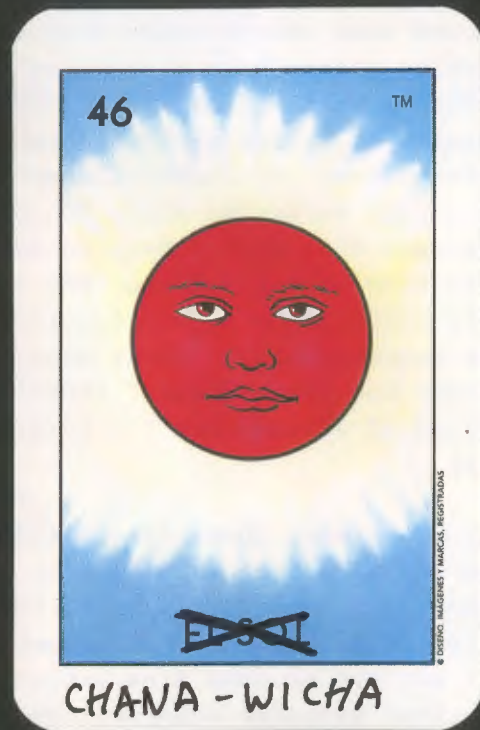


Ane-qua



As someone who occupies a borderlands identity and as someone whose body experiences geo-body politics, the only response I have to questions of mobility and home is "Ane-qua", which translates to "I don't know."

BATO EL MISMO CIELO



By Gonzalo

ABOUT

For me it was important to be intentional about using this project as a space and opportunity to reimagine **Latinidades** in ways that are **queer**, Indigenous, and anti-colonial. My project is guided by Gloria Anzaldúa and what she writes in *Speaking In Tongues: A Letter to 3rd World Women Writers*:

"I write to record what others erase when I speak, to rewrite the stories others have miswritten about me, about you. 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. To show that I can and that I *will* write, never mind their admonitions to the contrary. And I will write about the unmentionables, never mind the outraged gasp of the censor and the audience. Finally I write because I'm scared of writing but I'm more scared of not writing" (P.169)

What stands out to me most about this passage is what Anzaldúa has to say about the relationship between writing and memory, and more importantly how that relationship ties in with **agency** and **remembrance**. With that in mind, I set out on this Zine project to write into existence those memories from my life that have haunted and guided me.

***As a disclaimer, the content of this zine is informed by MY unique experiences and should not be interpreted as being representative of the experiences of All Latinx Folks.

— Stolen Land —

Before proceeding any further with this zine, it is important that we recognize that we are on stolen Indigenous land. Apart from this, we must also recognize the racist history of this institution.

write down what you know about Willamette's colonial history:

Lift to learn

Modernity and Indigeneity

I am a testament of the survival of Indigenous peoples, I am the embodiment of Indigenous resistance. Contrary to what you may believe, Indigenous people are not solely a thing of the past. We are not dead. Modernity and Indigeneity are not mutually exclusive.



Danza de las Plumas

Diego Huerta Photography

Tradition of silence

"untill I am free to write bilingually and to switch codes without having always to translate, while I still have to speak English or Spanish when I would rather speak Spanish, and as long as I have to accommodate the English speakers rather than having them accommodate me, my tongue will be illegitimate. I will no longer be made to feel ashamed for existing — I will overcome the tradition of silence"

-Gloria Anzaldúa



-Gloria Anzaldúa

Huatulco: Colonial Paradise

Tourism in Oaxaca is an enactment of coloniality. Huatulco is one of the most beautiful places in Mexico, it's a paradise, but we must ask ourselves for whom though? It is certainly not a paradise for the major indigenous who has to labor under the hot sun all day selling key chains to make a living. It is certainly not a paradise for the folks who were displaced from the land to make way for luxury hotels and apartments they will never be able to afford to stay at. Huatulco is only a paradise for those who can pay for the illusion of paradise.



Forced migrations



Because of forced migration and borderless, my mom has not seen her mom in 17 years. I cannot even begin to imagine what that separation and that trauma must feel like.

Nuestro Existir Es RESISTIR

The night of the pulse shooting, I was in LA doing research on Familia: Trans Queer Liberation Movement, a radical grassroots organization fighting for the liberation of trans and queer folks in Immigrant Detention Centers. In response to the shooting, Familia: TQLM organized a vigil to reflect on the lives of those who were taken from us.

Amidst so much tragedy, it was empowering to be surrounded by so many queer and trans Latinx folks. It was reassuring to know that we had each other. It was reaffirming to know that we mattered to one another. That day, I was reminded that our existence as queer and trans people of color is resistance.



Give Us Our
Roses
While We're
Still
HERE

Temblores

Indigenous people in Oaxaca (and the world in general) have a history of being the subjects of **environmental racism** and injustice. Conditions of environmental racism became further augmented with the multiple earthquakes this region has experienced within the last couple of months. But the media has not paid attention to our plight, we are invisible to them and the world. Sufrimos en nuestra soledad.



Gonzalo Garcia Reyes

73



For her 73rd birthday, we took my abuelita Cita to see the Pacific Ocean. She had spent her entire adult life working, lots of times barely making enough to survive. She could never afford to go to the beach, which I think speaks to the issue of environmental privilege.

— Same stars —



Chana-Bela in my Indigenous language means star. One of my fondest memories of Oaxaca is a night we stayed up late looking up at the stars, the Chana-Belas.

In Oaxaca everything looks clearer. Even though I can't always see the stars here, it gives me comfort that they are the same stars from Oaxaca.

People of the Clouds

view from my house in Oaxaca, 2016



I belong to the Zapotec nation, which primarily resides in Oaxaca, MX. Unlike the majority of indigenous groups, we do not have a great migration story, instead our legends say that we emerged from the clouds, we are thus la gente de las nubes (people of the clouds).

Don't Be a Culture Vulture!



Cultures are not costumes for you all to wear (especially white folks). Do better.

Homeland

"I carry home on my back"

- Gloria Anzaldúa

Home is and will always be complicated. Yes, I like to believe that I carry home on my back, but my homeland keeps me tethered.



Road out of my village