

**WE FEEL
WE WORRY
WE REFUSE**

a community zine

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ETST 101 & ETST 301 AT CSUSM (SPRING 2020)
CSUSM CROSS-CULTURAL CENTER
THE DIGITAL SALA
BULOSAN CENTER FOR FILIPINO STUDIES

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INTRODUCTION

The works in this community zine were created toward the beginning of the COVID-19 pandemic. In Spring 2020, as shelter-in-place orders were in effect around many different parts of the world, students, poets, and artists sought space for basic mutual support. I transformed my virtual classes at CSUSM—ETST 101: Intro to Ethnic Studies and ETST 301: Ethnic Studies and Society—into ethnic studies and creative writing workshops and invited community members to join. We called these Artifact Labs. With the support of the CSUSM Cross-Cultural Center and the Bulosan Center for Filipino Studies and the emergent literary intervention called The Digital Sala, we met for eight 45-minute workshops to read and write together. The goal was to reflect on, process, and document the anxieties, the analysis, the joys, the struggles, the pain, the remembrances, the rage, the fear, the longing that was in front of us, around us, inside of us. As we assembled these reflections, we were in the midst of an increasingly troubling time: we were losing work, struggling to make rent, to pay bills; we were losing family and community to the virus; we were mourning the brutal racist murders of Ahmaud Arbery and Breonna Taylor; we would soon see the movement for Black Lives gain incredible momentum after the killing of George Floyd; not to mention we continued to brave our way through a heightened and emboldened political atmosphere of white supremacist violence. There seemed to be no shared or exacting vocabulary, no set syntax, no simple grammar for what we were witnessing. But each of us struggled to make sense of it all. The publishing of this zine itself has its own story, as it has involved many collaborators, namely through the Bulosan Center Internship, and has had its own pauses and stumbles during the many griefs resurfacing and growing throughout 2020 and into today. Students, poets, and artists from San Marcos, Vista, Oceanside, DC, Virginia, New Jersey, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, San Diego, San Bernardino, Vancouver, Los Angeles, and many other geographies have joined to hold this space, to reflect together, to write together. Here are raw and urgent and meditative poems, journal entries, letters, paintings, drawings, and collages of dignified rage, solidarity, longing, possibility, prayer, and hope. This community zine is humbly offered as but one record of our times. We keep fighting. We keep resisting. We keep passing the good word.

JASON MAGABO PEREZ

San Diego, California
January 2021

Assistant Professor of Ethnic Studies
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The writing is a tool for piercing that mystery but it also shields us, gives a margin of distance, helps us survive. And those that don't survive? The waste of ourselves: so much meat thrown at the feet of madness or fate or the state.

Gloria Anzaldúa, "Speaking in Tongues: Letter to Third World Women Writers," in *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*, 4th edition, edited by Cherríe Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa (Albany: SUNY Press, 2015), 167.

for PG County, MD

i believe that for us to understand the fullness of gifts // we must first know what it is like to almost drown // the sound of disney music calls // says i've got a friend // so i come up to distance's surface // to find you panting next to me // and what about you // do you know how to swim good /// /// is it my place to write this if you are not my first /// maybe one in a long list of cartographic fixes /// do i know you well enough to call you mine // answer me answer me

see the thing about home is // i have only music // some old plane tickets // i know how to go out in four languages // i say walang forever // but you don't speak my language // so you think i'll stay // i say *take care* when i mean *goodbye* // and what use do you have for all my souvenirs // what do you want to do with my distance // my only home // i part with you towards the face of the sun // and do not let you follow me back into the water

ODE TO GORGEOUS PRINCE GEORGE'S

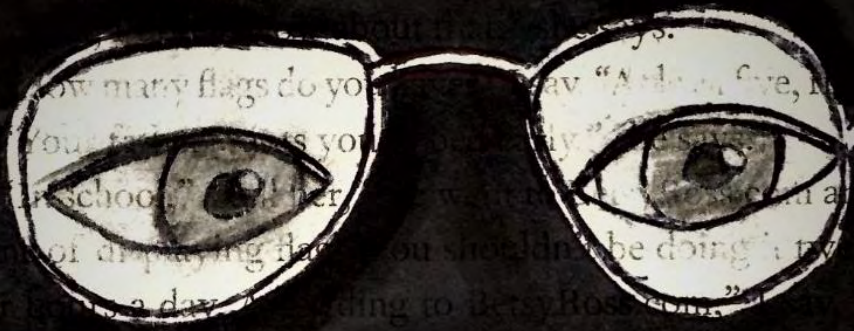
LIAA MELISSA FERNANDEZ

Watch you on

I think maybe

he look dangerous.

kill them.



illegal.

"I didn't know that," she said. "If you show them during the hours of darkness



fourth of
garbage.

desecra-

tion.

TANYA LOREDO

Liberation is
my lola's
unabashed
laughter.

Waking before the crack of the sun,
singing in parallel to the oil on her pan. I can always
guess what it is by its smell
but balance can be easily disturbed
by even the slightest change in weight.

I grew fascinated by the
elasticity of self and
our malleability as women
affected by the shift of
men's moods.

Tales warn not to
poke at the nest of bees, but
none tell of the swarm that
threatens to emerge at every
instinctive reaction.

**STRENGTH DOES NOT NEED TO BE
EARNED THROUGH HARDSHIP,
PERO HUWAG MAG-ALALA KUNG
NAHIRAPAN KA**

KEANA AGUILA LABRA

Labor is capturing this sun
and hiding it like the coins
and stray bills she keeps
in her shoes.

Labor is her
trembling, refracting,
sweat spilling a dance
onto the carpeted floor,
asking us to go to our rooms
as he paints his fists
into all of our doors.
Even after we've long moved,
we have never left.

Labor is shutting eyes as
though they were windows,
when all I want is to let
the rain in, saving whatever
it is that swells for the safety
and bliss of my third
grade classroom.

**STRENGTH DOES NOT NEED TO BE
EARNED THROUGH HARDSHIP,
PERO HUWAG MAG-ALALA KUNG
NAHIHIRAPAN KA**

KEANA AGUILA LABRA

Mass incarceration
1 million Black people locked in prisons or jails
Like slavery, the black man is for sale
Futures are being stolen
Blacks humiliated and beaten until swollen
Black women become victims of police violence
But their stories become silenced
The struggle is never a one-string guitar
Officials are taking steps to reform a system that has failed too
many so far



KARYNA GANDARA

Hey kid, this is you from the future. The year is 2020 and things are pretty crazy right now. You probably wouldn't believe half the stuff I told you that was happening in my world, but that might be for another time. I am writing to you right now in hopes that this letter might find you useful in hard times. This letter should be read whenever times are tough, or when you feel as if you've lost all hope. I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but your life is only going to get harder. You may have a million questions right now and are wondering what I am talking about, so let me try to give you the best advice possible. You're different, Yusuf. And that's not a bad thing, but others might try to make you feel like it. You're probably just now starting to go to Islamic school; you know the school mama takes you to on Sundays. Yeah, that place. The Masjid. It's an incredible place, huh? You know the place where you always felt at home. The place where it is always peaceful. Man, just talking about it makes me want to go there right now and pray! But I can't leave the house right now, again, I'll tell you why I'm stuck at home maybe some other time...Anyways, here's the unfortunate truth. In the year 2001, something terrible is going to happen. Innocent people are going to die. The world will be in shock. And they're going to blame you. They're going to blame mama, baba, your brothers, your aunts, your uncles, your cousins, every Muslim you know—they're going to blame all of you. This might not make any sense to you right now but hear me out. Some lunatics are going to claim they killed innocent people in the name of Islam. Isn't that the craziest thing you've ever heard? I know, trust me, it only gets weirder. A select few are going to say Islam made them commit crimes. But you and I know that it's impossible for that to happen. Those people are just brainwashed extremists. They're making all the Muslims look so bad. It truly is a terrible thing. You're going to have to stand up for yourself. You have to tell people the truth about Islam. But not everyone is going to believe you. There's going to be people out there that say Islam is evil. Or that it makes people do bad things. Just writing this out sounds weird to me. Our religion is peaceful Yusuf, I don't have to tell you that. But the world is going to hate you for being a Muslim. They're going to call you names, they're going to call mama names, and they're going to call baba names. It's not going to be easy. Oh, I almost forgot: When you're planning a trip, go to the airport like 3 hours early, just trust me, you'll see why. Otherwise, just know you'll miss your flight.

DEAR YUSUF YUSUF ROASHAN

Oh, also, when you're in a sales job, try to hold off mentioning your name is Yusuf at least until that person gets to know you first. Otherwise they'll just give you dirty looks and you'll lose the sale. Oh, also, in school **don't** tell everyone you know that **you're** Afghan, especially if their parents are in the military. The war in Afghanistan is going to be starting around that time, too, so, yeah...**you're** also going to get some heat for that. Look, Yusuf, you're probably stressing out right now but it's going to be okay! I have some good news. The good news is that I know how you are Yusuf. You're patient. You don't let things get to you. At first you will, but that's normal. Just take a deep breath. You have to stay strong. You have to be strong for the family, and also for yourself! Never lose your faith, Yusuf. Always believe in the truth. Never be ashamed of what you believe in or where you come from. Allah protects all people that stand for justice and those who are righteous. Your Muslim brothers and sisters in America are going to go through the same things as you. You all have to stand together as one! Fight back the oppression and prejudice with words and action! Not with violence or with baseless insults. The world is against you and your people, Yusuf. But this is just a trial from Allah. This is a test, and we're going to get through this! We just have to help others as much as we can. There are some people out there who **aren't** Muslim but stand up for you too. God bless those people. Befriend them, work together, stand up against the false truth about us! Division is going to be at an all-time high in your world. Sometimes it's going to seem like there's no end to it all. But this world isn't meant to be trekked alone. Stand with your brothers and sisters for humanity. Stand with them and show the people what Islam is truly about, peace and prosperity. I know you got this... I have faith in you. I mean, I know you better than you know yourself. A man who stands for nothing, will fall for anything. Malcolm X said that. Always remember that the next time you see anyone being treated unfairly. Okay, this is where I'll leave you now. I might send you more advice from time to time. Good luck with life, kid. Oh and btw, you won't believe who the Miami Heat signs in 2010, man you're going to lose your mind!

