



RIMAY
RAIZ

COLLECTIVE PRESENTS :



CHOCLO Y CHICHA
ZINE 2

FAMILY PORTRAITS



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quienes somos | who we are

The Andean diaspora community in the United States is confronted with discrimination and a sense of exclusion from both Latinx and US heritages due to histories of colonialism and imperialism that continue to impose Western epistemologies on our communities, across time and borders. **Rima(y) Raíz**, a New York City/New Jersey-based Andean diaspora collective, confronts these issues by documenting and sharing inter-generational oral histories of the Andean diaspora in efforts to reclaim a sense of identity, altering dominant narratives about their communities, preserving experiences and knowledge of their elders for the next generation, and creating a sense of solidarity.

*La comunidad de la diáspora Andina en los Estados Unidos se enfrenta a la discriminación y a una sensación de doble exclusión de las herencias Latinxs y estadounidenses debido a las historias de colonialismo e imperialismo que continúan a través del tiempo y las fronteras. **Rima(y) Raíz**, un colectivo de la diáspora andina con sede en la ciudad de Nueva York, confronta estos problemas documentando y compartiendo historias orales intergeneracionales en un esfuerzo por reclamar un sentido de identidad, alterar las narrativas dominantes sobre sus comunidades, preservar las experiencias y el conocimiento de sus mayores para la próxima generación y crear un sentido de solidaridad.*

We are inspired by Andean notions of time, space, and community such as *pachakutik* and the *ayllu* and we choose oral history as a medium due to its interdisciplinary, borderless nature. Oral history also acts as a way to decolonize the production of knowledge. The main components of the project are (1) interview four generations across the US-Andean diaspora, including community leaders (2) archive the oral histories in a public website, (3) share and discuss the stories via a podcast, zine, and public space installation, and (4) organize a gathering of Andean organizations and leaders to celebrate and unite cultural advocacy efforts.

Nos inspiran las nociones andinas del tiempo, espacio y comunidad, como el pachakutik y el ayllu, y elegimos la historia oral como medio debido a su naturaleza interdisciplinaria. La historia oral también actúa como una forma de descolonizar la producción de conocimiento. Los elementos principales del proyecto son (1) entrevistar a cuatro generaciones en la diáspora andino-estadounidense, incluyendo los líderes de la comunidad (2) archivar las historias orales en un sitio web público, (3) compartir y discutir las historias a través de distintos medios: podcasts, zines e instalaciones en espacios públicos, y (4) organizar una reunión de organizaciones y líderes andinxs para celebrar y unir los esfuerzos de defensa cultural.

Coloniality may have traversed time and space, but so has our resistance.

La colonialidad puede haber atravesado el tiempo y el espacio, pero nuestra resistencia también.



introduction | introducción

The theme of this second zine is **family portraits**. Our goal was to inspire our communities to re-explore and revisit their family histories, as demonstrated through pictures, while we sheltered-in-place due to the pandemic. We asked that all submissions include two pictures (one from the past and one from the present) and an accompanying text to draw connections between the two. Folks were invited to submit their pictures and text however they wished, whether as separate pieces or as collages or other works of art.

*El tema de este segundo zine son los **retratos familiares**. Nuestro objetivo era inspirar a nuestras comunidades a volver a explorar y revisar sus historias familiares, como se demuestra a través de las imágenes, mientras nos refugiábamos en el lugar debido a la pandemia. Pedimos que todas las presentaciones incluyan dos imágenes (una del pasado y otra del presente) y un texto adjunto para establecer conexiones entre los dos. Se invitó a la gente a presentar sus imágenes y texto como quisieran, ya sea como piezas separadas o como collages u otras obras de arte.*

We are also excited to introduce a new permanent section to our zine entitled *Andean Political Reflections*. When we first started dreaming up our zine series, we had no idea the state of the world we would be in. Last November 2019, massive protests led by Indigenous communities against the Ecuadorian state and the IMF occurred, and the violence by the Ecuadorian state towards Indigenous communities and movements was unfathomable. One of our collective members, having participated in these very movements with the Confederation of Indigenous Nationalities in Ecuador (CONAIE) Juventud in 2012 and 2015, felt that those of us Andeans living in the belly of the beast, must find it our moral duty to take a stand in solidarity. This position is a principle that has guided our work since the beginning, and many of us participated in solidarity actions in NYC that fall. It is impossible to do cultural work without addressing the political.

También estamos emocionados de presentar una nueva sección permanente a nuestro zine titulado Reflexiones Políticas Andinas. Cuando empezamos a soñar con nuestra serie zine, no teníamos idea del estado del mundo en el que estaríamos. En Noviembre del 2019 se dieron protestas masivas lideradas por pueblos Indígenas en contra del estado Ecuatoriano y el FMI. La represión estatal que resultó fue horrenda. Unx de las miebrxs del colectivo, habiendo participado en movilizaciones organizadas por la CONAIE Juventud en el 2012 y el 2015, sentía y siente que nosotrxs andinxs, viviendo en el vientre de la bestia, tenemos el deber moral de tomar acción solidaria a favor de estos movimientos sociales. Este deber es un principio nuestro que guía nuestro trabajo y es por eso que muchos de nosotrxs participamos en las movilizaciones de ese entonces en NYC. Es imposible hacer trabajo cultural sin reconocer y dar espacio a lo político.

Since then in the midst of the Covid-19 lockdowns and quarantines, we have again seen unbearable violence and injustice across our diaspora. From the protests in Bolivia, the U.S., and most recently, Peru, we know that it is important now more than ever to continue building spaces for solidarity, dialogue and discussion. Hence, this section will be a space for community dialogue with our friends, compañerxs, partner organizations, and others to share their perspectives and reflections on important political and historical moments in the Andean diaspora.

Entremedio de todo el tumulto pandémico nuevamente hemos presenciado violencia estatal abusiva y criminal por toda la diáspora. Protestas se desencadenaron en Bolivia, EEUU, y más recientemente en el Perú. Entonces, ahora mismo es de suma importancia crear espacios de solidaridad, diálogo y discusión. Esta revista sirve justo para eso - para compartir perspectivas y reflexiones sobre nuestras realidades políticas dentro de la diáspora andina que sean entre comunidades, amigxs, compañerxs, organizaciones y otrxs.

To hear more about our work and upcoming zine projects, visit us @rimayraiz or email rimayraiz@gmail.com.

In solidarity,

Rimay Raíz Collective

Ayllu
Family Portraits

Ayni / Todos estamos conectados

Marisol Silva

Déjame que te cuente una historia,

Hace mucho ollas llenas de maíz morado con cáscara de piña, pachamancas enterradas en el corazón de Pachamama, carapulcras compartidas,

Mi abuelo Braulio hablaba quechua, Maymantataq kanki taytay,

Creció en Calca, bailó en Inti Raymi, y el sol lo levantó lejos de sus queridos valles

Y a través de los años, aunque se fue lejos, lejos, a Lima la ciudad del virreinato,

Y aunque el smog de la ciudad lo parecía ocultar sus raíces, las montañas son seres vivos

Abuelo, quiero contar tus historias, porque tu ya te estas olvidando, y tengo miedo, que el Inglés,

Has overtaken my brain, worried that the mountains you loved,
will erase me,

Who am I to write of your beloved Calca in the Sacred Valley?

I've been living in Gringolandia most of my life,

And while my dreams are still in Spanish, as are my conversations with God,

I worry that I'm the breaking point where my future children, will not know our own land,

Who will struggle in broken Spanish and consider it a foreign language, and Peru as remote as the places in their cuentos de hadas,

En esos momentos, cierro mis ojos, y te juro que siento que estas conmigo,

Vestido con tu chompa de alpaca, estas pelando papas en la cocina con abuelita mientras ella hace humitas,

Y me dices ñaña a, vamos al parque de las esquina, y caminamos juntos

Es que tu siempre has tenido ese don,

Te pudieron haber puesto en cualquier esquina del mundo, y podrias hacer vida crecer,

Y me dijiste que el parque antes había sido un basurero, donde la gente tiraba lo que quería,

Y que querias que mi Abuelita tenga aire fresco, un lugar para que ella podría respirar la dulzura de las flores,

En el medio del parque, Abuelito señaló a un letrero:

“PARQUE AYNI,”

Asi le pusiste el nombre al parque, que con tus manos plantabas rosa y girasoles,

Y Abuelito, te pregunte, que es “Ayni,” y me dijiste,

“Ayni, significa uno para todos, todos para uno, es que todos estamos conectados en este mundo”

I hold onto Ayni when I feel my identity slipping away by forced assimilation,

when I kiss a man who looks like a colonizer and immediately regret it,

when I make chicha morada and play your huaynos full blast, and I carry a backpack on the 7 train from Queens to Brooklyn brimming with....

jars of aji panca, aji amarillos, rocotos,

I hold onto Ayni when I can't remember words in any language,

I hold onto Ayni when I remember that who we are as a people is much too strong to ever be forgotten,
Nunca estaré sola, gracias a Ayni, gracias a ti Abuelito.





The Birth of Protest

David Haro

There are answers
My mother gives me
To questions
I would never ask.

And her silence frightens me
Sometimes.

As does my memory of darkness
In her village in Ancash,
Which she took me to visit twice
When I was a child.

As does the night
When the candle that kept me
Company in the room
Where I slept
Went out.

Must've been four years old.

I woke up not knowing
Where I was,
Whether I was suddenly blind,
Whether the space I occupied
Ended

Somewhere around me,
Whether everything I had seen

Before had been a dream, or
Whether everything I didn't see
Now was the opposite,
Whether every forward step I took
Could cause me to stumble and fall

Down an endless precipice.

Everything having lost
Its color and shape,
Seconds stretched and snapped
Me back into place
Like cruel rubber bands.

Only sounds of laughter
And Huayno songs seemed familiar
In the distance,

Urging me
To follow them
Somewhere beyond
The invisible labyrinth

Before me,
Where my extremities were

The first to hit dead ends,
Save me always
From falling face first
Into things I could only feel,

Depths I couldn't fathom,
Much less foresee
As anything other than
Frightful.

Try as I might
To open my eyes wider,
Were they even open to begin with?
Could I even open them?

The sounds I made,
The sounds I heard,
As I tottered through
The middle of my universe,
Didn't exist
If no one else heard them,
Did they?

What it felt like
To seemingly have
No route

Echoes in my soul.

