QUEER

XICAN@
"To be xicano, is to be political". Irene I. Blea

Benders, G. As interpreted by E.I.

The term is an inclusive and not meant to encompass all the people who have a cultural and political consciousness and are related to the many indigenous groups in the Southwest, who are the descendants of this land and our connection to this land. Xicana means that we forced upon us, a reflection to all the foreign labels that have been imposed upon us, a reflection of our indigenous roots, our selves, a rejection of all the foreign labels that our people have been given and we choose to identify ourselves with.

noun

Xicana pronounced (chee-ka-Now)
"As we are forced to struggle for our right to love free of disease and discrimination, "Aztlan" as our imagined homeland begins to take on renewed importance. Without the dream of a free world, a free world will never be realized. Chicano lesbians and gay men do not merely seek inclusion in the Chicano nation; we seek a nation strong enough to embrace a full range of racial diversities, human sexualities, and expressions of gender. We seek a culture that can allow for the natural expression of our femaleness and maleness and our love without prejudice or punishment. In a "queer" Aztlan, there would be no freaks, no "others" to point one's finger at."

Cherrie Moraga, "Queer Aztlan"
A REAL ALLY TO ANY GROUP OF MARGINALIZED/OPPRESSED PEOPLES DOESN'T JUST WALK

So You Think You're An Ally?

1. Recognizes one's own privilege as a member of the agents group.
2. Has worked to develop an understanding of a target group and the needs of this group.
3. Chooses to alien with the target group and respond to their needs.
4. Believes that is is in one's self-interest of be an ally.
5. Is committed to personal growth (in spite of the possible discomfort or pain) required to operate.
6. Expects support from other allies.
7. Is able to acknowledge, how oppressive patterns have been built or apologizes for not acknowledging it.
8. Assumes that people in a targeted group are not responsible for their oppression.
9. Knows that one has a clear responsibility to fight.
10. Assumes that people in a targeted group are responsible for their oppression.
11. Does not attempt to communicate with the target group that already communicating in the best and most comfortable way.
12. Assumes that the target group consists of survivors (not victims) and that they have a long history of resistance.
13. Does not attempt to convince target group that one is on their side. Shows support through actions, not words.
14. Does not expect gratitude from people in the target group and remembers that being an ally is a matter of choice.
15. Creates a comfortable setting. Is conscious of concepts such as cultural imperialism and cultural appropriation.
16. Confronts oppression, slurs, and actions, condoning or condemning silence may communicate.

“A REAL ALLY TO ANY GROUP OF MARGINALIZED/OPPRESSED PEOPLES DOESN'T JUST WALK

“When we are not physically starving, we have the luxury to realize psychic and emotional starvation. It is from this starvation that other starvations can be recognized - if one is willing to take the risk of making the connection- if one is willing to be responsible to the result of the connection”

Cherrie Moraga, Essay La Gúera

“For a woman to be a lesbian in a male-supremacist, capitalist, misogynist, racist, homophobic, imperialist culture, such as that of North America, is an act of resistance; A resistance that should be championed throughout the world by all the forces struggling for liberation from the slave master.”

Cheryl Clark, Essay “Lesbianism: an Act of Resistance”
I speak mocho
a cut off spanish from the root
an uprooted spanish
a concoction of words like a mixed drink of
intoxicated phrases
invasive language of english that chokes my root
drinks the nutrients of my fertile culture ground
while assimilation shock still shakes my
vocal focus

I, Chicana
hybrid breed mixed blood
night dreams still spent in ancestral land
day reality spent environmentally exposed to
concrete grounds and constant reminder of other
I am other
My mother tongue hides beneath perfectly
pronounced words
dominant language mastered
I can pass as American
pass el despacho de aduanas with less harassment
than the rest from mi tierra
Mi pueblo
mi paiz

and still my lengua
my community
it raised me from infancy
I swallowed down words
and phrases and collected myself in the hanging
vocal imagery
lengua
a once automatic verbal ceremony
a once automatic verbal ritual
now taken over

himalayan blackberry English

This is my piece
The slice of reality that I choose to give
giving back what the streets gave me when I left
the schools in search of what it means to learn
live
learning more from being born in Michoacan
learning more from crossing the desert
sister and mother en mano
in the summers of 1986-1991
finally to occupy a spot of the wait list of
naturalization and
miseducation from 1991 to today
than from talking street slang to appropriating peoples
who correct their words to match mine
now I choose to listen
to the bones that weigh heavy with
sore movement from one hurt land to one that hurts me
and listen intently
to those like me
who choose to take back this land
one word at a time

