Las Identidades También Lloran, Identities Also Cry: Exploring the Human Side of Indigenous Latina/o Identities

LUIS URRIETA, JR.
The University of Colorado at Boulder

Las Identidades También Lloran attempts to ironically emphasize that often identities as the subjects of academic work are devoid not only of human bodies but perhaps most important of human emotions and human lives. In this article I explore the emotional aspects of being of indigenous heritage and the long history of (painful) survival in a sterile Western academic world where emotion is often feminized, primordialized, and made irrational. Despite the never-ending genocide of the conquests (both by the Spanish and U.S. Anglo), it is from these very painful collective and family histories that I draw strength in raising indigenous consciousness within the problematic constructs of mestizo/a, Latina/o, and especially Hispanic identity in education. A call to consciousness and greater human responsibility is necessary when studying identity and using identity to address social justice issues. The need to incorporate emotion is paramount.

Los Ricos También Lloran (The Rich Also Cry), a popular Mexican telenovela in the 1980s, captivated a wide audience. The success of this drama kept people in suspense as it demystified the seemingly perfect lives of the Mexican elite for the popular masses. Although problematic in many ways, like most Mexican telenovelas, it was successful in portraying the many social ills plaguing even those who can buy it all. The sarcasm behind this telenovela is that, in the eyes of the poor, money is the solution to all ills. But, in reality, money does not lessen the emotional aspects of everyday life, and being rich does not necessarily guarantee happiness.

Las Identidades También Lloran attempts to emphasize that often identities as the subjects of academic work are devoid not only of human bodies (Cruz 2001), but perhaps most important of human emotions and human lives. Just like the sarcasm behind Los Ricos También Lloran, Las Identidades También Lloran explores the dehumanizing process involved when identities, written about in uncritical and

Educational Studies, Vol. 34, No. 2, 2003
unreflective academic prose, are simply defined, charted, mapped, "known," dis-covered, captured, and re-covered within the limits of an utterance, phrase, or word. The reality is that identities are painful, contradictory, emotional, re/colonizing, endlessly searching in seas of everything and nothingness simultaneously. Identities sometimes do not have a word to describe them; sometimes identities cannot be explained, and in the attempt at explanation, identities also cry.

In the title, I use the term "indigenous" in reference to the native people of this continent and their descendants. It is not my intention to essentialize a line of "pure" indigenous descent. Given migratory trends, geographic and colonial dislocation, intermarriage, and European imperialism, it would be nearly impossible to claim a pure line of descent. When using the term "American," I include native people from Alaska to the tip of South America as opposed to the Euro-American, United States-centric name for itself as America. It is my intended effort to recognize the struggle for self-preservation, survival, and resistance of indigenous people in the Americas far to the north and far to the south of this country's artificial (yet deadly real) borders. And this struggle for a "Self" is one filled with emotion involving contradiction, pain, re/colonization, internalized oppression, and an endless search to remedy the physical and psychological atrocities committed against indigenous people.

Indigenous Struggle, Indigenous Pain

I recently visited the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation in North Carolina. I wanted to see a small Catholic chapel in the middle of the reservation dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, patron to many of Mexico's Indians, claimed by some to be the image of the Mexica (Aztec) goddess Tonantsi or Good Mother (Anzaldúa 1999; Forbes 1973). As I stood before the stained-glass image, I found it intriguing and quite moving that the Indian at her feet was not Juan Diego (now a Catholic saint) but another Indian dressed in traditional Cherokee attire. Below the image of Tonantsi read an inscription: "Patron of all Captive People."

I felt a strong sense of emotion inside of me as my eyes welled up with tears. I refused to cry there, and that gave me a painful feeling of suffocation and a burning desire to holler in anger for days thereafter. I felt the pain inside, a pain that was in part perhaps informed by the pain of the Cherokee people and my own. The person who took me to the chapel thought that perhaps because I am of "Mexican" descent I would like to see this traditionally Mexican image, or perhaps because I identify as "Catholic" by tradition. It was my historical memory as a Chicano, indígena, the descendent of P'urhépechas, the sense of solidarity, and the deep struggle that I felt as an indigenous person that made my eyes well up with tears and my chest swell with pain.

I found myself at a crossroads of contradiction, pain, re/colonization, and physical and psychological damage. I was touched by the image of a Mexica goddess on
stained glass, with a Cherokee Indian at her feet in the colonizer's church in a state within a neoimperialist country decorated with Dixie flags. I stood before the image as a U.S. citizen by birth, an "American" when abroad, a Latino at times, a Hispanic when I have to be, a Chicano politically, a Mexican mestizo perhaps, a descendant of P'urhépechas, and simply un hijo de campesinos (a son of peasants/farmers) to others.

Coming of age in the United States, I could never rationalize why I always felt so confused about my identity. The image of me as an American, Mexican-American, or Latino was always complicated when I heard older relatives in Los Angeles and Michoacán saying, "When we were Indians," while at other times "When we were more Indian." This was also made more confusing when referring to people of nearby pueblos in the Pátzcuaro region as being más indios, or "more Indian," as if being "Indian" was something that could be diluted, lessened, or changed. The political reality of people of indigenous descent entering the United States from Latin American countries is one imposed with the single, uncritical panethnic identity of "Hispanic."

