

Resources

*feel free to add any you may know!

NAMI - National Alliance on Mental Illness
Causa - Oregon's Immigrant Rights organization



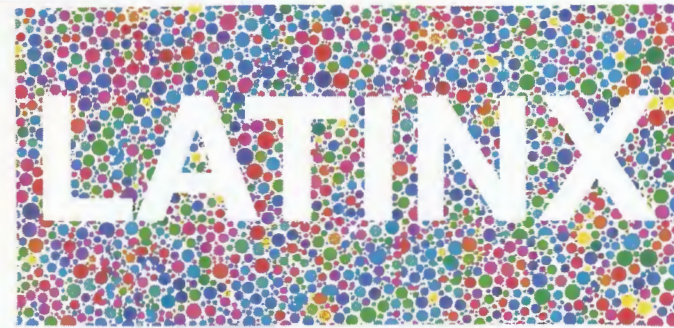
National Alliance on Mental Illness

ACE - American Council on Education - Protect Precursors
Higher Education Coalition
Willamette University - Alianza,
Latinx Law Student Association



Labor

Whose job is it??



By: Carrie Fox

I created this zine to be messy and fun and educational. For this zine, I wanted to take a step back and highlight the work of Latinx writers and organizations.

This is by no means the best or most well known. They are all equally important and offer something unique, this is just a place to start getting to know them and giving them the credit they deserve. I want to stress the importance of doing the work (labor) it takes to learn histories not provided in school, learn definitions of terms you might not know and sometimes taking a step back to give others space to share their stories - not knowing something is ok, but it is not ok to settle for being uninformed.

* Feel free to mark up this zine and add your own comments and reactions

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The course I created this zine for is called Civic Media: Latina/o/x communication studies which encompasses a wide variety of different rhetorical materials and topics.

These topics range from identity to rhetorical constructions of borders, agricultural workers, queer bodies of color, depression, advocacy and much more.

Activity!

* please feel free to take a sticky note and write / draw whatever comes to mind when you think of Latina/o/x communication studies.



Borders - Denise Frohman

It starts before she gets here before the stairs tell her she's alien to a country that knows her great-grandfather's Mexican hands all too well
His fingerprints still echo underneath railroad tracks and cotton fields from Texas to California where bent knees and bent hands once picked, plucked, pushed, worked for more money than he was used to but less than he deserved.

For Ana Maria, it begins before the border.

She walks with her two uncles in a desert for one week, with nothing more than a few gallons of water and a prayer tucked into their pockets hoping both will last them long enough

The Sun is an unforgiving god but any god is worth having right now

The wind pushing at their backs, the grunt of gunshots from drug cartels and the desperation of a job to employ their stomachs

Both have been uninvited guests at their doorstep

So they step, step

Ana Maria's small hand clutches the bottom of her abuela's dress

Her mother waits for her on the other side, hoping that her face still sings of home like it used to.

Another step, she is too young to know what border means she thinks people are just family members who haven't met yet after her family arrives she will learn there are some borders you can't cross by foot

Ana Maria is now ten years old, she's learned enough English to translate for her parents but says that her thick accent is still a problem she tries to fix by leaving in her locker when the teacher calls on her to read, she tries to speak "proper" like "proper" has a sound she pushes her tongue down so she doesn't roll her r's but she trips on the flatness of the syllables that bounce with too much salsa she tries to rattle out the kinks in her speech but her tongue is a stubborn dancer

The two boys behind her don't know how to do long division, but they know what a wetback is

And that Ana Maria has braids, and that Ana Maria's hair is thicker than their sisters

And they don't know how they know

But they know how to treat difference when they smell it, so they say things like, "YO! Go back to your country."

As if their Irish ancestors never walked through Ellis Island

Ana Maria is now 16

Her father works 18-hour days as a dishwasher

Her mother cleans houses she'll never get to live in so that Ana Maria can sit in a college classroom and say, "I am here."

But her guidance counselor says she can't get financial aid or the in-state tuition rate because of her status

She says it like an apology

Ana wonders if her family ever crossed the border, or if they are just stuck inside another one, aggravating it like a soul.

Her guidance counselor stands in front of her, with a mouth full of fences.

There are some borders you can't cross by foot, but borders I tell her, that can only be crossed by stubborn backbones.

So when they ask you for your papers, Ana, show them your skin,

wear your tongue like a cape,

throw up your fist like a secret you can't keep any longer,

they can't keep you any longer

Afraid, you can't ever afford to drop a dream, so when they come for you, tell them, in the language that you know best

That you are not scared anymore



BECAUSE
feminist
activism
works.



