

PRESENTING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

MINDY MEDRANA

JON ALBIA

CHELSEA MERCADO

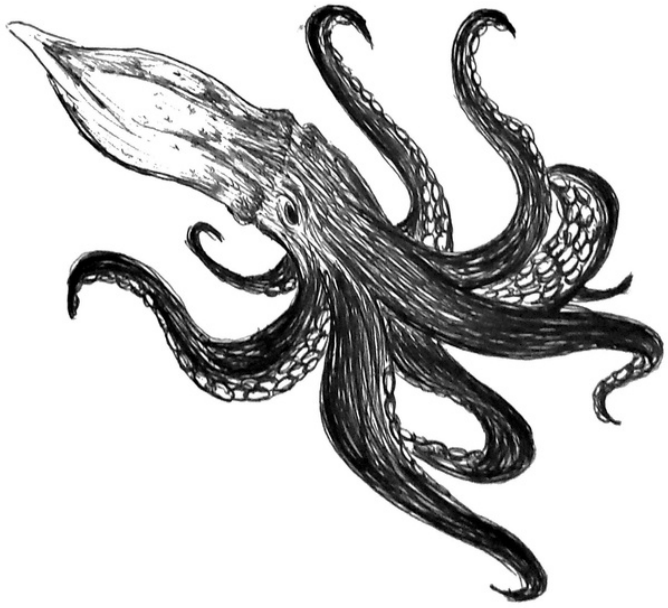
TIM DELROSARIO

GABRIELA IGLORIA

***[LIMINAL
TONGUE]***

*Outer and inner cover art and photography
courtesy of Gabriela Igloria*

A COMMUNITY ZINE



o-pusit



pusit

Resources

Learn more about Language Attrition:

<https://languageattrition.org/>

Census Data:

https://archive.ph/20200212201343/http://factfinder.census.gov/bkmk/table/1.0/en/DEC/10_SF2/SF2DP1/310M100US47260/popgroup~038

An interactive map of languages of the Philippines:

<https://translatorswithoutborders.org/language-data-for-the-philippines>

Please consider supporting the development of the **Filipino-American Cultures Space coming soon to ODU Webb Center.**

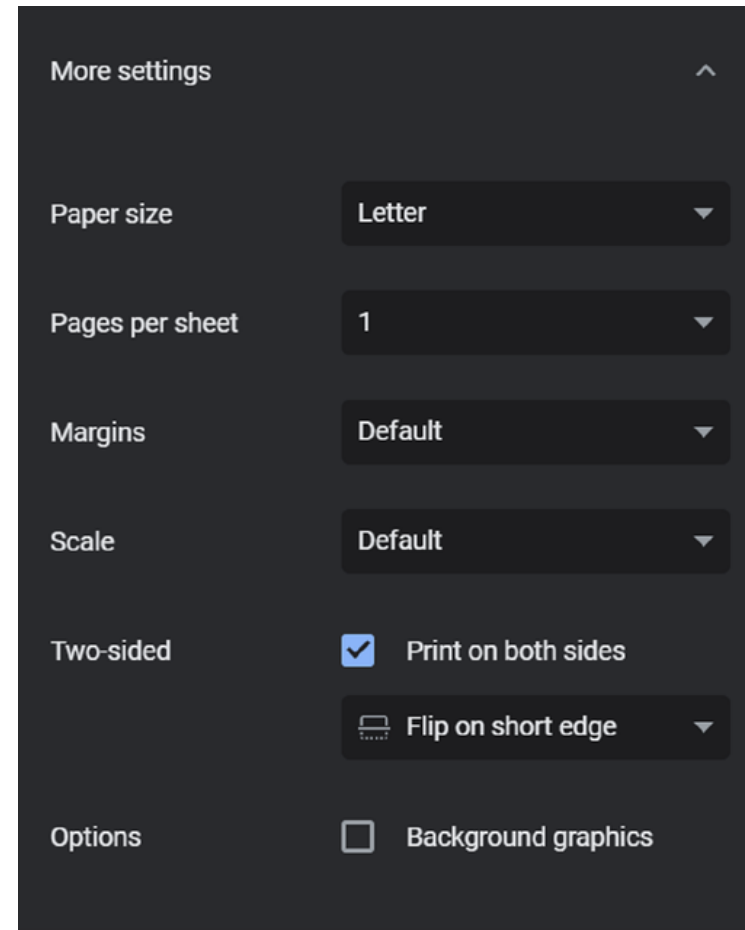
Contact Gabriela Igloria at giglo001@odu.edu to find out how you can help.

