

TWANA'S

THE COMMUNITIES OF COLOR STUDENT PRESS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

VOLUME ISSUE 38 - SPRING 2024



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Community,

As we envision liberation and learn first hand how to grapple with the violent realities of a colonial world, we must also envision liberation for our hearts, minds, and spirits. During times of political unveiling and of consciousness awakening, we are called to construct worlds otherwise. Our 2024 issue pays a special tribute in solidarity with Palestine and is divided into three different sections; Trauma and Identity, Ancestral and History, and Love and Liberation.

Palestine's ongoing genocide, which began more than 75 years ago, has increased via heightened militarization, bombings, and airstrikes. 45,000 lives have been massacred, overwhelmingly the lives of children. There are now no universities left in Gaza. Student uprisings have sparked throughout the nation in solidarity and advocating for the liberation of Palestine. We are witnessing the interconnectedness of colonial and imperial pasts in our present moment.

Students are calling for the UC to end their investments in companies that perpetuate war and weapons manufacturing, give economic support to the state of Israel, and therefore contribute to the ongoing occupation and genocide against the Palestinian people.

United Auto Workers (UAW) launched their strike in support of Gaza and Palestine after encampments across other UCs were met with violence. They aligned their demands with UC Divest and SJP with full amnesty for all students and workers and their absolute guarantee to freedom of expression and protest.

Journalist martyrs like Shireen Abu Akleh gave the ultimate sacrifice towards exposing lies and oppression in occupied Palestine. TWANAS is committed to freedom of press and honors martyrs committed to shining light with their writing, photography, and art.

TWANAS stands in solidarity with Palestine and students throughout the world who advocate for the liberation of marginalized and oppressed people. Let us continuously be active in international solidarity and remind ourselves that "otro mundo es posible," "another world is possible."

The youth are said to be the future, but in reality they are the present and are rightfully filled with rage. Let us collectively organize with this rage to make physical and tangible change on campus, in our communities, and in the world at large.

May the student intifada continue.

Love and Solidarity,
TWANAS

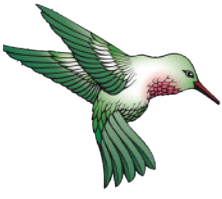
The Communities of People of Color Student Press

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SOAR





Land Acknowledgement and Critique



“The land on which we gather is the unceded territory of the Awaswas-speaking Uypi Tribe. The Amah Mutsun Tribal Band, comprised of the descendants of indigenous people taken to missions Santa Cruz and San Juan Bautista during Spanish colonization of the Central Coast, is today working hard to restore traditional stewardship practices on these lands and heal from historical trauma.”

A land acknowledgment’s purpose is to try and create awareness around the ongoing colonization and displacement of Native people. TWANAS has included a land acknowledgment because we believe in this purpose, as it is at the root of our mission to uplift Native American and Indigenous voices; however, this does not mean we are content with the current use of these acknowledgments. While it is important to acknowledge and to know the history of the territory we occupy, that is only the first step in truly taking accountability and working towards a more material approach to justice.

Truly remembering, true justice, would be giving land back. This is what Eve Tuck and Yang argue in their paper, “Decolonization is not a metaphor”. They posit that the framework of decolonization has changed drastically due to its continued metaphorization. We hear a lot about “decolonizing our minds”, “decolonize our schools”, etc., but what do these truly mean in the context of reparations? Doing the internal work to let go of our prejudiced conditioning is essential, but it must be complemented with work that significantly helps our indigenous communities. The rights Indigenous people are fighting for to land, physical land, and so that is what should be prioritized. It is not enough for us to simply know who’s land we are occupying. We can’t keep patting ourselves on the back for remembering that our university was built on stolen territory because how long does this “remembering” last? Until the next student assembly? Zoom meeting? Magazine intro?

We are not saying to stop acknowledging, we are asking you to not let it be the only thing you’re doing. Land Acknowledgements are not something you should do just because you feel like you have to, or because it is what is trending morally. Lastly, decolonization is not supposed to be a comfortable process. We must all struggle, as settlers, to rectify the displacement of indigenous people, and there is no room for comfort.



JOIN TWANAS!

TWANAS'S HISTORY:

“Third World and Native American Students” Press, derived from the 1979 struggle for a Third World and Native American Studies Department at UCSC, during which TWANAS founders went on a hunger strike. TWANAS began as a news publication with a focus on covering stories centered around issues endured by people of color and ignored by the schools predominantly white administration.

Since our founding, TWANAS has been an entirely student run print organization dedicated to actively changing the UCSC community through its journalistic work. Now, we hope to honor our ancestors by infusing all art, literature, and journalism into our publication and community space. **We envision a world where liberation can be achieved through the free speech and expression of all people of color.**



BECOME A

Journalist
Writer

Editor
Graphic Designer
Photographer

Illustrator
Outreach coordinator

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!



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MISSION STATEMENT

The Communities of People of Color Student Press formerly known (TWANAS) as the Third World and Native American Students Press Collective is a publication that works to actively change the UCSC community through its journalistic work. We envision a world where diversity and intersectionality is truly respected and honored so that peoples of all races and ethnicities will have the platform to redefine and tell their own stories.

TWANAS acknowledges that in the UCSC community, people have historically been silenced along boundaries of race, sexuality, citizenship, gender, and class. As part of our vision to change UCSC we have a list of goals to realize that vision.

They are as follows:

- 1) Provide a space to exchange a diversity of media ranging from a printed publication, written articles, our website featuring archival TWANAS material, and community space.**
- 2) Report, discuss, and analyze issues affecting people of color, marginalized groups, from the perspectives of those from these communities.**
- 3) Publish meaningful articles from both the TWANAS Press Collective and the community that humanize issues and representations of marginalized people in the media. This is one of our ways of challenging the mainstream standards of journalism.**
- 4) Acknowledge and draw on the love we have for the communities we identify with, as a source of inspiration and commitment to justice.**

We hope that whoever may read TWANAS will engage with it critically and be inspired to seek their own critical voice. The publication is a living opportunity for students of color to document current events so that the knowledge and wisdom we have can be preserved for future generations. People of Color's stories are often not given the visibility, credit, or recognition that they deserve as those who document them are often people not from the communities themselves, TWANAS counteracts that as we are a publication made for and by the community.

Much love to our members and contributors, this magazine wouldn't have been able to be created without you all, this is a collective magazine composed of all the love, support, experiences and effort of various communities and hope this magazine issue showcases that.

Journalist

Editor

Editor

Graphic Designer

Photographer

Illustrator

Outreach coordinator

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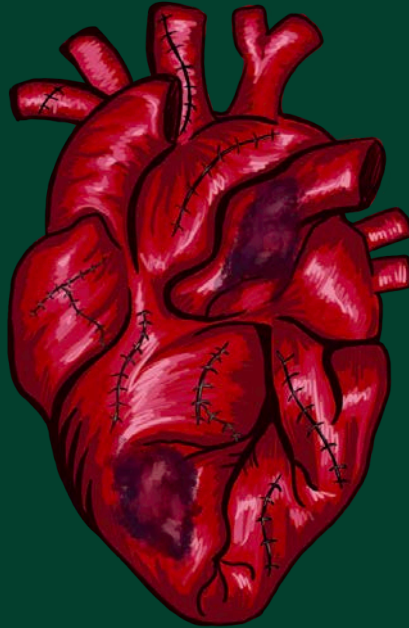
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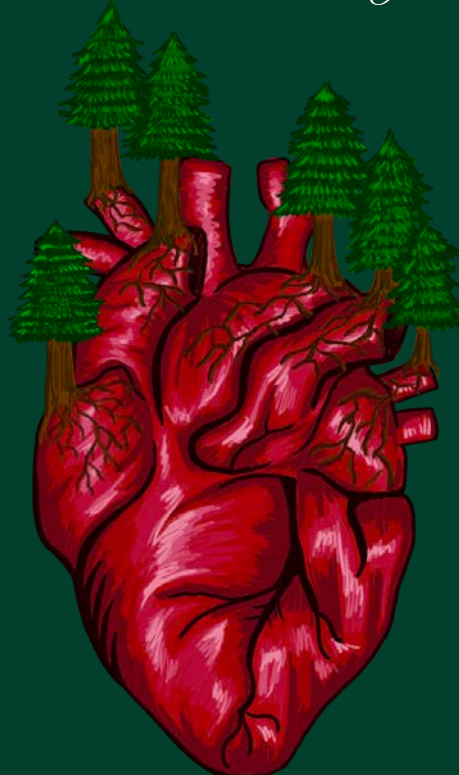
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Who are you reading curiously this poem of mine,
A hundred years from now
Let's take a step back in time.
And revisit an era of stark contradictions and disparities:
Where in one corner, conflict breeds, igniting hostilities,
Yet in another, ignorance thrives, fostering audacious liberties.
Behold a world where corruption found its place,
Where nature's limits are constantly tested, and then disgraced,
As self-interest overpowered compassion's call,
Tell me, did a hundred years mend these issues after all?

Are you on the brink of extinction?
Has the world already ended?
How many communities have been consumed by the seas' expandment?
When you run your hand through the sand, can you feel our
microplastics at your fingertips?
When you look outside is our destruction apparent?

A hundred years from your day, we dismiss problems.
Allowing worldly concerns to remain dormant
Brewing and simmering underneath the surface,
Assuming the next generation will finally begin its restorement.
Our entertainment is abundant, with information galore,

Yet loneliness still lingers in many; a silent, relentless war.
As more time flows by, suicide rates soar,
More Life's meaning fluctuating with so many, like waves on the shore.

You may ask:
Do we notice these struggles? Yes.
Do we feel the sorrow? Moderately.
But time moves quickly in 2024,
If you cannot learn to ignore
You'll too be left behind society's pad-locked door.

A hundred years before your day, a student's day began anew,
She brushes her teeth to rid away any embarrassing statements that could ensue,
Washing her face to drown out the anxieties that accrue.
Then proceeds to drench herself in enough polish and sprays to hope her appearance can make do.
She does not want to care what others conclude,
But this world is built on perceptions and misconceptions,
She knows she is not the exception.
If she disregards others' interpretations, how could she provide an accurate reflection?

Between school and work, she gets no breaks
With the day's details muddled through a headache,
But she cannot stop now, because here comes her homework!
Then she must pull herself together enough to do this five times over.

She closes her eyes, but that cannot stop the worries that flood her mind.

A restful sleep is only a brief pause,
For the stressors of tomorrow consume her will to evolve.

She must ignore the woes that weigh her down,
She must pick and choose which issues to care about.
Desperately trying to absorb any advice she receives
She must motivate herself through all adversity,
Yet a desperation for validation monopolizes her motivation.
She exemplifies the cause of her own worldly hatred.

A hundred years before now, a student is at a loss,
Possibilities and expectations, concealing her capabilities,
Burdened by potential, but no clear path to walk.
Constantly questioning the extent of her vulnerabilities;
Constantly questioning why life feels like a chopping block;
Constantly questioning why our nation is misusing our utilities;
Constantly questioning if she is simply a country's livestock;
Constantly questioning which battles are her responsibilities;
Constantly questioning what is causing this mental block;
Constantly questioning which battles are mere impossibilities;
Constantly questioning why the world keeps snoozing its countless alarm clocks.

A hundred years before now, people were consumed with their lives.
A student must hustle to keep herself covered,
A parent must work tirelessly to supply,
A teacher struggles to engage students,
And a grandparent must await their ultimate demise.
All questioning their purpose and easily dismissing issues not relevant to their time.

So, which dystopia movie was most accurate?
Were my ancestors and my own selfish actions alleviated?
Or did we destroy the ground beneath our feet, and the trees that dance so graciously above us?
Can you enjoy the beauties of a world of which we chose to spoil?
Our change has yet to come.
She is fearful her generation will perpetuate the same traumas they have succumb.
She hopes, it won't take a hundred years of time
For people to unite in community, to overcome their adversities.
She hopes, they understand the responsibilities we have chosen to pass by.

In a world a hundred years from my time, I sympathize,
And pray our self-serving ambitions did not brutalize what you see when you look outside.

