect. A sense of intrinsic worth. Everything.

Irene Tsatsos



Jenea Sanchez and Gabriella Muñoz

The video is a celebration of reacquired knowledge for foodway health. The trite notion of chicken soup being medicine acquires a real significance when one thinks of raising an animal from birth, humanely butchering the animal and lovingly preparing a soup to share amongst friends and family. For the production of this piece the artists traveled to Agua Prieta, SON to learn the act of preparing chicken soup in the traditional way that was commonplace to their ancestors. A healthy connection to the source of our meats and vegetables and the labor needed to raise animals and crops is brought to the forefront in the documenting of this piece. Sanchez's and Muñoz's children accompanied them and were part of the learning experience, connecting a link in the passing on of this knowledge that was previously broken. Sanchez's own mother was not taught how to prepare chicken soup from scratch and though Muñoz's mother had this knowledge this was their first opportunity they had to share in the preparation of this food.



Jenea Sanchez and Gabriella Muñoz



Justine Ashbee

Kathi Flood

As a Baby Boomer, I followed the fashion of the 60's and dutifully wore a girdle with a mini skirt to college classes. I had to sit down carefully, pull down the skirt past the bumpy garter clips, cross my legs and stay still in order to hide the space between the top of the nylons and the skirt. One hot day, a man in one of my classes remarked that I didn't really have to wear nylons or a girdle. "How do you know what I'm wearing under my skirt?!" I snapped back. It was then I realized that at that time, women's self-conscious efforts to have perfect legs and a flat gut were futile and transparent. This acceptance dance also applied to our personalities. The very WORST thing that we could be, according to my Mother, was a BITCH. I was advised not to be too opinionated and to go to great lengths to be pretty. Hence, I was given electrolysis and a nose job at age 15 to enable me to catch a man's eye.

My friends and I are still affected by this early training. Men can strut into a museum solid, confident that they are admired for giving up the security of a day job in order to commit to their art. Women, especially older women, are expected to make 'safe' work, recipe'd and tied up with sweet bows. When I was younger, I was in 400 exhibits in all manner of venues, but at this point, I find myself showing in venues that exclusively feature seniors.

This girdle symbolizes the extra work and subsequent judgments that women must deal with. Men just have to pull on a pair of pants and a shirt, but women have to craft an identity. Whether you choose to be a Patti Smith or a Dolly Parton, we must present ourselves in a deliberate way in order to be accepted.

According to Artnet News, only 13.7% of living artists represented by galleries in Europe and North America are women. This publication only included 5 women on Artnet's list of the 100 best-selling artists at auction. And only 27 women (out of 318 artists) are represented in the 9th edition of H.W. Janson's survey, Basic History of Western Art.

(<https://nmwa.org/advocate/get-facts>)

It's like that cliché that even though Fred Astaire received much attention as a wonderful dancer, his partner Ginger Rogers had to do the same thing and didn't get as much acclaim — although she had to dance backwards and in high heels. This girdle represents the judgements that male museum curators make about female artists.



Kathi Flood

Dear Zanya,

1/26/20

This is my grandmother's blouse that she sewed for herself. Her name was, "Low Sau Ping". She was one of the very few women in her generation to learn how to read and write. Since her father was the principal of a school, she was an educated Chinese woman. My grandmother gave me my Chinese name, "Tom Ga Yun" and I'm still trying to learn and remember all of the characters 言 喜 升 大. She continued to name all of the children in the family.

This blouse was sewn maybe around the late 70's, you can feel the polyester fabric. She immigrated in December 1948 and worked as a seamstress in San Francisco's Chinatown. She would sew piece work and take care of her children at the same time in the sewing factories. My mom has memories of helping her pushing the corners of collars with chopsticks.

Low Sau Ping passed away a few years ago - January 2018. She lived up to 101 years old.

Love,
Kirstyn Horn



Kirstyn Hom

DEAR TANYA -

3.4.20

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS PIECE OF CLOTHING AS A TOKEN OF MY CHILDHOOD, WOMANHOOD, FAMILY HISTORY, MOTHERHOOD AND SELF-CARE. THE EMBROIDERED FLORAL DESIGN IS A SYMBOL OF THE CLASSIC "SOEN UNDERWEAR," OFTEN GIFTED AS SOUVENIRS OR CARE PACKAGES BETWEEN FAMILIES IN THE U.S. AND PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. GIRLS, TEENS, WOMEN AND GRANDMOTHERS ALIKE FIND COMFORT IN THE COTTON FABRIC, WHICH SHIELDS THE FEAR OF PERIOD BLOOD STAINED CLOTHES. SOEN PANTIES ARE WORN LIKE ARMOR FROM ANCESTORS, AND CAN BE FOUND HANGING TO DRY IN SHOWERS WITH BLOOD-TINTED MARKINGS, AS IF A BATTLE WAS WON. BUT THESE MARKINGS, RATHER THAN BEING HONORED, ARE HIDDEN, SHAMED AND STAY A SECRET.

.....

THE STRETCHED GARTER IS A SYMBOL OF MY OWN GROWING WOMB - BETWEEN TWO NATURAL CHILDBORNS, ALMOST 12 YEARS APART. IT IS THE NATURAL PRESSURE THAT LIFE BRINGS, THE PAIN HELD BETWEEN THE MATERIAL, THE EXPANSION OF AMBITION AND DREAMS, THE CHANGE AND CYCLE OF PHYSICAL HEALTH, THE CONFRONTATION OF QUESTIONING ONE'S WAISTLINE.

.....

AS A MOTHER OF TWO DAUGHTERS, SOEN UNDERWEAR WILL ALWAYS BE A PART OF OUR LIVES. THE MATERIAL WILL HOLD NOT ONLY OUR MOST POWERFUL PRIZED POSSESSION - PUSSIES, IT WILL ALSO KEEP US SAFE, ^{HOW} PROTECTED, CARED FOR AND LOVED. ^{UNLIKE} ~~UNLIKE~~ I GREW UP, MY DAUGHTERS WILL KNOW THEIR PAIN AND STRUGGLES SHOULD NEVER BE SHAMED OR SEALED AWAY. THEIR MONTHLY MOONS ARE IN FACT A SYMBOL OF LIFE AND THE POWER A WOMAN HAS IN HER BODY. THEY WILL KNOW THAT DESPITE THEIR SLIGHT DISCONNECTION TO THE PHILIPPINES, THIS ARTICLE OF CLOTHING IS A MESSAGE OF SUPPORT AND COMFORT FROM UNKNOWN FAMILY MEMBERS, MUCH LIKE A RITE OF PASSAGE OR FAMILY HEIRLOOM. MORE IMPORTANTLY, THEY WILL KNOW THAT OUR STORIES CAN AND SHOULD BE TOLD AND THAT IT STARTS NOW, WITH YOU, THROUGH YOU, TANYA, AND THE INSPIRATION YOU BRING TO SO MANY OF US. THANK YOU. I LOVE YOU!!! XO, Lani



