This essay, like "Bearing Witness: Their Eyes Anticipate the Healing" (in part 3), illustrates another side of Anzaldúa: her intense interest in the world of visual art. Originally published in the San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art's *La Frontera/The Border: Art about the Mexico/United States Border Experience* (1993), "Border Arte" describes Anzaldúa's experience viewing "AZTEC: The World of Moctezuma" exhibition at the Denver Museum of Natural History. In addition to offering important insights into Anzaldúa's shaman aesthetics, "Border Arte" contains her first extensive description and interpretation of Coyolxauhqui (Ko-yol-sha-UH-kee) as well as elaborations on her theories of el cenote, nepantla, and autohistoria. This piece also demonstrates Anzaldúa's shift from borderland to nepantla theory and her ongoing interest in revisionist mythmaking, trans issues, and the relationship between identity, nationalism, and art. Although some readers, particularly those who identify as "white," as male, and/or as members of the dominating culture, have felt as though Anzaldúa excludes them from portions of this piece, "The New Mestiza Nation" and other later writings indicate that the aesthetics and artists she describes here are inclusionary, and apply to other artists as well.

Border Arte

Nepantla, el Lugar de la Frontera

The gatekeeper at the museum takes our ticket. We enter the simulation of the Aztec capital city, Tenochtitlán, as it was thought to exist before the European colonizers destroyed it. It is opening day of the "AZTEC: The World of Moctezuma" exhibition at the Denver Museum of Natural History. El legado indígena. Here before my eyes is the culture of nuestros antepasados indígenas. Sus símbolos y metáforas todavía viven en la gente chicana/mexicana. I am again struck by how much Chicana/o artists and writers feel the impact of ancient Mexican art forms, foods, and customs. We consistently reflect back these images in revitalized and modernized versions in theater, film, performance art, painting, dance sculpture, and literature. La negación sistemática de la cultura mexicana-chicana en los Estados Unidos impide su desarrollo haciendo esto un acto de colonización. As a people who have been stripped of our history, language, identity, and pride, we attempt again and again to find what we have lost by digging into our cultural roots imaginatively and making art out of our findings. I ask myself, What does it mean for me, esta jotita, this queer Chicana, this mexica-tejana to enter a museum and look at indigenous objects that were once used by her ancestors? Will I find my historical Indian identity here, along with its ancient mestizaje? As I pull out a pad to take notes on the clay, stone, jade, bone, feather, straw, and cloth artifacts, I am

disconcerted with the knowledge that I too am passively consuming and appropriating an indigenous culture. I, and the Chicano kids from Servicio Chicano Center I walked in with, are being taught our cultural roots by whites. The essence of colonization: rip off a culture, then regurgitate the white version of that culture to the "natives."

This exhibit bills itself as an act of good will between North America and Mexico, a sort of bridge across the border. The Mexico/United States border is a site where many different cultures "touch" each other, and the permeable, flexible, and ambiguous shifting grounds lend themselves to hybrid images. The border is the locus of resistance, of rupture, implosion and explosion, and of putting together the fragments and creating a new assemblage. Border artists cambian el punto de referencia. By disrupting the neat separations between cultures, they create a culture mix, una mezcla in their artworks. Each artist locates her/him self in this border "lugar," and tears apart and rebuilds the "place" itself.

The museum, if it is daring and takes risks, can be a kind of "borderlands" where cultures co-exist in the same site, I think to myself as I walk through the first exhibit. I am jostled amidst a white middle-class crowd. I look at videos, listen to slide presentations, and hear museum staff explain portions of the exhibit. It angers me that all these people talk as though the Aztecs and their culture have been dead for hundreds of years when in fact there are still 10,000 Aztec survivors living in Mexico.

