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Declaration to my Latinas

Martin Rivera Jr.
DePaul University

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Declaration to my Latinas

Cover Page Footnote
This article is from an earlier iteration of Diálogo which had the subtitle "A Bilingual Journal." The publication is now titled "Diálogo: An Interdisciplinary Studies Journal."

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Listen Latinas, I am not going to lie and say that I have been completely faithful to you ladies. Sure I have had my share of Caucasian, African American, and even some Asian women. But my heart always leads me back to the almighty Latina queen. It's a genuine appreciation and love that I have for you. The media may portray the ideal women to be blond, tall, and with a big set of... eyes... but I say give me an educated, independent Latina any day of the week. Brown, light skin o negrita it doesn't matter to me muchachas. If you don't look like those silicon pumped actresses from novelas on Telemundo, there's no need to worry, since most of us Latinos generally are not the tall, bronze complexion with Samson-like hair (I myself am only five foot six, dark brown and pelón with a Cantinflas mustache).

Latinas are not given enough respect by society and that's why Latinos have to do their part. That disrespect is the reason for this declaration. Tupac made "Keep Ya Head Up" for his Nubian queens. Well this is my ode to the Latinas. I agree that enough is enough... "Ya Basta!" with those sucios in the street whistling or staring at you. Even search engine sites on the Internet do not show you ladies any respect. I typed in 'Latinas' while using the image option and the results I got back were nothing but of pornographic pictures and booty shots of my brown queens. You ladies are more than a body. Latinas should be represented in a positive manner and break those stereotypes. We need to show the world, what I already know, that you reinas are important members of society and deserve better treatment and depictions. Your sexuality and beauty goes beyond what meets the eye. For a Latino male like me nothing beats a Latina woman with a brain. Now that's sexy. America can keep their Baywatch beach beauties that my mother would call "Huercas descaradas". Going to the movies and watching the tenth installment of Saw doesn't really seem to appealing to me. All I need to be happy is for you to join me at the Vicente Fernandez or Julieta Venegas concert. What's that... you didn't have enough time to get your hair and nails done... no worries my love; we could just go walk around the Mexican Fine Arts Center Museum or get some food at Borinquen Restaurant. I don't need to go to the bar or strip club every weekend with the boys. We could even catch an episode of Señorita Laura you occasionally watch instead of viewing the UFC fight. If you ever feel like going salsa, bachata, or clubbin' downtown let me know. I'll be there for you. I didn't forget about you banda music lovers. If you ever smell like burnt tortillas or Nescafé, because you were helping your mother make dinner; no worries, you're just making me hungry with the scent. If you can't go out, because you have a five-page essay on Neruda due tomorrow; all this does is make me more attracted to you. Items such as the aforementioned qualities prove your uniqueness and beauty. If you want me to go to church with you and your mother on Sunday, I'll do it (Maybe). Plus who better to correct my English when I occasionally speak like an extra from American Me (i.e. Órale) after too many Coronas.

Meeting your mother and the rest of your family would be an honor for me. Meeting your father might be a little intimidating, but I'll be a man about it... I will probably get yelled at or get threatened by him and your older brothers, but its okay. Your daddy's little girl, and I respect that.

Now that I have opened my heart to you, I just have a few questions. First, why do Latinas like Gael García Bernal so damn much? Is it the eyes, the hair, or that weak stache o-boy's rockin'? Second, do you really enjoy my mother's tamales during Christmas or are you just B.S.-ing me?
P.S. And I promise that I am trying to move out of my parent’s basement very soon, but I just love my mother’s cooking too much. If you do come over remember to use the back door so my momma doesn’t wake up.

I know Latinas are not used to seeing positive portrayals and commentary from the media or Academic Studies, so this is my little attempt to change that. Any item in italics could be replaced with whatever the reader’s heart desires. I used mostly Mexican references, since I’m a paisa.

Love,

*Martin Rivera Jr.*

1 The Mexican version of Frank Sinatra.
2 The Latino version of Oprah Winfrey, but with more entertaining guest.
3 The Chicano version of “The Godfather”.  
4 The Mexican version of Brad Pitt.

*Disclaimer:* This opinion is solely mine and nobody else’s. If I have offended anybody, deal with it. Sorry for the excessive use of italics. Latinas are welcome to throw their comments or feedback to me at my gmail (below)

MARTIN RIVERA JR. is a senior at DePaul University and is majoring in Latin American Studies. After graduation, he hopes to continue his education and one day to become a college professor.  
To contact: dirtyche@gmail.com