

Fanzine

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Torcer das
palabras

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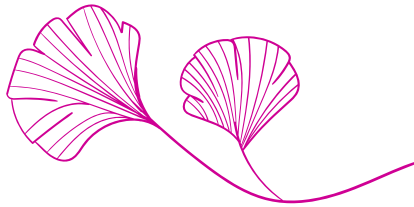


Movimiento Afrolatino Seattle (MÁS) and Catingo Ediciones Present:

Torcer las Palabras Volume 2

At MÁS, we have reflected that discrimination and violence are sometimes exercised within Afro-diasporic communities and pro-Black movements without our awareness that they are being reproduced. This is also the case within racialized sex-gender dissident communities, which continue to be invisibilized as political subjects. We understand the need to listen to and see the voices and hearts of our sex-gender-expansive communities – to witness their testimonies of erasure and denial, as well as their insurgence – and with the clarity of their vision continue cultivating an inclusive future and present, showing solidarity with real action. Providing the economic and organizing conditions to support the work of **Catingo Ediciones and Johan Mijail** is only a natural alignment of the alliances and our purpose as an organization. It is in this way that we collaborate with Catingo Ediciones.

Together, we are excited to present Torcer las Palabras Volume 2, a literary collection born from the autobiographical writing workshop led by **Johan Mijail**, metresas + imaginary dissidents to coloniality. The works, written by fourteen trans, queer, Afro, and/or Indigenous authors, rise up through the soil to bring forth an intimate body of work that invites readers to uproot, seed, transform, and bloom inside the galaxies of beauty embodied within sexual and gender dissidence through a Black and Indigenous anticolonial lens. Torcer las Palabras offers an opportunity to walk alongside the authors as they take you through portals of emergence and affirmation of self.



MÁS is a Seattle-based (US) Afro-Indigenous organization that activates communities and individuals in the creation of gathering spaces rooted in ancestral art and values. Through our work, we affirm the presence and cultural contributions of Afrodescendants of Abya Yala as a movement toward social change and racial equity. Torcer las Palabras was born out of our MÁS Talleres (MORE workshops) program, which aims to connect our communities with Black and Afrodiasporic art and wisdom.

As a kind of introduction

The texts that appear in this fanzine correspond to an exercise from the second annual workshop series I taught at the beginning of 2024 with the support and funding of MÁŠ. The workshop explored autobiographical writing from the perspective of gender and sexually diverse/dissident people where we seek to enhance a process of accompaniment and political reflection emphasizing a decolonial and anti-racist approach. The writings that appear here start from an individual place where the construction of collective thought and poetics is projected. What can LGBTQIA+ people contribute through writing? How can we say something from the presence of our lives in the context of the naturalization of heteronormative reality?

This exercise has its origins in attempting to answer the question: What does it mean to write against oneself? Initially proposed in the essay "To write against herself: a microtechnology of political subjectivation" by the Argentine activist and writer Valeria Flores. This text continues to intrigue me.

This fanzine is published by Catinga Ediciones, the first Dominican publisher specialized in the publication and promotion of writings by Black/Afro-descendant LGBTQ+ people.

I would like these writings and images to be understood as the response to an emergency that, in its potential, seeks to continue insisting on a production that invites us to imagine ourselves in a constant flight to the cis-heteronorm from an autobiographical "I" in search of collectivizing our wounds and joys. A new political archive is raised here where we find our here.

Johan Mijail



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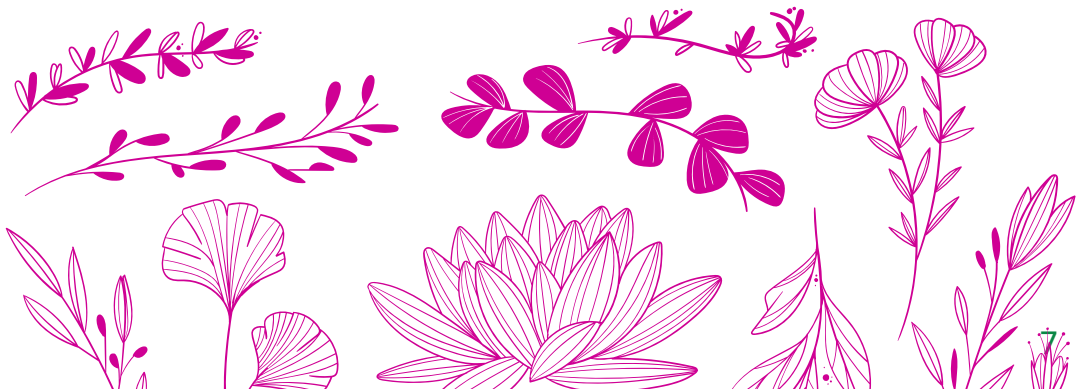
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ABRIR MÁS EL CORAZÓN *(open your heart more)*

Anthony Guerrero

My parents separated when I was born. I know it wasn't my fault. They were very young and their love had only taken a few awkward steps, which I had nothing to do with. But to know that later on they didn't make an effort for that creature that was me, it broke my heart.

Young love is beautiful, but it's too clumsy and sometimes we are not childlike enough to accept each fall with the compassion it deserves and we decide to close roads, to stop moving. I think that's how it was with him and her. Very young, they'd fallen too many times.

My mother -like me today- was desperately seeking love. The love of that father who also left her and that

her working mother could not provide for her. In every man, she searched for a home of her own, but she didn't find it. And she's still looking for it. That's why, at the age of five, she left me as a snotty child with my grandmothers and aunts. I didn't understand anything. She just disappeared and I erased her from my mind, from my heart, that mother of sand.

This is how I grew up being handed off. Endless mothers doing everything they could to give me all the affection of that father and that mother who at a very young age gave birth to a child they couldn't love because they didn't find the love they needed either.

Each new house was a promise. A new father, a new mother promising unconditional love until the next placement or until mother could take over again. At least she was trying, because father never tried. This creature had the face of the beautiful woman he had loved and could never return to. My mouth was her mouth, my eyes her eyes. So I had the face of his failure. The face of the object of desire rejecting him with the face of his own child.

Every day I fed the abandonment, the rejection, the discomfort in my chest. I didn't understand any of this for a long time, until I found out through the gossiping mouths of the aunts who were the only ones who could make father talk. I felt like a victim

Anthony Guerrero



Anthony Guerrero

of those bad parents, immature parents, young parents, hurt parents, who were my only parents and did not want me by their side.

And I don't know at what moment I thought, I felt, that I could fill that void of love in a man who would make me his family, who would love me forever and not leave me alone suffering this abandonment. But I didn't find it. I was very young and a marica*.

It wasn't enough to be a sad teenager who moved from house to house, but I liked men and I couldn't talk about it. I didn't know homosexuality wasn't a crime, I was born right in the process of decriminalization in 1997. Even so, I grew up seeing how marikas* and travas** were constantly violated, ridiculed, frowned upon in my city and I felt the urge to hide my desire. And among that desire to live, a liminal space opens up during my adolescence, a B-side, where I live the violence of the flesh.

Grown men abusing my fourteen year old teenage self. Rough sex. Visits to unknown neighborhoods. Getaways. Sex in abandoned places. Buildings under construction. Group sex. Verbal humiliation. And a bit of diluted love in all that mistreatment.





That's how I learned sex, love, vice. And that's how I was infected with syphilis and HIV.

I think that this is the first year I lived without sex since I was fourteen. Even though there was always that intense desire for a new man to come and abuse my limits and take my breath away. Was this decision a gesture of love? I wondered. Refraining the body from the adrenaline rush of an onslaught in the middle of the night, from a blind walk with my heart beating out of my chest. Was being faithful a gesture of love? Was this reactivity of syphilis a sign from the universe to realize the evil master of whom I have been victim and tormentor all this time? Proof that I failed when I surrendered and flogged myself once again with strangers or was it just your Punishment.

My love, I don't know if I was never able to recognize, to say about all these wrongs that have been done and that I have done, this karma that I cannot get rid of and from which I only learn/turn on; the abandonment, the house, the young and clumsy love, the violence, the HIV, the syphilis, the flogging.

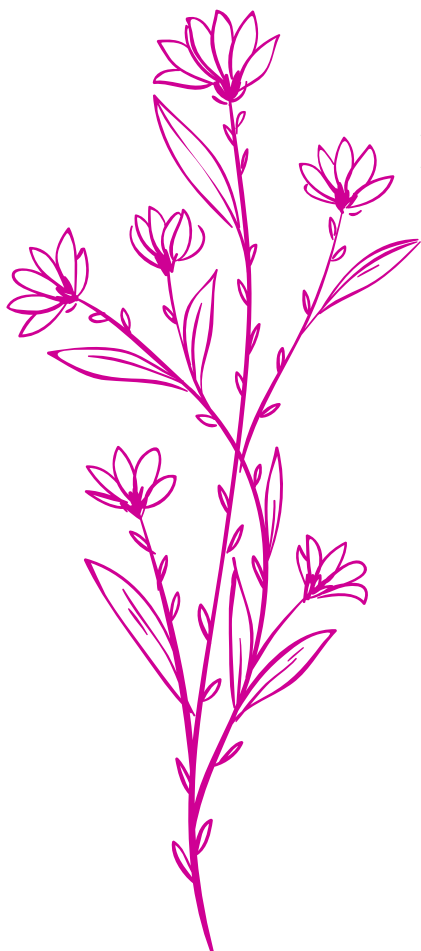
Is it possible for you to embrace this child of quicksand?

Anthony Guerrero



Chiron, I can only open my heart wider to build that home and not let you-child die of cold. To embrace you so that you cry feeling cared for at night, to introduce you to people so they know I love you and that you are with me until I can accompany you to heal your wounds, accompany you until you sprout new skin, point out to you when you make mistakes and your ways of loving mature and do not seek violence, abuse, flogging and your heart feels full.