Lani Bautista

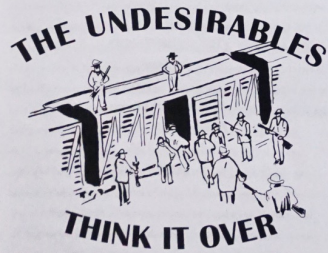
Laurie McKenna

I see
I listen
I study
I think
I analyse
I research
I organize
I learn
I distill
I devise
I decide
I create
I perform
I complete
I know
I lead

My mind is my sexy

- 1.The Undesirables loaded into box cars
- 2.The IWW opening line of preamble
- 3.Rosa McKay
4. Los Flores Magon



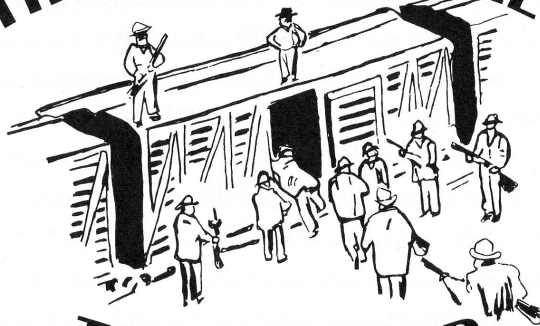


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7.12.17



THE UNDESIRABLES



THINK IT OVER

THE UNDESIRABLES

Luc Sante

The Undesirables Project

Publisher Laurie McKenna

Bisbee, AZ USA

July 2017

In the early morning of July 12, 1917, 10% of the population of Bisbee, roughly 2000 men, was rounded up by force, assembled in front of the post office, and marched two miles to Warren Ballpark. Some of them were let go after pledging an oath, while at 11 AM the remainder, 1186 men, were loaded into 24 boxcars, empty but for three inches of sheep dung on their floors, and driven to New Mexico, in roughly 95-degree temperature, without water. There was some conflict with authorities in the neighboring state, and it was 3 AM before they finally disembarked in Las Hermanas. Under orders from the governor of New Mexico, the men were then taken to Columbus, which had recently been raided by Pancho Villa, and housed in a tent complex intended for refugees from the raid. There they remained for two months, in what was in effect a concentration camp.

Most of the men were copper miners, although they also included lawyers, contractors, shopkeepers, and cooks. Eighty percent were immigrants, a third of them Mexican, along with Russians, Slovaks, Finns, Serbs, Irishmen, Welshmen, and Cornishmen. Half of them were American citizens, native-born or naturalized; a quarter had families; 266 of them owned property in Bisbee. They were rounded up by the largest posse ever assembled on American soil: roughly 2200 men, recruited from Bisbee and Douglas by the Cochise County sheriff, Harry Wheeler, and the executives of the Phelps Dodge Corporation. Phelps Dodge, which owned the Copper Queen Mine, also owned Bisbee's hospital, its library, its daily newspaper, its department store, and its largest hotel. In concert with two smaller mining concerns, the Calumet and Arizona Company and the Shat-

tuck Arizona Company, Phelps Dodge controlled the local economy and in effect determined the livings of everyone in Bisbee. The company had acquired the mine in the late 1870s and developed the town as its isolated fiefdom. It was disinclined to tolerate criticism of its practices, and so, when the Western Federation of Miners (WFM) attempted to organize in 1903 and again in 1906, the union was severely rebuffed. A third attempt in 1907 resulted in the establishment of Local #106, followed by an unsuccessful six-month strike. The strikers' demands were modest: a six-hour day, flat wage rates with a fifty-cent bonus for underground workers, an end to physical searches of workers (meant to guard against theft), and an end to blasting during shifts, for obvious reasons.

Meanwhile, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW, aka the Wobblies) had been organized in Chicago in 1905. This came about as a result of generalized disgust with the American Federation of Labor (AFL), which many workers believed was far too compliant with corporate policies and whims. The strength and also the vulnerability of the IWW derived from the fact that, as one historian put it, "they...directed their best energies to improve the lot of the lowest class of industrial workers. These, as foreigners or because they owned no property, had practically no rights, no standing in society, and although their numbers ran into millions, were of no consequence to the politics of the country."¹ During the first two decades of its existence, especially, the IWW suffered terribly. At first they enjoyed some wins: wage increases for all workers in Goldfield, Nevada and sawmill employees in Portland, Oregon; successful public-speech

fight in Spokane and Fresno; a major win in the textile mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts--but only after two months of brutality meted out by company goons. But industrialists increasingly made alliances with the local constabulary in places where the Wobblies struck, leading to a spike in violence--nearly all of it on the part of company enforcers. Many workers died in Everett, Washington and Butte, Montana; the organizer and songwriter Joe Hill was framed and executed in Utah; the lumberjack and war veteran Wesley Everest was lynched in Centralia, Washington; and then there was Frank Little, who just weeks after the Bisbee deportation was dragged from his hotel room in Butte by six masked men, beaten senseless, dragged for miles behind a car by a rope, and then hanged from a railroad trestle.

Little, second in the organization to union head Big Bill Haywood and, like him, a part-Native American with only one good eye, came to Bisbee in 1916 to organize the IWW chapter. It seemed a propitious time, since the war in Europe had increased demand for copper, prices had soared, and workers poured in--to Arizona above all and Bisbee in particular. The tactic the Wobblies employed was to infiltrate the WFM local, which was so effective that in the summer of 1917 the WFM's governing body revoked the local's charter. In the meantime, on April 2, the United States had entered the war. This altered the tenor of things, since interference with wartime industry could then be framed as treasonous activity, and the IWW was steadfast in its opposition to the war. With the added ambient fear of the Mexican Revolution spilling over the border, the situation was precarious. Nevertheless, on June 26, the union voted to strike, its demands

¹ Louis Adamic, *Dynamite: A Century of Class Violence in America, 1830-1930*, 1931 (1984), p. 102.

similar to those of ten years earlier. The strike at first was peaceful. Phelps Dodge claimed that 76 percent of its employees were on the job, whereas the Wobblies claimed that only 20-25% had reported for work.

Bisbee was not the only Arizona town marked by labor unrest then: Globe was kept in check by the military, and on July 10 Jerome rounded up 86 Wobblies and shipped them by train to Needles, California. The Phelps Dodge-controlled newspapers in Bisbee and elsewhere ran stories about the German government allegedly backing the Wobblies. Sheriff Wheeler announced that he was prepared to deputize "every able-bodied loyal American in Cochise County to assist me in preserving law and order."² The American Protective League, a national vigilante group that hunted down both German sympathizers and left-wing radicals during the war years, called upon citizens to break the strike, which it termed "treason." On the evening of July 11, along with the similarly-inclined Loyalty League, the Protectives recruited posse members and had them tie a white handkerchief around their upper arm as identification. Women and children were warned to stay off the streets. The Western Union office was shut down by order of the posse (although the Bell Telephone Company refused the order). The newly deputized vigilantes were armed, and although they primarily used them to intimidate landladies, there was one fatal incident. When deputy Orson McRae broke through a screen door, James Brew, who was sleeping on the porch, woke up and shot him dead, after which McRae's cohort killed Brew, who was not a union member.

² James McBride, "The Bisbee Deportation in Words and Images," *Mining History Journal*, 1999, p. 66.

