

**X**icana

**V**egan

**I**ssue **2**

## **Welcome to Xicana Vegan: Issue 2!**

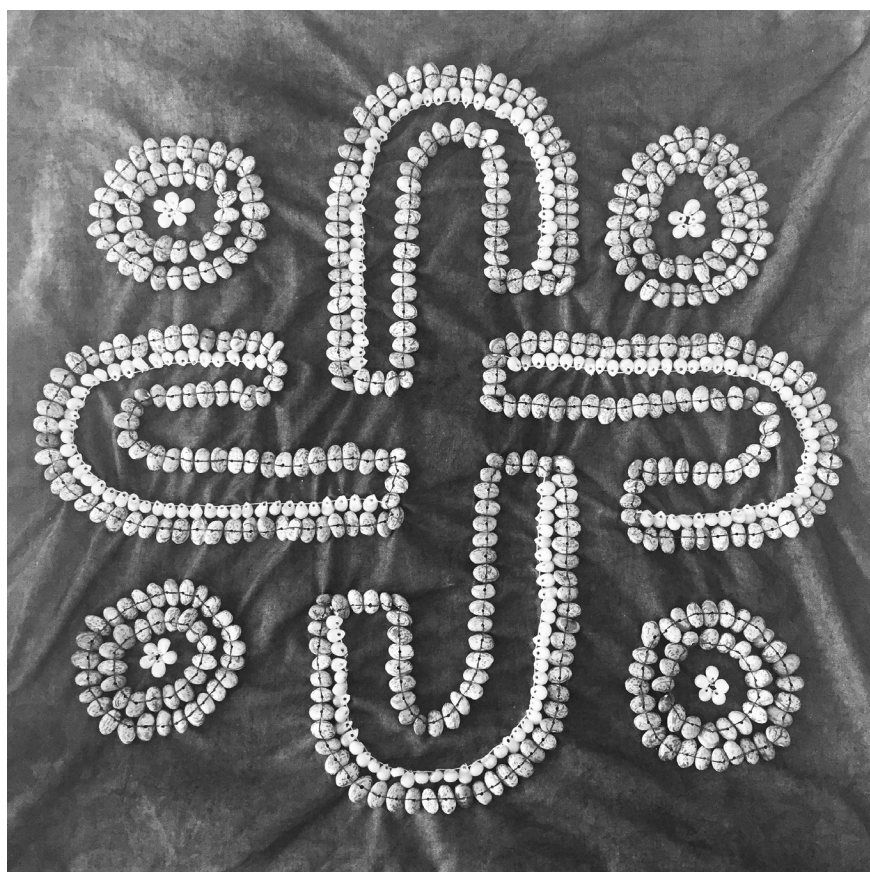
This issue features recipes, personal narratives, remedies, and opinions. Contributors speak of family memories and what has been passed down as well as ways to veganize these recipes. Other topics include food and trauma, ancestral longings, cultural appropriation, and animalization, providing a glimpse into the complex identity that is Xicanx Veganism.

I hope you enjoy.



# Contributors

Lucinda González.....	5, 26
Lea Thompson.....	6-7, 27
Kevin Madrigal.....	8-9, 27
Ernest Hernandez.....	10, 27
Ashley Diaz-Barela.....	12-13, 26
Gianna Elvia Rendon.....	14, 27
Christa Dippel.....	15, 26
Rebel Mariposa.....	17-21, 27





# Jackfruit Tacos



- 2 - 20-oz cans jackfruit in water or brine
- 2 Tbsp coconut oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$  large onion - thinly sliced
- 4 cloves garlic - minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp sea salt
- 1 Tbsp ground smoked paprika
- 1 Tbsp ground cumin
- 1 Tbsp chili powder
- 2-3 Tbsp maple syrup
- 1 small chipotle pepper (comes in a small can) in adobo sauce
- 1 -2 tsp adobo sauce (you decide how spicy you want it!)
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup coconut aminos OR 1 Tbsp Tamari or soy sauce
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup water
- 3 Tbsp lime juice

Rinse and drain jackfruit. Usually comes in chunks/triangle shapes. Cut off center "core" and chop into smaller pieces. Pull apart remaining portions so that it's in small shredded pieces.