Sincerely, I am sorry.
February 2024

Mother Dearest by Faith Smith

You and I are proof that there can be love without trust
Loving with constant disappointment
Loving without really knowing each other
I love you
But I can't trust you to be there for me
Accept me
Hold me while my world is crumbling
You love me
But you can't trust me to understand you
Follow you
Be honest with you while your world is crumbling
I tip my head to the sky just as you taught me
No one answers
I stifle a cry just as you taught me
No one answers
I bite my tongue and smile just as you taught me
No one answers
Grinning and tearing it
Sending prayers to the clouds
Have them spit in my face
I know you're not proud
On the tip of your tongue
Lips pressed into a line
Your hatred unsung

I'm everything you made me
Smashed snow globes and dreams
I'm everything you feared
Rainbows with devil horns
I'm everything you're not
Glass overflowing with water
I'm everything you are
Warm soup on a cold day
I love you
I call your name in my sleep
Love tearing out of me
You are the night light
The nightmare
The heartache
The balm
You are me
I've run for too long
You are me
I love you
Out of breath
I am you
Trustless
I love you
I love
I

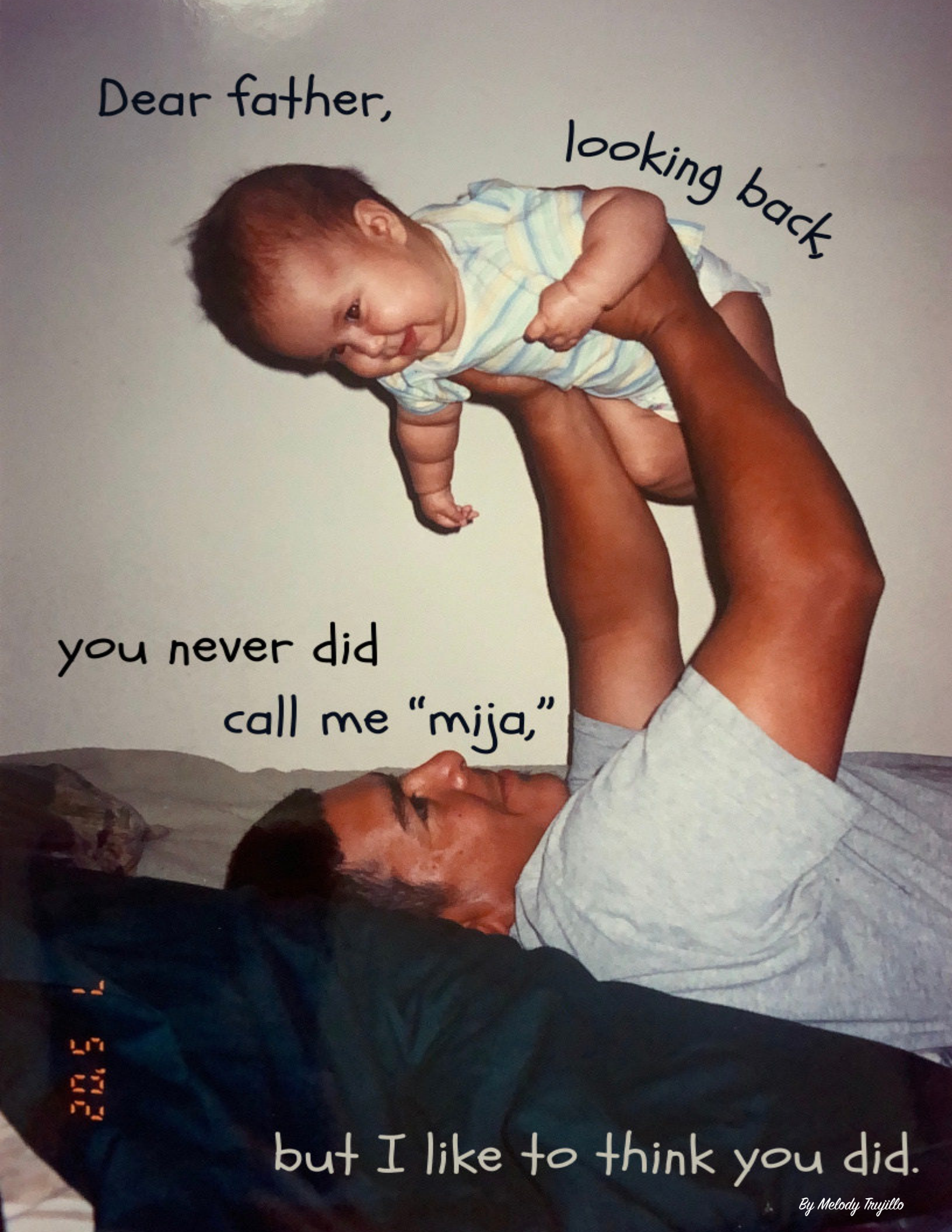
Dear father,

looking back,

you never did
call me "mija,"

but I like to think you did.

By Melody Trujillo

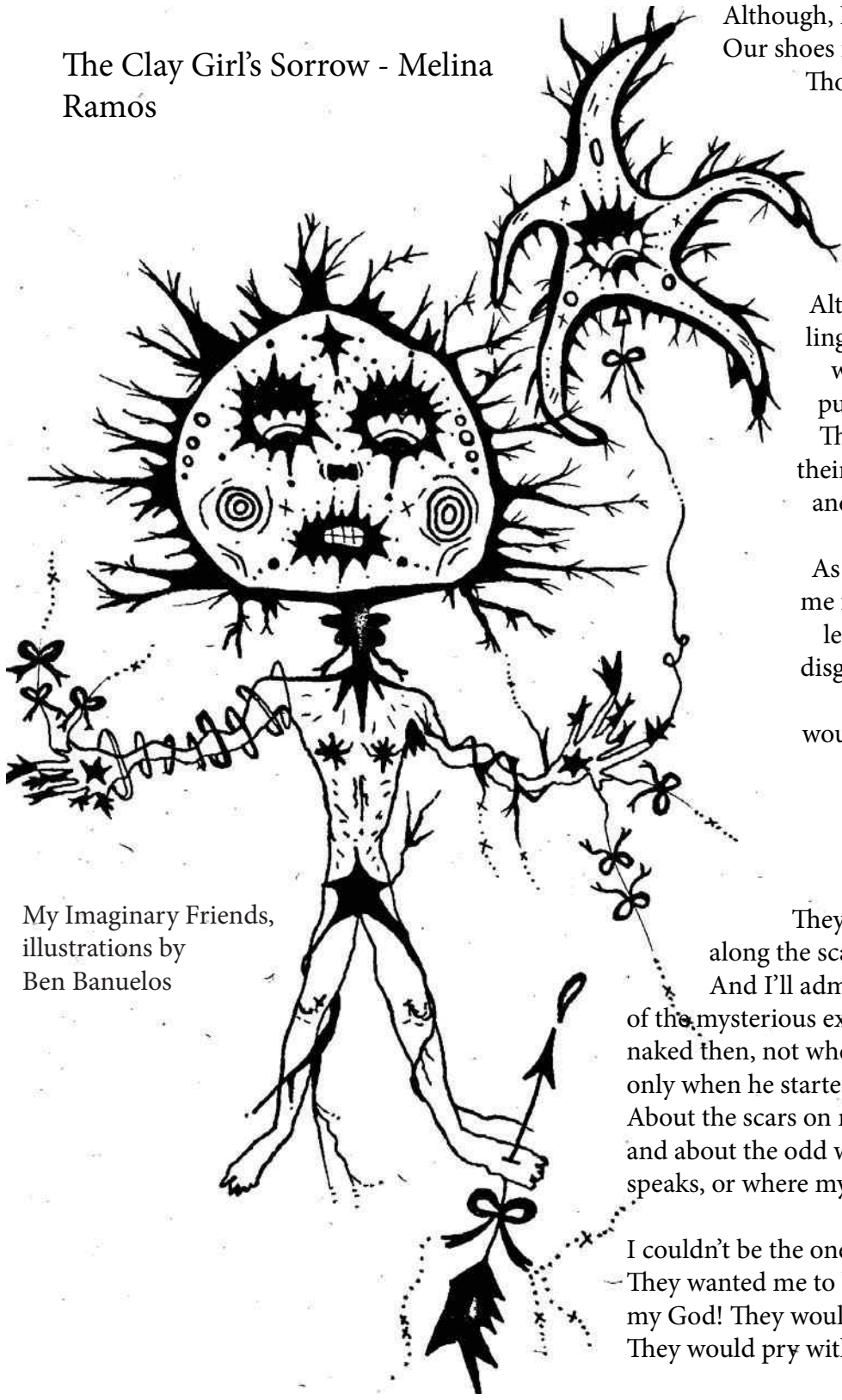


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My skin is clay and
my eyes are deep and black
The dirt under my feet and around my bones
would stain the skin around my knees and elbows
but no one told me the shadows wouldn't come off
I used to scrape my knees 'til they scabbed and bled down the drain

The Clay Girl's Sorrow - Melina
Ramos

I was just five when I discovered my complexion
Although, I was just five and wanted to get the dirt off
Our shoes faded black-to-green and had holes
Though they used to be black, the soles
were still whole and
Unlike us, they would last



My Imaginary Friends,
illustrations by
Ben Banuelos

Although she was gone by then, her voice still
lingers with me in the bedrooms of white men
wailing, 'Mija, we are exotic and sensual y
puedes tener a cualquier gringo que quieres'
They'd confess their sins to me as we laid on
their twin beds covered with navy flannel sheets
and they would admit to me that they "prefer
latinas over white bitches anyway"
As if I should be so lucky that Connor picked
me for a ten minute one night stand that would
leave me with nothing but a new version of
disgust for myself and texts every three months
that
would read "hey, been a while, u doin anything
2nite?"

They would drag their stiff and calloused fingers
along the scarred skin of my thighs
And I'll admit I played into the role
of the mysterious exotic girl they wanted me to be but I was
naked then, not when he suggested my clothes off but
only when he started asking questions,
About the scars on my legs, about my sister and her afflictions
and about the odd way my father
speaks, or where my brothers are?

I couldn't be the one to tell them
They wanted me to be real and they'd claim to be curious ...and,
my God! They would pry!
They would pry with such intrigue like kids at the zoo and

They wanted answers as if once I'd hand 'em over I wouldn't be the mysteri-
 ous and troubled
 brown girl they wanted me to be and once
 I would admit that I don't have the answers they would be so longing for
 that
 They won't discard me and move onto the next oddly shaped brown girl to
 fill the hole in them
 If not for their own perverted satisfaction they wouldn't have asked
 But I let him stay anyway and I was quiet then
 My skin was clay but the dirt runs through my veins still

Kn0w\$ - Kelaia Acevedo

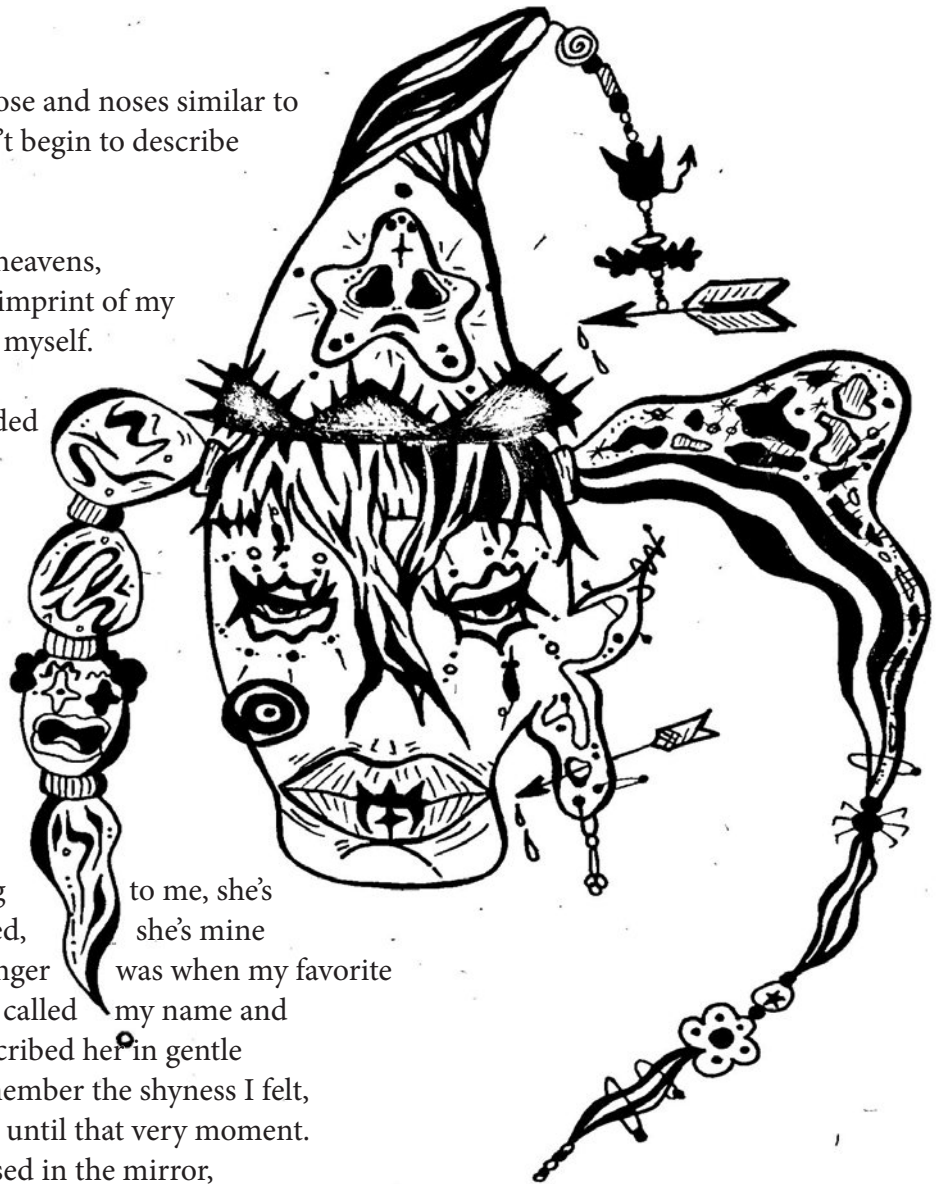
There's something really beautiful about my nose and noses similar to
 it. "Hooked" is such an ugly term and it doesn't begin to describe
 the profoundness of this very nose.