Otherwise the deportation unrolled in relative peace. Non-union members were given the option of pledging their loyalty, and if they complied they were allowed to go home. Photographers were there to cover the march, the herding of the men into the ballpark, the boarding of the cattle cars, the departure of the train--and then they printed up their pictures and sold them as postcards. While the men were in the camp, an atmosphere of threat hung over the town. The roads were guarded to prevent any deportees from returning and keep out other undesirables. Kangaroo courts were set up to judge any stray remaining disloyal elements. Rosa McKay, who represented Cochise County in the Arizona House of Representatives³ and who had traveled to Columbus on July 13 to bring supplies, was strongly advised to leave town, which she prudently did. Fred Moore, attorney for the deportees, was sent two taunting telegrams in Columbus urging him to return to Bisbee, where he would be greeted "with open arms." Both were ominously signed "Butte Little."

A commission appointed by President Woodrow Wilson found in November 1917 that "the deportation was wholly illegal and without authority in law, either State or Federal."⁴

In May 1918, federal indictments were issued in Tucson against 21 leading citizens of Bisbee (not including Sheriff Wheeler or a number of other important participants, who were fighting in France), charging them with "conspiracy to injure, oppress, threaten and intimidate citizens in the exercise of the right to peacefully

³ Although national women's suffrage was three years away, most western states had given women the right to vote earlier, Arizona in 1912.

⁴ Report on the Bisbee Deportations. Made by the President's Mediation Commission to the President of the United States. Bisbee, Arizona. November 6, 1917.

reside in the state of Arizona.”⁵ The case was ultimately thrown out. A kidnapping charge against 210 Bisbee citizens in 1920 resulted in acquittal. Civil suits were pressed against Phelps Dodge, Calumet and Arizona, and the Southwest Railroad by 968 people, and Phelps Dodge agreed to cash settlements. When the criminal cases were dismissed, however, they welched.

⁵ United States v. Wheeler, 254 U.S. 381, 65 L.F. 270..

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7.12.17

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A Potted Legal History of the Bisbee Deportation of 1917

Brian L. Frye

The Undesirables Project
Publisher Laurie McKenna

Bisbee, AZ USA

July 2017

A Potted Legal History of the Bisbee Deportation of 1917

Introduction

In the summer of 1917, the town of Bisbee, Arizona illegally arrested and deported 1,186 people to New Mexico. Most of the deportees were United States citizens and members of the Industrial Workers of the World ("IWW"). They were deported because they were on strike against the mining companies that ruled Bisbee. The mining companies used the IWW's opposition to WWI to tar the strikers as unpatriotic saboteurs and justify their deportation. But the Bisbee Deportation of 1917 also infuriated progressives and encouraged them to support organized labor.

Bisbee

Bisbee, Arizona was founded in 1880, and named after Judge DeWitt Bisbee, an investor in the nearby Copper Queen mine. It soon became the commercial center of the Warren mining district in Cochise County, home of the richest copper deposits in North America. By 1910, Bisbee was booming, and had more than 9,000 residents.

But Bisbee was essentially a company town. While the Warren mining district was home to many copper mines, the biggest and most productive mine by far was the Copper Queen, owned by the Phelps Dodge Corporation, one of the largest mining companies in the world. Phelps Dodge also owned most of Bisbee, including the local newspaper.

Labor & the Great War

In the late 19th century, the Western Federation of Miners ("WFM") organized the miners of the American West. Initially, the WFM was affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World ("IWW"), a radical union that rejected capitalism. But in 1907, the WFM left the IWW and joined the American Federation of Labor ("AFL"), a moderate union that accepted capitalism. The WFM's defection was a serious blow to the IWW, which lost about a third of its members.

In 1916, the IWW saw an opportunity to regain those members. As the United States prepared for war, copper prices began to rise. The WFM had reconstituted itself as the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers ("IUMMSW") and led a successful strike in Clifton, Arizona. But

many IUMMSW members were more radical than their union. The IWW formed the Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union 800, which took over the Bisbee Miners' Union (IUMMSW Local 106). Suddenly, the IWW was in charge again.

On April 6, 1917, Congress declared war on the Imperial German Government, and demand for copper skyrocketed. The IWW issued a resolution condemning the war and calling for a general strike: "We condemn all wars, and for the prevention of such, we proclaim the anti-militaristic propaganda in time of peace, thus promoting class solidarity among the workers of the entire world, and, in time of war, the general strike, in all industries." But many people considered the IWW's opposition to the war unpatriotic, and anti-IWW sentiment began to grow.

On the afternoon of June 26, 1917, an IWW grievance committee presented a list of demands to Phelps Dodge:

- The abolition of the physical examination.
- Two men to work on machines
- Two men to work together in all areas
- To discontinue all blasting during the shaft
- The abolition of all bonus and contract work
- To abolish the sliding scale. All man under ground a minimum flat rate of \$6.00 per shift. Top men \$5.50 per shift.
- No discrimination to be shown against members of any organization.

The company refused to meet with the grievance committee, and called its demands a "treasonable" attempt to sabotage the war effort.

In response, the IWW called a strike. On the morning of June 27, about 80 percent of the copper miners in Bisbee joined the strike, and copper production plummeted. The mining companies denounced the strike, and Cochise County Sheriff Harry C. Wheeler announced that, if necessary, he would deputize a posse to maintain order. On June 30, Wheeler wired Arizona Governor Thomas Edward Campbell and asked for federal troops. Campbell relayed the request to Major General H. A. Greene, who sent an Army officer to investigate, but the officer reported that the strike was peaceful and federal troops were unnecessary.

The IUMMSW refused to join the strike, and the American Federation of Labor ("AFL") repudiated it, accusing the mining companies of using the

IWW to discredit organized labor. By July 8, the strike was beginning to fail. Many miners had returned to work, and the mines were working at half-capacity.

In 1916, local businessmen had formed the Business Men's Protective Association, in order to oppose organized labor, and soon after the strike began, workers formed the Workmen's Loyalty League for the same purpose. On the night of July 11, Wheeler called a meeting of the Protective Association and the Loyalty League, which had a combined total of about 3,000 members in the area. Mining company officials also attended the meeting, including Walter Douglas, the President of Phelps Dodge. Douglas issued a statement denouncing all organized labor and calling for the deportation of the strikers: "There will be no compromise because you cannot compromise with a rattlesnake. That goes for both the International Union and the IWW." Wheeler formed a posse of about 2,000 members of the Protective Association and Loyalty League to arrest and deport the strikers. Wheeler did not tell Campbell about his plans, and seized the local telephone and telegraph offices to prevent news of the arrests from leaking prematurely.

At 6:30 a.m. on July 12, Wheeler issued a proclamation stating that he had formed a posse to arrest "on the charges of vagrancy, treason, and of being disturbers of the peace of Cochise County all those strange men who have congregated here." The proclamation claimed that "so-called strikers" were "harassing and intimidating" anyone still working in the mines, and that people had been "assaulted and brutally beaten." It also alleged an anti-government conspiracy: "This is no labor trouble. We are sure of that; but it is a direct attempt to embarrass the government of the United States."

The proclamation was printed on the front page of the Bisbee Daily Review and posted around town. At the same time, Wheeler's posse broke into five bands of armed citizens and began roaming the streets of Bisbee, arresting strikers, as well as suspected IWW members and sympathizers. Anyone deemed "suspicious" was liable to arrest.

