Artist Showcase Issue
2020-2022



La Otra Taller Nepantla



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La Otra Nepantla seeks to reimagine the dissemination of resources for 2SLGBTQIA+ Bipoc creatives of underrepresented genders; to include trans women, cis women, trans men, non-binary people, and those who are otherwise discriminated, by hosting writers, artists and healers for biennial, 2-4 week creative residency program for collaboration, creation, research and rest. Without the guilt, microaggressions, stress, financial strain and distraction often found in residencies, institutions of learning, in the workplace and even in our own homes, a small group of practitioners will reside together in a shared long-term vision that seeks to eradicate racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, transphobia and the "gatekeeper" model found in too many creative residency programs and creative professional circles around the globe. La Taller will take place in South Texas, and will serve as a brave space for each creative to nurture a current individual project while also gaining the constructive feedback and professional and spiritual support of their Taller-Cohort, visiting mentors and teachers.

Donate to La Otra Taller Artist Residency Program Here:


ANZA DUA
IN LOVING M RY OF
HER FAMILY RIENDS
SABEMOS QUE PODEMOS TRANSFORMAR
ESTE MUNDO. FILLED WITH HUNGER.
PAIN. AND WAR INTO A SANCTUARY OF
BEAUTY. REDEMPTION AND POSSIBILITY.
CAMINATE. NO HAY PUENTES. SE HACE
PUENTES AL ANDAR. VOYAGER. THERE
ARE NO BRIDGES. ONE BUILDS
THEM AS ONE WALKS.

Acknowledgments



My deepest appreciation to sabia, “chicana dyke-feminist, tejana patlache poet, writer, and cultural theorist,” Gloria Evangelina Anzaldúa, who even after her passing 18 years ago, talks with me daily through her palabras and unrelenting South Texas chakalaca-bird-call spirit. I’m also deeply indebted to my maestra familia, Norma Cantú, Sharon Bridgforth, Liliana Wilson, Jackie Cuevas and Mariana Romo-Carmona for your unwavering guidance, strength and deep love, throughout my ARTivist career. La Otra Taller Nepantla 2021-2022 would not have been possible without the contribution of the National Association of Latino Arts and Culture - who first created a safe space for me to dream, 20+ years ago; and second, generously offered me guidance, leadership, professional training, and the pleasure of receiving the Catalyst For Change Award MONEY used to develop this project from inspiration and dreaming. Great appreciation to the La Otra Taller Crew. You epitomize the craft, corazon, and friendship of our maestra/es, grandmothers, and spirit guides. We are on the path together, always, even if not physically. You are legacy builders and medicine to me and so many. Adelante! Lisa and Mia Uribe-Kozlovsky for their constant loving encouragement, their graphic design and editing skills and the special role they play as part of our beautiful queer, activist, family. This zine wouldn’t have been possible without your patience, leadership and open heart - Lisa. You have helped me to clarify concepts, explore particular facets of insight to this work, and offered such powerful recommendations! Ella Alcoser, gracias for your creative contributions to photo editing. I also want to thank mi Mami, Maria Norma Garza-Flores and my Tias, Nelda, Velma and Terry, for purchasing the beautiful homes in Arroyo City, along the Arroyo Colorado when I was two years old, for filling it with love all these years, and for making it the perfect place for me to host La Otra Taller. I am also profoundly grateful to mi Abuela Olivia for making my Tias who they are today. She was a CHINGONA, so they became chingonas and so did I! Eso! Gracias to all the legacy builders! Endearingly, to our ancestors, the land, the spirit, the memories, the healers, the dancers, dreamers, lovers, birds, crickets, weather, wind, water, Yemaya and Oshun, La Sal Del Rey, La Laguna Madre and our First Nation people, the Coahuiltecan and Lipan Apache people. Gracias for grounding us. I forever owe an enormous debt of gratitude to my family - Erika, Jessica and Klarissa. You support me and give me a magical and true space to dream of a world where art and spirit are central to living a joyful and realized spirit. You hold me. You trust me. You love me. You check on me. You are my constant love. And sometimes you let me go, even for weeks at a time, because you believe in our work. To my queer familia - you know who you are - thank you for showing up in my heart every day. All of you make the work of the queer corazon so exciting, so true and so rewarding.

Forward

Las Otras
By: Anel I. Flores, Founder

Pink lipstick, papaya, fig stained sky.
We worked the page
not because it was broken
but because every sheet had another side.

We were kiskadees - yellow belly, brown back, black bandana-ed eyes.
Stoic, fragile
always on the tip of a red tulipan;
fifty mile an hour winds in our wings
we cried.

We were Brown Pelicans - eight feet wingspans, hooked bills, stories from more than three million years ago. Slick, canny, quick - we plunged from the high sky, waking serpent slithering water waves
into the Laguna Madre
catching light

the setting sun
inner child
offerings
fire wood from an empty lot
oranges from neighbor's tree
rusted chair, near the water pier, missing a seat
one fire ant carried an entire leaf
mango seed slipped but gripped in our fist
sunken feet in the sand
a visiting chapulin
Sin Verguenza tree waving hi

mesquite pods shaking the sky
grey cracked dirt
fire
fly ing

We woke things.
We sang things.
We held things.
space, light, hands, song, sazón, fire, stones, breath, tears, dreams,
each other
and with palms open out front of our bellies
we held the everything
that looks like nothing with eyes closed
and open
like emptiness
like bare hands
we came to life.



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Cosas I had already started
Reb Mari
Mixed Medium (Found objects, ceramic and glass tile)

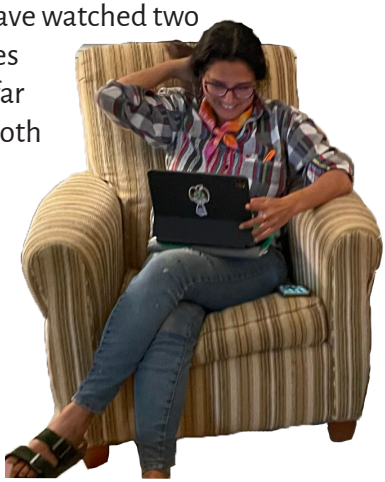
Birds of a feather

By: Reb Mari

La Otra Taller Nepantla is made up of seven artists. Each person is multi-talented and highly skilled. Perhaps one day you'll get the chance to meet them and hear stories from their own lips. Until then, let me tell you a little bit about them through my eyes:

The first thing I noticed about Aminah was her short black hair with one long braid. It reminded me of Grandmother Spotted Eagle and how she would, at times in ceremony, shave her head yet always leave one small braid to keep her tied to her grandmothers. She is a keen observationalist and listens more than she speaks. A little bit more is revealed to me about Aminah, during our side one-on-one conversations. Something I have learned about Scorpios from Amanda (my girlfriend), is it takes time to get to know them; one must be patient and consistent to gain access beyond the surface. I enjoy listening to Aminah speak about being a teacher. You can tell she enjoys the students, but like all teachers, feels drained by the industrial-education-complex. She doesn't use many labels, yet she does acknowledge her lineage of Creek and Chickasaw Peoples. There have been times when we have been loosely playing music in a group and Aminah will begin to free flow lyrics and share some of her rap with us. The other day, after I took a walk, I spotted her working on a mixed media project. Her eyes were filled with enthusiasm because she was creating an idea that had been in her head and was letting it flow with less need for perfection. Aminah is trained in Martial Science and has degrees in Fine Art and Art History from the University of Texas of San Antonio. I look forward to getting to know her better and hearing stories about her hometown, Biloxi, Mississippi. @progresstudios

We have watched two movies thus far and both were



suggested by Natalia (*Carwash*, 1975 & Ya No *Estoy Aqui*, 2019). Music is a big theme in both movies. Natalia (Qween Paz) is a musician and a singer songwriter. Sharing a room with her is easy as she has very laid back energy. It's nice to meet someone who smiles as much as myself. She is from Corpus Christi and one can quickly see she was raised as a beach baby when you observe how comfortable she is by the sea. She sits right on top of the sand, grabs her guitar and begins to play melodies and serenade us. She quietly walks into rooms yet not without notice. There is a lingering mix of happy and calm energy that always surrounds her. I saw Natalia first perform at the Pride center in San Antonio a couple of years ago. I read some poetry earlier in the night and Natalia had asked Anel if she could play a few songs after the readings. Those of us standing around, talking amongst ourselves lowered our voice to a silence when she began her set and all heads turned her way. Our attention was captured and not released until she sang her very last note, looked up at us and with a smile said "Thank you." The audience set off in a round of applause. It's ambitious to attempt to describe her unique voice. It's like a strong melodic whisper riding on a powerful breath of self release and expression. We have had a couple impromptu dance parties with her as the DJ. At times Natalia hovers on the outside of the group, staying observant and chiming in here and there. I appreciate her wardrobe of tie dye t-shirts and a black sweatshirt that reads "embrace the rainbow." For those of you wondering, her sun sign is in Aries. @qweenpaz

The academic of the group is Alexandra. From Pharr, TX and attending the University of Texas at Austin, she's on a full ride scholarship towards her PhD, researching and writing about queer kinships on the border. One of her goals in life is to be a profe and "teach gay, Mexican shit." One of the first things we connected on was being children of gay parents. The astrological Cancer energy is strong in this one and at times it feels as if I am in the room with a younger version of myself. She is dramatic and when I write my next play I will definitely ask her to audition. She says she has FOMO (fear or missing out) which is ironic

because she ends up missing out on some group activities because she is attending virtual classes. When she joins the group she is thoughtful, helping Brandy in the kitchen when she can, and making sure everyone has space to finish their thoughts and share their opinions. También, she has the energies of a nopal born out of this RGV land. It's a mixture of tenderness and toughness. @ jotxsyrecuerdos

