

Latinx Zine

By Latinx Student
Success Center &
University Libraries



issue 2

a zine made at Cal
State East Bay



**Distributed by Latinx Student Success Center
& University Libraries
Fall 2024, Cal State East Bay**



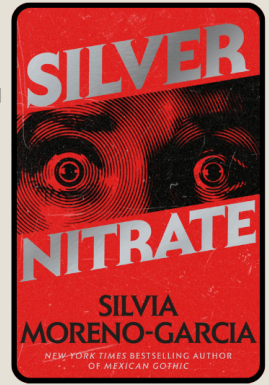
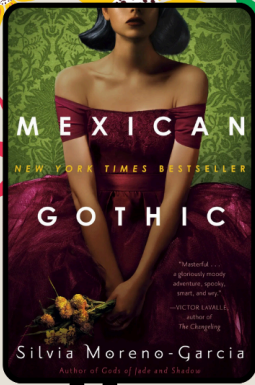




The Latinx Student Success Center and CORE Library
invites our local and campus community to join our
celebration of Latinx Heritage Month with our second
zine.

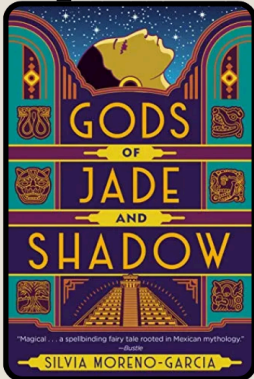
Submissions in this zine include stories, poetry,
illustrations, art and other creative works from
CSUEB students, staff and community members
centered around celebrating intersectional and diverse
Latinx experiences, identities, voices and art.

Silvia Moreno-García



“Books, moonlight, melodrama.”
— Silvia Moreno-García, *Mexican Gothic*

Silvia is incredibly talented and versatile in her writing, ranging from fantasy to historical fiction and horror. *Mexican Gothic* is one of my favorite novels, and many of her stories make you really feel something.



“MEXICAN BY BIRTH, CANADIAN BY INCLINATION. CACHANILLA AND CANUCK, ORIGINALLY FROM BAJA CALIFORNIA, SHE NOW RESIDES IN VANCOUVER. SHE HAS AN MA IN SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY STUDIES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. SILVIA MORENO-GARCÍA IS THE AUTHOR OF A NUMBER OF CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED NOVELS...”
-SILVIA MORENO-GARCÍA EXTENDED BIOGRAPHY



Siempre hay milagros

Summer of 2001, "The princess diaries" was released nationwide. Occasionally, my family would go to the movies after church. I can recall impressing my interest of watching the film during opening weekend. My brothers invited their friends around my age range. I think my dad didn't want me to be the punchline of jokes. Teenagers can be brutal. We ended up watching "Rush hour 2". I think my dad saw my sadness on my face. The following day, my dad took my sisters and I to watch the film. I can still remember the magic. My dad being very "machismo" and to take his son to watch the film "miracle happens". When the news broke about "The princess diaries 3", my inner child got excited. One of the reasons I chose to move to the Bay Area for my education was to live my "Mia Thermopolis" dream. I've been here for three semesters and I still need to visit the landmarks.



Jesus Canizal

My journey so far....

I continue my educational journey to prove my dad wrong

Now I am having a difficult time understanding advanced concepts

I have time management, studying hours and dedication on point

As soon as the test is handed to me, my mind goes blank

I start to question my place in my major

Thoughts of doubt begin to fill my mind

I didn't come this far to give up, and get out of my comfort zone

I have to remind myself; I am Mexi(CAN)