The posse rounded up its prisoners in the center of town, then marched them to a baseball field next to the railroad tracks in nearby Warren, Arizona, adding additional prisoners along the way. Two people died during the arrests. When four members of the posse tried to arrest James Brew, he fired through the door of his room, killing posse member Orson P. McRae. When Brew stepped out of his room, the Another posse member gunned him down.

On January 9, 1918, the Commission submitted a summary of its findings and dissolved. It was of little benefit to the IWW, which was the target of increasing federal persecution and prosecution under the Espionage Act of 1917. The government was willing to accommodate the moderate AFL, but not the radical IWW. For his part, Frankfurter returned to Harvard, newly committed to progressivism and the protection of minority rights. But after he was appointed to the Supreme Court in 1939, Frankfurter became better known for his commitment to judicial restraint and deference to legislative and executive action.

United States v. Wheeler & the Right of Residence

In May 1918, the United States Attorney for the District of Arizona indicted Wheeler and 21 of his deputies in federal court on charges of conspiracy to violate the Civil Rights Act by deporting 221 United States citizens from Bisbee to New Mexico. Specifically, the indictment alleged a conspiracy to infringe the fundamental constitutional right of citizens of the United States to reside and remain in the state of their choice. The defendants demurred to the indictment, and the court quashed it for failure to allege a federal crime.

The district court found that the indictment alleged kidnapping and false imprisonment under Arizona law, but did not allege kidnapping under federal law, because federal kidnapping law only applied to state action, and the Constitution did not empower the United States to prohibit kidnapping by private actors. Accordingly, the court held that it lacked jurisdiction, because the indictment did not and could not allege a violation of federal law. The court recognized that the action was filed in federal court because the state courts were allegedly biased against the deportees, but observed that improper bias could not create federal jurisdiction.

Essentially, the district court held that it could only exercise jurisdiction over state agents. And it concluded that Wheeler and his posse were not state agents because their actions violated state law, even though Wheeler was a sheriff who purported to deputize a posse. In other words, if state agents exceed their authority under state law, the state is no longer responsible for their actions.

The Attorney General appealed directly to the Supreme Court. Notably, Wheeler was represented before the Supreme Court by Charles E. Hughes, who had resigned from his position as an Associate Justice of the Supreme

Court in 1916 in order to run for President, and was re-appointed as Chief Justice in 1930.

On December 19, 1920, in *United States v. Wheeler*, the Supreme Court affirmed the district court's holding that the federal courts lacked jurisdiction. It found that citizens of the United States have a fundamental constitutional right to reside and remain in the state of their choice, but the Constitution only authorized the United States to prohibit government action, not private action. And it accepted the district court's conclusion that Wheeler and his posse were not state agents, because Wheeler acted outside the scope of his authority. Not until fifty years later, in *United States v. Guest*, did the Supreme Court finally reverse itself and hold that the fundamental constitutional right of residence protects people against both private and state action.

Arizona v. Wootton & the Defense of Necessity

In July 1919, Cochise County Attorney Robert N. French charged 210 members of Wheeler's posse with kidnapping. Harry E. Wootton, the owner of H.E. Wootton Hardware, was tried as a representative test case. The Cochise County Superior Court judge was disqualified, so the case was heard by Judge Samuel L. Pattee of the Pima County Superior Court. Wootton was represented by Frank E. Curley and William H. Burgess.

After the state presented its largely uncontested case that Wheeler and his posse had arrested and deported the strikers in violation of state law, Wootton pleaded self-defense and necessity, over the state's opposition. On behalf of Wootton, Burgess offered to prove that the IWW was an anarchic conspiracy formed to overthrow the government, the strike was an effort to sabotage the war effort, the strikers had intended violent action, the government had refused assistance, the strikers could not have been detained in the county jail, and the members of the posse reasonably believed deportation was imminently necessary to preserve the peace. And he argued that these facts justified both self-defense and the defense of necessity.

The court held that Wootton could not plead self-defense, but could plead the defense of necessity. The court observed that the defense of necessity "is ordinarily invoked in cases involving the destruction of property, but in extreme cases may extend to the deprivation of life or liberty." Under the defense of necessity, a person may infringe the legal rights of another person in order to avoid a serious and irreparable harm, if there is no other

way to avoid the harm, and the gravity of the harm exceeds the gravity of the wrong. In any case, the defendant bears the burden of proof, and must show that its actions were reasonable under the circumstances.

Wootton relied heavily on opinions holding that detentions pursuant to a declaration of martial law were justified. But the court observed that martial law had not been declared in Bisbee, and that a warrantless arrest is legal only if the arrestee is promptly taken before a magistrate and a warrant issued. None of the deportees were taken before a magistrate, so none of the arrests were lawful. And if Wheeler acted unlawfully, so did the members of his posse. So the only question remaining was whether their actions were justified by the defense of necessity.

The court held that the necessity is a question of fact for the jury, and allowed Wootton's defense to proceed. Curley introduced as evidence of necessity an assortment of testimony, depositions, correspondence, and IWW publications, all intended to show that the IWW planned a conspiracy to sabotage the war effort and overthrow the government. Wootton testified that members of the IWW threatened to torch businesses if the strike failed. Other witnesses testified that IWW members had threatened them, or threatened violence, including arson. The publications had titles like *War is Hell*, *The Revolutionary IWW*, *Sabotage: Its History, Philosophy and Function*, and *Industrial Unionism: The Road to Freedom*.

When the defense finished presenting its case on April 28, 1920, the court instructed the jury:

If the jury believes that other and not unlawful means could have been resorted to by which the threatened peril could have been as well averted and that a reasonable man would, under all of the circumstances, have believed that such other means could as well be adopted, the plea of necessity becomes unavailable.

The jury deliberated for about 15 minutes, before returning a verdict of "not guilty." After the jury entered its verdict, its members separately explained that they believed the arrests and deportations were justified by the law of necessity. According to the foreman of the jury:

The verdict of the jury is a vindication of the deportation, if not in the legal sense, at least in the moral sense. No man could listen to the evidence adduced during the trial without feeling that the people of Bisbee were in

imminent danger, and that, if their fears were ungrounded, yet they were apparently real and pressing.

After the failure of its test case against Wootton, the state declined to pursue further criminal prosecution of Wheeler and the members of this posse. Some of the deportees and their families filed civil actions against an assortment of parties, including individuals and businesses associated with the deportation, with limited success. Nevertheless, outrage over the arrests and deportations fueled progressive outrage for decades.

Conclusion

The Bisbee deportation was illegal and unjustified, but its perpetrators were never punished, and its victims were never properly compensated. The government and the justice system failed in every way. It is a sad reminder of the fragility of civil liberties and the rule of law, especially in times of war.

Brian L. Frye is the Spears-Gilbert Associate Professor of Law at the University of Kentucky College of Law.

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Rosa
McKay 1.12.17

Newspaper submission written by Rosa McKay for Appeal to Reason (Girard, Kansas) published · Sat, Aug 18, 1917

By Mrs Rosa McKay

Member Arizona House of Representatives

For fourteen years I have claimed Bisbee as my home. But after Thursday the twelfth of July, I hang my head in shame and sorrow for the sights I have witnessed here. When the full truth about Bisbee reaches the outside world, it will be looked upon with deserved aversion.

