ARTESANÍA
BY FRANCISCO IBAÑEZ
ART
HEELS, THAT
HEALS
ON

This page has a large heading in Spanish that reads "ARTESANÍA" followed by a byline "BY FRANCISCO IBAÑEZ." Below this, there is a column of text that appears to be discussing themes related to art, heels, and healing. The text is blocky and difficult to read due to its size and style. The page also includes a smaller section of text in a smaller font, which seems to be a byline or a subtitle. The layout suggests this is an article or a feature piece, possibly about the intersection of art and social issues.

The article appears to discuss the idea of healing through art, possibly referencing the work of Artesanía, which is an organization or movement in Spain. The text mentions "art" and "heels," which may be metaphors or symbols used to convey a message about empowerment or a particular perspective on art. The overall tone seems reflective and thoughtful, aiming to provoke thought or reflection on the role of art in society.

Additional context: Artesanía is a movement in Spain that emphasizes the role of art in social change and empowerment. It often focuses on traditional crafts and the importance of cultural heritage in modern society.
ARTESANIA

BY FRANCISCO IBAÑEZ

"The stage is hers, but she is not yet ready. He knows his audience awaits. What will she say? This queen, this monarch black magic must end up. Of course, Miss Gay will have to please somebody. That’s part of the performance we all expect. But can she transcend the predefined roles she and her audience seek and follow performances without any natural, slip away? Can she transcend our mutual masks − the easy, witty, critical audience with which we so deftly camouflage our deeper mixed emotions, ambiguities, and secrets?"

"Unleash the Queen." Marvin T. Suggs

...drag is artesania which in Spanish means decorative art such as quilting, cross-stitching, or modeling clay. Drag is preparing for a self-indulgent masquerade the way thousands of Brazilians prepare all year long to let loose and flaunt their costume during the carnival. My struggle against Kaposi’s Sarcoma, its disfiguring effects and devastating personal toll have made me think about the reasons that make us clothes and paint ourselves and about the liberation and healing of doing drag. Doing drag is autobiographical: take Holly Woodlawn’s A Love Life in High Heels (1991) and RuPaul’s Lust in a Box (1983) on two cases which might not be exemplars of great literature but can be seen on a form of testimony. RuPaul says: “I speak for the individual. For someone out there who’s ever had a dream... I was about the politics of the soul. I transcend the gay community. I speak to everyone with pain in their heart. I am here for all of them.”

In Testimony, Notes of Wounding in Literature, Sophia Nohra offers the following definition: "In the testimony, language is in process and untitled, it does not possess itself as a conclusion. As a performative speech act, testimony in effect addresses what in history is active that exceeds any substantial significance."

Drug queens, to give Felman’s insight specifically, have become witnesses to the HIV plaque ever more so than their antithesis (and mirror effect), the leather man. But, not all of the scene is romantic and profound. In fact doing drag is above all cosmic love; it employs the tools of the despairs: sarcasm and irony.

The personas of the drag queen come not only being the object of unrelenting close-ups. Where’s the dick? What is... a man or a woman? We are not men, but we are not women either, and sure as hell we are not angels. In To Wong Foo one of the final lines delivered by Stockard Channing is, "I don’t think of you as a man, I don’t think of you as a woman either, I think of you as an angel" to which Swayze responds, "That’s healthy." I can hear the incalculable choppings of Hollywood scissors from miles away.

Puglia, a suspect advocate for the Other, points out:

"My model of diastasis is the drag queen, who experiences between sexual partners, drag by day, Queens are "fierce" in every sense. Masters of arrogance, beauty speech, they knew the street and its dangers and fought it out without coming to authority figures, who would hardly be sympathetic. Queers, unlike feminists, know that women is dominated by the universe. They take on super-natural energy, rhythmically downward their stolen costume, the historical replica of woman’s power. Prostitutes and drag queens are..."