Chispa and wise are two words that come to the forefront on my mind when I want to describe Excy. Standing at 4'11", with deep eyes and a centered white streak on her black hair makes her seem as if she is from the past and the future at the same time. In this current lifetime, Excy is from Honduras close to the border of Guatemala. When she speaks about native ways and stories she seems wiser than all of us and we attentively listen and drink in the knowledge. The flute is just one of many instruments she plays. She is a natural musician and generous with her teachings. Steadily encouraging all of us to pick up an instrument even if one has never played it before. Similar to how you are drawn to warm glowing fire on a cold night before you know it, Excy has melted away any self doubt around playing a new instrument. Other times, she is like a spark, bouncing around laughing and being silly in her Water is Life sweatshirt and Mickey Mouse pajama pants. This is not the only residency she is part of at this time; and while she is here she is finishing up four songs to present to the public in March. She is growing into her self-confidence and we all here to back her up in that journey. Her sun sign is in Aries. @ceilba_ili

If Anel and I were trees we would be the same species, perhaps mesquite. We seem to enjoy the same conditions to grow and be happy. I have many memories of Anel at the beginnings of La Botanica. She wanted to make sure it was successful and that is when our friendship began to form. I found out later that she attended Incarnate Word High School with my cousin Clarissa Rodriguez. In 1992 Anel, Clarissa, and other classmates of theirs came to the house we are at now for Spring Break. I'll let her tell you more of those stories. Over the last forty years she has spent many family vacations

at Arroyo City. The first thing she does in the morning is turn on a pot of coffee, set intentions, and begin to write. One cold morning she went down to the dock alone and saw a dolphin swimming up the channel. Since she is working on a memoir she is reconnecting with her inner child, letting herself be more playful, listening to songs that meant a lot to her in the past in her earbuds for hours. We have laughed a lot these past twelve days. She has some old fears she is trying to release and we spend some time on the dock contemplating the human experience, how to reframe things that cause fear or blocks in the creative process and healing. The other morning we saw a new bird we hadn't seen before, a Roseate Spoonbill flew above us during the sunrise. The bright pink feathers against the light gray sky made it easy to spot amongst the other flocks of birds. Thousands of birds flying in the same direction to coexist for another day and upon sun down would migrate back to their resting place like the seven of us will do at the end of the taller. @ aneliflores

Perhaps you have met Brandy Garcia. She is very active with Lezride San Antonio, a non-profit started by a group of queer women in San Antonio. There were many bike rides that started or ended at La Botanica that she led and yoga/ fitness classes that she organized. I met Brandy and her partner Gucci through La B. Brandy is not tall, yet when I think about describing her I want to use the word tall. It's that she has strong energy and it makes her person take up even more space. Another word I would use to describe Brandy is Femme, high femme with multiple outfit changes in one day, lips painted and with either a scrunchie or headband on her head. The meals she has been cooking are packed with flavor, texture and delicious sauces. We talk a lot about food. She used to own a food truck in Denver City, TX. In the beginning she was nervous and shy but since then has opened up. We all have. Brandy is here to heal and figure out her next steps in life. There are



haunting experiences from her past that she is getting a chance to release into the sacred sea waters. She has an adventurous spirit, speaks proudly of growing up and being her abuela's favorite. I know she worries if her partner Gucci is eating well while she is away. So Gucci, if you are reading this make sure to eat some fruit and veggies today. @fantasticbrantastic

It was very important for me to use this time to go deeper into my spiritual journey. I have had the honor to share Danza with my moms via FaceTime while out here. With reverence and obligation we shake our rattles, beat the drums and dance on the earth. The sacred movements send vibrations rippling out from the Gulf Coast all the way to the Pacific and back. I imagine that our burning copal smoke meets in the sky, over the Four Corners. As far as my art projects, I am stocked with art supplies, Jaranas, and an open heart. I am allowing the waters and vientos to guide me.

I can tell my writing is rusty yet it's invigorating to return to it. At times I feel like the Tía of the group, cracking jokes, teasing a little bit here and there, and sharing insights I have gathered along the path. When sought out, I offer the Las Otras, thoughts of peace, healing, and paradigm shifts. I have really enjoyed learning more about the different birds of the Gulf of Mexico and casting my fishing rod into the ocean. My sun sign is in Cancer. @rebelmariposa

Being together has been creatively inspiring for all of us. At times we are working alone in our own space and other times collaborations are happening. We ask for feedback and advice. We kindly and happily center ourselves and then center each other. The mutual respect, inquiry, and admiration allows us to be present and bring forth creations that are buried deep within us.

Tlazocamati Ometeotl



El Violin Magico
Liliana Wilson

Prisma Color Pencils and Acrylic on Paper



Amamantar

By: Excy Guardado/ Ceiba ili

Miro al suelo
me agacho
beso la tierra

Nos ponemos frente
a frente.

Tse Mama, gracias.
Tiosh n'am seyu.

En mi mano siento el palpitar
de su corazón.
Me acuesto allí,
respiro su olor único de tierra.

Cierro mis ojitos

El calor del fuegito
Despertándo en mi
Un recuerdo tierno
De nacimiento

Tío carmen fue testigo

"Yo fui el que sembró su ombligo,
allí lo puse detrás
de la casa de su abuelita.
Los viejitos de antes
nos enseñaron.
Siempre ha sido nuestra
costumbre...

Allí duerme su ombligo,
al par
de un árbol
de cacao."

Cacao nutridor ancestral
de mi gente.
De ti bebió mi mami
para lactar.
Tu nos has amamantado
por miles de años
De una chiche
o un guacalito.

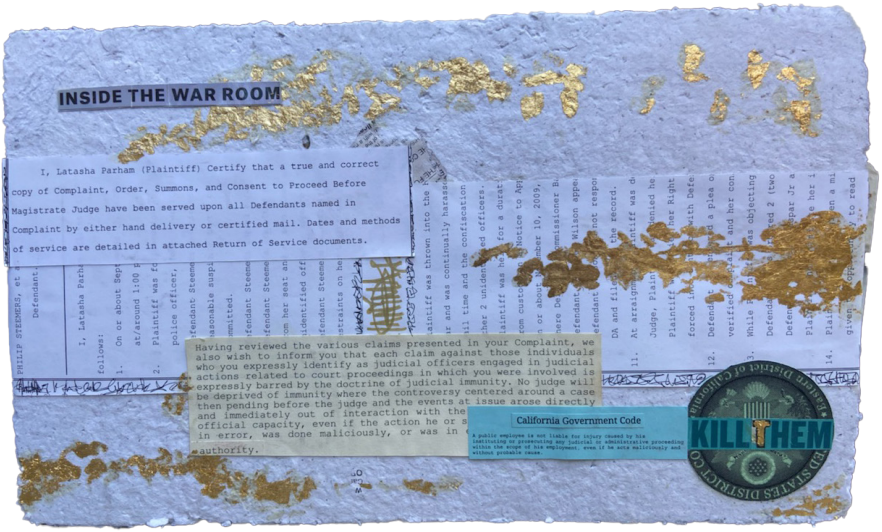
Los cantos sutiles de los
colibries
Me regresan a mi cuerpo,
la tierra todavía
fresca en mi cachete.

Mamita, nos hemos alejado
del conocimiento
de nuestras
tradiciones
que nos unen a ti.

Las pocas que quedan
dentro de nuestras familias,
encubiertas,
sin explicación,
Permanecen solo
en acción.

Api shayuk pil niwak
Despacio iremos recordando.

Inside the War
Aminah Decé
Mixed Media Collage
with Gold Leaf





For the Record
Aminah Decé
Mixed Media Collage
with Gold Leaf

Notice to Appear

By: Aminah Decé



Mom
Did you imagine my name a meal, comida
Mana to the meek
I've been humble, we've been patient as aged owls
As provoked as grieving women who cast charms for their arrogant sons
Boys that cry and suck for sustenance
And after, being gifted with nourishment
spit on the soil they sprang from…
Scorch their holy lands to smoke signals
Mom
Did you imagine my name medicina
a neon violent potion to replenish our vision
Offering refuge like our grandmothers' kitchen
We enter frail and fractured
We exit with the vibrations of our appellations stewing like gumbo in our bellies
An iron cauldron of nopal
Ancient alchemy
morphing our vessels into sanctuaries
The process of our names are ritual
the Lord's Prayer
approach with reverence
as a temple
least each syllable, accent, generation, each
Shall shoot needles, arrows
sharp and strict shoot, down from the firmaments
veiled in war chants
To pierce mouths
cut teeth into idols
scrape against palettes curses
leaving evidence of prophecy
on tongues whether the taste is appreciated or not
the silk of our names will slime and sizzle in guts
root, proliferate and groins and choke progenies who'd take the sounds in vain mom
they demand to know my name
to scribble it across their summons and lead me to a guillotine
fearful of the divinity in my womb
craving to conquer the riches resting in my breaststroke
they hope to harvest my soul straight from my bones
how dare I look
how dare I think, feel, breathe, exist remain after the wars

they left you to die
in spite of the gutters they
drudged for our homes
Amid the confusion of garbage
and rot and scraps of nothing
we're living still
though our blood boiled, cooked
in the sticky of a Vancleaven
driveway
because we said no
because we thought to seek
better
because I sought the flavor of
my name auspicious, trusted,
Majestic
a servant of God
mom
They've scheduled a seance and
issued a notice to appear
but I'm with you
beneath a blush moon
confronting our shadows burying
my wounds swaying to a coastal
breeze
High up a mountain we are
disrupting separation and
carving laws onto stone Protected
by mature intentions and
forgiveness
our names are lush, plump, thick
with histories ancient, deep
Dripping with the might of a
Crowned Samson
so I'll sit as the reaper's rise in
their cloaks, armed with gavels,
judgments and intimidations
Comfortably we'll sit
As they attempt to conjure the
fruit of our names
And we'll witness the cochinilla
drag traces of a Socratic syrup in its
slither
boiling on its descent to the pits of
misogyny and entitlement
and we'll dance to the slaying of
Goliath
mom
I'll sing your name
I'll teach our children your name
so we'll always be full, fed … safe
so they'll know that love heals
so our enemies drown perpetually
in their indulgence
swallowing what is sacred with
hardened hearts and unclean
hands



Kunan Tu
By: Excy Guardado/ Ceiba ili
Flute Song



Santa Nina de Uvalde
Liliana Wilson
Prisma Color Pencils and Acrylic on Paper

Salt and Ashes

By: T. Jackie Cuevas

Mama was pregnant at 20, living with her parents. When she went into labor with me, her parents were drunk, so she drove herself to the hospital. A couple years later, both her parents died, leaving Mama to raise her youngest brother along with me. Somehow, even though her parents had tried to beat the sparkle out of her eyes, Mama was always gentle with us. The only people she occasionally yelled at was us kids to clean our rooms and Tony Romo to throw the damn football. She demanded that we do good and always try to focus on what's good. She somehow always managed to keep us fed. She could conjure some makeshift mole out of a candy bar and a jar of peanut butter if that's all we had. She made a whole life that way.