I can only open my heart more to forgive myself.



**Term author uses to refer to a gay man. Often used despectively in Latin America but now reclaimed and used by some members of the gay community*

*** Term author uses for someone who is trans*

Anthony Guerrero

**TODAS CRECEMOS SIN SABER QUIENES SOMOS:
ESCRIBIR CONTRA SÍ MISMA ES SER NEGRA.**
*(we all grow up without knowing who we are:
writing against oneself is to be Black.)*

To write about what we are, about what we believe we are, about what we seem to be, fearfully becomes an inventive project against ourselves. To think ourselves, to create ourselves, to position ourselves from a place or to construct it is limiting if we consider that we possess diverse truths, multiple experiences, denials, uncertainties, urgencies to signify ourselves or to expel signifiers about what has been believed and created about our bodies.

It is a human need to feel that we belong to places, but we are the most erased from the landscape. Belonging to displaced scenarios, constituents of censored realities, bored of the prescribed, resistant to the cis/hetero/white constituted and centralized, possessors of ancestral powers waiting to be explored, screaming libertarians, we are the true independentistas, producers of identity spaces that allow us to claim/arrest our monstrosity, the same that has been drawn by foreign hands, eyes and thoughts, which perceive us as others from their own otherness.

Deep and disturbing inquiry, we all grow up without knowing who we are and we are poured with "truths" against ourselves. We decline with time. We become Black, latinas, transvestites, queers, migrants, women, butch, queer, femmes, poor, trans, zero-positive. We

Daniel David Londoño Justo



are misunderstood, eager to establish new ways of inhabiting spaces and bodies exiled from the sex-gender system. We enunciate our identities, not as a way to displace the center, but as courageous, rebellious and political positions; balancing and unbalancing. We are not the first, because there have always been others, there are and there will be others, so that these becomings are stored in a collective consciousness that constitutes us all, a subject itself but many subjects and subjected at the same time. It is a conversation with the self and with the other, against me and against all.

Writing against oneself is a transformative relocation of discourse, enabling one to say/shout the unspeakable. It is a tool to renounce the practice of my profession as indicated by books, history, scholars, my professors and colleagues. As a lawyer (abogado in Spanish), I am expected to “safeguard the instrument that sustains the systems of power” said Mariano Iburguen, a “abogafró, abogay” with whom I share the idea of being a generation of lawyers who, before being jurists, are Black and queer. The only ones capable of displacing and transforming an instrument of normative power into a tool to progress in our struggles as counter-hegemonic groups. Those of

Daniel David Londoño Justo



us who, without having the right to read, learned its norms, knew its system and used it to live better, to guarantee our enjoyment and pleasure, to reclaim spaces of being and pleasure.

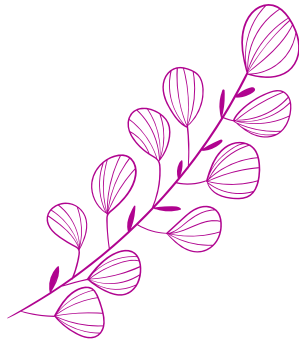
To write against oneself, is to call oneself she when you have a penis, is to write this text, to call oneself queer, transvestite, to assume the risk of being censored, to defy the established scriptural forms. To write against herself is to be Diana Navarro, trans leader and builder of LGBTI public policy in Bogota, a lawyer by profession "Black with pride, queer by conviction and whore by choice", Black, queer and whore.

To write against myself is to know myself to be Black and to talk about it while activating the colonial trauma, feeling the pain of being part of the forgotten, of those that nobody writes about, of those condemned to know and feel pleasure from the guilt and clandestinity.

We are neither men nor women. We are the manifestation of the ancestral transvestism of which Johan Mikhail speaks. We are not identities, we are life forces pretentious for building other ways to inhabit spaces, to let be these bodies that are so much ours as part of the collective subject transqueer that drives me to write.

Daniel David Londoño Justo





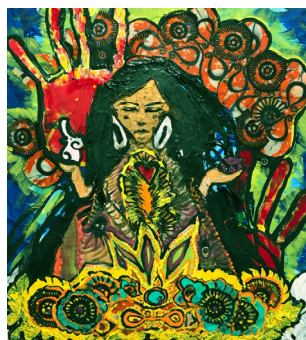
To write against oneself is to be Black and to dare
to verbalize this maroon and transvestite rage.

To write against oneself is to be Black.

To write against oneself is to be.

To write against herself.

Daniel David Londoño Justo



Encontra de mi y para mi *(against me and for me)*

To write against myself is to write from a part of me that for a long time has been trapped in a dark room that dwells in my stomach. It is to cry out in torrents and cry without pity the pains of skin that remembers the cold and soft touch of my uncle's hands every night my grandmother was on call at the hospital, it is to take the time to remember the details of the closet in the girls' room in my grandmother's apartment, the doors of that closet were white, made of a material that I can't remember if it was wood or plastic, but I remember that it folded like an accordion to close and open, just as my fist and toes folded every time I felt in my small body the touch of my uncle's warm body entering my bed, with his cold hands and his hoarse voice whispering in my ear to be quiet, to be quiet, that everything was all right. Those white doors taught me to fold within myself, to lock in that closet any sensation that emerged from the touch of my uncle's fingers to my vagina, to my "totona" as my grandmother taught

Milvia Berenice Pacheco Salvatierra



Milvia Berenice Pacheco Salvatierra

me to say to emphasize that I should close my legs when sitting anywhere, that I should never give myself permission to relax, that above all I should always keep my composure and could never open my legs to show the totona, the vagina, the kuka, the pelua, the papaya; that the best teaching she could give me was that I should see, hear, shut up and close the totona. For me, my grandmother was everything, so for a long time I carried that teaching with me. To write against myself is to reveal myself against that learning and open myself to the world of desire and my pleasures of the body without shame and carefree. To write against myself is to let the silenced words fall without fear on the virtual paper from which this writing is being composed, it is to give myself the permission to express without wanting to make sense, but to offer myself a space of creation where I am invited to fearlessly share the silenced memories of my skin. It is giving myself permission to see everything, to hear everything and to scream everything that emerges from my entrails, my belly, my throat and my vagina.



*I open and close the fist of my hand
in a gesture of understanding
I open myself to the contradictions of the world
I refuse to silence my being
I am ready to feel the swirling acidity of my
childhood memories.
I scratch my head and continue to breathe
How many questions..
I write against me and for me
Because writing allows me to create connection
and meaning
Because it invites me to converse with my
silenced voices,
Because when I write against myself, I give
myself the opportunity to name myself and to
exist before the eyes of you the readers,
and before the part of me that questions
me and awaits me.
To write against myself is to not be silent.
It is to ask myself what I want to shout;
It is to give myself permission to name myself
Black no matter what the other thinks.
It is to feel the wounds of systematic racism,
that feel like paper cuts,
cuts that are felt but sometimes not looked at,
and to allow through those cracks the oxygen
necessary for the body to reveal itself.*

Milvia Berenice Pacheco Salvatierra

It is to name myself from myself, with all my contradictions, and to make the other a witness and not the protagonist of my narrative. I write against myself and for myself, for my mother and my aunts and my grandmothers, who carried the wound of abuse in their bodies silenced by shame, to write against myself is to



unveil my shame, for running, for leaving my women forgotten, including my woman self, my pleasure self and it is to write of the shame I feel for believing in the love of a pedophile rapist, for believing that love is abuse and becoming an accomplice of my own torture and lovelessness. To write against myself is to rewrite myself from love, and to wash that shame with rue water; it is to integrate in a mortar the memories of abuse, pain and shame and turn them into machuca dough, of delicious flavors that feed me and to then defecate it, to fertilize the land where I cultivated the love for me, for my Blackness, for this woman's body that ages and distends, that relaxes to give and receive the pleasure of being and naming itself: Black woman.

Milvia Berenice Pacheco Salvatierra

Utopias de cuca herida (wounded cucapussy utopias)

Sawabona Lina Caraball

My tits are heavy from the accumulated weight of lazy, reifying and watery footprints left by the Whites and the cloudy, cowardly dark skinned ones, who left me with smeared eyeliner, a bloody perineum and a shitting infused with uncertainty and anguish.

How tired my tits are of being sucked by big babies that crack me, pulling my nipple away from my areola.

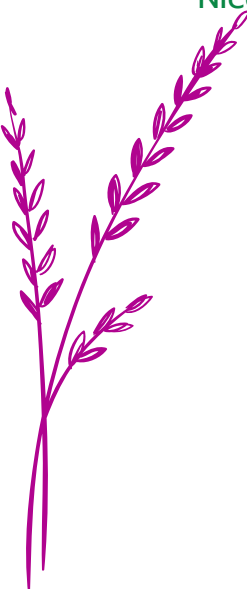
My skin cracks and I can only see my wandering paths, where the sweat of the assfucking with those husbands of others, lazy, tied up, picha pasito, rests.

Nice to meet you, my pleasure. The bitch, the vagabond, the big whore, the abortionist, the smoker, the easy one, assfucking with everyone. The one who was blessed with the gift of jumping from pussy to cock and vice versa.

The armadillo, the Black woman of Tarsus.

The armadillo, the Black woman, the ugly one.

The revolutionary bitch, the most beautiful of all Bosa.



Oshún, Yemayá and Oyá, ñanguita (says one thing does another) they see me there. Ajisuda (happy, female chatterbox). They bathed me with viche (sugar cane-based alcoholic drink) and herbs, dried me with the cotton my great-great-grandmother harvested and filled my head with cascarilla (eggshells and holy water). They stripped me of all guilt, they told me in unison in a whispered chant that I was their spoiled child, their Black-woman. That I was worthy to be filled with cacao and saliva, to have my moles and scars caressed with a tongue and bathed in gold and butterfly-winged caresses.