Someone hears me
Years later
And opens the door:

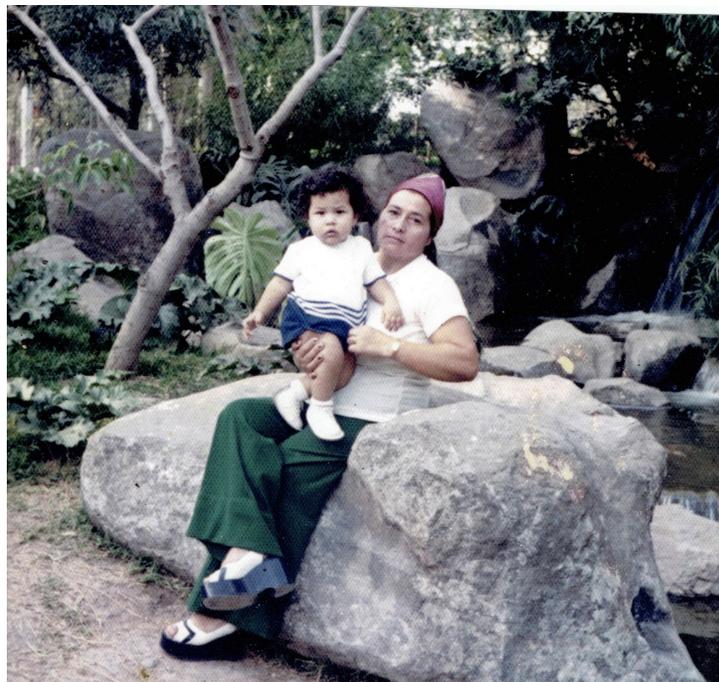
The taste of the sweet red wine
That put me to sleep
Still in my palate,
The smell of smoldering wax
That woke me up
Still in my nostrils,

Having yet to form my first sentence,
Eyes struggling to adjust their focus
To new circumstances,
I cried with everything I got,
Just like I felt it,

Without an explanation.
And yet I felt my cry
Made all the sense in the world.

Like my mother's, my cry
Was born to be an answer
To a question few would ever ask,

Yet one most would understand



Mom and I, parque



Adoption of a Mountain Woman

Elena Soledad

You birthed your own past.
Somehow defining what our relationship would be
before you even met me.
You've known mountains before
And I met them late.
You colonized me without knowing
I often wondered who you were.
I wanted to be you.
Walking fast paced through the mountains
Rocks underneath your feet,
Stepped on with the injustice done to a Quechua
woman.
You are the mountains.
I am the ground.
We both lead each other back to ourselves.
Feeling the same sun from Brooklyn to Peru.
I'm in the wrong land.
There are no mountains here.
There is no You.



No similarities between us except blood and face
and the eagerness to fill a hole made of solitude.
It took a simple phone call to find you.
16 years old and 5 years of boring Spanish classes
taught by white teachers.
It feels natural to roll my tongue like a feline.
Scared and fierce all at once.
I am ready now.
And I was.

I tell Brooklyn I'll be back without knowing I'll
never be the same.
Hold my breath for most of the plane ride
Suffocating my anxiety.
After landing I felt like I could breathe.
Enter our meeting spot burnt out from over thought
out scenarios.
You walk into my hotel room.

**Stare at me like the ghost I always felt
I've been**

Do I look like you in your grief?
Do you remember me?
Was I traumatic to look at?
I imagined you'd feel like leather from being in the
sun all day.
But your skin was smooth and scarred.
Life wasn't kind to you.
But I will be.

**You open your mouth and Quechua
flows off your tongue the way the
Hudson river flows beneath the
Brooklyn Bridge.**

I can't respond but I mimic your sound.
More unfamiliar notes but it feels welcomed in my
throat.
I am honored to hear your revolution in my ears
and I understand that the grounds are not the only
thing you cultivate.
Take me back home.
Show me mountains.
Hold my hand the way you could have.
Show me where you fled.
We belong there.
I crave the mountains with thinner air that dedicate
themselves to my broad shoulders.
Higher and higher.

Breathing is celebration.

You tell me about *Pachamama* even though you
seem you've lost some faith.
But faith is why I'm face to face with a mirror.
You smell like the peppers you sell at the market with
a hint of soap.
While I opted to spray myself with overpriced
perfume.

You smell like the earth.
You smell like I belong.
Your arms wrapped around me so tight I forgot that
this wasn't normal.
Breathing is celebration.



When we first met



Grandmother's burial site



Zoila's house



All of us



An Oral History of Analisa Freitas

Interviewed by: Claudia Urdanivia



In this piece, Rimay Raiz has included excerpts of the oral history interview of Analisa Freitas, a young Peruvian American woman of the Andean diaspora, conducted in October 2019. With Analisa's permission, we have included it here. As a collective, we felt called to include excerpts of Analisa's incredible story of being adopted to the US at two months old and then reuniting with her biological family in Peru during college. Analisa's full interview will be archived on a website soon! Please follow us @RimayRaiz for updates.

Excerpt 1

In this excerpt, Analisa describes her experience of returning to Peru to reconnect with her birth family and to become fluent in Spanish. Here she describes feeling her initial experience of feeling homesick, enrolling at Pontificia Universidad Católica del Perú in Lima and feeling alienated among her peers while learning Spanish at the time.

It was pretty daunting when I first started and I would say my first month, if not my first couple months, I was really really homesick. I was very homesick. It was just really difficult. I think I had this impression that well, I'm not being welcomed in some ways, I'm kind of feeling rejected from my country where I've been raised. So I'm assuming once I come into my birth country I'm just going to be welcomed in with open arms and now it feels so foreign to me and I can't even communicate with the people here. So it really also just put [me] in this place of thinking about:



Posing with fellow PUCP Lima international students during a night out dancing at Gotica in Larcomar Outdoor Mall in Lima, Peru, 2008

"Well, maybe I just have to choose or maybe I'm being forced to choose." And if people are seeing me as more American, maybe I'm American and I'm not even Peruvian. Maybe I'm just going to forget about all of that. Like, it got pretty dark for me to be honest. I got really upset about it.

I remember one night too, we went out and there was a lot of conversation because it was essentially a lot of foreigners that I was with, from being in this international student house. When we would go out to Larcomar for example, just this very fancy mall area that has nightclubs in the capital. I remember we would go with a couple of the other Peruvian students that became friends with some of the foreigners from La Cato and they would say:

"Okay I'm not going to say anything, like let's put the white people at the front so that they'll get everybody in" and then I remember one of the girls telling me:

"Don't say anything, don't talk. Because when they see you, they may assume some things, so just like don't say anything, it's better that you don't speak."

And so I just felt very odd about that and I remember feeling like I could really tell that a lot of the Peruvians in that context were very interested in, like at my school and like going out and the social scene, were very interested in the white people. They were very interested in foreigners.

Excerpt 2

In this excerpt, Analisa describes a sense of binary worlds and another interaction with peers at Pontificia Universidad Católica del Perú in Lima.



Taking a group picture of all the residents of "Bacafloor", a group house of international students in Magdalena del Mar, Lima, Peru, 2008

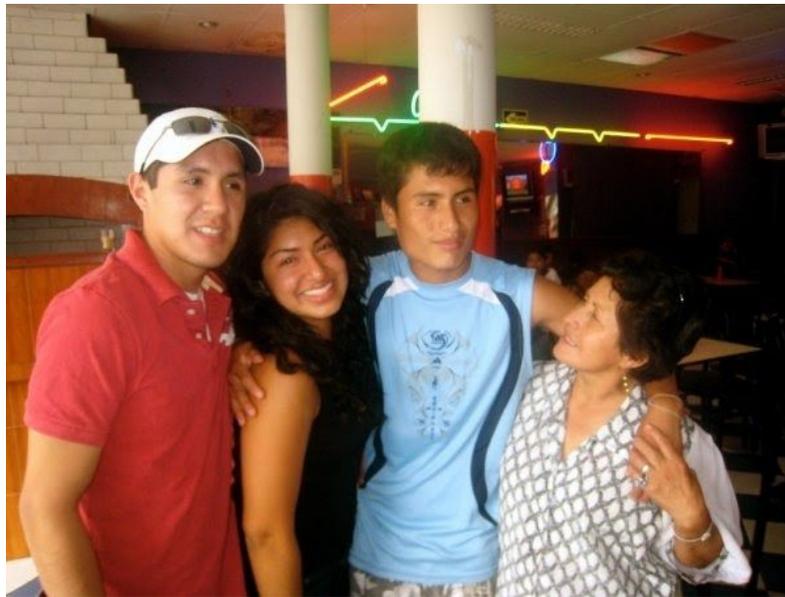
Later when I came back to the United States, I ended up having to take a semester at Lehman college in the Bronx because I had to make up credits [laughter] from my first cycle at La Cato. And thankfully, in one of my anthropology classes [*in Lima*] there were two students, that later, she became my friend, of the student and her friend that pulled me into their group project work. And she told me, *"I would just watch you and you just looked so sad"* [laughter]. *"And I felt bad, so that's why I asked you to be part of our group, and I didn't realize that you weren't from here, looking at you I wouldn't have been able to tell. But then when you, when I talked to you and started talking with us, no I knew immediately you were not from here in the same way we're from here."* And I got that lot. People would just look at me or they'd interact with me in such a way, where they kind of just expect me to speak a certain way, or know cultural norms. Then, when I'd say literally a few words, they be like *"Ooooooh, what?!"* *"How do you look like this and sound like that?"* [laughter].

Excerpt 3

In this last excerpt, Analisa describes meeting her little brother for the first time. Following this reunification, Analisa describes visiting Huari, Ancash, with her little brother and the immediate connection she feels to the natural environment and her biological family, native Quechua speakers from this region. The excerpt begins with Analisa's biological mother asking Analisa and Analisa's biological older brother if they want to see their little brother who had by then relocated to Barranca.

"She told us, he's only 4 hours away, he's not up in Huari anymore, he's up in Barranca," which is a seaside, a coastal town about 4 hours outside of Lima. Technically also in the Lima department. And she was like, "We could go take a bus from the downtown area, the historic district - do you guys wanna go?" [laughter]

We were like *"Yea!!! We've been waiting our whole lives to see our little brother!"*



Analisa's biological immediate maternal family members - older brother Michael (far left), Analisa (second from left), younger brother Joel (second from right), mother Blandina (far right) at Polleria El Fogon in Barranca, Peru, 2009

So we all, literally, all hopped into a taxi from Miraflores where my apartment was at the time. We drove to El centro and we took a bus. There was a bus company that Barranca Turismo runs in between Barranca and Lima and some of the other small towns along the coast. Jumped on this janky bus and took this, I think it's the Pan-American highway that's along the coast, all the way up to Barranca and the whole time my older brother is freaking out. Cause it's like a sand dune mountain and then this janky bus and everyone is swerving in and out of the road. And the bus is honking at the cars and like swerving in and out. It doesn't matter what lane. Like traffic going against the bus or traffic with the bus. The bus is swerving and it's just like a sheer drop down to the ocean. And there's no guard rails, there's barely any markers or signs painted on the road. It feels like a very Peruvian experience. [laughter] And at the time I was very used to that type of experience by that point so it wasn't really bothering me but my older brother had just got there and he also has a fear of heights so he was not feeling great. And he doesn't

speaking any Spanish at all so it was difficult for him to just like, to feel comforted or comfortable because he couldn't tell what anybody was saying.