In this article I shall give an honest and unbiased statement, from the fair and impartial standpoint, of the labor situation in Bisbee today. I belong to no labor organization or mining corporation. I am merely an onlooker and a spectator, and a firm believer in the constitutional rights of all American citizens, whether by birth or naturalization, the rights that our forefathers fought, bled and died for.

On June 27 of this year the Industrial Workers of the World declared a strike here, and the majority of the workers of the district responded. It is claimed by the union officials that eighty percent answered the call, while the companies, through the press, conceded thirty percent. However, that matters but little; the fact is that the companies were crippled, one shutting down entirely, and the production of the copper was curtailed to a great extent.

It was admitted by hundreds of men that I talked to personally, that the demands off the strikers were very reasonable, and that the men asked for nothing that they were not entitled to, being the abolishment of the sliding scale, the medical examination, and a flat daily wage of six dollars for eight hours. There were a few other demands of

less importance, all for the betterment of conditions of all the underground workers.

During the two weeks that elapsed between the calling of the strike and the deportation, to my own knowledge and observation there were no acts of violence committed, and the law was abided by and obeyed to the very utmost. The men all seemed patient and cool and at all times conducted themselves in a gentlemanly manner.

On the eleventh day of July, the city park, that was built with money contributed by the public and dedicated to the use of the public, was closed to the strikers. there were many amount them that had contributed. That being the only place where they could hold their public meetings, it hurt, of course, but they took it calmly and good naturally and many remarked that perhaps it was for the best.

On the following morning a posse organized by the sheriff Harry Wheeler of Cochise County, and composed of in the neighborhood of a thousand men, the majority of the business men of the district and the "Workmen's Loyalty League" which comprised all the men that remained loyal to the companies, invaded the entire district, armed with guns of all sizes and descriptions. Some had clubs. Every man who was known to be, or who declared himself to be a striker or strike sympathizer, was taken peaceably or by force, and marched down, at the point of a gun, to Warren, where they were interned at the ballpark and a little later loaded in box cars like cattle, and sent out to Columbus, New Mexico.

Two lives were sacrificed. One of the men killed was a company employee, and a member of the sheriff's posse. The other man who

forfeited his life was a peaceful law-abiding citizen, of an excellent character and reputation. He was not member of the I. W. W. but had come out on strike, because he believed that the demands the boys were making were fair and reasonable, and if he could not help their cause he would not deter it. Many other good, loyal American citizens, good workers, old timers, property owners, taxpayers took the same stand. Had this man belonged to the Industrial Workers of the World, this sad tragedy would no doubt have been averted, for their policy was law and order, and each member was instructed to offer no resistance, resort to no violence, no matter what took place.

This man had not been counseled, he had no instructions other than those his own free conscience gave. So he said the night previous to a friend, when he learned of the raid that was to take place, that "if they came after him they would have to take him dead", for he had committed no crime, violated no laws and he did not care to be disturbed. He must have meant what he said, for that fatal morning, when the deputy walked up to the steps of his door and knocked, he asked who was there. He was told it was an officer of the law, who wanted him. He asked if he had a warrant and what the charge was. He was told there was no warrant and that none was necessary, and if he did not come right out he would be dragged out. His reply was a bullet in the officer's face. As he stepped out on the porch to see who the man was that was intruding upon his rights, another deputy stood in the yard nearby and shot him through the heart, thereby doubling the tragedy.

Another deplorable incident occurred when three or four armed deputies broke down the door of a man's house, walked in and pulled him out of bed; and, when his wife interceded and begged them to

allow her husband to dress and eat his breakfast, she was slapped and pushed out of the way, and the man was dragged out of the house in the sleeping garment. The wife threw his trousers to him through the window and he dressed in the street.

In another instance an aged, gray-haired man, past the three score mark, was taken from his home and because he faltered in his step, one of the deputies, a young man hardly past thirty, jabbed him in his ribs and said, "Step up there, we have no time to wait for you". This was a personal grievance because the old gentleman had expressed his sympathy with the strikers, as he was in no way affiliated with the union.

For the first time in my residence in Arizona I was insulted by some of those gunmen, I also saw a man wearing a star strike a woman in the chest, And there were other such cases, from all I can learn.

On visiting Columbus, New Mexico, where the deported men were in camp, a week later, I called on one of the military officers in charge and asked him if he would give me some information that I was looking for. The information that I was seeking was to find out definitely the correct and exact number of married men, etc., and he furnished me with the following:

Married Men	433
Men with Children	309
Registered for the Draft	472
Paid up Liberty Bonds	205
Membership for the Red Cross	520
Property Owners	266
Naturalized Citizens	468

Is the American government, that we have loved and upheld since our birth, going to stand for such lawlessness and deportation?

Will Uncle Sam investigate this matter and bring those responsible for these detestable and shameful acts to account?

All these facts, upon investigation, can be substantiated by eyewitnesses, a federal investigation is surely in order.

About Appeal to Reason

The Appeal to Reason was a weekly left-wing political newspaper published in Girard, Kansas from 1895 until 1922. Starting in 1901, it was considered the bastion publication of the Socialist Party.

Regeneración



Los Flores Magón

Los Flores Magon
Every Revolutionary is Illegal
Beth Henson

The Undesirables Project
Publisher Laurie McKenna
Bisbee, AZ USA
July 2017

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Every revolutionary is illegal; within the law, you can be a slave, you will never be free. It is by practicing illegality, in overturning what the law calls order that you achieve emancipation.

**

Todo revolucionario es un ilegal; dentro de la Ley y del orden puedes ir a la esclavitud, nunca a la libertad. Es practicando la ilegalidad, es trastornando lo que la ley llama orden como se conquista la emancipación.

Ricardo Flores Magón

When prospectors hit paydirt in southern Arizona during the 1870s, Mexicans had been doing hardrock mining since the sixteenth century. Mexican miners crossed the border both ways in search of work. Radical and anarchist ideas circulated easily as well, through the Mexican Liberal Party (PLM) led by the Flores Magón brothers and their newspaper, *Regeneración*. Douglas was an important magonista center with 300 members in its Club "Libertad." The magonistas were anarchists and ignored the border—they recognized no government or national boundaries.

There were many precedents for the IWW Deportation in Bisbee. In 1903, Mexican miners struck at Clifton–Morenci and were defeated by a torrential flood. In Cananea in 1906, they struck for equality with U.S. workers. That strike was suppressed when the Sonoran governor called for help from U.S. volunteers, many of them Arizona Rangers. In 1915, a 75% Mexican workforce struck at Clifton–Morenci–Metcalf again and won substantial improvements. In April 1917, labor resistance at the Nacozari mine closed it temporarily. In June, workers at the nearby El Tigre mine went on strike.

Mexican miners on both sides of the border raised the same demands: equality with non-Mexican workers, higher pay, and better conditions. *Regeneración* circulated widely among these militant workers and many were members of the PLM, whose agents moved continually among Arizona–Sonoran mining camps, including those in Bisbee. U.S. labor unions excluded Mexican workers, weakening their own cause. Bisbee was a "whiteman's camp," where Mexicans were kept from doing skilled underground work, no matter how experienced

they were. Phelps Dodge practiced a dual-wage system, with a different hourly rate for Mexicans and non-Mexicans, even for the same jobs. Living conditions were also discriminatory.

