

Sharing & Celebrating

Issue 1: Latinx Experiences

& Solidarity

I strongly believe that
if you don't
listen to
me, you'll become more
aware to learn. My jo
our Latinx experience fail

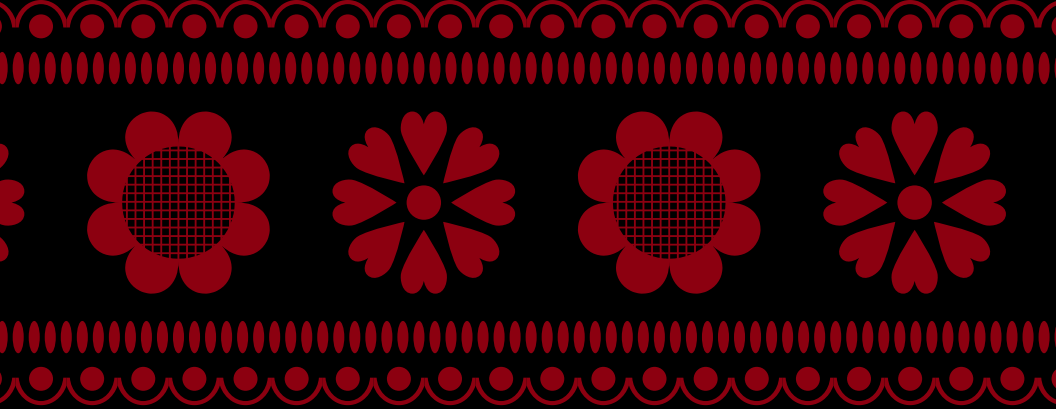
A zine made by students, faculty & staff at Cal State East Bay

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Fall 2023, Cal State East Bay**

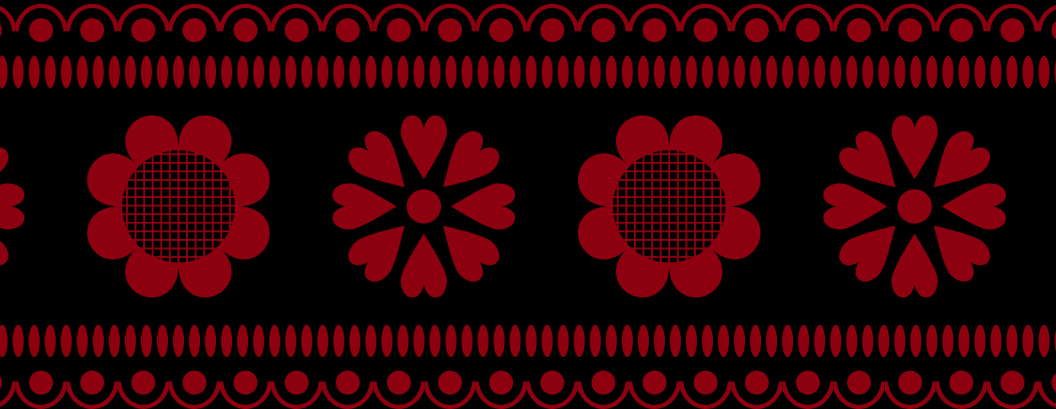


The Latinx Student Success Center and CORE
Library invites our local and campus
community to join our celebration of Latinx
Heritage Month with our first zine:
Celebrating Latinx Experiences & Solidarity.

Submissions in this zine include stories,
poetry, illustrations, art and other creative
works from CSUEB students, faculty, and
community members centered around
celebrating intersectional and diverse Latinx
experiences, identities, voices and solidarity.



Thank you to all of our contributors and
campus partners, including faculty from the
Department of English, for your valuable
support and participation.



Mi piel, sangre y alma

I wake up in the morning and see the
bright sun beam onto my dark complexion
I know that in my veins runs the same
blood as those who came before me
Reminding me that if they could, I can
As I take that first breath of the day I
feel my soul being replenished and
prepared for the ventures of the day
I see myself in the mirror, staring at my
brown eyes, my nose that seems wider
than it needs to be, and the puff of hair
that rests on my head
All of these things create me, build me,
and represent me
and without my Latinidad,
I wouldn't have any of them

CMCO,

Beautiful & Broken- Ink on paper



"No Sabo Kid"

Being a Latina/x artist, I enjoy expressing myself through my art pieces. I created both of these pieces while attending CSUEB, which allowed me to give a glimpse of who I am. When being labeled a "No Sabo Kid" my whole life, I never felt like I belonged in my community. However, with my art, I found myself and took pride in who I am. These pieces help me show that no matter how you look, what language you speak, or where you are from: we all deserve to be proud of our cultures and identities. We all deserve to grow and learn more about our cultural history. I am a first generation, Latinx, woman artist, and I am proud to share my story with others.