Issues of Latino identity are complex. The term "Latino" is often used to include several other panethnic identity labels such as Hispanic, Chicano, or Mexican-American, often ignoring that Latinos inherit painful identity amalgamations from indigenous, European, and African worlds joined into a complex arrangement within Latin American and now Anglo-American society. The difficulty of identity among Latinos is one that has been informed by historical and transnational processes that make it so complex.

In recent scholarship, it has become academically trendy to study identity and identity politics in a detached and analytical manner or to appropriate the terms that yearly spell death for hundreds of people. The use of emotional metaphors proliferates as scholars exploit such notions as "border crossings" (Giroux 1992), the hardships of a "fieldworker," or a romanticized notion of "Otherness." The reality is that when studying human beings, we involve emotional and human experiences that sometimes resonate with anguish, suffering, while attempting to survive. Often, issues involving pain, contradiction, or anything that might involve self-criticism are avoided, left out, minimally and uncritically addressed, or simply ignored.

I wonder how many of the scholars that build fame by using the border-crossing metaphor have ever risked their lives across the barbed wire, the sewer drains, the hot deserts, or the polluted and deadly waters of the Rio Grande. I wonder if they know of the hundreds of deaths that occur each year, of the rapes, of the blood that stains the earth and the conscience of the richest nation. I myself feel uneasy about using the metaphor given my privilege as a U.S. citizen and even though I, too, go through the scrutiny of questioning and suspicion every time I cross the border, I can never know what it means to cross the border undocumented. How did (border crossing) become so removed from its human physical and emotional pain?
Another ignored issue, even on the part of most Latina/o scholars, is the currently persistent racist and genocidal attitude toward *indigenas*, or indigenous people, by the self-perpetuated colonialism embedded within Latino and Euro-American culture. When discussing identity politics within U.S. categories, for example, the indigenous people of Latin America are left unnamed, engulfed within a sea of "Hispanos" or "Latinos." The *indígena* population is therefore left silent and either learns to be Hispanic or Latino or chooses to form its own local community-based organizations. Apparently, there is no more room for more Indians in U.S. society given Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) criteria (Baker 2001) and Latino/Hispanic discourses of racial mixture, that is, *mesti­zaje*.

The *mestizaje* discourse has been extremely empowering for Chicana/o, Latina/o scholars in advancing alternative epistemologies. Yet, as I will later explain, *mestizaje* also embodies a historical location of racism and indigenous erasure (see also Jack Forbes 1973). Chicana feminists, in particular Gloria Anzaldúa in her monumental work, *Borderlands, La Frontera: The New Mestiza* (1987), have addressed issues of resistance, culture, and activism by developing the *mestizaje* concept (Delgado-Bernal 2001; Sandoval 1998). Delgado-Bernal (2001) elaborates on this concept by stating, "The *mestiza* identity is a dual identity that is located at the crossroads of racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, and patriarchy found in the dominant society and in Chicana/o communities" (626). By being at the crossroads in the United States–Mexico borderlands context then, *mestizaje* becomes a powerful counterhegemonic claim against modernist identities in which "a mestiza consciousness is born out of oppression and is in a conscious struggle against it" (Delgado-Bernal 2001, 626).

On a broader scale, *mestizaje* also influenced the work of theorist Cherric Moraga (1983) in her emancipatory attempt to link the work of women of color throughout the Americas with the concept of a "third world feminism." Similarly, Saldivar-Hull (1999), using Sandra Cisneros' ideas on feminismo popular, has also theorized using the concept of *transfronteriza* (transborder) feminism, all of which have been influential in providing alternative epistemological foundations for Chicana/o, Latina/o liberatory agendas. But, this scholarly work has been limited mostly to the academy and academics and is now being appropriated and divested of its original, painful, and intended complexity.

But why is *mestizaje* emblematic of continued colonization for the *indígena*? To begin with, the hybrid image of the *mestizo* does not erase the presence of the races (Indian, White, and African) or the prejudices and privileges accorded to each based on pigmentedocratic and stereotypical notions. *Lo indígena* does not disappear simply because the *mestizo* emerges as the basis of Latinidad and Chicanismo. This is especially true when analyzing the unguarded conversations of everyday speech and the privileges accorded to *gueritos* and *gueritas* (light skinned) and denied to *prietos* and *prietas* (dark skinned).
In the same way, Anzaldúa’s (1999) concept of mestizaje devoid of its historical Latin American context is also unintentionally problematic. In the Latin American context, mestizaje often consciously or unconsciously created distance from the Indian in a hierarchical society where Indian was at the bottom (Vigil 1998). In reference to Vasconcelos’s concept of la raza cósmica, Anzaldúa (1999) wrote:

He called it a cosmic race, la raza cósmica, a fifth race embracing the four major races of the world. Opposite to the theory of the pure Aryan, and to the policy of racial purity that America practices, his theory is one of inclusivity. At the confluence of two or more genetic streams, with chromosomes constantly “crossing over,” this mixture of races, rather than resulting in an inferior being, provides hybrid progeny, a mutable more malleable species with a rich gene pool. (99)