I stop before the dismembered body of la diosa de la luna, Coyolxauhqui, bones jutting from sockets. The warrior goddess with bells on her cheeks and serpent belt calls to mind the dominant culture's repeated attempts to tear the Mexican culture in the U.S. apart and scatter the fragments to the winds. This slick, prepackaged exhibition costing $3.5 million exemplifies that dismemberment. I stare at the huge round stone of la diosa. To me she also embodies the resistance and vitality of the Chicana/mexicana writer/artist. I can see resemblances between the moon goddess' vigorous and warlike energy and Yolanda López's *Portrait of the Artist as the Virgin of Guadalupe* (1978), which depicts a Chicana/mexicana woman emerging and running from the oval halo of rays with the mantle of the traditional virgen in one hand and a serpent in the other. *Portrait* represents the cultural rebirth of the Chicana struggling to free herself from oppressive gender roles.[1] The struggle and pain of this rebirth is also represented eloquently by Marsha Gomez in earthworks and stoneware scuptures such as *This Mother Ain't For Sale.*

The sibilant whispery voice of Chicano Edward James Olmos on the walkman interrupts my thoughts and guides me to the serpentine base

of a reconstructed sixteen-foot temple where the human sacrifices were flung down, leaving bloodied steps. Around me I hear the censorious, culturally ignorant words of the whites who, while horrified by the bloodthirsty Aztecs, gape in vicarious wonder and voraciously consume the exoticized images. Though I, too, am a gaping consumer, I feel that these artworks are part of my legacy. I remember visiting Chicana tejana artist Santa Barraza in her Austin studio in the mid-1970s and talking about the merger and appropriation of cultural symbols and techniques by artists in search of their spiritual and cultural roots. As I walked around her studio I was amazed at the vivid Virgen de Guadalupe iconography on her walls and drawings strewn on tables and shelves. The three "madres," Guadalupe, La Malinche, y La Llorona are culture figures that Chicana writers and artists "re-read" in our works. And now, sixteen years later, Barraza is focusing on interpretations of Pre-Columbian codices as a reclamation of cultural and historical mestiza/o identity. Her "códices" are edged with milagros and ex votos.[2] Using the folk art format, Barraza paints tin testimonials known as retablos, traditional popular miracle paintings on metal, a medium introduced into Colonial Mexico by the Spaniards. One of her devotional retablos is of La Malinche with maguey (the maguey cactus is Barraza's symbol of rebirth). Like many Chicana artists her work explores indigenous Mexican "symbols and myths in a historical and contemporary context as a mechanism of resistance to oppression and assimilation."[3] Once more my eyes return to Coyolxauhqui. Nope, she's not for sale and neither are the original La Lupe, La Llorona, and La Chingada and their modern renditions.

Olmos's occasional musical recitations in Náhuatl further remind me that the Aztecs, their language, and indigenous cultures are still very much alive. Though I wonder if Olmos and we Chicana/o writers and artists also are misappropriating Náhuatl language and images, hearing the words and seeing the images boosts my spirits. I feel that I am part of something profound outside my personal self. This sense of connection and community compels Chicana/o writers/artists to delve into, sift through, and rework native imagery.

I wonder about the genesis of el arte de la frontera. Border art remembers its roots—sacred and folk art are often still one and the same. I recall the nichos (niches or recessed areas) and retablos (altar pieces) that I had recently seen in several galleries and museums such as the Denver Metropolitan State College Art Museum. The altar pieces are placed inside open boxes made of wood, tin, or cardboard. The cajitas contain three-

dimensional figures such as la virgen, photos of ancestors, candles, and sprigs of herbs tied together. They are actually tiny installations. I make mine out of cigar boxes or vegetable crates that I find discarded on streets before garbage pickups. The retablos range from the strictly traditional to the modern more abstract forms. Santa Barraza, Yolanda M. López, Marsha Gomez, Carmen Lomas Garza, and other Chicanas connect the everyday life with the political, sacred, and aesthetic with their art.[4]

I walk from the glass-caged exhibits of the sacred world to the Tlatelolco, the open mercado, the people's market, with its strewn baskets of chiles, avocados, nopales on petates, and ducks in hanging wooden cages. I think of how border art, in critiquing old, traditional, and erroneous representations of the Mexico/United States border, attempts to represent the "real world" de la gente going about their daily lives. But it renders that world and its people in more than mere surface slices of life. If one looks beyond the obvious, one sees a connection to the spirit world, to the underworld, and to other realities. In the "old world," art was/is functional and sacred as well as aesthetic. At the point that folk and fine art separated, the metate (a flat porous volcanic stone with rolling pin used to make corn tortillas) and the huipil (blouse)[5] were put in museums by the western curators of art. Many of these officiators believe that only art objects from dead cultures should end up in museums. According to a friend[6] who recently returned from Central America, a museum in Guatemala City solely houses indigenous clothing as though they were garments of the past. There was little mention of the women she saw still weaving the same kind of clothing and using the same methods as their ancestors. However, the men in the Guatemalan community, Todos Santos, wear red pants while men from another area wear another color. Indigenous peoples were forced to wear clothing of a certain color so that their patrones could distinguish "their" peons from those of other bosses. The men's red pants reflect a colonization of their culture. Thus, colonization influences the lives and objects of the colonized and artistic heritage is altered.

