

HACIENDO

Memoria

zine



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Cover by Paula Muraca & Laura Rodriguez Castro.

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This zine was created on the unceded sovereign lands of the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin Nation.

EXTRAÑO
LOS DOMINGOS
EN CASA CON
MI FAMILIA Y SIN
PLANES
Y el olor de COMIDA

DE MI MADRE.



CASA cambio, la base cambio y yo
CAMBIE.



Emotionally
Drained?

CHANGES

The new way
way

from a distance



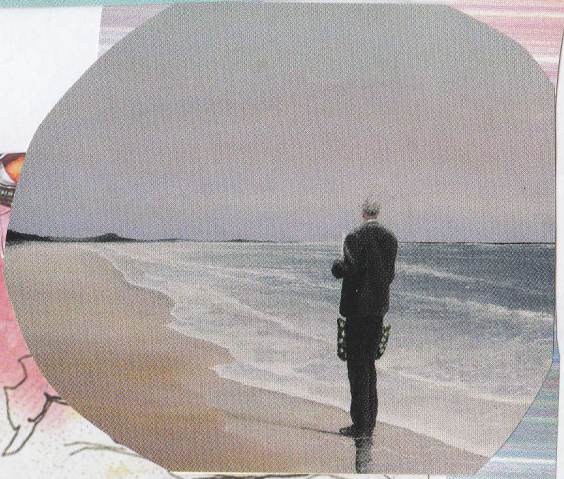
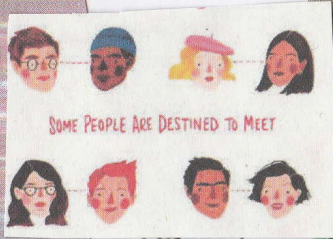
MOMENTS

I'M HOME

The long distance relationships could be hard when you arrive to a new culture. But your family always travel with you in your heart ❤️