In the context of including Vasconcelos’s raza cósmica to further define and celebrate mestizaje, Anzaldúa embraces the notion at face value in order to differentiate the Chicana/o from the Anglo, the Latino, the Native American, and from “Mexicans from the other side” (1999, 105). In an attempt at self-empowerment, Anzaldúa embraces mestizaje for the Chicana/o to reconnect to an indigenous past; yet this very idea of creating a “superior” race (mestizaje) comes at the expense of the Indian in the Mexican national context, especially of the indigenous woman. In this respect, Mexican anthropologist R. Aída Hernández Castillo (2001) wrote about mestizaje and women’s bodies in its historical and current existence:

During this period (Mexican nationalist period), the mestizo, symbol of the cultural and biological merging of Spanish and indigenous peoples, or mestizaje, still colored the national discourse on “the Mexican.” In this sense, indigenous women’s bodies were literally conceived as the epicenter of the nation, from which would emerge the Mestizo, who would form the cosmic race described by José Vasconcelos. (27)

Undoubtedly, as noted by Hernández Castillo, mestizaje in Latin America was not about “inclusivity” or about “crossing over” both ways because Spanish and Indian did not, and do not, have the same societal value. Further, indigenous women’s bodies were exploited and literally raped in the name of this nation-building project. In fact, as Hernández Castillo (2001) further explained, mestizaje is about racism and historical erasure under the guise of inclusivity and in the name of Nation:

Whereas in other contexts racism has been characterized by its segregationist impulse, in some Latin American nations where mestizo identity has been the crux of nationalist identities, the discourse on the need for ‘racial interbreeding’ has deeply racist connotations. (29)
Furthermore, *mestizaje* is at the crux of economic exploitation and the accumulation of wealth on the part of Latin American elite at the expense of the indigenous masses. Cecena and Barreda (1998), in an analysis of racism and the social construction of indigenous identities in Chiapas, wrote,

Actually, the mestizo culture has grown at the expense of the indigenous one and has no interest in recuperating it. To do so would deny their own superior authority over natural and human resources and would limit their possibilities for exploitation, thus affecting their profit margins. Thus, their predatory spirit reaches into the cultural realm. (51)

In all these ways, *mestizaje* is implicated, simply put, in the continued economic marginalization, racism, and social/cultural erasure of indigenous identities. The *mestizo* occupied and occupies an intermediary, often hostile, state between Mexicans of European descent and the Indian, much like the Chicana/o between the Euro-American and the "illegal alien," the *Mexicano*, the wetback. In terms of the Mexican *mestizo*, for example, everyone has an equal claim to Indianness and Europeaness, while reaping unequal benefits since *mestizaje* is more of a historical claim to whiteness (Spanish) and an explicit, or at best implicit, rejection or escape out of Indianness. The concept of *mestizaje* is therefore more complex and more racist toward *indigenas* and blacks than what has traditionally been presented in Chicana/o cosmology drained of its Latin American history and roots.

Finally, we need to turn to popular understandings of *mestizaje* and Indianness. By popular, I mean the day-to-day conversations with Latinas/os rich in self-hate and lacking in critical understanding (which is a substantial part of the population) and also the common ways in which the term *indio* (Indian) is used. In Mexican society and its U.S. community transplants, it is not uncommon in the year 2003 to insult someone by saying, ¡*No seas indio!* (Don’t be an Indian!), or ¡*No tiene la culpa el indio sino el que lo hace compadre!* (It’s not the Indian’s fault but of he who establishes a social relationship, *compadrazgo*, with him!), or ¡*Indio pata rajada!* (Indian with a wounded foot?!). Finally, in the construction of ideals of beauty, *está bien India or Indio*, generally implies ugliness and having any or all of the stereotypical characteristics that include being short and/or dark skinned; having thick, straight, black hair, dark eyes, a big or flat nose, and so on, and thus being devalued by the popular norm.

When engaging in conversations with everyday people and asking about family heritage, it is not uncommon to glorify the great-great-great-grandfather who came from Spain without giving much attention to any of the indigenous ancestors. Another example would be to simply look at most of the Spanish language television networks and the phenotypic appearance of those considered “beautiful” in Latin American society. Most of the prominent roles are played by European-looking (either by heritage or through cosmetic surgery or hair dye) people
and their names tend to be Saralegui, Ecker, Bach, Godoy, Klitbo, Moussier, Prats, and so forth, to name a few. Therefore, such well-intended lip service to mestizaje uncritically overlooks the pervasive racist attitudes that historically have come to dominate greater Latin American society and that are re-created within U.S. society, with a new Euro-American twist. The reality is that not every Latina/Latino is one-third Indian, one-third Spanish, and one-third African, as some would want to believe, while those closer to “white” enjoy and reap the benefits of such ideologies. Latinos who can and do pass for White enjoy privileges often unacknowledged in both the mainstream United States and the U.S. Hispanic world, while others closer to Indian do in limited Chicano spaces, but generally do not in either mainstream. But what does it mean to be an indigenous person from Latin America or of Latina/o heritage within the current politics of U.S. categories?