The bump is a piece of the earth reaching the heavens,
 making a flat land that much more lively. The imprint of my
 ancestor, acknowledged whenever I recognize myself.

Each time I catch sight of my nose, I'm reminded
 of the strength she holds and
 feel her love shower me
 all over again, from the roots of my hair
 Down
 Down
 To the
 tips
 of my
 ...
 toes.

Seeing that little bump is aesthetically pleasing to me, she's
 breathing art. She's exquisite, beautifully crafted, she's mine
 One of my favorite memories when I was younger was when my favorite
 uncle and I were sitting down watching tv. He called my name and
 reached over to lightly touch my nose. He described her in gentle
 words and reminded me that she's mine. I remember the shyness I felt,
 I don't think I've ever acknowledged that nose until that very moment.
 Years passed and it wasn't until one day, I paused in the mirror,
 gently turned my head to the side and in awe, stared at what I saw. I

remember tears slowly forming, not by sadness, but by loving exactly
 what I saw. I cried and cried, overwhelmed with how happy I felt at
 something I feel like I ignored for so long. Each time I'm reminded by
 my profile, I'm showered with the strength I feel when I look at her.
 Those words kissed my heart and while many may not feel the same about
 their noses, I really hope these words can kiss yours.





Elle by Bel Cordova

i have always been
messy and muddy
letting myself
spurt and gush
i overflow
like fabuloso; you put too
much in the mop bucket again
my mother has always been
clean and tidy
una casa organizada y mantenida
floors as shiny as mr. clean's bald head
lemony scent of lysol wipes that lick the table clean
linger far up in your nose canals
that magically makes every stain, every mistake
said aloud
contained and crushed
until there is nothing left but
some stubborn small spots
my mother has always been
organized and orderly
spic and span
this or that
boy or girl
choose carefully
my contents spill out
in front of her
making a mess
adentro de su casa
sickly scent of suavitel
dripping off the washer, the
brand new one i broke
seeping up the back screen door
staining the carpet,
spreading
into every couch and corner
i permeate and pervade
every inch of space; invasion
fluid filling up; occupation
bathroom, bedroom, kitchen

adentro de su casa
slithering and sliding in
to every corner
until there is no room for
this or that
boy or girl

Trigger Warning
Let's play a game. by Samantha Garcia



Father by Zoe Ly Sen

The game was a constructed castle, that I once a
princess
Lived in for so long
The structure had no give, or take
No echo could be heard
No laugh of joy, or screams of frightening pain
The game started off as a new game
It was a hot summer day
I was 3,
Wearing a pink cotton tank top, cotton gray shorts
And my hair was up.
They said "Lets play a new game"
Lips had touched mine.
What this was, didn't feel like a game
Felt more like a trap even at the age of 3 with their
hand grazing my chest;
I figured this is how you play when you're older,
After all they were 10.
My own lips continued to be silenced by theirs for
so long,
I minus well have been the one saying to keep quiet.
Zip it, lock it, put it in your pocket and throw away
the key till the eye can't see.

My mouth feels so disgusting;
I hated my tongue the most.

They had used theirs like a wip,
Mine had so many cuts and burns from theirs.
The sensation of my tongue put me in a panic
anytime I was conscious enough to recognize it.

11 years past before I spoke,
I was 14,
I spoke of it in a room that was warm all the time
before; but now was crip cold as the march air
outside

My theRAPIST listened as this weight was slowly
coming off my vessel of cells.
A weight that was should have never been mine to
hold
My mother was in shock when she heard,
As I reentered the house where I resided in, and
where everything took place.
I collapsed with tears falling off my face.

Police said she must have had it worse.
Less for one to admit

First they questioned how I could remember
I was so young;
Mom later said that too
Said her grandfather was the one who taught her how
to play
And yes,
They is actually a she
I know its not common to hear,

That the cousin that was supposed to be teaching me
how to paint my nails
Taught me that my body was just another playground
for them to explore
Still the my ma and police questioned my nightmare
truth I held
As if I never tried to cut my tongue off,
As if I didn't cut, burn, scratch wherever she had
touched
As if I didn't gather all the pills I had
I know I did these things on more than one occasion
They just acted like nothing happened, like nothing
was happening
I continued to play games with everything,
Tally marked for every mistake in my wrist, shoulder
stomach, chest, thigh
Used razors, lighters, pins, plastic
I was addicted to the chase of the game
With the occasional "win" how could I not

I was Fransitain and the monster all at once

The co-created of my house of horrors,
The serial killer to my own peace
Pushing everyone away,
My own blood on my hands
Killing myself
I once was princess,
In a castle that was broken into,
Because I didn't recognize the person in the reflec-
tion; and when I did I wish it were dead
I'd given up pink tank tops and shorts along with hot
summer days playing
Took one too many pills,

Took one too many pills,
A rehab,
Or two
And screams enough to fuel nightmares for
eternity
Came a the day I replaced my tiny tiara given
to me by my mother
With a crown that fits like a glove on my crazy
curls
With art on my head intact I possess the pow-
er to unlock my month.
And fill rooms with my voice
No losing
Or winning anymore.
Just learning and listening
Even teaching when I am lucky too
Even teaching when I am lucky too
I can't hate,
Sometimes I wish I could
At the same time I wouldn't change it for
anything.
A jedi, with a green lightsaber that he throws
in my direction. Always for the harsh reality
that
beauty not just is aesthetics, but life may re-
quire some pain
A knight, that with his sword he helps me find
the meaning of the words I speak but don't
quite understand yet

And the wolverine that will give me every last
bit of his strength, just so I don't have to feel
the
prick of needle
I am now a mere lady,
With help obtain by the Jedi, Knight and
Wolverine I found the strength to stop playing
these
games

Hereditary Disease by Amy Wong
(12-08-23)

before i was even born, my lungs were not at full capacity and i was already suffocating.
as i was born, i was scared to emit a scream from my weak lungs.
after i was born, doctors would put their cold stethoscope on my back and attentively listen to my
breathing. listening for a whistling train in my lungs and determining that i needed to breathe al-
buterol
sulfate through a plastic fish shaped nebulizer.
what the doctors did not realize is that my suffocation started before my conception. it started even
before
my own mother's conception, or her mother's. when i was in my mommy's stomach, i would hear how
her voice would rise from her lungs, up her throat, and at the tip of her tongue she would snap her
mouth
shut. she would even take a sharp needle to her tiny lips and sew it shut.
i have felt her pain, sorrow, and silence before conception. all i have known is that silence is expected
from us, and if not then it's beaten into us. when silence has enveloped our bodies and souls, we won-
der
why we cannot breathe without a train raging in our lungs.



by Zoe Ly Sen

"Ch'ixi" by Mikaela Mansilla

She didn't know what was going on.

Who could've at that age?

Too close to the ground, perceived by those far from it.

She couldn't see herself; those who did could only see shadows until her face glistened in the sunlight.

She was golden.

Nonetheless, a brown child burdened by the nonchalantness of shady perspectives.

Like dirt with some shine, perhaps it's precious but not a karat.

Such a powerful perspective used as a tool to slowly destroy her.

A tool destructive to her mother, her father.

A tool that paved the way for internalized hate.

Like the tool that separated gold from dirt, beauty from brown.

The tool that dug itself into the community relentlessly, only to make it numb to the pain it caused.

A numbness that silenced.

A numbness that used the blood from their backs to make declarations of love.

A numbness that affected her, them.

Like the propellers of society, upheld by the blood and bones of those like the golden dirt.

Beautiful but not valued.

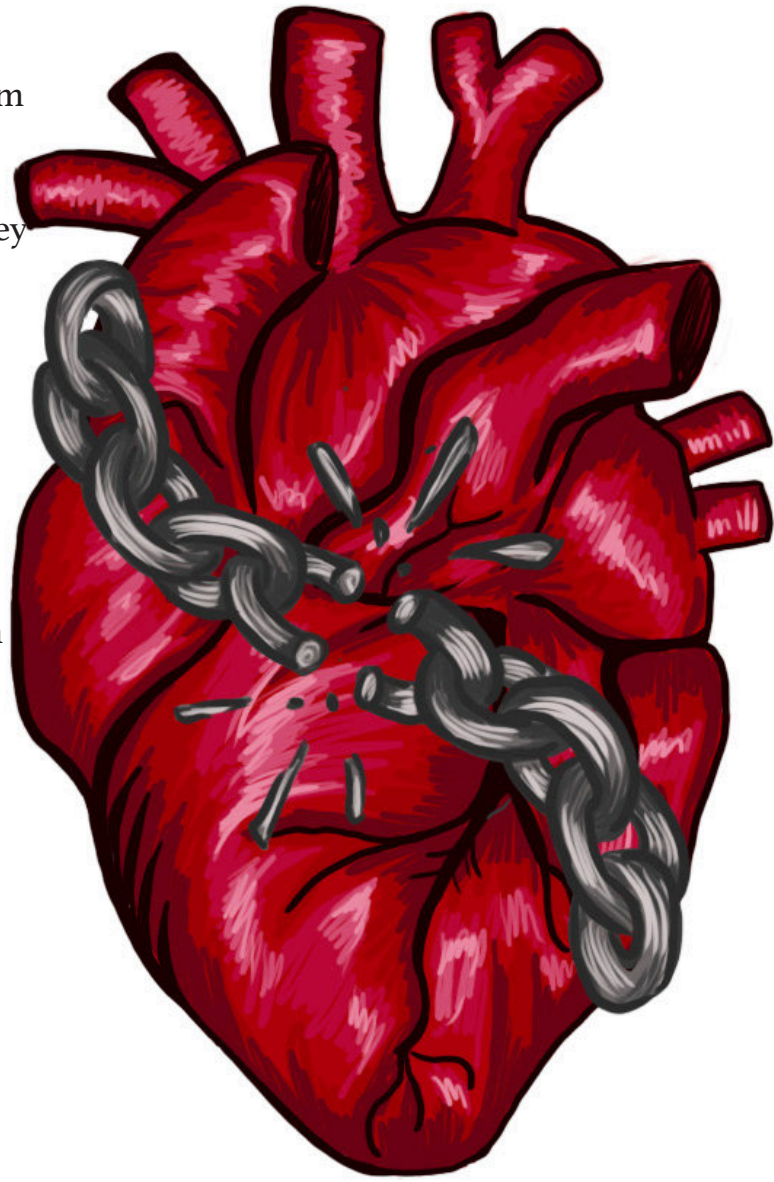
An endless cycle of some Stockholm shit. Continual but Stagnant.

I AM MY LANGUAGE by Leslie Marquez



19 reasons i hate speaking english in this country
because my parents crossed the border 4 times
because people don't pronounce my name right
because i'm scared of the cops
because those kids in cages are still lost
because i became a translator at 5
because my parents still believe in the American dream
because my mom loves regan
because my parents can't vote
because my dad will never get his social security money
because my sister is with a white man
because my brother is with a white woman
because my nephews cant speak spanish
because i think in english but feel in spanish
because both im fluent in colonized tongues
because my mother is light skinned
because my father is brown skinned
because i don't know what color i am
because i do a double take at anyone with a red hat on
these days
because i don't know the beatles

- Marisol Juarez Ortiz



My whole life I felt like the system was against me. I blamed myself for not being better. No one showed they cared for them so why should I care? Instead of providing a support system for students, you treated us like prisoners. You prepared us for an oppressed system rather than showing us what we can do to fight the system.