During the week, she worked 2 or 3 jobs as a single mom to keep us afloat. But on weekends, she did like to tear it up. She loved dancing at the Playroom Lounge, where she taught me to: keep an eye on men's hands, order drinks, and sink that 8-ball on purpose. After we were grown and Mama got much older, she married a nice guy who didn't give her trouble, a retired prison guard who knew she had been in prison, and he loved her anyway.

At 68, she was finally stable with the longest and only run of financial comfort of her life. 10 years in the same house, getting out of debt, finally retiring to become the painter she always wanted to be. She painted her favorite memories, like herself at the beach or me reading on stage.

One Monday morning, she called to tell me her back had gone out so hard she could hardly breathe. The doctor had given her a pain shot, and she was going home to nap. On Tuesday, my stepfather called crying: she can't breathe—we're at the hospital! I was driving to a job interview, but I got to the hospital in time to say things that needed to be said, right before they wheeled her into emergency surgery.

Mainly: I love you and I love you too, but for Mama, it was also:
Mija, go to my house…get me my hair brush and my make-up bag.
I said: How are you gonna put on makeup with an oxygen mask?
She raised her eyebrow and said: Just. Go. Get 'em.

I asked the doctor how long will surgery take? He said: an hour. It's routine. This procedure has a 99% success rate. It's a good thing we caught this blood clot in her lungs just in time.

Then Mama looked at me in pain and said: job interview? I waved it away with my hand. She looked at me hard and said: Go. I said NO WAY. She raised her eyebrow again and said Go. I said: With that mask on, you look like the creature from the movie Alien. She laughed while reeling in pain. She motioned for me to give her something to write with, so I handed her my pocket pen and notebook. While she was writing, I thought: I should tell her she's more like Sigourney Weaver (but I didn't say it aloud).

In her beautiful 1950s script, she wrote: Love You. Good luck. Tell hubby to take medicine.
Please bring maroon lipstick.

I went to the job interview where I don't remember what the hell I said, then I went and got Mama's stuff. When I got back to the hospital, Mama was unconscious, on a ventilator, fading away. She left us gently at first, then suddenly and dramatically all at once. She was gone by midnight.



Later that week, I worried about what to dress her in to be cremated because I knew she would want to look nice—even for that. I put her in her favorite white huipil and pants. But ultimately, what she wore in the very end was a pink salt vase.

When we threw her urn into the Corpus Christi Bay, Mama's ashes sank to the bottom and became a part of the place she loved.

Now, when I visit that coast, the waves crash much louder, each one carrying all the things Mama never told anyone, all the paintings she was in the middle of.

The funeral home had given me a tiny keepsake box of ashes just for me. After everyone had gone after the funeral, I sat alone in the yard, staring at the box. For a few minutes, I wept like a ship splitting apart in a storm. Mama was a big beautiful woman, but now I held her in this tiny, blue velvet box. How do you hold the blood of an exploding heart or the ashes of your mother? I opened the box, wiped my tears, and dipped my salty finger into her ashes. I wanted to add myself, mix myself into her the way we've always been intertwined, more like twins than mother-daughter. When I pulled my hand away, a smidge of her ash clung to my fingertip. I put her drop of ash onto my tongue and swallowed.





Photo Credit:
Liliana Wilson



Mujeres Marcharan 2019

Anel I. Flores

Digital Drawing

Mujeres Marcharan 2019
Anel I. Flores
Digital Drawing



In Mujeres Marcharan 2, 2022, I center the youth of Empower House (formerly Martinez Street Women's Center), from a photo I took in 2015, at San Antonio's International Women's Day March. They bring las grandes spirit guides of South Texas along with all of us on our march towards peace, social justice, equity and love. Connecting the spirit guides with the youth, on the left, center, and right, I placed three young curanderas, doing the work together to heal and open up the community through unearthing traditional practices of spiritual and earth medicina.

Spirit guides (and Curanderas) from left to right: Maria A. Ibarra, Nikki Valdez, (Susana Ramirez), Angela De Hoyos, Artemesia Bowden, Sylvia Rodriguez, Kenne McFadden, Sr. Dorothy Ettling, (Reb Mari), Choco Meza, (Erika A. Casasola), Gloria Anzaldúa, Gertrude Baker, Erica Andrews, Martha Prentiss, Lauryn Ferri,s and Isabel Sanchez.

The youth from Empower House lead us and march with us and carry the message of our work. The youth are our teachers, our energy and our hope. I believe the work of Empower House is centered around exactly what is happening in this image. The children lead, the hermana/e/xs guide and the spirit marches with us.

There are more people I'd like to add to this image, hundreds more I am sure each viewer will think of, but in all reality, they don't fit on one page. Because of that, *Mujeres Marcharan* is a living portrait, I will continue working on as our familia passes into the spirit world as a space of honor, and memory. I will add the spirit guides of our women, queer, and gender non-binary people to the work with the goal for the viewer to be charged to think about who their spirit guide is, who they want in this work, and who they want to walk with on the path to peace, social-justice, equity, and love. I also hope you walk with us.



Writing as Resistance Against Hate

By: Mariana Romo-Carmona

This past year, when I wrote about Conditions: 14 for Sinister Wisdom, I kept coming up against the realization that the staggering achievement of the publication was also the achievement of women writers fighting against hate-- misogyny, racism, and homophobia. I began with the recognition of having been beaten in many ways in my life, and that this body that I propel in resistance against that violence, is part of that movement against hate.

That movement against hate becomes a way of thinking about self-hate; a soul-searching against the violence of our times revealed by our resistance in the very specific context of publication processes. These thoughts come to me now with regard to the publication of Nepantla 2 because the repercussions of the Dobbs decision to reverse Roe v. Wade have been felt so intensely this summer, and I feel as though we are still reeling from its effects. To say that the political mood resonates fascist and repressive expressions is understating the problem, but I would say that this is a fair description of the resonance of the past 50 years. Most recently, with the ….that is where the danger to our society can be seen, and we cannot forget this if we expect to fight for our freedoms effectively. The reach of our current state of repression may have ramifications that may extend much longer and broader than we anticipate.

I write because I see in this collection a possibility to set down some useful truths. What does it mean for the collectives of peoples of color to publish at times like these? When I wrote about my work at Kitchen Table Press, and the Conditions journal, I was making a connection to the work of lesbians, including many lesbians of color, whose work in publications of the '70s and '80s I now see as expressions of work against hate. The work in which I would later be involved included COLORLife! magazine in the '90s, that was done by LGBT and Two Spirit POC through the AIDS crisis, and I would again categorize that work as united resistance by activists of color against hate. It was important and necessary work because it highlighted how, in

the decades that followed, we could see how oftentimes it seemed as though we had made great strides in the area of civil rights, yet we knew that the hate that destroys our communities is never far away. Today, even though we might be able to say that these gains are considerable, when young LGBTQI+ people can show who they are in some schools, when marriage can slowly be seen in terms of love and non-binary celebrations, when the entertainment industry occasionally features diverse queer expressions with greater ease, we are never very far from the repression that once threatened our lives.

This is why I write about my own experience as a Latina immigrant in the U.S., who, in 1976, in the state of Connecticut lost custody of my only son when I came out publicly as a lesbian. What I wish to express is how all these events are connected, why I say that our struggle is a fight against hate, and that it is hate that kills us and undermines the life energies of so many people.

We are in the middle of a very hot summer, plagued with storms and riddled with violence. Our world looks so bleak, with the effects of global warming ever more present each season, and the ravage of the pandemic still visible in all our faces. Yet we know that despite the sadness that affects us each day, we have lived in happier times despite struggles that are omnipresent. This is how things felt when I was growing up in Chile, in the mid 1960s. being the oldest daughter of two artists who tried to make their way in the world, I had a sense that even though my family was very poor, there were horizons my parents strove for that were more meaningful than the reality of just one misfortune, or one family, even one community. By the time I was 14 and my sister was 6, my parents had moved from Santiago, the capital, to a small town in the north of Chile, Calama, in the Atacama desert, in search of a better life. There, they had founded an artists' workshop,



and had organized two regional art fairs that gathered the artisanship of indigenous artists from the villages of the interior of the desert, and writers, painters and poets from the surrounding towns. Young artists hitched rides on trains from as far as Santiago just to participate in the Art Fairs. Watching my parents do this kind of organizing work changed my perception of what was important in the world, and we were keenly aware of class divisions, but we weren't quite aware of the underlying schisms of racism that still divided all Latin American peoples. So, when my father pursued an opportunity to emigrate to the United States, even though they were self-educated and neither of my parents even had a high school diploma, we headed north without any idea of what really awaited us in North American society.