I come to a glass case where the skeleton of a jaguar with a stone in its open mouth nestles on cloth. The stone represents the heart. My thoughts trace the jaguar's spiritual and religious symbolism from its Olmec origins to present-day jaguar masks worn by people who no longer know that the jaguar was connected to rain. Who no longer remember that Tlaloc and the jaguar and the serpent and rain are tightly intertwined.[7] Through the centuries a culture touches and influences another, passing on its metaphors

and its gods before it dies. (Metaphors *are* gods.) The new culture adopts, modifies, and enriches these images, and it, in turn, passes them on. The process is repeated until the original meanings of images are pushed into the unconscious. What surfaces are images more significant to the prevailing culture and era. However, the artist on some level still connects to that unconscious reservoir of meaning, connects to that nepantla state of transition between time periods, and the border between cultures. Chicana/o artists presently are engaged in "reading" that cenote, that nepantla, and that border.

Art and la frontera intersect in a liminal space where border people, especially artists, live in a state of "nepantla." Nepantla is the Náhuatl word for an in-between state, that uncertain terrain one crosses when moving from one place to another, when changing from one class, race, or sexual position to another, when traveling from the present identity into a new identity. The Mexican immigrant at the moment of crossing the barbed wired fence into a hostile "paradise" of el norte, the U.S., is caught in a state of nepantla. Others who find themselves in this bewildering transitional space may be the straight person coming out as lesbian, gay, bi, or transsexual, or a person from working-class origins crossing into middle-classness and privilege. The marginalized starving Chicana/o artist who suddenly finds her/his work exhibited in mainstream museums or sold for thousands in prestigious galleries, as well as the once neglected writer whose work is in every professor's syllabus, for a time inhabit nepantla.

I think of the borderlands as Jorge Luis Borges's Aleph, the one spot on earth which contains all other places within it. All people in it, whether natives or immigrants, colored or white, queers or heterosexuals, from this side of the border or del otro lado are personas del lugar, local people—all of whom relate to the border and to the nepantla states in different ways.

I continue meandering absently from room to room, noticing how the different parts of the Aztec culture are partitioned from others and how some are placed together in one room and a few feet apart but still seem to be in neat little categories. That bothers me. Abruptly I meet myself in the center of the room with the sacrificial knives. I stand rooted there for a long time, thinking about spaces and borders and moving in them and through them. According to Edward Hall, early in life we become oriented to space in a way that is tied to survival and sanity. When we become disoriented from that sense of space we fall in danger of becoming psychotic.[8] I question this—to be disoriented in space is the "normal" way of being for us mestizas living in the borderlands. It is the sane way of coping with

the accelerated pace of this complex, interdependent, and multicultural planet. To be disoriented in space is to be en nepantla. To be disoriented in space is to experience bouts of dissociation of identity, identity breakdowns and buildups. The border is in a constant nepantla state and it is an analog of the planet. This is why the borderline is a persistent metaphor in el arte de la frontera, an art that deals with such themes of identity, border crossings, and hybrid imagery. "Imágenes de la Frontera" was the title of the Centro Cultural Tijuana's June 1992 exhibition.[9] Malaquías Montoya's *Frontera Series* and Irene Pérez' *Dos Mundos* monoprint are examples of the multi-subjectivity, split-subjectivity, and refusal-to-be-split themes of the border artist creating a counter art.

The nepantla state is the natural habitat of artists, most specifically for the mestizo border artists who partake of the traditions of two or more worlds and who may be binational. They thus create a new artistic space—a border mestizo culture. Beware of el romance del mestizaje, I hear myself saying silently. Puede ser una ficción. I warn myself not to romanticize mestizaje—it is just another fiction, something made up like "culture" or the events in a person's life. But I and other writer/artists of la frontera have invested ourselves in it.