Gloria Anzaldúa - Catharsis

"The possibilities are numerous once we decide to act and not react"

Bordenadas / La Frontera: The New
 mestiza

"Why am I compelled to write?... Because the world I create in the writing

compensates for what the real world does not give me. By writing I put order in the world, give it a handle so I can grasp it. I write because life does not appease my

appetites and anger... To become more intimate with myself and you. To discover

myself, to preserve myself, to make myself, to achieve self-autonomy. To dispel the myths that I am a mad prophet or a poor suffering soul. To convince myself that I am

worthy and that what I have to say is not a pile of shit... Finally I write because I'm

scared of writing, but I'm more scared of not writing."

"Wild tongues can't be tamed, they can only be cut out."

I will have my serpent's tongue - my woman's voice, my sexual voice, my poet's voice. I will overcome the tradition of silence."

How to Tame a Wild Tongue



I definitely think there is a shift going on in Aruba. People are starting to talk about identity and question it as well. So here is my little grain of sand. Growing up, I never had talks about identity at home. I just knew I was a Dominican girl and though I was demonized a lot for my round nose, as far as I remember I was never called "black" either. I didn't have kinky curls until I turned 14. So there's that. Dominicans do this thing where they don't necessarily contextualize race but judge by skin tone and dark skin was always demonized in conversations - though all the women in my family were fond of extremely black men. Which again, is a conversation by itself.

My friend always makes this joke about what is going to be said about me when I "make it" as a writer. Says they'll be a war between Aruba and Dominican Republic and both will want to claim me as theirs. When I write about Aruba I use "nos" meaning "us", because I consider myself a part of the Arubian society. Because I love it and I want to contribute to it. But I have learned to not claim the "Arubian" nationality because it is only applicable to me as long as I fall under the agency they want me to. The minute I trip (which I have, countless times) I am just another starving immigrant who came to Aruba to eat.

Once upon a time, I too wanted to be a "model minority". I too thought that "you're not like the other Dominicans" was a compliment or that conversations about how good my English was were somehow joyful. Mind you, the only difference between Yakari in College with the good English and Carmencita with the broken one cleaning at Playa Linda is the way you were taught to perceive us.

Truth is, I went out of my way to find where I would fit in. I don't think getting "woke" was something that just happened. I wasn't always into activism, or race, or anything of that matter but I did all my learning by myself. After thousands of micro aggressions and discriminatory occurrences, I had to make sense of myself. When things come together it is like this. I am a black Dominican woman. I am an immigrant and my story is not uncommon. You can't mention me being a woman without mentioning that I am black because blackness changed my experience as a woman. You can't say that I am Dominican without saying that I am an immigrant because immigrating changed my context as well. That is the narrative, and I know people remove my name from my work because this makes them uncomfortable. But it won't change the fact that it still came from me.

My greatest hope is that as a society, we do not wait to hear who we are, but we desperately search for it and claim it. I beg of you to speak to your children about identity. Have conversations, find something to find pride in. Teach them their history, their roots and how it differs from the one they hear at school or on the streets. It is important to have a strong sense of identity because when you know who you are this world cannot break you, no matter how hard it tries. In Holland, Many Arubian students struggle with wanting to be accepted by the Dutch. They leave heartbroken because they can't cope with a society that just won't include them though they share the same passport. I luckily don't have that issue. I'm not seeking for anyone's approval and that is only because I came to Holland knowing exactly who I was.

The Identity Issue - My Thoughts - Yakari Cabriel

Farmworker Advocacy



<http://www.alianzanacionaldecampesinas.org>

Alianza Nacional de Campesinas

"We stand in solidarity to elevate and support farmworker women across the United States!"

The Bandana Project - ending sexual violence against farmworker women

The Satchel (Morritos) Campaign - awareness of health risks due to pesticide exposure



BORDER EFFECTS



Hillary Clinton

"I'm with you*" —@realDonaldTrump

*Not included: women, African Americans, LGBT people, Muslims, Latinos, immigrants...

14,128 19,247



what can we individually do to make our families and cultural spaces safer for queer youth? esp. trans girls?

① destress the importance of masculinity in our cultures - it is NOT a prerequisite for being a respected person → show queer youth they will still be loved and wanted if they choose to reject masculinity

② fight anti-queer attitudes - challenging the anti-queer mindsets of people in the family → lead to change in cultural spaces

③ educate youth! Encourage open discussions about sex and sexuality that are inclusive of queer sex instead of relying on school education

<http://wearyourvoicemag.com/lgbtq-identities/queer-trans-latinx-family>

Mental Health

Radical Caring - "My Anxiety is Not an Excuse"

The first time someone said the word anxiety to me was my doctor. I had just returned from having been in Paris for 4 months. I was supposed to stay for another month, but I changed my flight to come home early. There was this fear in my chest that I couldn't get rid of, and a light headedness I couldn't shake off. I thought I was sick. While travelling in Greece for 4 days, I ended up in a doctor's office and told them that I must've had diabetes because it ran in my family, that thyroid disease ran in my family too. That maybe I caught an STD. Something was wrong. The Greek doctor took my pressure, checked my blood sugar. He had me rest quietly in the one-room clinic with open windows before showing me that my blood pressure was fine, charging me 10 euros, and sending me back to the beach, to enjoy my vacation. "It's all in your head", he said while smirking.