Kay Mejica



Indigenous Roots- Oil paint on canvas

Decolonialish Love Poem 2

Sara Berjas

Look, I cannot stop oppressing myself.
Distrust is a fast fashion, neo-colonial
pancho I wear as I walk around my self.
It is morning, in Los Angeles, after yoga,
where my teacher told us to be curious
and now I am chugging coffee to feel
happy to be alive. It is good to play.
Otherwise, my toes stiff from tip-toeing.
My tangled head hurts. I'm scared of poetry.
I lost who I thought I was in a book I wrote,
and now, I am worried I don't know anything
at all. Audre Lorde said no one can shame me
for what I have already admitted to, but
now, I am sorry. Now, I cannot forgive
the people who love me since my neo-
post-colonial intellect squints against
emerald love of the oldiez songs,
the groove and crest of what I tell myself
is love, unguided by my ancestors,
neglected by my family of men.
I'm bored of feeling colonized.
My friends say my apartment looks
like an Urban Outfitter's display.
But I like sipping from my Selena
coffee mug, meditating on this black
embroidered cushion, imagining
the El Camino I will one day drive
when I prove myself to my self
by decolonizing my heart. I want
someone next to me, but my pessimism
can't yet future. Who am I if someone
loves me? I cannot continue
to be who I think I am.

A vibrant, textured collage titled "SUN IS" in large, stylized letters. The collage features various materials including maps of Central America (Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua), floral patterns, and abstract shapes in red, orange, yellow, and blue. The title "SUN IS" is prominently displayed in the center, with "SUN" in purple and "IS" in red. The background is a mix of these colors and textures, creating a rich, layered effect.

Aidee Martinez



El Señor de las Flores



El señor de las flores se encuentra en la King y la Story

Acerca de la Tropicana y Cardenas

Los carros pasan uno por uno

Cuando la luz se pone roja, es tiempo de trabajar

De bajo un cielo azul, lleno de sol

He walks up and down el concreto que separa la carretera

His straw hat shading his face

Beads of sweat roll down the side of his forehead

He has red roses, tulips, sunflowers, de lo que tu quieras

The hand holding the flowers is:

Large, weathered, hardened by sacrifice

They are manos de obrero

“Hola muchacha gustaría flores?”

“Si claro! A cuanto las da?”

“Las doy a \$20 pero se las dejo en \$10”

“No, no haci esta bien. Vendemelas a \$20 por favor”

“Gracias muchacha que Dios la bendiga”

“Igualmente gracias por todo!”

El señor de las flores camina para apoya a su hijxs

Pa poner comida en las mesa, luz en la casa, techo sobre sus cabezas

Para mandarle dinero a su mama y apa

Que ya tienen sus anos y a los que no ha visto desde de que el tenia 16 anos

El camina por un futuro mejor

La gente que dice que vinimos robar trabajo,

El trabajo nunca se va acabar

Al contrario aquí te espera el señor de las flores

Pa decirte:

“Tu crees que vengo aquí a jugar? Tu crees que me encanta estar en el sol todo el puto día para que la gente me diga que mis flores están caras? Como si no me costara.

No seas pendejx.

Tu crees que decidi dejar a mis padres,

Mis amigxs, mi casa por una vida aquí donde no me quieren?

‘Tas bien mal

Como quisiera darle un abrazo a mi apa,

Comerme las tortilla hecha mano de mi ama,

Y enseñarles el rancho a mis hijxs.

Y todo esto lo puedo tener si solamente tuviera unas hojas de papel.

Aqui estan tus pinches flores.”

El señor de las flores camina hasta que el sol se duerme.

Y aveces el señor de las flores se va a su segundo trabajo

Porque solo los de papeles tiene un trabajo que paga bien.