- Jenn Alvarado

I stitch together half truths
Much like how my mother taught me to stitch thread
Cross over and pull tight
or else it'll all fall apart
I won't tell you why I lie
If I'll probably be untrue
Concocted reasons for the indescribable
Do people know who they are?
What they like and what they want?
If I solved the puzzle I would move
as though under oath
I would take part in every conversation I chanced upon
and spread my abundance of truth
But until then I remain a vessel for
what others want to see in me
Rather, in themselves
I'm okay with being unreal
My being itself only a half truth
Externalities have failed to make me pure
Divisions from the ravenous vacancy within

That can never seem to get enough of it all
Every word uttered becomes a battle scene
Will it be I who forges my morality?

Stitches, by Sheima Amir-Araghi



Mother by Zoe Ly Sen

Raining Down by Neveya Villa

When the bombs rained down they swore the sun was crying
explosions rang
From ear to deafened ear
When the children so loud all turned quiet
Yes everything changed when the bombs rained down

When birthdays and memories lay waste to rubble at your feet
No roof to guard your dreams
They'll ask you how you persevere
When they've given you no other choice
There's no bed to quit in when the bombs rain down

Oh, land so sweet, shrunken like a raisin dried in sun
The bruise on a Granny Smith
Teeth marks so deep you can see them a cosmo away
When mouth bites that bullet because what else was there to eat?
There's no meal to pray over when the bombs rain down
Because loss coats your life like lips lined with grease

Oil dripping in to our palms
Tin fingers slicked to sign the artillery

When you squint at the sky and catch our
names
There's no time to read them when the
bombs rain down

When her children are 10 years older now
Carrying cameras that freeze your bullets
Labeled heroes without ever holding a gun
When they refuse to be forgotten, left on
mute in our living rooms
But you can't mute the sound of the bombs
raining down

No you can't mute the sound of the bombs
raining down



Aviso by Nailea Llamas

The day you were born,
I looked at the nurse
and yelled,
"look, she has brown skin like me!"





Mi Niñez, Sanando las Heridas
By Rafael Revolorio

Mi gente son Quetzalteca at lunch
Con sal y limón
Eating frijoles licuados
As the sweet, polluted, gasoline smell triggers nostalgia

Nuestras almas are fogatas
Listening to Kin Lalat and Canto General
While the stories de la Unidad Revolucionaria Nacional Guatemalteca
Travel through the smoke, always
Fighting for liberación

My Abuelita was Guatemala
Flying free as a Quetzal
Tan fuerte, sobreviviendo y soportando
Todos los demás, Migrating
From América to gringolandia

Mi familia playing mano taso
Todos cerotes, laughing
As stupid jokes echo
Like Lola singing through la casa de la abuelita

My people smile like the sweet mosh
And we savor our memories
Like atole blanco at the corner
Con un poquitito de sal

Mi familia y comunidad es compleja
Like El Petén
A balanced ecosystem
Strong enough to survive
Colonization, scorched earth, and forced displacement

Mi comunidad camina a través las llamas
We have been burned, and scarred
Time and time again
Sólo cicatrices quedan
But we continue, through the flames
As we refuse to burn into ceniza
Adelante y con ganas.



La marea de la vida
By Jennifer Abrego-Ruiz

*En el fondo
Las lágrimas se desbordan
La gravedad las llama
Al transcurso del tiempo
El río engrandece
La tristeza prevalece
Un gris en la superficie
Un azul marino en el interior
Y una oscura realidad en la profundidad
Las dudas en olas se transforman
Y luego en montones nos ahogan
Cuando las nubes y los diluvios resurgen*

*El sol y la brisa nos reviven
Esos sentimientos frustrados
Nos convencen de que el tormen-
to no se irá de nuestro lado
Pero esa pesadilla no es eterna
Cambios espontáneos brindan
luz en un instante
Radían en resplandor de una
nueva visión
El proceso es arduo
Pero todo resulta como fue desti-
nado
Olvidamos el torrente
Al reconocer la belleza de lo com-
plejo
Y en un abrir y cerrar de ojos
Por fin vemos y entendemos cada
momento*

See Red by Diana Pedraza

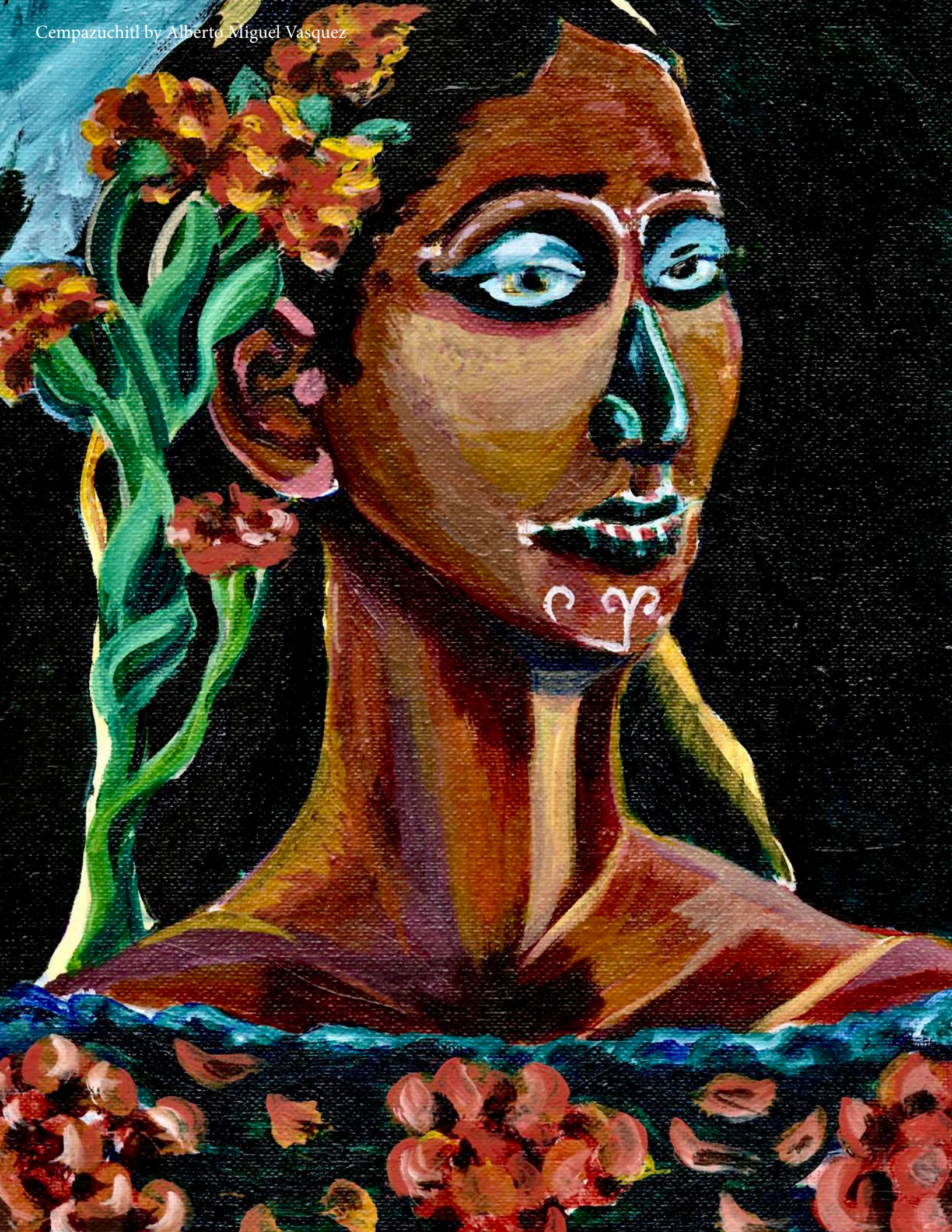
*red is love red is passion red is saturated red is alluring red is seductive
red is potent, red is penetrating red is lingering red is infinite
red is none other than itself, red is vibrant
red is captivating red is undiluted red is itself to its fullest capacity,
red is capacious red is selective
red is culture red is the Mexican flag red is cultivated
red is undimmed unfaltering, red is profound
red is pain red is resistance red is rage red is blinding red is power
red is demanding
red is striking red is coursing through our veins
red is bleeding all over Palestine
red is bleeding for green
and it's drawn by America
red is drawn on the American flag**



Hasta La Muerte by Jennifer Duran



Cempazuchitl by Alberto Miguel Vasquez





Tonantzin Coatlicue by Alberto Miguel Vasquez

PALESTINA LIBRE



By Andi Silva



FREE PALESTINE



by Keiko Utsumi

THE US WAGES A WAR ON TRUTH BUT THE PEOPLE
SEE THE GENOCIDE FUNDED BY THEIR LIES

Luna Roja

By Hayley Sanchez

Luna Roja
Mi madre luna

Tus rayos me alumbren y me recuerdan de qué cerca estamos aunque estemos
miles de millas del calor de nuestros cuerpos

De tus olas de pechos tomará tu leche de sangre

Sangre llena de las historias de todas las mujeres de mi linaje

que corren por mis venas y últimamente se unen en mi útero

Un lugar con caderas para consolar cualquier preocupación

Un lugar que con tus fases mensual

me llevas en un viaje emocional de conocimiento de mi ser

Me visitas y compartes conmigo sabiduría

Sabiduría que llevo dentro de mi

Rojo

Cómo nuestra hermandad y sus trenzas de pelo que reflejan las
células rojas abrazadas con fuerza

que bailan y gallopean por mi cuerpo
que no mano de hombre puede separar

Rojo

Cómo el amor que fluye dentro y fuera de mi
palpitando sin parar
dando y recibiendo

un ciclo nunca parando siempre compartiendo con mi familia,
amistades, amores, la naturaleza, y yo misma

Rojo

Cómo la fruta quien Eve comió y quien decidió cómo su imagen
se va ver por todos,

una mujer sucia, egoísta, mala
una imagen creada por el hombre

quien siempre pintaran la mujer de rojo, al contrario ellos se
pintan de blancos

Una hoja blanca que se tiran encima de sus manos rojos

Un color,

Rojo

Como el femicidio,

Las manos de mi gobierno,

La Cabezas,

brazos,

piernas,

dientes,

Rojo,

pechos,

órganos

Rojo

cintura,

cuello,

y Vagina,

de mis hermanas

Quien las miles de mujeres que son tus hijas han
fermentado en este cuerpo de sangre y agua

Luna tú fuiste testigo de todo lo
que ha pasado

y por eso te llamo luna roja
porque estás llena de todo lo rojo de
este mundo

y

tus rayos gotean sangre.

Letter to the Free World from November 2024

– Keiko Utsumi

White phosphorus rains down

A gradual descent of inescapable terror Full body burns

Death from the sky

What is understood about the world when living people
don't look alive anymore? Skin turned gray marked by ash
that won't scrub o

A permanent residue of dry concrete pasting neighbors'
screams inside of mouth, tongue, throat

So that when one tries to speak a full voice,

The breadth of their humanity cannot be released into air,
Besides a heave of dust.

And when the state has been committing a centuries-long
process of breaking the human soul?

Eyes stunned an unintelligible expression of horror

While the body knows too well the depth of the violence
committed onto them, Mind searching, for who will truly
help us?

Will you?

Still, the unwavering answer is their own people,

Whose faith stays steadfast through missiles and debris,

Whose hands continue to bake bread through scarcity,

Whose voices shout high above nuclear sediment and
smoke, Whose souls remain rooted in what they know
to be the homeland.

While we watch the clouds go by, more souls transcend to reach heaven in the sky.

They pass through us, saying:

IT'S TIME FOR THE FREE WORLD TO SACRIFICE THEIR SO-CALLED FREEDOMS
FOR GENUINE LIBERATION

Meanwhile the free world frolics and refrains,
Nervous of the repercussions of too much or too hasty
action. The free world doesn't realize that they are not
free,
or that freedom is not earned—it's produced by
violence.

But the billowing clouds of white are so beautiful to
play under.

Does the free world know that even clouds are not free
anymore?

Even clouds of white can be produced by
malicious hands

to bring about the deaths of thousands with intent to
bury their pains, traumas,

Their histories, resistance, love, legacies, lives
Under rubble.

The people must understand, from experience:

Across prisons of torture, displacement, poverty,
scarcity,

the state consolidates power into the hands of a few
Through the subjugation of the masses.