We arrived in the state of Connecticut in October of 1966, basically with the clothes on our backs, and a few suitcases with books and records of Chilean music. By the time I graduated high school, and here I take a giant leap in time and in the development of my social awareness, I was finally beginning to understand that as a Latinx family trying to make our way in this country- or, Hispanics as the U.S Census was beginning to identify us- we were part of a population of people of color whose civil rights were not by any means assured. As a young woman who married at 19, I was much too young; I was responding to the need to define my own life on my own terms but not realizing how little control I had over the choices I made. In 1974, when I was 21 and my son was born, the fundamental change that the January 22, 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision represented for women was barely a reality. In the heat of protest that those years record, the activism against the Vietnam War was paramount, followed by the threat represented by the rise in nuclear power. The gains against racial discrimination represented by the Civil Rights Act of 1964 were just beginning to register almost a decade later, and the idea of equal rights for women seemed like a distant echo still mostly ridiculed and belittled by slurs against "women's libbers." Much more in the background, barely audible, was the dawning awareness of queerness, a struggle fought silently, shamefully, primarily regarded by the

1- In 1973, the American Psychiatric Association (APA), finally removed the diagnosis of homosexuality from the second edition of its Diagnostic and Statistical Manual (DSM).

majority of Left-wing movements as a superfluous cry for inclusion. I distinctly remember gay activists at the University of Connecticut referring to sexual orientation as a lifestyle choice, while at the same time, the first informational literature about the efforts to remove homosexuality as a mental disorder from the DSM[1] that circulated among activists circles, seeking to depathologize the condition, as it was known, had begun to sound a deeper awareness of the violence that lesbian and gay people endured.

I speak about echoes and resonances a great deal, I think, because searching my memory it seems as though this was how we gained awareness, how we developed our sense of humanity, how we honed our sense of justice, and how, finally, as an activist who felt deep inside the hope and the dream of becoming a writer someday, I began to also feel the glimmer of self knowledge. Struggling alongside many people for common goals seems to have the effect of recognition of the value of other people's and our own humanity, how we recognize each other. And it is in this contemplation of our strengths that we finally find our way in life. Realizing I was a lesbian came about this way, a realization of one's life essence, of one's connection to life and death, as had been my connection to my own child. But it took many years before I could even begin to write about the painful tearing away of my son from me that came about as a result of my decision to come out as a lesbian, to tell people that I loved women. In the days when loving outside of a heteronormative construct, what was considered a lifestyle choice by those who wished to be kinder to gay people, was still considered an aberration by the majority of people one encountered. Making a decision to say who we were or not to say, was an ever present conundrum, because at the other end of that revelation awaited either one of two things: on the one hand a combination of a perplexed stare, perhaps kind indifference, perhaps cruel or abusive curiosity, and on the other, simply, hate, rejection, violent vituperation. In fact, I should say, that I haven't quite begun to write about these the times, and this attempt may be only the awkward beginning. In the early 1980s, I published an essay about the process of loss of custody for

2- Compañeras: Latina Lesbians, Juanita (Ramos) Diaz-Cotto, ed. 1987.
3- Romo-Carmona, Mariana. "Problems and Pride for Gay Parents," GCN, August 4, 1984, pp. 7-12

the anthology titled, *Compañeras: Latina Lesbians*[2]. I also published an article in the Boston paper, *Gay Community News*[3], however I was very far away from that writing. The essay in *Compañeras* came from journal entries that talked about the excruciating process of obtaining court mandated visits with my son, and my reflections following those visits. I can barely express how bitter those times were, and how every word that I managed to set down on paper took a devastating toll. I wanted to share my reality with other lesbian mothers because I knew that I wasn't the only one, and I hoped that my words would provide some relief in solidarity for other lesbian mothers and their children. Yet I think that the most that those words could show was utter despair. When I wrote the essay in GCN, the only way that I could write it was by using the third person, and, portraying some of our visits together by keeping my feelings very far away from the page. Using that method of distancing myself emotionally, I was able to talk about a visit with my son, who was 10 years old at the time, to show some of the obstacles we encountered: I talked about going to pick up my son for a 10 am-7 pm visit in a town near Boston, and trying to figure out how to be a nurturing parent as well as a responsible one who makes sure her son has proper meals, diversions, and rest, all while keeping within the strict schedule and driving from place to place. When my son tells me that he has a sore throat, "my stomach tightens. There was that other court appearance due to the alleged omission of his cough syrup before dinner in 1978. Or, was that about my alleged failure to feed him adequately? That was 1976. At any rate, the tell-tale spoon did not appear until 1979. My feelings have gotten so confused between guilt and natural impulses to be caring, that I analyze them for reprehensible overtones even before they leave my heart."



Re-reading the article now, so many years later, I hardly recognize the person who wrote it, someone trying to be reasonable, analytical,

coherent- someone trying to examine the difficult situation I found myself in while at other times I would dissolve into tears, unable to find a way to steady myself long enough to think and plan for the next visit. How on earth did I manage it?

In the article, this is what I write about my coming out process: "The certainty of my motherhood, and my very womanhood, came under constant attack, as had my identifications with a culture other than the one that surrounded me from the time I woke till the time I slept. I must have succumbed in many ways to this bombardment. Struggling and compromising to retain my motherly privileges, I began to lose touch with my child the way I had been losing my accent. I became undefined, my love for my child became a ,"role", marked by a limited degree of attachment. [He was weaned abruptly…] As the visits became shorter, more complicated and distanced by court dates, illnesses, lack of money, vacations and shameless manipulations, I stopped having the opportunity to bathe my child, to buy him clothes, to put him to bed [and he would cry] loudly as I drove away in tears. One day it seemed he wasn't a little boy anymore. He hasn't called me 'Nana' since then (his word for mama); in fact, he hasn't called me anything since he was four.

"My situation is not unique. It is worse than some, better than some. The circumstances cannot be blamed on my reluctance to compromise, although I am as queer as green on Thursdays and stubbornly radical. I have cried in absolute despair during a closed hearing, and my tears did nothing but shame me in front of a judge. I have also been diplomatic, well behaved and gracious even when questioned by macho psychologists and Freudian lawyers. It really doesn't matter. I've known women who weren't gracious. Women who were willing to remain in the closet. Women who left the state they lived in because they couldn't trust the reaction of the ex-husband. It all comes down to one thing: When your lawyer (if you have one) says, 'it may be wise not to mention anything about your friend,' or 'let's not bring it up unless they ask,' then 90 percent of lesbian mothers, radical or not, will say, 'sure, I understand.'"

In my journal I wrote about how much I loved my son, and even managed to write a few words to him directly, about how we spent our visits, how much he was growing, how we played music and sang together. But, in the end, all I could say was the fact that I was overwhelmed, that I couldn't go on, I just could not keep hurting the way I was and still fight for visitation and stay alive all at the same time. I stopped writing for years, about this reality and the rest of our lives, and somehow, we survived. I survived. My son survived.

This is where I think the connection lies to the present time: we are going to see another onslaught against the legitimacy of our lives - of same-sex unions or gay marriage, and these attacks will come from all quarters. There will be legislation aimed specifically against transgender and gender queer, and there will be attacks that will be difficult to specify, yet the effects will be felt most strongly against BIPOC and where there is the greatest income disparity and among immigrant communities. How many parents and children have already been separated by the State, and how many of those families were queer? When I think about the years that followed the loss of my son, it wasn't only my rights as a mother and his rights as a child that were violated- our entire family was irreparably injured by acts of homophobia. My parents grew old without their grandchild, and my son grew up estranged from his abuelo y abuela. My mother died in 2012 and she never got to see her great-grandchildren, her bisnietos, in person. My grandsons grew up without their great-grandmother, their bisabuela. My brother and sister also lost the chance to know my son, and my younger sister died in 2009 without knowing her nephew or her grand-nephew. My oldest grandson grew up without his tía abuela.

At this point, words fail me again. Words, our most powerful weapon and the tool of our art through which we recognize each other as human beings. Now as ever, we are engaged in a battle of words. I take solace thinking about this publication, this otra Nepantla, thinking about how we stopped being silent a long time ago, and how we can never be silent again.

Nepantla Oral History

By: Alexandra Nichole Salazar

Mixed Media Collage



In 1995 Gloria Anzaldúa, a lesbian Chicana writer/theorist, lead "Entre Américas: El Taller Nepantla," an artist residency where five Latinas explored the concept of Nepantla (an in-between state, that uncertain terrain one crosses when moving from one place to another). In addition to Gloria, the other residents included Santa Barraza, Liliana Wilson, Cristina Luna, and Isabel Juárez. The residency took place in California. Traces of the residency live in a few articles, their writings, art, and stories they share.The queer nepantla archive and residency continued in 2021 with La Other Taller Nepantla lead by Anel Flores. Me (Alexandra Nichole Salazar), Reb Mari, Natalia (Qween Paz), Brandy Garcia, Aminah Decé, Ceiba Ili, and Anel created, collaborated, dreamed and jammed in Arroyo City, a fishing town in the Rio Grande Valley. Almost everyday we saw brown pelicans fly across the arroyo. Pelicans are known for their large throat pouch where they store fish. This collage takes sound bites from a podcast interview I conducted with the other fellows. It is a rasquache archive stored in the pelican's pouch.

bull-jean & dem/dey back
(An excerpt from a performance/novel in-progress)

By: Sharon Bridgforth ©2020

Cast
Narrator
30ish. African-American Southern/male of center woman. All others most likely live in the Narrator's Spirit/Imagination/past Life-experiences. The Narrator conjures her own healing through this telling.