There are many obstacles and dangers in crossing into nepantla. Border artists are threatened from the outside by appropriation by popular culture and the dominant art institutions, by "outsiders" jumping on their bandwagon and working the border artists' territory. Border artists also are threatened by the present unparalleled economic depression in the arts gutted by government funding cutbacks. Sponsoring corporations that judge projects by "family values" criteria are forcing multicultural artists to hang tough and brave out financial and professional instability. Border art is becoming trendy in these neo-colonial times that encourage art tourism and pop culture rip-offs, I think, as I walk into the Aztec Museum shop. Feathers, paper flowers, and ceramic statues of fertility goddesses sell for ten times what they sell for in Mexico. Of course, there is nothing new about colonizing, commercializing, and consuming the art of ethnic people (and of queer writers and artists) except that now it is being misappropriated by pop culture. Diversity is being sold on TV, billboards, fashion lines, department store windows, and, yes, airport corridors and "regional" stores where you can take home Navaho artist R.C. Gorman's *Saguaro* or Robert Arnold's *Chili Dog*, a jar of Tex-Mex picante sauce, and drink a margarita at Rosie's Cantina.

I touch the armadillo pendent hanging from my neck and think, fron-

tera artists have to grow protective shells. We enter the silence, go inward, attend to feelings and to that inner cenote, the creative reservoir where earth, female, and water energies merge. We surrender to the rhythm and the grace of our artworks. Through our artworks we cross the border into other subjective levels of awareness, shift into different and new terrains of mestizaje. Some of us have a highly developed facultad and may intuit what lies ahead. Yet the political climate does not allow us to withdraw completely. In fact, border artists are engaged artists. Most of us are politically active in our communities. If disconnected from la gente, border artists would wither in isolation. The community feeds our spirits and the responses from our "readers" inspire us to continue struggling with our art and aesthetic interventions that subvert cultural genocide.

A year ago I was thumbing through the *Chicano Art: Resistance and Affirmation* catalog. My eyes snagged on some lines by Judy Baca, Chicana muralist: "Chicano art comes from the creation of community. . . . Chicano art represents a particular stance which always engages with the issues of its time."[10] Chicana/o art is a form of border art, an art shared with our Mexican counterparts from across the border[11] and with Native Americans, other groups of color, and whites living in the vicinity of the Mexico/United States border or near other cultural borders elsewhere in the U.S., Mexico, and Canada. Both Chicana/o and border art challenge and subvert the imperialism of the U.S., and combat assimilation by either the U.S. or Mexico, yet they acknowledge its affinities to both.[12]

"Chicana" artist, "border" artist. These are adjectives labeling identities. Labeling impacts expectations. Is "border" artist just another label that strips legitimacy from the artist, signaling that s/he is inferior to the adjectiveless artist, a label designating that s/he is only capable of handling ethnic, folk, and regional subjects and art forms? Yet the dominant culture consumes, swallows whole the ethnic artist, sucks out her/his vitality, and then spits out the hollow husk along with its labels (such as Hispanic). The dominant culture shapes the ethnic artist's identity if s/he does not scream loud enough and fight long enough to name her/his self. Until we live in a society where all people are more or less equal and no labels are necessary, we need them to resist the pressure to assimilate.

I cross the room. Codices hang on the walls. I stare at the hieroglyphics. The ways of a people, their history and culture put on paper beaten from maguey leaves. Faint traces in red, blue, and black ink left by their artists, writers, and scholars. The past is hanging behind glass. We, the viwers in the present, walk around and around the glass-boxed past. I wonder who

I used to be, I wonder who I am. The border artist constantly reinvents her/himself. Through art s/he is able to re-read, reinterpret, re-envision, and reconstruct her/his culture's present as well as its past. This capacity to construct meaning and culture privileges the artist. As cultural icons for her/his ethnic communities, s/he is highly visible. But there are drawbacks to having artistic and cultural power—the relentless pressure to produce, being put in the position of representing her/his entire pueblo and carrying all the ethnic culture's baggage on her/his espalda while trying to survive in a gringo world. Power and the seeking of greater power may create a self-centered ego or a fake public image, one the artist thinks will make her/him acceptable to her/his audience. It may encourage self-serving hustling—all artists have to sell themselves in order to obtain grants, get published, secure exhibit spaces, and receive good reviews. But for some, the hustling outdoes the artmaking.

The Chicana/o border writer/artist has finally come to market. The problem now is how to resist corporate culture while asking for and securing its patronage and dollars without resorting to "mainstreaming" the work. Is this complicity on the part of the border artist in the appropriation of her or his art by the dominant dealers of art? And if so, does this constitute a self-imposed imperialism? The impact that money and making it has on the artist is a little explored area though the effect of lack of money has been well-documented (as evidenced in the "starving artist" scenario).