My struggle against Kaposi’s Sarcoma, its disfiguring effects and devastating personal toll have made me think about the reasons that make us clothes and paint ourselves about the liberation and healing of doing drag.
The exuberant public procession of queens reminds one of Catholic pilgrimages with singing working-class women carrying "La Virgen del Carmen" in Chile, "la Guadalupe" in Mexico or "El Carmen" in Cuba, their strong working class shoulders bowed down, almost as if they were in a trance, performing an exorcism of the most profound kind. The queens are an expression of the deep-seated cultural themes that bind the community together. They are the embodiment of our North American public imaginary with its usual flair, sure of their lines, in different cinematic vehicles such as Altman's "The Long Goodbye," David Cronenberg's "Scanners," "Riff Triss," "Queen of the Desert," and "The Onion Ring." Nan Goldin's "Nan Goldin, Costume in plays such as The Butterfly and The Torch Song Trilogy," in documentarists such as Paris is Burning and Wigstock, in Steven Spielberg's Absolutely Fabulous, and in The Experimenter, in novels such as Proulx's "The Book of the Spider Woman," and in the public works of San Francisco's own Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. A gallery of drag queen iconography should include people as disparate as Bay George and Liz Taylor, burlesque, we are everywhere. However, watch out: straight boys have undergone the same thing in that the 50s sensitive guy, single father, geeky type is "out." They are getting the drag queen roles in movies like Fight Club. Thanks for Everything, Julie Navarro. The film, sporting a "multicultural" cast of Swazi, Somali, and Laotian, is likely to be criticized for being homophobic and conning one aspect of gay culture. I think it is not relevant enough to stand any accusation. It is one more example of fancy packaging and no content. However, the question remains as to why these stereotypical aspects of male queerness still mesmerize us. Have you noticed the increase in the number of funny lines on the mouth of straight men on the mouth of straight men on the mouth of straight men? Suddenly straight boys are opening minds (Kasim, Rosario's wife in getting there). Some of us are not amused, particularly if we are familiar with comics. We know they had it in Toronto to begin with (check the second image and the male spectator). I wonder, though, where the balance sheet is hidden. You would be, nonetheless, humanity for the raving responsive derivate of drag queens here. The hoodie the queen the bigger the surprise! Drag subtly attempts the flow of normality; look what the cat dragged in! It reminds us that half of earth is just around the corner: outbreaks, violence, virulence. Drag queens seem to be the catalysts for a whole plethora because we step over racial, class and sexual boundaries.

I've realized that I don't like doing drag for gay men. It's a hard thing to sell, but drag queens traditionally are parts of toxic environments. I prefer mixed audiences; they are less sherryed, they check each other out. It's like going to church. Circus gay men intimidate me and make me self-conscious about my beaded skin, my makeup, and my sexual energy. Among gay men I feel I'm never enough. We are after all a cynical, jaded, and scared bunch. I do drag mostly in my second language, English, and I choose to employ some black cultural elements, my Anglo and Latino ele-

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that "Camp (like remission) functions merely by dragging in many differences at once that are too easily articulated with phallic narcissism in a symbolic which is really a white, bourgeois, and masculine fetishistic imagery." A phallician question: so what? Once again, theory doesn't meet practice. I say drag queens are a mockery of "men" more as much as of women. Some purists choose to be misogynist and aggressive and I don't justify that. I understand that if one is suddenly queer, one also has to be different (and offensive) if one wants to keep one's sex intact. Drag queens play up the absurd, ambiguous and contradictory in our lives. They are a jokus of interplaying motives, assumptions and stereotypes; they stir up our claustrophobic contradictions.
The exuberant public procession of queens reminds us of Catholic pilgrimages with strong working-class accents carrying (Le Virgin de Cánons) in Chile, the Guadalupe (in Mexico) or the Cobre (in Cuba) on their strong working-class shoulders (now, that is a fantasy, isn't it?). In Latin America the drag queen embodies an entire aspect of the virginal duality, one of our cherished cultural themes. Said in the closet. The drag queen enters into our North American public imaginary with her usual flair, sure of her limens, in different cinematic vehicles such as Almodovar's High Heels, DeSantis' Pink Flamingos, Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, The Crying Game, and Farewell My Constance, in plays such as M Butterfly and The Torch Song Trilogy, in documentaries such as Paris is Burning and Wigstock, in Sundance's Absolutely Fabulous, in The Dinner for Gays Experience, in novels such as Puig's The Kiss of the Spider Woman, and in the public works of San Francisco's Own Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. A galaxy of drag queen icons should include people as disparate as Boy George and Liz Taylor, because, we are everywhere. However, watch out: straight boys have smarmeed up and they have chained in that the 500 sensitive guy, single father, gently lisp is "us." They are getting the drag queen roles in movies like Toy Story. Thanks for Everything, Julie Ne tam. The film, sporting a "multicultural" cast of Swazi, Indians and Latinas, is likely to be criticized for being homophobic and coping one aspect of gay culture. I think it is not relevant enough to stand any accusation. It is one more example of fancy packaging and no content. However, the question remains as to why these stereotypical aspects of male queer culture still mesmerize us. Have you noticed the increase in the number of funny little men on the mouth both parties are giving each other on camera? Suddenly straight boys are open-minded (Daf, Rosenasi's wife, is getting them); some of us are not amused, particularly if we are familiar with classics. We know they had it in Texas to begin with (check the second game and other male spectators). I wonder, though, where the ball was hidden. You would be, nonetheless, humored by the range of emotions of devices that drag queens have. The brother the queen the bigger the surprise! Drag anxiety inserts the flow of normality; look what the cat dragged in! It reminds us that hell on earth is just around the corner: outbreaks, violence, virucide. Drag queens seem to be the catalysts for a nihilistic alcoholism because we step over racial, class and sexual boundaries.