CU: He was coming from the US too?

Yes. Yea he was actually raised in Pennsylvania. Um, so we made it. We got there. I always reflect, it just always blows my mind because it was basically, like it was about to be the moment when we were all going to be together as a biological family. At least minus our birth fathers but my birth mother, my older brother, my younger brother and we never had all been in the same place at once. And it was just really dawning on me. And I was just getting so nervous.

I didn't even know how to think - like I've seen pictures of this person as a baby. I'd always wanted a little sibling. And I was just so excited! And I wasn't thinking at all about what that experience must be like for him to just be chilling at work [laughter] or whatever and then be told like, "*Hey, your family from the U.S. is here.*" No warning, no nothing, like nothing [laughter]. No communication previous. Like nothing. They're just literally here in your town. I didn't think about that at all at the time. Later, you know, I talked to him about it and he was like yea, it was pretty wild. But, we went to where we knew his family, our family members, cousins, extended family members worked. It was, they have a polleria now, I think they own it. At the time I'm not sure if they owned it or if they were all working there. But we all sat down and we were just waiting.

And our birth mother knew that's where he worked and he wasn't working that day. He was at home. So they ended up having, you know, some of the other cousins, employees like "*Go get him! He needs to come here. It's easier if he comes versus if you all go to the house.*" So they left the restaurant, we were all just waiting there like on pins and needles. After what seemed like forever! I don't even know how long it was, I could not tell you, I was sitting away from the door, looking into the restaurant. My older brother was facing towards the door, across the table from me and we just kept being like, I don't know. I'm like "*I can't even,*" I don't even, I was just so nervous and excited. And I was like I don't know what to do, I can't look. And then I was just chatting with my brother and I saw his face change and I saw him look up at the door and I was like, fuck, I know he's here. I know my little brother is right behind me right now. And he's coming in the door. I can't, I can't look. And my brother was like, "*Yea he's here, he's here.*" And so I was like, okay, I psyched up myself to turn around. And I turn around and I remember seeing him.

And I remember feeling..like my entire body flipped upside down and like, I, it just, it was a really instant connection. And I think I got up [laughter]. There's pictures of me hugging him. I don't remember that much but I remember I was hugging him. And we just started, well my little brother not so much, but I just started crying. My birth mother is crying. I think my friends were crying. Everyone's taking pictures from all the different angles and like I just remember holding my little brother.

And I just remember him whispering into my ear like "*Apoyame, hermana.*"

And I was just like "*Oh god!!*" [laughter]. I'll never forget that moment, that was probably one of the biggest moments of my life. Um and basically we sat down, we couldn't stop holding on to each other. And I think the biggest thing about as far as like this the acceptance and rejecting, rejection theme, is that my little brother also went through a lot, um, in terms of not being raised by our birth mother and there was tension there that I learned about as we got closer and I think he also felt, yes he had extended family but like he knew his siblings were not here, he knew his birth mother was, in his eyes, as a young child, like too busy working to come and care for him. He felt very abandoned by being in this place and so, I think having us there just felt like, "*I have people in my life that will be here for me and will*

care for me” and I felt similar. I felt like, here's my sibling, here's also someone who had no control and no choice over what happened to us and the separation of our family but like now we get to be here together. Um, it was just like, that's a description that I can only say now.



*Analisa and Joel's first embrace
inside Polleria El Fogon in Barranca,
Peru, 2009*

In the moment I had no words you know and I was, I stopped being able to speak any language like couldn't speak English, couldn't speak Spanish, I like lost everything. I just couldn't say a thing, I was just crying. We got food. [laughter]. You know. Basically at that point, we ended up, that's how I ended up really coming into more of my Andean experience.



*Joel and Analisa drinking coconut water on the return trail from
Catarata El Tirol in San Ramon, Chanchamayo, Peru*

My little brother is bilingual in Quechua and in Spanish. He was raised speaking Quechua because he was not raised by my birth mother who doesn't speak Quechua although our whole family is Quechua. He was raised essentially by his godparents. I always forget if it's the uncle or the cousin of our birth mother but that's basically who we call Papa Roberto. That's his godfather essentially. He looks at him as his father. Um his father was not in the picture. None of our birth fathers were in the picture. And then his godfather's wife, Mama Claudia, she raised him as well. And that entire part of the family is completely Quechua dominant. That's their first language.

Shortly after we connected at this polleria in Barranca, we took time to travel up the coast and go visit them. And it was my first time being there, being in Huari. I also remember arriving there, arriving by taxi and just feeling like, we were in this beautiful small plaza and then we walked, we hiked essentially. Walking for them, hiking for me, up like this, super steep winding path and I'm pretty sure accurately is the top of the mountain. Passing all these signs of like, I don't know what you would call them. I don't know if they would be called distritos or pueblitos or what, but basically Huari is the place, but as you go into each kind of levels of mountain, there's almost like little villages. It is like little neighborhoods of Huari and so my family lives in Huamanmarca. And it's at the top!! [laughter]. I'm pretty sure it's the top. Like there's a waterfall there and you can look out and you can see everything. You can't really get too much higher. There's no one that lives too much higher. You can see the whole time. You can see the full path down. And when I got there, you know, Mama Claudia, Papa Roberto was there at the time, some of our cousins who mostly have spent a lot of their time in Pucallpa, the jungle, they were there. They were living there at the time.





*A family photo at the home of Mama Claudia & Papa Roberto, Huamanmarca, Huari, Peru 2009
Back row from left to right: Florencia (Severo's wife), Severo (Roberto & Claudia's son),
Frank (Florencia & Severo's son), Papa Roberto (Joel's godfather), Joel (Analisa's brother),
Flor (Florencia & Severo's daughter), Analisa. Front row from left to right: Eli (Florencia & Severo's daughter),
Milagros (Florencia & Severo's daughter), Robin (Florencia & Severo's son), Mama Claudia (Joel's godmother)*





*Eating a picnic after feeding wild cows in La Pampa, Huari, Peru 2009
From left to right: Robin, Analisa, Flor, Eli*

I saw all of them and everyone just welcomed me in. I just never, I have never felt so much acceptance as I have when I was there, with my birth family in this tiny little kitchen with a dirt floor and the cuyes are running all around. It's like the sun is shining outside and there's eucalyptus trees everywhere you know, the lambs are like running up the mountain and, you know, it's just - it felt like there's just this gorgeous garden with these huge turquoise, metallic looking hummingbirds! And like huge lechuga and kale and all this vegetation! It felt like a paradise in some ways.



*Hanging out in the kitchen at Mama Claudia & Papa Roberto's house in Huamanmarca, Huari, Peru 2009
From left to right: Analisa, Flor, Eli, Milagros, Florencia*



*Herding sheep on the way home in Huamanmarca, Huari, Peru 2009
From left to right: Robin, Mama Claudia, analisa, Fifi, Flor, Eli*



Mis amadx en color

Benjamin Kruse Calla

Este Amalgama de fotografías empieza en la década de los noventas y recorre unos 20 años masomenos.

Geográficamente

quedan ubicadas en varias ciudades y paisajes de Bolivia y EEUU (Específicamente: Cochabamba, La Paz, Sucre y Wyoming)

todas enraizadas en lo que considero ser mi entorno (Abya Yala o las Americas). Lxs personajes son mis amadx familiares (vivxs y

muertxs) y toda la gente desconocida, que de manera impulsiva, pero también intencional, fue capturada por la maquina

fotográfica y eventualmente impresa en un momento inmutable, casi eterno. En el medio está mi abuelo que fue el centro de todo

y al rededor estamos nosotrxs siempre mirándolo y buscando en el nuestro norte emocional/funcional. Ahí está, vivo, en este

caso sentado, soleado y leyendo en su sala mirafiorina.



Editor's Note:

The following contribution contains images that may be triggering for some. The artist has deconstructed these images through his personal experiences and reflections in the accompanying essay, thereby reversing the gaze set on these dominant, racist white narratives. Rimay Raiz seeks to establish dialogue about the multiple experiences of the Andean diaspora and welcomes conversation about this and any other contribution featured in this zine.

wallakuna

Carlos Jimenez Cahua



Having grown up in South Carolina, far from my extended family in South America, as a teenager the *ayllu* I identified with most was my friend and peer group, thereby distancing myself from my immediate family. This wasn't really altogether remarkable, not for any teenager in the United States or even back home. So here I am among my *ayllu* at 17, with a smile so thorough my eyes are barely open, and this same face has been painted with a fake beard—I can't remember why.

This *ayllu*, what connected us generally and at this scene in particular was cheering on our football team. We were students at Riverside High School, and our mascot, as grotesque an affront to history as can be, was the Warriors, symbolized by a Native American, an effortlessly pan-Indigenous one. The objects of our admiration can be seen charging the field below; I'm collapsing time because those dozens of players and two kids effectively in redface, they're running into that field over a decade after my time as a high schooler. But were you to go to a football game there as recently as I did in the fall of last year, curious to see if this painful tradition was still practiced, you'd still see a white kid in a headdress. It doesn't end with the mascot: the school sends out newsletters to families and calls them "Tribal Talks," and it refers to its campus as "The Reservation."

I'm not saying anything new in offering that colonization of the Americas, and in particular Hispanicization of what we inelegantly refer to as Latin America, that these are not only *historical* events, they're *ongoing*, as programmatic and gruesome as they were in their beginnings five centuries ago. It's the reason I'm smiling in this picture, aloof to the macabre parody of *indios* who I wouldn't have been able to articulate at the time were closer really to being in my *ayllu*. It's also the reason why too many in my family in Lima are confused when I tell them I'm studying Quechua, instead proudly replying that their children are learning English. And it's the reason our brown, undocumented family and friends, how they can be called illegal in the U.S., part of the same set of lands here between the Pacific and Atlantic where we've made our lives for more than 10,000 years.

Another thing about the Riverside High School Warriors. In the deep but increasingly foreclosed history of Native Americans as mascots, the Warriors as an epithet stands out among the Redskins, the Blackhawks, the Seminoles, etc. In an astonishingly honest way, the Warriors as the name for an Indigenous mascot points precisely to the bloodiness of the invasion of the Americas by Europeans, thereby casting aside the cartoonish euphemisms still imparted to us by Thanksgiving for example. Further, the name Warriors in a region like South Carolina, characterized nearly completely by white sovereignty and white supremacy, where the nearest territory with Indigenous sovereignty is a full two hours drive away from Riverside High School, to use this name noxiously freezes our Warrior in a battle she's apparently losing, and it parades this loss.