Stacey Aguilar Sanchez



Immed: Born College Student
parentification
Pressure
Pride
Misunderstood
Alone
First Generation

Panadería Nostálgica



"Panadería Nostálgica" is a digital illustration inspired by my childhood visits to the local Mexican bakery. During winter, I often bought pan dulce from the bakery and shared it with my family over coffee or Mexican Fruit Punch at my uncle's house. My family's favorite treats were Conchas, Gingerbread Piggies, and Smiley Face cookies, which I always looked for first when visiting the bakery. The artwork depicts a common experience many Latinx children share during holidays and family gatherings as they choose their favorite treats and drinks to have with their loved ones.

Vanessa Valenzuela-Berumen

A Declaration of Vistory

In a year and a half I'll be graduating,
Not long ago you pursued me like a fire breathing dragon,
Your fiery spikes pierced my body, took my strength and broke my soul.
I took shelter under the shade of a redwood tree.

There on my knees I found my hope.

Trees are now my best friends.

In the chase they sheltered me,

In my desperation they hid me.

In my freedom they guide me,

they open the road before me.

In my joy,

Their branches wave and cheer me on.

I am now like them,

My friends,

full of blooms.

The pain is almost gone-forgotten.

I now soar like an eagle,

above the canopies of the highest tree.

I feel the wind and clouds caressing my face.

My mind and thoughts are open to understanding,

like a bursting waterfall.

My self confidence is now restored.

The dragon that once chased me i've ended with a sword,

It lies dead and bloody on the floor.

Oralea Yee

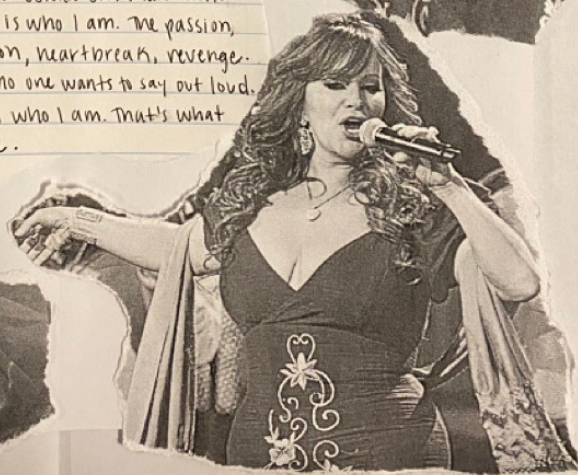
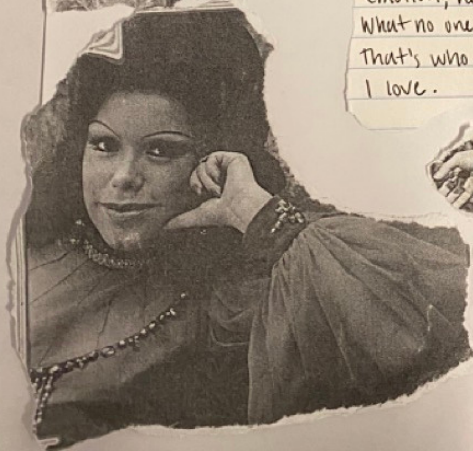
Letting me be



daisy



Why? by Corla Coronado
Why am I afraid? Why can't I
just accept it? It's in my blood.
It's who I am. Maybe because
everyone will judge me? Probably.
Why should that matter?
This is my passion. It's what I love.
They fought for their place.
Jenni, Angela, Rocio, Ana, Yolanda, Aida.
They aren't ashamed of
what they do. Why should I?
I have the blood of mi México
Lindo running through my veins.
Soy del Estado del Mariachi.
Music is who I am. The passion,
emotion, heartbreak, revenge.
What no one wants to say out loud.
That's who I am. That's what
I love.



One Movement



Shell



La platica que nunca se me va olvidar

Me: Mama soy Americano?

Mom: No, Tu eres Mexicano, nada tienes Americano

Me: Pero naci aqui

Mom: Eso es todo

Mom: Tu familia de los dos lados todos Mexicanos, y ni pareces nada Americano!

Yeah, I was born here but, I relate more to the people in Mexico than here in the States, whenever someone asks me where I am from, I can only think of Mexico. I am still trying to figure out why.