I often become very reactive when I think about what it all means and all the contradictions and pain involved for Latinas/os. On the one hand, we have some active Chicano discourses that promote traditional indigenismo under mostly a Mexico banner, which only recently has expanded to include minimally the cultures of other indigenous people. On the other, my close ties to Mexican society through family culture, the Spanish-speaking media, and frequent visits to Mexico still actively promote the Indian as a backward, stubborn, ugly, emotional, and irrational being. Again, it is only necessary to turn on the television on any given weeknight to a Spanish-speaking channel and watch a telenovela to understand this. The Spanish invaders are gone, but they continue to live within our world to remind the descendants of the ancient people of America that we are still under their control: their markers of beauty are our tyranny, their models and definitions of decency and rationality rule us.

These emotional questions often drive the passions of academics (myself included) to critically analyze identity, but we are faced with the brick walls of Western modes of scholarship that are devoid of the analysis of humanity, more specifically the emotion behind it. This Western sense of intellectualism and rationality continues to embed itself into our already Western frame of analysis given that we are the survivors of White educational institutions. And only recently have we been given partial and condescending legitimacy of our knowledge drawn from hundreds of years of community/family epistemologies and histories. Similarly, when talking and writing about emotion, it is often feminized in a sexist/heterosexual way as “something that women have” (Lutz 1988) and therefore not rational. Emotion is something men cannot write about without having their sexuality questioned, at least in the very gendered dictates of academic prose. When people of color write emotionally or about emotion, a “primordial” quality is often attributed to this scholarship, resulting in its frequent dismissal as not objective. This dismissal reifies the “inferiority” of such emotional honesty as “less rational,” which often translates into “less intelligent” (Behar 1996; Lutz 1988).
The contradictions described abound in all of us and in our scholarship, especially as we begin to sort through the painful, colonizing, and endless search for ourselves. Few people are ready to engage in this dialectical process, especially those with more privilege. For me, this engagement is essential in an indigenous struggle; it is an indigenous pain that haunts me when I think of my role as researcher, as scholar. It is always difficult to have to choose one label and not explain why none of them fit and why I cannot be encapsulated in one utterance because of the many emotional layers that inform my historical past and are present in my indigenous body and subjectivities—a body I call indigenous but that betrays me, according to Mexican popular standards, by growing a beard.

It is an indigenous struggle and painful cry for survival and solidarity that make my eyes well with tears in Cherokee, North Carolina, at the site of Tonantsi. The same struggle that causes me to have a loss of breath at Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico, a deep anguish and anger over the poverty of Quechua in Cuzco, Peru, and Aymaras in the mountains of Bolivia, a painful cry for survival over the massacres of Mayas in Guatemala, in the jungles of Chiapas and Brazil, and in the streets of Los Angeles, California (which some scholars have referred to as the largest urban reservation in the United States) (Agredano López 2001; Forbes 1973). It is a painful cry of struggle for recovery and remembering that takes the seemingly Catholic image of Guadalupe, in this case, and re/names it “Patron of all Captive People,” even in far distant places like the mountains of North Carolina. But it is not as simple as that either, it is more painful and deeper; it is the refusal of our spirits and bodies to die, it is “the integrity of the spirit in the process of survival not only of the body, but also of the soul” (Urrieta and Martínez 2002).

A Never-Ending Genocide

I would like to share a family story of death, partly to frame my points but also to let my spirit rest. It is a painful story of genocide that perhaps might help illustrate the complexity of indigenous identity issues and the emotional aspects that come with identity in general. To the outside observer, or reader, the act of analyzing the causes of such an event is inevitable, but to those of us for whom this was a real person, the emotions triggered by such memories are quite different and more complex than a synthesis or analysis.

As I wrote this, I was alone and I cried. I wanted to holler, demanding a justice never served. I kept asking why I had been entrusted with the memory of this and other painful family stories. Why did I remember when everyone else was trying to forget? As I’ve presented this history at professional conferences my voice quivers, but I hold back my tears and a painful feeling of suffocation fills my chest. Part of the anguish comes from the testimonio itself and part of it from guilt because I am not sure that my audiences understand the pain involved when the story is told. The guilt of telling this story at an academic conference or this manuscript is also
part of the contradiction and pain, yet it is essential in this search for self and that is why I decided to share it.

When my two siblings first read this history, they were deeply touched, and a deadly silence was their response. Neither one of them knew the exact causes of my grandmother’s death. This led to a long conversation with my mother as she re/told the story and confirmed the events. She then asked for my father’s permission before I could submit the piece for publication, because it was a sensitive issue for him and the family. She talked to him in private because it still makes him very upset. My father and I never actually talked about the written piece; he simply approached me one day and said, “Your mother told me about what you wrote in those papers, and I give you permission to talk about it.”

Según dicen my paternal grandmother died from a brutal beating. At that time, the Instituto Nacional Indigenista (INI), or the National Indigenous Institute, in Mexico, had launched a campaign in small rural villages to reinvigorate indigenous identities and thus promote an agrarian reform agenda (Hernández Castillo 2001). In someone’s eyes, my father’s village was ideal. It is a small pueblo of about one hundred homes in the Pátzcuaro region of the state of Michoacán. It had once been a culturally P’urhépecha village, and a good place to try to “bring back the roots,” but due to the proximity of the hacienda there were many cultural shifts that diluted the strength of indigenous identity. A lot of the ideas of the INI were based on Marxist thought, and land reform was a central theme as they attempted to equate campesinos to Indians, especially in the 1970s.