POWER TO
THE PEOPLE



“Friday Morning” By Amber Khan

my mother pleaded with me
tears in her eyes

“don’t engage, they’re targeting us”
“please stay safe.”

i didn’t have the heart to tell her
that no matter how much they target us
i will never stop fighting for my brothers and sisters

from the river to the sea

i will never stop fighting for you to be free

FREE

By Camilo Arvizu





Complicity Kills by
Farah Garcia

We are cursing ourselves. The violence, pain, brutalization of the flesh, bodies who have been loved, fed, warmed and hurt, bodies who have had the horrific fault of being born in a nation that was made illegitimate by the standards of colonialism, capitalism and white supremacy. The earth is magnificent and precisely balanced, for each dam we build a flood will sprawl, for each child we kill, the burden will curse us all. It is impossible to escape the repercussions of such unregulated and unjustified violence. Any perspective of religion or spirituality acknowledges the connectedness of society, the very notion of society maintains that we live together, rely on each other and will be affected by each others good and bad doings, I take it one step clearer with the notion of In Lak'echi'ala k'in, you are my other self, I am you, you are me. Across the world, in the safety of our homes, with food in our stomachs and busy tasks cluttering our minds, it is still true that they are you and you are them. Your silence isn't justified. Your comfort isn't excused. It is a disgrace that the US participates in these actions of violence and disruption in the name of liberty and democracy. Let us remember, the nation was born in fallacy and brutality, the individuals who came here and came to power lived in a world that demanded brutality, short sided ethics, false narration of history and the neglect of their own humanity. From that point forward, this weak foundation has been exploited by extremism, capitalism, fearful religious zeal, opportunistic economic development and white supremacy. A revolution is coming, faster than leaders say it will and faster than you think. We will not maintain this world order. There is no long term plan to the violence, it simply perpetuates itself, weaponizing the incompetence of our democracy and entities to make you feel less empowered and to capitalize on war, exploitation of nature's resources, peoples and knowledge. Science and technology do not have to be founded and aided by war. School does not have to be an uneventful chore that is unengaging and disunified. Clothing doesn't have to be in sweatshops by the hands of unprotected people with materials that will outlive 7 generations. Your comfort and rest doesn't have to be at the cost of millions of human beings suffering, extinction of animals, loss of habitats, or spiritual death. Neutrality, passivity and the legitimization of the colonial neo liberal framework will ensure the continuation of this sad and cursed reality.

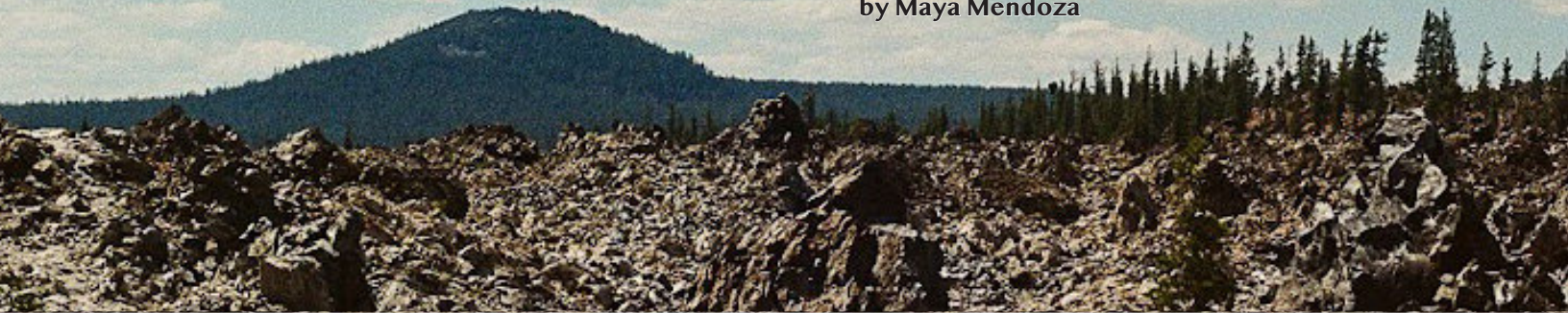
By Maya Mendoza



Xoxhipilli y Xochiquetzal
by Camilo Arvizu

I feel like they could find our bodies immortalized,
wrapped together so intricate fitting
every crevice,
space and mound of our flesh,
our warmth matching each others,
our breathe dancing above our heads
Immortalized because these shapes are infinite,
made by millions of bodies throughout time,
children by the stream, teenagers in love,
comrades and friends,
our ancestors
and the ones who have yet to come,
peacefully residing with their bodies of love,
intertwined, unending comfort, a place, a feeling,
a sensation that is so sweet it begs to be eternal,
so as little beings continue, we find love

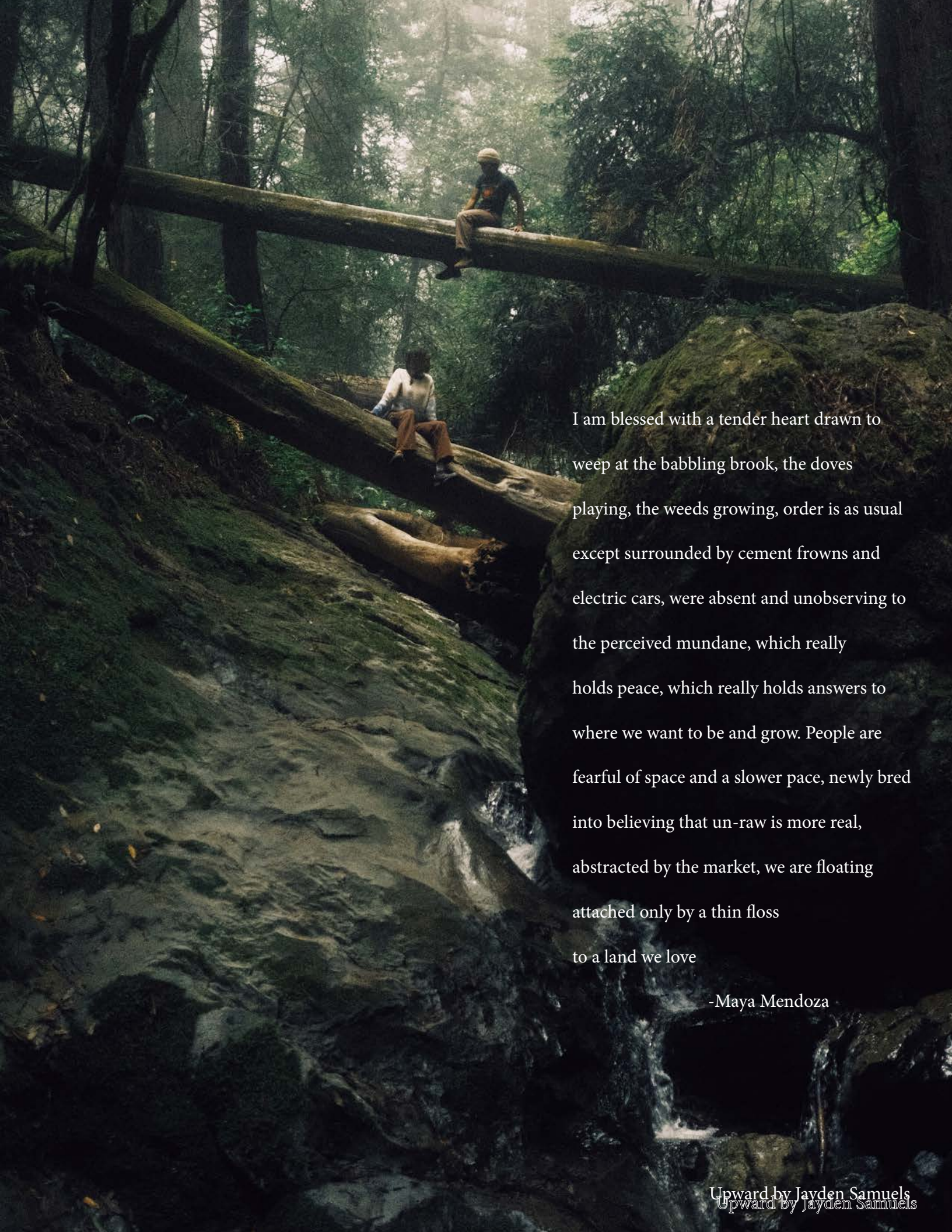
by Maya Mendoza



By Emily Blanco



Before Mango Skin's Surrender
to Rust by Britney Tran



I am blessed with a tender heart drawn to
weep at the babbling brook, the doves
playing, the weeds growing, order is as usual
except surrounded by cement frowns and
electric cars, were absent and unobserving to
the perceived mundane, which really
holds peace, which really holds answers to
where we want to be and grow. People are
fearful of space and a slower pace, newly bred
into believing that un-raw is more real,
abstracted by the market, we are floating
attached only by a thin floss
to a land we love

-Maya Mendoza

Soft, pendulum eyes
tremble back and forth
between his baby's
cries. He whispers:

"This is my first time living, too."



7 4'03

Our parents had dreams too
He tells me envisions himself walking to class with his backpack on, chest
puffed out, and head held high
He feels joy seeing students on campus
“Los niñitos” he calls them
“Que hubiera estudiado si iba a esta escuela?”
“Ley, para decirle sus verdades a los jueces sin miedo,”
“Y más para los derechos de los humanos.”
“Es más, para ser un abogado de inmigración y traer a todos y decirles vengase
a trabajar !”
He reminds me of my dad
And it makes me question if I ever asked him his dreams when he was on earth
What he envisioned his life to be like
I start to think about my mom too
If those metal boards that create a border between Tijuana and San Diego
didn't confine her
If my mom were able to come and go as she pleases
Go to whatever school or place in the world
What would her dreams look like?

Our Parents Had Dreams Too by Vanessa Duarte





Farmers of Society by Sara Margarita Razo



I am the seed that will become a fruit, that will nourish;
my farmer,
my loved ones,
my close ones,
my community,
my world around me.

Eventually.

Till then, I must be fed knowledge. Knowledge that stems from love
and honesty. One that comes from trials and errors and is now tried
and true.

Actually.

Although I am that seed still, not just yet ready nor ripped, I still am a
fruit. I am a fruit of hope,
of vision,
of potential,
of resilience, of the impossible becoming possible.
of the impossible becoming the possible.

Farmers of knowledge who are actually committed to the task of growing good fruits know this.
They know we nourish the world and so they take care of me and in other ways I take care of
them.

And we all take care of each other so that we bring positive changes and simple pleasures to this
life on Earth

Sincerely.

We really all are farmers and fruits of the future.

We are life and we are life producers, the seeds, and the fruits, and the farmers.

We are sacred. We matter. And we must be treated with the honor and love that we deserve.

With this being said,
let there be no banned books,
let there be no academic segregation
let there be no mishandling of information.

Instead

let there be discovery, let there be equity, let there be unity.

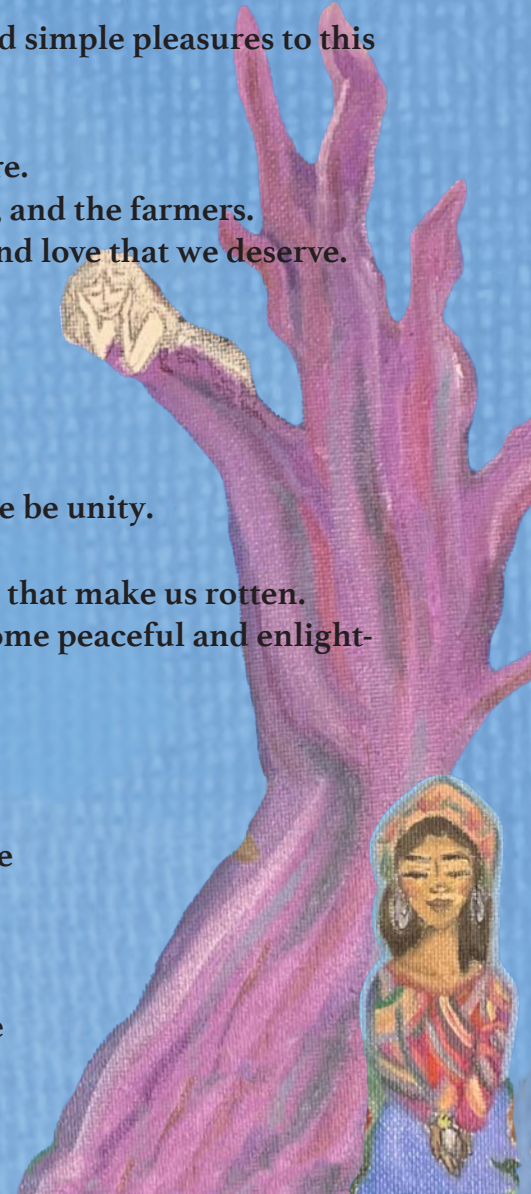
Let education empower us and break us free.