Mateo Reyes-Lopez



MEET THE ARTIST: NASHA

• n3 m3↑

- Cytus II
- Genshin
- Honkai Impact
- Super Star

MUSIC Currently on rotation:



Losing my 8 hours of sleep
Greasy hair
REGRET
Blisters
Procrastination
Mynails being so brittle
RUDENESS
Being ignored
RED MEAT
Artificial Banana Flavor
Dry Lips

♥ HOT WEATHER
Unwanted CLOUTNESS
ENTITLED
People
MATH
Taco Food
Smell in my room
ACNE
BUG Bites
Tummy ACHES
Arguing, STRESS

방탄 BOBA
SUSHI THAI TEA
Burritos MANGA
FRIENDS BT21 MANGA
SUNSET SKATING
WALKS
MEETING MUSIC
NEW PEOPLE Stationary Supplies
MUSHROOMS COZY
ACTS of SERVICE BLANKETS
Ice cream Quality Time
Reading Skin care
TRAIN RIDES over sized clothes
Gold Pizza

@cielophantom



5'1"



Birds



Karla Parada

LA VIDA CARMEN



MI FIONA LA QUE ME ENAMORA



VISITING EL RANCHO

Carmen

Curious, Kind, Intelligent

I enjoy exploring new places, making new friends

I love my family, my cat, trying new foods

I fear spiders and not knowing what comes next

I wonder how my future will look like

I wish I could talk to my ancestors

I dream of becoming a nurse

I feel excited and nervous about my future


I plan to appreciate the lands I came from

Valencia



SIN FAMILIA NO HAY NADA



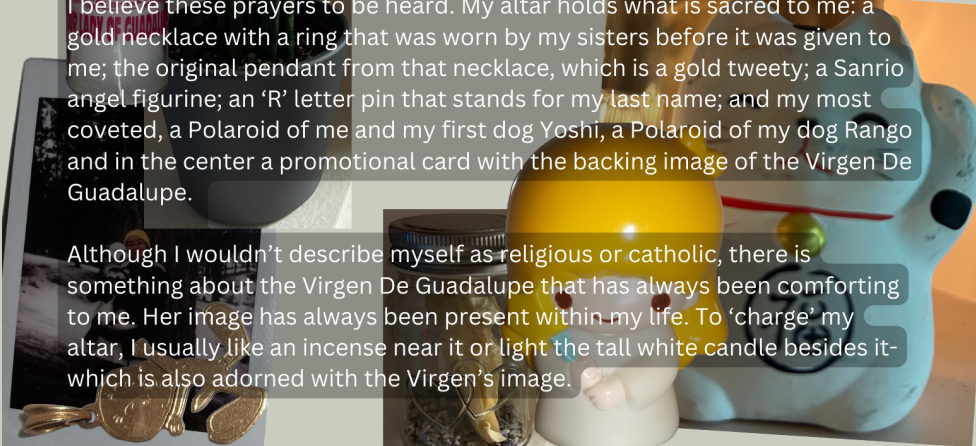


Recently I sought out to build my own altar in my apartment. On the altar lay my offerings- a succulent along with things gifted by family and friends such as a cat charm, jade ring, angels from the Vatican, candles and other sentimentals.

I grew up with altars all my life as they are built in every place my family has lived. My family's altars are always placed facing the front door of the house and on top of collected chinias in our best looking cabinet decorated with photos of my grandparents, buddha statues, fruits and other offerings. Living away from home since I left for college, now I am comforted by the nightly ritual of lighting incense and candles and tending to my altar.

Many of my friends also use altars for ancestral or spiritual comfort and protection. I believe this shared tradition/common practice illustrates one of the many ways our communities, such as Asian and Latinx, are interconnected as altars serve various personal and collective purposes such as to honor and celebrate our loved ones, memories, lives and love.

*Kate Pham
Janette Rivera*



I didn't seek out to make an altar, it happened naturally. I was raised catholic but it didn't take. However, I do believe in a higher power- whatever form that may be. I believe in praying for the safety and protection of others. And I believe these prayers to be heard. My altar holds what is sacred to me: a gold necklace with a ring that was worn by my sisters before it was given to me; the original pendant from that necklace, which is a gold tweety; a Sanrio angel figurine; an 'R' letter pin that stands for my last name; and my most coveted, a Polaroid of me and my first dog Yoshi, a Polaroid of my dog Rango and in the center a promotional card with the backing image of the Virgen De Guadalupe.

Although I wouldn't describe myself as religious or catholic, there is something about the Virgen De Guadalupe that has always been comforting to me. Her image has always been present within my life. To 'charge' my altar, I usually like an incense near it or light the tall white candle besides it- which is also adorned with the Virgen's image.



Thank you
for reading

Be sure to visit the LSSC (UU
2003) and the CORE when you're
on campus!



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