Their pampered one? Me? The bitch, bisexual, invisible, abandoned and abandoner who's already lost count? The undesirable unlovable only assfuckable unpresentable?

They nod their heads and in the midst of their chatter, they make foamy ripples in the water with their feet that give birth to seahorses.

I shake my head, the stale braids loosened by some motherfucker hit me in the eyes and bring me back to my wicker chair. For a moment I thought they had really cleaned me of the putrid and the vagabond.

I lie to myself and I lie to the world.

Sawabona Lina Carabali



Fotosíntesis troló (mutar contra mi mismo)

Gj Gardner

Hace días la pregunta qué significa escribir contra mi mismo está dando vueltas en mi cabeza. Siento esa pregunta, difícil, recorriendo cada célula de mi interior. Son varias las voces que aparecen para intentar escribir en mi contra. La primera acción es clara, escribir, he creído todas las veces que para hacerlo hay que tener conocimiento hegemónico, el lenguaje del colonizador bien estudiado y que mi identidad no tiene lugar en la escritura.

Escribo contra mi mismo para correr a mi ego y la mirada de los demás a la hora de habitar los espacios, el arte y todos los lugares donde alguna vez sentí no pertenecer.

Es tomar este ejercicio para poner en palabras lo que muchas veces no puedo decir. Reconocer que no es fácil comunicarme, que a veces me equivoco y estoy lleno de contradicciones.

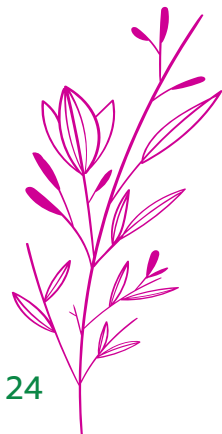
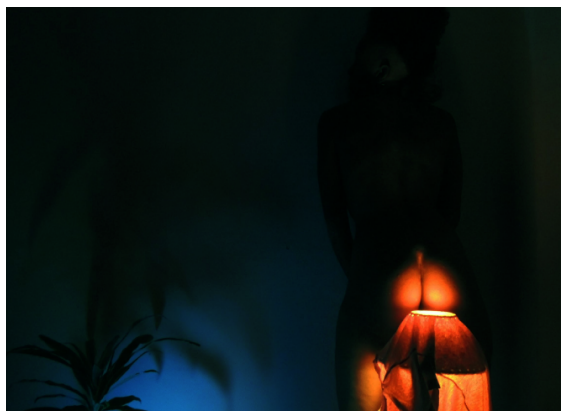
Es abrir las puertas a las sensibilidades más profundas y darme cuenta que devenirme travesti/trans muchas veces no encuentra sentido en las palabras ni en los funcionamientos del mundo.

Que amar mis tetas y mi vulva no me hacen menos Él. Es decir que no se que es ser un Él, ni ella ni elle y que tampoco quiero serlo pero a veces me siento todo.

Escribir para recordar y afirmar que el mundo que habita entre mí vulva y mi ano, es tierra fértil para la exploración.

El placer y la dilatación como creación de un lenguaje de goce donde las lógicas de producción y reproducción del capitalismo no tienen lugar. Este es un lugar seguro.

Imagino también que escribir contra mi mismo, tal vez sea sentarme y mirarme a los ojo, darme



ese abrazo y ese beso en la frente que muchas veces me hace tanta falta cuando me pierdo. Porque si bien el amor siempre está cerca son varios los momentos que me autodestruyo, que me descuido y dejo de lado.

Escribir contra mi mismo es decir que soy trans/travesti. Que ninguna estructura de este sistema podrá limitar la expansión y (trans)formación de mi identidad.

También es decir que mi identidad tampoco limitará mi vida por completo.

Ser travesti como potencia de habitar este mundo.

Ancestralidad y reivindicación para conectar con mí yo espiritual ante la insistencia de este sistema que quiere obligarme, a negar y olvidar una africanía que vive en toda la melanina de mi piel negra de orgullosa

Piel negra sagrada
Piel negra sintiente.
Soy mis ancestres libres.
soy parte del tambor
Agua dulce y salada.
Barro, tierra y río fluyendo por cada una de mis células Africanas,

ritmo que baila.
pies que se hacen raíz, piel que se vuelve humedal
ser travesti es el mapa de fuga dibujado en



las trenzas con las semillas de la libertad y el cimarronaje,

Soy eso que cuando le da el sol florece bajo la luz de la mutación. Fotosíntesis trolo

Un cuerpo escamoso con las emociones marcadas, que le cuesta mirarse y se vislumbra sireno, sacándole todo poder a una gentilidad que límite mi devenir travesti, animal y vegetal. Como dice Johan Mijail.

Soy el sonido del roce de esos labios gruesos



que me besan y anuncian mí nombre con tanto amor.

el abrazo, la caricia que recorre mí genitalidad de no mujer, de no hombre solo mía.

Escribo contra mi mismo por todas las veces que deje que las voces más profundas de mi interior colonizado me hicieran creer que no puedo, que no soy, que no seré Es recordarme que si tengo mi propia espiritualidad, mi propia escritura



Escribo contra mí mismo para decirme que solo no existo, que soy por qué somos del Ubuntu africano Que soy la mirada amorosa de mis amigos, soy el amor de mi madre respetando mis pronombres y soy en la lucha histórica de nuestros travestis sagrados.

Ser travesti es sagrado.

Escribo contra mí mismo para ayudar a este cuerpamente colonizado a fugarse cada día, un poco más.

Escribo contra mi mismo para decirme que soy libre
Escribo contra mi mismo para decirme que esto no



terminó acá y que posiblemente no tenga final
Escribo contra mi mismo como acto de amor y autoconocimiento

Soy cimarrón porque me fugó de los ojos de este sistema
Soy trolol porque no hay configuraciones establecidas para serlo

Soy travesti para pasar de la realidad al mito

Soy trans porque es mi identidad espiritual, forma de amar y preservarse, en este mundo muchas veces tan horrendo.

Gi Gardner



La habitante de mi carne
(the inhabitant of my flesh)

Alexa Evangelista

The night approaches and the street demands my presence, inhabitant of the censored, face of the banned.

Whore, pornographic, secular transvestite, owner of the incendiary and the strident.

Darkness that finds me in queer rituals, sacred enemas, anal probing, autonomous corporeality, marginal flesh, violent liberty for assuming myself as a woman with a cock.

The party and the excess embrace me and take me to the highest circles of heaven, this blasphemous body, which in this third world plane is hungry to scream, to write, to demolish.

Transit, trans, transvestite bitch. Chronic unsatisfied poet, but above all PRETTY.

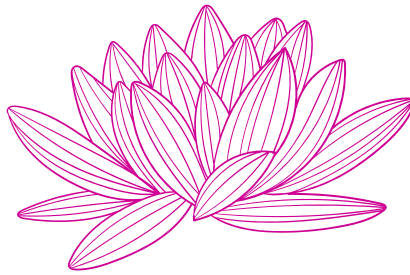
In this saying that I deconstruct myself that I renounce to the phallogocentric, pharmacopornographic system, I suck the dick of some security guard, in some dark corner of the capital

I reveal myself against myself and I write out of

necessity to say that I am the guilty pleasure of the jackal who sells pot on the corner of my block. Who impregnates me whenever he can and that his life-giving liquid inhabits my immaculate anus, exfoliated with oatmeal, honey and sugar.

I write against myself because I am pretty, because capital no longer exoticizes me, but my beauty transcends and is born from the ancestral, the spiritual, the anal, reaching a most holy place where my spirits meet.

In this terrestrial plane inhabiting a walking



Amniosis of life

aquatic container, dissident and abandoned, I feel and resent the sea waves, the murky and angry movements of the water and at the same time in the agitation of the fury trying to find serenity in the purity of the subterranean mantles that which neoliberal capitalism has profaned so much to satisfy the invisible needs of the greed of the powerful.

In that corner I get agitated, I find myself,
I question myself and I arm myself
remembering the amniosis of
the liquid of life that for months
gave me the certainty of security
of my mother's womb, the one I
now remember with such nostalgia.

Nostalgia for the heat for the serenity
of creation, for the sound of the outside
bouncing in the living liquid of my own
corporeal creation waiting to be inhabited
by a soul like mine.

Survivor of the betrayal of the earthly, of the
social and moral, inventions of the fallacy of
power to displace the being no matter the what.
Conceited and resentful I return to my corner to
again feel the currents that invade my patched
up heart and I feel the physical catharsis that
is born in the doors of my soul moistening my
sleepless face that in the eagerness to meet
with the gravity of the moon so many times the
dream has forgotten.

Spring water that in that corner overflows looking
for rain again and the natural cycle of water.

Oceans, lakes, rivers and the deep well of my
soul yearn for the amniosis of life.



Alexa Evangelista

“Una ella” (*one she*)

1

I remember my childhood as a wild experience, the expeditions a round the lime tree and the soil of the yard of the neighborhood where we lived. The little races with my brother's cars, my older brother who was always an inspiration, according to me the activities that were intended for him, the clothes that were intended for him, the toys that were intended for him, the things that were allowed for him were more interesting, more attractive, more fun, it gave me the impression that they gave him the possibility to be in freedom and character. And I wanted to be free, to shout, to dance, to run, to climb, to crawl, to get dirty out of the prison of bows and dresses that forced my body into well-mannered movements. Inside me there was always a monkey, a girl monkey, a savage force that pushed my unruly, tangled hair out of place, shouting that revealed my raspy voice, following my brother in his games, imitating him, understanding his world was perhaps only a way through which I could experience who I really was without limit: shaggy, brutish, noisy, indomitable.