I've realized that I don't like doing drag for gay men. It's a hard act to sell, but drag queens traditionally are critics of toxic environments. I prefer mixed audiences; they are less shamed, they check each other out. It's like going to church. Classic gay men intimidate me and make me self-conscious about my face, my skin, my accent, and my sexual energy. Among gay men I feel I'm never enough. We are all a little cynical, jaded and scared bunch. I do drag mostly in my second language, English, and I choose to employ some black cultural elements, many Anglo and Latino ele-

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A phallician question lingers: so what? Once again, theory doesn't meet practice. I say drag queens are a mockery of "men" even as much as of women. Some performers choose to be misogynistic and aggressive and I don't justify that. I understand that if one is obviously queer, one also has to be different (and offensive) if one wants to keep one's ass intact. Drag queens play up the absurd, ambiguous and contradictory in our lives. They are a jokeshop of integrating motives, assumptions and stereotypes; they stir up our classed contradictions.

NAN GOLDIN
Roommate in her chair, Boston, 1972.
bleached blond coiffure, long and heavy dangling earrings and pale Nancy Sinatra makeup. The audience applauded us and they gave generously to the Latin American AIDS group. I was there, not only saying we are desperate and our friends' way of showing us love and support.

Drugs have been done by people living with HIV and AIDS for quite some time now. Creating a mythic character and putting it out on display is empowering. I hear friends in Montreal who get together and do a show when the going gets tough. In Cuba when HIV testing is becoming accepted society they were encouraged regularly to put on drug shows for guests. Certainly, the assumption prevails that drug is done by extreme individualistic homosexuals or super-virile movie stars like Terence Stamp and Patrick Swayze. It is to participate in what is extreme, however, in the circus phenomenon. Remember Klinger in M*A*S*H? In such situations - the war, the plague, the poverty, the boredom - we unleash the drugs. Drug is subtly afflicted upon us. In Chile in 1984 I saw an emasculated drug queen who had a show for over ten years perform, perfectly attired on her bony structure. AIDS wasn't going to stop her. La gue nee echolota nunca cantan.

Upstreaming is what drug queens do. An act of conflation as home as nothing "good to meet you," or "have a nice day." It is vestaliquitos that takes a turn for the penne, theonitempore gonemoral, a spectre supported by a dental praxial of snappy comebacks and come-ons, a consorship of references to popular culture. Doing drugs needs the access of cannibals cloaked with masks, ghosts, bells and whistles. We often gloss over incessant exposures, contain the tone of bodily fluids, and turn off the current of sexual energy in the name of misguided collective well-being. We magnify the stigma to the epic and heroic act - the AIDS artist, the innocent victim - and reduce the brutal mercy of doing drugs and other forms of resistance and coping to artifice. In its carnivalesque sense - March Grass and Sis - doing drugs does not strive to be creative, although many times it is; it appears a chronicle of popular culture, joke, subcultural, camp - and kitschy. Doing drugs is transforming (and less deciphering) than the game-redesigning of human bodies. Doing drugs is like Siskiwy, a show about nothing, and yet it seems less empty than wearing red ribbons, having phone-sex, and crying at candlelight vigils. Different people might give conflicting interpretations to the same act of doing drug. Be my guest. For the general population it might be funny or peculiar. For drug queens themselves it is a guerilla camouflagel for survival.
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Drag shows have always been done by people living with HIV and AIDS for quite some time now. Creating a mythical character and putting it on display is empowering. I love friends in Montreal who get together and do a show when the going gets tough. In Cuba when HIV is taken too seriously they were encouraged regularly to put on drag shows for guests. Certainly, the assumption prevails that drag is done by extreme individualistic homosexuals or super-villain movie stars like Tinsel Starm and Patrick Stewart. It is one of the reasons why AIDS is in Cuba, however, it is the circus.

Remember Klinger in M.A.S.H.? In such situations — the war, the plague, the poverty, the boredom — we unleash the queen. Drag is surely afflicted upon us. In Chicago in 1984 I saw an emaciated drag queen who had a show for over ten years perform, precariously halted on her bone structure. AIDS wasn't going to stop her. Her face pale ochreous, her breasts

Upstaging is what drag queens do. An act of confession as well as nothing "good to meet you," or "have a nice day." It is