Use large skillet and heat on medium. Add oil, onion and garlic. Sauté until onions are tender.

Add jackfruit and remaining ingredients. Stir and lower heat. Cover and cook for 20 minutes stirring often.

As it's cooking, you can use a couple of forks to shred the jackfruit further.

After 20 minutes, taste and adjust flavor. Then turn up heat to medium-high for 3 more minutes.

You're good to go!

Enjoy on corn tortillas with refried frijoles, shredded lettuce, cilantro and whatever else you love in your tacos!

Freezes for 1 month.

I wonder how many of us struggle to reconcile our ancestors' pasts -- how do we remember, honor and heal our history and our present? When I think of my bisabuela, I think of the tortillas she made by hand, from memory.

"Mija, sit, I will make you something."

I'd slide a pat of butter across its surface till it melted, and greedily inhale each tortilla placed in front of me. Bisabuela never wrote down recipes, and nobody asked to learn those food secrets while it was still possible.

My family -- indigenous people; colonizers; farmers; nobles; laborers; entrepreneurs -- have blurred any semblance of a clear narrative.

How many of us question the ingredients we have been given, or allowed?

Authentic mole doesn't come from a can, and it isn't made in 20 minutes. Maiz from the fields tastes so much sweeter, fresh and flavorful than the corn found at any grocery store.

Now I know, those handmade tortillas were an art, perfected, shaped by so many generations -- hundreds of years before my mother or my abuela. They were a shared connection. There is no way to bring her back, but I can remember.

Generations of institutionalized racism discouraged us from sharing and using the herbs and flowers and vegetables that our ancestors grew and used. We were shamed and forbidden from speaking Spanish, Euskera, and other countless languages that have been lost. Now I know, and I can remember.

When we adapted our dishes, and used what we had, we were told that our dishes were “unhealthy”. These same foods that are now considered “trendy”. We used what we had to keep those dishes alive.

I continue to research and write; I ask mis abuelos, los tíos, the cousins-- what they remember, what has stayed with them. I read books, try to visit farms and gardens, listen to those around me.

I find shared connections and experiences when I show up for my community. Creating a new family is difficult work, but there are artists, farmers, cooks and allies who understand and create and celebrate the memories, stories and dishes we have.

We fill the gaps and create our own traditions with what we have-- it's not perfect, but it's way for us to remember.

-Lea Thompson

# A Recipe of Tradition: **Enchiladas Verdes**

Boil the tomatillos:

Remember the staccato clicking sound of the stovetop pilot when your mother heated water to cook tomatillos every Saturday morning as you woke up to watch Rugrats in Spanish. There is always some sort of homemade tomatillo salsa on the table, but today you know this is for your favorite food. You redirect your attention from the sounds of the pilot to the sounds of Tommy and Carlitos (Chuckie) determining if Tommy's father is a robot.

Blend boiled tomatillos, jalapeño, cilantro, salt, and a little bit of avocado:

Because when you were 17 visiting your Tia Maria in Mexico, she told you "A little avocado makes it creamy, so the tortillas don't get so soggy" -- Something your mother never told you, and you figured she either kept as a secret or forgot herself.

Question whether garlic and onion go into the salsa verde:

Call your mother for a reminder and get reprimanded  
"¡AY MIJO! ¡Siempre me andas preguntando y siempre se te olvida!"

Add garlic to the salsa verde, but not onion:

You're too scared to ask again and you don't like the taste of onion in the enchilada sauce.

Choose your own journey:

recipe A for the "traditional" chicken version

recipe B for my plant based version

A)

Shred the chicken (poached, rotisserie, really cooked however you want):

Because when your abuela Guadalupe raised her children in the small farm town of Las Piedras, chicken was a luxury. Today, we live in Guadalajara, in Arizona, in Texas, in California.