Setting
There are many layers. Of sound. Movement. Time. And space.
The past-presentfuture- living-dead-and unborn co-exist. People sometimes talk at the same time.
When there is blues/the jazz of ritual is in the break. The Forces of Nature are active. This is a very busy place. A Sacred one.

Note
All are invited into the world of this piece. In your home theatre read the piece out loud. Don't force southern accents on the language - instead/think of the language as music. Let the specifics of who you are/and what your own music is play. Notice what is between the lines. What the line breaks/spelling and spacing tell you about what is really being said. And not. Bring your whole self to the Journey. And allow



ole caney sharp
is bull-jean's great uncle on she daddy side.
ole caney sharp live way back yonder
past back a woods and swamp.
but some how
he manage to bring he ole ass here
banging he cane the entire long long way.
till he appear.

they say ole caney sharp can fly

~ ~ ~

bull-jean out dere dragging fell wood
to chop and place in everybody home.
that real nice
cept
it summer
and it so gotdamnits hot
just looking at them pieces of wood she dragging
make everbody heart race.

we beg mina
please hep.
but
we all understand
well we all understand
cept bull-jean who slow on the up take of she insides
we all understand
bull-jean scared her mina and her
truly bestest friend stacks
gone go to da LAWD before time.
before she.



but gotdamnit
we all feel like da LAWD coming early for us
with all the heat and worry bull-jean dragging
and leaving round.
anyways

one morning we see mina done called
bull-jean son-man boy jr over bull-jean son-man boy jr
is named after mina
anyways
on this day bull-jean son-man boy jr
perch up on bull-jean and mina porch
cooling heself with he fan
and eyelashes that seem to reach and curl
the sun back into the light of his light light eyes
he black hair tumbling round the black black of he skin
which paint a powerful picture of all them that was
and all coming who seem to always
be swimming round he head
looking at us through he eyes.

see what had happened was
we thanking da lawd
cause we know
bull-jean love
bull-jean son-man boy jr
more than she love she own self.
so bull-jean son-man boy jr
just showing up to perch
were the best possible way to hep bull-jean
deep down connect with she way up.



we watch
quiet
wait.
still.
try not to disturb the situation.

then
bull-jean come round from back a woods dragging what fell
and see bull-jean son-man boy jr perched on porch

bull-jean stop
s
tand there
pulled into what swimming round
bull-jean son-man boy jr head
she stand there
still
for so long till she quiet
pull stacks dog queen from he yard patrol
into a standing up sleep

maybe us too.
anyways

eventually
who know how long
bull-jean let everything she donn dragged
fall round she.
she step front of it
nod to bull-jean son-man boy jr/say it hot.
bull-jean son-man boy jr bat he eyes
get up
grab he bull-jean hand
walk she on into the house
where mina and bull-jean son-man waiting.

OHHHH thankyee LAWD we think.
don't nobody say nothing out loud
so as not to disturb the possible opening
the moment were holding.

we just nodd and rock

and cry a little

(Song. Think Bessie Jones.)

thankyee lawd
for the young peoples

thankyee lawd
they here to heal

thankyee lawd
they see whats real

thankyee lawd
we prayed them free

thankyee lawd
they our best Be

thankyee lawd
thankyee lawd
thankyee lawd

for the young peoples

~ ~ ~

they come in threes them
dustn all the way
they stomp the road
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
they swirl the air
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
they break tracks
they ditch dirt
they open paths
them
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
they spew rocks
they hurry next
they whirl toss
them
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga

when finally they arrive
all falls and settles.
till all what left is
them

the most
teeninchy bits of fury and fuss you ever done seent
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
stand there
stare everbody shut up

till finally
after
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
shock and pause
and shut us dafuk up



finally
they dust and whirl and stomp
back on down to where ever the hecks
they come from

~ ~ ~

mina had taught the young peoples
how to weave.
make fans.

fans so colorful
the swirl of they
move all sight and sound.

each wave tickle the air.
take you way past
what known.

like on this day

when it came clear
that mina need a healing.

bull-jean son man boy jr
lead all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
pour into mina and bull-jean yard and porch
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling
they wave the air

till mina come out
sit on porch.

then all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
circle mina and bull-jean house tight tighter
with fans flicking they
wave the air
circle right
drop left
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling they
flick wave circle drop
clap
flick wave circle drop clap
they twirl
flick wave circle drop clap twirl
they play
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play
they call the moon
pray to earth
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling they
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play call pray

till the trees tilt

and out fly angels with fins and black black skin
and long long braids curling round pouring out all over
up and down the road and back singing
and dat black mermaid man lady with fishes and fishes and pearls
flowing
all the way down past behind brush through clouds come down
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
and all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play call pray
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play call pray
on and on and on
closer and closer to mina
angels with fins and black black skin

and long long braids curling round singing
dat black mermaid man lady with fishes and fishes and pearls flowing
all the way down past behind
ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga ga
all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
they disappear into mina.

fans fall all around she.
and all there is

Is

bull-jean son-man boy jr
on porch next to mina
he look up
he breath
he smile

he grab he mina hand
take she back on in the house.

only we there now
eyes filled with clouds swimming fans
and wonder

till suddenly



The Coyolxauhqui Imperative

Anel I. Flores

Digital Drawing



Why I Archive

By: Alexandra Nicole Salazar

In *This Bridge Called My Back*, Gloria writes "Why am I compelled to write? Because the writing saves me from this complacency I fear. Because I have no choice. Because I must keep the spirit of my revolt and myself alive. Because the world I create in the writing compensates for what the real world does not give me. By writing I put order in the world, give it a handle so I can grasp it. I write because life does not appease my appetites and hunger. 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" 166-167). In the same way, Gloria wrote, is the same way why I archive.

This collage was inspired by my time at the La Otra Taller Nepantla. It expresses queer kinship, water memories, and playfulness through sound. While at the residency, we workshopped our work with the other fellows and guests. In one of the workshops, I reflected on what kind of artist I am. I see myself as a storyteller and one way I tell stories is through archiving.



Mixed Media Collage

Salsa Verde al Molcajete



Ingredients
15 tomatillos
4-5 jalapeños
1-2 serranos, if you like it spicy
1/2 an onion
2 garlic cloves
1 lime
1/2 tsp of salt, plus to taste

Directions
1.Pre-heat your comal on medium heat. Dry roast your tomatillos, Chile peppers, and onion for 15-20 minutes. Turning frequently to toast all sides. Add your garlic for the last 3 minutes or just until fragrant.
2. This step is not required but I like to transfer to a bowl and cover with foil to allow the vegetables to steam and soften a little more. Allow to cool after this.
3. While the vegetables are steaming, add the garlic to the molcajete with a 1/2 tsp. of salt. Grind into a paste.
4. Add your chile peppers and onion to the molcajete and begin to grind. (This is not for the faint of heart.) Add in a few tomatillos at a time until you've reached your desired consistency. May need to work in batches.
5. Squeeze in your lime juice and add more salt to your taste. Serve with everything.

Ensalada de Nopalitos



Ingredients
4 cups cleaned nopales - cactus sliced into strips
2-3 jalapeños seeded and minced
1 cup onion diced
3 Roma tomatoes diced
3 tbsp cilantro chopped
1 lime
3 tbsp of olive oil
1/2 cup of queso fresco
Salt and pepper to taste

Directions
1. To clean and prepare your nopales, take a small knife and carefully shave the needles off of each paddle. Slice into strips and rinse with cold water. Add nopales and a teaspoon of salt to a sauce pan. Cover with water , allow to come to a boil, reduce heat, and cook for 8 minutes.
2. Drain and rinse your nopalitos well and add to a bowl. Stir in all the other ingredients. Enjoy as a side or taco filing.

Tip- Use clean leather work gloves when handling nopal paddles.

Untitled
Brandy Garcia
Digital Media



Avocado Lime Crema

Ingredients
1 large Avocado, peeled and halved
1/2 cup Fresh cilantro
1-2 teaspoons Agave syrup
1 Clove garlic, grated
Juice from 2 limes
Flaky salt
Combine all ingredients in blender until smooth.

Cauliflower Tinga Tostadas

Ingredients
1 Head of cauliflower
8-12 corn tortillas
1 white onion, thinly sliced
3 Garlic cloves, minced
4 Roma tomatoes + 1/4 cup of water
1 tsp. Mexican oregano
2-3 Chipotle peppers in adobo
1 cup Vegetable stock
Avocado lime crema, cheese, salsa, shredded lettuce, and pickled onions for serving

Tinga Sauce
Add tomatoes, 2-3 chipotles peppers, 1 clove of garlic, 1 teaspoon Mexican oregano, ¼ teaspoon black pepper and salt , and 1 cup of the vegetable broth to blender.
Blend until smooth. About 1 minute.

Directions
Chop head of cauliflower into florets and dice up the stem. Thinly slice 1 large white onion. Slice 2 cloves of garlic. Preheat a large frying pan over medium-low heat and add 3 tablespoons of cooking oil. Add cauliflower and sauté until lightly browned. Add the sliced onions to the pan. Cook until the onion starts to become translucent about 4 minutes. Do not allow the onion to brown. Add the sliced garlic to the pan cook for 1 more minute. Turn the heat to medium and slowly pour the sauce into the pan with the onions and garlic. Cook for 15 minutes. The sauce will start to reduce.
Arrange the tostadas on a sheet pan and drizzle both sides with cooking oil. Put into the oven at 400 degrees for 8-10 minutes.
Assemble your tostada with a layer of cauliflower tinga then top with cheese, veggie toppings and Avocado Lime Crema.



Remembering the carpets ripped out of rented apartments and borrowed rooms

By: T. Jackie Cuevas

1. Horne Road

Now that I'm 5,
I'm old enough to stay home alone,
while mom works night shift.

In the middle of the night,
I awake to blood
spurting from my nose,
gushing up my throat.
I stand and spew blood
across the apartment floor.