Unlike other unions, the Wobblies championed the “unskilled” worker and were truly internationalist. They had extensive ties with the Magonistas and engaged the first Mexican organizers in Bisbee. Many Bisbee Mexicans were veterans of the 1906 strike in Cananea. One strike demand was that above-ground wages be doubled while underground rates be raised only 5%, abolishing the dual-wage system. But the strike was defeated. Even though only 13% of the deportees were Mexicans, more than double that number were deported, targeted by vigilantes even if they were not striking workers. Later investigators gathering testimony about the deportation failed to interview any Mexicans.

Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magón were born in Oaxaca and educated in Mexico City where they founded *Regeneración* and the Mexican Liberal Party to agitate for the overthrow of President Porfirio Díaz. Díaz, who ruled Mexico with an iron fist from 1884 to 1911, had opened the country to massive foreign investments, particularly in mining and railroads and was called “the mother of foreigners and the stepmother of Mexicans.” RFM began as a reformer intent on overthrowing the dictatorship but by 1910, when the revolution began, he declared himself an anarchist—against the state, the church, wage slavery, and property rights.

The Flores Magón were imprisoned, then forced into exile in the U.S.

in 1904 where they formed alliances with socialists and anarchists and resumed publication of *Regeneración*. They were harassed by private detectives in the pay of Mexican authorities and by U.S. officials; they and their associates were deported, extradicted, and jailed, and the paper was shut down again and again. In 1918 RFM was sentenced to 20 years in jail and died four years later. Lauded as a precursor of the Revolution of 1910, his coffin was met at the border and escorted to Mexico City where he was given a state funeral.

Ricardo Flores Magón Quotes and Writing

Without the principle of private property, there would be no reason for government, which is necessary solely for the purpose of keeping the disinherited within bounds in their quarrels or in their rebellions against those who hold the social wealth.

**

Private property is theft.

**

Between the working class and the employing class there can be no friendship or brotherhood, because the class of owners is always ready to perpetuate the economic, political, and social system that guarantees the peaceful enjoyment of their pillaging, while the working class struggles to destroy this system to install one where the earth, the houses, the machinery of production, and the means of transportation are available for the benefit of all.

(Entre estas dos clases no pueden existir vínculo alguno de amistad ni fraternidad, porque la clase poseedora está siempre dispuesta a perpet-

uar el sistema económico político y social que garantiza el tranquilo disfrute de sus rapiñas, mientras la clase trabajadora hace esfuerzos por destruir ese sistema inicuo para instaurar un medio en el cual la tierra, las casas, la maquinaria de producción y los medios de transportación sean de uso común.)

**

Every revolutionary is illegal; within the law, you can be a slave, you will never be free. It is by practicing illegality, in overturning what the law calls order that you achieve emancipation.

(Todo revolucionario es un ilegal; dentro de la Ley y del orden puedes ir a la esclavitud, nunca a la libertad. Es practicando la ilegalidad, es trastornando lo que la ley llama orden como se conquista la emancipación.)

The Apostal

Crossing fields, crossing highways, stepping over the thorns, walking between the rocky highlands, consumed by the ravenously thirsty dryness in his mouth — that is how the Revolutionary Delegate goes on his intended undertaking of persuading — under the avenging sun, it seemed, daringly hurling him with its fierce flames; but the Delegate does not stop; he does not want to waste a minute. From some shacks come out rotten mean dogs, to chase him, as hostile as the miserable dwellers of those shacks, laughing stupidly, ignoring the apostal, who brings them the good news.

The Delegate moves forward; he wants to get to that group of nice little houses close to the bottom of the high mountain, where he has

been told there are some comrades. The heat of the sun is unbearable; hunger and thirst debilitate him as much as the tiring walk; but his lucid mind has the fresh idea as clear as the water from the mountain, beautiful as a flower, where there is no place for the threat of the tyrant. So is the idea: immune to oppression.

The Delegate walks, walks. The deserted fields oppress his heart. How many families could live in abundance if all this land would not be controlled by a few ambitious people! The Delegate follows his way; a snake rattles under the dusty bush; the crickets fill the noisy rumor of the hot ambient; a cow moos from afar.

Finally, the Delegate arrives at the village, where — he has been told — there are comrades. The dogs, alarmed, bark. From the doors of the small houses, indifferent faces lean out. There is a group of men and women under a porch. The apostal approaches; the men see him and contract their eyebrows; the women see him with distrust.

“Good afternoon, comrades,” says the Delegate.

The group looks at each other. Nobody answers the greeting. The apostal does not give up, and again says:

“Comrades, the propagandist continues, the tyranny is swaying; strong men have taken arms to demolish it, and only we hope that all of us, without exception, help in any manner we can those who fight for freedom and justice.”

The women yawn; the men scratch their heads; a hen crosses between the group, followed by a rooster.

“Friends” — continues the indefatigable propagandist of the good news — “liberty requires sacrifices; your life is hard; you have no sat-

isfaction; the future of your children is uncertain. Why are you indifferent before the abnegation of the ones who have thrown themselves into the struggle on behalf of your happiness, to free you, so your little children would be happier than you? Help, help however you can, give part of your salaries to promote the Revolution, or bear to arms if you so prefer; but do something for the cause, at least propagate the ideals of the insurrection."

The Delegate pauses. An eagle passes, swaying in the clear sky, as if it could have been a symbol of the thought of that man who, being among human swine, would keep himself very high, very pure, very white.

Bugs, buzzing, in and out of the mouth of a sleeping old man. Men, visibly worried, were coming, one by one; the women had all left. Finally, the Delegate is left alone with the old man who is sleeping away his drunkenness and a dog that furiously bites the flies that suck his coat. Not even a penny had come out from those sordid pockets, not even glass of water had been offered to that answering man, who, casting a compassionate look to that egoistic and stupid den, started to walk toward another shack. When he passed in front of a tavern, he could see those miserable men he had spoken to, drinking huge glasses of wine, giving the bourgeoisie what they did not give to the Revolution, clinching the chains of their children, with their indifference and selfishness.

The news of the coming of the apostal had extended around the whole town, and, the alerted dwellers closed their doors when the Delegate would approach.

Meanwhile, a man, who appeared to be a worker, came heaving towards the police office.

"Sir," said the man to the police officer, "how much do you pay for handing over a revolutionary?"

"Twenty reales," said the officer.

The dealing was done; Judas had lowered the tariff. Moments later, the man, tied elbow to elbow, was pushed to jail. He fell, and by kicking him out, was lifted by the executioner, amongst the laughing, drunken slaves. Some kids were enjoying throwing handfuls of dirt into the eyes of the martyr, who was no other than the apostal, the one that had crossed fields, traveled highways, over hawthorn, pebbly land, dried, thirsty mouth devouring him, but with a lucid, clear mind, carrying with him the idea of regeneration for the human race, by way of comfort and freedom.

(From "Regeneración," number 19, dated January 7, 1911.)