We cook chicken to remind us that we no longer scrape by and only eat beans - we eat chicken.

Saute the chicken with diced green bell pepper. Set aside.

End of A

B)

Grate 2 parts purple potato (savory kind! Not sweet. Red potato can be used instead.) and 1 part zucchini:

Your professors taught you that eating healthy means pushing people to eat vegetables, but they didn't tell you how. You subbed out the meat for veggies in pursuit of creating something more nourishing - and in doing so learned that your ancestors ate this way all along. Still, you feel nervous bastardizing a "traditional" family recipe - and you become anxious serving this version to your mother, whose only form of communicating love is through food. She takes a bite.

Saute potato until cooked through and season with salt and turmeric. Add zucchini, cook for one more minute, then take it off heat and set aside:

A few weeks after your mother tries your purple potato version, she yells, this time more endearingly:

"¡Mijo! Cómo hiciste tus enchiladas?"

When you return home she has already grated the potato and zucchini. She's waiting for you to show her how to cook it.

End of B

To serve, stuff tortillas with filling, roll them up and sauce them generously. Serve with shredded lettuce, finely minced white onion, cotija cheese, and crema:

You are now responsible for carrying forward the tradition of cooking in your family. Take inspiration from your ancestors, but remember that these traditions were never meant to be static; they were meant to bring joy, belonging, and life to those you feed.

# Soul Food

Healing smells like making homemade tortillas  
Like "I'm glad I woke up now!"  
Like "I can make it through this day now!"  
Like "It's good to come home now!"

Making  
3 parts flour and 1 part manteca. Hot water, salt, baking powder as needed.

Healing  
Equal parts spirit and soul. Flesh, struggles, triumphs as needed.

Making  
Kneading and pressing. Cooking over the comal's protection from scorching fire.

Healing  
Self-awareness and persistence. Growing amidst fires too hot for steel yet preserved by our creator.

And then we eat  
And then we share  
And then we "consume the love" prepared

As an offering  
As a way for life  
As a people

Healing through fire, spirit, soul, and flesh

Perfect your recipe  
Someone needs your healing

Maybe even you

Ernest D.H.  
2/00



Suzy González  
*Revolution*  
acrylic on cut panel  
painting installation  
2018

cw: eating disorders

It's 5 a.m. and I'm 17 years old. I kept that movie playing throughout the night so who knows if I truly fell asleep. Mama is in her bedroom doing her makeup, curling her bangs just so, snapping her black heels tight, MEGA 104.3 playing that old school r&b just loud enough to remind her that work is not the only thing that takes up time in her day.

Mama comes blazing through the house, flicking every light switch on to wake us up. I'm already awake, brushing my teeth, tell her, "Mama, I already ate breakfast before you woke up," and she kisses my forehead. "Aye mija, now help me wake your sisters."

But I lied, I haven't had breakfast in months. I take crackers with me to school, eat them when I feel like vomiting, share my best friend's french fries, and skip most of 4th period to purge in the 700s hall bathroom. I "eat dinner" before my mom gets home from work, and spend the rest of my night reading poetry that makes me cry.

11 years later and I am still in recovery. It took me four years to realize I was in undiagnosed bulimia, a deep depression, abusive in-home relationships, and abusive sexual partnerships. I was 19 years old when I weighed myself for the first time - 90 pounds, 5 feet tall, sallow - unlike the brown skin I came to embody, a bone in a teenage body.

I'm 28 now, but these numbers are not all I have left from my past; the trauma my body has endured has continued to follow me. I have had to relearn myself how to eat and hold down food. I have had to relearn how to swallow, how to stay awake with food in my body, how to socialize with people around a table, how to learn to like textures again, how to love myself and in turn love the idea of sustaining my own body and life force. I have in turn taught myself patience.



My relationship with food has been a fierce one. Within the past five years, I have dedicated a good portion of my time and energy to recreating culture around food. As Xicanxs, as culturally rich peoples, food is the cornerstone of our social gatherings. I have pushed myself to recognize the ways healing can take place through food and gatherings. And the greatest way I've connected to my own healing is through sharing food with myself and others, through becoming vegan, and even deeper, through a decolonized lens.