"It is really hard to be lonely very long in a world of words. Even if you don't have friends somewhere, you still have language, and it will find you and wrap its little syllables around you and suddenly there will be a story to live in."

[Naomi Shihab Nye, Poet](#)

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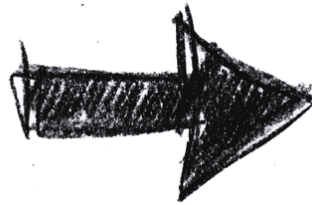
How to make your zine

Materials needed: printer access, stapler

1) Download the zine as a PDF file.

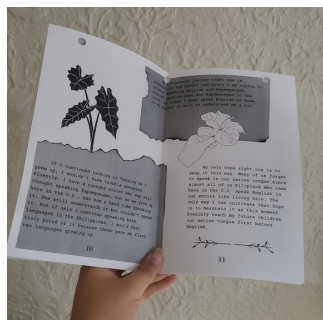
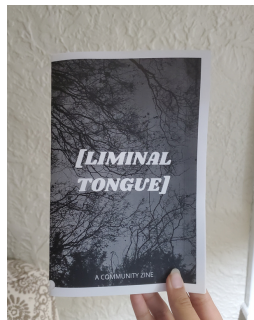
2) Print the PDF. Make sure you use the following settings to ensure the zine prints in the proper format:

- "Print on both sides"
- "Flip on the short edge"



3) Once printed, fold zine in half with cover page on the outside.

4) Unfold and staple along the crease.



a note from the editor

Grief, frustration, isolation--these are just some of the multiple dimensions of feeling that ethnolinguistic minorities living in the West experience when we lose the ability to engage with our mother tongues, with our family histories, with the possibility of our fullest selves. For many first- & second-generation immigrants such as myself, much of our ability to connect to our heritage through language is robbed from us before we can even begin to understand what it is that we are losing.

Some statistics:

- As of 2014, the national college atlas lists only 2 colleges or universities that offer Filipino or Tagalog language studies programs. both are on the West Coast.
- the U.S. Census from 2000 shows the Hampton Roads area to have one of the highest concentrations of Filipino people in Virginia.

(see "Resources" page for citations)

Despite the continuing existence of such a large community here, I have wondered, where are the local resources to meet this need for (re)connecting with language—at any age? & are these resources accessible? & are they sustainable?

If they were, would we need to wonder?

This collaborative zine was created by students at Old Dominion University who identify as Filipinx/a/o, to make visible the complexities of our cultural identities in relation to our linguistic journeys. in poetry, prose, and visual art, we respond to what is and what could be. As cultivators of hope we present our experiences with language and reflect on a need for access to learning our mother tongues. When it comes to making space for language, we see that the possibilities are endless.

Mindy Medrana is a 1st year grad student in the Speech-Language Pathology program. As an aspiring speech therapist, she often contemplates the use of language and significance of communication in any and all forms.

Mindy's zine addresses araw which refers to the sun and holds such an important role in Philippine culture that it lays on the flag. While smelling like araw is not the most pleasant, it is endearing. To have been close to the sun can mean a day of outdoor fun or hard work; either way, it's rewarding.

I wouldn't call myself religious

but I want to believe
it was really my grandmother
standing in her kitchen
in an oversized cardigan
and fuzzy slippers
in Albany Park
with a box of strawberries,
plump & blushing,
cradled between
her palms—
their familiar softness—
who greeted me
in last night's dream
and touched my arm, so gently,
as if to say:

You like strawberries?

*Gusto mo? Yes,
come. Come eat with me.*

Gabriela Igloria is a junior pursuing a degree in English, with a concentration in Creative Writing. Though initially strictly a poet, creative nonfiction has recently captivated her heart. Her work can be found in publications including *Whurk Magazine*, *Crosswinds Journal*, Paloma Press, and Academy of American Poets.

“never felt fully able to connect with my grandparents, mainly because of the geography between us but also because of language barriers. We found other ways to express love for each other, such as through gifts or playing with LEGOs when I was younger. For my lola, she was always feeding me. This was language. Most of my grandparents have passed on now, including the lola in this poem. Thinking about that, a large part of me still wishes I had had the ability to communicate verbally because I feel that there is only so far any language can take you. Sometimes other languages can take you further, but I didn't have that. All I have now is the future and a strengthened dedication to learn my family's language.”