But, about this loss, a friend convinced me a while ago that Indigenous history is taught all wrong. It always points to what was taken from us, our lands, lives, and culture. However, a more accurate telling of this history, she said, is to think of our story as not one of loss, but one of struggle, of five centuries of resistance. Here we are after all. Five centuries of pride.

I'm of course no longer a Riverside Warrior, but I'm still a warrior, a much different kind, with another *ayllu* in mind when I say that now.



Andean Political Reflections

Since last November 2019, we have again seen unbearable violence and injustice across our diaspora. From the protests in Ecuador, then Chile, Bolivia, the U.S., and most recently, Peru, we know that it is important now more than ever to continue building spaces for solidarity, dialogue and discussion. In this section, we invite friends, compañerxs, and partner organizations in our Andean community to share their reflections, thoughts and perspectives about important political and historical events affecting our peoples. The writers included here represent perspectives from many Andean diasporic communities, including the U.S (West Coast, East Coast, DC/MD/VA area), Bolivia, Ecuador, and Peru. We respect that different viewpoints and opinions will be represented throughout our diaspora; for that reason, we may not always agree with each perspective portrayed in this section. Our mission is to create a space for community dialogue across the diaspora and we look forward to seeing it be a permanent part of our zine series.

If you would like to be a part of our Andean Political Reflections section, please email us as rimayraiz@gmail.com.

Gracias
Yupaychani
Añay
Pachi.

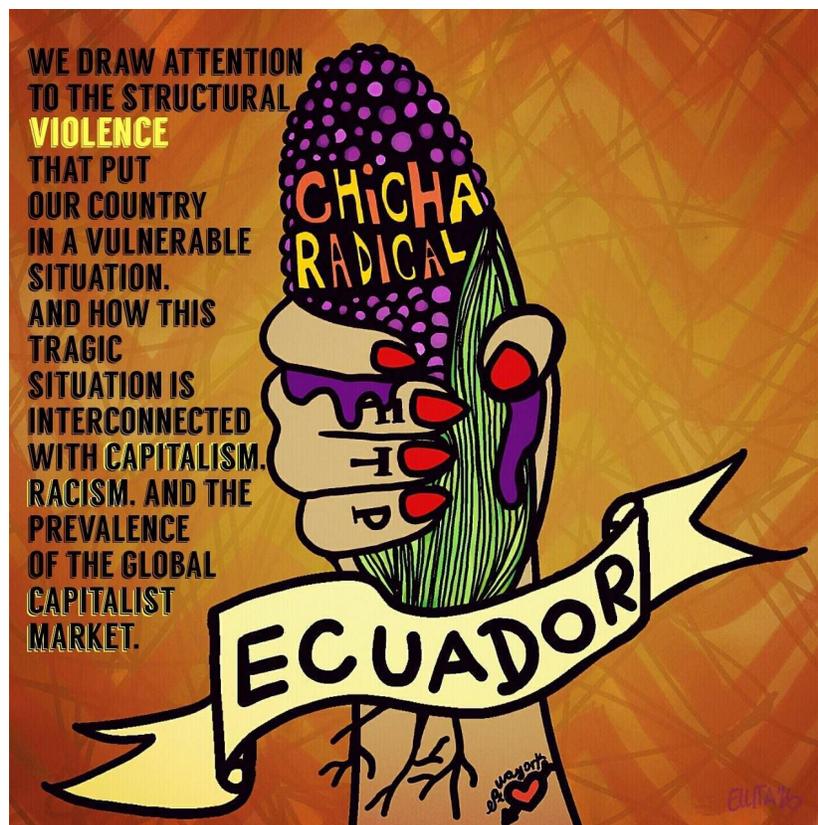
Uprisings, earthquakes and volcanoes: The pulse of our migrant solidarity and love letters from Ecuayork to the people of Abya Yala¹

Levantamientos, terremotos y volcanes: *El pulso de nuestra memoria.*

Solidaridad migrante y nuestras cartas de amor de Ecuayork a lxs pueblos de Abya Yala

Neblina-phuyu, Milton X, & Monica Aviles

Con la mano en el corazón que está abajo y a la izquierda.



Artist: Ellita

Solidaridad migrante: *Testimonio de Neblina-phuyu*

Chicha radical es un grupo de afinidad que por primera vez se unió para crear iniciativas de solidaridad radical políticamente consciente con las víctimas del terremoto en Ecuador el 16 Abril del 2016. Declaramos nuestra solidaridad internacional radical con las personas damnificadas. Nos motiva la creación de visiones y acciones políticas críticas. Generamos alternativas de solidaridad que conectan a las personas trabajadoras, mujeres,

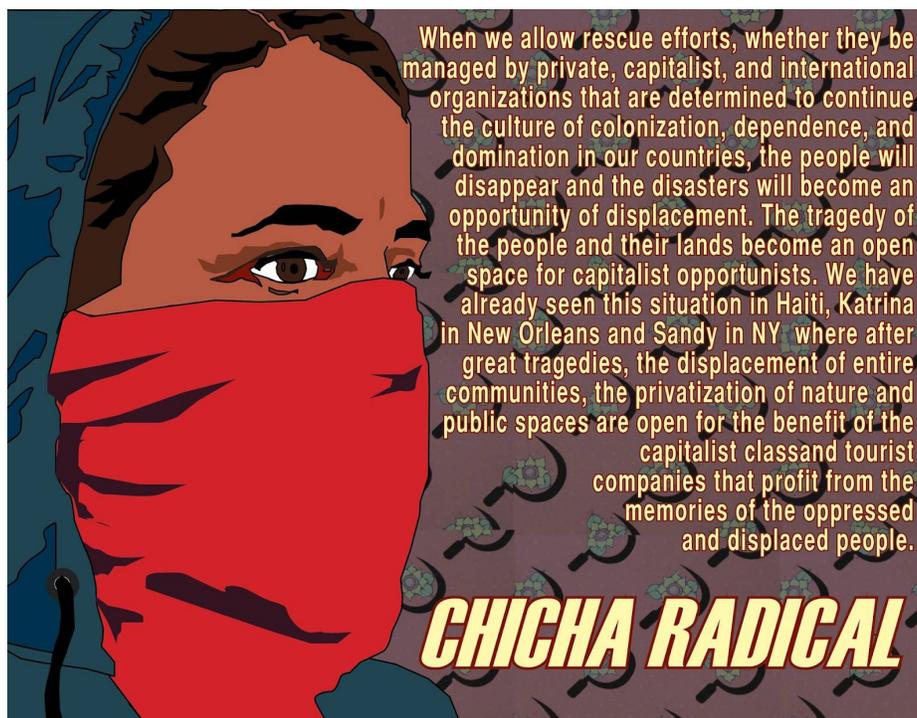
¹ Abya Yala es el nombre del continente americano en el entendimiento de los pueblos y nacionalidades Indígenas de los Andes.

LGBTQI-GNC, Indígenas, movimientos sociales y grupos organizados o no organizados que se mantienen en constante lucha por la justicia social, económica, racial, de género en nuestro país, continente y el planeta.

Queremos llamar la atención sobre las violencias estructurales que ubican al territorio ahora llamado Ecuador, en una situación vulnerable. Y analizamos cómo esta situación de tragedia - desastre está interconectada con el capitalismo, el racismo y la prevalencia del capitalismo global que quiere aplastarnos en todas partes para beneficiar a corporaciones y gobiernos de países poderosos.

Queremos educarnos y educar sobre cómo ver estas tragedias más allá de las fuerzas de la naturaleza y como una expresión de la explotación histórica despiadada de nuestro planeta y en nuestras regiones en el sur global en específico. Queremos un fin al capitalismo, alternativas autónomas y solidarias y nos continuaremos organizando.

En ese entonces recaudamos fondos que se hicieron llegar a la gente en la que confiamos y queremos, para brindar un poco de alivio.



Artist: Shellyne Rodriguez (2016)

¿Quiénes han estado en las calles luchando desde que tienes memoria cuando sube la gasolina, el pasaje, y como consecuencia el arroz y la canasta familiar?

¿Quiénes tienen que lavar la ropa de los demás, limpiar lo que otros ensucian para ganarse y cuidar de la vida?

En las memorias de la conciencia social justa los levantamientos Indígenas, las protestas estudiantiles, las mujeres, las personas trabajadoras, campesinas, maestrxs organizadxs, jubiladxs y otros movimientos sociales han guiado la lucha. No a la minería, El agua es vida, No al extractivismo, Salvar al IESS, dar suficientes fondos a la educación, proteger la agricultura de subsistencia, no al poder agroexportador.

En mi conciencia, las luchas para que no se firmen los tratados de libre comercio con Estados Unidos, han sido parte de mi formación política desde que tengo memoria. Aprendí de la experiencia vivida que la dolarización fue una medida del neoliberalismo para crear más dependencia económica. Ecuador es un país de economía rentista que depende del petróleo y las remesas.

Y en otro contraataque del gobierno neoliberal que quiere manejar al país como una empresa con fines de lucro, apoyamos el paro de Octubre del 2019. Nos activamos para exigir que el gobierno de Lenin Moreno no firme nuevos préstamos con el Fondo Monetario Internacional y el Banco Mundial que son enemigos del pueblo. Principalmente estos dos organismos han promovido el endeudamiento, la privatización de la salud, la educación y el cuidado, y la corporativización de la vida. ¡Ya dejen de forzarnos a la dependencia! La deuda lo que hace es dejar a las mujeres a cargo de la mayoría del peso del trabajo que permite que la sociedad funcione. El trabajo no remunerado y de cuidado sigue siendo la fuerza del trabajo que produce la vida.

EN OCTUBRE DEL 2019 NOS FUIMOS A LAS OFICINAS DEL *FMI - Fondo Monetario Internacional EN LA CIUDAD DE NUEVA YORK Para apoyar al paro nacional y decirles Fuera FMI: ¿Cuántos países has endeudado hoy?*

Llegar a los edificios en Manhattan es siempre una experiencia emocional porque están llenos de guardias y puntos de control. Creímos que era importante aprovechar que nos encontramos cerca de los laboratorios, las oficinas, el lugar físico donde se crean estas políticas de endeudamiento y pobreza. Nos sentimos chiquitxs bajo estos edificios, pero hicimos impacto y la experiencia de protestar en solidaridad transnacional es una experiencia de formación política.

Para hacer de la experiencia una conciencia que trasciende fronteras.



Protesta en las oficinas del Fondo Monetario Internacional (FMI) Nueva York, Manhattan. 9 de octubre 2019.



Foto de manifestaciones de los pueblos y nacionalidades Indígenas repudiando al presidente de la derecha León Febres Cordero, del partido social cristiano que era títere de Estados Unidos. Ecuador rompió relaciones diplomáticas con Nicaragua.