Susana Ginebra

I remember summers at my grandmother's house, a distant ranch submerged among hills, trees, cows, mud, without electricity,



without roads, spliced into a single room made of boards with a loft and an earthen hearth. I keep such vivid images of that time that I could project them like a movie if they were to connect me to a light source: me running uncontrollably downhill, me watching insects, me climbing trees, me flying far from the ground on improvised rope swings, me turning into a stream, me having an abysmal fear in the face of the immense silence of the hills that the Chichimecas once stepped on, my ancestors, the thousands of trees of implacable presences that my childhood self felt concealed a deep secret. The abyss of that fear was only compensated by that strange sensation that grew inside my gums, spread through my bones, took over my muscles to finally touch my skin: the ecstasy of knowing that there I was free, there my voice was never loud enough to be a bother, there I could bathe in mud, smell like a plant, leave my hair tangled, surrender to the sensuality of being and being nothing, my usual lack of subtlety matched with the whole landscape: rugged, rural. There, my mother's eyes were not worried when she saw that she had given birth to a monkey girl.

2

I have spent much of my adult life wandering, mutating, somehow incomplete, non-conforming. I



struggle to fit in, to open up and surrender trust to this world. I am constantly haunted by the thought of being seen, being read as suspicious, getting somewhere was not a problem, the hard part lies in the looks and the thought that those looks generated in me: too effusive, bald, too reckless, extravagant, without manners, too dark, unknown, too hood, insecure. I always knew that I do not meet the expected attitudinal standards to be a woman, in the centralist and conservative context of this territory they insist on calling Mexico: I am not quiet, I am not condescending, I am not attentive, I am not soft, I am not charismatic, I am not docile, I do not agree, I do not comb my hair, I do not laugh quietly, I am not white, I am not coherent, I am not virtuous, I am not modest, I am not prudent, I do not beat around the bush, I do not let myself, I do not want to reproduce, I am not a people pleaser, I am not, I cannot, I lack, I am in lack, I lack, I am inadequate, I do not meet the expectations that a woman needs to have. Women hover around modern ideal models: the family woman, the beautiful woman, the feminist woman, the empowered woman, the loved woman, the lover woman, the medicine woman, the woman who fights, the woman who fulfills, who does, who pushes, who builds, who is hypercritical while keeping her skin radiant with daily skincare routines, the hyperdesiring woman who fights against her male enemy for the crumbs left to us by the state. You have to do a lot to be a woman and it is not enough for me, I give up, I walk away,



Susana Ginebra

I distance myself, I dissociate myself, if being a woman implies looking for approval cards, of authorization, of validation as a citizen of the world, I am not interested. I prefer to wander, to not be, to not aspire to be.

3

If I have to choose I think I am a she, I like the possibilities and the consents of those possibilities. Being a she allows me to take a place in the potentially wild, free, pleasureable world. The shes do not limit themselves to fit in, they do not force themselves to take or to be only one form, in fact they have the possibility to dream and imagine their flesh, their matter without the self-demand of perfection, because they know that the most important thing is not to achieve the dream, to create the faithful copy but instead to simply try it: to dream and then to try, to invent themselves, to let themselves be surprised by the juggling, by the uncertainty, by the ephemeral conjunction of the elements that come into play when trans-forming. Hence we can find the shes in multiple forms: they can be human, animal, mineral, vegetable, essential beings, there are even some of the shes that combine without any qualms, animal and vegetable elements, minerals and essential beings, the proportions and combinations are to taste, each one of the shes can inhabit the most varied and versatile bodies, biology does





not determine them nor makes them impossible. No she is forced to be the same as another, no she is required to fulfill anyone's dream, no she is limited, moreover no she is forced to remain in the chosen form longer than she wishes, she can always change her mind, undo herself, find another combination, stop, go backwards, go round in circles, get lost, find herself, stay, repent, modify herself, cease to exist, be born again.

The most important intention in the life of a she is sensuality: to feel significantly, it is for this reason that shes can be found frolicking in the midday sun, dancing and drinking in a bar of neon lights, selling caresses, destroying the systems of oppression, crying in a corner or longing for a memory, walking in the rain, wearing sequins and electric blue lipstick, accompanying others, loving others, being river, speaking languages, sharing knowledge, being mountain or stone or plant or night. The shes have no limit, the shes embody a humid

dawn, an undulating serpent, an ancestral tree, a furious bonfire.

To be a she you only need to know that you want to be a she, to open the way to memory, to assume the absence, to surrender to the loss of the good, the desirable, the imposed and to decide to overflow the limit, to surrender to the sensuality of existing in spite of the world. A she knows in depth that to transform oneself is to continue to nourish hope,



to nurture other realities, to try other dreams.
If I have to choose, I prefer to be a she, with
disheveled hair, impertinent ideas, shared
knowledge, with a raspy throat, thunderous
laughter, the essence of a little child monkey
who dreams of someday becoming wind.

Susana Ginebra



Definir mi ser Pilar
(define my being Pilar)

I am part of my past lives
Of this present life
of what is on my mind
and not what people say

Is writing against myself
to write against who I am?
or rather against that they told me I am
or did they make me believe that I am?

To write against what they said could never be
against everything I can become
Against those labels that try to enclose
or pigeonhole my being
Because I'm not one of the crowd

Piika

As if I were little
As if I was something you name
or that you keep in a small drawer
As if I'm just something more than the crowd

Pilika

As if I am one more
One more goat
One more black
One more fat woman
One more drug addict
One more crazy
One more bipolar
One more academic
One more bitch
One more queen

One of many of those things
One more
Not one more
Being everyone
And being none at the same time

And I have to imagine
to express against myself
With myself
Against myself

Against
Self sabotage
against my Ascendant in virgo
against the Voices in my head
Saying I'm not enough

Enough of what?
Can I be enough?
Or am I just insufficient?



Piika

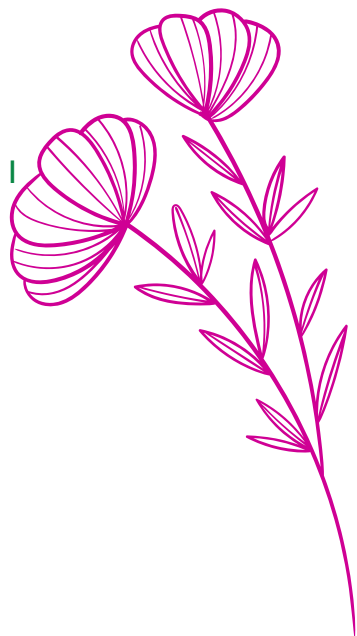
Sufficient or insufficient academic
Sufficient or insufficient artist
Enough or insufficient black
Sufficient or insufficient kabra
Enough this
That's not enough
I am just
enough me

Because to be myself
implies that there is no one way to be
of being Black
or being Kabra
of Being Fat
Or being an artist
of being an Academic
Or being the one born with a vagina
or being the one who likes women
or being the one who likes men
In truth I only really like humans
Humans beyond the binary

And they say those things they say I
am
Is what defines my being
what I like
what disgusts me
what my skin uses

And who should I be?
Who should I be?


In reality, I just want to be myself
being my own essence
Bodily
spiritual






Ancestral
transcendental

To inhabit my existence
Which is also resistance
to be myself



No academic language
Against colonial language
No english
Without spanish
without grammar rules
without and with identities
without binaries

without boxes
without expectations



I want art that is mine only
that is not called fine
that is not what they call aesthetic
Art with rhythm

Art that is mine
that gives with pleasure
that makes me happy
that makes me laugh
that make me come
that makes me need to cry
that reminds me to love
to Imagine
and to dream

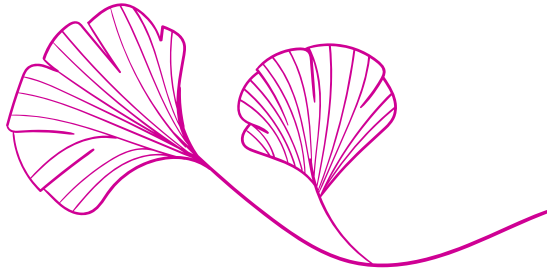
Pilika



To dream that other worlds are possible
that other ways are possible

Of love
of living
of crying
and that that is also in community

Pilika



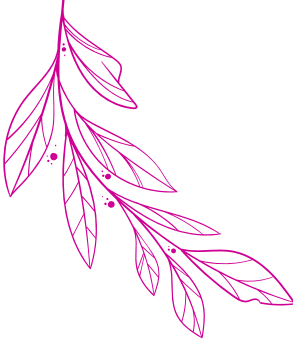
Mashét ti shà

Mashét ti shà in a useless time marked, traveled, unnecessary but linked to life itself created, devalued by me... It is the writing from my mother...

One night of the Caribbean winter that emerged from the valley of the isolated island (my concept exists), I realized that I am the leech of all the sorrows and ordeals that I had gone through, I had joined in the first person to immerse myself in the little throb of pain, this time writing against me is writing the story of my mother.

She always told a story about a Haitian girl who had found a fly. Running to catch up with her mother, he tells her: Mommy, I found a fly. The mother asks him where is the fly? and the girl answered: Mashét ti shà "I ate it." We will never know for sure what Mashét ti shà means because it is an interpretation of the Haitian Kreol that my mother gave to the phrase from the story, but maybe it was real, maybe not.

Fernanda Berihuete



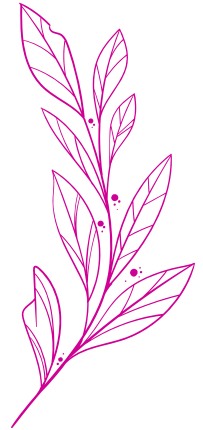
After all these years I think I have understood firsthand what Mashét ti shà is. It is that unelapsèd place that happened-did not happen and that is the very life of someone who could not find himself; put into words that are not exact.

