



## WHAT IS YOUR DEFINITION

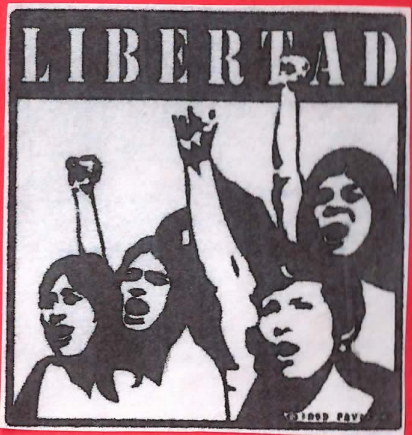
Xican@ pronounced (chee-ka-*now*)  
noun.

: "a term with which our people have chosen to identify ourselves. a rejection to all foreign labels that have been forced upon us. a re-affirmation of our indigenous roots, blood and our connection to this land. xican@ means that we are the descendants of the original civilizations of this land (i.e. Mexica, Inca, Maya, etc.) with our own history, language, and cultura. recent modification of the traditional term Chicana@. Xican@ uses Nahuatl (the language or related dialect of the many indigenous groups in what is now Mexico, Central America, and the U.S. Southwest) spelling and pronunciation to validate and embrace the indigenous heritage of the Xican@. the term Xican@ is a term based on *cultural, social, and political consciousness*" and the tarroba is an inclusive ending meant to encompass all genders.1 (as interpreted by eliz)

**"To be Xicana, is to be Political"** Irene I. Blea

Parts of this definition have been used from: <http://www.colorado.edu/StudentGroups/MFC/ChA/xican@.html>

OF XICAN@ ??

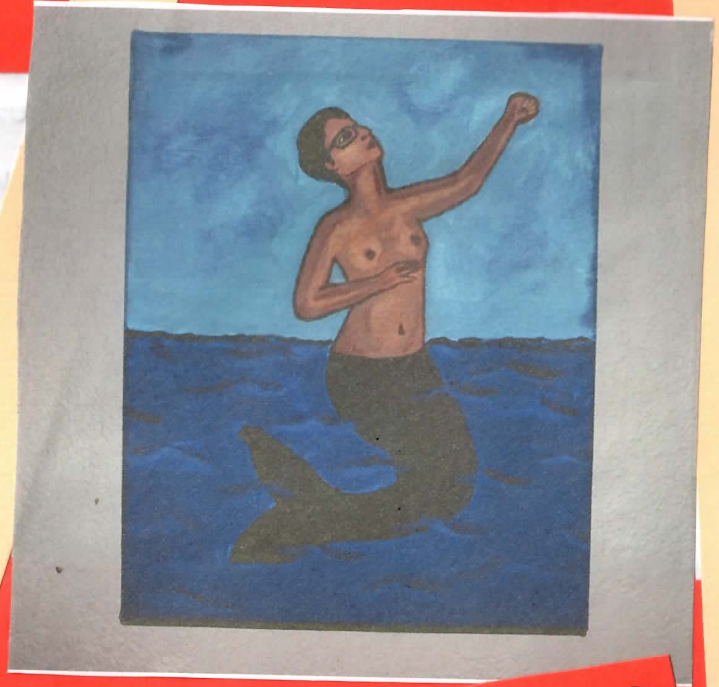


and remember...