The people of my father’s pueblo had been homogenized as having a collective identity by the INI because “indigenists wrongly believed that indigenous peoples belonged to ethnic groups” (Hernández Castillo 2001). Granted, this place is small, yet not everyone identified or identifies in the same way. Intergroup oppression, different degrees of internalized racism and self-hate, and socioeconomic differences do exist in small pueblos and this one is not an exception. To be “more Indian” was equated with being poor or darker, whereas to be “less Indian” or to be mestizo was equated with owning more land, being better off economically, and having lighter skin.

Beginning with the conquest, caciques, or “chiefs,” of the indigenous nobility often adopted Spanish traditions to maintain their noble status, sometimes being among the first to convert to Catholicism and adopt Spanish clothing (MacLachlan and Rodríguez 1990; Vigil 1998). Thus, indigenous pueblos were not socially homogenous to begin with and this social/economic heterogeneity only intensified with the Spanish legacy. As a result, in my father’s pueblo in the late 1970s, about half the town returned to the claim of “more Indian” with the hopes of acquiring land, while the other half—those with more property and ejido lands—to a large extent, remained “less Indian.” Mestizo in this context meant less Indian, or a complex form not only of an implicit claim to whiteness but more of an active rejection of Indianness.
The *pueblo* women were actively involved in this “struggle.” As a result of all the fighting, families were split over the issue. As we know, even siblings do not see the world in the same way, and some stopped talking to each other because of this. Are we “more Indian or not” was not the main question, but rather, what can we get from it? Half the town stopped attending mass on Sundays, since it was of Spanish origin and not indigenous. My grandmother was very sad that this was happening to her *pueblo*. One day, after the daily rosary, she took a small bottle of holy water from the church fountain and took it upon herself to walk through each of the four *barrios*, sprinkling it and praying. She believed *El Chango* (*Satan*) had taken residence in *el pueblo* and *San Miguel*, the patron saint, would help her drive him out. A number of the *IN* women saw her and quickly rounded up a crowd, believing she was casting an evil spell on them and their children. When she turned one of the corners of the last and farthest dusty street in the *pueblo*, she was surrounded and accused of *brujería* (witchcraft). A number of the women began to scratch their lower legs and claimed that the spell was already working. She was quiet and she continued to pray while walking slowly, while some of the women (most about half her age) took it upon themselves to brutally beat her. According to eyewitnresses, the number of women who beat her ranged between five and ten, while others watched.

In a small place, news travels instantly, and two of my aunts quickly ran toward the place of the incident. By the time they got there, my grandmother lay on the ground, while several of the women laughed and spat at her. The crowd dispersed shortly after, and my aunts took my grandmother to the family home. Apparently, my grandmother never complained about any pain, and she never pressed charges, instead she urged her daughters to pray for those who had beat her.

Her belly began to grow and she soon looked like a pregnant woman—as a widow past the age of seventy, this was obviously impossible. She withstood the pain until she couldn’t take it anymore and then she asked to be taken to *Pátzcuaro*, the nearest place where she could see a doctor. It was too late; one of her intestines had ruptured as a result of a kick to the area, and she was to die shortly after.

My father didn’t know what had occurred until she was on her deathbed. Immediately, we took a bus from *Los Angeles* to see her. By the time we got there, she was incoherent and claimed to see angels all around her; she died in my father’s arms. After her death, my father carried her corpse in his arms in a taxi as they returned to *el pueblo*.

Her burial was poorly attended due to the wedge that divided the *pueblo*. I was seven years old, but I remember the all-night *velorio*, the four tall candles, the praying, and the last time I saw my grandmother in the coffin. She was wearing long red *naguas*, her “Indian” *fajero/waistband*, her multicolored blouse and heavily laced *saco*. Over her head and her two tiny braids, she wore a black and blue shawl, the *rebozo* of the lake area *Purhépecha*. The next day, at the burial, I stood close to the grave holding my maternal grandfather’s hand (who until the day he died refused to wear shoes or *pantalones/pants* and wore only his traditional at-
tire). I saw four men deposit the coffin in the mother earth, while women wailed loudly. I saw them lower down a clay jug of water, a bag full of her clothes, coins, and a clay dish with corn and beans mixed together. Curious, I asked my grandfather what that was for. He responded, "Para cuando llegue al otro mundo"—For when she arrives in the other world.

It is very difficult to understand what exactly happened in this village that caused this and other tragedies. I still cannot explain much of it. Who is to blame? My father says, "It's half the ignorant people, with simple minds, who bought all the communist rhetoric and all the Indian shit to steal lands!" My aunt says, "Dios así quiso"—That's how God wanted it. My mother never has an answer for me. Who is to blame? How do I accept and deal with so much pain, anger, and contradiction in the midst of my emotional search to recenter my indigenous self?

It is ironic that my grandmother died by the hands of those who wanted to return to indigenous roots, and yet she was buried in the P'urhépecha clothes she refused to stop wearing, and her burial was strongly informed by P'urhépecha traditions. I'm confused, angry, and still I don't understand how to make meaning of all of this in my own context, in my own life, and in my role as scholar.