by Fabiola Romero - Chicana Poet

Check out more @ fabiolaromero.tumblr.com
Even with the lack of sun
My skin remains brown
No amount rain can wash it away
In a sea of white I stand out, it is something that
cannot be helped.
Growing up under glares and hateful comments is never easy
But it cannot be helped when surrounded by ignorance
Childhood naïve once made me wish to hide
21 years of scarring hatred shattered that mirror
It made me aware of the people around me,
No look or sneer goes undetected
Whites will never understand how important our elders are to us
Or the importance of our skin, our people, and our culture
Abuelos who taught me to defend my beliefs and myself
Like a fucking beast when faced against prejudice
It's the only way one can survive sometimes
Sometimes, my brown skin is all I have
And with it the lessons history that has been passed down
In the darkest moments they remind me that I am not alone
You who hold no connection to your race
Who find it so easy to steal and rape my people, my culture
Will never understand the anger and pain you will be met with
We are not like you who trample ancient rituals
and customs you will never comprehend
We defend them with our blood and souls
We will not let our history and future be dirtied with your hands
It is a fight you will never win because we will always be
here to protect our Raza
And to clean up the mess your ignorance makes
You can whitewash all you want
But it will never stick to us
And we will never be silenced

By Ninette Rincon

ALFRED J. QUIROZ

"GODDESS"
Lo Que Nunca Paso Por Sus Labios

There once was a girl who had a fleeting romance with another girl. This other girl supposedly “belonged to someone”-but our star main character never understood the ownings of hearts and bodies and freely fell in love. It was a short sweet love affair—full of frozen margaritas, miles of driving and late nights. Weekends were of the enpanadas in bed and raspas at night variety. The love affair ended like all love affairs end—one girl to go and try to forget her sins and continue the path of binary yes/no this/that him/her and the other to tend to her bees.

Being so high, she often forget what it was to like to be the like a worker bee—small details that were necessary for her survival at the top of the ladder were forgotten. Through the course of intra-office bee lines, she called upon her long ago friend and lover, though never admitting such transgressions even to herself, to supply her with the small details only the worker bees know. The worker girl who believed in unicorns supplied them with her regular openings of heart to lovers and her friends. The worker girl came to think that Maybe, just maybe the bee on the ladder was beginning to see the blurring of the lines. Or—in case the wires were crossed—even a pitcher of margaritas or spiked raspas would be fun in the company of those we still loved—and having no ill will against her, forgo ed the intra office beelines for an actual phone call.

Years later they both found themselves working at the roots of a bigger tree. They began as little worker bees and never really got to see the sun. Because of privilege and society’s dismissal of the importance of queen bees the girl who only believed in binary fairy tales was able to hit the ceiling. The other queen bee continued on with her queenliness as only they can.

What happened next—might have been the tipping of the yes/no world for the looking towards the sun girl who once had ideals and ideas of grassroots and unicorns. Lines straight as hot ironed slacks should no longer be crossed once the path to the sun is laid out, once on the ladder—there was no getting off. So she severed all lines to the worker bees, covering them with shovels and shovels of dirt. Worker bees surely will think twice before attempting to even look for the ladder—she thought. She was sure that under all those layers of dirt, even if the phone did ring, she’d never hear it—for those type of witching eyes are better left buried. But in fact, the phone did not ring. The worker girl knew unicorns who believed in fairy tales and who made mean tequila spiked raspas.

* Title twinned from “Loving in the War Years: Lo Que Nunca Paso por Sus Labios”- Cherrie L. Moraga

By Noemi Martinez
in 5th grade
ellie started shaving her legs
she was my best friend
and she already had boobs
mine hadn't even started growing
so i shaved the little black hairs off my brown legs
to be more of a woman

in 5th grade
i played baseball on a co-ed team
and i was proud to be the only girl
but i didn't want to be too girly
so i cut my long black hair off
to look like a boy

in 6th grade
my hair was still short
and and my teacher couldn't tell
if i was a boy or a girl
she said boys on the left and girls on the right
so i let my hair grow out

in 6th grade
everyone made fun of my uni-brow
of my arm hair
of my "moustache"

ellel was embarrassed to be seen with me
so i waxed my uni-brow
and i waxed my "moustache" and i learned quite clearly that
and i shaved my arms and armpits i - a dark haired, brown skinned tom-boy -

in grade school
they may not have had a class on beauty
but they sure as hell did teach it