Choking, I think it would be better
if I died
cuz mom can't afford the dr. anyway.

2. Ayers Boulevard

I walk home alone from school
to the garage apartment that smells like motor oil.

Sticking out of the wooden back door,
a butcher knife,
holding a note
from mom's boyfriend:
It says, "Don't you know how much I love you?"



3. Harvard Road
(Because there's always a Harvard Road in the barrio)
I wait
up in the rickety tree house,
stacking dirty popsicle sticks into pyramids,
while mom's inside the big house--
a long time—
asking Mr. Vasquez
if he can please discount our rent this month.

4. Evelyn Street
Mom yells to go back to sleep.
So I hide behind the sofa,
where Grandpa hides his stack of empties.
Peaking out at the paramedics,
I see them lifting grandma onto the stretcher.



Her turquoise bracelet
slips off her bony wrist,
falling to the floor.

I rush to pick it up
because I know it's Grandma's favorite.

Later, Mom acts like nothing happened.
She helps me with my math homework.
We have to create and solve our own problem.
She helps me calculate
how much Mr. Davis' Pawn Shop
might give us for the bracelet.

5. Fern Road

Before us, Martín (the veteran)
lived in this efficiency.
When we moved in,
the bathroom sink
was hanging off the wall,
its pipe guts dripping onto the rug.
The landlord propped the sink back up,
nodded his head while crossing himself and said,
"Martín, he saw the devil."
Then we carried in our bags of stuff.

6. Everywhere still, the lingering.
Our lives, like layers
of old flooring ripped out,
bear the markings of before,
traces of upheavals and leavings.
When I left Corpitos, I swore
I would never live in a place with old carpet again.
But you cannot sweep away the past.
Every odor, every smoke ring
becomes your body.



At First

By: Brandy Garcia

Usually when people are discussing their coming out stories or ask me to share mine, I tell the short version of how I told my mom. I tell them about the day I showed up crying to her work after I had just broken up with my first girlfriend. How she drove me home and the conversation we had. My mom isn't a heart to heart type, so it was more of a scolding. I'm sitting there, arms crossed, sniffling, staring out the window. She's driving, but to cut the silence, says to me "see I told you not to be hanging around with that girl. She's not a good friend." Me, sitting there wallowing in my despair, turn and look at her incredulously and say "She wasn't my friend."
"Well then what was she?" she quickly replies.
"She was my GIRLfriend!" I snap back.
She's still driving so she doesn't even break her gaze from the road, she just furrows her brow and stays quiet a moment. And then, in her classic 'I told you so' voice, she says "Well, see, she wasn't good for that either." That's where the ride ends and that's where I end my story. There, that's how I told my mom.

The truth is the story is much longer than that. It's ever evolving and new parts are added. Because we don't really stop coming out. Whether it's to family members, new people we meet, or a new job, we're always having to "reveal" we're gay. It gets easier. It's not always super involved. Sometimes it feels like just a formality. Like, just so we're clear, I'm queer. As if my rainbow stickered hybrid, my wife that could pass for my son, and clothes full of cat hair didn't already say it for me. But that first time— is often the hardest, most challenging, bravest point of your life. So, let me tell you the whole story.

I grew up in very small country town. There weren't any gay or lesbian people in my town. No way. There were some old ladies who lived together in a trailer, one had a son, the other had a mullet. Neither of them dated anyone else... ever. But those words weren't used to describe them. Then a new family moved to town. The oldest of them was a tough talkin skinny girl drowning in baggy clothes. Her long black curly hair usually up in a slick ponytail. And she didn't care how

anybody described her. She quickly made herself known and took up with a tom-boy in the grade above me. I started to see them and hear people talk, but they didn't look, or act like me. So, I didn't think I was like them. It would still take me a while longer to figure it all out.

One summer I stayed with my grandma, same town, just stayed with her for the summer. She didn't give me a curfew and always believed me when I would tell her where I was going. So I knew it was going to be a great summer. I was hanging out with friends, partying, and just general desmadre. My friend Marissa picks me up one day and says, "Let's go to Eva's house". "Eva who, why?"
"Evaaa, crazy Eva. She just got out of jail and her mom got her her own trailer."
"Ewww, no. Why?"
"Uhh, she's got weeeeeed and beer."
My 16yr old face just lights right up as she says these magic words. "Biiitch, why didn't you just say that first?" And with that, we were on our way.
It started with her always sitting by me in the smoke circle. She wanted to be the one to pass me the joint and she would practically hold my hand as she did it. Even though her live-in girlfriend was right on the other side. I thought it was creepy and it would gross me out. I'm not sure when it stopped grossing me out. Maybe the day she followed me to the bathroom, cornered me in the hallway, and kissed me. I was shocked and asked her why she did that. She said she had heard I was gay.
I dated a couple of boys when I was 14, but I quickly found it wasn't for me. I only used them as an excuse to go to parties. All of my friends had become super boy crazy, well straight up hoes really.
Ho phase! But nobody ever really saw me hook up with anybody, and when I turned everybody down, people started to talk. I became the no girl. No, I don't want to dance. No, I don't want to go out with you. No, I don't want to kiss you, much less anything else. I don't think anyone really



thought I was gay because I was super hot and girly and didn't fit the whatever stereotype they had. It was just a joke, or sometimes a way to get me to "prove" that I wasn't. But everyone would see me go out, always hanging out with guys, and joked I'd be pregnant before I graduated. Joke's on them I guess. And me, because I didn't even know what I was.
But when it happened… Man, it hit me like a train. I fell haaaard for the bad girl.

We snuck around for a month or two, behind her girlfriend's back. Then one night they had a big fight and her girlfriend left. She called me to come over. And when I walked up, she was leaning in the doorway wearing a "wife beater" and baggy sweats. Glowing, in all her chola glory, she says "We gonna do this or what." And we did. Over and over and over. Until 3 days later when we finally came up for air. I don't really know what went down between the two, but there was a new girlfriend in town. Me, it was me. For the next month, we were inseparable. It felt like forever though, and I guess in teenage relationships it was. But I hadn't seen any of my friends in a while. And I decided to go out with them one night. I came back to her place and everything seemed cool. Until the next morning when she started questioning me about where I had gone and with who. Getting in my face and cornering me. Finally, I got tired of it and I pushed her out of the way. Pushed her down and ran out. The next day she was apologetic and sweet, and I felt relieved. A week later we went out with friends and some stupid guy was hitting on me. She slid in, ever so coolly, sat right by me, and threw her arm around my shoulder. "You were saying" as she glared directly at him. He shakes his head and sheepishly recedes into another corner of the room. And I feel all warm and tingly and fully her girl. That is until the next day when she begins to ask me who he was and why he felt so comfortable talking to me and so on and so on. It escalates, she's cornering me, I'm trying to push her aside, but this time she's not budging. We struggle with each other a little bit, and I push through her and as I'm passing, she trips me and I hit my face on the wall and get a scratch across my cheek. I was hot, mad, embarrassed and just kept running out. But I'm back the next day. She apologized again, convinced me it was my fault I fell,

and I believed it too. This time our friend Denny noticed my face, and I explained it was just an accident. He makes a snide remark about how Roxanne, the ex-girlfriend, used to have accidents all the time too. I brushed it off, but it did irk me a little, because it was my fault. I did it to myself… right?

Another week or two go by, and this time I can't even remember what started it. But I remember that night. I remember that first hit. An open-handed slap that stung so much it hurt when a tear ran down my face. I hated being slapped. It's what my dad used to do when I was little, but he would leave his whole hand print on my face. He would spank my sisters, but he always slapped me— the bastard child. So this obviously enraged me, and I tried to push back. But she was so much stronger than me. It seemed like she could push me down so easily, I wondered how I ever pushed her down before. She would later say, that's the reason she started hitting me. That she was going to be different with me, but when I pushed her down the first time, it opened the door. I don't know. It got worse, punching, kicking, mostly just screaming from me and trying to get to the door. Denny, who lived across the street, tried to open the door, but Eva had moved the couch against it. Denny called my sister, and even Roxanne showed up. Them yelling from the outside and me yelling from in, until, I don't know, she got tired. I managed to get the door open and my sister rushed up and pulled me away. Roxanne stood there pushing Eva back. Asking her what the hell she was thinking. Keeping her at bay until I got away. I still to this day can't believe she did that. But I guess she knew exactly what I was going through.

This time it was 2 days later. She called saying we needed to talk, and despite all that had happened, that's all I wanted too. Truth is I had called her first, but she hadn't answered. I went over, but this time I stood outside. Like the times before, she was super apologetic. She went on and on about how sorry she was. And how crazy I was, and how she would never have acted like that if I hadn't pushed her to it. But that she would never evvvvver do that to me again. Just as I was starting to soften, I saw a pizza box inside. No big deal, except that's where Roxanne worked. So I started asking why she decided

to call me now, not yesterday. I pressed her about where she was, she backpedaled a little bit, but I could tell she was lying. Then her demeanor changed, she stood up and with a smirk on her face she told me, the night after I left, Roxanne came back, to make sure everything was over. And then she stayed. She waited to call me because Roxanne had left to work. But that she would "pick me", if I wanted. I felt my heart empty and the blood rush up to my face. I felt my feet heavy anchors, but I could've floated right out of my body. She wanted me to know she didn't care if I would stay or go. I wasn't her only option.

It took everything to pull myself back in, to pick up my weighted feet and walk away before the tears would come spilling out. I didn't know where I was going until I showed up at my mom's work.

I would love to say that that was the end of it, and I never talked to her again. I imagine how much different my life would be if it had ended there. But, in my true fashion, I never learn things the easy way.