Let education liberate us from the pesticides society drowns us in that make us rotten.
Makes us hate ourselves, our neighbors, and stunts our growth to become peaceful and enlight-
ened.

Divine and guilty free.

A society that's healthy and sweet because
the farmers farm seeds that produce
good fruits and the fruits nourish the farmer
allows them to farm the land.

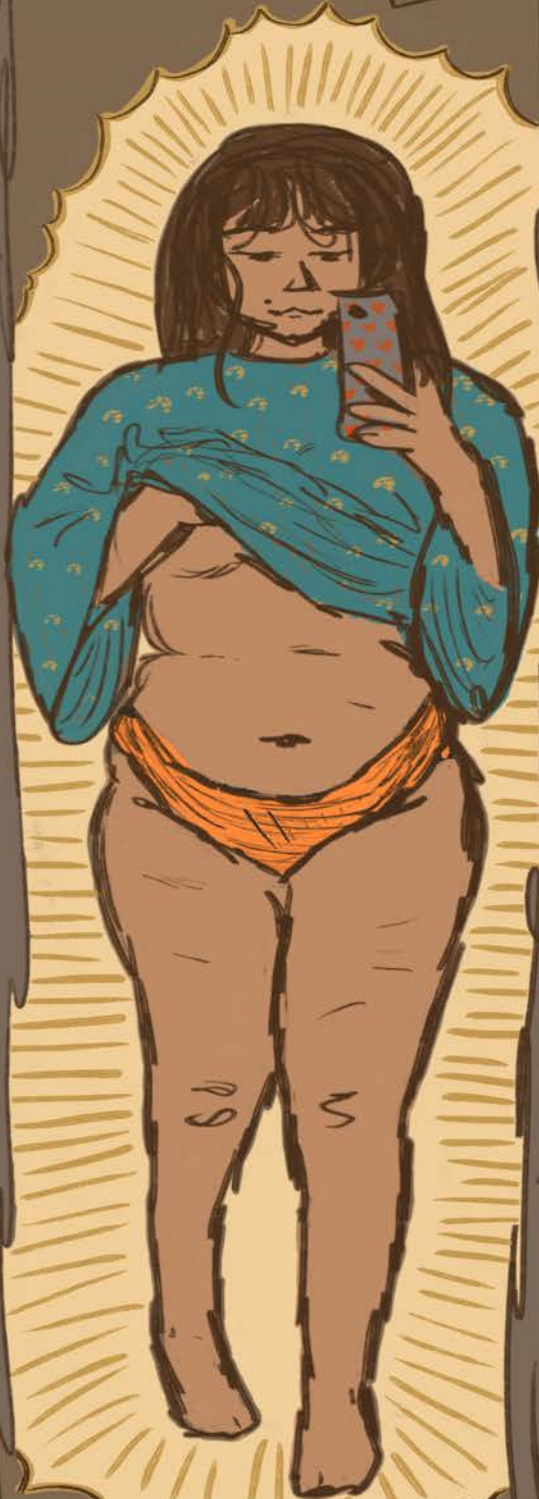
Big shout out to those who educate from a place
of love and hope. Big shout out to those who
build on and continue this work.







ni santa ni puta



solo mujer

TWANAS x MECHA POETRY NIGHT

I'VE BEEN SUCKING IN MY GUT SINCE 2009
WHEN MY MOM TAUGHT ME HOW TO HIDE
MY LIL TUMMY

A BELLY FULL OF WHITE RICE AND PISUPA
WITH BOILED BOK CHOY

MY FAVORITES

GRANDMA LOVES HER BABIES AND HER
FIRST LANGUAGE IS SAMOAN BUT HER
SECOND IS ~~MAKING~~ MAKING HER BABIES HAPPY
AND KEEPING THEM FULL

I'VE BEEN SUCKING IN MY GUT SINCE 2009
BUT I DESERVE A LIL TREAT
BECAUSE MY DAY WAS LONG AND I WOKE
UP FEELING LIKE MY CHEST WAS HEAVY
+ WEIGHED ME DOWN

PINNING ME TO MY MATTRESS

BUT I ROLLED OUT ANYWAY + MANAGED TO TIE
MY HAIR UP IN A BUN + HANDLED BUSINESS

I BEEN SUCKING IN MY GUT SINCE 2009
I THINK YOU CAN HEAR IT WHEN I SPEAK
COS MY WORDS COME FROM MY CHEST
BUT WHEN I SING

MY VOICE COMES OUT OF MY STOMACH
AND BOUNCES FROM EACH CORNER
OF THE ROOM

By Laila Satele

Despierta by Jenn Abrego Ruiz

El sol abraza mi ser cada mañana
Destellos brillan en mi piel dorada
Color como la canela
Canela, dulce, y picante
Yo guardo un amor y un coraje endulzante
Esa fusión es la combinación que enciende mi
llama

Llama que corre vena por vena
Y alimenta la sed de venganza
Es una advertencia
La resistencia no se apaga
Ella está despierta
Esa llamarada que brilla dentro de mí
Es la chispa que también está en tu interior
Generación tras generación
Hay frustración y desolación
¡Ya no más!

Come el fruto de la sabiduría
Que se enrojezca tu alma
Ve la verde naturaleza de cada alma
El amanecer se acerca
¡Despierta!

Ojos abiertos
Voces gritando
Obstáculos derribando
Palomas volando
Cultivando los olivos en corazones
desconectados
Aunque el sol se esconda al final de cada día
La luna alumbrará la noche oscura
Al igual que nuestra mirada
Me acordaré de ti
Esa es mi promesa

Liberación en el camino
Y justicia en un futuro cercano
Por lo tanto,
¡Despierta!
El amanecer se acerca

In Lak'ech Ala k'in
Tu eres mi Otro Yo
You Are My Other Me



By Amaya Jade Rosas

Prayers For Her by Melina Ramos

I sinned late last night

Forgive me father, it was just a taste

She never took her eyes off me

She looked and saw in - not with lust or perversion

Not like with my men,

She took me

in, even

afterwards

She was soft, and I coarse, scarred even

Though she never poked or prodded me,

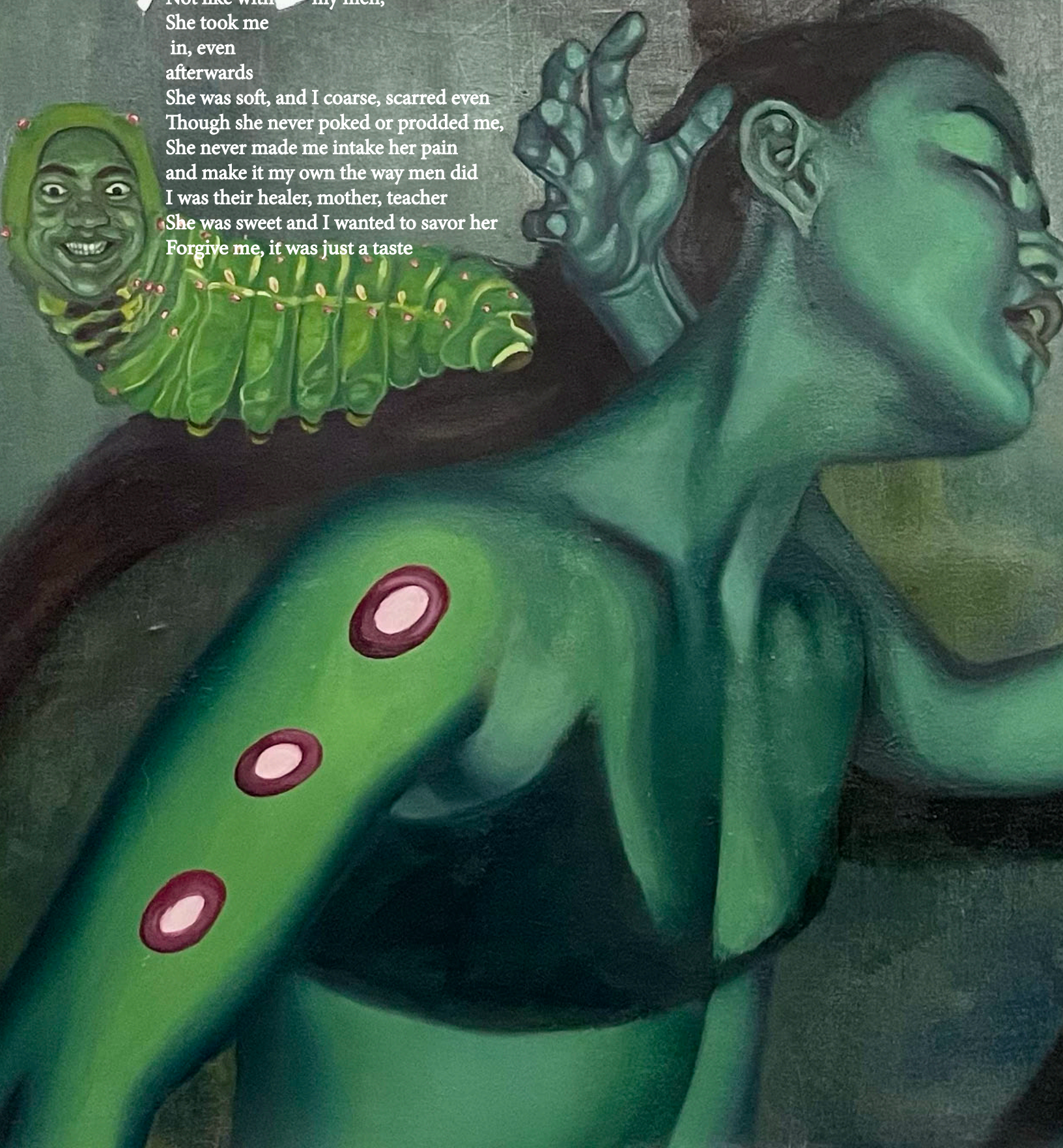
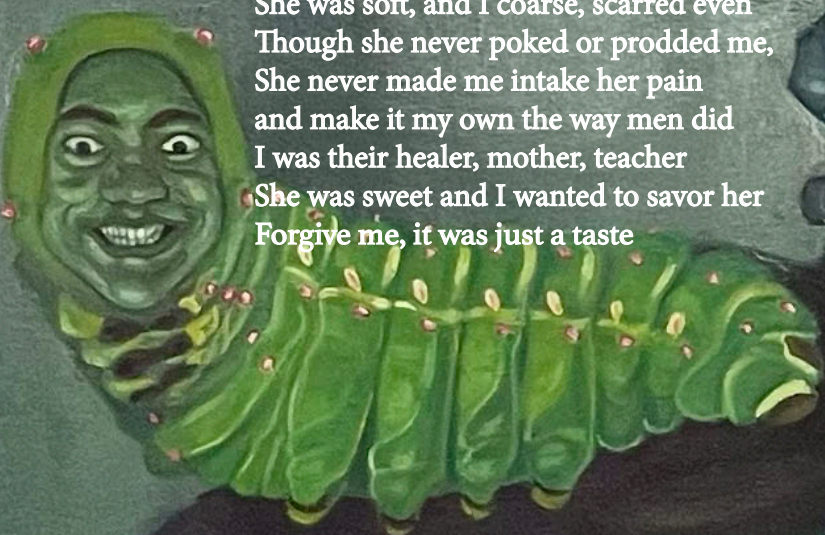
She never made me intake her pain