That's how I feel, lost and useless to find myself, wondering every day, every morning, every night, all these hours, what I will do with my life. Where was my peace? I have always lost peace, at one point in my life I thought I had it; Now I only see pain, the perpetual pain that a father knows how to inflict on a daughter through his mother.

In the current Mashét ti shà, to come from me, I want to act, I infer I don't know how far I can; It is a constant fighting and not fighting; forgive, not forgive; stop and not stop continue and not continue. The Mashét ti shà of pain is a constant sharp wound that leads to nothingness, suddenly, it cuts through me, breaking all the logical heights that I have wanted to achieve for so long.

The Mashét ti shà of dodging, of running, of fleeing has left at the wrong time, without me. I exercise my right to pain, not to express it, to feel it, to hug it, to cry, to frustrate it, to love it, to throw it away, to

Fernanda Berihuete



shut it up, to break myself, to hurt it. (I).
The Mashét ti shà of pleasure denied, doubled,
excluded, rejected, demonized, alien. Secret open
door expletive.

Mashét ti shà of the daughter, no daughter, of the
silent, slippery, slippery queer who gags in love.

Mashét ti shà of the perfect son, the daughter in
New York and the other who never calls, but she
can wait.

Mashét ti shà open your eyes, close your eyes and
see only darkness, I am not afraid.

Mashét ti shà is the man who opens the door of his
house at 6:00 am, goes out, drives his wine-red 96
Corolla, arrives at his destination, opens the trunk,
takes out his heavy almost disco light speaker,
preaches briefly(according to him)between pieces
in one hour all his hymns; it is the front of my
house that is his destination. The word of God is
not rejected mija... Shh. It is daily worship.

Mashét ti shà is my life revealed as my omen in the
story racistly told by my mother about the Haitian
girl who runs towards her mother. I was 8 years
old, how would she know? "he who does not live it
does not understand it" ROCHYRD 2023¹.



Fernanda Berihuete

Escrita, descrita y sujeta *(written, described, and subject)*

Write?

It conflicts me,
to talk about myself or to write for me,
it scares me because I have always been
narrated by other people,
the little that I know about myself are vague
reflections,

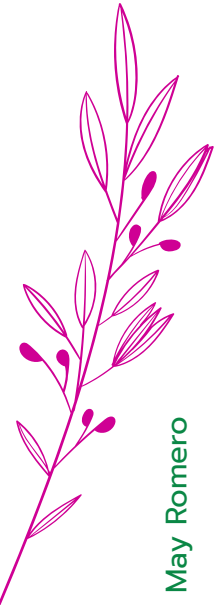
Who has written about my identities?
And I ask about identities in general,
because I am a plural subject,
yes, I am a subject that they have tried to
individualize,

holding myself responsible,
But how can I take responsibility for myself
when I am a public matter?

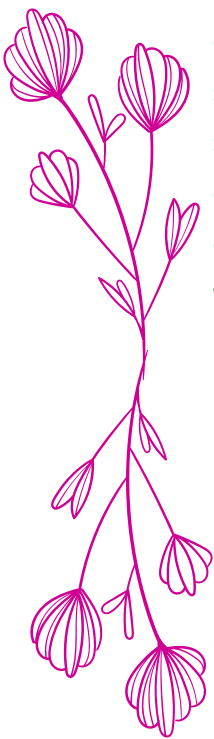
The streets are shocked to see me so marica,
so clumsy,
so misaligned from the cis-heteronorm,
from mouth to mouth, from body to body I
have forged what I am,

my existence subject to femininity has been
molded
by my grandmother, my mother and my
sisters.

May Romero



I have tried to be a migrant of masculinity,
but of a certain "hegemonic masculinity",
I am in an ambivalence, it is a great limbo,
with high levels of uncertainty,
I know I am a changing being,
governed by the world of ideas,
so absorbed in myself,
so in my mind, so disconnected,
creating fantasies with small molecules of
dopamine,
that help me escape pessimism for a few seconds,
I have tried to find the formulas of my happiness,
I know it's a utopia
but black maricas have been robbed of our
happiness,
and we cannot talk about self-improvement,
you have to hold others responsible,
we have to demand the reparation of our souls
by force,
reclaim that very existence of black-fmarica-
travesti love,
talking about oneself, it has to be a reflection
with and for the other,
yes, who, like me, is also misunderstood.



May Romero

Sol que solo da calor (*sun that only gives heat*)



I respond to the pleasure that allows me to live and the realities that allow me to recognize myself before Black than Transvestite and Caribbean. I respond to those ways of relating to the world, self-preservation from the being and the social body, just as I listen from this corner as the other responds to their ways of interaction in symphony with the systematic hetero cis white patriarchal imposition that accompanies us on a daily basis, a sunny day that allows us to have a “perspective”, a question: Am I that intersectoral juncture that my body represents? It writes against itself outside of comfort and privileges, something that does not belong to me, I do not go to the shadow, outside of that my skin is everyone’s skin, my heels are everyone’s heels.

Ebano



Writing against myself is writing against the challenges of my existence and when my well-being encounters tension, pain and is not relevant. Experience that goes against me and does not belong to me, as the body I inhabit is alive, “if I burn, I burn with the world” as they say... But I write it! Not out of valor, out of reflection, out of life jackets, like some advice from Mamá Cande. I am an image translated from within, an image that can sweat and smell my realities, the reality of others. Writing against myself is

If I draw, I don't like it as an Artist!
If I dance I have nowhere to rest Black!
If I write for art where am I going to
shit? Marika!
If I suck your cock, at least an appetizer
meeting. Travesti!
If you break my ass you respect me,
puta!
If I pay homage to you, talented one,
you call me Maricón!
If I follow in your footsteps, I deserve it
all. Disguise!
If it makes me anxious, I'm right. Broken!
If I get depressed, it's mere luxury.
I am the son of less mae.
The nobody with the nobody.
The vulture that only goes on air.
He doesn't like tap water, but it's what
he gets.
If I smile at you, I am a good shepherd.
If I look into your eyes, I am trustworthy.
If I talk to you, you hear little experience.
If you give to me, miserable that I am.
I have learned to spit upwards,
but out of pleasure I let it fall in my face.
Sun that only gives heat.



Ni niño ni ruiseñor (neither child nor nightingale)

I'm not very clear about who I am. Not where I come from, not if I really belong to anything. My name doesn't mean much. They claim to be someone ordinary, an x, a nobody, as they wrote to me in an article I wrote, precisely, referring to my name. Nobody in particular. That's what I enjoy most about my name. Let other things be relevant. What other things? I have wanted to construct myself in so many ways, I have dissented, with and without intention, with what I should be. Neither fu nor fa, who now deny what they represented, what they represent, what they believe makes me different. But I'm not so different. I cry, I sleep, I fall, I feel, I know myself and above all, I don't know. I recognize myself behind the scenes, in the letters, in the quiet gossip. In what I deny and in the new lies that surround me, uncategorizable, although even that has its own category, although that is another fun contradiction.

I don't want to be consistent, I don't want to follow the same rhythm. I like my choreography. Taking off masks and putting on others and at the moment of emptying my face, looking into the eyes, them looking back into my eyes: discovering the artifice that makes the magic, telling the trick is the least of it.

I doubt the discourse, the security, and being represented. I doubt the truths, what we boast about, the affirmations. I doubt myself so much, so much, that how cool it is to write against myself, against those doubts, against what I said I



represent, against what I say I am, against what I most deny I am not, but, above all, I am.

I spit up so much that all the goo fell on top of me. It splashed my ego. I discovered that I had discovered that water was wet, that the sky was blue. "Neither a child, nor a nightingale," as the Chilean Alex Anwandter would sing. I was so much of what I don't want to be, I did so much of what I wouldn't do today. More citric than critical, less right than wrong, a duality, a tepidness. I don't want a side. I don't want to separate us.

Writing against oneself goes with the power of creating other narratives in which we allow ourselves the contradiction, the incoherence, and the lack of control. A brilliant way to recognize our inner fascism, to train the muscle of humility. Give us the stick like we are the stick, hopefully to illuminate, hopefully to amputate what rots, hopefully so that shit can flourish.

Writing against yourself as an exercise in transparency. Of fiery honesty. Use words not to convince or to beautify but as a conduit that leads to uncovering, layer by layer, the masks, the tricks, the lines, the fractures, the falls, the wounds, the scraps, the seams, the scars that make up the Frankenstein of existence, to understand the clumsiness of our fingers, to venerate the laziness of our days.

Camilo **Rojas**

RECITAL DE POESÍA TRAVESTI

(*transvestite poetry recital*)

This violet blush,
crystalline that the sea has,
made up by the sun
sustained by my gaze,
it fills me.

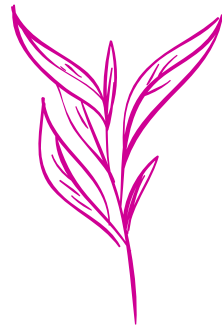
I am a dream experiencing itself
that is not diluted in the gaze of any cisgender,
whoever wants to devour me.

Don't you know the mystery that lives in this body?
On these triangular tits
the smallest shouts
trines of water / moons of passion

My thick voice reveals a transvestism with wide
hips, with a pendulous paunch.

my curls are sprinkled with jewels with
so much pleasure,
they slide across the skin
the pores leak in
trails of light
a subtle moan of pleasure.

Azucena



gghhm!

They are the cold
the estrogens
genital transformative technologies
my own ancestral secret

Is it a man or a woman?
on the corner / the neighbor / in the town / a faggot.

We are the sustainers of your world
of its secrets,
of its visions

Respect her
Respect him
Respect them

What do you really see when you look at the body of a
trans person?