It's hard to say what moment led me to a vegan lifestyle. Maybe it was half a year ago when even after strictly eating home-cooked meals, I still had digestive issues. Maybe it was when I learned the horrors of the meat and dairy industries. Maybe it was when I first learned about the harsh working environments of migrant workers, the cruel treatment of workers, when I was made aware of worker's rights movements throughout history, when I first read *Esperanza Rising*. Maybe it was when I was five years old, cooking food with my dad, the chef, never knowing I was in the thick of it all, I was on the road not only to health but to decolonization. Maybe I'm in a constant state of being led to a deeper understanding of what a cruelty-free lifestyle actually encompasses.

Healing has come to me through veganism. Awareness has come to me through veganism. Veganism is compassion made manifest. Xicanx veganism is decolonization, is eliminating harm, is intentionality, is a greater understanding of my own culture, is a gift to myself, is an understanding of others. It is an "I see you."

I'm walking through the high desert forest in the southwest. It's summer of 2018 and I'm 17 again. I didn't eat dinner last night, work was too busy, and I convinced myself that my body can sustain itself on sleep and fresh air until 5 p.m., until I go to work again. I am reminded to breathe as a pine tree sways in the wind, as my niece pulls me through the underbrush of pine needles and mullein into a dragon's cave. She tells me she is hungry and in order to recreate and uphold cultures, I have to play an active part in the succession of its survival, in my own survival. I take out a baby watermelon and fresh peaches, L's favorite. Her water bottle swims with black cats, her smile wide as the earth. We eat.

# Avocados Aren't Hipster

By Gianna Elvia Rendon

"Avocados aren't hipster,"

I say in class in between a bite of aguacate and bolillo bread.

My classmates start laughing.

They are laughing at how hipster they think I am and how "white" I eat.

I am in a class surrounded completely by white people for the first time.

I'm in Denver, away from home for the first time.

So I sit in class with my aguacate sangwich, angry.

Angry that white people keep taking things from us.

Angry that they don't realize it was ours in the first place.

Angry that down the street a brunch place sells avocado and toast for \$8.

Angry that I can buy about 40 avocados at Chicho Boys for the same price.

Angry that nopales are suddenly cool now.

Angry at myself for ever thinking smoothies were ever a white thing.

I had just forgot their name. Liquados.

Angry that people of color are quick to label things "white," instead of realizing they were just stolen from indigenous people. Pumpkins, quinoa, cactus water

Angry that white people think Mexican food is automatically unhealthy.

Angry that Mexican-Americans think Mexican/Tex-Mex food is automatically unhealthy.

Angry that in my neighborhood the life expectancy is 65, 10 years less than the Northside.

But then I finish swallowing my bite of sangwich de aguacte.

I take a sip of my liquado.

Look at my classmate.

Grab another aguacate from my bag and eat that one too.



NECESITAMOS CUIDAR A LOS ANIMALES!

WE NEED TO TAKE CARE OF THE ANIMALS!

# Papas Rancheras

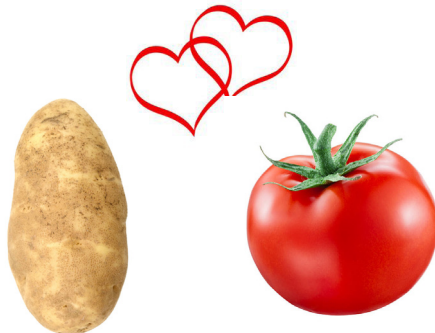
Ingredients:

- 1 tbsp. olive oil
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 2 large potatoes, diced (about 1/2 inch. cubes)
- 2 tomatoes, diced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 jalapeno, minced
- 1/2 c. fresh cilantro, chopped
- 1 c. tomato sauce
- 1 c. warm water
- 2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper

Directions:

Heat oil in a large pan, and begin cooking onion until translucent. Add potatoes and pan fry for about 10 minutes stirring frequently to avoid burning. Add tomato, garlic, jalapeño, and spices and stir. Fold in tomato sauce, Once combined, add warm water. Taste the broth and adjust seasoning to your liking. The papas will soak up all this liquid. Bring to a boil and cook covered on medium heat for 20-25 minutes or until potatoes are tender, stirring every once in a while. Side note- this is a great time to take a quick shower if you're a breakfast multi-tasker! Finally, stir in fresh cilantro. Serve in warm tortillas and top with fresh avocado! Taco yield: 10.