and make it my own the way men did

I was their healer, mother, teacher

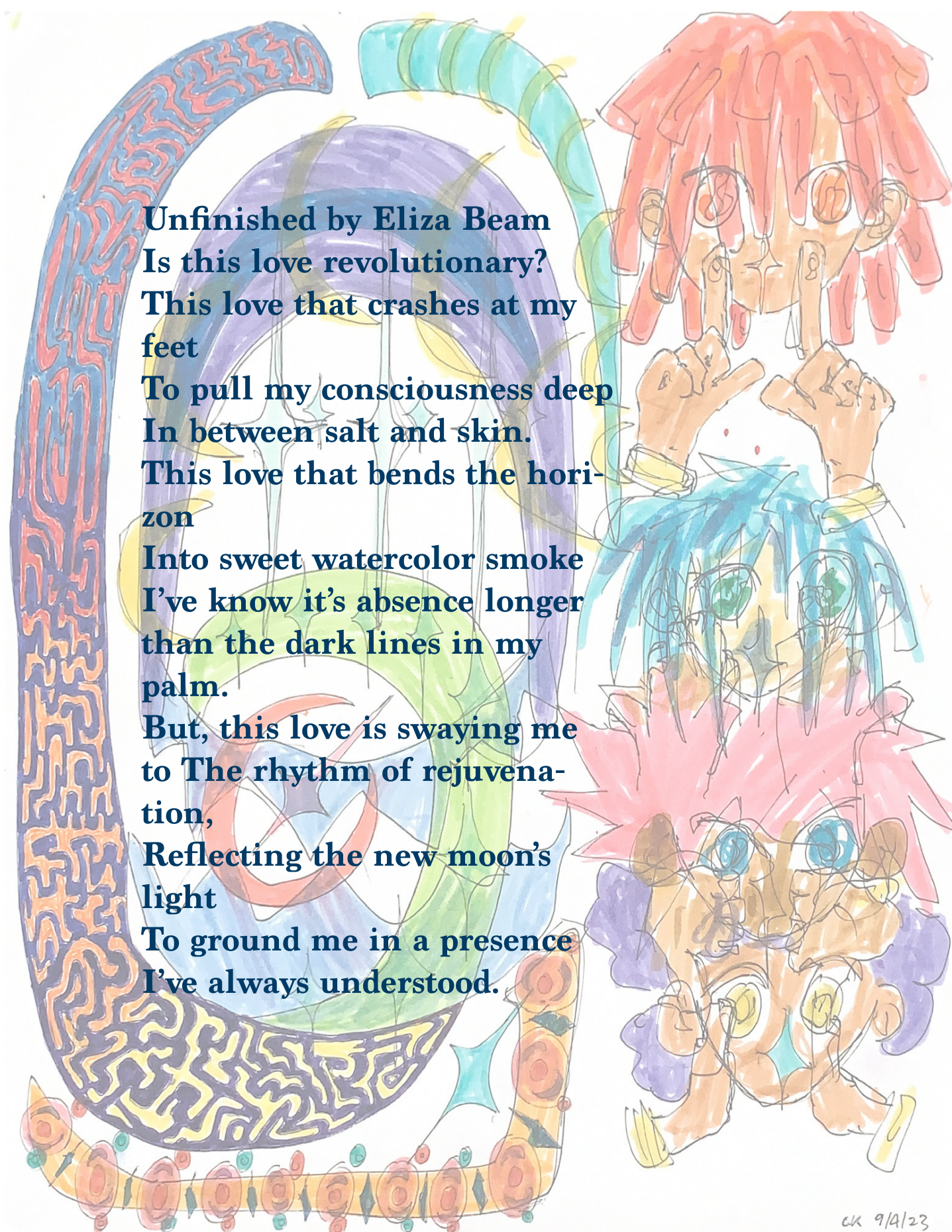
She was sweet and I wanted to savor her

Forgive me, it was just a taste





Is my fate determined now, father?
Am I to wait for my time of damnation and anguish to come?
All she did was trace my face with her fingers, I swear
She held out her hand to the small girl
Who spent childhood on her knees
During mass and Friday night youth groups
The girl who spent her nights
Praying for it to go away
The perverse notions
That would keep
her
from
salvation
Forgive me, it was just a taste
I won't pray tonight except for her to move closer
I have sinned but I've met salvation
And I can still hear her name ringing in my ears



Unfinished by Eliza Beam
Is this love revolutionary?
This love that crashes at my
feet
To pull my consciousness deep
In between salt and skin.
This love that bends the hori-
zon
Into sweet watercolor smoke
I've know it's absence longer
than the dark lines in my
palm.
But, this love is swaying me
to The rhythm of rejuvena-
tion,
Reflecting the new moon's
light
To ground me in a presence
I've always understood.

ck 9/4/23

Subpoetic Joy by Christopher Knight



By Kelaia Acevedo





Vanity of an Indigiqueer
by Ezekiel Salazar





LOVE AND TRUST THE CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE

by Love Child Bliss

As a child, you are much more in tune with the spirit, with divine energy, because you are closer to the source. Being younger comes with a certain privileged consciousness, one that sees through the oppressive socializations adults become conditioned to and reproduce. Instead, the child sees purity. There is a certain power to childhood in this way. It is no wonder the child is so oppressed in our society; she is constantly outspoken, constantly questioning, constantly threatening the basic structures of the status quo. If children possess such power, just imagine if adults fostered environments of safety, love, and nurture for children to thrive and grow. Like a seed, the optimal conditions of love and care produce the healthiest and strongest growth of life. Our children are seeds, and we must harvest them with the care they deserve; the love they deserve; the love and care our world deserves.

While the child is a being who exists in an adolescent body, from birth to death, we will always be *the children*.

In Loving Our Children
We Love Ourselves
We Love Each Other
We Love Earth Mother
When we Fight for Freedom
We Fight for Love
We Fight for Our Earth

For our Mother and her Children
and our Children

And Children's Children
But together we are One
We are all
The Children
And one day
We the Children
Of Love and Of the Stars
Will be brighter than ever
In love with Love and In Love with
Life
And we will rejoice in embracing
Each other's warmth and Light
Hugging and holding hands
The Hands That Hold the Future
Of our Earth
Of our land
Of the Children
Of human
The Future of Love is
The future *The Children* plan
The Future of Love is
The Future We Must Demand





The Lantern

I am standing in a circle of students
shoulder to shoulder, fed and sus-
tained from the same garden.
We are heaving through the same set
of lungs,
raising our bodies up against men in
suits and their machines of destruc-
tion.
We are swollen with grief and indirc-
tion, Tasked with raking up the pieces.
The times are trying, we say. The times
are trying
to expose bones we've built empires
over, Trying to say:
Do not turn this page of history.
Look, we are not fragile creatures in
this sphere of hurt. We slither, scale,
and swim through the rising tides.
Storms are brewing across seven seas,
Fires are starting in every corner of the
world,
A billion minds of angels are bent
upon the beast,
We have been here before. We have
been here before.
We will walk through this cavernous
open mouth together, Palestine, hold-
ing the lantern. Us, holding hands.

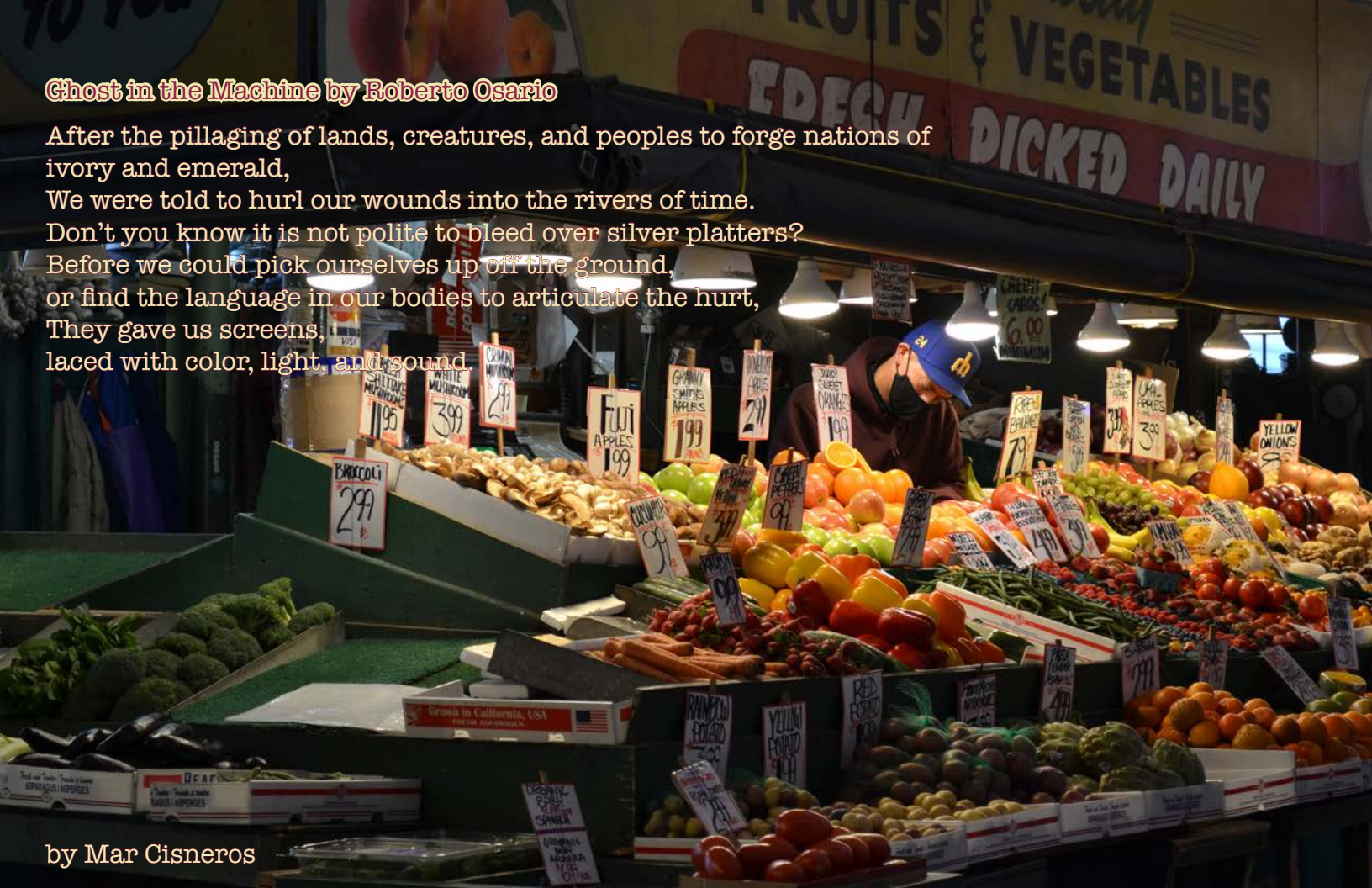
By Roberto Osorio



Quetzaqol by Camilo Arvizu

Ghost in the Machine by Roberto Osario

After the pillaging of lands, creatures, and peoples to forge nations of
ivory and emerald,
We were told to hurl our wounds into the rivers of time.
Don't you know it is not polite to bleed over silver platters?
Before we could pick ourselves up off the ground,
or find the language in our bodies to articulate the hurt,
They gave us screens,
laced with color, light, and sound.



by Mar Cisneros



I can speak with Tia Berta who is a country away,
or watch a New Yorker command a flock of pigeons,
I can experience my whole life plugged into fifteen minutes,
having cursed, laughed, and juiced it all out six videos.
China, take my left eye. America, take my right. Nothing
has ever belonged to me.

Hecho en Centroamnericana
by Farah Garcia

I have no time for the revolution, Virgencita. I am pregnant
with yawning, Tell my people I will be there tomorrow, or
the day after that.
My life has snuck into the night, ghost in the machine,
envelopes on the counter, Pa through the wringer.
I will face it tomorrow. I will face it tomorrow.

La Virgencita by Farah Garcia

Numero Uno.OX.CA by Amaya Rosas

by Emily Blanco





By Zoe Ly Sen

THE JAPANESE INTERNMENT MANIFESTO

by Mika Enomoto-McLain

1942-1946

Following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the American government assumed all Japanese people residing in the states were a threat, and had to be dealt with

Much of the public support was influenced by overtly racist newspapers and cartoons that were widely popular and came from the likes of creators such as the well known Dr. Seuss

most of those who
were incarcerated
were U.S. Citizens

“One drop rule”

Originating from the American South, anyone with “one drop of Japanese blood” was considered valid to be subject to internment

“Anyone who was at least 1/16th Japanese was removed from their homes, including some 17,000 children under the age of 10”

“A viper is nonetheless a viper wherever the egg is hatched”

Executive Order 9066

Issued by FDR, this order allowed for the “forced removal of all people deemed as a threat to national security from the west coast [to relocation centers] further inland” whether it was justified or not

10 total camps
and approximately

120,000
total residents

These people (who did nothing wrong) lived in “uninsulated barracks furnished only with cots and coal-burning stoves.”

They used disgusting bathrooms that were shared by many residents,

The children who “played” outside were forced to see themselves held within a barbed wire fence

In 1998, President Ronald Reagan signed into law the Civil Liberties Act of 1988 which officially apologized for the incarceration on behalf of the U.S. government and authorized a payment of \$20,000 to each former detainee who was still alive when the act was passed.” BUT THAT’S NOT ENOUGH

“A
Jap’s
A
Jap.”