**Historias que Duelen pero no Mueren, Histories That Hurt but Refuse to Die**

As identity takes the forefront of intellectual work, labels abound. There are plenty of them to choose from, and yet some do not fit anyone. In some ways these identity labels are all hurtful and oppressive, especially when dissenting discourses are supposed to be liberating but instead become hegemonic in the hands of a few. For people of primarily detribalized indigenous descent, who are ethnically under the umbrella of "Mexican" and born in the United States, we are left at a crossroads that is complex, contradictory, and over five hundred years old. By detribalized I mean those of us who come from deculturalized (Spring 2001) indigenous families and pueblos—a process of deculturalization that is also over five hundred years old and has been documented through scholarship by references to *genizaros* and *neophytes* in the Southwest (Acuña 2000; Gallegos 1992). Did the *genizaros* or *neophytes* cease to be "real" Indians? Does the Latino stop being Latino in the U.S. context because of a language shift from Spanish to English? Does the *indígena* stop being *indígena* because of the persistence of colonialism and the changing labels?

It is a difficult crossroads in which colonialism meets brown Indian bodies with no names and many labels, no understanding but many stories, no self but many selves. As Anzaldúa (1999, 85) wrote, "A veces no soy nada ni nadie. Pero hasta *cuando no lo soy, lo soy" (Sometimes I am nothing and no one. But, even when I am not, I am.). In the same vein, I would like this opportunity to explore that complexity of subjecthood as a person who occupies an Indian body and is detribalized and penetrated historically (raped) by the whiteness of the colonial, imperial, neoliberal, and
global experience. This is so in the case of the Mexican people, but perhaps most important in the case of our presence within the Latina/o labels in the United States.

The indigenous experience is a long and complex journey that involves racism, historical legacies, elitism, class, gender, and intergroup oppression. As such, I begin by giving a brief historical overview of the complex construction/destruction of indigenous subjectivity and how this subjectivity has been impacted by Spanish, Mexican, and U.S. colonization, imperialism, neoliberalism, globalization, and identity politics. I attempt to interweave the story between both sides of a cutting border that separates two modern nations and at the same time contributes to the further disenfranchisement of indigenous people. The United States–Mexico border, like the Mexico–Guatemala border or any other modern national border in America for that matter, is what Anzaldúa (1999, 24) called an

... open wound
    dividing a pueblo, a culture,
    running down the length of my body,
    staking fence rods in my flesh.
    splits me  splits me
    me raja  me raja

Drawing from Anzaldúa’s quote, Cindy Cruz (2001) added,

For Anzaldúa, the struggle for territorial control over the U.S./Mexico border that becomes inscribed on the brown body...is a material reality, not only reconfiguring radical subjectivities, but also comprising the impetus for the mitigation of racialized, classed, and queer intersections in the production of new forms of agency and being. (660)

Cruz not only re/claims the brown (I read indigenous) body, inscribed on by the deadly (real) U.S.–Mexico border (or any other border), but the pain of that inscription and the pain of the intersections as key in the production of new (radical) forms of agency and being. The importance of the brown body of indigenous heritage and its inscription (pain), tribalized or not, recognized by the BIA or not, is highlighted as the point of departure from which new discourses of indigenous consciousness must emerge. And part of that emergence is invested in dealing with the pain and emotion of being (one’s experiences), even when one is “officially” not, and in the eternal and endless search to become.

As is clear from the story of my grandmother’s death, many significant events involving identity have occurred during my personal history and that of my ancestors. Perhaps that is the main motivation for my interest in issues of understanding identity. I would like to use myself, not in a self-indulging manner, but in a humble manner as mine is the only story I know enough to speak about. History and the
creation of borders in the nation-building project will be my guide as I attempt to
tell my story and to interweave a trajectory of physical and cultural genocide and
its subsequent inscription on the brown body, my brown body.

Cuentos de la Historia, Tales From History

After a bloody invasion that decimated over 25 million people in Central Mex-
ico (Acula 2000; Anzaldúa 1999; Stannard 1992; Wright 1992), a genocide not
talked about nearly as much as the Holocaust is, Spain established for New Spain a
new social order (Gallegos 1992). The Spanish new social order instituted a highly
structured system of castes/castas that divided people and imposed on them over
two hundred hierarchical identity labels (MacLachlan and Rodríguez 1990). Being
White, Spanish, wealthy, and Roman Catholic by birth was the top caste (Vigil
1998). It was a different approach than that of the English, yet one that further di-
vided people by implementing a more direct form of self-hate, an obsession for
whiteness and a rejection of Indianness. This hierarchical caste system spurred in-
ternalized racism and self-hate that had already poisoned Iberian society after
seven hundred years of a Moorish North African invasion and intermarriage that
left Castilians obsessed with having limpieza de sangre (purity of blood). Unlike
the racial boundaries established in the United States eventually leading to the
"one drop of blood rule" (Spring 2001), the caste system excluded yet tantalized
lower castes with the possibility of escaping their casta in future generations by
mixing with people of a higher caste (Vigil 1998). This, even today in 2003, is
known as mejorando la raza, or bettering the race, itself an ideological by-product
of the caste system and of cosmic race mentality.