<3 Sooz



# snot it out

/snot/

noun (usually considered vulgar)

1. nasal mucus or discharge
2. (slang) a contemptible person

It started on a Tuesday night, I began to get a sore throat and I thought to myself oh, no I am getting sick, I am getting a cold. The next day I was fine until I woke up in the middle of the night with a painful sore throat and a stuffy nose. A few days into this "cold" my partner said "Um, I think you have allergies." Turns out she was right. I never got a fever or any other cold/flu symptoms besides creating mucus at a rapid rate and dealing with sinus pressure in my face that later traveled to my ear. Pollen was high. (Side note: how ironic a Rebel Butterfly is allergic to pollen?!?! Sounds like a kid's movie just waiting to be written. Ha. Like Finding Nemo, a clownfish with one fin too small but still lives a happy life...) Anyway, like I was saying, about a week into being a snot-creating machine my teeth began to hurt. Again my lovely partner, who is filled with simple and brilliant ideas, suggested that I look up sinuses and toothache. Sure enough I learned, thanks to the world wide web, that the inflammation caused by a sinus infection can lead to toothaches. Whoa. I went from having allergies to a full-blown sinus infection. I am not into over-the-counter medicine\* and even less into going to see a doctor to get some antibiotics to cure an infection. With the current state of politics I had even more ganas to cure this infection sans prescribed drugs. Once again I went searching in the world wide web for solutions and ideas for curing a sinus infection naturally. After a week of doing the following things I am feeling 99% better and no longer refer to myself as a snot-making factory nor do I carry around tissues.

\*In the beginning I did take a pain reducer at night so that I could sleep. The pain in my face was too uncomfortable before I started the regime below. Before I realized I had an infection I got a nasal spray called Xlear from a natural food store here in my town. It helped a lot.

next



I learned how to massage my sinuses (again thank you world wide web). I stopped many sinus headaches immediately after they started by learning how to massage my face.

once I realized I had an infection I went full force into getting myself healed

I started **Oil Pulling**: I put 1 Tb of coconut oil into my mouth and gently swished it around for 15-20 minutes first thing in the morning. When the timer buzzed I spit out the oil into the trash, rinsed my mouth out, brushed my teeth and flossed. I had tried oil pulling years ago in California so I was familiar with the process. I found that getting on social media, or washing dishes or making tea while I was doing the pulling made the 15/20 minutes go by really fast. You can read more about oil pulling on the internet, just look it up.

after I flossed

I drank some water: sometimes half a glass to a full glass depending on how thirsty I was. Next, I drank 3 Tbs of **apple cider vinegar** followed by another glass of water. Drinking apple cider vinegar is like drinking pickle juice, it's intense. Some people water it down or add it to a tea.

then

I used a **Neti Pot**. I had heard about the Neti Pot for years but I never had an issue with allergies until last year nor had I ever gotten a sinus infection. I was desperate for relief so I got a pot at a natural food store. It was helpful for a few days (I did it twice a day: once in the morning and once at night). As my sinuses began to dry up it became harder to do because at least one of my nostrils was clogged so the solution wasn't able to drain.

next

I made myself fresh **garlic & ginger tea** - peel about 2-4 cloves of garlic and a good size of ginger, put it into a cup, boil some water, put water into the cup with the garlic and ginger and drink it up. I drank this every morning and sometimes at night as well. also add a squeeze of fresh lemon and a bag of some kind of herbal tea. then repeated it on the daily for about 5 days. I am still doing the oil pulling, apple cider vinegar and tea every morning.