you're  
beautiful

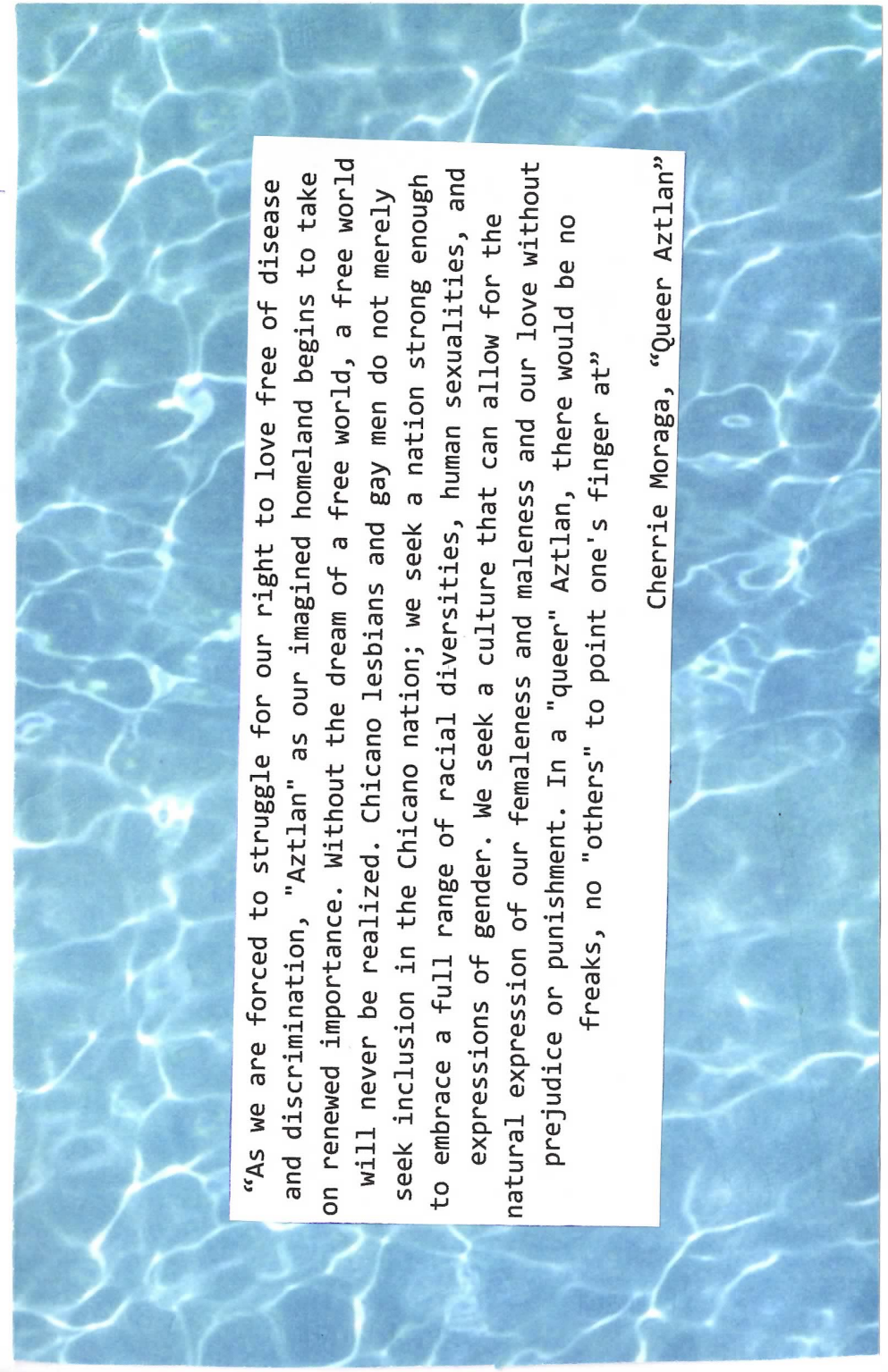
*Loteria: la sirena*

Self Portrait submitted by  
nomellamoliz.tumblr.com  
"Transfiguration of Iconic  
Images: Intergenerational Mujeres  
In Mexican & US Icons" project.



"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"



# So You Think You're AN ALLY?

A REAL ALLY TO ANY GROUP OF MARGINALIZED/OPRESSED PEOPLES DOESN'T JUST WALK THE ALLY WALK, BUT TALKS THE ALLY TALK AND STAYS EDUCATED.