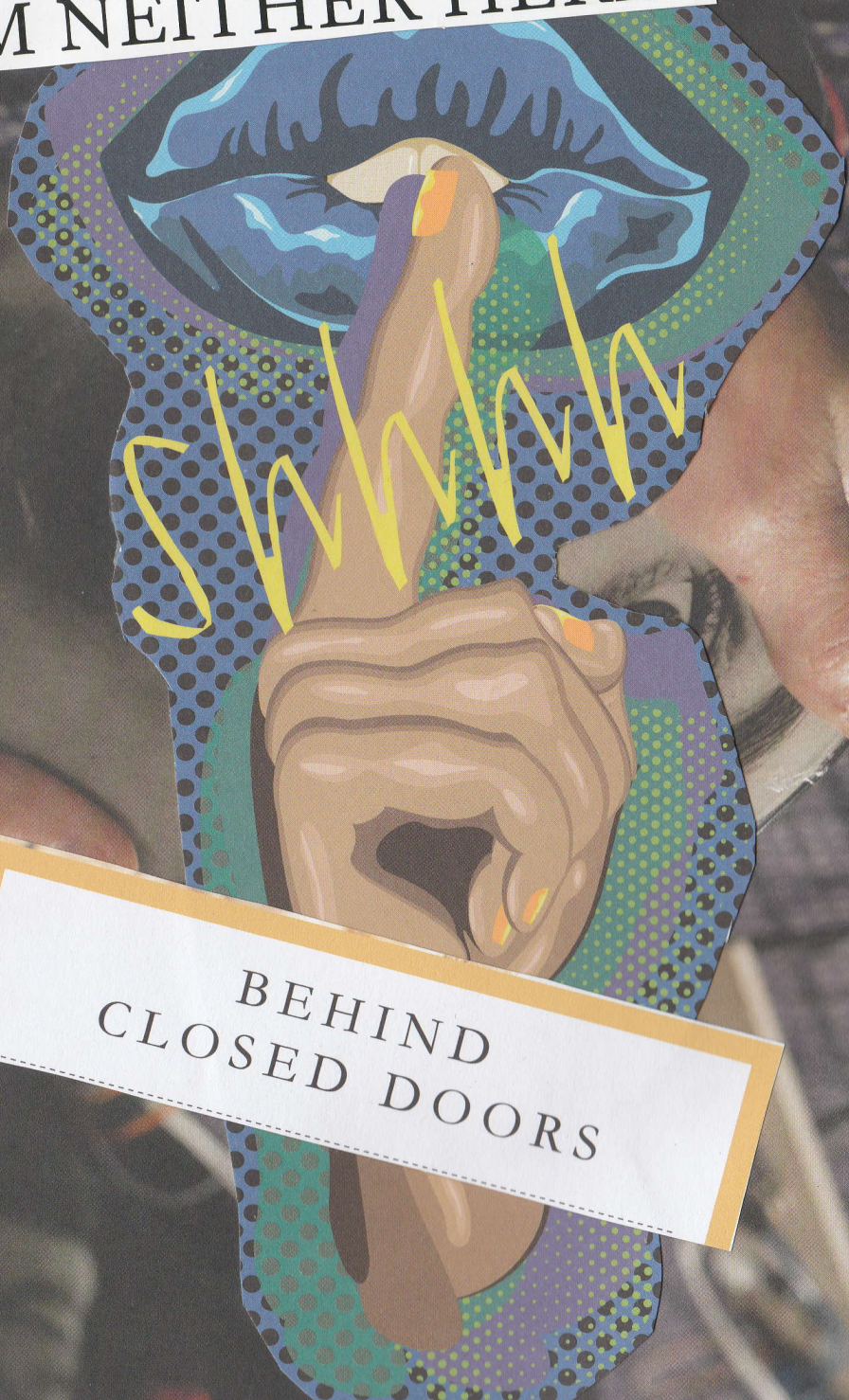
ACROSS THE CULTURE



You also can find a
New family in your
destination



I'M NEITHER HERE



BEHIND
CLOSED DOORS

we've been
thinking a
lot about

MEMORIES
OF

Handmade

MAÍZ

NOR THERE



a good baddie



Lizbeth (my twin sister) and I have always been very close. We always say that we grew together in a bubble of love, support and protection that we build for each other.

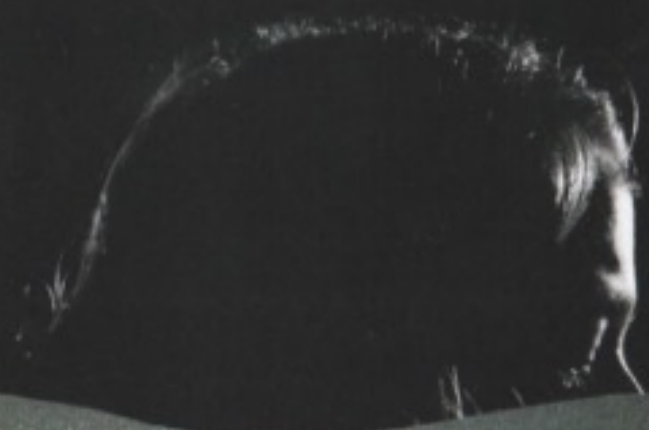
Lizbeth and I would always have a chat about every single detail of our daily. We would laugh, play, cry, be mad at each other, but always, no matter what, be there for each other.





a matter of time





the soul



Sitting in a circle of pregnant mothers and their partners. Feeling you move inside me.

I'm here, you say.

I'm here, I say.

A question from the moderator. "What senses do you think your baby has, even before they are born?"

Smell, hearing, touch, sight? Taste, too.

You / I search for me / you.

I'm here. where are you?



You opened your eyes and I saw them,
you for the first time.
They were brown like mine.

Deep brown, pensive, clear.
Like mine. Like hers.

"I love your eyes, mama."
An old connection, a new
connection.

"I love your hair, 오빠 ."

"I love everything about
you."