El Fondo Monetario Internacional lleva décadas tratando de subyugar a las personas y a las economías de Abya Yala. La lucha sigue.



Chicha Radical + CONEUSA: ofrenda para los caídos y en protesta a la amenaza de regreso del FMI al Ecuador. Apoyo al paro nacional.

Testimonio de Milton X

Mis recuerdos de octubre, tanto noticias de Quito al inicio del paro, la comunicación con gente allá durante el levantamiento, al tomar espacios públicos y de agentes capitalistas involucrados en la crisis en Ecuador desde el imperio en NY, están mezclados con reflexiones sobre una temporada vivida aquí también de alta resistencia alrededor de los mismos tiempos.

Nueva York es el parque de diversiones, inversiones y administración para capitalistas globales y sus redes, y sus ganancias son sostenidas con la explotación y desplazamiento constante de gente de color, gente Indígena, migrante, Negra, indocumentada, de clase trabajadora y pobre, jóvenes y adultos en deuda y viviendo en condiciones de precariedad y opresión. Así como esta explotación local tiene su historia y lleva mucho tiempo, existen también tradiciones de resistencia profundas y frondosas, lideradas por diferentes comunidades directamente afectadas de las que he aprendido y me han inspirado.

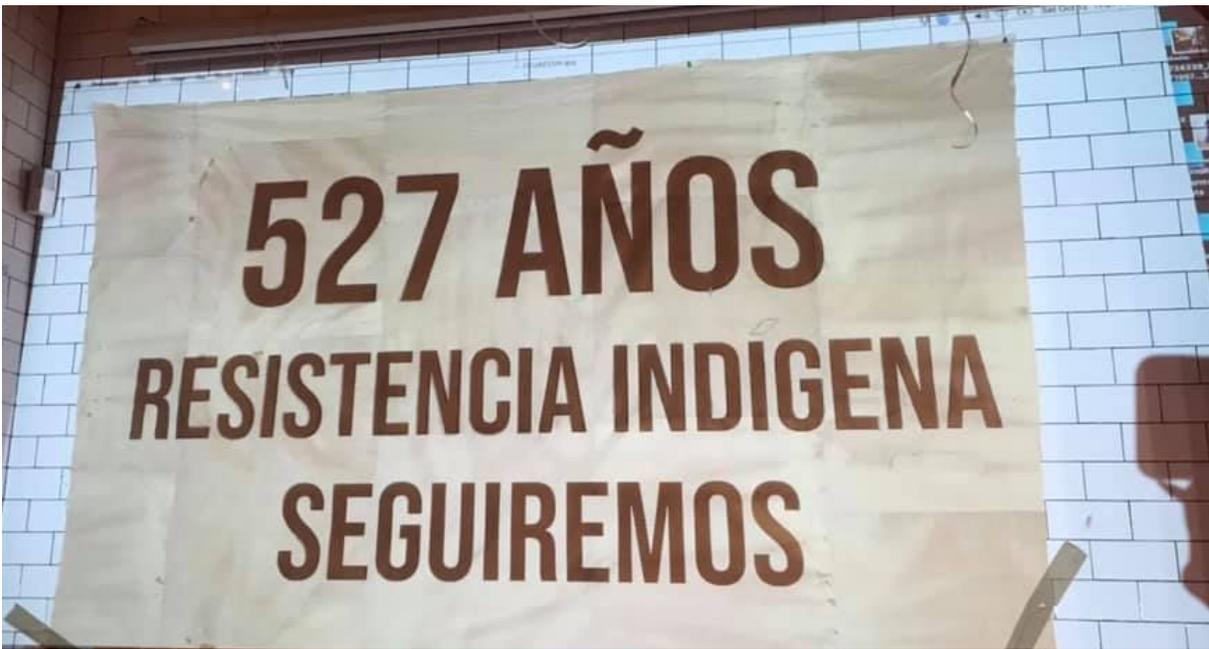
Esta vez la ola de protestas y acciones que retomaban el espacio público en NY se dieron por el alza del pasaje de transporte y al añadir 500 policías estatales al mismo sistema. Esta es una medida que aterrorizó y violentó a jóvenes, a vendedores ambulantes y a todo quien usa el sistema de transporte para poder subsistir. Esta ciudad a la

que migré sin querer hace 20 años, en la que crecí y envejezco indocumentado y que hoy por hoy es mi hogar, ha hecho mucho para negar la existencia digna de mi comunidad, y estos actos eran un ataque más. Crecí aquí en un barrio de gente trabajadora sin muchos recursos y bajo vigilancia de la policía constante, de varias comunidades inmigrantes, en la que mucha gente trata de recrear un poquito de la cultura de su tierra natal, **esperando el regresar un día en mejores condiciones y poder vivir dignamente. Es un deseo y sueño que mucha gente carga, pero que cada día se pronuncia más ilusorio.**

El contexto de mis memorias vinculan estos ciclos de resistencia, sobre el aquí y el allá, porque al analizar, presenciar, participar y alentar actos de resistencia locales, pude comprender más las acciones de gente en mi tierra natal, y también entender más sobre los mecanismos de austeridad, precariedad y abuso que el imperio exporta globalmente y que usa con su propia gente localmente.

Recuerdo ver la primera noticia sobre el paro de octubre del 2019, en un video en la web, llamando atención a la corrupción de los medios de comunicación, y para reconocer no solo la narrativa que la reportera estaba creando para criminalizar a protestantes; pero hasta a las personas que estaban siendo entrevistadas y llamando atención a la manipulación. Era mi amigo de la infancia en el barrio donde crecí a las afueras de Quito, Carapungo, y su papá. Recordé mi barrio, mis amigos, nuestro día a día y también la crisis que en los 90s llevó a mi familia a ser separada y al final a migrar. Pero lo que reconocí fue más allá de las memorias de mi niñez y desplazamiento. Sentí solidaridad y alianza, una claridad compartida al entender los sucesos que llevaron a la crisis que la gente estaba viviendo en esos momentos. **Días después entendí que el llamado a un levantamiento general debería también tener respuesta en la diáspora, que nos podemos reconocer tanto por nuestras conexiones de memoria como por nuestros actos de resistencia y que esos actos crean ecos que duran.** Días después, pasando la protesta que realizamos en las oficinas del FMI en NY, tomamos una plaza local en Corona, el barrio donde crecí aquí. La plaza estaba repleta de gente demostrando solidaridad con el levantamiento indígena, y reconociendo el liderazgo que se puede dar aquí también.

Recuerdo aún momentos de alta claridad, en los que me sentí testigo de esos ecos, de pronunciamientos de ira, resistencia y de esperanza. Mucha gente llegó a ese llamado, y en esos momentos sentí raíces vivas y un impulso tremendo a recordar cada sensación y pensamiento que tenía y pronunciar al que era testigo. Creo que esos momentos de alta claridad son pocos pero son muy fructíferos.



Banner, Corona Queens, octubre 2019.

Testimonio de Mónica Avilés

Cuando vienes de un lugar donde toda la vida han abusado de nosotros y llegas a otro país como Estados Unidos, tu patria se siente más patria que antes, es como que sigues viviendo pero te falta algo. Ese algo es el amor a la llacta que dejastes, esas tierras que cultivastes, esos vientos que te llenaban de vida, esas montañas y cerros que te daban fuerza.

Estar involucrada con movimientos como Chicha radical es para mí una escuelita donde te armas de más valor para defender tu tierra. Aquí encontré a mis comadres de lucha. Como mamá de 3 wawas es importante enseñar a mis hij@s que nadie nos va dar defendiendo ni solucionando nada. Con las comadres de chicha radical nos armamos orgánicamente. Chicha radical para mí es un espacio de empoderamiento donde las cosas fluyen de acuerdo a lo que este pasado en ese momento. No porque estoy fuera de mi llacta ya no me importa, al contrario me importa más que antes porque ahora tengo que estar vigilante por los míos que deje allá. Tengo los ojos en los dos lados, porque más de la mitad de mi ser viven allá (Cañar, Ecuador). Todo está representado en números, somos solo un número para el país, por el dinero que mandamos, por eso hay que hablar, levantar la voz y en este espacio de chicha radical somos una hermandad de lucha.

El levantamiento del paquetazo en Octubre del 2019, llegó a mí como un volcán. Empecé a tener mucha ira con todos los que nos estaban matando y digo ¡no! porque aún al estar lejos de mi llacta yo miraba y escuchaba que se derramaba sangre. Esto me llevó a recordar mi niñez y viajar hasta a la historia de mis abuelos que siempre hemos luchado y conseguir algo nos ha costado la vida. Me dio muchas iras, sentimientos encontrados y solo quería gritar que nos levantemos en NY, ¡BASTA YA! No me importó la lluvia, no tuve miedo de la policía, no me importó nada solo quería buscar el origen de todo esto. Cuando llegamos al FMI tenía muchas iras y fue la sensación más victoriosa de gritarles en su cara y llegar a ese lugar y tomarnos el espacio con las demás personas que nos acompañaban. **Lo más victorioso de esto fue**

que mi hija fue partícipe de esto para que sepa que todo lo que vivimos sin importar en dónde estamos, si no eres millonario, hay que luchar.



An Interview of Colectivo Kawsay, a DMV-based Bolivian Diaspora Collective

Interviewed by: Jamie San Andres

1. Can you tell our readers that are unfamiliar with Andean politics and news, what happened during last year's election?

After the October 20 elections, Evo Morales was declared winner. The OAS a day after the vote made a claim that the unofficial preliminary count contained an “inexplicable change in trend”.

Immediately after, former president and MAS opposition like Carlos Mesa and president of the Comité Pro Santa Cruz and ultra-conservative Luis Fernando Camacho came out publicly denouncing fraud. There were 21 days of protests which many of the participants coined as the “pitita revolution”. The term “Pitita” refers to Bolivians that consist of the white, urban and upper middle class population. Within the 21 days, fascist paramilitary groups like the Resistencia Juvenil Cochala emerged to electoral offices were burned down, MAS officials and sympathizers were violently attacked and many were forced to flee. Images of the Wiphalas being burned, and unattempted lynchings of *mujeres de pollera*, a term referring to indigenous women in traditional wear, were seen at pro-right wing protests.

On November 2, Fernando Camacho called on the armed forces to mutiny. On November 7, the police mutinied against the Morales government. On November 10, Morales called to annul the election results and hold new elections, the same day the armed forces chief, Williams Kaliman, asked Morales to step down, forcing him and vice president Alvaro Linera to flee the country.

After a series of resignations due to the violence and persecution, and a secret meeting at the Catholic University, Jeanine Añez Chavez, a religious conservative senator of the department of Beni, was declared president without a legislative quorum. During her first appearance as de-facto president, she held a large bible and declared “the bible has returned to the palace”.