My mother forbade! me from seeing her. Told me if she ever saw her at her house, she would shoot her. And if I even thought of getting in the way, she would shoot me too. She even said she would be happier seeing me with some loser guy than to see me with her. I'm sure she meant over any girl.

On my 17th birthday, I asked my sister to take us to the county fair just across the state line in New Mexico. But what I didn't tell her is that I wouldn't be going back home with her. We stayed on anyone's couch who would have us, and worked for cash in a melon field until we got



enough money to take a bus. She had an aunt in Dallas that we could go stay with. I didn't tell anyone when I left, or where I was going. I didn't talk to anyone for the following 7 months, and I wouldn't come back for another 5. I ran away to a big city, where I knew no one, with barely any money, the clothes I was wearing, and no documentation. I continued to get hit by Eva. With more frequency and force, and with less discretion. I slept in unsafe places. Walked dangerous streets alone. I was afraid of the police at the shelters, so I often spent the night at the bus station until I'd get kicked out. I managed to get a job and a place to stay. But the entire time was a living nightmare. The only reason I got away is that Eva had stopped reporting to her probation and was now wanted. One day she purchased a student ticket to get on the bus because it was cheaper than the adult ticket for a dollar, that's how broke we were. When an officer questioned her and asked her for an Id that she couldn't produce, she was caught. That simple infraction. Not the multiple times she had hit me in public places, and not the time I showed up to the emergency room covered in blood and needed stitches. No, it was not paying the extra .50 cents.

I called my sister who, immediately and with no questions asked, picked me up and brought me back to her home in Lubbock. She helped me until I got on my feet. I got a job, at a gay club. (Surprising for Lubbock as there were only 2) But there I found my community. I had my family back. I had the support that I needed. And I was able to put Eva behind me. Not all the way, and it took me a very long time. But I'm here now, living and proudly gay, despite all the times I didn't think I'd ever see another day.



Remedios

By: Norma Cantú, Ph.D.



Prayer, the item will find you.
Will not work to find lost faith.

Remedio para ser feliz
(For happiness)
Don't worry about what people say
Worry about what YOU say
And say only good and healthy words
Eat only that which your body craves
But only after you have fasted for 5 days
Meditated for 5 hours of each of those days
And slept for 5 hours each of those days
Listen to flutes, harps, violins
Perhaps some drums
And read poetry – mystic or lyrical is best
Walk along a beach or along a path
In nature –don't run or skip
or otherwise disturb the rhythm of your heart.
Know that the heavens and the earth
And all the planets and stars
Are in you.

Remedio for Combatting Homophobia
First look in your heart
know you are loved.
Be yourself. Stay true to your love,
True to you!

"Do work that matters."
Work so all will be respected
So no one will be harassed
Work so no one will be punished for being.
For loving.

Counter the slurs and the threats with love
Be patient but steadfast, solemn but fierce.
Know that you have rights:
The right to love
The right to stay true.
The right to celebrate.
The right to be.

Finally, lend a hand
To lift those coming behind
And celebrate them –the queer,
The gay, the trans, the lesbian, los atravesados--
and you!




SanArte
Healing & Cultural Power Offerings
Empanada, Leadership, Team Development & Resilient Conflicts
Training & Coaching
SPEAKING like an IMMIGRANT
a collection
Mariana Roma-Carmona
Empanada
loveconjure/blues
sharon bridgforth
MEDITACIÓN FRONTERIZA



Artists of La Otra Taller Nepantla 2020-2022

Anel I Flores, Founder



She/Her/Ella

Artist Statement

The heat on my shoulders I remember during my numerous trips riding El Chalan to cross the border from la casa de mis abuelos en Los Ebanos, TX to the homeland of mi papa en Diaz Ordaz, Tamaulipas, Mexico warms my shoulders each time I set my pencil down to create art or write a story. It is the feeling of the scorching, burning, and bright sun ripping through skin, through lies, through masks, through colonized stories, through western expectations, and through fear that I connect with the many emotions that come alive in my artwork and writing.

My artwork is necessary today, especially in the absence of Lesbiana author Gloria Anzaldua who once said, "I write because I have no choice, and I. The world I create in my writing compensates for what the real world does not give." (*This Bridge Called My Back*).

I create images through my art and literature portraying bare-boned, broken-open and intensely animated truths and metaphors of the Queer Mujer because I too "must keep the spirit of our revolt and myself alive." Our stories of survival among violence, homophobia, economic injustice, domination, religious persecution and sexism as a whole will continue to be dismissed -- to be left out, to be pushed away and all together lost if we don't continue to create. I am scared without the unfolding of these stories, these truths, these realities, these lessons -- the sustainability of the Mujer will not carry on.

In my effort, I believe in being honest, respectful, and passionate while committing myself to being responsible, responsive, professional, dedicated, trustworthy, and open handed with my resources. In the face of challenge, I promise to strive toward the truth in presenting and preserving the stories of my community, our ancestors and myself.

I envision a world where the Mujer -- Lesbiana, Chicana, Latina, Mexicana -- is welcomed with respect and honor despite the challenging stereotypes that continue to marginalize and trivialize her experience; a world that values her

inherent characteristics of being a leader, mother, sister, organizer, grandmother, artist, academic, individual, soul, and spirit. I dream of tables, classrooms, homes, and communities where her silenced stories are recovered and shared publicly, to rouse confidence, teach triumph through struggle, empower the oppressed, clarify the vitality of her experience, and enhance the quality of all women's lives.

In confronting stories of the Mujer through the creation and presentation of words and images, my purpose is to offer windows for people-beyond society's repressive cultural characterizations blasted throughout mainstream media.

Artist Biography

Anel I. Flores' craft manifests as graphic memoir, poetry, fiction, silver, and paintings, as a continuation and evolution of the conversations started by the Xicana/e/x movement in art and literature, now infused by latina/e/x, transfeminism, intersectionality, queer politics, and resistencia. Her work combines, oscillates between, and blurs these different disciplines in an ultimate goal to provide ancestral healing, present day joy, and a re-centering of Womyn of Color, Latina/e/x, BIPOC and LGBTQIA+ Womyn, Femmes and Gender Non-Binary folx. She is founder and director of La Otra Taller Nepantla Residency, Queer Voices, Tierrita Grande, and earned an MFA in Creative Writing. Her awards include Catalyst for Change, Best Local Poet, Women's Advocate of the Year, the Nebrija Creadores Award, Best Of SA Author, Chingona in Literature Award, Ancinas Award at Squaw Valley, NALAC Fund for the Arts Award, Accion Women Inspiring Women & others. She is author of forthcoming book, Cortinas de Lluvia, co-editor of the Jota Anthology and author of Lambda award nominated book *Empanada: A Lesbiana Story en Probaditas. www.aneliflores*

Excy Guardado/ Ceiba ili

She/Her



Artist Statement

I come from a long line of Honduran Musicians. We traditionally use music to transmit teachings and stories through generations. In Jutiapa, Honduras, we were not raised in front of televisions to be educated or entertained. Every evening, adults and children sat on the little stumps in front of my Abuelita's house and told stories by the fire. I recall my grandparents' tale of the power of the moon, how she reveals to us what days it will rain and how heavy it will be. These stories and songs are our heirlooms. As we are continuously displaced and forced to migrate, my family always carries an instrument and finds time to sing our history. I started playing Native American flute five years ago to heal through breath work. Since then, I have taught myself to play six instruments and to use my voice to tell stories of migrating peoples. I am currently refining my skills through music lessons and by working closely with mentors, Tatas y Nanas, on developing skills in storytelling, stage presence, and ancestral teachings.

Artist Biography

Ceiba ili is a Cultural Educator and Musician-Activist from Centroamérica, Honduras who employs Indigenous instruments and languages in music creation. Her work intertwines migrant communities, Indigenous rights, and environmental justice.

Alexandra Nichole Salazar

She/Her



Artist Statement

I archive because who else is going to document my abuela's story about working up north in the fields
I archive because my abuelo's accordion is now in a pawn shop, collecting dust instead of musical stories written by his fingers
I archive because my mom's hope chest is full of polaroids and kodak pictures she carefully organized in scrapbooks, photo albums, and recycled tin boxes
I archive because only my bisabuela Chayo's plants knew her full story
I archive because of all the bicycles I see decorated with flowers and velas
I archive because 10 avenue, a gay bar where my mom found and lived her queerness, is now an O'Rileys
I archive because out of the 40 plus gay bars that existed in the Valley, only two stand
I archive because when we were asleep or awake, they snatched us and our tierra but didn't count on our bodies remembering
I archive because I am tired of them telling our stories

My first image of a Queer Chicana was my mom. Her hoops, brown lipstick, and femme Tejana glam. My first image of a Queer Chicano was my transgender dad. His Tejano boots, belt with a round ranchero metal plaque, and one gold tooth. All I've ever known are queer folks from the border loving other queer brown bodies. It wasn't until I arrived to college that I learned that there were words to describe my experience of being a queer border baby raised by a queer Chicanx family

Artist Biography

Alexandra Nichole Salazar (she/her/ella) is a Queer Chicana archivist, storyteller, and podcaster from Pharr, Texas. She is also a PhD student in the Mexican American and Latina/o Studies program at UT Austin. Her research focuses on queer kinships and contested histories from South Texas through oral histories, archiving, and literary analysis. She is also the host of *Jotxs y Recuerdos*, a podcast dedicated to documenting queer stories from the Rio Grande Valley and other borderlands. Follow *Jotxs y Recuerdos* @ jotxsyrecuerdos_podcast





Aminah Decé

Artist Statement

I was raised in the Deep South, Ward 2, Biloxi, Mississippi to be exact. There has never been a time when I have not witnessed a gloss of fear and horror flash across one's eyes when I tell them where I am from. I have been asked, "What's slavery like?" to which I respond, "My mothers were never slaves". Messipi is home. Messipi has never brought me harm. It smells like sweet pine and salt and feels like the calm of the womb. Only after I left that sacred ground did I catch the stench of nigger. Only after I left that sacred ground did I breathe in nigger, was I flashed a noose from a pickup truck, was I buried in charges and left for dead.