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 align with the target group and respond to their needs.
4. Believes that it 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 promote social change.
6. Expects support from other allies.
7. Is able to acknowledge and articulate, without guilt or apology, how oppressive patterns operate.
8. Expects to make mistakes, but does not use it as an excuse for inaction.
9. Knows that one has a clear responsibility to fight oppression whether or not persons in the target chose to respond.
10. Assumes that people in a targeted group are already communicating in the best and most comfortable way
11. Does not expect members of the targeted group to educate them.
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 mater of choice.
15. Creates a comfortable setting. Is conscious of concepts such as cultural imperialism and cultural appropriation.
16. Confronts oppressive jokes, slurs, and actions, Knows that silence may communicate condoning of an oppressive statement.

HERE IS A 16 POINT PROGRAM FOR HOW TO BE THE BEST ALLY YOU CAN BE.  
"QUALITIES OF AN ALLY" ← GOOGLE IT.

"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 Güera*

PERSON QUEER OR TRANS

"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"




figure this much  
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

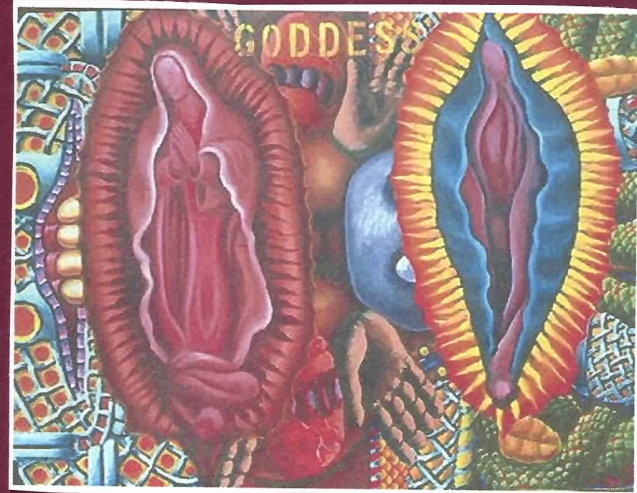
by Fabiola Romero - Chicana Poet

Check out more @ [fabiolaromero.tumblr.com](https://www.tumblr.com/fabiolaromero)

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 epanandas 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 queenness 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  
ellen 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 armpit hair  
of my "moustache"

ellen 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

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

By Nadia Saldaña  
Spiegel

deadliestsnaatch.tumblr.com

mynameislibre.tumblr.com

pinchepeaches.tumblr.com

nueva-bordena.tumblr.com

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laborruguita.tumblr.com/

i AWESOME  
TUMBLRS\*  
TO CHECK OUT!

\* THEY ALL POST RELEVANT CHICANO STUFF



# Reviews of QUEERS

- ♥ **Gay Latino Studies: A Critical Reader** by Michael Hames-García and Ernesto Javier Martínez
- ♥ **Reading Chican@ Like a Queer: The De-Mastery of Desire (History, Culture, and Society)** by Sandra K. Soto
- ♥ **Queer Migrations: Sexuality, U.S. Citizenship, and Border Crossings** by Eithne Luibheid and Lionel Cantu Jr.
- ♥ **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 Aída 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/>
- ♥ <http://www.ambientejuven.org/> - sitio dedicado a los jóvenes lgbtq en los estados y latinoamerica.
- ♥ **Pacific Northwest queer org listing (lots!)**  
:<http://faculty.washington.edu/alvin/nwgorg.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!

¡! like, perfat!?

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.

- Miguelzinta C. Solis 2011  
Escritor/Cineasta Mexicano Transgenero  
Transgendered Mexican Writer/Filmmaker

# Gracias a Todos

To all those who submitted,  
to everyone who finds this in their  
hands, to all who participated in  
this creation and inspiration process.  
Thank you to QPOC @ The Evergreen  
State College, MECHA de EVERGREEN'S  
NOC. Thank you TUMBLR!

♡ paz y amor,  
Elizabeth

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QUEERXICANOWZINE.tumblr.com

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