How many times have you masturbated thinking about me?

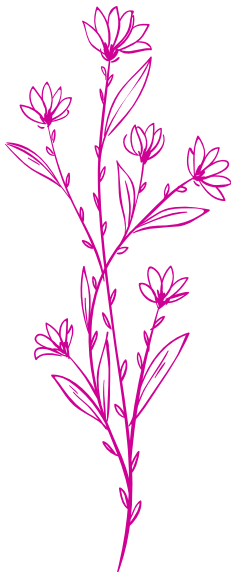
How many of us have you tucked to sleep?

How many of us have you accompanied through illness?
what is it to navigate
this world?

Azucena I have realized that my body is not mine alone, there is
one that is all of you,
one collective year
dwells with me and in so many others
my love, that is my house

An endless web of affection





Writing is the bridge where I know I am eternal, my survival
tool
for singing what no one seems to hear,
but demands to be seen.

that also lives inside you.
those intimacies, those desires
screaming inside you

Those, those, those who walk, they are transvestites,
transsexuals from Latin America

Those, those, those who walk, are transvestites, transsexuals
from Latin America.

Those, those, those who walk, are transvestites, transsexuals
from Latin America.



Transformista-Transfronterixxa *(transformist-transborder)*

Deborah, what does writing against yourself mean to you?

-Deborah: "it is to cry because the earth cries, to ask your guiding spirit to force you while "outside the country there is a genocide, more than war" and here "inside" there is no war? Many things collapse, and I cannot forget that when I remember a house-home that was ours in the mountains is now unreachable due to the unlivability caused by the looting, it is to cry and to be typing like crazy, to breath and to feel as if you are accompanied, dignifying the rage, moving your ass to express, writing against myself today in this solar and stellar alignment is sharing these lyrics that I asked myself if I really wanted to share something as intimate as my spiritual processes with so much cultural reappropriation revealing information at this point is knowing that there will be charlatans who want to "make use of the ancestral because it sells", I don't know for sure if they will ignore me without sympathy, I don't really care, I use this enunciation device to carry out my deep needs to connect in some way with people who like me, are in a process of spiritual revelation completely unframed by the "rational logical" religious discourse imposed by coloniality and its "hegemonic" religions,

Déborah De La Cruz



people whose dialogues with the divine accompany them in creating and sustaining themselves on the margins.

-from now on I will not correct anything else in my text, since on Friday I dared to share it as it came out of my mind, and now that I have been reading it for three days I cannot help but feel that I need to correct it by "academizing" it because I want to learn to express myself "well" and I felt that what I wrote needed to be modified because it was going to be published, gossiping on a video call with a friend, crying with coffee and everything, I realized that to write against myself is to let the tongue dance and get carried away this time without the academic pressure that I have internalized, this time my tongue dances freely as it did in this autobiographical writing workshop that was a fierce, tender and transformative explosion and internal displacement.

Well, writing against myself for some time now has meant, music, rhythm, lament, voice, in some way singing, overcoming a fear or shame, and so.....

There goes my Freestyle,

But

Before

a Guatemalan rhyme

"My language is ancestral, I travel in a spiral, between worlds and borders questioning what is real, the good and the bad, what is unequal, what is inherited, what is acquired and what is equally imposed. I am a creature between cultures, rummaging through the garbage, the beliefs that nullify me, to bury it, mother nature, tenderly suturing the break in my body when I let go of my hard armor, and it's that a wound does not mature but does not heal, a mind without madness a heart without ties, to flow is to destroy and rebuild a house without walls.." (footnote 1: fragment of mestiza song by Rebeca Lane).

T r a n s
b o r d e
r l i n e

English translation of the title: TRANS-FROTER-is A:

BECAUSE I STRING MYSELF TOGETHER FROM HEAD TO TOE, knitting, DREAMING THAT I AM GOING HIGH in a CLOUD flying over another sky under another sea... why would you want to flee? Sometimes this is not a choice, and other times when it is a choice, it is not an easy choice - if there is a choice, the reason why people or a group of people move or are displaced is diverse, and deeply political- "Ayyyyyyy, how sad it makes me, it makes me, measure the distance" would say the song

Déborah De La Cruz



that you listen to while you are grateful to be alive one more day, that distance has allowed you to be alive, one more morning. MORE. It's not just another coincidence.

Lately the only thing that deeply transforms me and heals me is the movement of my body, the soundtrack of any given morning, green smoke and joy, so imagine that this is a dance and dance with me, marikas of delicious dreams and joyful sparks.

It's been a while since my ancestors and spiritual guides have been communicating with me, almost a year ago since my first cleanse with someone who follows the ancestral Yoruba heritage, this little light of contemporary nahualx helps me to bring me back to Me that was lost in a forest alone, very trapped and feeling more than alone, helpless and very far from those I love and who love me;

NOW I know that it was "a lonely soul" that martika, a Black woman who is a professional in methodology, a very loving, intelligent and sensitive woman who inspires young artists to see themselves flourish, who inspires me, that healer two months ago gave me that energy that either sticks or that "they send to you" just to people who regularly, by chance or choice, tend to be alone, I don't know how long it was in me, what I do know is that I felt a strange regret even though "rationally

Déborah De La Cruz



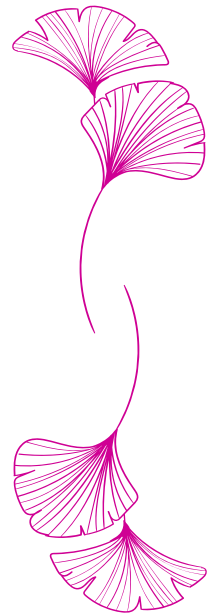
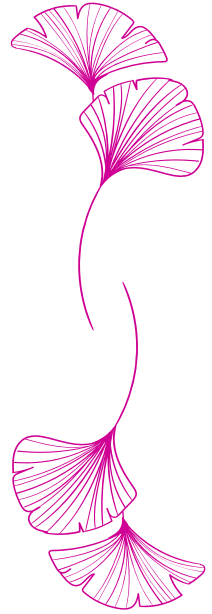
experienced sexual abuse will understand me; well, in that vision my adult self “realized what happened – and it was happening while the adults were worrying about trifles of alienating selfishness of adultcentrism and extreme poverty of which they were participants – my “adult Self” realized how some girls were being abused by their older cousin, he took them to the bathroom and threatened them, I still can’t understand what kind of manipulation a 9-year-old boy can use to abuse 4-year-old girls? Anyway, sorry for putting it that way, sometimes I’m a bit direct - in that vision my ADULT SELF WHICH WAS WEARING WHITE and protecting my little self taking her, to another place, to another memory, to where the fruit trees of the vacant lot that was behind his grandmother’s house in Veracruz, that was his garden with many fantastic fond memories, there with the greenery the spiritual imagination and alignment that made me live with the spirits of the tropical trees, a lovely jungle, it’s been a long time since I remembered that so vividly;

the sensation of the Vision in which I Protected Myself was like a vivid MEMORY that had not happened, but that somehow The voice of an ancestor that came to me through Jimenita said a couple of things to that girl, my broken girl, all the survival tools that I had used to defend myself tooth and nail were validated, a hug from my spiritual mother that contained the voice of many past mothers of mine, right now as I say it it sounds crazy, however it may be in that

vision unlocked many happy moments in my life, and “it wasn’t about forgetting the past” it was about remembering who I was before the rape and how I was going to resignify and dignify my history, because now in this MOVING TERRITORY I know through self-defense that I am not going to ALLOW myself to stay WHERE they VIOLATE me in any way, I also say this with pain because someone who is a dissident and a whore knows that she will have to leave with dignity or with tears of rage again and again from many places, she leaves with the faith that the repair comes with all those flourishes of rebirth, in other lands and with other exiles, perhaps there exists, in me the truth exists, the promise of returning to my lands without worries of political repercussions, a warm day to enjoy their honey and the sun.

What I wanted to tell you is that with the opening of those memories of reappropriation, my recognition of how my ancestral memory has a communication with the trees and NONhuman life, what I had rationalized with “ecocentric” theories I could finally embody with a truth and I began to have other narratives to transform my ways of relating, however this city sometimes dries me up with its magnanimous smok, in a strange depression that I went through November of last year Yemayá who loved me like a gift, listened to my tender and brave heart that cried “under the sky of Tenochtitlan” his record “homeland, quesque because here he was born” this is such a cosmopolitan

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I knew that I had people who were with me” and who loved me I felt very very very alone, for me it was an explosion of internal solar systems to relate it to my spirituality, because it was valid “what is not seen but exists” and that is part of my ancestry; In the second cleanse that I did last year, a curandera who was the spirit of a healer called “Jimenita”, who no longer lives and who nevertheless communicates through a young lady who performs a lot of Catholicism through her body language, but when Jimenita is a medium she is completely another person, that is, she is “possessed” because she is a medium, that day of my second energetic and spiritual cleanse, I moved from the cosmopolitan cloud of cement of CDMX to the large clouds of Hidalgo, in the lady’s house there were various types of religious symbols, while the cleansing was going on, I healed, through my internal divinity assisted

by my guardian angel, a part of my life, I had a vision where My Self of that day, who was dressed in white, so to speak somehow my “adult self” “helped” my “child self” to “recover” fabulous memories from my childhood and with that removing the gray veil of how being a victim of sexual abuse by a family member since I was little marked me, the post-traumatic reactions from surviving rape are overwhelming and sometimes cloudy, memories that we were also happy and owners of our body-territory at some point and we must recover it, those who have



and chaotic city: the chilanguez at its maximum splendor, with overpopulation due to dispossession and exploitation comes violence and with violence itself, sometimes when things go well for us there is resistance, however sometimes there is annihilation, self-alienation, and individualism.