Immediately after Morales' ouster, protests emerged within Bolivia and in the diaspora to protest the coup and the acts of racist violence by the state and pititas. As a result of these protests, Jeanine Añez released presidential decree 4078, which exempted the military and police from any responsibility to “restore order”. On November 15, the military and police opened fire on a demonstration on the Huayllani bridge in Sacaba, Cochabamba. 11 people were killed. On November 19, at a demonstration in Senkata, El Alto, 11 people were killed. Julio Pinto Mamani, a protestor who was shot in the head during the Sacaba massacre, passed away in June, bringing the death toll to at least 23. The interim government's response was that the demonstrators shot and killed amongst themselves. They still deny any accountability. November of 2019 is considered the second deadliest month in terms of civilian deaths committed by state forces since Bolivia began its transition to democracy nearly 4 decades ago.

“They treat us like animals...they insult us and hit us because of our clothes.” She joined the protest that day because, she said, “I don't have the right to enter the city. I'm from the countryside. They want us to stay there.” - A Quechua mother stated

2. How do you view the OAS role in the crisis?

The Organization of American states acts as an extension of American and western interests. Most of the OAS' funding comes from the United States government. The OAS works to influence affairs in Latin America that align with the United States, and as an arm of US imperialism.

3. How do you view Evo Morales' role in the crisis? How do you see his complicated relationship with Amazonian Indigenous nations in regard to the TIPNIS, his role in big agro-industry and the Amazonian fires?

The mistakes made under the Morales administration did result in the MAS party to lose support, and push some people to protest Morales after the elections. These mistakes include the attempts to appease the agro-industry, and the TIPNIS crisis. One of the major criticisms of Morales administration is the extractivist policies which resulted in the party losing some popularity.

The fires of the summer of 2019 was also a grave tragedy. The Morales administration's mishandling of the fires resulted in opposition forces (including those involved in the agrobusiness like Fernando Camacho) co-opting the movements against the fires, and instead turning them solely against Morales. Instead of protesting for policies and action in support of the forests and against the fires, it focused narrowly on Morales and set the stage for November 2019.

4. What has people's struggle looked like during the Añez government and in regard to COVID-19?

Social movements in Bolivia have changed and evolved after the coup de'tat of November 2019. There has also been new consciousness that has been formed within people of all sectors.

During the COVID19 pandemic, and lack of proper support of the anez government, communities have taken upon themselves to create ollas comunes and re-learn ancestral medicinal knowledge. All in spite of Añez and Interior minister Murillo persistent political persecution, criminalization of social movements, militarization of the entire country and extreme corruption that directly affected the health of the population negatively.

5. As Bolivian-Americans or Bolivians in the diaspora, how have you been impacted by the crisis? What has been your role in actions of solidarity? (I.e. mutual aid)

The Bolivian community here in the DC metropolitan area is very polarized, which has resulted in acts of confrontation and violence from right wing supporters, specifically against the MAS group here and its supporters.

The coup and the massacres have affected many of our community members deeply, it brings up memories and trauma from their youth growing up in military dictatorships and violent coups that Bolivia experienced for many decades.

Many also feel fear of regressing on the progress made culturally and politically, since many of them have lived through deep racism and inequality growing up in Bolivia in the 70s and 80s.

During the MAS government, many in the diáspora celebrated the possibility of returning home to a more prosperous country. That indeed happened for some, but many others are now on standby again, hoping that the policies that forced them to migrate during the dictatorships and neoliberal eras of Bolivia do not stay in power through the possible election of Camacho or Mesa.

While we cannot speak for all Bolivians in this area, we share the testimonies of Bolivians we have been working with and supporting here in the DC area after the coup. Specifically a group called Parlamento de Los Pueblos.

Colectivo Kawsay as a group worked to share what our companerxs here and in Bolivia ask us to share. We also fundraised in various different campaigns to support our companerxs in the struggle in Bolivia, including the mutual aid efforts and fundraising for the family of Julio Pinto Mamani.

6. How can those of us Andinx in the diaspora act in solidarity with Indigenous, Afrodescendant, and working class movements in Bolivia?

First, it is important to keep an eye on what happens in these elections. We hear from our community here, and our companerxs back home, a fear of actual “fraud” in an attempt to keep MAS from winning, or refusing to turn over the government if they do win. There are genuine fears of violent confrontation after the elections from the Añez government. And also general fear of confrontation and violence between different parties.

Second, the election results could trigger protests from indigenous and popular sectors, be wary of any attempts to criminalize those possible protests. As seen during Senkata and Sacaba, and during the uprisings in August 2020 after the elections were postponed repeatedly. Our compañerxs in Bolivia tell us there is something called a “cerco mediatico” or media blockade where corporate media do not share or capture full truths. Major media outlets are often not on the ground during protests and uprisings and will repeat what the government reports.

It is also important to continuously educate ourselves about US imperialism and how that played a role in Bolivian history. Diásporas in the US, especially youth, have a tendency to adopt a US Liberal stance when it comes to politics in their origin country, but that has only perpetuated a right wing agenda, like in Bolivia.

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Colectivo Kawsay is a collective of Bolivian diaspora in DC/MC/VA USA in solidarity with Indigenous peoples, campesinos, and the working class, while reclaiming their raices.

2020 Bolivian Elections: Conversations from Within the Diaspora

Arnold Arnez and Yvette Ramírez

When we were asked by the Rimay y Raíz team to contribute to this zine on our thoughts of the state of current Bolivian politics, we were excited to contribute as part of the greater Bolivian diasporic community in the US who despite the physical distance, language barriers, and chances for assimilation our culture remains an intangible part of who we are. Recognizing the scarcity of Andean-centered spaces that centers our voices, we are thrilled to contribute to an on-going and critical dialogue that deserves nuance, space and most importantly the challenging of our own preconceived notions of what is “Bolivian” identity and what exactly is upheld by those norms. To be in conversation with one another - first generation Queens kids on the land of the Lenape people - who met by way of our families and *Fraternidad Cultural Pasion Boliviana*, one of Queens numerous fraternidades, many years ago is nothing short of a homecoming of sorts for us.

Arnold Arnez is a Quechua-Aymara academic-in-training from Queens, NY. He focuses on a hemispheric study of Indigenous Peoples in Abya Yala, including history, philosophy, and politics, with a speciality in Andean philosophy in Bolivia and Peru. Currently, he is an independent scholar with plans to apply to graduate school for a PhD.

Yvette Ramírez is an Andina memory and cultural worker by way of Queens, NY. She is inspired by the power of community-centered archives to further explore the complexities of information access and memory within Andean + Latinx diasporic communities in the US. Currently, she is an MSI candidate in Digital Curation at the School of Information at The University of Michigan.

1. Back in 2006 when el Movimiento al Socialismo (MAS) was first elected, they introduced an ambitious agenda for social change - El Proceso de Cambio? Looking back 15 years later did it go far enough?

Yvette: I consider el Proceso de Cambio more necessary than ever for Bolivia as it faces an unprecedented social and economic crisis along with a global pandemic. In this past year, we’ve witnessed the subsequent rise of fascism via right-wing caudillos like Fernando Camacho and paramilitary groups like Resistencia Juvenil Cochala. Bolivians find ourselves more suspicious and increasingly disconnected from one another due to the overall waves of misinformation which ultimately feed into politically and most importantly classist and racial biases. Weeks post-election, there are sectors of the populace still deliriously yelling “fraude” despite an overwhelming 55% victory by el Movimiento Al Socialismo.

Arnold: Luis Arce and David Choquehuanca’s victory represents a popular coalition of Bolivian society: rural Indians, the urban poor, syndicates and social movements, and middle class leftists. This shows two trends in the Bolivian electorate: the desire for stability and to defeat fascism. The MAS-ISPS’s appearance in the 2005 elections was as a socialist-Indigenous party that sought to protect Bolivian sovereignty and natural resources from multinational corporations that benefit from neoliberalism and neocolonial US foreign policy. First it was los hidrocarburos, or fuels such as natural gas. Now it’s lithium. From this the MAS party has not strayed. With the election of Evo Morales in 2005, the first steps of Decolonization were taken. But, the political maneuvers that the MAS has played shows its limits on the road of Decolonization. Even the illustrious Aymara leader Felipe Quispe, or El Mallku, voted for the MAS because they were the only ones who would protect Bolivia’s lithium and natural gas from privatization, but he maintained his political autonomy from the MAS party structure. Rather than supporting the MAS itself, he voted for them pragmatically while understanding that he would convene with syndicates or campesinos groups to challenge the MAS with Indian demands from below.

Y: Yes, definitely agree...15 years later, el proceso de cambio has wandered from its initial objectives. For one it was packaged as a political project based on the same tried patriarchal and caudillo political structures that have governed Bolivia for so long. Leaving only room for political affiliation and a rhetoric of two polarized factions: the “good”, the “bad”; with hardly any room for self-criticism when it all started to deviate. As someone still learning Bolivian politics and history, when I think of what el Proceso de Cambio was intentionally set out to be and could now be, I think of it as an opportunity to center national policy in relation to Bolivia’s andean cosmovisions and further a restorative praxis. To further connect all 36 recognised indigenous peoples of Bolivia and their respective cultural practices to our national (ancestral) legacy and it’s future. To be and care for one another collectively while considering the structural paradigms by which Bolivian society is currently established upon that creates hierarchy among gender, class and race. I just watched Vice-president David Choquehuanca’s speech during today’s swearing-in ceremony and he highlighted the Andean cosmovision value of Ayllu - the reciprocity between all “beings” including earth. Practices that are inherently indigenous and feminist which allow us to rethink mainstream norms in Bolivian society is the only way truly forward.

2. How did our views of Bolivianidad become affected during the elections? How did non-bolivian opinions affect it, too?

A: Growing up I had thought Bolivianidad was only found in the food and the ‘folkloric’ dances, devoid of any politics and philosophy. In high school and college, I started reading about the different Indian movements in Bolivia, not just about Evo and the MAS. These were Fausto Reinaga’s Indianismo, Katarismo, Felix Patzi’s Tercer Sistema, and about Felipe Quispe. This nuance grounded me in a history of Quechua-Aymara struggle that I could look to, which gave me hope that Bolivia would return to Decolonization sooner rather than later when Evo was ousted in the coup.