Love is

We see

love

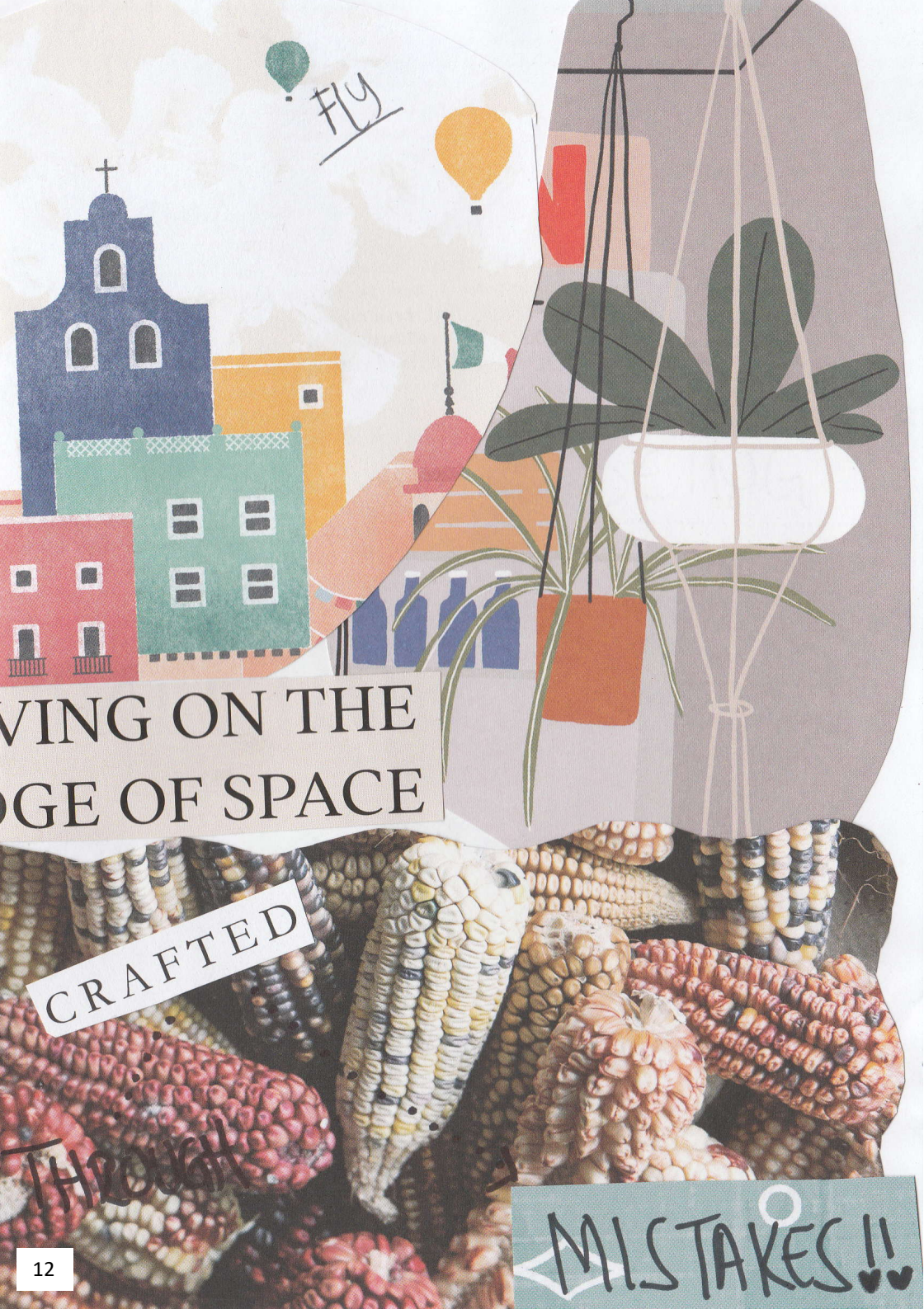
CO-CREATION of
the

MEANING OF MAKING

Interdependent
living & being

DIARY

WRITE:



FLY

IVING ON THE
GE OF SPACE

CRAFTED

MISTAKES!!

Interview by Ellis Pitt

Contents

Letter to

My Gift to You

Kate Beath

'Souvenirs' Series

Sugar

Letter To

Vanesa

Dear Susan,

There's never a greater gift than a moment of tenderness in a calloused world, and that's what you gave – a bleeding heart that refused to clot. As Art lay dying on the dissection table of the intellectual elite, you made the case for its soul. There was never a moment where you let your passion, nor your skill remain at a distance from your love for humanity. I've heard stories of your brutal sensitivity –

A Childhood Memory

of *Waiting for Godot* in the midst of the Siege of Sarajevo, and your devotion to Rushdie when he was sentenced to death.

striking, so admirable the face of pandemic

indifference, you held the torch for the poets, the novelists, the lovers to be heard. I love how you love, and I love that I can see myself reflected in your softest moments. I love the attentive

Mother Nature is Bigger than We Are

Chameleon

with all feelings, and your need to protect them from the caustic force of impartial evaluation.

I love your fear – you fear for yourself, you fear for those you love, and you fear for all people and things. You make your fear a strength, and this delicate strength has inspired generations of women to a

How to Bloom

capable state of vulnerability.

When you were told to mould to the will of your admirers and critics alike, you followed your own **creativity and passion** set on any one course as determined by their opinions. Ambitious, steadfast and earnest you showed me what it meant to create as a woman, as someone who wanted to lay themselves bare for a hostile audience. I hope sometimes you look fondly at the women exposing their souls to the unwelcoming world – being unabashedly and dangerously sincere.

Moreover, Susan, you let yourself be moved by what you saw and encouraged others to do the same. You were right, by the way. The reference part, you put yourself in the thicket of it, and it reminds me of what is real. You remind me that being a woman, being a feminist, and being an activist can't be done from behind a screen. You remind me that in the right hands, Art is a revolutionary tool, and beauty – one of rebellion. You make me want to do more but not be more, and that is rarer now than ever. You taught me to find contentment in my deficiencies and urgency in my compassion.

For all this, I thank you Susan.

Sincerely,

Original from Tay
Vakeerwaran

Come una nube



like the outline of a flower

19
In the Jeans

slowly u

1. Plants are the New Children

(a slow moving mass of **Care** formed by the accumulation and compaction of **LOVE** mountains or near the poles)
I'm aware that I'm formed. Moving through time and change. I'm drawn towards a magnetic force, knowing that sometimes the smallest inspirations become important markers in my navigation of the world.

Sugar

Arroz con coco
y Jugo de
Cariño

Bienestar, seguridad
y amor

oleo, awawala,
Tejiendo, Iluviado

Vestido de baño
al mar

Jeans y pelo
Corto.



The Question

of

HOME

Puerto

R i c o

y

LUTER WITH



Coqui Coqui