DEAR YUSUF YUSUF ROASHAN

The day is still as vivid as it was years ago. My mother and I just arrive at the grocery store. As she walks over to the back of the car to pull me out of my car seat, I admire her beauty through the slightly tinted window. Her thick, black hair sits firm upon her head, and yet it still looks as soft as a cloud. Her dark brown skin glowing in the 6 o'clock sun, her lips glossed and glistening in the sunlight. Her eyes are strong, yet tired. Not from lack of sleep, but from something else. I **wouldn't** know the reason for it for years to come. She pulls me out of the car and when I see us both together in the reflection, I realize just how similar we are to each other, it is as if she made a clone of herself. We begin walking to the store, when I hear a loud BEEP BEEP of a car locking right beside us, even though the owner is nowhere in sight. I **don't** think anything of it. I look at my mother to see if she notices but it **doesn't** even seem to phase her, she has the same sweet expression on her face. She notices me looking at her and says, "Is everything okay, River?" "Yes," I say quietly as we keep walking. Then it happens again—BEEP—another car locks right next to us. No owner in sight once again. I begin to think I have superpowers. As another car beeps next to us I see an older lady look at me with a disgusted look on her face. She must be jealous of my powers, I think. "Mommy, watch **this**," I say, excitedly sticking out my hand toward a car as we walk past it. As if on cue it locks and makes a loud beeping noise. "I'm a magical, Mom!" "Yes, you are baby."

MICROAGGRESSION

JADEN ROBINSON

for most of my life,
I rode
Southern Californian privilege as far as conscience would let me
feel
angry
and
others
ignorant
risk
contact
a hell of a lot more
racism
what is my responsibility
?
I refuse
and resist
connection
this
is killing us
dream
There, the
I
future
is

ZOEY PAYNE

\$3,000 and 3 years probation
Was the punishment for the men who killed Vincent Chin
Not a jail sentence, as many would have been charged
Does a plea deal really allow this?
I have questions about this.

They conspired to kill in less than 10 minutes
Not exactly premeditated though
And the man who drove them
Was he not charged as an accomplice?
I still have questions.

The motive? Unclear
Layoffs at the car factories
Japanese cars flooding the market instead of U.S. made ones
Cars being used as a tool for racism, a strange tool
All the Asians he knew were nice people
So presumably no negative bias
But what was "It's because of you we're out of work"?
The questions just keep coming.

Who's to blame here?
The justice system?
Was it inevitable, no matter who it was?
"An accident," he argues
I don't believe it
Not with a chokehold and a baseball bat
And asking another man to drive you to your victim
But the questions will never stop flowing, not from me.

QUESTIONS THAT FOLLOW

JORDAN WARDLE

She walks through the pain
She walks with the History
But her head is high
Her brow is furrowed and her fist tight.
If no one will speak,
If no one will fight,
If no one will remember,
She will make them.

UNTITLED CAITLIN JOHNSON

Taking up the White Man's burden, sending your sons to exile –
This, they insisted, is how we defend freedom.
We bring the water cure as baptism,
Civilization to silence your howling wilderness.
But American GIs trapped in Manila tired quickly of saving their
bedeviled captives,
Demanding their government send them home – to the real America.
“We will never forget,” the protest signs said. “Words are cheap.”
I wonder what Filipinos thought hearing the complaints of people
Who so hated them they traded a promise of freedom for more
imprisonment,
So delicate they couldn't endure the most average of Philippine summers.
How uncivilized, they must have thought. So sullen and childish.

EXISTO PORQUE RESISTO



FRANCISCA JIMENEZ

Third World Studies is the systemic examination of power and its locations and articulations involving race, gender, sexuality, class, and nation.

Gary Y. Okihiro, *Third World Studies: Theorizing Liberation* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2016), 15.

This is a prayer and a reminder.
All we have is now.
In these bodies we sometimes feel foreign in, too tight–too
loose–
(Breathe.)

All we have is now, so hold this moment like a freshly made
cup of tea.
Is the wind blowing? Do you hear the leaves speak?
Anak, umuwi ka na.

So hold this moment like a freshly made cup of tea.
Is the wind blowing? Do you hear the leaves speak?
Anak, umuwi ka na.
Child, come home (to your body).

Is the wind blowing? Do you hear the leaves speak?
In these bodies we sometimes feel foreign in, too tight– too
loose–
Come home to your body.
This is a prayer and a reminder.

THIS IS A PRAYER & A REMINDER
JENAH MARAVILLA

You don't understand us nor respect us
& expect us to abide you

Rob us of what moves us
& convince us it's for the good

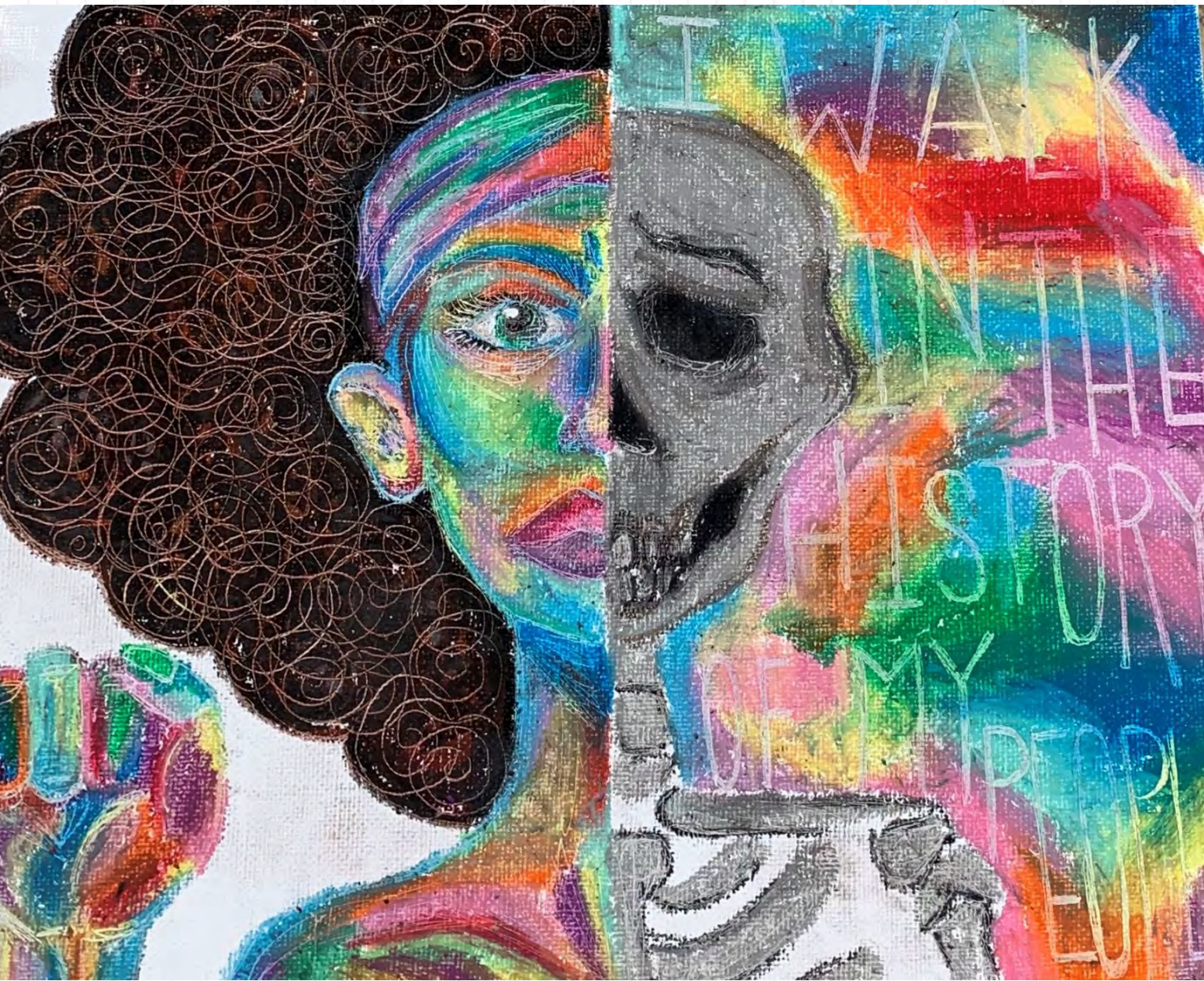
Subject us & villainize us
when the real terror is all you

Demean us, degrade us &
beg us to worship you

Shame us, separate us

We'll always rise above you

WE REFUSE EILEEN RAMOS



CAITLIN JOHNSON

We, the women
To be a bridge.
Stand by myself.
Third World Women
Together.
Everything going on
Fear of encountering racism
Put down, ignored
Girl, I know what you mean.
Listen.
Think about it.
Self,
Deep core of our roots,
Discover and reclaim colored souls.
You feel ashamed, don't.
Got something to say, say it.
Listen to the "small still voice"
Talk to somebody who shows interest.
Empower us.
Create change in the world.

FREE YOUR SPIRIT (INSPIRED BY

**KATE RUSHINN, CHERRÍE MORAGA,
AND GLORÍA ANZALDUA)**

MELISSA SANCHEZ

Women of color,
Keep moving, keep breathing,
Stop apologizing, keep talking.
Act in the everyday world.
Perform visible and public acts.
Get scared, keep talking
Tell the truth, spill the beans.
Make us vulnerable,
Vulnerability: source of power,
If we use it.
You become what you speak.
White women attempt to talk for us
Rape of our tongue.
Free your tongue,
Women of color.
Keep saying it, say it again.
Freedom, you'll get free.
Free your tongue.
Free your spirit.

FREE YOUR SPIRIT (INSPIRED BY

**KATE RUSHINN, CHERRÍE MORAGA,
AND GLORÍA ANZALDUA)**

MELISSA SANCHEZ

To the most hardworking, dedicated man I know. You are essential not only to this family but to our society. In my eyes you're important. In their eyes you're an immigrant. To me you're a superhero. To them you're a criminal. I wouldn't be able to live without you. They want you to go live back in Mexico. You feel guilty being an immigrant. You feel so guilty working so often that you barely see your family. You feel so guilty knowing you couldn't afford to give me the college experience I wanted. You feel so guilty because you couldn't always afford expensive Christmas presents, to go on vacations or the newest iPhone. You feel so guilty everyday, yesterday and today. Today you felt guilty because on your way to work you saw me struggling to study for finals because you cannot afford to buy me a new computer. You feel guilty. You are indeed essential but you feel so hopeless. It kills me everyday to know you feel this way. It kills me to know I could never give this letter to you because it would kill you. I feel guilty.

