

WHERE DID THE GOLDEN LIGHT THAT MADE SUPERDISIDENCIA COME FROM?

All of us who struggle through daily life have luchadoras inside, between chest and back, in the anus - because the anus "is the first organ to suffer privatization, removal from the social field." (Deleuze and Guattari) We grew up like most, making a life in a puny barrio - wanting to be heroes, fighting like those masked wonders who beat the crap out of assholes in the ring or riding a beautiful car. The luchadores who were neither myths nor legends, there they are in the Arena every Thursday or Sunday, representing contradictions, expressing vehemently fundamental human passions: hate, courage, betrayal, might; an invincible breed fighting devious trickery, arrogance, and "the body as a space of bio-political construction, as a space of oppression but also as a locus of resistance." (M.H. Bourcier)

After a while, we realized that the lucha in the ring could also become timeless. El Santo, Blue Demon, Pimpinella, the Irmas and others were already part of popular mythology. They fought zombies, vampire women, Martians, mummies, and mad scientists who wanted everyone to succumb to their evil interests. These images are so close to us because they're not mere products of our imagination: every day, in any neighborhood or colonia, we can see them, call out to them, touch them. The luchadores symbolize a fighting spirit, warrior of the people. That's why the people made them, why they understand and adore them: as if in every fight the fighters represent the Archer of the Sky, composed of astral dust and dismembered bodies - mothers, fathers, lovers, daughters - friends of fighters everywhere.

The mask embodies multivalence: between the real and what's depicted; between an individual's limits and the potential of collective action, solidarity, unlimited possibilities. Meanwhile, the rotten, perverse, queer and abnormal minorities also have masks, offshoots of a minority's collective interests and alliances. As the popular saying goes: you can only spot queers by our deeds, because our eyes are evasive, our gaze is not fixed - its meaning and identity is always floating, multiple, elusive. We reject the imperative of definitions because desire, the practice of sexuality, and gender are discontinuous. This is not only a private matter, but one oriented toward expansive purposes that seek alternative modes of alliance and consumption, eccentric modes of life and geographies of resistance. The lucha is to destabilize and de-fetishize that which is understood to be gender, race, nationality, ethnicity, appearance, age or social class.

A few years later, we felt that the lucha in the Arenas and what went on there, needed a push. We wanted the lucha and all that it stood for - real and cosmic, in which the traditional notion of sex and gender is sometimes denaturalized, de-fetishized and de-mystified - to move on in a meaningful way, without put-ons, to everyday social and political struggles. It is all basically the same thing. In the real world, you have the referee and the State, the rage you feel before underhanded cocky politics and the demagogy that thrives without censorship or scorn on television and the press. There are "[m]ore than 40 thousand killings, more than 10 thousand children orphans, displacements of entire communities, destruction of local economies, repeated scenes of terror and a total breakdown of the rule of law, among many other things." (The members of "Let's stop the bullets let's paint the fountains")

In lucha libre, the rudas do what they want. They do not hide their behavior. The dirty wrestlers are no sneaky about their wrongdoings. It is all there for the public to see. In fact, they go out of their way to offend the public, to challenge the respectable, to anyone whomever calls into question their corrupt ways. The rudos, with referees in their pockets, are capable of anything, of using any available tricks to take down the faces, the clean fighters. This is how it is in the real world too.

Meanwhile, the good ones, the técnicos, can be a bit wide-eyed. They will extend their hand to their crooked opponents only to have the gesture of good faith paid back with some treacherous blow. The rudas will hold out their hands and, despite the crowd's yelling "No! No!" the técnicos will accept them and get whacked. How many times have the people told their leaders "No!" only to be ignored and then suffer the consequences. Wrestling fans know perfectly well who the bad ones are. When they are spotted on the streets, they will yell "Enough! We are sick of all your screwing around! We have had it! No more blood!"

The idea for the golden outfit hit us one day in April of this prolonged crisis: We have the urge to synthesize all the experience to defend ourselves! We told ourselves: The lucha is necessary, and that the millions of people getting screwed had to believe in it too in order to deconstruct the naturalization of sex and of a forced-hetero-system to "build a society of equivalence" and not of equality, of "speaking subjects" (Beatrix Preciado), to save ourselves and the land. The mythology has been replaced by real enemies: greedy landlords, corrupt officials, merchants, vampires, nuclear disasters and economic policy crawling worms, etc. The mythology was replaced by real foes: evil landlords, corrupt bureaucrats, blood-sucking merchants, monsters from the Laguna Verde nuclear plant, stinking political worms, etc. Then, little by little, more supporters started to emerge: El Superbarrio, Los Ecologistas I and II, La Corneta Vengadora, La Mariposa de la Democracia, Super Gay, Super Butler, Super Preciado, Super Lemebel, Super Loca, Super Trans and others who made up the rank and file of the superamigas.

The city streets are starting to become outdoor wrestling rings for political and social matches, for alternatives in modern society. We cannot live without this acerbic critique of the heterocentric world, without dreams, without ideals; we need to believe in utopia. Here is where the luchas come in with all their color and extravagance, the fans and their fury: the luchas are best when the fantasies they project are pure reality. Sometimes rude and brutal, sometimes beautiful and kind, emanating from the will to fight on. This is where the golden light comes from, the flaming outfit, the mask, collective will, a truth to revolutionize what is widely understood as sexual relationships. This revolution demands that we stake out a radical democracy, a reason to fight since it "essentially presupposes the political necessity of liberating minorities integrated by their anomalies." (Manuel Asensi)

We shall overcome, indeed!

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