Artistic ideas that have been incubating and developing at their own speed have come into their season—now is the time of border art. Border art is an art that supercedes the pictorial. It depicts both the soul of the artist and the soul of the pueblo. It deals with who tells the stories and what stories and histories are told. I call this form of visual narrative *autohistorias*. This form goes beyond the traditional self-portrait or autobiography; in telling the writer/artist's personal story, it also includes the artist's cultural history. The altars I make are not just representations of myself; they are representations of Chicana culture. El arte de la frontera is community- and academically-based—many Chicana/o artist have MAs and PhDs and hold precarious teaching positions on the fringes of universities. To make, exhibit, and sell their artwork, and to survive, los artistas band together collectively.

Finally, I find myself before the reconstructed statue of the newly unearthed el dios murciélago, the bat god with his big ears, fangs, and protruding tongue representing the vampire bat associated with night, blood sacrifice, and death. I make an instantaneous association of the bat man

with the nepantla stage of border artists—the dark cave of creativity where they hang upside down, turning the self upside down in order to see from another point of view, one that brings a new state of understanding. I wonder what meaning this bat figure will have for other Chicanas/os, what artistic symbol they will make of it and what political struggle it will represent. Perhaps like the home/public altars, which expose both the United States' and Mexico's national identity, the murciélago god questions the viewer's unconscious collective and personal identity and its ties to her/his ancestors. In border art there is always the specter of death in the backgrounds. Often las calaveras (skeletons and skulls) take a prominent position—and not just of el día de los muertos (November 2nd). De la tierra nacimos, from earth we are born, a la tierra retornamos, to earth we shall return, a dar lo que ella nos dió, to give back to her what she has given. Yes, I say to myself, the earth eats the dead, la tierra se come a los muertos.

I walk out of the Aztec exhibit hall and turn in the walkman with the Olmos tape. It is September 26, mi cumpleaños. I seek out the table with the computer, key in my birthdate, and there on the screen is my Aztec birth year and ritual day name: 8 Rabbit, 12 Skull. In that culture I would have been named Matlactli Omome Mizuitzli. I stick my chart under the rotating rubber stamps, press down, pull it out, and stare at the imprint of the rabbit (symbol of fear and of running scared) pictograph and then of the skull (night, blood sacrifice, and death). Very appropriate symbols in my life, I mutter. It's so raza. ¿y qué?

At the end of my five-hour "tour," I walk out of the museum to the parking lot with aching feet and questions flying around my head. As I wait for my taxi, I ask myself, What direction will el arte fronterizo take in the future? The multi-subjectivity and split-subjectivity of border artists creating various counter arts will continue, but with a parallel movement where a polarized us/them, insiders/outsiders culture clash is not the main struggle, where a refusal to be split will be a given.

The border is a historical and metaphorical site, un sitio ocupado, an occupied borderland where single artists and collaborating groups transform space, and the two home territories, Mexico and the United States, become one. Border art deals with shifting identities, border crossings, and hybridism. But there are other borders besides the actual Mexico/United States frontera. Juan Dávila's (a Chilean artist who has lived in Australia since 1974) *Wuthering Heights* (1990) oil painting depicts Juanito Leguna, a half-caste, mixed breed transvestite. Juanito's body is a simulacrum parading the phallic mother.[13] Another Latino artist, Rafael Barajas

(who signs his work as "El Fisgón"), has a mixed media piece titled *Pero eso sí . . . soy muy macho* (1989). It shows a Mexican male wearing the proverbial sombrero taking a siesta against the traditional cactus, tequila bottle on the ground, gunbelt hanging from a nopal branch. But the leg protruding from beneath the sarape-like mantle is wearing a high-heeled shoe, hose, and garterbelt. It suggests another kind of border crossing—gender-bending.[14]

As the taxi whizzes me to my hotel, my mind reviews image after image. Something about who and what I am and the 200 "artifacts" I have just seen does not feel right. I pull out my "birth chart." Yes, cultural roots are important, but I was not born at Tenochitlán in the ancient past nor in an Aztec village in modern times. I was born and live in that in-between space, nepantla, the borderlands. There are other races running in my veins, other cultures that my body lives in and out of, and a white man who constantly whispers inside my skull. For me, being Chicana is not enough. It is only one of my multiple identities. Along with other border gente, it is at this site and time, where and when, I create my identity along with my art.