Y: Wholeheartedly agree with you on the first part on our cultural folklore - something which as you know the Bolivian community here in Queens holds on to tightly and proudly but that’s about it. This past year, my relationship to Bolivianidad and as someone whose abuelos are Aymara and Quechua - my relationship to Latinidad has shifted greatly. The 2019 elections and events that transpired onwards, revealed critical and painful conversations the country (and by extension it’s diaspora) still needs to have on Bolivia’s racial historical and very present legacy. The narrative around the massacres of Sacaba y Senkata showed that the discourse of “the savage - el otro” is still very much visible and internalized within Bolivian mestizos. For me, this all came together after El Mallku proclaimed that he did not feel Boliviano but of el Qullasuyu (the historical Aymara nation-state) sparking a national dialogue on what is required to be Bolivian - to assimilate and forget?

A: For me, the idea of Qullasuyu demonstrates a unique alternative to the mono-ethnic Mestizo Bolivian state. Quispe’s conception of Qullasuyu recognizes the plurinacionalidad of Bolivia’s 36 Indian nations and indianizes the state by grounding its philosophy = within the traditional ideas of dialogue and communal economics that allowed Indians to thrive from when Qullasuyu was a province in the Inka Empire, ideas which are the basics within the Indian countryside. The book that helped me understand this bolivianidad was Fausto Reinaga’s La Revolución India. It was my first deep reading of Bolivian history, and from an Indian point of view no less. And, it was a book that was popularized by El Mallku after he led the gas wars of La Paz in 2003. It isn’t at all about being separatists from Bolivia, but about being connected with history that thrived before Europe arrived and also gives a shared destiny of Decolonization with Antauro Humala rejecting Peru for Tawantinsuyu or with the CONAIE uniting the Indians in the coast, mountain, and jungle regions in Ecuador.

Y: As a Aymara - Quechua descendiente, I realize how essential it is to move past colonial markers as the end all be all. It is to learn about frameworks pre-dating the Spanish conquest & the subsequent formation of the nation-state that is now Bolivia. To make the connections to past and contemporary indigenous sovereignty politics including in Bolivia. This is where the construct of Bolivianidad has failed and in my case Latinidad has failed us. My family's migration journey has led us to another settler-colonial state who through systemic white supremacy also intends for us to further "assimilate and forget". Despite the physical distance, to remember, make the connections of our ancestral languages, cosmovisions and ultimately nuanced hybridities - that is what my Bolivianidad now means to me. Ever since the pandemic started back in March, I started learning Aymara and am marveled at the class chat thread - aymarañol with english sprinkled in. That is me.

A: As a Quechua-Aymara born in the US, also, recovering Bolivia's history helped ground my indigeneity in a context of 500 years of anti-colonial struggle. This is work I've seldom seen from the left that defended Evo after the coup. The US left has a binary narrative of "Evo vs the far right," in which all Indigenous peoples were reduced to Evo Morales. I attended an anti-coup protest outside the Bolivian consulate in NY where I was among the possibly 5 bolivians protesting. Aside from groaning internally at the conservatism of NY Bolivians, the lack of nuance on Bolivian politics by the protestors made their arguments unconvincing to Bolivians who would reject the ensuing far-right politics but, also, be critical of Evo seeking a 4th term. The reductive narrative of "Evo, all or nothing" omits the list of Indian movements I laid out earlier, not to mention many powerful Indian-led unions and grassroots organizations. Also, many intellectuals had called for Evo to pass the torch to a new Indian candidate for the 2019 elections, David Choquehuanca being the most popular. This MAS' inability to raise a new class of Socialist and Indianist leaders to succeed Evo or to look beyond him to lead the MAS is a failure on their part which gave the far-right the credibility of being democratic, no matter how false that was from the beginning. Indian intellectuals from Quispe to Patzi and the Indianista-Kataristas argued this fact about Evo. But, when I explained this to a Mexican friend in a class, she told me "maybe they're being manipulated by the right-wing, too." Decolonization exists beyond Evo, and the Arce-Choquehuanca government needs to show that very fact.

Y: Yep, I remember that action. I woke up, after an hour of sleep, and there was already a set narrative. Any Bolivians arguing in the comments in the event page had their comments deleted swiftly. What I think we ultimately needed was time to process and the fact that we couldn't amidst all the noise was also traumatic. The chaotic way things unfolded that Sunday, unleashed by a flood of misinformation via sensationalist videos, photographs and audios coming from all over the country. Reiterating the same gut feeling: Bolivia is on fire. The multiple whatsapp and facebook threads I was on with relatives in Bolivia and friends within the diaspora were full of speculation and ultimately fear that "they" were coming. But who was "they"? The military? The "Masistas"? The "Ptitas"? Newsrooms of Bolivia's main news outlets shut down for precautionary measures and for worse we were left to our own devices and ultimately biased fears. My dad was in La Paz so I hardly slept that night nor do I think many other Bolivians did. I was frustrated with the political apparatuses that had allowed this to happen in the first place. And I ultimately was frustrated with myself for not quickly grasping what it seemed many others already had.

Reflecting back on the convenient rise of perfectly crafted "villains and heroes" as an emerging right-wing populism indulged the fears of a middle class under the name of "democracy", yes it was a coup. Not solely based on what took place that night but what was at stake in a country that also holds a long history of traumas associated with foreign intervention and repressive, right-wing dictatorships.

3. What are your thoughts on the rightward shifts of Bolivian society following the coup? What worries you still after the election?

A: The 2019 coup d'état was initiated by the pitita counter-revolution in the middle/upper classes who claimed three main narratives: Evo and the MAS had conducted electoral fraud, Evo and the MAS wanted to impose Cuban/Venezuelan Communism, and Evo and the MAS was destroying democracy. In all three narratives, the constant is that Evo and the MAS have become ever present boogeymen where "that Indian Evo" is at fault for all of Bolivia's problems. This reveals what Eve Tuck and K. Wayne Yang referred to as "Settler Anxiety" or the constant anxiety that the Indian is a never ending threat to the settler colonial order of the nation-state, beyond whether the Indian is a real actor or not.

Y: The resounding victory margin of the October 18th elections frankly were a relief as ultimately I believe it symbolized a rejection of the far right and ultimately the imagery it used to cause fear and panic - the burning of the wiphala, military parades in el centro de La Paz and most tragically the massacres in Senkata y Sacaba. It showed, as you pointed out earlier, that the country has not ultimately rejected the socialism economic model proposed by Arce & Choquehuanca but ultimately has embraced it. I don't ascribe to any political party especially one led exclusively led by men, however I believe in this particular moment that el MAS ticket was the closest option to providing Bolivia an opportunity to look forward and move on after the reactive exhaustion and instability provided by the Añez government due to a string of incidents of corruption and her overall abuse of power including that of her cabinet. Reflecting on Mesa's candidacy, he would have been largely ineffective with his centrist position providing a surface level remedy to a deeply fractured society. Perfect for the far-right waiting on the sidelines to again take control at the most convenient time.

A: My greatest worry is the dangerous manifestation of this settler anxiety into the claim of electoral fraud in the 2020 elections. The MAS's victory of 55% was unforeseen by all of the traditional media, which had miscalculated a 2nd round scenario in which the MAS would lose to a right wing coalition. However, following the MAS's clear 1st round victory, everyone from Former President Añez to the Supreme Electoral Tribunal (TSE) under her, from the OAS's Luis Almagro to US Secretary of State Mike Pompeo accepted the results as legitimate. In spite of their own leadership's words, the right wing claims that the results were "the greatest act of electoral fraud in Bolivia's history". In this frenzy to protect democracy from the incredible fraud of high Indian and the worker voter turnout, the pititas have called for another military coup where a military junta would run the country to prevent the consummation of a new MAS presidency and Evo's return from exile. The truth is that it's a permanent state of emergency where any participation by Quechuas and Aymaras will be labelled as a conspiracy by Evo and the MAS to usurp democracy which must be repressed militarily, even resulting in new massacres like those of Senkata and Sacaba. Indians would be permanently reduced to caricatures of the MAS and Evo, and as a threat to settler democracy for their very existence.

Y: Exactly. I also worry about the self-destructive tendencies of el MAS who by not learning of past mistakes provide the far-right further ammunition to continue their rhetoric. The middle class is another important component who so far has been mainly characterized by their political reactivity and ultimately lack of political purpose other than just rejecting el MAS. This is ultimately what led to their movement being usurped by groups like RJC and Unión Juvenil Cruceñista. As a positive note, the mobilizations and blockades of August against the election delay and the hands-off governance of Añez is hope that autonomous social movements remain well and alive.

A: When I saw these groups take the frontlines of the right wing, it reminded me of a Jacobin interview done with Alvaro Garcia Linera, Evo's vice president. He explained that the coup was revenge against Indian peoples. It was revenge for the Indians gaining power in the government, creating a new Indian middle class, and the most profound (re-)indianization of Bolivian society since Tupaj Katari. The burning of the wiphala, the persecution of Indigenous cholitas in the east of Bolivia, the cabinet being populated by Bolivians who overemphasize their

Spanish and Croatian ancestries, and the massacres of Senkata and Sacaba were a form of settler genocide to purify Bolivia. However, the rhetoric of Jenine Añez, Arturo Murillo, Fernando Camacho, and Carlos Mesa was united under a protracted conspiracy that Evo was at the center of any problem or error under right-wing rule.

4. What are areas that the Arce government can do better where the previous government has failed?

Y: Omgoodness..so much! For one, I realize Bolivian mainstream institutions: political parties, the church and news organizations do not explicitly talk about the root causes of gendered violence despite that it remains one of Bolivia's most urgent issues. As of last month Bolivia's femicide rate was 100 in 2020, the highest of any south american country. Instead women have been reduced as symbolic markers to advance ideological battles that remain within the patriarchy whether right or left. Whether it's the complacent housewife, the racialized *mujer de pollera* or the deviant hypersexualized woman. What is needed are spaces that nurture autonomous feminist discourses in Bolivia and what an Arce government should do is support initiatives in that vein while acknowledging the role that masculinity plays systemically within it's own instruments of power such as the military and the police. Previously, the Morales government had created the comprehensive law to guarantee women a life free from violence in Bolivia - Law 348 which categorized femicide as a severe form of violence as well as established a special police unit dedicated to investigating crimes against women. However I ask if the "woman" in question is already dead than what do these remedies really accomplish in the grand scheme of things? Abortion is still not yet decriminalised in Bolivia and back in 2016 a gender identity law was declared unconstitutional, making it useless for the trans Bolivians to change their name on identification documents rendering them basically without any rights. Of course this too migrates in the diaspora, running rampant in our own communities many who I've personally seen be subjected to domestic violence. So yes symbolism is great - 52% of elected lawmakers in Bolivia are women but let's think beyond that. I'd like to highlight Bolivian feminist and LGBTQ spaces already doing this work such as *Muy Waso*, *Radio Deseo* from *Mujeres Creando*, *Feminismo Comunitario Antipatriarcal de Bolivia*, *Movimiento Maricas Bolivia* and *La Pesada Subversiva*. Please follow their work!

