Searching for Identity around the Globe

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With that brief overview the contents of this issue completed, I'd like to take a moment to mention the future of disClosure, rather than its past or present. The subject for issue 8 will be peregriNations, an examination of nationality; however, in order to pass from conception to press we rely on the material support of our subscribers. So, if you subscribe to disClosure, thank you. Please, encourage your friends, colleagues and libraries to subscribe as well. If you don't subscribe, please, consider doing so. You support will clear the way for many issues to come.

As always, this journal would not be possible without the help of many individuals. I would like to thank Lorna Simpson, Carrie Mae Weems, Clarissa Sligh, Mr. Imagination, Derek Webster, Bruce Burris, Christina Godsey, Małgorzata Goshka Grabowska, Susan Zavoina, Wang Bosheng and Ayelet Zohar for the artwork that colors this issue. John Paul Jones, III, Peter Mortensen, Wolfgang Natter and Theodore Schatzki, as the journal's faculty advisors, have each supplied crucial advice and support. Without them, there wouldn't have been issues 1-6, not to mention the 7th. Our funding has generously been supplied by the UK Vice-President for Research and Graduate Studies, the UK College of Arts and Sciences, Committee on Social Theory and the UK Student Government Association. Their support is irreplaceable. Finally, and most importantly, I'd like to acknowledge the members of the disClosure editorial collective, to whom the credit for the production really belongs. It is their efforts and decisions that made this journal what it is. I would especially like to thank Carl Dalhman whose technical experience and knowledge of the history of fonts made computers the useful tools we all knew they could be.

Lexington, Kentucky.
January, 1998

Rick Santos
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poem

Yes, I was born in this country
BUT WHAT ARE YOU?
My parents are Brazilian;
I am Brazilian

BUT YOU WERE NOT BORN HERE
WHAT ARE YOU?

I was born in New York
Soy americano

There is no such a thing as a half-Jew
Your mother is Jewish, you ARE Jewish
don't let anybody tell you otherwise

The male God of Catholicism orders you to
follow you Father's religion
So, technically (and whether you like it or not)
You ARE catholic

Caught in between the middle of a war of ideologies
& identities
i AM continuously forced to choose one
inextricable dimension of my?SELF over (an)other.

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Rick Santos

In the middle of this

What can one do?
Who do I s_de with?
Is there a way out?

When I returned to this country
i had given up trying to define myself
And to my surprise
For the first time in my(?) life
I found a group to belong (or better yet, They found a group to stick me _n)

□ Hispanic

At first, not yet used to belonging,
i tried to excuse myself:
“Well, I’m actually Brazilian and not really hispanic.”

But They refused to hear me
“Yeah, yeah… brazilian, porto-rican, all the same”

“Get out of Our neighborhoods, motherfucking spics”

“In welfare line all you spics look alike”

“Why don’t you go back to where you belong?”

I did NOT get out, though…
And, for the first time in my life, I actually got In
I learned to belong, to appropriate, and to resist.

Resist being pushed out

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I learned to fight those who wanted to erase
and s_ence me
I opened my mouth and shouted loud,
And with my pen, I filled many pages
I refused to be invisible
I struck back
That is how I learned to be

LATINO.