In 2009, I was ambushed by pirates, slave catchers … the police. The crime was existing and making eye contact. I had questions. They had egos. Authority complexes. They had guns. For the next two years, I learned the language of the legal beast as no attorney would take my case. The CITY OF SUISUN, the employees of SOLANO COUNTY, the STATE OF CALIFORNIA made a great effort to convict me, to lynch me, to instill fear into my bones. Ironically, in Biloxi, we throw bones to divine. My kind are resilient, adapt, and weave our pain into tapestries to keep away the cold. In 2011, I settled my legal case against the corporate policy enforcer of Suisun City, California, but I had not been able to process the trauma from the experience. In 2021 I participated as an artist in residence at La Otra Taller Nepantla in Arroyo City, TX. This was my first residency and the opportunity I needed to study myself fully and heal some wounds. With no e-mails to check, lesson plans to write, parents to call or children to nurture, I dug out my case file from SUISUN. My previous attempts to write about my case were frozen in unfinished poems and art. It was a lump in my throat, my Tell-Tale Heart. During La Oltra, the story that teetered on my tongue for over a decade would begin to manifest as collages of text, vinyl records, acrylic paints, and legal documents collectively titled, The War Room.

This series of collages reflect aspects of the legal case I had been involved in, what I learned from the experience and its juxtaposition to what I had been taught to believe about the criminal justice system.

Artist Biography

Aminah Decé is a Teaching Artist and entrepreneur from Biloxi, Mississippi. Aminah is trained at the World Combat Academy, Institute of Martial Science, and maintains degrees in The Humanities, Fine Arts & Art History/Criticism from The University of Texas, San Antonio. Under the pseudonym P16, she began her artistic journey as a slam poet in Killeen, Texas.

Through a variety of media, theater, and Spoken Word performance, Aminah expresses her personal experiences and discredits the concepts of race and supremacy, and empowers the public through art and education. Aminah served as a visual arts instructor for Judson Independent School District for seven years, sharpening her skills as a curriculum writer and mentor before transitioning to a full-time Teaching Artist. Aminah is a San Antonio Individual Artist Grant Recipient and has recently completed La Otra Taller Art Residency in Arroyo City. Aminah currently leads literary and visual art instruction with Gemini Ink Writing Arts Center and coordinates the MOSAIC Student Art Program at Blue Star Contemporary.

Brandy Garcia
She/Her/Ella



Artist Statement

To have my story, recipes, and art published in a zine for the first time gives me an overwhelming sense of accomplishment and gratitude. I feel like it gives my work a certain validity. Not only to see it in something tangible, but to have it included in the community of these amazing and influential artists who I've come to hold in such high regard.

Artist Biography

Brandy Garcia (she/her/ella) is Queer Latina Cocinera from the Tejas Panhandle who tells stories through food, fashion, and prose. She uses traditional Mexican flavors passed down by her abuelitos to create vegan, vegetarian, and nutritious recipes. Her prose dishes humor to deal with difficult topics like police brutality or intimate partner violence in the queer community. She hopes that her food and stories will spark important dialogue and remind others that they are not alone. Follow @fantasticbrantastic for tips from a Brown-Queer-Curvy-Outdoorsy-Feminist.

Reb Mari
She/Her



Artist Statement

My art comes from emotion. It's a need I have; to release through using my hands to create something that wasn't there before. At times I create just for my own enjoyment and other times I want to make things for people to engage with and feel something. My art is like my thoughts. I don't share everything I am thinking with everyone yet at times I do open my mouth and express myself. I come from a lineage of artists; dancers, singers, designers, etc. With that in mind, at times when I have to create it feels deeper than my own current lived experience, it feels ancestral and as if those who have come before me are guiding my hands. I don't resist when that happens. I embrace and go with it. I have been trained by some of the best in the fields in Ballet Folklorico and mosaics and I have far to go to be on their level yet I do try to make my maestras proud. I am forever grateful to my mother Nancy who from my conception encouraged and nurtured me to be a creative being. Many thanks for all the artists out there, your work inspires me.

Artist Biography

Reb Mari is a Yanaguana-based, Native Two Spirit Tejana Xicana with a passion for ancestral healing through food, art, and activism. Reb possesses an invigorating spirit of initiative that is deeply interwoven in cultura and indigenous roots. They are the chef and owner of the highly acclaimed and nationally recognized La Botanica, Texas' first vegan restaurant and venue. Before shifting towards a path in foods she worked with families and schools as a caregiver and teacher of music, dance and art to children for over 10 years. Reb is a changemaker and trendsetter, always centering healing in their work.. She has spoken on several panels and taught classes about native foods, business and health.

Las Maestras



Sharon Bridgforth

Biography

A 2022 Winner of Yale's Windham Campbell Prize in Drama, Sharon Bridgforth is 2020-2023 Playwrights' Center Core Member, a 2022-2023 McKnight National Fellow and a New Dramatists alumnae. She has received support from The Doris Duke Performing Artist Award, Creative Capital, MAP Fund and the National Performance Network. Her work is featured in *Teaching Black: The Craft of Teaching on Black Life and Literature, Mouths of Rain an Anthology of Black Lesbian Thought*, Feminist Studies Vol 48 Number 1, honoring 40 years of *This Bridge Called by Back* and *But Some of Us Are Brave!* Sharon's new book, *bull-jean & dem/dey back* (53rd State Press 10/2022) features two performance/novels that will be produced by Pillsbury House + Theatre in Minneapolis 2022/2023.



T. Jackie Cuevas

Biography

Originally from Corpus Christi, Dr. T. Jackie Cuevas—who has taught at universities, community colleges, high schools, community centers, writing workshops, and detention centers—joined the UT faculty in 2021. Cuevas is Associate Professor of English and affiliated faculty of LGBTQ Studies, Center for Women's and Gender Studies (CWGS), Center for Mexican American Studies (CMAS), Mexican American and Latina/o Studies (MALS), and Latino Media Arts and Studies (L-MAS). Prior to UT, Cuevas taught at UTSA and Syracuse University. At UTSA, Cuevas held a Lutcher Brown Endowed Professorship, directed the Women's Studies Institute, and was Principal Investigator for Democratizing Racial Justice (2021), funded by a five-million grant from the Mellon Foundation.

Cuevas is the author of *Post-Borderlandia: Chicana Literature and Gender Variant Critique* (Rutgers University Press, 2018) and co-editor, with Sonia Saldívar-Hull and Larissa Mercado-López, of *El Mundo Zurdo 4: Selected Works from the 2013 Meeting of The Society for the Study of Gloria Anzaldúa* (Aunt Lute Books, 2015). Cuevas's poetry has been published in the chapbook *Otherhood, USA* (Tanto Tinto Press, 2000) and in publications such as *Sinister Wisdom*, *Stone Canoe*, *Texas Poetry Calendar*, and *Label Me Latina/o*. Cuevas is also the co-founder of Evelyn Street Press and has been involved in producing various BIPOC media projects, including serving as producer of Sharon Bridgforth's *Finding Voice* radio show (2004) and creator/host of the Latina/x/e literature and social justice video podcast (2020-21).



Cuevas is an award-winning mentor and a 2018 recipient of the UT System Regents' Outstanding Teaching Award. From 2017 to 2022, Cuevas served on the Executive Committee of the Modern Language Association's Chicana/o/x Literature Forum. Cuevas belongs to the Macondo Writers Workshop and ALLGO, a statewide queer people of color organization.

Norma Elia Cantú, Ph.D.

Biography



Born in Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas and raised in Laredo, Texas, I am intimately bound to the US-Mexico border region. As a scholar, I focus on issues of borders and boundaries whether in academic disciplines or the geopolitical borderlands of Mexico and the United States, all through a Chicana feminist theoretical lens. I write poetry and prose, what I call creative autobioethnography, also with a focus on the borderlands and heavily rooted in the cultural traditions of the region. My life formation as a working-class Chicana shapes my intellectual and aesthetic endeavors and impels me to act to deconstruct the oppressive structures that exist in society. I passionately believe that words have power and that literature has the potential to create the change we need. I work with my students to use the power of their stories and their words to create a better world for all sentient beings.

Mariana Romo-Carmona

Biography



Nuyorquina born in Chile, has taught Creative Writing, Spanish, and Comparative Literature for many years, including at CUNY Colleges and the Goddard College MFA. She has a PhD in Latin American, Iberian, and Latinx Culture, and she is an adjunct associate professor in the Latin American & Latinx Studies Program at City College, CUNY. She is the author of *Living at Night, Speaking Like An Immigrant, Sobrevivir y otros complejos*, and Conversaciones. A longtime activist in the Latinx and Queer fronts, she was an editor with Kitchen Table Press and *Conditions* Feminist Journal. She co-edited *Cuentos: Stories by Latinas*, and co-founded *COLORLife!* Magazine, and Escritorial Press. https://linktr.ee/marianaromo_carmona

Lilliana Wilson

Biography



Liliana Wilson is a visual artist best known for her intricate drawings with surrealistic renderings. She was born in Valparaíso, Chile. She immigrated to the United States in 1977 and pursued studies in art at Texas State University. Liliana's later work represents images of immigrants and refugees transitioning into creatively crafted unknown worlds. Her art highlights hope and imagines a world beyond patriarchy, colonialism and misogyny while bringing to light the pain, sorrow and grief present today.

Liliana's history of artistic expressions is the subject of a book edited by Norma E. Cantú titled *Ofrenda: Liliana Wilson's Art of Dissidence and Dreams* (Texas A & M Press, 2015)