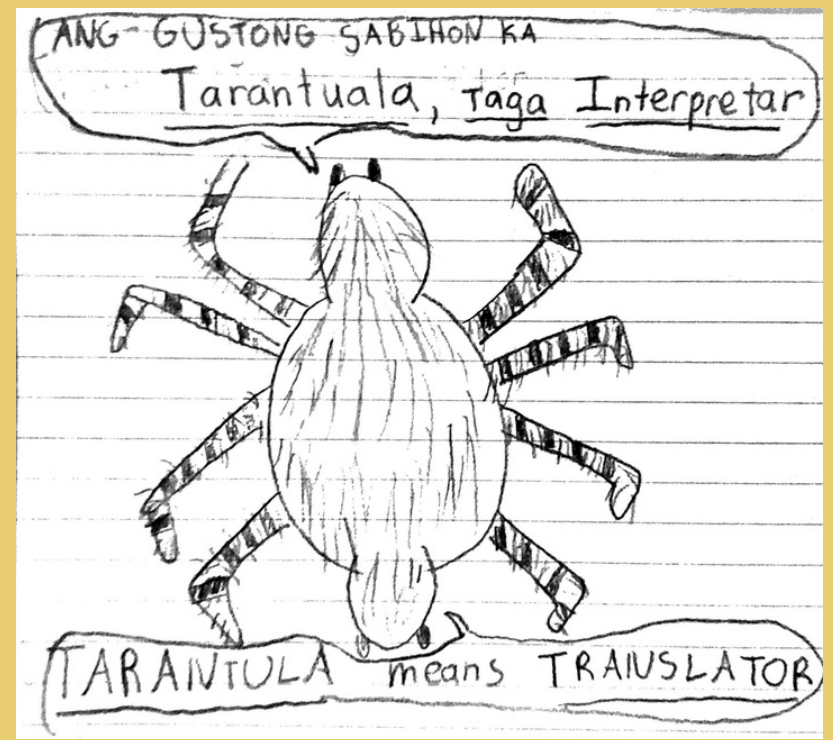
Jon Albia is in his third year at Old Dominion University. He is a pre-licensure nursing major and is set to graduate in 2024.

“ I was born and spent the first four years of my life in the Philippines; upon coming to America I only knew Bicolano, a dialect of “Filipino”. My mother tells me that one day I said with the utmost confidence, “Guess what I learned how to say in English? ‘Tarantula.’” Hence, my picture represents one of the first moments I began to transition from Bicolano to English, with the word “tarantula” being my bridge, my translator, from one language to another. ”



Tim Delrosario is a 2nd year graphic design student at ODU. His personal art focuses on nostalgia and his favorite animal-koalas.

Tim's zine entry draws on personal experiences on when he would visit his relatives in the Philippines. As a Filipino who didn't learn Tagalog growing up, he couldn't fully understand and connect with his cousins when they talked to each other. Living this truly made him realize how different young Fil-Am and Native culture is.



***YOU ARE
FILIPINX
ENOUGH.***

***YOU ARE
FILIPINA
ENOUGH.***

***YOU ARE
FILIPINO
ENOUGH.***

"...the loss of a primary language, particularly when it is the only language spoken by parents, can be very costly to the children, their families, and to society as a whole."

Lily Wong Fillmore, American linguist



One of my favorite words that cannot be fully translated in English is "Sebya." It is name calling they made up because I am a stubborn and hard-headed child. Can be a bit picky, but also throw a random drama that doesn't make sense to my parents. Like a husky, they throw dramas randomly. So "Sebya" is just a made-up name calling. I like it because it has become our own unique name calling, for me only.

Chelsea Mercado is a 4th year Communication major with emphasis in Public Relation and a minor in English at Old Dominion University. Growing up with full curiosity about the world, she wants to travel to meet a lot of people and document their story before things are too late, especially those who serve our nation. She wanted to be a Public Affair Officer in the military, but the branch she will choose is still unknown for now.



My intentions for the zine talks about how my struggles with my English language and native tongues can sometimes be difficult. Even coming here in America, cherishing our native tongue should still be known because it will be hard if we forget it all growing up. Also have to cherish how our parents has taught us our first languages. Some people forget to speak.





If I continued talking in Tagalog as I grew up, I wouldn't have trouble speaking fluently. I have a younger sister who was only thought speaking Kapampangan, but as we grew up here in the U.S., she has a hard time speaking it. She still understands it but couldn't speak it. But if only I continue speaking both languages in the Philippines, I would feel truly proud of it because those were my first two languages growing up.

My linguistic journey right now is somewhat in the middle now since I am trying to balance speaking English and Kapampangan. English outside home and Kapampangan in the house. At times I must speak English at home, so my sister is able to understand me a bit.



My only hope right now is to keep it this way. Many of us forget to speak in our native tongue since almost all of us Filipinos who came here in the U.S. speak English in our entire life living here. The only way I can cultivate that hope is to maintain it as this moment. Possibly teach my future children our native tongue first before English.