DEAR DAD ALLISON CARLOS

Waking up early at six to make it at seven
And sometimes staying at work late till eleven

Getting my uniform, who knew being a clerk would be risky
Putting on my mask, never knew it would be so pesky

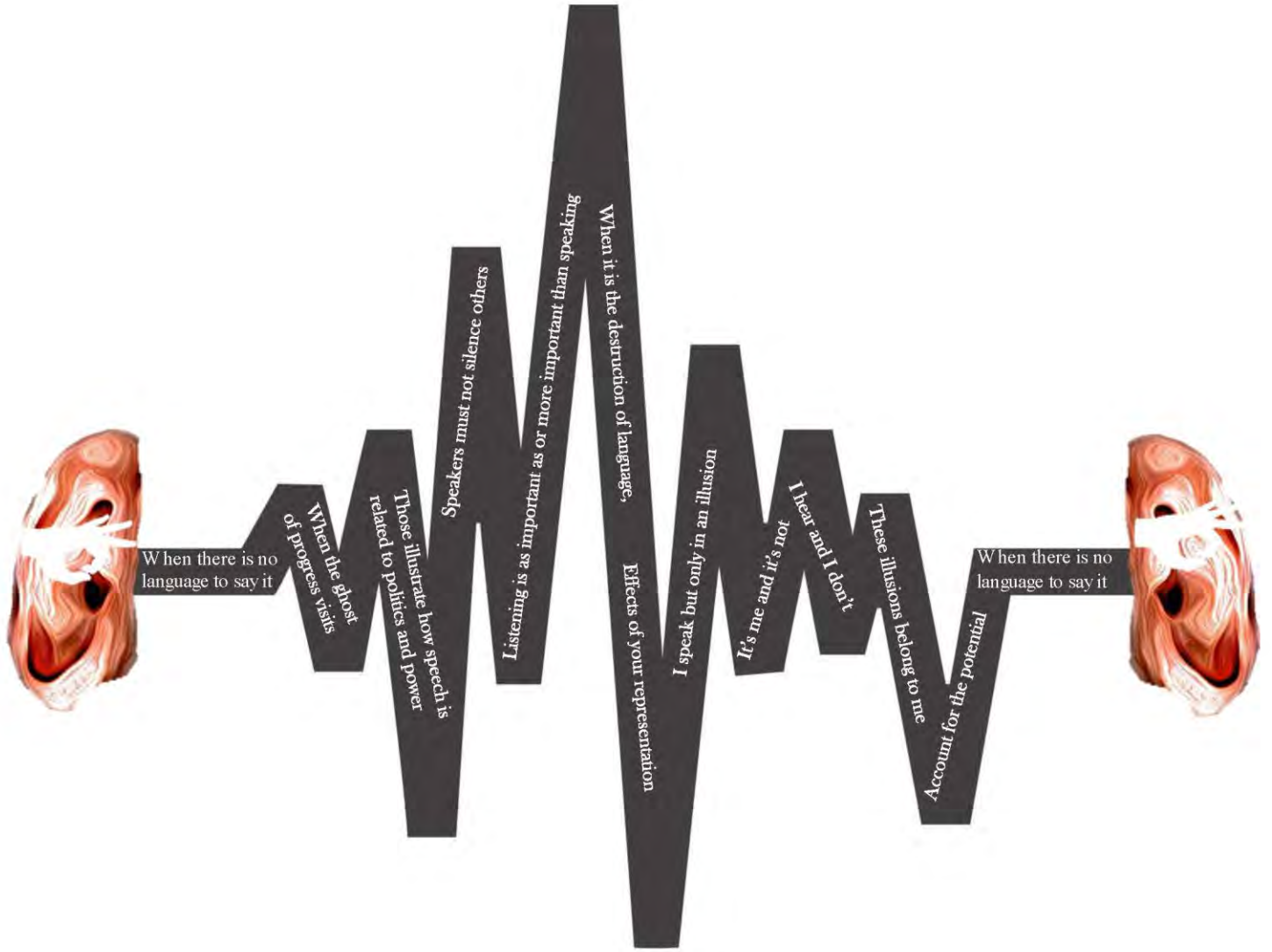
A kiss and a prayer from Mom
Between this chaos a small moment of calm

Out I go into the world,
Palms are sweaty, into the chaos I'm hurled.

Fear is one of the many feelings I feel,
Remembering I do this in order to get a meal

As I clock in and work on the floor,
Six feet distance is practiced so poor.

I pray I'm not next on a ventilator.
Guess I won't know that 'til later.



PHILONNIA REED

I am writing this letter as a woman living in the margins, in the Borderland of multiple identities. I am writing this letter as a woman of color, as a Latina, as a Mexicana, and as a Chicana. I found myself in so many ways within the pages of the literary gem that is *This Bridge Called My Back*. Gloria Anzaldúa and Cherrie Moraga quite essentially, wrote themselves into theory, proving that we, as women of color, are just as capable and have a voice to be heard. The writers in *This Bridge Called My Back* begin to make sense of the insensible, showing readers, theorists, academics, activists, and revolutionaries alike, that we have more power than we realize. The authors of *This Bridge Called My Back* highlight the power of owning your voice, telling your story, and creating theories in the flesh.

Rosario Morales writes about the power of self-identification in “I Am What I Am.” Morales writes, “I am what I am, I am Puerto Rican, I am US American, I am New York Manhattan and the Bronx, I am what I am. I’m not hiding under no stop, no curtain.” Self-identification is a power that we often forget that we have because we spend so much time letting others define who we are and place their made-up identifications upon us to the point where we begin to believe them. It’s why so many of us struggle with the imposter syndrome, constantly doubting our achievements and living under the cloud of fear that tells us we **don’t** belong, that we are frauds. Self-identification is something that I have struggled with on my journey of identifying as Chicana.



A LOVE LETTER TO *THIS BRIDGE
CALLED MY BACK* AND FUTURE
ETHNIC STUDIES STUDENTS
KARYNA GANDARA

See, part of the premise of being Chicana is not feeling like enough and the unique struggle which that encompasses. Being *ni de aquí, ni de allá* means struggling with living in the Borderlands of competing identities. I wrote a metaphor to exemplify the struggle:

A place of confusion, where my world is split between two. One half hearing the call from La Raza and the other wanting to conform To the Red, White, and Blue.

In “**Speaking** in Tongues,” Anzaldúa writes about the power of Third World Women Writers. This piece really speaks to how no one can write our stories and our historias the way that we can, nor should they try. Anzaldúa writes, “**followers** are notorious for ‘**adopting**’ women of color as their ‘**cause**’ while still expecting us to adapt to *their* expectations and *their* language.” Higher education and academia are highly infiltrated with racism and whiteness, only making room for us when we meet their standards or we match their exotic research, putting our lives under the microscope for their own palatable ingestion. Mujeres of color had to force their way in, writing about their communities and their people in their own way, through the lens of intersectionality as mujeres of color from all areas of life. Anzaldúa is arguing that women of color need to continue to write, that their pieces are powerful. Women of color, doing research and publishing work in an arena that lacks the representation, are writing themselves into the discipline.

A LOVE LETTER TO THIS BRIDGE
CALLED MY BACK AND FUTURE
ETHNIC STUDIES STUDENTS
KARYNA GANDARA

This Bridge Called Our Back was published in 1981, and here we are almost 40 years later, fighting the same fight. In 2020, women of color still make less than white women. As capitalism would have it, the dollar sign breaks down the value in our society, proving that women of color are not valued as equals. Latinas make less than any other group, making 54 cents for every dollar that a white man makes. In 2016, people of color made up approximately 45.2% of the U.S. college population while the faculty they learn from are about 73.2% white. Who **we're** learning from matters because representation matters. It is truly powerful when we can see ourselves reflected in the faculty that teach us. In my four years at CSUSM, I've only had 5 professors of color. Each professor of color that I've been able to learn from, has taught me valuable lessons about the world I come from and what it means to be a woman of color in higher education and in life, much like what *This Bridge Called Our Back* does.

This last part of my letter is for you, future Ethnic Studies student. Ethnic Studies is so much more than you think, and it is truly what you make it to be. If you open your mind and allow yourself to digest all of the knowledge that you will learn, you will have no choice but to change the world. We can alter the way academia and higher education is operated, turning regular classrooms into spaces of revolution. You will be learning in a post COVID-19 world, where so much that was hidden has been brought to life.

A LOVE LETTER TO *THIS BRIDGE*
CALLED MY BACK AND FUTURE
ETHNIC STUDIES STUDENTS
KARYNA GANDARA

The world isn't in a better place. Immigrant children and families are sitting in cages, malnourished and hanging onto life by a thread, imprisoned for seeking better lives. Yet, the media has forgotten about them with their lack in reporting about these human beings jailed at the hand of the United States. How do you make sense of insensible? How do you make sense of Black men and women dying every day at the hands of police officers and "good" citizens? How do you make sense of the media taking months to report on their deaths? The current COVID-19 crisis uncovers much of the work that still has yet to be done. COVID-19 is without a doubt, a POC story from start to finish. Why is it that Black Americans are dying at 7 times the rate of white Americans? The essential workers that are working on the frontlines are made up primarily of people of color risking their lives everyday serve and save others, yet white protesters walk along streets with their pitchforks calling for the reopening of the economy and the end to social distancing. We are forgetting that social distancing is a privilege, a luxury, that many are unable to participate in. COVID-19 uncovered how much the U.S. does not care about its citizens, and how capitalism is quite frankly the devil in disguise.

What is going on in the world right now should enrage you. Let that rage drive your part in changing the way the system works. *This Bridge Called My Back* highlights the power that women of color have and how valuable we are to the world. Anzaldúa and Moraga put together works that should inspire, enrage, and move you. Don't let the work of women of color go to waste. Learn what you can from them. I wish you luck.

A LOVE LETTER TO *THIS BRIDGE*
CALLED *MY BACK* AND FUTURE
ETHNIC STUDIES STUDENTS
KARYNA GANDARA

CRIMINALS

To Society

They hear you're happy, they go and find a way to make you sad. They hear you're debt-free, they go and make sure you have more bills to pay. They hear you received social justice from the death of a loved one, they go and shoot another family member. They hear your boss promoted you to manager, they go and lie to get you fired. They hear you're free, they incarcerate you. They laugh because *Freedom is nonexistent*. Hate. The word that proves how low your society really is. Ignorance. You wish to teach love, yet I am a refuge for you fools. Segregate. Disconnect. Divide. You chose to classify yourselves in misconstrued groups. Repression. One group automatically now assumes another group to be inferior—less likely to succeed, less capable of making one's own decisions. Inequality. It seems you like to treat someone with a different color unfavorably. Violence. Creating violence isn't difficult, I can lead a revolution. Oblivious. You are blinded with the mock-up of your great society not realizing I hinder the process of seeking truth, understanding, and having empathy. Insensible Human Beings. Your brains are programmed to think like me, making judgements solely based on very little information. Get rid of me. As if you would fight against your own built-in mechanism. I will never disappear. As long as there are people, I will be there.