Growing up in a cult like environment

Multiple services and church gathering during the week

Strictly Christian and wasn't allowed to celebrate majority of the holidays

Now I see change within the church, now my place to judge or criticize

I have no remorse or regrets about my upbringing

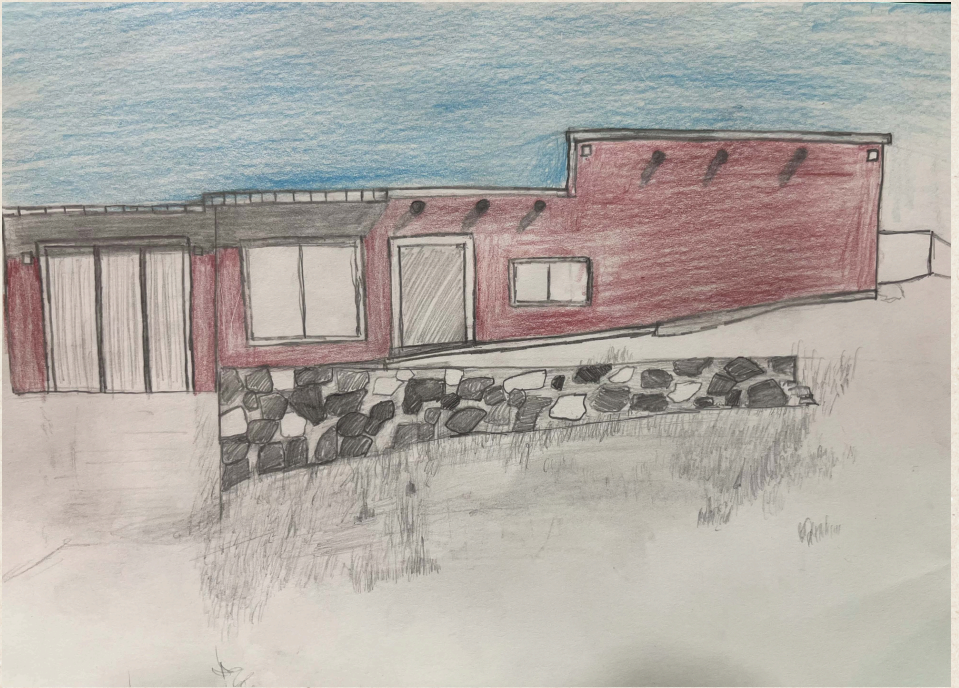
I have a personal relationship with God

I am living in my truth; no need to hide my authentic self

One can be queer and Christian

I am not about to defend myself or have an agreement

My home part 2



Mateo Reyes-Lopez

Propagate-Son

You were once a bean, sprout, seedling, teen

Growing to Become your own man, your own person, be seen.

We are in this era where you are still part of me but wanting to let go and release.



The growing pains and frustrations. The power struggles and tears- that you see and the ones I hide from you.

You make daily choices to adopt the values you grew up with or to stray and find your own way.

I am caught in the betweens of wanting you to avoid unnecessary struggles and knowing that you must learn some lessons on your own.

I think about how we prune plants so that they can use their energy for new growth, to heal, to manage. Maybe I have to prepare to prune you. Do I?

To Prune means to cut or lop off branches, twigs, or roots, especially to improve the shape or growth of a plant or tree or remove unnecessary parts

On those tough, aggressive, manic days I think about how close you are to 18 now. Close to the law's definition of grown; an adult.

That's the age society tells me I can let go, cut you off, and no longer be responsible.

The thought doesn't linger for long when I think about a life without you and the everlasting truth that you have always been the necessary gift and a part of my growth and healing.

But the time comes when a plant gets root bound, needs more space, new soil, new ...

The plantitas around me remind me that I once cut them off and put them in water.

Time, space, and sun brought new roots, until they were ready for their new space.

To propagate means to become distributed or widespread; to become widely known; transmit from one generation to the next; to cause to broaden or spread.

This idea brings me peace and gratitude for the clarity it has offered.

It reminds of the choice and decision I made to raise strong, independent, kind, emotionally aware humans. And that I always knew that one day I would have to release you to the world and that through every and any era we are connected. The universe reminds me- stop acting brand new

This idea brings me peace and strength to release your growth from mine.

To put you in water and let your new roots grow.

To support your magic and love to be as widespread as you want

To allow and trust that you will grow into your own man, your own person.

For now, it time for Propagate-son

Vanessa Varko Fontana



First Gen - The Experience

Who would've known being a first generation female college student would be hard and something I never thought it would be?

The navigation of college applications with no guidance other than Youtube videos

A navigation where I didn't know who and where to turn to for questions

A world where I had to create on my own just as like my parents did when they immigrated to the United States

But mine being born in a country where its given to me for a better opportunity my parents wished they had

Only if they know that I do wonder through life just like they did but they never know it, I don't want to disappoint but to make them proud

The experience is sacrificing spare time for academics and a future that'll become worth it

As well as, living the experience in a hour or so commute to school on BART

Figuring out the best commute times to make it to class on time yet having to miss out on on-campus events to make it back home at a reasonable time

It's not easy but it created me and the identity I have to carry for the rest of my life

A painted way of sacrifices and opportunities for what the future upholds

Crystal Barajas



Mezcal is in My Roots



I have a strong connection with Mezcal, deeply rooted in my family history. My grandfather, Ofelio Salazar, passed away in 2020 during the pandemic, but his legacy lives on. When my family and I visited Mexico, we always made the trip in December to partake in various cultural and religious celebrations. My grandfather was renowned for his Mezcal; he would source it locally and enhance the fermentation process by adding special ingredients, allowing it to age for just the right amount of time. His Mezcal was celebrated as the best, to the point where if someone reached for a slice of lime to accompany their shot, the room would echo with shouts of, “That’s not necessary! Good Mezcal deserves to be enjoyed on its own.”