But I couldn't just continue vacationing like nothing had happened. You see, I had just had a very real anxiety attack before going to the hospital. My anxiety isn't just in my head. My anxiety is not an excuse.

Since then, this thing I was suffering from had a name and I couldn't escape it. It's become like this character. This presence in my life underlying everything.

As I write this, I have a twitch in my right eye, it's been like this for weeks. The most difficult part lately has been accepting that life never stops being hard and that I can fight to cope but it might not go away. I can only keep learning to love myself, to nurture myself, to be gentle with myself. Because capitalism slowly kills us so I have to remind myself that I'm worth more than my productivity. Even though if I don't produce, I won't survive. So I get tired. And stop caring. And start caring again. And start giving. And sometimes I have to remnant yearning so much.

I Am Not Your Negro reminded me of my own experience, and made me see the racial lining or politics of this country and its impact on the lives of black and brown folks in a way that I somehow still hadn't been able to fully absorb before.

It showed me that my anxiety doesn't even have to be ancestral, that my trauma doesn't have to be ancestral....I've been living and going through shit now. I say it showed me that about my anxiety because not acknowledging my anxiety has gone hand in hand with not acknowledging how my own reality as a black woman has affected my day-to-day American life, not at least at a "deep level". I've ignored this very real thing that is my anxiety, and often felt that I was just using it as an excuse when the truth is I really hate not handing in work on time, staying home as opposed to going out (especially on a nice day). And it has come to affect the relationships in my life in ways I have yet to understand. For example, I'm difficult to live with which is probably the most hurtful realization to come to, only because any task can feel so daunting that they paralyze me.

Not acknowledging racism's effects in my life goes hand in hand with not acknowledging my anxiety because we're taught to be super women, to fight through the obstacles, to not complain, to meet challenges in the face. How dare I feel entitlement to anything? Especially if that anything includes somehow asking others to accommodate for me, to accommodate my own anxiety. I would never be worthy of that.

fear. Knowing writing is my passion, even if sometimes it's scary, so I still do it. Es que I have to do what I have to do. There's no way around it. I'm a pendeja con coraje.

Kim Bjanes - Privilege of Healing

* trigger warning (sexual assault)

Unlike many of the women in my family, I have the luxury and privilege of healing. Tracing the scars and roots in my family tree has taught me there are generational cycles that need to be broken—intergenerational healing needs to take place. I come from a lineage of powerful, badass mujeres who were victims to the abusive and oppressive systems in our cultura, religions, and society. Most of the women in my family have been with abusive men. This is what we know, expect, and were taught we deserve. They were trying to survive and keep us alive. They did not have the luxury to heal the way they needed to. Self-care is a foreign privilege to most of the women that came before me. It is heartbreaking to remember stories about how my great-grandmother was "kidnapped" -- raped and forced to marry her rapist because if she didn't she would bring disgrace upon the family. She was tainted and ruined either way. My grandmother spent most of her time chasing men who would help her forget her worth. So on and so forth. I have felt the wounds of these matriarchs. I feel them deep. Daily, I am determined to break these cycles. I am determined to reclaim our worth, voices, and stories. I am learning how to value myself. I am learning to call my voice sacred. I am taking the time to heal. I am doing this for me. I am doing this for my ancestors. I am healing for my future children. This is a privilege I do not take for granted. Our generation is moving from surviving to learning to heal. My hope is to thrive and watch my children blossom.

Dior Vargas

- Creator of the people of color and Mental Illness Photo Project - a response to the invisibility of people of color in the media representation of mental illness
- "This is not something to be ashamed about. We need to confront and end the stigma. This is NOT a white person's disease. This is a reality for so many people in our community."

Gloria Lucas -

Decolonizing body positivity for women of color

- * founder of Naygona Positivity pride, a body positivity project that centers self-identified Xicana, Brown and Indigenous folks



"This group was formed with the belief that eating disorders (ED) and disorderly eating are linked to historical oppression and current systems of oppression such as racism, colonialism, xenophobic and sexism ... ED's are not individual struggles but societal matter that must involve community for healing. Therefore, it is key to create community-based healing that is grassroots and free."

Trans Latin@ Coalition

Mission: the mission of TransLatin@ Coalition is to advocate for the specific needs of the TransLatin@ community that resides in the USA and to plan strategies to improve quality of life

VALUES

- authenticity, respect & dignity for everyone
- transparency, integrity, honesty
- pluralism & diversity
- collaboration, inclusivity & social justice
- good resource administration

Vision: The vision of TransLatin@ Coalition is to amplify education and resources to promote the empowerment of Trans Leaders

<http://www.translatinacoalition.org/>