By Nadia Saldaña
Spieglo

in college
i decided
to experiment with my body image
so i grew out all my body hair
my armpits
legs
upper lip
brows
arms
all filled with dark black hairs again
and i cut the hair on my head
shorter than ever before
and needless to say
i've never felt more beautiful

deadliestsnatch.tumblr.com
mynameislibre.tumblr.com
pinchepeaches.tumblr.com
nueva-bordena.tumblr.com
versosdeliberacion.tumblr.com
nomellamoliz.tumblr.com
tofuboots.tumblr.com
maleducada.tumblr.com
mexicatiahui.tumblr.com
rossamorena.tumblr.com
fabiolaromero.tumblr.com
fuckyeahchicanawriters.tumblr.com
puteveryonetosleep.tumblr.com
fuckyeahchicanopower.tumblr.com
esquitasonmishuesos.tumblr.com
florecietaespinada.tumblr.com
suckmybeso.tumblr.com
rootsdeep.tumblr.com
haygrrrlhay.tumblr.com
joteria.tumblr.com/
fuckyeahlgbtqlatinxs.tumblr.com/
corazonacorazon.tumblr.com/
florecietaespinada.tumblr.com/
nopalxochitl.tumblr.com/
aztlanlibrepress.tumblr.com/
laborruguita.tumblr.com/

Awesomest
Tumblrs*
To Check Out!

* They all post relevant Chicano stuff
Recuerdos de Queers

- Gay Latino Studies: A Critical Reader by Michael Naves-García and Ernesto Javier Martínez
- Reading Chican@ Like a Queer: The De-Mastery of Desire (History, Culture, and Society) by Sandra K. Soto
- Queer Ricans: Cultures and Sexualities in the Diaspora (Cultural Studies of the Americas)
- Homecoming Queers: Desire and Difference in Chicana Latina Cultural Production (Latinidad: Transnational Cultures in the United States) by Marivel T. Danielson
- Tortilleras: Hispanic and U.S. Latina Lesbian Expression by Inmaculada Perpetusa-Seva and Lourdes Torres
- Voicing Chicana Feminisms: Young Women Speak Out on Sexuality and Identity (Qualitative Studies in Psychology) by Aida Hurtado
- this bridge we call home: radical visions for transformation by Gloria Anzaldúa and AnaLouise Keating
- This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa

- The Last Generation: Prose and Poetry by Cherrie Moraga
- Loving in the War Years: Lo que nunca pasó por sus labios by Cherrie Moraga
- Queer Aztlan; the Re-formation of Chicano Tribe: by Cherrie Moraga
- Chicana Lesbians: The Girls Our Mothers Warned Us About by Carla Trujillo
- 1-2-3 PUNCH: How Misogyny Hurts Queer Communities, zine by Kernan Willis (kick-ass resource list - check it out!)
- Cis Privilege Checklist: http://takesupspace.wordpress.com/cis-privilege-checklist/
- Pacific Northwest queer org listing (lots!): http://faculty.washington.edu/alvin/nworg.htm
- Regional listing site with LOTS more resources/orgs: http://www.conjure.com/glb.html#regional

**This lista obviously is lacking resources! Please help Queer Xican@ by submitting resources that you use and would be helpful to others!"
Los pelos que me crecen

cuando los corte
crecieron como si los prados molidos fueran leones al despertar
y lo dorado del oscurecer se agarro ferozmente
de lo largo de mi quijada
y mi mano con un gesto escribio
la cancion imprudente de mi cuerpo.

The Hairs That Grow for Me

when I cut them
they grew as if the ground prairies were lions awakened
and the golden of nightfall clung fiercely
to the length of my jaw bone
and my hand in a gesture wrote
the imprudent song of my body.

- Migueltzinta C. Solis 2011
Escrítor/Cineasta Mexicano Transgenero
Transgendered Mexican Writer/Filmmaker

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Queer Xicana Queer Zine on TUMBLR:

QueerChicanaQwZine.tumblr.com

P.S. distribute, distribute, distribute!

Questions? Submissions? Email: elizscibel@gmail.com