Sincerely, Racism.

SARAH ORTIZ



This all seems a distant memory.

There was sickening evidence that the enemy was not some foreign power, but one within ourselves.

Race is a cultural construct, but one with sinister structural causes and consequences.

Possessive investment in whiteness is not a simple matter of black and white; all racialized minority groups suffer from it, albeit to different degrees and in different ways.

The American government demonizes its enemies to justify mistreating them, whether it is endless war, internment, and torture or mass incarceration and police abuse.

Our oppressions differ from one to group to the next, but we miss how we are connected through oppression- and how those connections should form the basis of solidarity, not a celebration of our lives on the margins.

UNITED TOGETHER AGAINST
OPPRESSION (LINES FROM LETI
VOLPP, GEORGE LIPSITZ, &
KEANGA-YAMAHTTA TAYLOR)
RACHEL KINDRED

Today I am afraid, afraid that not even a pandemic can bridge the divide
Two worlds that are a called black and white
We continue to fight

To survive not only against a pandemic
But also not to die from a panic
Panic that when they see us jogging
They'll kill us for simply running

Today I am afraid, to cough or sneeze
So that I don't get harassed or beat
For having ancestry from East

But this has always been the case
This is what being American is based on
If you're not white, then your not right

POEM TO THE COMMUNITY
FREDDY PIEDRAS

The head of my mother:
Jill-of-all-trades.
Lover, mother, housewife, friend, breadwinner.
Generation after generation.
I remember all of my mother's stories; —
Her mouth, pressed into mouthing English —
 "I must translate."
Nodding to me,
No islander, despite her praise.
Knew that being light is something of value.
 "Daddy,"
She admires you, and because of you
I forgot! — I forgot the other heritage.
Homesick, at the age of twenty for my mother.
His roots, —
 Just wasn't colored enough.
He gave me all the whitest advantages.
A very well educated daughter.
I am an empty shell.
I wonder if she shares my dreams?
Without me.

HER EXPERIENCES ARE NOT MINE
(W/ LINES FROM CHRYSSTOS, GABRIELLE
DANIELS, GENNY LIM, MARY H. LEE,
CHERRIE MORAGA, ROSARIO MORALES,
KATE RUSHIN, MAX W. VALERIO)
L.T.D.



CONSUELOS ZAVALA

In a world of possibility for us all, our personal visions help lay the groundwork for political action. The failure of academic feminists to recognize difference as a crucial strength is a failure to reach beyond the first patriarchal lesson. Divide and conquer, in our world, must become define and empower.

Audre Lorde, "The Master's Tools Will Never Dismantle the Master's House," in *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*, 4th edition, edited by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa (Albany: SUNY Press, 2015), 96.

I don't really miss you, but I miss you.

I regret deeply not kissing you that night in the park.

The last time we spoke, you called me out.

You told me I only rely on you when I break up with someone.

When I'm discarded, I turn to you.

Yet you discarded me.

What does it not mean to be in love with someone that you're not in
love with? Does that make sense?

Does sense make sense?

Not in the realm of broken promises,

I never made to you,

but you hoped and wished I would have come to my senses sooner.

They, I didn't miss them. But you, I did

DEAR R.M. DOROTHY SANTOS

YOU: With?

ME: Miss time. You?

YOU: I'm I never you. Promises.

ME: But I...you didn't? Broken? I discarded.

YOU: Miss someone. Me. That mean told them to, Does I? Yet my sooner break made deeply?

ME: Don't miss discarded someone. And make to sense you. I...I make up in that park.

YOU: I when...you rely. You, of the night, but They spoke.

ME: You're regret.

YOU: Called. Hoped come you kissing? What you really...

ME: It does. Wished I...in turn sense; not in your, have, love, I love me.

YOU: With that not! We not senses! The you sense? Does out me?

ME: When last? Not but, with did I, in be the to on only would you?

YOU: To realm.

(DEAR R.M.) DOROTHY SANTOS

As 7th graders in The Woodlands,

We crouch down low in the grass and the dirt

And search for insects for our bug boxes.

The doomed insects die in our cleaned out pickle jars

With cotton balls soaked with nail polish remover.

The tiny souls extinguish with the toxic fumes washing over them.

For biology, we display dead ladybugs, roly-polies and crickets

In shoe boxes with foam, pins and itty-bitty cut up note card labels:

Coccinellidae

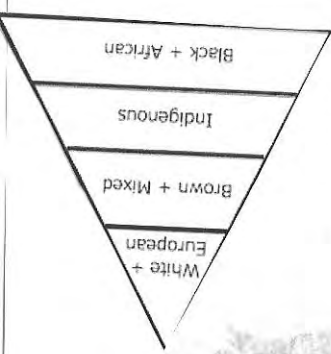
Armadillidiidae

Gryllidae

Will we get A's or B's because of broken or missing insect wings?

We're pubescent morticians.

BUG BOXES CHRISTINE HSU



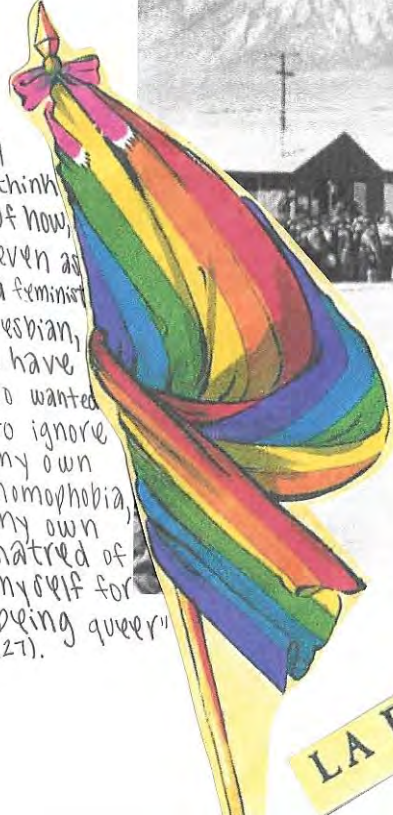
"Black (or brown, red, and yellow) power is a potential antidote to the poison of white supremacy, but it follows and is in reaction to white power and is accordingly limited by its model and prior condition" (2).

"They understood that education can colonize, but it can also liberate. A third World curriculum and pedagogy of the oppressed can plant the seeds of consciousness and revolutionary change" (94).

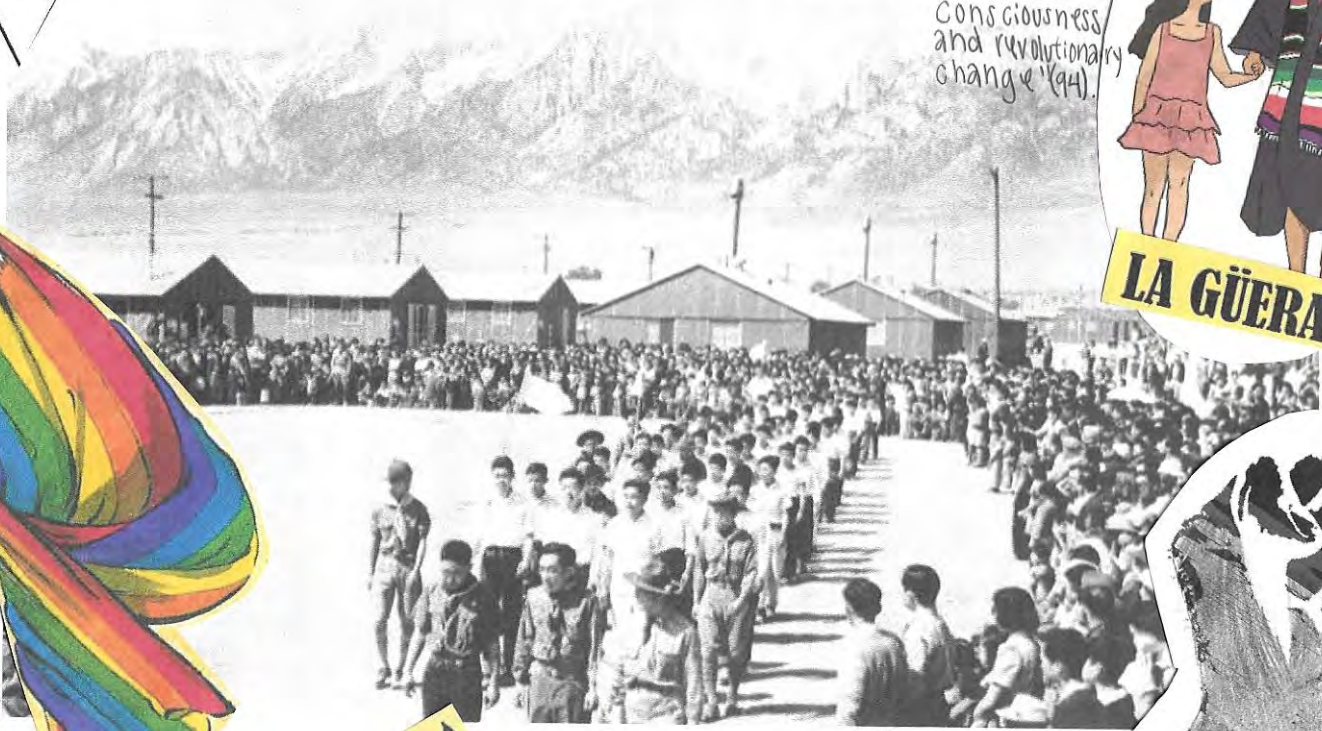


LA GÜERA

"I think of how, even as a feminist lesbian, I have so wanted to ignore my own homophobia, my own hatred of myself for being queer" (27).



LA BANDERA



An Asian American Black Panther



ESMERALDA FLORES

I have a very direct and passionate stance on these “protesters” we are letting roam around the streets freely in today’s world. We see an array of protests happening coast to coast and from major city to city. And as I type this up, safely quarantined in my home, living under the protection of these stay-at-home orders set in place by our government and local city officials, I can’t help but question the actions of these mask-less wrecks storming the streets and demanding their “rights” back.

I will admit, I do not have a single care for devious individuals who willingly choose not to follow orders. In this case, choose to risk their health and not wear a mask just for the sake of not conforming or abide by what officials tell them to do or not to do because it “infringes on their rights and privacy”. I do, however, care about impoverished families and struggling communities of color who, during these hard times, make their living working for the white man, whose work is the backbone of our economy and without any recognition, die in the process of stimulating it day to day. But it seems like these protesters are exercising their privilege freely.

