

**I WRESTLED
MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ
TO THE GRAVE**

BEATRIX LEE





**SHE'S
COMING**

FOR YOU

On one of my early visits to New York City, I made my way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As I was walking through their contemporary art wing, I noticed a flash of red out of the corner of my right eye. I'd heard about the new "interactive exhibits" at the museum and I was interested. My heart fluttered with fear and excitement. I turned and there was Marina Abramovic crouched in her long red dress, ready to pounce. She looked like a cheetah preparing to take down a gazelle. We locked eyes. She sprinted across the room. I tried to dodge her, but she was too fast. Her legs must have been made of pure steel. She got me in a headlock. This is when I began to panic.

What I didn't know at the time was that Marina Abramovic had been challenging 3 museum goers a day for the last 3 years to a death match. You see, she's been alive for so long at this point, so, so long. The best estimates state that she's at least 900 years old, possibly far older. Scholars are unsure of exactly what she is, but what is known is that she emerged from the forests of Eastern Europe centuries ago and has been peppering human history with

death and destruction. Marina was the one who started the Black Death with her penchant for pestilence. Marina was the one who instigated the Inquisition, as she longs for the blood of the innocent. Marina was the one who whispered nuclear secrets into the ears of Oppenheimer and Fermi. Her forays into performance art have scarred the astral plane in ways that our most powerful psychics are only beginning to understand. What no one has said publicly about “The Artist Is Present” is that nearly every single person who sat with her now suffers from constant nightmares, sleep paralysis, hives, and an allergy to the color red. As much as she delights in the destruction of humanity, being an agent of ultimate chaos, she also desires her own demise. She longs for the sweet, sweet release of death, but she has yet to find anyone powerful enough to kill her. So naturally she's now turned it into another performance piece. And 3 people a day for the last 3 years have met her challenge, and 3 people a day for the last 3 years have fallen. Marina Abramovic has murdered over a thousand people in the 3 years at the museum alone. These are the ones we know of.

As she has me in the headlock, I can feel my oxygen supply start to get cut off. I don't want her to crush my windpipe; I have a lovely singing voice, after all. She gets distracted by someone touching an exhibit they're not supposed to off to her left. I elbow her in the gut; she falls, crumpling. I see a slight grin on her face; I know I'll have to do more than that. We begin to wrestle. We grapple; I push her to the ground and climb on top of her. As we battle our way through the museum, we come to the fiber arts department. I know what I must do. I take a beautiful net from the wall. I wrap it around her neck and I pull and I pull. Oh, she struggles, she struggles mightily, like a shark out of water. And I pull. And finally, just before she stops writhing, I see a smile on her face as she mouths the words "thank you." As the smile fades and she goes limp, she begins to melt, to dissolve, to fade away in what looks like a cloud of black soot.

After the docents ushered confused museum-goers away and the custodians mopped up what was left, I was led to the museum's director. He thanked me profusely and said that the museum would

do whatever it could to repay me and “help you in your coming troubles.” I was confused but he wouldn’t explain any further. I left the museum feeling hungry and exhausted. I returned to my hotel room after a wonderful meal and immediately went to sleep.

The next morning I woke up to a strange feeling. It seemed like I was wearing clothes underneath the blankets which was absurd, as I always slept nude. I lifted the covers and saw, to my horror, that I was clad in a long-sleeved bright red dress. I panicked. I didn’t even own a red dress, much less one that felt so encapsulating. I ran to the bathroom to splash some water on my face, to rouse myself from this waking nightmare. I looked up from the sink and on the mirror, scrawled in blood, were the words:

YOUR TURN, BITCH



Beware the
Red Dress...