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Author

Castillo, Vreni Michelini

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I was lying down and *Estela* standing behind my head called on me: *Vreni, Vreni, regresa Vreni*. Two memories trickled inside me and then I giggled with a tiny tear on the right eye flowing. When someone experiences soul loss, techniques such as this are utilized.

These last months I found myself drawing; very simple lines of pencil, making the figures vacant, pushing away from my exterior, that terrifying place. Leaving parts of my obsession with the violence behind.

Focusing on this sentiment of abandonment, absence, traces, impotence.

The *Gente Brava/Y Se Hacen Pendejos* installation was my space of mourning, my space of *ausencia y anhelo*
Of still



retando brutalidades internas

I started researching corn. Circular returning's:

The first performances I did in 2009 dealt in some way with my relationship to corn. The first, *Corn Offering*, was a two-hour still life performance in which I sat inside a sleeping stereotype to offer my body and remind my audience of corn. The second was a one person-play *Huesos de Maiz* in which I had three layers of masks, representing a delineation of blood in my family, while giving a tale of the practice of reading of corn.



I am doing this research in order to gain a better understanding of the current politics and the polemics surrounding corn by a plethora of actors in a transnational setting. My point of entry in this research is the situations emerging from Monsanto's production of transgenic corn and its growing export to Mexico.

Utilizing my lens to analyze the complex and distinct American and Mexican corn cultures and their representations.

Thinking myself into memories I made my first codice,
a strange child...it came out as a non-linear map

fragmentos politicos, fragmentos de mi cortita vida
Lleno, llenito,

I know, I know
Its almost too filled, but I did not concern myself with its critique,
I let it birth itself without hesitation
Without my timid-ness, anxiety and fear

Inside the codice, is my first conscious attempt, a little glyph?
Concentrated

Mi abuelita used to say young girls should not be on the street too much;
talking to me. She said I had *pata de perro*; an illness of sorts, perhaps a social
illness of wanting, constantly wanting to be outside the house.

Her father, *que en paz descansa*, would never announce himself, he played the
violin by ear and would leave without notice. He ended up with 45 children,
regados por'ahi, at least that's what my granduncle says.

mirror light

I have been thinking about what it means to be a transnational Mexican.
Again.

Reading *Octavio Paz's "El Laberinto de la Soledad"*

He was here then in the 50s, trying to make sense of it too, now I am here with him too. He said, migrants return again and again without returning fully.

I fought his words, got shocked,
drowned in the bile,
nodded.

I need part of it, somehow I clean them,
mend them
Make sense of them.
violent way of being
de arrancarme la piel
cold indifference, defensive,
raise shoulders in embarrassment,
intense joy passion, devotion

I stutter scar tissues

Desplazamientos



I found an article on the "Venus" *de Chupicuaro*, a little clay figurine from my home state of *Guanajuato* (city of frogs). This little figurine ended up in the hands of a French collector and was recently in a Sotheby's auction gathering approximately 13 million dollars. I am making one to pay homage...out of layers of frustration towards historical moments like this.

"Moves result in the loss of mythological symbols, meteorological orientation, and even the very totem and mainstay plants and animals that ground a culture."
Susan A. Crate

Ay, Susan all I have is a relationship to a few plants, how to make my food and how to tell stories, guard my elders' stories.

Always to defend
gets tiring.
of the authenticity
of approval by you by whoever
my skin blanket appears scrapping through my rust
Digging in the niche, somewhere in there maybe

I look the drawings out of the paper,
in clay in song

Listen to those old songs, again, again, again.

In the kitchen, in her room, *mi abuelita* with all of her ecstatic force would walk around preparing the meals for our international student guests, between tourism and hospitality, while she told me stories or would sing these songs. I would fetch the chicken from *Sr. Rodriguez, que en paz descanse*, the *tortillas* from *Las Gonzales*, the bread from *La Purisma*, the red meat from *Sr. Puga*, the *mole* from *Chavita, que en paz descanse*. I would come back and she would feed all of the students, the family and whoever passed by. Then when she was finished, she would lie down in her couch, rest her legs filled with *varices*, swollen knees. People would call her, people call her all the time. While in the couch, I would look at her old rough thick-skin feet and watch the television screen on *Canal 2, Televisa*. They used to play the golden classic Mexican movies. Again, the songs come back here.

Between my pasts and Berkeley
I feel more or less ready to sing some of these songs.

I feel like a *caldo cocinando*, waiting
for the right moment
to devour myself