It seems like these protesters who are caught on camera, storming public areas, are 70%-90% white Americans who feel like they can freely disrupt the streets without any consequences, and they can. We see white men carrying loaded guns out publicly, bashing the streets of Pennsylvania without any repercussions. We see white moms push and pull police officials without any correction and definitely disobeying the social-distancing, 6 feet apart protocol. And it really makes you think as to who really has “freedom” and who really doesn’t. Dictionary.com states that “freedom” is the power or right to act, speak, or think as one wants without hindrance or restraint. Hmm, that sounds familiar, doesn’t it? These American protesters, and by labeling them protesters is actually a very generous thing of me to do, deploy themselves out onto the streets to “fight” this new-age front culture war against the government who, I think, in their minds seem to be under the impression that their “resilience” can make them immune and invulnerable to COVID-19. I guess they claim to want to take back their “freedom” and be able to make their own health and safety choices during this pandemic but in actuality what they are asking for is to risk the lives of others for their own selfish gains.

JOURNAL ENTRY

BRIAN DOMINGUEZ

Let me deliver to you an example of a selfish gain these “protesters” are demanding. Two consecutive Sundays in a row now, protesters in San Diego have been dissatisfied with the stay-at-home orders and demand the county to reopen, with the latest protest being rallied at Moonlight Beach, my home beach. Being only 15 minutes away from Moonlight, three protesters were cited for apparently violating quarantine orders which enticed more than 100 protesters to demand the state to reopen the beach. Due to this pressure, the Encinitas City Council has decided to open Moonlight Beach that following Monday, and I gotta say, how selfish. The beach will be open to the public from anyone seeking to take a short walk or any die-hard surfers itching to catch a wave, it looks like the county has given them the green light to do so. These protesters act like all they were asking for is a little ounce of “freedom” to, say, go to the beach freely without a mask or regulations set in place. But think about it, logistically, how many people will be affected by contamination if we were to actually reopen all beaches during this exact time.

Last week, San Diego County officials reported that the number of COVID-19 cases has peaked to over 3,000 with the death toll hitting 111 and only expected to increase. But actually, think about it, if you were to reopen the beaches, concession stand workers and lifeguards will be demanded to go back to work, whether they feel safe or not, or without any access to regulated equipment for their protection such as masks or sanitization stations. Some police officers will be forced to chaperone the beaches and be pulled from more important duties. It seems like the only people who truly will have a “choice” are the citizens who will or will not attend the beaches during this pandemic and will have a “choice” whether or not they want to risk their health. I’m just going to take a guess, a stab in the dark, and say that those people attending the beach now were part of those protesting only because they went past their breaking point and couldn't go a few more without their precious beaches.

JOURNAL ENTRY

BRIAN DOMINGUEZ

But it's not just beaches, if you think about it, reopening in general will have a direct impact on those who have to do the work versus those who will benefit from the work being done in almost every industry if protesters keep bullying for public reopening. Consumers of this demand will actually retain their "freedom," the same "freedom" they thought they lost, to make whatever choice they want while workers will actually lose that said freedom. The regulations we have set in place currently, make it a struggle but definitely possible for low-income families or any middle-class worker to go to work, maintain little to no human-contact and still receive a small income which will provide some aid. But if we absolutely drop these stay-at-home orders and reopen, then individuals who cannot miss a paycheck or lose their actual job will now have to risk their health all while those who have the means to shelter themselves comfortably will have that "freedom" at their disposal.

Another thing to mention, protesters excusing their right to protest as a form of patriotism is a complete joke.

The whole purpose of patriotism is to literally sacrifice your own personal goals and desires for the greater good of the country by involving the idea of solidarity in mass response to national danger. But these protesters aren't willing to give up anything for the good of their society.

By defying orders and unwilling to comply with mandatory mask regulations or distancing protocols, they are making it more of a burden on healthcare workers and society in general, as the stats rack up. They are even putting their fellow protesters at risk. Instead of cheering at first responders, who are quite literally keeping communities and families together with both hands, they find themselves forming in masses, tying up traffic and protesting. Calling them "patriots" would quite literally be an understatement because their ideologies do not add up. These are the same "patriots" who, pre-virus, complained about paying too many taxes and didn't want to contribute to society in any shape, way or form and flaunted on the news about their ability to hold out in their bunkers with their rifles for years if and when

JOURNAL ENTRY

BRIAN DOMINGUEZ

doomsday hits only to find out that they cannot last more than a week without meeting at their favorite local place or lounging at their precious beaches with their friends. I mean after all, these are the same "freedom-fighting" "liberty-loving" "patriots" that preach total and absolute freedom so much but yet can outlaw a woman's right to choose whatever freedom she wants to govern over her own body, but I digress.

These protesters have been so conditioned to think that freedom to die is the only form of liberty. It is the same freedom when it comes to gun control and it's the same freedom when it comes to healthcare and this COVID-19 health scandal isn't any different. It's a shame but not a surprise, really, that the people most willing to defy social orders are the least compassionate out there amongst us. The same people that think women and children, risking it all to flee oppression and trauma, should be separated at the border. The same people who, time-after-time, have voted against their own economic interests based on the mere promise that black and brown minorities will get it worse.

It's just really exhausting to talk about white male privilege and the fact that they freely exercise it while possibly affecting everyone they come in contact with just adds to my frustration. You know, my freedom to live is equally as significant as their freedom to die. This is my stance and my opinion towards the wave of angry protesters we see day to day out on the streets, I just wanted to express how their actions can and will affect society during these difficult times for you, me and everyone else.

JOURNAL ENTRY

BRIAN DOMINGUEZ

"STUDENT ACTIVISTS OF THE THIRD WORLD LIBERATION FRONT KNEW THAT THEIR STRIKE FOR EDUCATIONAL TRANSFORMATION WAS ESSENTIAL FOR THE LIBERATION OF THEIR MINDS AND BODIES FROM THE CHAINS OF COLONIALISM." (OKIHIRO 1)



CONSCIOUSNESS = IDENTITY (OKIHIRO)



half man

half machine

POWER
MONEY



Tu lucha es mi lucha

@gricollective

"education can colonize but it can also liberate" (Okhiro 94)

Your Struggle is my Struggle

SELF-DETERMINATION

"IS AN END TO EXTERNAL DOMINATION"

...how to walk along the mud and never get dirty"

RACE

GLOBAL
DOMINANCE

NATIONALISM

ISABEL HERNANDEZ

I CAN'T BREATHE!

Just do what they say, and things will be okay.

Ya, but like blue lives matter, too.

Just don't threaten them or they will act out of fear.

Just dress less like a thug. "He's reaching for a gun!"

I CAN'T BREATHE!

Ya, but like blue lives matter, too.

They saw the color of my skin and pinned me to the floor.

Just dress less like a thug. "He's reaching for a gun!"

Liberty and justice for all, all those that look paler than me.

I CAN'T BREATHE!

They saw the color of my skin and pinned me to the floor.

Cameras began to record, and I know the outcome foso.

Liberty and justice for all, all those that look paler than me.

Fuck that and fuck the police. Bitch you don't know how it is.

I once longed to be white.
Let me tell you why.

I was born into a colored home.
I inherited my great grandfather's brown skin,
as well as my father's insecurities because of it.

Being the darkest cousin, nephew, grandson in the family,
made me realize the privileges, or lack thereof,
attached to my particular color.

I received insults for being "dark."
Some came from people whom I loved and cared for.
No matter what I tried, no matter how hard I scrubbed my skin,
I could not change my color.

It was only a matter of time until I could no longer carry any more insults.
I have no solution but to go on.
I am not a sheltered little "wetback,"
I will not carry the stigma that so many people have tried to burden me
with.
I have convinced myself that I am worthy and that what I say is not a
pile of shit.

I ONCE LONGED
TO BE WHITE
ANTONIO FLORES

The enemy is brownness and whiteness, maleness and femaleness. The enemy is our urgent need to stereotype and close off people, places, and events into isolated categories.

Hatred, distrust, irresponsibility, unloving, sexism, and racism in their myriad forms, cloud our visions and isolate us.

I once longed to be **white**...

I ONCE LONGED
TO BE WHITE
ANTONIO FLORES

Dear [REDACTED],

[REDACTED] taken [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] money, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] done nothing

[REDACTED] trouble [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] You kill

[REDACTED] infect [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] evil poisons [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] here.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] ten toes down." [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Kobe, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We the people [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] fight.

I am writing this letter to thank my aunt Lily for what she is doing to sacrifice as a frontline worker during this pandemic--she is a nurse practitioner. She is also putting her family aside to make sure everyone at the hospital is okay. Sometimes I cannot help but realize she would not be appreciated as a nurse if she did not hold the position she has today, even being a Mexican woman. Although it does also remind of the article by Lipsitz he stated "**whiteness** never has to speak its name, never has to acknowledge its role as an organizing principle in social and cultural relations to identify, analyze, and oppose the destructive consequences of whiteness, we need what Walter Benjamin called 'presence of mind'."

If my aunt were a white nurse, she would not have to worry about the discrimination of being a colored woman in the workforce. She would not have to speak her mind, but yet she does just for being a different race. With that being said, she is considered a hero per say during this global pandemic. She is saving people of all ethnicities and colors. So, the real question now should be why does it matter if she is a woman of color? But she is saving your lives, and your family's lives.

We must all be thankful for all of our frontline workers, whether it be doctors, nurses, grocery store workers and so forth. Making sense of this pandemic may be hard to do since it is something very new, but we must learn to be grateful.

DEAR MS. LOPEZ CELESTE MEZA

14 March 2020

We have been in quarantine for almost two months today. A lot has changed in the past two months. For one, schools have switched to be online. Now is the time when teachers and professors really need to honor Pedagogy. As Paulo Freire said in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, “The teacher is no longer merely the one-who-teaches, but one who is himself taught in dialogue with the students, who in turn while being taught also teach. They become jointly responsible for a process in which all grow.” This is an important way to look at teaching because students can teach the teacher just as much. The classroom setting is not welcoming when the teacher just lectures and does not allow the students to express themselves. Even with being online now, many teachers are so stressed by the change, that they are not giving students a chance to talk and express themselves. Teachers just put more on the workload and did not take into consideration what was already on the students’ plates now being at home and having other personal problems through the COVID-19 stages.