The truth is that I aspire to rebuild with the bridges that emotional intelligence and spiritual resistance give us and make us really make the MEETING spaces for scriptural exercises where worlds are possible, ok, I know that it may sound very romantic, very utopian, and why do I relate a painful experience that has to do with rape with my desire to build communities that allow us to preserve life and the dignified RESIGNIFICATION of our identities. Fissures and crises are sometimes what drive us to move and be displaced, and with that magma of displacement comes a whole self-discovery of inhabiting a House Body that is linked to its other new context, you have left the matrix of your country and you don't know if this provokes a happiness full of ecstasy or a beautiful Mexican sadness "sweetheart, if I die far from you", drama and telenovela, you are alive, And that is the truth compas, I have been displaced once and again ancestrally, before I was ashamed to say it, it gave me a marginal sensation, like the feeling when you can't find a place to fit in, expelled from the enchanted place that you lived in your imagination fed by the stories that your grandmother from Veracruz, your mother, she who told you

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she grew up among the trees and that I could perceive until she was 8 years old before the war would reach the mountains, that place that one day was taken over by the racialization of narco-state violence, she my maternal grandmother, would be displaced to a pueblo made by refugees who would soon be evaded by their own state, ruled by the extreme right of Veracruz, and their children would grow up in a town where it seemed that the years were arrested by the promises of a revolution that in the 1930s they forgot that the fronts of those guerrillas came from the hills, those hills that for me and the worldview that my ancestors have taught me are “the owners of the mountains” that take care of me, that are, that exist, maybe I just want to say how important my spiritual process has been for me that has given me strength in coming out of the frame, because from there those animistic, spiritual beliefs began to illuminate my life, to no longer only think about “survival” but to dignify and give weight to the fact that I am a Survivor, and my ancestors live in me, who is a divinity that is here, with you, co-creating spaces, and that is why now we have to weave together the preservation of that life, my spiritual life came to give me a light in a darkness that Although they had nothing to do with the prison of Christianity with which I grew up, if it was a darkness that I was afraid to cross, then Yemayá took me to the sea, once again to another port, once again I in crisis, where she presented me with my mother, my guardian angel, it was unthinkable for me to travel in that

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context in which I found myself and suddenly with everything paid I am embarked to go to an experimental theater festival in Santiago de Cuba, if I tell you where I got it from it would be difficult for Varo to believe me, true mutual aid and historical debt hashtag, and I don't care if you think I'm tired of people who have always had money telling me "the thing that matters the least is money"; Why would my voices have chosen that land? Those voices that screamed, sang and danced to be written, Oxun demanded my body as a drum to perform a ritual of gratitude of ferocity to Survival and displacement, why would my creation demand displacement, just when I am about to fall goddess takes me to another place, how to talk to Oxun and who will I talk to about her?

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Suddenly I was there, at a baptism with my spirits and the women of a Yoruba temple, I'm in white, I came out of the depths of the sea and the gypsy came to say that she is with me but she doesn't tell me her name, some spirits say her name , and I feel like I'm dreaming.

Why do I intertwine a rape, with a banishment from the land of my maternal grandmother, with an artistic displacement?

body whose borders were at first imaginable by having been born in a body with a vulva that was socialized as feminine, my maroon territory that was crossed by dirty fingers, and plucked like a flower, however I do not



want to be a flower that comes out of the pavement, I want to be a jungle that expands its putil and marika vulvar and existence through its wide space. Damn!

So then why would an intelligent girl who went to the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters to study to have a “decent and dignified job that would take her out of poverty” become a little whore who likes to be fucked from behind? Why would she distance herself from her struggle as a “woman” and I hear in the distance a squalid voice that says “bad feminist” and I don’t give a damn, I tell her “white girl, shake your ass somewhere else and leave me alone.” then my “security” falters after a whorephobic thought that told me “it could be that just because I am racialized and was born in a poor and marginalized environment that I am going to sell myself, in case that is my turn” another voice shouts “treacherous” the perfect word for I disengaged myself from his traitor whorephobia, and I shouted at him “Fuck! Malinchismo is an obsolete term and it no longer works with me, I am not a whore because I have no choice, I am a whore because it sets me apart and makes me MAKE my Exoticization a reappropriation, yes, of this tight body Bisexual Femme and not only does it, I can also walk safely through any territory I want, because in this cross-border territory accompanied by its orishas, spirits, this sentient, whorish and lush performative body can hack its working strength with magical spells, it doesn’t matter if you listen

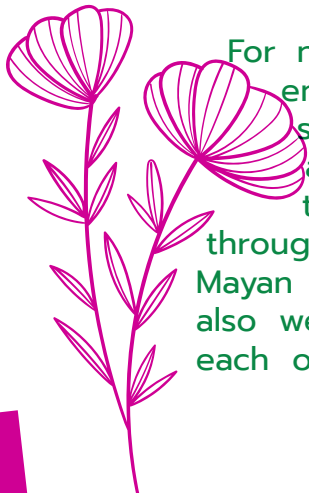
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to my sharp tongue in its writings that have the power to rewrite themselves again and again, including against themselves, that after having an intimate dialogue with Valeria Flores, to write against oneself is an honor, it's spit on your colonial structures, it is an honor to lick our existences, it doesn't matter if you listen reading this or with my labial body language in some performance, or if you are inside my pussy, with the writing that causes me pleasure, I, along with others, reappropriate the right to pleasure that one day was denied to us.

This body is overflowing, it unfolds, it is in bordering territories, different homelands without one of its own, this home body inhabits me. Writing a countermap is an idea that excites me, the drums of our black ancestors roll every time a word of ours is expressed, and they resound with joy when they hear our scriptural voices name our EXISTENCES. ASHE AND LONG EXPRESSION TO YOUR TONGUE THAT ROARS WITH YOUR BODY AND THE NARRATIVE OF FEELING MEMORY. YOU EXIST. YOU ARE HERE.

For now, I join, create and channel vital energy, which is granted to me by my spirits, goddesses, divinities, the dead and my "Entities" (as the unfoldings that our complex being can have throughout the world are known in some Mayan worldviews throughout his life) I am also well accompanied by the strength of each of the words of the people of this





great workshop, people that I met through the roar of his sagacious handwriting, truly thank you for the openness of your being through voice, now with the delightful being of Escharles I am going to write “against all odds” the scenic work that I began in Cuba Neo-Malintzin TransFRONTER-is-A: Poetic Displacements 4.4 (From the losses and shipwrecks a mountain range reaches the sea/Transitional encounters); It is now that I write the theater as it comes out of my pussy without asking permission or apologizing “sorry dear audience for being too direct but they are killing us and deterritorializing us, colonies in the 21st century” 21st century I take your tools and linguistic technological devices to express this dignified rage that no longer suffocates and it is now when I bloom although my roots walk and move to continue creating countermaps with the placing of themselves in contexts that embrace and

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sustain, creating unimaginable networks of people no longer only surviving but LIVING, communities save lives.

Thanks to the METRESAS team for generating these spaces of expansion, enunciation and creation, to Mijail for her creative sensitivity, her divinity that emanates from her and because now Anaisa accompanies me in my Services. Ashé.

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Retazo cimarrón de promiscuidad escritural (*maroon remnant of scriptural promiscuity*)

by **Johan Mijail**¹

“We have been given many names: illegals, foreigners, temporary workers, border violators, undesirables, exiles, criminals, non-citizens, terrorists, thieves, outsiders, invaders, undocumented...”

1.

One of the most decisive, emancipatory effects that activism of sexual dissidence has given me is the sensation of not being alone. Let’s say, rather, that I have found in the Others referentiality through the visibility obtained by their existences and work outside the mandate of cisheterodomination. Loneliness for me, more than the absence of something, signifies nostalgia of the memory of a caress, a hug or a kiss. Solitude for me is the end of the aesthetic-political project of vegetal love. Maybe loneliness is learning to live with a pain.

I stopped feeling alone in my adolescence, when I read Aída Cartagena Portalatín. With her I learned that one is never alone, that we have our stature, that is,

¹ Dominican artist. She is the author of “Pordioseros del Caribe” (Beggars of the Caribbean), “Inflamadas de Retórica. Escrituras promiscuas para una tecnocolonialidad” (Inflamed with Rhetoric. Promiscuous writings for a technocoloniality), “Manifiesto Antirracista. Escrituras para una biografía inmigrante” (Anti-racist Manifesto. Writings for an immigrant biography), “Santo Domingo is Burning” y Chapeo. Catinga Ediciones leader.

our body. Trying to reinterpret that definitive verse “a woman is alone. Alone with her stature.” I consider her a kind of “Dominican queer mother” within the emergence of inviting us to imagine and think, in that deeply transvestitetranshomophobic country, a complex and experimental idea of a “late queerness” (protoqueer) from a feminine-feminist blackness in the generation of surprised poetry dominated by the masculinizing tradition of “Dominican literature”, which does not recognize, save for some cases, rumor, fear, gossip and the closet (Manuel Rueda, Luis Alfredo Torres, Pedro René Contín Aybar or Hilma Contreras) that there is a curved and dystopian line where the people of sexual and gender diversity/dissidence have a time and a place, always, in all of the structuring spaces of life.

We must urgently demolish this idea of loneliness in relation to finding people who have desired and do desire from the same pulses, giving meaning to multiple deviations from the heteronormative. We must find a political breath of human diversity in the exercise of a memory which locates that “I am because others have been” of the African Ubuntu philosophy as something relevant. I don’t dance alone in this. I dance, collectively, with my sisters of activism from understanding, love, tension and controversy.

2.