A mix with a lighter skin color in a pigmentationary system often created for fu-
ture generations the possibility of belonging to a higher caste. The claims to white-
ness and rejection of Indianness increased to such proportions in the eighteenth cen-
tury, according to MacLachlan and Rodríguez (1990), that the crown established a
legal procedure to accomplish it (White status). The procedure involved the pur-
chase of a Cédula de Gracias al Sacar, which was a legal document that changed a
person’s caste. This further divided the masses while trying to encourage loyalty to
Spain through a coerced desire to want to be Spanish, legally or culturally. A Cédula
de Gracias al Sacar showed that the racial lines between the castes were not impene-
trable, and the possibility to become less Indian was real. Economic wealth also in-
creased social mobility and the possibility of racial reclassification, yet skin color
and indigenous features never ceased to be markers of discrimination or of ugliness.

Mexican independence was achieved between 1810 and 1821 after three hun-
dred years of Spanish physical and ideological domination/decimation. As in the
United States, the war for independence became a White (Euro-American versus
European) quest that left the descendants of Europeans in social, political, and eco-
nomic control of the Mexican republic. To accomplish this, the much smaller num-
ber of European American-born criollos used masses of people as carnage with priests and the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe serving as martyrs and symbols to stir support (Meyer and Sherman 1991). As a result the Mexican nation was formed on the foundations of elitism, racism, corruption, and the ideals of European supremacy, Catholic domination, and gender oppression that date back not only to 1492 but seven hundred years prior to that in the Iberian Peninsula.

After Mexican independence, the U.S. invasion of Mexico’s northern territories occurred and was completed with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. Part of the motivation for this invasion was based on the notion that Mexicans were “a degenerate, largely Indian race unable to control or improve the territories they owned” (Horsman 1981). The majority of the “Mexican citizens” in the Southwest at the time were Indians organized into pueblos de indios, genizanos (detribalized Indians), and mestizos (Acuña 2000; Gallegos 1992). Thus Polk justified the invasion by declaring that Mexicans were “feeble and lacking in self-respect” and therefore not worthy of occupying the land (Horsman 1981).

Once the occupation began, and partly due to the obsession with limpieza de sangre, the wealthy and White-looking elite in New Mexico and Colorado identified as hispanos and adopted a “fantasy heritage” of racial purity that disdained the Indian, the Mexican, and the Anglo (Vigil 1998). Throughout the Southwest, the racial lines became both blurred and rigid. For example, the late-1800s massacre of American Indians in California forced many to “pass” as Mexicans as a survival strategy (Pit 1966) when the U.S. government actively sought to decimate, and officially “incarcerate,” its native populations into reservations. Entire bands of people were wiped out of existence (Brown 1970). This racial permeability between “Mexicans” and American Indians, however, speaks to the ambiguity of race in the context of the Southwest, and this very ambiguity was later used as the justification to legally segregate “Mexicans” as “Indians” in California schools (González 1990; Spring 2001).

South of the border, before and after the Mexican Revolution from 1910 to 1921 (Meyer and Sherman 1991), many of the indigenous, small, rural pueblos in Mexico underwent a process of transition from Indian identities to that of Ladinos, and later to campesinos. A Ladino can be a mestizo or an acculturated (Hispanicized) Indian (Vigil 1998). This process of deculturalization, fueled in part by educational enterprises (Vaughan 1997) seemed to happen within pueblos first and later to entire pueblos because sometimes communities function as etnias, or ethnic groups (Morales 2001), despite the internal differences.

During the hegemonic and nationalist movements of the early part of the 1900s, “Mexicans” underwent a shift in identity in which a great national myth of equality was propagated after the turmoil of the Mexican Revolution (Meyer and Sherman 1991). As in other Latin American countries (Gould 1998; Suter 2001), the mestizo myth became the unifying identity label that predominates in Mexican society today: Everyone is equal, everyone is Mexican, everyone is mestizo.
Vasconcelos’s idea of the *raza cósmica*, fueled this campaign in which the cosmic race was portrayed as unique and superior because it was the result of a painful birth in which the Indian, Spanish, and African had come together. As previously discussed, the idea of a cosmic race in actuality served to further solidify a more concrete hegemony under the discourse of cosmic equality. Massive educational campaigns focused on teaching children that everyone was Indian, Spanish, and black and equal under the law (Vaughan 1997), which clearly was not and is not true. The glorification of the Indian was focused on the preconquest Aztec civilization, not the current remnants of the indigenous self (Perez 1999). Moreover, the African lived stereotypically in the music but nowhere else in Mexican society.

*Cuentos de Familia, Family Tales*

Risking one’s life to cross the border between the United States and Mexico greatly shapes the identities of people of Mexican descent in the United States today, especially as immigration increased greatly during and after the Mexican Revolution. Significant and important to identity development was the creation of the Bracero program during World War II, which “imported” Mexican laborers from Central Mexico—most of whom were of strong indigenous heritage and former *hacienda peons*—to fill the shortage of field-workers caused by the war. It was then that my paternal grandfather first entered the United States to contribute to the wealth of this nation through the physical pain of his labor.