In “A Paradigm Shift in Our Concept of **Education**,” Grace Lee Boggs expresses how “**Today’s** schools fail [...] because they concentrate only on memorization instead of building on the multiple and complex powers of the human brain.” This quote is even more true now that we have been moved online. Teachers are just assigning busy work that is memorization-based and does not require any learning. [...] Most teachers are just assigning fill-in-the-blank assignments. If teachers have the idea that they are the sole authority, then students will never truly learn or grasp the concepts. Especially now that we are doing classes online, students will take it more as a joke. To prevent this, teachers need to be open-minded and adjust pedagogy and the curriculum; they must listen to their students. Until then, online classes will not be taken seriously. All classes need to grasp the ways of Ethnic Studies, more class discussion-type learning than lecturing students for hours.

DEAR DIARY TAYLOR GARRETT



Power

MASTER

Lucid

blacklisted...

The Roots

personal trauma.

SOCIETY

Bleeding

FREDDY PIEDRAS

But education can also inspire rebellion.

Gary Y. Okihiro, *Third World Studies: Theorizing Liberation* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2016), 9.

Libo-libong katawang nakamasa sa aspaltong nagniningning.
Tanghaling tapat sa harap ng rebultong bukas kamay.
Libo-libong yapak, libo-libong bibig
na sabay-sabay: Ibagsak! Ibagsak ang diktador!
Ibagsak ang bulok na sistema! Wasakin
ang lipunang dumudurog sa mamamayan.
Hawak ang plakard, pahid ng pawis
na tagaktak sa noong nakakunot.
Tuyo na ang lalamunan, ngunit tuloy-tuloy
ang kanta, ang sayaw, ang sigaw, ang iyak at hiyaw.

Thousands of bodies amassed on glittering asphalt.
High noon in front of the open-palmed statue.
A thousand steps, a thousand mouths
speaking as one: *Ibagsak! Ibagsak ang diktador!*
Break down the rotten system! Smash
a society that grinds its people.
Holding a placard, wiping the sweat
beading on a furrowed brow.
Our throats are dry, but we sustain
our song, our dance, our shout, our cry, our howl.

IBAGSAK / BREAK DOWN
CHRISTINE FOJAS

When I set fire to the rain, it burned.
I ran my hands over the distressed wood,
knowing well that I cannot take sides
as I stared at the window, shut the door.

I ran my hands over the distressed wood.
Let the atoms come at me, cover my face.
As I stared at the window, shut the door,
words formed themselves in my diary.

Let the atoms come at me, cover my face
while I taste the bittersweet in my mouth.
Words formed themselves in my diary
with the sound of stillborn silence.

While I taste the bittersweet in my mouth,
knowing well that I cannot take sides,
with the sound of stillborn silence,
when I set fire to the rain, it burned.

Some days, there are walls inside us, growing with vines that hold us back. I should be inviting you to that cozy cafe down the street. Where coffee is always brewing, the sleek machines are grinding beans nonstop and the carafe is always full. How my willpower crumbles when I see the fresh croissants, how my mood lifts upon hearing the door chimes and the constant chatter. I want to write to you about the arresting warmth of cinnamon, the sinful taste of the chocolate in the pastry, swirling with vanilla and nutmeg, the fresh berries that you would love, if you could ever come for a visit. But this is not our secret code. The stubborn grammar of this place tricks me into believing that I belong. My pen refuses to go on, waxing effusively about some brick and mortar shop that someone built, filled with books and music and 30 varieties of beverages. America has fooled me into this bubble. I instead invite you to the unspoken intimacy of the temple we walked to without shoes, both of us with chapped heels and toe-rings on the second toe. The red and white striped walls, the sacred ash near the deities, the banyan tree in the courtyard, its roots jutting out of the ground, the bells tolling during worship. I invite you onto the bund, where we walked by the river and spoke of things, important and mundane. These moments, far and few that you can spare for me, are the ones that make me question my choices of refusal. Of home, of homeland, of mother tongue. Of struggles, dreams and disappointments. We cannot have it all. But we will always have that day, when we prayed for each other and the family, walked back home via the **grocer's** shop in that little dusty lane and I took selfies.

DEAR MOTHER ANU MAHADEV



HATE

"The problem of differentiating illegal immigrants from citizens and legal immigrants signaled the danger that restrictionists had imagined—in their view, illegal aliens were an invisible enemy in America's midst. Yet their proposed solutions, such as compulsory alien registration and mass deportations, were problematic exactly because undocumented immigrants were so like other Americans."(Ngai Pg.4)

"The anti-immigrant and "illegal immigration" crowds have been so successful at criminalizing immigrants that Arpaio's comments reflect the national discourse that immigrants are indeed "criminals."(Lawston & Murillo Pg.2)

I am a survivor. I am resilient.
Living a life full of struggles that many people do not know.
I represent Bulacan, Malolos City
This is where my lineage is from, my history is resistance,
I dare not to forget my **existence**...I close my eyes BOOOM
SHOTS FIRED I see my kasamas dying.
I'm doing this to protect my country
I managed to escape from the Bataan Death March
I open my eyes...finally, the war is over
I'm now standing on the Epifanio de los Santos Avenue (ESDA)
My sons and daughters are afraid but will never stop fighting for liberation
The Marcos Regime started the People Power Revolution. I was alive
when the people united will never be defeated.
The last chapter of my life I move to America with my family to follow the
American Dream that I fought so hard for.
But... in America, it was all just a dream.

I AM HISTORY NATE ROQUE

I know that when you found out I existed, you worried more for my future than your own. As I grew older and became more curious, putting things in my mouth, going into the kitchen cabinets and wanting to go outside, you started to protect me more and more. I felt your worry throughout my life. I sensed your concerns for me and my future, although you wanted nothing but the best for me. But you both knew what the reality of these ideas were, and how the world in which your only daughter was to grow up in, had many societal structures and walls she would soon have to face, and eventually face them alone. Going into school, the structures of society started unfolding in front of me, and like when I was younger, I became more curious to know what these structures meant and why they existed. What you were never aware of was, education is a powerful tool to not only colonize students but transform society. The education system which I have been a part of for 16 years now has always created a system that is based upon the teachings of what someone who **doesn't** care who I am ethnically or culturally but wants me to read only the important events in American history. America, the American way, the American people. These words, I never identified with, but the people in my classes did. They looked the same, the color of their skin, their ideas, the way they spoke was similar. While my tannish skin stood out before the class, my ideas were always opposite to theirs and often never connected with anything they said.

DEAR MOM AND DAD
ISABEL HERNANDEZ

As I was curious to learn, others were curious to learn about a culture they never knew before, and every time I spoke about small parts of my life, they seemed so intrigued as if they never heard a story like mine before. Their questions were based on disbelief that someone so opposite of them ended up at the top where they were always placed. Now being in a higher education, the questions I longed answers for, for so long have been answered. Discovering thanks to my professors, how to walk along the mud and never get dirty. How to see the world and look much deeper to see the various truths behind every lie. I hope when my time in the University is over, I will not have to repeat the performance of the dangers that exist for a person like me when faced with them again. That is, until others like me, like the Scyborg, can come together and destroy the societal structures we grew up with, powerful and capable of destruction. **Don't** worry. I see the world for what it is, and most importantly, I see myself for who I am. Strong and capable.

DEAR MOM AND DAD
ISABEL HERNANDEZ

Because we have lost the path our ancestors cleared,
Kneeling in perilous undergrowth,
Out of the huts of history's shame,
Up from a past that's rooted in pain,
Come up from the gloom of national neglect,
You have already been paid for.
Come out of the shadow of irrational prejudice,
You owe no racial debt to history,
People are scared to accept their ethnicity,
Because the color of our skin decide our destiny,
The strength of our ancestors,
The power in our veins,
Honor their sacrifices,
At first we were beaten, tortured, and under appreciated,
Now, we are brutally murdered and under appreciated,
It's a struggle being black!
Being black wasn't a choice or intention,
I'm already black, there is no correction,
If only you understood,
But baby you never could.

UNTITLED CENTO, AFTER MAYA
ANGELOU, V. SPENCE,
FATIMA IMAN, GABRIELLE YOUNG,
& KRISTEN JANINE

ELYSSA YOUNG

WHEN

Study: Black people more likely to be wrongfully convicted

KING: How the 13th Amendment didn't really abolish slavery, but let it live on in U.S. prisons

WILL

Nixon Adviser Admits War on Drugs Was Designed to Criminalize Black People

BLACK

Getting killed by police is a leading cause of death for young black men in America

03.25.16

The Mass Incarceration of African-American Males: A Return to Institutionalized Slavery, Oppression, and Disenfranchisement of Constitutional Rights

Zimmerman Is Acquitted in Trayvon Martin Killing

ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER UNARMED BLACK MAN KILLED BY POLICE

LIVES

#SayHerName: Resisting Police Brutality Against Black Women

U.S.
Black Woman, 28, Shot and Killed by Police Officer in Her Texas Home While Watching Her 8-Year-Old Nephew

MATTER?

MAUREEN BWAMBOK

I am currently halfway there. Two more years remaining until I get my college degree. Two more years until I enter the full-time work force. However, here we are currently. Back as a freshman in high school, my first assignment was “write a letter to yourself in 4 years” where they gave us a paper and made us write something that we would get to see as a senior. I ended up transferring the following year due to my mom’s work. This now feels like a second chance to say something to myself down the road. So, I want to ask this important question to myself before I graduate: How much has your personal image influenced those close to you? I’m mainly asking this since I remembered being judged before for how I looked, the interests I had, and what people think I am but am actually not. Honestly, it took till first year of college in order to find the true friends that I care about. A lot of people back in high school judged me even as a Filipino-American and that’s just rough overall. Even some Fil-Ams didn’t want to hang out with me back then. So now I’m reaching out toward the me that is about to become a “real adult” as some people would say. I definitely want to know what has changed since global society overall had to adapt to this sudden change.

At the end of it all, I never expected to be in this situation where normal life suddenly became abnormal. At the beginning of this semester, I had a lot of plans with what I was going to do only to be shut in the face with harsh reality. I honestly feel like a lot has changed since stay at home orders have taken place. Also, I want to know what else has changed since this pandemic started? Has there finally been delivered vaccine that different people promised us? If conditions haven’t changed then are we close to returning back to normal? Recently I’ve been watching Gavin Newsom’s and the county’s livestream and currently there has been a push to reopening California with bigger steps taken each day. Like a few days ago, I went to my first chiropractor appointment in ages and I overall missed it as it was added to my weekday schedule. Now that everything has been disrupted, it just does not feel right and even after it all it’ll feel weird when all comes back to normal. I also am wondering about the casualties that came with what happened.