**Steam** - I boiled about 4 cups of water let it cool a little bit then put it into a glass bowl with a few drops of eucalyptus oil then put

my face down over the water, draped a towel over the back of my head and inhaled the steam. Took breaks to blow my nose. I did this for about 15-20 minutes. Side benefit - the pores in my face felt great. Next time I will put on a facial mask after the steam ;) Also I wish I would have done this sooner.

**Onions** on my feet at night. I can't say if it worked or not. I only did it once and I was doing so many other things so can't vouch for it but wanted to share that I tried it.

"For extreme cases of illness, I slice onion and garlic and place all over the bottom of the infected person's foot (rub olive oil on the foot first). I then wrap the foot in saran wrap and place a sock on overnight. Onions and garlic have been shown to pull toxins and help the body heal. Some natural practitioners even claim that having cut onions around will absorb toxins and keep others in the family from getting sick, though I have not tried this."  
source WellnessMama

other things I did daily

>rested as much as possible, whenever possible.

>ate fresh fruit and veggies (no meat, no dairy) - veggie soup of any kind strongly recommended

>drank homemade organic green smoothies (2 handful of mixed greens, a banana, orange juice, an apple and some frozen blueberries). YUM.

also

I have been reading a book by Louise L Hay titled **You Can Heal Your Life** on and off for the past 15 years. Whenever I have a health issue I refer to the book. In the back of the book there is a list of symptoms, body parts and a possible explanations beyond the physical as to why one might be experiencing certain ailments in the body. So when I looked up sinuses this is what I found:

Sinuses: I am one with all of life. No one has the power to irritate me unless I allow it. Peace and harmony. I deny any beliefs in calendars

Problem: Sinus Problems.

Probable Cause: Irritation to one person, someone close.

New Thought Pattern: I declare peace and harmony dwell in me and surround me at all time. All is well.

I knew I was being very irritated by the news coming out on the daily basis and being highly critical of, well, almost everything, which lead me to be more annoyed so I stopped reading the news in the morning. Started to be more grateful for things and people around me and repeated the new thought pattern several times a day.

That's how I was able to kick a sinus infection out of my body without using the medical industrial complex.

the end.





Suzy González

Yesterday, a young Guatemalan woman was murdered by the US Border Patrol. Claudia Patricia Gómez Gonzáles “graduated as a forensic accountant in 2016 but dreamed of studying further.”<sup>1</sup> She was traveling to the US in order to find work to pay for her education. Her mother, Lidia Gonzáles said, “She told me she wanted to keep studying at university but we don’t have the money ... We’re poor and there are no jobs here, that’s why she travelled to the US – but they killed her. Immigration killed her. She didn’t do anything wrong.”

This incident occurred just nine days after 45 equated immigrants with animals. During a White House meeting, he said, “You wouldn’t believe how bad these people are. These aren’t people, these are animals, and we’re taking them out of the country at a level and at a rate that’s never happened before.”<sup>2</sup> His Hitler-esque language is nothing new—European colonizers would use the animalizing of humans as a validation for genocide; slave owners as a way to encourage exploitation through invented social hierarchies based on a skin color and facial features.

To equate people with non-human animals is to allow for violence against them. This is why 45s border patrol minions feel as though they can freely murder individuals and claim that they do so in self-defense. In our society, to be seen as animal is to be seen as lesser-than; it almost always holds a negative connotation. From domestic companion-animals to factory-farmed animals, we, the humans, remain in control. So what defines a human? Who do we default to when we think of humankind? The idea of “the “human” or “humanity” is not just about whether or not one belongs to the species *homo sapiens*. Rather, “human” means a certain way of being, especially exemplified by how one looks or behaves, what practices are associated with one’s community, and so on. So, the “human” or what “humanity” is just is a conceptual way to mark the province of European whiteness as the ideal way of being *homo sapiens*.”<sup>3</sup>