EL APOSTOL

Atravesando campos, recorriendo carreteras, por sobre los espinos, por entre los guijarros, la boca seca por la sed devoradora, así va el Delegado Revolucionario en su empresa de catequismo, bajo el sol, que parece vengarse de su atrevimiento arrojando sobre él sus saetas de fuego; pero el Delgado no se detiene, no quiere perder un minuto. De alguna que otra casuca salen, a perseguirlo, perros canijos, tan hostiles como los miserables habitantes de las casucas, que rien estúpidamente al paso del apóstol de la buena nueva.

del egoísmo y de la estupidez, encaminóse hacia otra casita. Al pasar frente a una taberna pudo ver a aquellos miserables con quienes había hablado, apurando sendos vasos de vino, dando al burgués lo que no quisieron dar a la Revolución, remachando sus cadenas, condenando a la esclavitud y a la vergüenza sus pequeños hijos, con su indeferencia y con su egoísmo.

La noticia de la llegada del apóstol se había ya extendido por todo el pueblo, y, prevenidos los habitantes, cerraban las puertas de sus casas al acercarse el Delegado. Entretanto un hombre, que por su traza debería ser un trabajador, llegaba jadeante a las puertas de la oficina de policía.

-Señor, dijo el hombre al jefe de los esbirros, ¿cuánto da usted por la entrega de un revolucionario?

-Veinte reales, dijo el esbirro.

El trato fué cerrado; Judas ha rebajado la tarifa. Momentos después un hombre, amarrado codo con codo, era llevado a la cárcel a empellones. Caía, y a puntapiés lo levantaban los verdugos entre las carcajadas de los esclavos borrachos. Algunos muchachos se complacían en echar puñados de tierra a los ojos del mártir, que no era otro que el apóstol que había atravesado campos, recorrido carreteras, por sobre los espinos, por entre los gijarros, la boca seca por la sed devoradora; pero llevando, en su cerebro lúcido, la idea de la regeneración de la raza humana por medio del bienestar y la libertad.

(De "Regeneración," del número 19, fechado el 7 de enero de 1911.)

Marcia Haffmans

Marcia Haffmans on behalf of women experiencing incarceration in Minnesota.



Marcia Haffmans



Marjorie Fedyszyn

***Driver's Seat*, 2018**

99"x33"x33"

Driver's Seat represents the closet I was molested in by my drama teacher when I was 15. It was my first sexual experience. He placed a chair in the closet for this purpose and walked me to it holding my hand while telling me to trust him. In the closet he had me sit on his lap (erection) and reached down my pants to molest me. I will never know if it was exclusively set there for me or others as well.



BROTHERS

My sisters and my brothers' wives are undermined by my brothers. They do it in simple everyday ways: at times they shrug off our suggestions in a way we each perceive as a "put down". At other times they respond with complete silence, then go do what they think best, as if we haven't spoken.

They are in denial of this. And there's no discussion to be had as it's seen as confrontational.

I'm scarred by their behavior.

Four years ago, when our mother died, I made the decision to stop communication with them. This has helped as I now only suffer from occasional shocks of pain, rather than continual everyday stomach-turning feelings. I'm suffering as I write, but this needs to be said.

All my life, I have known I am their equal.

-Anonymous

Merryll Saylan

1. The 1950's father, why go to college, you'll just get married and have babies. So I did, a way to leave home. BUT I WENT BACK & FINISHED.
2. My grandfather - so when you finish this (my masters) you'll finally stay home (with your kids.) I was a returning student.
3. Meeting Sam Maloof years ago. Oh you're a wood turner, you make small things, that's okay then. No I made big things, big sculptures actually.
Or another time Maloof demonstrating at our school, do you ladies/girls understand what I'm talking about. Yeah we do.
4. At a crafts show coming back from a restroom stop, a fellow wood turner stopped and told me to go see this guys work - so delicate, beautiful forms. Where I asked. In row whatever, I'm there and I don't remember any guy's work. Well, I don't know where you are, but you have to see this work.
It was my work. My husband was in my booth so I could pee. As my work it was discounted, as his work, it was special.
5. Buying material once, I was asked by a young guy at the cash register how I got away with not paying taxes on my stuff. As it was I had to go to a special line and have the stuff written up before I even got to the cashier. Get away with, I asked. Yes he said. Well, maybe because I'm in business and have a resale permit, that's how I get away with it.

Natalie Godinez

I started to crochet this piece with some very soft yarn when I found out I was pregnant in 2017. It was a total surprise, and I was supposed to be on birth control (which clearly didn't work) but I was so excited because I had been dreaming of a near future when I could become a mom. We were doing financially ok jobwise, and we felt ready. I told people close to me earlier than the 12 weeks recommended, because even though I knew there was a high risk of miscarriage during those first few weeks, my husband was too excited and told people. So off we went, telling people around week 8, after we went to the doctor and heard a tiny little heartbeat. I started bleeding the day after my birthday, a wonderful birthday that had a little surprise party, and I knew that something wasn't right. We found out the embryo had stopped growing two days after that. We heard it after a long wait in the emergency room and scans that seemed unnecessary, jokes and congratulations from the nurses, and a knot in my stomach the whole time. I miscarried in my bathtub on February 27, 2017. Two years later on the same date my daughter was born, bringing the whole rainbow with her. I put away the crocheted piece in a bag in a closet, I brought it with me when I moved to LA. I thought about finishing it, or adding some elements to it as a piece about the loss, but I didn't. It was never meant to be used by anyone else, only by that baby that could have been.



Natalie Godinez



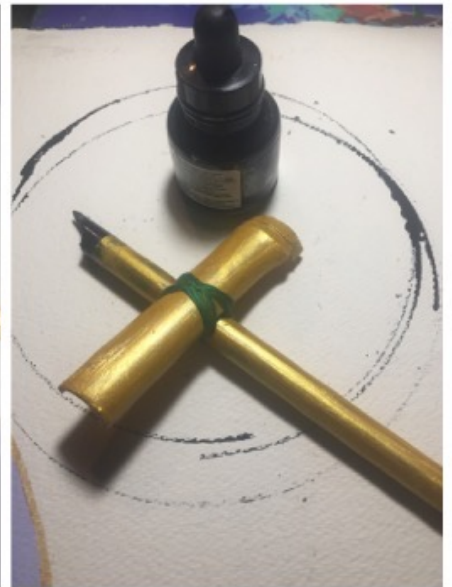
Sandra Brick

Sarita Dougherty

Ancestors asked me to share this ritual and object as part of the amulet and ceremony. While on Cahuilla land with Lidagat still an infant, nursing, they told me to draw circles with a cross, returning patriarchal spirituality of the cross to the Earth and the divine feminine, rebalancing the hierarchy of holiness led by a man in heaven with sacred Earth, or Pachamama.

The first time I performed the ritual was with Rafa Esparza on the last day I was in LA. I would love to activate this cross with Ohlone soil, drawing a circle in soil (would love to do this with you outside of OCMA publically or privately, or inside on a small tray of dirt. This cross is also a bamboo pen, and can be used to draw circles with ink onto anything, easily paper.)