BEFORE I GRADUATE
MARK P DELA CRUZ

Recently I heard Souplantation is closing down permanently and I overall feel for all the different types of people that lost their jobs due to the global pandemic. Going back to the streams as well, just hearing the race demographics every time hurts me, especially how some of those groups of people were the same as me. A quote from a person whose name I cannot remember said this: This situation **doesn't** care who you are, where **you're** from or what you believe in. The sheer uncertainty worries me since anyone you know can just randomly contract it, which happened to one of my late uncles.

This is what I overall think right now though: I'm still an optimistic person, I hope that my 21 year old self still thinks the same way (which I know that I will due to how much it has pushed me going forward) but what keeps happening each and every day continues to build a raging fire within me. I have mostly been calm about the situation, especially since my mother has been in the laboratory doing these tests where it has mostly come out negative, but right now **there's** a lot of inconsistency. We talk about "**flattening the curve**" where there are still high positive cases right now in the world. People even are protesting out in the open for **Christ's** sake. In the end, I honestly am not focused on the minority or even the people who try and act borderline racist toward Asian-Americans who **don't** even relate toward the Chinese, who people seem to easily scapegoat. What I am focused on are the steps to come and I want to see how the world will play out in 2022, my graduation year. I know that it sucks that everything got cancelled this summer, but I'll eventually get to do these things again. We all just got to play it well and I hope that you, 21 year old me, are doing fine as you head into **what's** to come.

BEFORE I GRADUATE
MARK P DELA CRUZ

“Because of you
we’re out of work”

\$
3
0
0
0



3



years



Probation

“It was an accident”

JORDAN WARDLE

To the Anglo I'm nothing but a beaner, a wetback, a no good for nothing
All the Anglo can see is the color of my brown skin, the accent in my spoken English
To the mejicanos I'm nothing but an Anglo
To the raza soy pocha, soy guerra, y Americana
To my chicanos I am a mirror of themselves, a figure of hope, a figure of luchar, a
figure of our ancestors struggle of oppression
For our people are no strangers of what it means to be ripped of our traditions, of
our language, of our VOICE
Y yo como latina, chicana, hija de padres imigrantes
Siguere luchando
I will continue the fight of our people;
For our jobs have just begun
The Anglo will continue to be afraid
The Anglo is scared of the brown women being educated
Y por eso siguere la lucha
Our people have stayed quiet and endured many years of oppression
Our people are strong, resilient, and we are empowered
I stand here as a brown woman,
Proud de mis raices mejicanas.
Proud de ser hija de Padres imigrantes.
Proud of being educated.
Proud of being a women.
And that will forever scare the Anglo
The Anglo does not know how to react to the wetback, beaner, no good for
nothing
WHO DOES NOT FIT IN "the box"
I am a brown woman y siguere luchando por que apenas estoy comensando

BROWN WOMAN

ESMERALDA FLORES

In America RACISM is the illness that plagues the country, and never dies.

In America we live in a system set up to allow only a select few to prosper and others to fail.

In America a child of color is more likely to hear a family member has died, and cries.

In America when it comes to serving brown people, they are the last on the list, as their sickness and worries prevail.

In America brown people are scared to wear masks in a pandemic out of the fear of possibly looking "suspicious" and possibly being shot for it.

In America a minority's fear holds them back from obtaining proper medical attention.

In America people are shot and murdered simply for the skin they wear, remember his name, Ahmaud Arbery.

In America families part of the undocumented community wake up in fear asking "who will they take next to the centers of detention?"

A SHORT LOOK INTO COMMUNITIES OF COLOR IN AMERICA CHELSEA LUGO

In America “essential workers” are more likely to be minorities because to survive, making money has to be one of their priorities.

In America colored people die and public officials don't even acknowledge their plea for help until they are deep in the dirt.

In America black and brown communities are more likely to be exposed to COVID-19 when just trying to feed their families.

In America the amount of injustices minority groups face is so immense, there aren't enough days in a lifetime to heal all the hurt.

In America we are taught young that the system will most likely never favor us.

In America the change needs to start with us.

A SHORT LOOK INTO COMMUNITIES OF COLOR IN AMERICA CHELSEA LUGO

“Hinahanap-hanap kita, Manila
Ang ingay mong kay sarap sa tenga”
A song that was just noise
A noise up to now that never meant anything to me
But a noise that now is more deafening than ever
A noise that singles me out
A two tongued Hannah Montana of my generation
Born Filipino
Born American
Born from a Manila City mother and a Nueva Ecija father
Born to be me.

Whenever Manila by Hot Dog played
I remember singing all the “words” to the best of my ability
And as time went on and every time it played
The words that I didn’t understand, I could still pronounce with great clarity
I sang this song of my identity for so long
I felt it deep in my soul
But I struggled to truly understand the significance of this song to myself

I am first generation

MANILA SABINO BALUIS

My mother's mother still lives back in the Philippines

I live at home

My father's father is buried in the ground here
probably wishes he was buried in the Philippines

My mother's father is buried there

And so is my Father's mother.

They all call it home.

Their home is my home, I guess, but sometimes it doesn't seem that way
Isn't a home a place where you feel comfortable all the time.

This is my ancestry

They were the ones who came before me

I was the one to come after

Who is the one to feel disconnected

or am I the one that is trying to find his way back home

Two worlds and two tongues

I am told different things, and I've known different things

I am trying hard to remember

and I am trying so hard to find you.

MANILA SABINO BALUIS

Inspiration

EVERYBODY NEEDS ONE •



BCD-196

ALL NEW!!
100% HOTDOG ORIGINALS

SABINO BALUIS

Nobody in the world, nobody in history, has ever gotten their freedom by appealing to the moral sense of the people who were oppressing them.

Assata Shakur, *Assata: An Autobiography* (Chicago: Lawrence Hill Books, 1987), 139.

I make it a habit to give thanks for the morning
My home is a territory of light
I remind myself I'm supposed to be here
In this room of paper and inks, and b&w photos

My home is a territory of light
Surrounded by damp earth and the sting of new flowers
In this room, b&w photos of my father holding me
My body alight after meditation

Surrounded by damp earth and the sting of new flowers
I ask myself – *What do you need to feel alive?*
My body is so light after meditation
I float in my children's laughter

What do you need to feel safe? I ask myself
I remind myself I'm supposed to be here
and float in my children's laughter
I make it a habit to give thanks, even for mourning

QUARANTINE RITUAL

YAMINI PATHAK

Teacher poet you were my first, never you they say forget your first. I ignorant words was and how they could arranged be, life bloom, and you me showed each other. You said – *I do know a poem is not a piece of furniture*. Walk let us on your beloved trails. Ghosts of your dogs, palm your rat ride, those myriad insects saved you paper towel on ladders join us. Green valley, Hopewell, hope well you, dear Jean, red cardinals bird-feeder on your yard back. How green, how fierce you were. Images broken light wrestling into birth, stillbirth sometimes. Moon, always masculine you the most feminine and leave us now your footprints in the snow, dog fallen into the swollen creek, baby fallen still in dead of night, memory a crook neck warm head nested there a baby mouth moist patch. Winter wind and summer hiking bear in the distant hill shadow-side, skinny dipping poolside hidden trees in riverside did I say fierce blow of wind? Lost you your words your happiness at table breakfast us. Teach me walk me with journey silver your ornate antique words.

Meet again will we.

DEAR JEAN YAMINI PATHAK

when I was growing up
and a white man
wanted to take me out
I thought I was special,
an exotic gardenia,
anxious to fit the
stereotype of an
oriental chick.

I am a white girl gone
brown to the blood color of
my mother speaking for her.
For we women have a similar nightmare
both oppressed and the oppressor. We are
afraid to look how we have failed each other
we are afraid to see how we have taken the
values of the oppressor into our hearts and
turned them against ourselves and one another
we are afraid to admit how deeply "the man's"
words have been ingrained in us. It is essential
that radical feminists confront their fear of,
and resistance to, each other, because without
this, there will be no bread on the table. The real
power, as you and I well know, is collective. This
polite timidity is killing us. People who know
me, I reasoned, the ones who count, know who
I am and what I think. Thus, even when I
considered a veiled racist remark made in a
casual setting, I would "let it go" because
it was pointless to argue with people who
didn't even know their remark was racist.
I had supposed that I was practicing
passive resistance while being stereotyped,
but it was so passive no one
noticed I was resisting; it being stereotyped
was so much my expected
ultimately rendered me invisible.
I am brownier than I
want Spanish ripples on my
tongue
what I am any you can't take it
away
with all the words and sneers at your command
what I am. We are both in danger of your
ancient fear. I learned to fish on my own
stopped. Now I'm learning to weave nets. Always
up against a color chart that first got erected
far outside our families and our neighborhoods,
but which invaded them both with systemic
determination. We are the colored feminists in
a white feminist movement. We are the feminists
among the people of our culture. We are often
the lesbians among the straight. We do this
bringing by naming ourselves and by telling our
stories in our own words.

P.H. (W/ LINES FROM CHERRIÉ

MORAGA & NELLIE WONG)

I recently have been processing my childhood. It has enlightened me and interested me in processing my own identity. I have studied many Feminist and Third World Studies articles. In this studying, I have come to admire Kimberlé Crenshaw and her concept behind the term Intersectionality. Her way of defining the diversity in systematic oppression and her focus on the individuality of each **being's** placement in society and politics, has impacted the understanding of oppression and how it is placed within each identity. Still, it is complex and difficult to understand the world through other **peoples'** experiences. This led me to think about how every single person has an individual and unique set of memories and experiences. I believe there are many different forms of trauma in which they can all coexist, affecting the individual outcome of each **person's** way of living. Historical trauma and oppression reach the subconscious part of **one's** psyche, making it very complex and hard to understand theoretically, as it is so individual and personal to each being. We may have no recollection or awareness of the traumas that could possibly be the root of all issues we have with ourselves. The reasoning behind why we **don't** love ourselves, why we are not okay with being "**imperfect**" even though it is as inevitable as death itself. Trauma is not just surface level, it is multi-dimensional and internalized within each person, creating individual experience and thought processes. Every person lives in the world only they can truly perceive.

Through my learning and especially with the aid of my college **Women's** Studies and Ethnic Studies classes that I have taken, I have reexamined the internalized racism and denial of identity of my own mother. I never really understood my place in the world, as I am biracial and grew up with a white-dominant family and an adopted Korean mother. I never understood the impact of my identity because I was never exposed to the truth, growing up in Utah and a very religious part of the midwest. I remember having talks about my race with my Dad, who is white, on multiple occasions because he understood the differences I would begin to comprehend about myself. It was never a secret that I was part Asian, but it was also never fully explained to me what that would mean for me in the real world.

DEDICATION TO OUR IDENTITIES

P.H.