We have seen that racialized folks, or people of color, have been animalized over the years. We can see examples from segregation, from scientific racism, and more recently in advertising and popular media. We dehumanize individuals or groups of people that are seen as deviant in order to justify their exploitation. There may be language used to show the animalization – savage, barbaric, inferior, subordinate, or behaving animal-like, in any way. Which also negates the fact, that we ourselves are animals; we are not separate. “As authors of the racial framework, Western white men conceived of themselves as the representatives of humanity. They were the objects of morality and law and, not coincidentally, the subjects that dictated how we should think about notions such as morality, law, and justice.”<sup>3</sup> Since the socially constructed idea of race is a European invention, it makes sense that the inventor, the colonizer, the one’s in power, would have themselves portray the ideal human beings.

So the animalization of humans is something that I think many of us see as wrong or as offensive or racist, but the conversation usually stops there. We say, people of color are not animals and should not be treated as such (as subordinate). There is this underlying understanding and acceptance that “the animal” is a negative status. We don’t want to be seen as animal, although we all are. This agreement is one that accepts hierarchical systems of race as well as white supremacy. In order to understand racism, we must continue this analysis of the animal.

This negative notion of the animal anchors white supremacy in that whiteness is not only seen as our society’s superior race, but also as the superior way of being. This is the reality of things. The top of our racial hierarchy holds the white human, and everyone else is seen as “inferior” or as more animal. Aph and Syl Ko add that “the two poles of human and animal signify two contrary moral statuses—the closer your category is to the white male human, the more you “matter.” The closer your category is to the “animal,” the less you “matter.”<sup>3</sup>

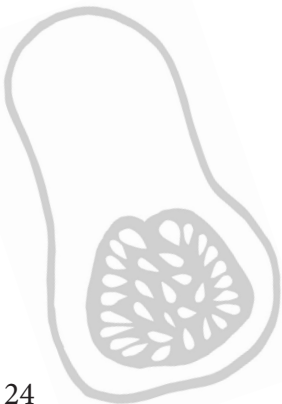
So to respect and value people of color who are exploited due to animalistic rhetoric, we must first respect non-human animals. Speciesism allows for us to separate our high and mighty species from the entirety of the Animal Kingdom. Human exceptionalism is not far from white supremacy. We are humanocentric, but we can work to change that. We can start by having compassion for all animals—not just cats and dogs. Every creature deserves a valued life. There is no excuse for the murder of a person travelling over an invisible racist line. Let’s align our lifestyles with our ethical values. If we work towards ending colonial systems of hierarchical speciesism, we may be able to prevent further violence against people of color.

<sup>1</sup> <https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2018/may/25/woman-shot-dead-border-patrol-rio-bravo-texas-identified>

<sup>2</sup> <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/05/16/us/politics/trump-undocumented-immigrants-animals.html>

<sup>3</sup> Ko, Aph, and Syl Ko. *Aphro-ism: Essays on Pop Culture, Feminism, and Black Veganism*. Lantern Books, 2018. <---- **Read this book y’all.**

#ClaudiaPatriciaGómezGonzález #sayhername





Over time, I have learned that broken beans should not be discarded from the pot, but should always be included because they make the broth richer and more flavorful. I've realized that the discolored or misshapen beans do not lessen the flavor of the pot; they don't take over either. Beans, like people, should be judged by their contributions, not by their appearance. Luz Calvo and Catriona Rueda Esquibel say that "Cooking a pot of beans is a revolutionary act," and I say that we are all needed for the revolution. -Sooz

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Ashley Diaz-Barela

I am a queer brown femme, an auntie, a best friend. I live in the southwest, in a high desert forest in Arizona. A large part of my family originates from the southwest coast of Mexico, and reside here in Arizona, New Mexico, and southern California. I am in the midst of getting back into writing and reminding myself that much of my growth stems from the act of writing and sharing and learning.

