Hello everyone, I am Cristina Guerrero and I will narrate a story brought in by a young, Latina herself. Through this narration we will be conducting various situations that occur within the Chicana community and how it relates to Chicana feminism. We will be tackling many situations through storytelling, but we will also be conducting a discussion through academic journals, articles, publishing’s and all those good things out there to really enhance our knowledge on the subject. Now let’s begin.

Gloria Anzaldua will start the discussion for us with a passage from her book Borderlands/ La Frontera - The New Mestiza. “The U.S. -Mexican border es una herida abierta where the Third World grates against the first and bleeds. And before a scab forms it hemorrhages again, the lifeblood of two worlds merging to from a third country—a border culture.”

In July of 1998, my family and I migrated over from Mexico to the Americas for a better, more peaceful and more abundant way of life. The travel itself was not easy… but I was a child when it had occurred and do not remember the trip, I only know from what I have been told. Upon arrival my parents both had to get jobs that consisted of hard manual labor. My mother was in housekeeping, where she cleaned after people their homes and rooms; the pay for this amount labor was not sufficient. My father worked in a construction site; it was the only fast work he knew he could do that would help provide for his family. This was our family.

This story is very similar or the exact same to other families who are cross the border looking for more opportunities. “…the women who do the work are well aware of the low status and stigma attached to paid domestic work.” Is what author to, Domestica, Immigrant Workers cleaning & Caring in the Shadows of Affluence; Pierrette Hondagne-Sotelo says. These women are well aware of the situation at hand, but they are also in need for survival, so they stay in these positions.
For much of my life I have had a constant reminder that I am different. My name is not like theirs… my face and skin, does not match theirs… my parents, do not look like their parents… and we are not the same. These were the thoughts I had growing up; I remember being in kindergarten and thinking this than asking mi mama why that was. “Why are we so different from them?” All she said was “Mija tu eres diferente pero muy especial.” It was a reminder that I have always kept with me growing up. … years pass and I come to grow up in a world were capitalism has taken over it has neglected to engage the women of color, Spanish speaking, and of Latin decent. In school I learned of a historical event where many years there was a movement for women by women who fought for their rights. Being so young and capturing all of those details about the event was very inspiring, I remember thinking “wow, that is awesome, women are so empowering” Betty Friedman who was one of the founders of N.O.W. the National Organization for Women once said “A girl should not expect special privileges because of her sex but neither should she adjust to prejudice and discrimination” This could not have been better said that was until I realized the discrimination for myself… this quote as powerful as it is coming from a strong women I soon realized that it did not apply to me to its full extent. The women who were fighting for their rights are the people in which I don’t feel equal to, we are different. The women in the movement do not match my situation and living condition we have had different experiences.

**Here we want to define intersectionality which is exponentially true to this case. It can be anywhere from being of a different race, sexuality and religion to gender identification.**

Intersectionality defines all the layers that are added into the equation on top of being a woman.

A person can speak upon what they have experienced, and my experiences are not equal the feminists I reside in aggression of appearance, racism, discrimination and history filled with years of oppression. That is when I came across Chicana Feminism, which entitled all my experiences with a group of people that I had a connection to, similar experience to share with, I was not alone… I did not feel different.
Chela Sandoval in *Methodology of the Oppressed* said, “U.S. third world feminism rose out of the matrix of the very discourse denying, permitting, and producing difference.” We listen to this story of young women who at a young age feels very different and unassociated with her classmates, there is no inclusiveness and that is where Sandoval states that feminism arose and that is where Chicana Feminism also found its space.

As Anna NietoGomez is author to a Chicana Feminism, would say, “…the Chicano movement responsible to Chicana issues making it support issues that involve race, welfare rights, forced sterilization—making the Chicano movement address itself to the double standard about male and female workers, and making it live up to its cry of Carnalismo and community responsibility.” With the same accountability that Feminists pursue amongst the community the Chicana feminist is doing the same, identifying and working up to those intensive issues.

There was a space available where people could get support and continue to establish boundaries for rights and respect of one another.

*We will be closing this short story of an introduction to Chicana Feminism with a small quote from Gloria Anzaldua as she opened the narrative for us.*

**El dia de la Chicana**

I will not be ashamed again
Nor will I shame myself.
- Gloria Anzaldua
Citations:

- Pierrette Hondagneu-Sotelo, *Doméstica: Immigrant Workers Cleaning and Caring in the Shadows of Affluence*