

Symrath Patti



Self Portrait — its ref. a
B. PRESS Self Portrait
Patti Patti. I didn't take
the photo.
Self
Eronary. file under
Post colonial: 'Female'
+ all re. the
nib

Bio

Symrath Patti, Born: 1962. Currently living & working in London.

We are surrounded by violence, we keep looking for a cure.

Beji and ma constantly cursed the Dharm, the religious divide between men and women. And when the fifth daughter was born Ma asked, yelling to Devi Mata for her daughter. Ma pained devastating injustice. Ma talks of Kal Yug. And in the mist of darkness she turned me into the Guru Granth Sahib. She weaved herself searching, seeking expression for the 'nameless, beyond colour lineage or form', only to discover liberation in her own breath. Religion has no value for her. She reflects light, in turning twisting in my imagination, every word, syllable, metaphor, she reflects to reinvent, marking a frame. Pujan talks of women being the light of all creation, that woman is Pujan Jog, and denounces both Paja. We, the living art who determine each other of ourselves. He denounces hypocrisy, his own too. Why should we seek man gses when we've given birth to chilies? And sometimes he has nightmares, he dreams of copper, a vessel of his own making.

Notes

Dharm	I see the... religious and cultural... and...
Devi Mata	The... the... of... and...
Kal Yug	A... of the... and...
Guru Granth Sahib	Sikh Religious Scriptures, Guru...
Pujan	Father
Pujan Jog	Life creating Devi
Both Paja	Worshipping Gods

RE: SYMRATHI PATTI

- 'File under ~~Post~~ post - colonial' female' & all the other issues"

~ Ahhhh, I have felt this so many times. I have felt erased and token and like my art is accessed thru my identity. I can feel us rage... ahhhh my sister my aunt my friend. How powerful! to instrumentalize us anger! How powerful! to be able to identify where us agency is being quietly strip-searched!

// it is powerful & radical for me to see myself as part of a ~~canon~~ Canon.

I like that feeling, being amongst us tribe, your people, ppl! who have walked before you, different paths, but ending up in the same place you want to stand.

my GOD: am part of a canon, a history that's always ^(forgotten)!

my god that is important (want to underline, emphasize) ^{write} you feel (you ^{hear} readers) this, how I want to **CHERISH** this.

I remember James Baldwin saying ~~something~~ ^{absolute} how the histories of ppl of colour is not just consistently forgotten but systematically erased.

This is important. It is a paperweight pinning things down so they aren't lost to the wind.

I feel full and emotional I am the crest of a wave about to hit the shore and shatter into a million drops! I have

your self reflected in the glassy surface; shimmering. **CHERISH LA FEMME!**

"Archive" is a buzzword I've rejected (the food I DON'T WANT TO EAT. 'activate the archive' / 'respond to the archive', it seems to be what capital Art has demanded we do. for so long I have wondered why suspicious bc that focus feels conservative and boring. It has stressed me out that whatever is being archived is not digitised & open access and just on google already. but that's bc I'm wrong and I think google is the world O.
I think I get it now;; understand making a pilgrimage to see an old thing so one on one. I'm writing this on a train on my way back from a film festival where I learnt what 35mm images from Uzbekistan felt like on my eyes, came for their European premiere. some access: archives are dry robot libraries, like Wikipedia but taller. slight air conditioning/care. the Women Art Library has boxes of art/life secrets and dues to help you think all over again,, restart, make,, thru press releases and essays which were all sent in 2 be actively remembered because of the White Art Men want only White Art Men to be canon. You have to build your own walls around you to keep the weather out. and Maybe I never cared about archive politics because I didn't admit I thought I was important too. maybe without realising I've thought that where men are buried and made into monuments, women evaporate and made into secrets or wishes.
I'm so used to typing my words but I'm not a myth. I gotta print out those words and be remembered.