To this day, family members have tried to replicate his Mezcal, but we all agree, “It just doesn’t taste the same as when he made it.” We enjoy Mezcal during celebrations like birthday parties, graduations, and family gatherings around the dinner table. One cherished tradition is to drink Mezcal alongside pozole: a shot before the meal to warm the stomach, another (or two) during the meal, and a final one after we’ve finished eating.

In my dad’s family’s hometown of Chilpancingo, Guerrero, there’s a celebration called El Pendón, where people from various towns of Guerrero come together for a state festival filled with dance, art, and beauty pageants that showcase our cultural heritage. During this time, it’s common to share Mezcal—flavored or not—as a symbol of camaraderie. This tradition reflects how much our culture means to us, and we take pride in being part of the Mezcal-making and sharing process.

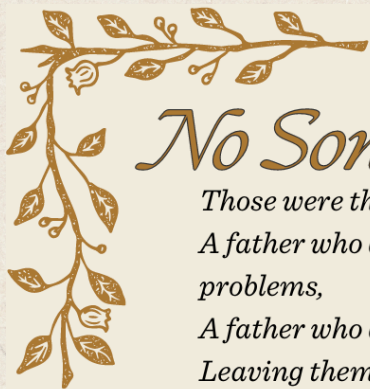
Mezcal holds a special place in my heart. While its smoky aroma and aftertaste may not be my favorite, the memories and love it represents are invaluable. For those who haven’t tried Mezcal, I encourage you to be open to exploring its unique flavors. While it’s definitely different, it’s worth a try! And if you find the unflavored variety isn’t to your taste, there are plenty of flavored options to explore.

Elvializ Carmen Ramos



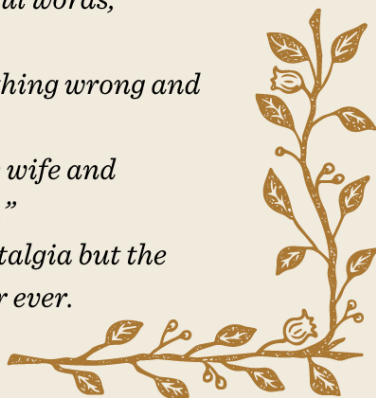
Recuerdos Enmarcados



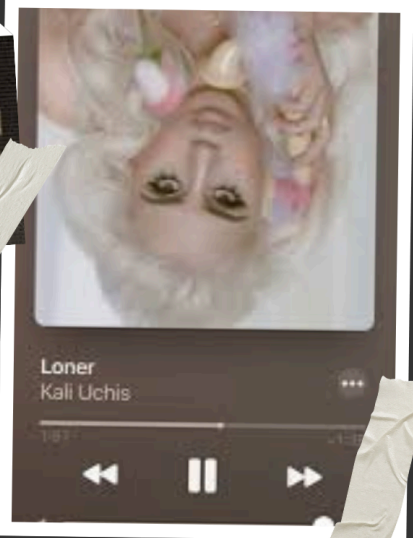
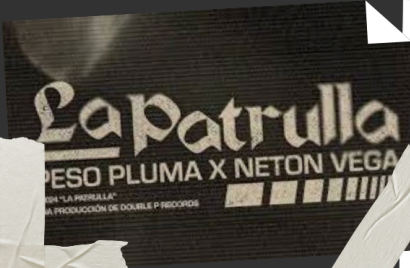
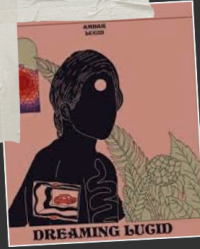
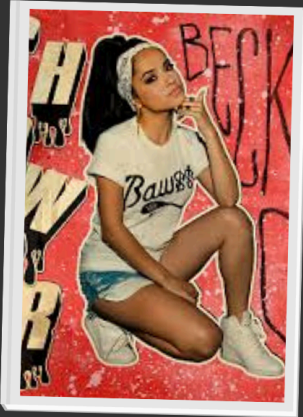


No Son Ustedes, Soy Yo!

*Those were the words of a father,
A father who decided to ran away from it's
problems,
A father who decided to leave his family behind,
Leaving them without any explanation,
Where a wife and daughters where questioning
what they did wrong?,
A father who question himself if he is a good father,
A father who question himself if his daughters were
really his daughters,
A father who says hateful and hurtful words,
Stressing thought that a father has,
when he thinks that he didn't do nothing wrong and
acts like nothing happen,
words that a husband can say to his wife and
daughters "No Son Ustedes, Soy Yo."
Just the happy memories bring nostalgia but the
traumas and sad moments stays for ever.*



"No Son Ustedes, Soy Yo"
Jocelyn Venega Diaz





Thank you to all of our contributors

Thank you for reading



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@csueb.latinx

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