We write intending to propose interruptions to the hegemonic logics of feeling production. We do it by exercising scriptural pulsations that deny the triumph of heterosexuality as a way to organize life, we do it by trying to produce microbreaks from the norms of representation that place some bodies in supremacist realities and reject others. We write trying to blow up

the cognitive production devices that align with racist narratives because the bodies we have do not; neither heterosexual nor white.

From there, we seek to propose activist critiques - situated - that take a position against the hegemonic ways of managing artistic discourses and epistemological production. This is how we have been able to find a place in the currents of circulation where we can negate a sympathy or a "being comfortable" within global capitalism, proposing concepts, practices, experiences, images and the kinds of organization that betray that which usually produces meaning within cultural work. We are thus writing and inscribing ourselves within the contemporary, through a profound NO that permits us to offer an autobiographical horizon in search of collectivization of our brown grief, the ways of inhabiting our Blackness and transvestite presences, the eccentricity we are composed of in our sexualities, deviating from cisheterosexual normativity.

3.

The more I have discovered the infinite performative possibilities of the body, in its sex-gender reality, the more I have been able to know my interior. I have also been able to discover external contexts in relation to how others socialize my body and the changes I am experiencing, in my physical and discursive appearance. Now that I have "masculinized" the appearance of my body in relation to clothing, returning to wearing pants for example or being associated more with people who are recognized and recognize themselves as homosexual men, even within the homonormative roles of "active", "passive" or "versatile", I have been



able to know much more about my interior, and now the VEGETAL LOVE, as a political aesthetic process of positioning my transvestite body, takes on new readings and meanings. My interior says and states itself like this: IN THIS IDENTITY UNCERTAINTY THE ONLY THING I KNOW IS THAT I HAVE NEVER BEEN A MAN. My body is trans, my body has no homeland. What does the other expect to find when you say trans? What does the other expect to find when you say transvestite? Beyond melanin, why is it easier, in my experience, to be immediately recognized by others as Black and not as trans or as a transvestite? How to think intersectionally about all of this? How to teach others to read between the lines? My life is not my identity and no body is the bearer of an absolute truth. The body can do everything and no one knows everything it can do. What is certain is that my body, being recognized or socialized as trans or transvestite, is less desired. By “homosexualizing” my appearance, my circle of affections and thoughts, I have begun to be more desired, even heterosexual men have felt closer to me; and here is the heavy part: cisheterosexual men who talk to me so that I can introduce them to a girlfriend. Everything that I can socialize or understand as a man generates suspicion, disgust and even fear in me. Men are not within the political subject of the molecular revolution to which I aspire because men have not stopped winning. The molecular revolution to which I aspire has nothing to do with men. We, the historically defeated, want our own countersexual revolution. A sexual-political revolution where we can be that which our interior states: IN THIS IDENTITY UNCERTAINTY THE ONLY THING I KNOW IS THAT I HAVE NEVER BEEN A MAN. The difficult thing is to stop being Black.

The path through the alteration of the sex-gender binary

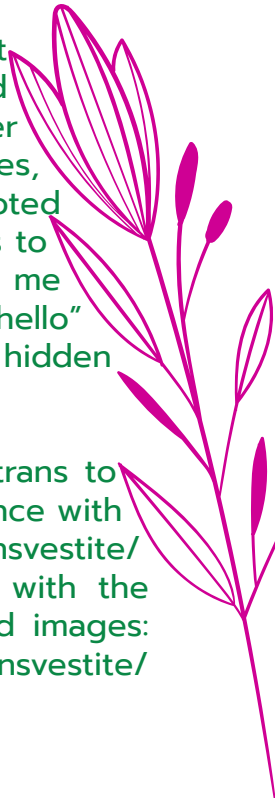
appears in my body from a subversive transvestism that experiences nonconformity to heteronormal hegemony from a “first I am Black” as a critical-political position. On this journey it has been more pleasant for me to think about microscopic spaces of cognitive emancipation.

For me, a critique of colonial power must have the construction of a Black rationality as one of its priorities. I promote the production of a Black thought that becomes body, from the body and with the body.

Speaking from the transvestite does not only refer to an appeal for the subject but also for the discourse. That is to say, although there is a criticism of the binary idea of identity, to be trans implies the construction of a discursive reflection that starts from a proposal of my own existence and passes through spaces of writing and contemporary art.

In that sense, one of the deepest and most revealing learnings that I have experienced through cultural transvestism has been the power to activate solidarities with other transvestites, understanding a language. I became a/I devoted to being transvestite/trans to motivate others to be themselves and not so that men write to me “turn on your camera” without even saying “hello” to show me their penis, while they masturbate hidden from their wives, girlfriends or mothers.

I became a/I devoted to being transvestite/trans to decolonize my political and historical experience with language. I became a/I devoted to being transvestite/trans to establish a decolonial relationship with the cisheteronormative production of writing and images: lives. I became a/I devoted to being transvestite/



trans not to be the receiving anus of the failure of capitalistic masculinity and heterosexuality, but to take a position from a feeling-thinking that questions the heteronormative tradition of sex and the clinical and colonial discourses of understanding gender as a culture of the continuity of biologism and binary. What does it mean to be trans? What does it mean to be trans? What is it like to be Black?

I insist: What does it mean to be trans? What does "I am a transvestite" mean in the Caribbean? How to create a Dominican body that questions the cisheteronormative? How can I politicize my body in the face of tigueraje (deception) as a hegemonic local culture? How to talk to Yemayá about this? Why does being in the country where I was born and assigned a gender that is not mine scare me? Why in the Dominican Republic doesn't my questioning of heteronormativity produce a means of theoretical-academic work within art spaces like in the other countries where I have been or lived? Why isn't the museum interested in me there? Why can't I do my cuir (queer) writing workshops at the university? Where are the Black Dominican transvestites? Where is Nairobi or La Boris in the history of the national body?

4.

Call her by her name: Nairobi.

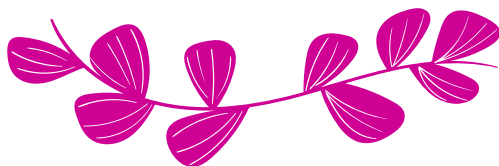
Your body appeared lifeless in a public plaza when the global feminist schedule and agenda warn that there are some days left until March 8th. Almost at the same moment that I found out about your death, I received several questionnaires by email, which if answered would become interviews. They insistently ask me about transphobia and racism. They want me to talk about

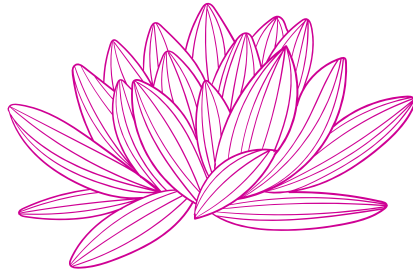


the experience of the meanings that my transmarica and Afrodescendant body activates in the Dominican heterosocial context. They want me to explain about the historical omission of our bodies in flight from heteronorm, to say something close to feminism, about the Dominican political crisis due to the suspension of municipal elections, about the absence of laws that protect our bodies, they ask me about Alexa's transfemicide in Puerto Rico.

The questions are asked of me, but they have to do with your death. They are also asking me about your lifeless body in a public plaza. Writing this text I can't stop imagining your smile. Writing this text I can't stop thinking about the depth of your hugs when we meet, about your body as a Black and trans woman.

An official cisgender voice says that your death was due to a heart attack. Many of us doubt it because the authority is racist and transcendent. The day we organized an honor for your passage through this life, many of us did not understand what had happened. You moved a few meters and then you didn't come back. Now we want to move because anyone could be next. "I don't believe that dissident bodies, trans bodies, Black bodies, non-hegemonic bodies, have the luxury of dying from natural causes," the Black activist Johanna





Agustin Federico wrote in an Instagram story, and I believe her because you have to become eternal. May your sexual resistance expand the dialogue about the politics of bodies that desire, think, and exist outside of the imposition and biopolitical control of bodies.

We want a castle of flowers for you, repudiating that initial treatment of the press when it comes to men, when time and again we have said that in this identity uncertainty the only thing we know is that we are not men. This scene is very strange. Nobody Black and trans dies. Nobody Black and trans dies if she is not forgotten. Nairobi lived in the Dominican Republic. Nairobi now lives in our trans memories.

Johan Mijail

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We want to deeply thank all of the people who have made this Fanzine possible, first of all thanks to **Johan Mijail** for continuing to offer her wisdom in this collaboration and for letting us witness her magic and power; to all the **Comadres of MÁS Conversaciones para MÁS Orgullo and Communications committees** for supporting the realization of this project. A special thanks to all the participants of the Metresas writing workshop and those who shared their writings, which to us are more than just writings, they are beautiful testimonies of powerful voices who are not silent, and which give themselves permission to twist the world that others invented for us—voices that give themselves permission to create and share other possible worlds where we are the center and not the periphery; to **Minox Minoty** for the incredible work on the editorial design. Special thanks to **Grace Saavedra** and **Meg Gomez** for assuming the commitment to translate this fanzine. To Executive Director **Milvia Berenice Pacheco Salvatierra** who helps braid and link the dreams of MÁS.

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Glossary of Expanded Meaning

Putá: the feminized person who exercises some form of sex work from a protest action

Puteo: action carried out by the person who performs some form of sex work

Cimarrón: Black/Afro-descendant who manages to abandon the logic of whitewashing

Travesti: refers to an identity that questions the binary from a poetics of critical subversion to the logic of the gender

Travas: Term used for someone who is trans

Metresa: femininity that occupies a place within Dominican Santería and its particular pantheon the 21 divisions with ancestral potential

Marica/Marikas/Maricón: *Term author uses to refer to a gay man. Often used disrespectively in Latin America but now reclaimed and used by some members of the gay Community

Vagina: Alternative words used to signify the vulva and vagina: la totona, la kuka, la cuca, la pelua, la papaya

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