A: Luis Arce hasn't changed the message of stability that Evo used when he ran for his 4th term. But these are times of crisis; the future is much less certain and stability that includes all is a radical goal. This is the greatest problem: the regional divide of the *kolla andes* in the west and the *camba amazon* in the east. The return of this divide to the national forefront shrouds the truer and far more productive framework of anti-imperialism and Indigenous decolonization.

Luis Fernando Camacho is now leader of the Santa Cruz. And Carlos Mesa's *Comunidad Cívica* brought Cecilia Moyoviri Moya, an Indigenous *Mojeño* woman who led the 2011 *TIPNIS* protests against Evo's highway project, to the senate. Moyoviri Moya is the first female *Mojeño* senator from Beni, an indisputable milestone worthy of praise. But, it was done under Mesa's neoliberal party and not the MAS. This continues the work that the Añez government attempted by introducing the "*Bandera de la flor de patujú*" to preside alongside the *Wiphala* and Bolivian flags; to further pronounce a false division between Andes and Amazon for the far-right business elite in Santa Cruz to exploit. The original inspiration for the *patujú* symbol is the 1990 "*Marcha por el territorio y la dignidad*" that united Amazonian Natives against neoliberalism with deep solidarity and aid given by the Andean Natives; a history that's erased in the *Camba* rhetoric against the MAS.

I'd say that the goal for the Arce government is simple, but hard with the divisions in the country: expand socialist economic growth in the east in Indigenous territories with free, informed, and prior consent by the varied Amazonian nations. The policies that Moyoviri Moya is offering for Beni are highways, healthcare, education, dignified work, and Amazonian Indian self-determination, similar to what the MAS offers. Also, with the

unexpected victory of the MAS in the departamento of Pando, and over 30% in the other eastern departamentos, the MAS has the opportunity to heavily emphasize economic growth in the Oriente Camba and defang the right wing. This development must respect self-determination and prior consultations with the Indian nations in the region, lest they want a second TIPNIS with an empowered far right waiting in the wings.

Reflexiones Sobre el Enigma

Benjamin Kruse Calla

En algún momento me dijo una tía (tía que estuvo con mi abuelo hasta el último) que el le dijo a ella que nunca antes había estado tan asustado y preocupado por el país y que la situación que se vivía era lo peor (hablando de la crisis del año pasado). Este señor, nació en en 1927. Presenció la revolución del 52, los brotes fascistas militares, las inestabilidades económicas, las revueltas sociales etc. “¡¡Esto es un desastre!!” Proclamó. Fue una situación inédita para el (para todxs), y había visto y vivido tanto estando en su amada tierra.

Porque entonces fue tan inédita la situación? Pues hay muchísimo que resaltar. Pero yo creo que por ahí también hay una respuesta muy simple y humana - creo que nunca habíamos (por lo menos yo) presenciado un conflicto civil tan fuerte y extenso...creo que nunca habíamos entrado a un binarismo tan intenso y a una visión social tan maniquea. Estábamos convulsionados y ajetrechos viviendo con el bombardeo constante de la información que nos llegaba de todo lado, un sinfín de canciones y melodías tenebrosas y confusas que nunca resolvían. Poco a poco nos acercábamos al calabozo - el abismo de la violencia civil se perpetuaba. La incertidumbre nos dominaba y yo creo que es por eso que mi abuelo lo calificó de inédito...por eso es que para él fue “lo peor.”

Salió Evo y llegó Añez, con el revanchismo, la soberbia y la violencia militar...un retroceso absoluto, así como si nos hubieran catapultado de vuelta en el tiempo hasta el siglo 19.

Después llegó la pandemia. Y no solo la pandemia pero sino también el accionar de un gobierno nefasto que de ninguna manera tenía la capacidad o empatía para lidiar con el brote de la enfermedad.

A resaltar una cosa fundamental - yo creo que es importante entender que tan jodida está la cosa cuando durante un periodo de brote pandémico (específicamente Agosto 2020, que estábamos en lo peor) un sistema de salud demanda que el paciente provea todo lo necesario para una operación (y ojo que hablo de los centros metropolitanos). Es decir - transporte, medicamento, sangre, oxígeno, cirujano etc. Las tragedias que se dieron durante ese mes no indican singularmente una carencia administrativa de parte de un gobierno corrupto y conservador. Nos indican explícitamente de que hay un problema muy pero muy serio con nuestro sistema de salud. Y eso tiene todo que ver con la implementación de nuestras tendencias patriarcales y capitalistas (en todos los modos de gobernanza e institucionalidad) y nuestra historia como país en varios niveles, específicamente a nivel gubernamental. Por alguna razón no les entra a los que gobiernan de que tirando dinero por acá y por allá no vale ni un carajo si la gente muere por causa de fallos sistémicos. Bolivia siempre tuvo un sistema de salud pública semi funcional (at best) y es/fue una tristeza ver como la pandemia nos puso de rodillas y le desató el infierno a mucha gente dadas las incapacidades del estado.

Vuelvo a pensamientos anteriores - Llegaron Lucho Y David - Y que será no? Una belleza el discurso de Choquehuanca durante la posesión. Pero esperemos que no solo sea retórica. Abarcamos un nuevo periodo en nuestro país. Ahora entra una nueva etapa del gobierno del MAS que de ninguna manera es un retorno a lo que había antes... pues el contexto social, político y económico ha cambiado drásticamente. Esperemos que puedan aprender de todo lo sucedido. Ojalá corrijan los errores, y que se puedan empoderar las bases y las organizaciones sociales. Ojalá podamos tener un ambiente social con libertad plena de expresión. Esperemos que los enfoques económicos vayan más allá de nuestras tendencias tradicionales de economía capitalista, extractivista y colonial. Esperemos que a nivel social y gubernamental se puedan tener conversaciones más francas y accionares más decisivos respecto a los derechos de la mujer y la gente LGBTQ. Esperemos que el racismo, como problema

sistémico, no quede en la periferia y en la retórica. Esperemos que el medio ambiente y la pachamama no sean simplemente palabras para usar en discursos en la ONU pero sino también vehículos para prender fuegos ideológicos, que lleven a cambios drásticos de pensamiento e implementación funcional. Esperemos que la mejora de la educación y la salud vayan más allá de los cheques y el dinero.

Esperemos y ojalá...las palabras que me quedan. Por cierto también soy realista. Se que mucho de lo que mencioné anteriormente no va ser un enfoque del gobierno actual. Pero supongo que mejor tenerlos a ellos que a la alternativa...

Vigilante quedo, y con gotitas de esperanza por este mi enigmático país.

“Se metieron con la generación equivocada:” A statement of solidarity across the Peruvian diaspora

Claudia Urdanivia and Sandy Enriquez

For many of us in the diaspora, we have grown up hearing stories from our families about the immense corruption and instability of our Peruvian homeland. Political corruption becomes so embedded in daily life, it's almost expected to hear about the latest scandal or charge when we check in with our loved ones in Peru over Whatsapp or Facetime. It can be easy to get desensitized after years, or in our parents' case, decades, of exposure. But this isn't like chatting about the weather, and it should not, by any means, be normalized.

In the past year and a half, an extreme political crisis and civil unrest has swept across the Andean region in response to corruption, budgetary cuts in social services, vast inequities, and blatant seizures of power further eroding fragile democratic processes. Now, after a period of relative (if flawed) stability under democratic rule, Peru is experiencing a new revolution led mainly by the “Generación del Bicentenario” or, as they're known in the US diaspora, Millennials and Gen Z.

Following the transitional government of Valentín Paniagua - who had the monumental task of returning Peru to democratic rule following the Fujimori regime - every single President in the past twenty years has been caught up in corruption scandals and has been either investigated or detained. In fact, President Vizcarra came to power once it was revealed that Pedro Pablo Kuczynski had allegedly accepted bribes from the Brazilian company, Oldebrecht, when he was Minister of Economy. Kuczynski had negotiated the release of Fujimori, who was in jail for crimes against humanity during the armed conflict that swept Peru for nearly two decades. Peruvians across almost all political spectrums have been eager to eliminate the corruption that plagues government at every level, so much so that the recently ousted President Vizcarra's efforts to fight corruption were largely supported by the people. Vizcarra's closure of congress in 2019 and the elections of Congress in 2020 were key events that served as catalysts for the backlash from the extreme right factions in Congress. Vizcarra himself is implicated in having accepted bribes during his time as governor of Moquegua for public works projects, although this was never fully investigated prior to impeachment.

When news broke that President Vizcarra had been successfully impeached and removed by 105 Congress members for the charge of “permanent moral incapacity,” Peruvians immediately took to the street. People were enraged that these Congress members could have the audacity to throw the country into a political crisis during a pandemic that has ravaged every sector in the country and has further exacerbated the already existing inequalities. Ironically, 68 of these 130 Congressmembers are themselves being investigated for everything from money laundering to assault and even homicide.

Within a few days, what immediately began as a march of thousands quickly became a few million on a national scale thanks to the organizing and coordination efforts of students. Students used social media platforms such as Instagram, Tik Tok, and Facebook to organize (#MerinoNoMeRepresenta, #SeMetieronConLaGeneracionEquivocada). On the ground, we saw many people from the LGBTQ community, Black and Indigenous folks fearlessly and peacefully taking to the streets and leading chants demanding the immediate resignation of the interim President, Manuel Merino.

The peaceful marches were brutally repressed by the State through the use of tear gas, rubber bullets, and excessive force. Tragically, this led to the police murder of Jordan Inti Sotelo Camargo (24 years old) and Jack Bryan Pintado Sánchez (22 years old) during the Segunda Marcha Nacional. So far, reports estimate that at least 113 protestors have been injured and some demonstrators have been reported missing after being arrested. The very next day after these tragedies occurred, Merino (and 11 of his ministers) resigned. Merino has now been replaced by Francisco Sagasti, who began his presidency by publicly defending Inti and Bryan's right to peaceful protest, yet the manifestaciones continue in order to ensure a democratic election will occur in April 2021 and to demand justice for the deaths of the slain youth. Many in Peru are also calling for an entirely new constitution that goes beyond eliminating parliamentary immunity but also serves the needs of the people.

Those of us in the diaspora of North America and Europe looked on in absolute horror as the repression was taking place. Despite the distance, folks in the diaspora seamlessly managed to coordinate international solidarity efforts ranging from rallies, protests, and fundraisers to support our Peruvian community. Most importantly, using social media, the diaspora managed to quickly amplify the fact that a coup had taken place and denounce the human rights abuses that were enacted by the police and the State. Powerful images of hundreds of thousands of intergenerational Peruvians marching in the plazas and participating in cacerolazos thunderously chanting "Perú te quiero, por eso te defiendo," gave hope to many that Peru had finally awakened-- and that its next generation will not tolerate manipulation and corrupt politicians.