To prioritize place and Pachamama in my work (I gave my art to her) has decentered the Western Art Canon and Art Market. This has provoked sexist comments, condescending attitudes, dismissive, and patronizing remarks towards me and my work from those who are deeply invested in the Western Art Canon and its Art Market. As I continue to keep my compass set to habitat, self love (love of the divine feminine) and community I untangle myself further from patriarchy, eurocentricism and anthropocentrism in art. I release any shame I felt like I needed to internalize and return any collective shame that secular, mind and human-centric cosmologies attempt to instill in us. I am guided by ancestors in creating for our ecosystems, for my ancestors, for my daughter and for all of the fierce communities rapidly reindigenizing for survival and inter-species abundance. For the tribes where missionaries have tried and continue to try to distinguish animism, divine femininity and deity worship in our Earth's elements. For those who have died or been imprisoned for defending water, land, mountain tops and indigenous cosmologies. We pick up the crosses they left behind and draw circles with them to return all patriarchal, mind-centered canons to the Earth where they will dissolve and compost for rejuvenation of our collective connection to our Mother Planet as Holy, Sacred and Co-Creator.





ANONYMOUS

Amulet: narrative for contribution of Sheryl Maree Reily

Title: Glamification

Media: Found/recycled materials; plastic soldiers, Christmas decorations, glitter

Size: 6" x 4" x 4"

Glamification speaks to the glorification of war and glamorization of religion, to promote the warrior culture. The two constructs have danced with each other throughout history each a justification and tool for the other. Wars are waged in the name of religion, religion is used to erase culture and further empower the victor.

War and Religion are two of the most powerful forces that have shaped the human condition. As institutions, both constructs have had lasting and negative impacts on the lives of women, globally.

Yet the voices of women are conspicuously absent from the dialogue. Both systems are designed to erase feminine expressions of spirituality, over-ride any impulses that would argue to protect humanity and the planet. Masculine urges to conquer and destroy, are further legitimized in spaces where the feminine voice is has been silenced by violence and socio-cultural restraints.



Sheryl Maree Reily





Susan Arena



Tamika Rivera

Story : 100% Wom^n

I was 16 and hadn't grown an inch in years and hadn't received my Period. It was clear that I went way past late bloomer to needing medical answers. I was brought in for multiple testing, 3 hour blood tests, paps, and my favorite the "uh oh" sonogram. Yes, the technician actually said those words when discovering the problem.

I remember being teenager punk pissed sitting in the waiting room, filled with women with bloated round baby bellies and relating to nothing I saw around me and about to receive the big "Uh oh" results. My doctor was straight out of a 1950's movie. White, male, slick black hair, 60 years old, with a condescending tone of absolute authority. Watching my stronger-than-nails mother's eyes welling up with tears waiting for the results. The doctor proceeded to casually whip open my folder, looked at me and he said **"Well, it looks like you probably cant have children....But this does not give you an excuse to be promiscuous"** then he handed me a prescription for horse hormones and a business card for a plastic surgeon for silicone breast implants.

...

When I was 16 A white male medical practitioner subjected me to a patriarchal diagnosis according to moral beliefs not based on any medical facts. It consisted of medication, body shaming and a complete disregard of long term health care plan.

My world shattered that day and it took A Women Health Educator Named Virginia Reath, to retrieve the soul of my missing parts. She said **"Tamika, you know you are a 100% a Woman, Right? Now let's get your body healthy and have a healthy sex life?"**

I was 22 and have been a 100% wom^n, fighting for equality ever since.

object : perfection Propaganda

choosing to stay true to oneself and not give into Patriarchal archetypes of a perfect women

Side Note/thoughts: padded bras always symbolized what I didn't have as a teenager - made me feel less than - on one side my diagnosis, male ideas of body perfection, cosmetic surgery and other side choosing the road less traveled. Imperfection, shameless and free of constraints.

Now, a padded bra could be an empowering tool for many young girls & women - right on right on!

I always have to ask the question: Is it my voice of empowerment I'm hearing or am I getting spoon-fed some patriarchal nonsense ...



Tamika Rivera

May 18, 2022

On my 40th birthday, I had my 5 year old daughter and my husband shave my head. This ponytail is the result. I wanted my daughter to know that she can grow up to look and be anything regardless of our gendered markers. I wanted to take power back from a painful chapter in my life, and heal that wound for my past, my future and my daughter. Story is below...

Nov 15, 2016 (Age 38)

As a Mexican woman hair is to be controlled, sculpted and always kept. It is the one thing that can show status when you cannot change the color of your skin, the roundness of your body, or your lack of height. A give away marker of status and thereby education. Braids too closely tied to our indigenous roots, dark hair giving away our brownness, and gray hair betraying the illusion of eternal beauty. Natural flowing hair may have been too sensual for us, a Catholic and guilt driven people afraid of our own bodies and desires.

My mother always washed my hair with "Rizitos de Oro" or Golden Locks, a hair lightening product for children. Sold under the auspices of being made with chamomile, so it's good for your hair. All the matriarchs in my family scrubbed our hair hard. They pulled our hair tight and gelled it down so no fly-aways would ever escape. Giant bows were constantly in our hair, as our skin and eyes were pulled back in the forceful grip of multiple rubber bands. On Sundays my cousin and I would have our hair slathered in mayonnaise and covered in plastic, and then would be sat outside in chairs, on my grandmother's front lawn, to soak up the shine making fat is the hot sun for an hour.

Needless to say, I grew up hating mayonnaise, just as much as our mothers wanted to control our hair. It was a reflection of their up-and-comingness, their socio-economic status and ability to provide for their children, their interest in finding us mates and making us into polite housemakers and mothers. So, they were fine when I saved up money to pay for my first perm at the age of six, during my phase of wanting to change my name to Stephanie or Tiffany. I was a lanky six year old, with bleached hair, a \$10 perm and the key to subversively expressing my identity and charting a different course through my hair.

As the only way to cheaply change your appearance and express your style, I constantly shape shifted through my hair. At the age of 15, it came to a crux. I needed a haircut and let my friends cut it so I could save money. I ended up with a Vanilla Ice step cut by accident with 2 giant bald spots. So they had to shave it.

My mother was an orphan, who grew up in extreme poverty. She worked 3 jobs to raise the rest of her family, and to put herself through medical school in Mexico. She never got to be a doctor, and worked at a grocery store in the US instead. She is a proud woman, who wanted her oldest daughter to be a bright feminine beacon that all men would flock to. I showed up to the grocery store to pick her up from work with a shaved head. All hell broke loose.

She said she was ashamed of me, and I was not her daughter. She beat me, cut all of my alternative clothes to shreds with scissors, and I was kicked out of the house. I took her car and

\$40. I lived in the car for two weeks, telling no one at school of my situation. Never asking for help. Hair is hard. And hair is sometimes harder when it fights expectations society dictates.

I am still strangely attached to hair and what it means. Hair as a silent form of resistance, of individuality. Of culture. Of gender.

Hair as feelers, as a sixth sense, as an extension of our body that we freely shed and regrow, change and shape. Hair as DNA and connections to every corner of the earth our ancestors have been in. The recipe for ourselves swaying in the wind, being shaved, being twisted and dyed. Yet remaining the same at the core each time.

– Tanya Aguiñiga



Tanya Aguiñiga