I especially do not remember my Mom ever having any conversation with me regarding where she came from other than the very surface of it and to my recollection, she has never had a true conversation with me about who I was in terms of my identity. I am truly sad about it. I am sad at the fact my Mom feels any sort of disapproval of herself. I feel sad that she has so much internalized racism within her and it saddens me that she will probably never fully love herself or comprehend the beauty that comes from her being a woman of color.

It **wasn't** until recently October 2019 that I started discussing where my Mom came from with her. Me, my brother, sister, and Mom went to Korea to celebrate her birthday. We even volunteered at the orphanage where she was adopted from. It was clear that my Mom had actually thought about her real parents throughout her lifetime and had even returned before without me to try and find out more information, as my grandparents have only ever given her minimal information regarding her adoption. The orphanage made it very clear, as well that they were never going to give her the information she needed. She had her identity taken from her the day she was put up for adoption. Her right to know her own mother was signed away without her own consent and it is safe to say that her journey trying to contact any of her relatives is over. I truly believe my Mom grew up with more childhood trauma than I will ever be able to personally comprehend. Her trauma is so different from mine and yet so closely connected.

Now that I have gained access to multiple articles and other forms of epistemology regarding racism, I realize the micro-aggression toward Asian perspectives. I understand that my **Mother's** trauma stems from her being denied access to her true identity and thus she has devalued that aspect of identity to a mere simple fact that she "**just is Asian,**" passing on the internalized racism and silence of a whole part of what makes up who we are when we step out into the real world. This reminded me of a section from *This Bridge Called My Back*, titled "**Invisibility Is an Unnatural Disaster,**" by an Asian American, Mitsuye Yamada. She wrote about the microaggression and expected complacency that came with her identity as an Asian woman.

DEDICATION TO OUR IDENTITIES

P.H.

Whether in the workplace or in her own personal life, she explores how accepting the information someone provides for you instead of allowing you to create your own experience has become such a theme for Asian-Americans that it has been used as a coping mechanism for many women around the country.

By now, riding along with minorities' and women's movements, I think we are making a wedge into the main body of American life, but people are still looking right through and around us, assuming we are simply tagging along. Asian American women still remain in the background and we are heard but not really listened to. Like Muzak, they think we are piped into airwaves by someone else. We must remember that one of the most insidious ways of keeping women and minorities powerless is to let them only talk about harmless and inconsequential subjects, or let them speak freely and not listen to them with serious intent (35).

I am still processing my identity and what it means to be all of the things that I am. It's harder than words can explain and more personal than anything I have ever had to manage as I am now a young adult. I am in denial that the world I live in will silence me. I am in denial that it will ever allow me to hate myself or feel shame about who I am. I want to dedicate understanding my identity and accepting it for all that it is in honor of my Mom. Her opportunity to do so was and still is clouded by her own parents' choices for her upbringing. I know I am not able to heal for her or change the way she sees herself because I know her trauma is her own and it is as simple as that. But if I had one wish, I would wish for her to feel free. This would entail her accepting who she is and embracing her identity without feeling shame or need to modify her outward appearance. I will dedicate fighting for representation for all intersections of identity for everyone to her lack of self-acceptance. It's something that has become very personal to me. I feel empowered by the stories of where people come from, not just from the textbook facts and surface level stereotypes. There is real emotion and internalized racism that comes from my Mother's childhood trauma that I have seen first-hand, which is why it is so empowering to be able to take Ethnic Studies courses. To be able to acknowledge the privileges of my identity and to support diversity and change for the well-being of society and its peoples is a start to creating more acceptance and decolonizing racist institutions and traditions.

DEDICATION TO OUR IDENTITIES

P.H.

Bitter taste in the air around us
The actual sight of fear
A stampede of wild bulls towards us
A frenzied blur of leather jackets,
screaming wild devils
Thrashing with harsh stiff leather

Their horrifying shrieks of rage
Thru the rain of leather force
They were scattered, my fear increased

I could envision the mischief, sense the
energy
I was provoked, scared
My skin boiling, I cried alone

I am wondering
How we can blend two worlds
How to mend the holes in our past
But I shrink inside

UNTITLED (INSPIRED BY NAOMI
**LITTLEBEAR MORENA'S "DREAMS
OF VIOLENCE")** CINDY NOLASCO



THE POSSESSIVE INVESTMENT



Donald J. Trump

@realDonaldTrump



The Coronavirus is very much under control in the USA. We are in contact with everyone and all relevant countries. CDC & World Health have been working hard and very smart. Stock Market starting to look very good to me!

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IN WHITENESS



SHIELEN AHMADI

When you needed to build the intercontinental
railroad you brought us to this nation
Once that was completed, our presence was
no longer needed and you said, LEAVE NOW!
All we ever wanted was to live free
but we lacked the pigmentation of your skin
To get rid of us, you made laws that hunted
and put us in a path to deportation.
Lies were spread about my people
about how dirty we were and our instinct to rape
You said that we were a threat and that if we ever mixed
our blood with yours, that would be the end.
After many years and progress, we thought we had moved on
but we forgot that our skin did not change
its color and your thirst for blood yet remains
we truly believed that when we reached the melting pot that
we would become Americans, however, a passage was denied
Like many other colored folks, we were just not the right kind
we could be used as wood to burn the pot
but not good enough to be inside
When finally you changed your laws and
allowed colored people to become citizens
we had to study very hard and pass a questionnaire
that most of your natives would fail
As a reminder that your obstacle course was beaten,
you gave us a certificate
That bears a stamp but your children
will always treat us as a second class citizen

IN MEMORY OF VINCENT CHIN
OSCAR LEON

You loved our food but not the hands that make it
You love our traditions but only if
you take over and make them your own
You say that you despise my people and
that we are robbing your country
But please remember all the blood from some of your crimes
Do you remember what happened to Vincent Chin? Probably not
That night while celebrating his bachelor party
he was murdered in cold blood
Two men attacked him believing that
he was Japanese and therefore the
The mastermind behind the collapse of your auto industry economy
A show was put on for the media and a trial was held
Your judge came out and said, "Not guilty, there is no crime"
The killers walked free only having to pay a couple grand
I guess that is how much a Chinese life was worth!!!
A mother was left alone to suffer an irrecoverable loss
A community was devastated to see that
a life was taken because simply the White man can
But we never forget and will always remember Vincent Chin
At this present time because of the virus, we are all suffering
yet you continue to attack us by saying that is our fault
Your own president has called it the "Chinese virus"
Therefore, giving the green light for attacks and to intimidate
Why do you hate so much?
Can you see that we feel, we cry, we worry, and although we have
different skin color every time you cut us we, too, bleed red.

IN MEMORY OF VINCENT CHIN
OSCAR LEON

Today is May 12, 2020: all I can say is that things are crazy right now. At this point almost the whole world is in quarantine. There has been over a million cases of the Coronavirus now, it has disrupted so many lives. People were freaking out. It was like the apocalypse or something because this virus was spreading like wildfire. Of course, we the United States were late to the party and were still going to school and going to big crowded events thinking there was no way it could affect us. But an American thinks that if they have money, they are immune to everything; that they can't get a poor man's disease. Then when we least expected it there was more than 100 cases of Americans with the Coronavirus and many more dying. But guess what every American person did when they heard the news. They rushed out to every single store and bought all the toilet paper available. When it ran out white Americans began selling it online for 100 dollars a roll. Because some people were so desperate, they actually purchased many at that price. I was honestly in shock by the way Americans have reacted to this pandemic. What does that say about who we are as a society, to take advantage of people in need, to see them suffer only for a small profit? Then again why are the stories we hear only about white Americans. Throughout this crisis many minorities have been excluded from the benefits and important information that others are receiving. It is not fair that myself and other minority groups are being taken advantage of and it is time to put a stop to it. Gloria Anzaldúa one of my favorite authors from *This Bridge Called My Back* sums it up with this quote from her letter "Speaking in Tongues": "Many have a way with words. They label themselves seers but they will not see. Many have the gift of tongue but nothing to say... Many who have words and tongue have no ear, they cannot listen and they will not hear."

JOURNAL ENTRY

NATALIE AMAYA GOMEZ

American

exposure to

toxic

racism makes

death if African Americans had access to

nutrition, wealth

health care, and protection

few

would die each year.

Minorities are less

whites

receive

aggrieved racialized groups

suffer

“the lower life expectancies

from

higher rates of

Poverty, malnutrition, and poor health care.

segregation

make minority commu-

nities disproportionately susceptible

a different relationship

revealed

ALYSSA RAMIREZ

My people have been working for you, we grow and harvest your food, we clean and take care of your children when you are not around, we are the people of the mighty Aztecs, we fight for you and ourselves, my people are the people of Emiliano Zapata, a leader of revolution when it is needed. We are the people of César Chávez, a man who fought for our rights. My people work for you, dropping every sweat and tear to heal the earth and feed your families, the earth is the only thing that tells us to begin and stop working, we are the wise because we have more knowledge because you have not been on this land long enough, we are the people who can keep you going, if you get rid of us your society will collapse as we are the ancients and wise. You can reach the stars, but in the end, without my people you can never succeed and achieve where you are.

Mi pueblo ha estado trabajando para ti, cultivamos y cosechamos tu comida, limpiamos y cuidamos de tus hijos cuando no estás, somos la gente de los poderosos aztecas, luchamos por ti y por nosotros mismos, mi pueblo es el pueblo de Emiliano Zapata, un líder de la revolución cuando se necesita. Somos el pueblo de Cezar Chávez, un hombre que luchó por nuestros derechos. Mi pueblo trabaja para ti dejando caer cada sudor y lágrima para sanar la tierra y alimentar a tus familias, la tierra es lo único que nos dice que empieces y dejemos de trabajar, somos sabios porque tenemos más conocimiento porque no has estado en esta tierra el tiempo suficiente, somos las personas que pueden mantenerte en marcha, si te des haces de nosotros tu sociedad se derrumbará ya que somos los antiguos y sabios. Puedes alcanzar las estrellas, pero al final sin mi gente nunca podrás tener éxito y lograr dónde estás.

MY PEOPLE / MI GENTE
CIRO AMADOR



TANYA LOREDO

When the storms come, I taste the electric flavors of silence in the air
Liberation is the silken sound of the ocean's breath, flowing free
When the storms come, I feel the weight of tears collecting behind eyes
Liberation feels like fists uncurling, looks like bloodied tulips opening
their faces to the sun
When the storms come, I cannot hear the muted prayer of the hunted
Liberation is the sound of my feet gathering speed before lift-off
When the storms come, I am caged, a prisoner of blame
Liberation means I can go home to celebrate my father's birthday,
sip hot dal at my mother's table

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