Notes

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1. See Amalia Mesa-Bains's article "El Mundo Femenino: Chicana Artists of the Movement—A Commentary on Development and Production," in the catalog, CARA, *Chicano Art: Resistance and Affirmation*, eds. Richard Griswold Del Castillo, Teresa McKenna and Yvonne Yarbro-Bejarano (Los Angeles: Wight Art Gallery, University of California, 1991).

2. See Luz María and Ellen J. Stekert's untitled art catalog essay in [the catalog for the exhibition] "Santa Barraza," March 8–April 11, 1992, La Raza / Galería Posada, Sacramento, California.

3. Santa Barraza, quoted in Jennifer Heath's, "Women Artists of Color Share World of Struggle," *Sunday Camera*, March 8, 1992, 9C.

4. See Carmen Lomas Garza's beautifully illustrated children's bilingual book, *Family Pictures / Cuadros de familia* (San Francisco: Children's Book Press, 1990), in particular "Camas para soñar / Beds for Dreaming." Garza has three pieces in "La Frontera / The Border: Art About The Mexico / United States Border Experience" exhibition of the Museum of Contemporary Art and El Centro Cultural de la Raza in San Diego, California.

5. The Maya huipiles are large rectangular blouses which describe the Maya cos-

mos. They portray the world as a diamond. The four sides of the diamond represent the boundaries of space and time; the smaller diamonds at each corner, the cardinal points. The weaver maps the heavens and underworld.

6. Dianna Williamson, June 1992.

7. Roberta H. Markman and Peter T. Markman, eds., *Masks of the Spirit: Image and Metaphor in Mesoamerica* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1989).

8. The exact quote is: "We have an internalization of fixed space learned early in life. One's orientation in space is tied to survival and sanity. To be disoriented in space is to be psychotic." Edward T. Hall and Mildred Reed Hall, "The Sounds of Silence," in *Conformity and Conflict: Readings in Cultural Anthropology*, eds. James P. Spradlley and David W. McCurdy (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1987).

9. The exhibition was part of El Festival Internacional de la Raza 92. The artworks were produced in the Silkscreen Studios of Self Help Graphics, Los Angeles and in the Studios of Strike Editions in Austin, Texas. Self Help Graphics and the Galería Sin Fronteras, Austin, Texas, organized the exhibitions.

10. See *Chicano Art: Resistance and Affirmation*, eds. Richard Griswold Del Castillo, Teresa McKenna, and Yvonne Yarbro-Bejarano (Los Angeles: Wight Art Gallery, University of California, 1991), 21. For a good presentation of the historical context of Chicana/o art see Shifra M. Goldman and Tomás Ybarra-Frausto's "The Political and Social Contexts of Chicano Art," in CARA, 83–95.

11. For a discussion of Chicano posters, almanacs, calendars, and cartoons that join "images and texts to depict community issues as well as historical and cultural themes," metaphorically link Chicano struggles for self-determination with the Mexican revolution, and establish "a cultural and visual continuum across borders," see Tomás Ybarra-Fausto's "Gráfica/Urban Iconography" in the art catalog *Chicano Expressions: A New View in American Art*, April 14–July 31, 1986 (New York: INTAR Latin American Gallery, 1986), 21–24.

12. Among the alternative galleries and art centers that combat assimilation are the Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center in San Antonio, Mexic-Arte Museum and Sin Fronteras Gallery in Austin, Texas, and the Mission Cultural Center in San Francisco.

13. See Guy Brett, *Transcontinental: An Investigation of Reality* (London: Verso, 1990). The book, which accompanied the exhibit at Ikon Gallery in Birmingham and Cornerhouse, Manchester, explores the work of nine Latin American artists: Waltercio Caldas, Juan Dávila, Eugenio Dittborn, Roberto Evangelista, Victor Grippo, Jac Leirner, Cildo Meireles, Tunga, Regina Vater.

14. See "ex profeso, recuento de afinidades colectiva plástica contemporánea: imágenes: gay-lésbicas-eróticas," put together by Círculo Cultural Gay in Mexico City and exhibited at Museo Universitario del Chope during la Semana Cultural Gay de 1989, junio 14–23.