Christa Dippel

I am a freelance artist and illustrator. My art tends to portray a sweet little something that's just a bit off, hence the alias: Defectivepudding. I indulge in countless hours of cartoons - the classics along with some new stuff. I also enjoy reading, especially vintage children's books, and like to spend time thinking up my own stories and characters to tinker around with in my little head. These hobbies serve as inspiration in my creative process, and help me to ground myself, whether that self is feeling like a kid in a candy store, or a wise old woman who's outlived her time. Please visit: [www.defectivepudding.com](http://www.defectivepudding.com) for more.

Lucinda G. González

Lucinda G González is a Level I Certified Wine Sommelier and has been in the wine industry since 2011. She is a member of the International Wine & Spirits Guild. She is also an Owner of a vineyard in Spain. Her wines are of the finest Tempranillos, and they're vegan! The wines can be found in local (Houston, TX) H-E-Bs, wine bars and restaurants. Lucinda has also received a Plant-Based Certification from the Rouxbe Online Cooking School. Lucinda turned to veganism in December 2016 shortly after the death of her 61-year-old auntie who died of cancer after a nine-year fight. With the support of her husband and daughters, Lucinda decided to try a plant-based diet and hasn't turned back. As a vegan, Lucinda finds it is especially gratifying that she is preventing animal suffering and helping to improve the environment.

Suzy González

Suzy González is an artist, educator, curator, and zinester living and working in San Antonio, TX. She obtained her MFA in Painting from the Rhode Island School of Design in 2015. She received a 2017 NALAC Fund for the Arts Grant for the curatorial project, *Comida es Medicina*. She completed the NALAC Leadership Institute in 2018, and is a current fellow with the Intercultural Leadership Institute. She is half of *Yes, Ma'am* zine, which focuses on intersectional feminism and free speech.

### Ernest Hernandez

Ernest is an MBA student at Texas A&M University in San Antonio. His poetry speaks of justice, society, love, and more. He has been published in El Placazo Community Newspaper, Voices de La Luna, and The Rivard Report. He has also won awards at both UTSA and the Alamo Colleges and was a semi-finalist in the Andres Montoya Prize in 2018. “Soul Food” is a simile. But, there is so much more than mixing ingredients and cooking that turn it into an extended metaphor. There’s the work for making the fire, forging the comal, crafting the rolling pin, and so on. These things to me represent the universe and its role in our healing that sometimes we must remember because he healing we seek for ourselves is not just for us but the world around us.

### Kevin Madrigal

Kevin Madrigal is a Chicano first generation child of Mexican immigrants. He is an aspiring artist, writer, and community organizer based in San Francisco. As the Culinary Director of Farming Hope, he executes vegetable focused Mexican meals that provide training and work opportunities for folks experiencing homelessness. Through a bachelor’s degree in Human Biology from Stanford University, he studied community health and nutrition in immigrant communities. In his spare time, you can find him taking hip hop dance classes or engaging in conversations around justice. There are a few themes that I’ve come across again and again in my own journey around food: nostalgia, the idea of tradition, health, shame, and love. With this piece, I wanted to show how these themes have come up through a recipe that was passed down to me from my family, and how they can develop overtime.

### Rebel Mariposa

Rebel Mariposa is a multifaceted artist from San Antonio, Tejas . Her work these days focuses mostly on her restaurant, bar and community venue La Botanica, in San Antonio, TX. She also is a freelance art curator, a performance artist and an undaunted activist.

### Gianna Elvia Rendon

Gianna Elvia is a Xicana from the Westside of San Antonio. She owns Echale Books, a traveling book pop up that specializes in progressive, feminist, POC centered books. She also has a zine series called “Potato and Monstro Mess Arounds” that currently focuses on her struggles with the medical system. She was vegetarian for 9 years, pescetarian for 1 year and vegan since January 2018. She is interested in food as medicine and ancestral medicines as an alternative to Big Pharma.

### Lea Thompson

Lea Thompson is a journalist and photographer who specializes in art, human rights, culture, urban planning and food coverage. Though she is based in San Antonio, she follows stories and passions that often require a passport.



**Thanks for reading!**

**<3**

Want to contribute to Xicana Vegan?  
Be in touch!

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