

MARGINALIA
(Artist's Statement)
usra leedham

This is a theory that is more than the sum of its parts: it is a transmutation of the nothingness 'in between' into creative, dialogical substance - as a radical act of epistemic resistance (Anzaldúa, 1990; Freire, 1970; Freire & Macedo, 1987).

It is an ancient and nascent ontology (Moraga & Anzaldúa, 2001).

It is knowledge that speaks our names.

It is targeted rage and unyielding love (hooks, 2001; Lorde, 1984).

It is analytical anguish using a methodology of hope (Freire, 1992).

This is a "transformation of silence into language and action" through an exquisite, brutal "act of self-revelation" (Lorde, 1984, p. 42). A constructive, productive confrontation (hooks, 1994a). A reclamation of space as an act of contestation (Park, Bhuyan, & Wahab, 2019).

This is defiant disclosure, transgressive vulnerability, excruciating exposure where there 'should' be acquiescence, privacy, distance, and composure.

This is praxis that would never be ac(knowledge)d, because our pedagogical product and process have been alienated, denigrated, inhibited, and relegated (Freire, 1970; hooks, 1994b; Lorde, 1984).

To the margins.

On the margins.
We have left fragments of our selves there that need (at)tending to.
Pieces of our bodies and biographies.
Rotting flesh and piercing verse (Moraga & Anzaldúa, 2001).
Poetry dissected from theory (Lorde, 1984).
Tender, transversal, transformative counter-story (Delgado, 1989; Solórzano & Yosso, 2002; Yuval-Davis, 1999).
Knowledge built from bone and breath, from life and death, from the wisdom and depth of those who practice the art and politics of survival (Moraga & Anzaldúa, 2001; Rodriguez & Boahene, 2012; Solórzano & Yosso, 2002).

This is epistemological community (Assiter, 1996).

This is affective solidarity (Hemmings, 2012).

Perhaps it's too much to witness in all its agony and glory.

Will we bear the intimacy, the scrutiny (Lorde, 1984)?

Or will we turn our gaze away - defensively disgusted, dismissively enraged, indifferently ashamed - from our fetid collective injury (hooks, 2001; Lorde, 1984; Moraga & Anzaldúa, 2001; Rumi, n.d.)?