These innocent American citizens of Japanese descent

- were scarred for life
- were injured and potentially killed
- lived and were treated horribly
- lost basic human rights
- and so much more

Camp residents lost some \$400 million in property during their incarceration

This catastrophe ingrained unfair
stigmas against people of Japanese
descent within the United States

RUINED
MANY
LIVES

many current Japanese people within the United States
still suffer today from unjust racism and hate
directly caused by the internment

I in 3 US Asians/Pacific Islanders
faced racial abuse this year (2021)

51%
“believe racism is an
‘extremely’
or ‘very serious’
problem in the U.S.”

most Japanese-Americans, including myself, have suffered some sort of
discrimination based on our race in our lifetimes, it’s disgusting.

Let’s Do Something Now.



You Are Doing Your Best, And That You Can ~~Get~~ ^{Stay}

Welcome To The

Everyone is welcomed here!

COVE

UCSC's Harm Reduction and Recovery Community

FREE PASS FREE PASS FREE PASS FREE PASS FREE PASS FREE PASS FREE PASS

Narcotics

Coffee/Tea

Food Pantry

Massage Chair

Clothes

Printing

YOU BELONG HERE!!

COME INSIDE AND ASK FOR A TOUR!!

The Cove by Ange Contreras

Harm reduction is an act of resistance and reclaiming. It originated during the Aids epidemic when Queer folk faced extreme discrimination, and fear-mongering created controlling images. As a queer Latine who grew up in South Central L.A, I have experienced and witnessed substances become coping mechanisms against systemic oppression rooted in colonization and racism. Harm reduction is a powerful tool for my community, yet due to the stigmatization of substances and those who seek recovery, it can be overlooked. Throughout my K-12 schooling, the only education provided regarding substance use was the D.A.R.E pledge that never addressed systemic oppressions and instead created more dehumanizing rhetoric towards QTBI-POC communities. The wonder of harm reduction and recovery communities is the collective community that comes together to fight against marginalization.

As I entered 4 years of higher education. I spiraled during my first year, yearning for connection. I did not fit in a white-centric university and realized my substance-related coping mechanisms were the only thing helping me find a connection. As I embarked into my second year, I went to a health center appointment where the physician pressured me to quit and told me I should go to The Cove. Although I was a bit put off because of the way the doctor was pressuring me, I still ended up going to The Cove. That was the day my life was honestly saved. I found my chosen family at The Cove and other QTBIPOC students dealing with similar experiences. That's the beauty of The Cove because it helps destigmatize and stop boxing experiences around recovery.

The Cove is UCSC's harm reduction and recovery safe space open to all students. Its primary mission is to destigmatize all forms of recovery, harm-reduction practices, and substance-free life styles. Everyone's pathways are different and are supported equally. The Cove is run by students for students. Well, except for Jorge, The Cove's Harm reduction and recovery specialist, personally one of the biggest supporters.

Our space and community events are substance free and are centered in mental health and well-being. The Cove currently lives and breathes at Cowell, located right next to Cowell provost house and the east field. Its outer exciter protection shell is a brown module trailer. Many students passively walk by, never noticing or questioning its existence. I wonder if The Coves' energy is ever felt outside to passing students. If only they knew the love and warmth inside La Cueva.

TWANAS THIRD WORLD PRESS AT UCSC: IT'S ORIGINS AND LEGACY

By A. Bravo in memory of Miguel "Maico" Korzeniewicz

TWANAS co-founder, Alliance of Latin American Students, Merrill alumni, Sociologist

What follows is my recollection of events that led to creation of TWANAS Third World Press, a publication launched at UC Santa Cruz in 1979. It's important to note here that the name we chose is also the banner for the academic demands for the inclusion of curricula dedicated to Third World and Native American Studies. We simply adopted the acronym for the publication and our identity as a media collective.

In the Fall of 1978 I transferred from De Anza College with a major in Anthropology and Latin American Studies. I was originally a resident at Cowell College but soon found myself feeling alone and depressed. I knew I didn't want to be there.

Immediately after the 1st quarter I migrated up the hill to Merrill College looking for something more inspiring. It was a "hot bed of insurrection" as I was told by friends who lived in the dorms at Merrill. It was there that I joined other students organizing around the travesty in Central America, apartheid in South Africa and struggles elsewhere. Not long after, I joined the fight against The City on the Hill, the mainstream campus newspaper, and the Administration.

According to TWANAS co-founder Elle Mariko, "Third World students (as we called ourselves back then), got wind that the City on the Hill got funding from the University to publish a pullout section featuring issues facing people of color".

"They were going to run with it even though the City had no people of color on their staff. We got together with people from the Native American Student Alliance, Asian American Student Alliance, Black Student Alliance, MECHA, a cadre of Latin American students (Mexico, Chile, Argentina, Puerto Rico, et al) and other organizations. We confronted the people at City on the Hill. They backed out and gave us the money to do our own paper." Hence, the name and acronym of TWANAS was adopted for our media collective as we moved on from these negotiations.

The historical backdrop for TWANAS demands for Third World Studies came in the previous decade. The demand for the creation of a "relevant curriculum" on California campuses came to a head during the conservative Reagan era in California politics. The "blood bath" ensued under Reagan's administration who sent in the National Guard to smash student protests at San Francisco State University. Who can forget S.I. Hayakawa, (Reagan's puppet) who was serving as the president at SF State?

The struggle originated at SF State with the Black Student Union joining forces with the Third World Liberation Front demanding reforms. The fire had been lit. Similar demands quickly spread to Berkeley and across the country. That period ended with many people being hurt and the system making many false promises to quell the demonstrations. UCSC was no exception.

The TWANAS you inherited came on the heels of 1960's anti-war and civil rights movements. In the 1970's TWANAS joined the fight to make critical changes to the curricula. The UCSC I experienced in the late 1970's was highly critical of mainstream western academia and we demanded reform and empowerment. Be it known that TWANAS was a radical publication seeking to link domestic and world struggle into the mainstream curricula.

Our struggle at UCSC came as a necessary response to the social and academic alienation we experienced as students of color on campus. Nothing new there. Whatever beauty and serenity the campus exuded with its redwood forest, rolling hills and beaches, a deep divide was evident as we made our way through the rigors of academia. Some did better than others but we all understood that to raise our fist and scream our demands was not enough. The fact that the University would fund a supplemental publication within the mainstream campus media was a slap in the face to us. It was, however, the catalyst for TWANAS and the coalition building we did for those few years while we were there.

The creation of TWANAS Press-UCSC for organizing and the dissemination of ideas was the way to go. We had to organize as broadly as possible to be inclusive and to make the changes we needed.

The TWANAS media collective was composed of students from across campus mostly from Merrill and Oakes where the majority of students of color resided. TWANAS attracted students from all ethnic and academic backgrounds. Merrill students were mostly Chicano students, myself included, and those from Latin America under the banner of ALAS (Alliance of Latin American students). Oakes students were heavily science majors composed of African Americans, Chicanos and a mix of Asian American students. Other groups included politically progressive white students, secular Jewish students and some "New Left" and Labor Studies people.

The consensus was overwhelming to support the creation of a curriculum that focused on Third World and Native American Studies. At a critical moment in the demands against the administration we began a hunger strike lasting several days and took over the Chancellor's office at McHenry Hall. We camped outside and took hits from water balloons in the middle of the night from those opposed to our activism. After a week, the administration agreed to our demands. I'm not sure if it was out of concern for the hunger strikers well-being or because of negative media coverage. Either way, that gesture ended the hunger strike and we began a series of meetings with then Chancellor Sinsheimer. I believe this negatively impacted the longevity of the struggle. Was this strategic on the administration's part?

The TWANAS coalition demanded the retention and the recruitment of minority faculty and students at UCSC. We rallied around Ed Castillo, the only Native American professor on campus, who's position was in the cross hairs for elimination.

Our very first issue published on November 27, 1979 (Vol 1, Issue 1) was headlined "Our Struggle, Putting the Pieces Together." The TWANAS publication examined domestic and international struggles and provided analysis for the campus community. Ell Mariko remembers that "...we ran articles on Geronimo Pratt and Leonard Peltier, both AIM activists unjustly incarcerated" to inform our peers. We also demanded the creation of Ethnic Studies and a campus graduation requirement of a Third World Core course for each college."

All of the published issues of TWANAS and supporting documents were donated to the McHenry Library archives. You can find everything you need there to figure out exactly what happened and why.

As time passed we published one issue per quarter over the three years I was there. I believe we also published a special edition or two. Our collective collaborated with other organizations on campus and joined in the fight against apartheid in South Africa, the call to make Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday, redress and reparations for Japanese Americans interned into concentration camps during WWII, opposed US intervention in Central and South America and the Middle East, advocated for farmworker rights, and fought against racism at home and abroad. We were generally opposed to wars of intervention for oil and mineral exploitation in countries populated by poor and marginalized peoples.

We also supported "gay rights" as it was called back then and called for tenure for Nancy Shaw, a popular Community Studies professor. From the beginning we were very inclusive and that was our strength" says Elle Mariko.

Our experience working with each other as people of color and others was our "intersectional experience" before I understood it was a theoretical construct delineating our commonality of struggle. Still, to this day the lessons learned are more relevant than ever. In fact some of what we experienced sometimes isn't appreciated until decades later. The fact that the current incarnation of TWANAS exists 40 plus years after we started it blows my mind. I am so proud of what we accomplished back then and even more proud of what you young people are doing today.

The struggles that TWANAS took up have yet to be fully realized at UCSC and elsewhere. In fact, to this day defending Ethnic Studies is still an uphill battle. The current right wing attack against Critical Race Theory is just the latest manifestation of the need for a true history of the USA with all of its sins!

A recent petition called the "SCC Ethnic Studies Initiative" is being circulated in Santa Clara County (2022). "The project is fully aligned with the new Ethnic Studies requirement in the California State University system and supports teachers to better prepare their students for college success." According to the SCC Ethnic Studies Coalition, right wing activists are organizing to attack the initiative in Santa Clara County. People are encouraged to sign the petition in support of the initiative and fend off this orchestrated right wing attack. (SCC Ethnic Studies Coalition- @sanjose_strong)

For more information or to sign the petition contact: sccethnicstudies@gmail.com
<https://tinyurl.com/DefendSCCEthnicStudies>

The TWANAS of the 1970's was a radical publication with the goal of disseminating critical information of peoples struggles at home and abroad because we knew that knowledge is power. The TWANAS of today is slightly different in format but just as important in making sure BIPOC have a voice and a platform for their political and cultural expression. This is as critical now as it was then especially in light of the genocidal attacks against the Palestinian people. La Lucha Continúa!

Let me conclude with some of the slogans of our time: Si Se Puede! Power to the People! La Lucha Continua! We Shall Overcome! By Any Means Necessary! No Pasaran! Viva La Raza! The Revolution Will Not be Televised! One Love!

The struggles are the same and the slogans keep growing: Not Me US, No Justice, No Peace, No Racist Police! Black Lives Matter! Add yours here...

RESTORE MATRIARCHY

DECOLONIZE ISLAS MARIANAS



SAIPAN

5000 BCE

GUAHAN
TINIAN
LUTA

1521 CE

ANATAHAN
PAGAN

MAUG
AGRIHAN

ASUNCION

NO'OS
URACAS

SARIGUAN

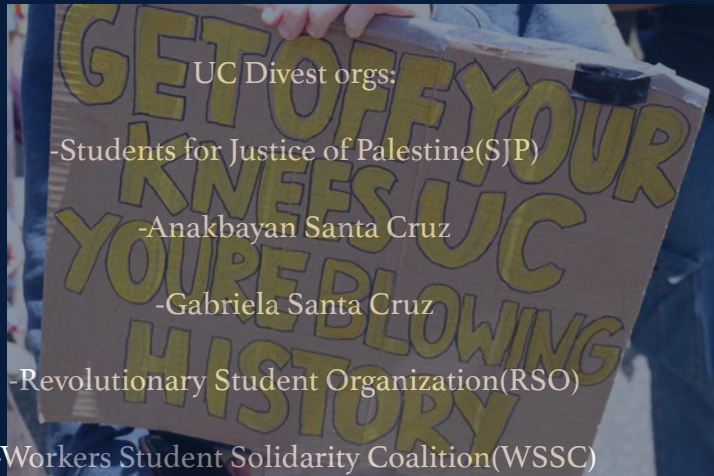
GUGUAN

AGUIGAN

ALAMAGAN



Shoutout Page!





JOIN TWANAS

REACH OUT TO US FOR MORE INFO

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FREE PALESTINE