After his return, my father was born. The postwar boom in the U.S. economy and the rise of Fordism, or the capitalist technological system to increase profits through assembly-line methods of mass production, created cultural and identity shifts that had global impacts (Harvey 1990). Among these were the demographic shifts that drew hundreds of thousands of peasants into urban areas, my father included. His migration trajectory began at the age of fifteen and included Mexico City, Tijuana, and eventually Los Angeles, where he arrived in 1968. He witnessed under the identity label of “illegal alien” or *mojado* (wetback) the last vestiges of the Civil Rights and Chicano movements.

As a transnational “being” my father crossed the artificial yet deadly border between the United States and Mexico on several occasions. During one visit, he married my mother, daughter of a man who took pride in his traditional *P’urhéase* attire and the fact that his grandmother had been a monolingual *P’urhéase* speaker who refused to ever speak Spanish. My mother had never left her *pueblo*, and after a short stay in my father’s *pueblo*, she, too, made the journey *al norte, de mojada*. I was born in East Los Angeles in a Catholic hospital in 1972.

During my life, I grappled with different identity labels. Often confused and angry, I could not fully embrace the “American” identity as I always felt a painful sense of “Otherness.” To Mexican nationals, I was a “pocho,” a hybrid identity, not really belonging anywhere, an emotional outsider, a traitor trying to “fit in.”
struggled with the labels, juggling as I went along, most often feeling as if I existed in nothingness. At times this confusion climaxed when people referred to me as "Indian" due to my appearance. Having to bear the colonial legacy of the Spanish castes in such a racially conscious context as Michoacán, my parents denied they were indios and would become enraged at my questioning. This was especially true for my father, who carries with him the burden of his mother's death.

Not until I had access to higher education did I encounter the label "Chicano" and embrace it for its cultural politics and positive view of indigenous people (Perez 1999). I discovered, however, that only Aztec culture seemed important to the movement in the space and time I was in, whereas for me, P'urhépecha culture was still fresh in my cultural memory. I guessed the remnants of Mexican nationalism had permeated Chicanismo by romanticizing the glories of the Aztec past, in part to (understandably) retaliate against the aggressions and deal with the pain and emotion of White negative portrayals of a savage past (García 1998). After graduation, with a heightened awareness of self as Chicana-indígena, and a social justice agenda of active community service, I decided to become a bilingual teacher in inner city Los Angeles.

Raising Indigenous Consciousness in Latina/o Education

It was as a secondary-school teacher and while taking critical education courses that I began to reflect on issues of identity and agency as I saw them manifested in the lives of my students. It was then that I embraced postmodernist views of the "schizophrenic self," and I was able to exist in multiple identities. I could be indigenous (P'urhépecha) and still be Chicano, Latino, Mexicano, and so forth. In my eighth-grade bilingual classroom, I witnessed the many shifts that occurred as my students negotiated themselves and their identities in various situations in school. I heard the same labels used in negative ways as when I was growing up: "wetback," "chunty," and ¡No Seas Indio! I witnessed how students would change their labels in certain situations in order to negotiate their agency and sense of self, the whole time carrying the chains of colonialism and internalized oppression. They did so by continuing to propagate self-hate, not only for being in part indigenous but also for being "foreigners" in what was once (either as Indians or Mexicans) their native land (Weber 1973).

Often, I would stop and silently eavesdrop on student conversations as they complained about being too dark, too short, or when criticizing other students as being muy indio (too Indian). It was fascinating to hear students say, "My sister's baby is so cute, but too dark and with a flat nose como un indio (like an Indian)." I would reflect on my own past self-hate and internalized oppression and the emotion and pain that I felt as a young adult when I, too, stood in front of the mirror asking why I couldn't be taller, or lighter, or handsome (blond, green-eyed, tall, thin lips, etc.). At that time, I had vowed that if one day I had enough money, I
would have nose surgery to make it "nice" (less pointy). I wonder now how I was so willing to put myself through physical pain to cover up the internal wounds inflicted on my indigenous spirit by Spanish, Mexican, and U.S. society.

For some of us in the educational system occupying Indian bodies and the larger U.S. "Hispanic" category, all the labels are inadequate and full of problems. Some labels are more so than others, like "Hispanic," and yet "Chicano" and "Mexican" are also because they do not fully encompass the complexity of my body's painful past and emotional existence. In education, as in everything else, nothing can be taken for granted, for it is imperative to look at the sources that inform our identities as indigenous people of so-called Mexican descent, living within the borders of a so-called United States. To some degree, we have all (all people of color) been penetrated by European colonialism and imperialistic forms of whiteness as a "construction" of privilege for those of European descent in the Americas. The "white" privileges of Spaniards and Mexicans obsessed with limpieza de sangre, and the systemic U.S. "white" (Euro-American) racism/privilege that "officially" attempts to tell us who is or is not an Indian (according to the requirements of the BIA and of the Mexican government) continue to "inscript" (pain) on our brown bodies.

As we inherit this legacy of inscription (pain) on our brown bodies culturally and through the U.S. educational system, it is whiteness that informs our sense of self. It is an attempted mental rape, a forced and profoundly deep entry, a painful process that takes young and tender minds and grinds itself like sandpaper into the tender tissue until as many layers of skin as possible can be scraped away. How do we inform ourselves, especially when we think we have found ourselves and in reality we have not really been ourselves for over five hundred years? How do I explain the death of my grandmother, who probably thought of herself as "less Indian," and who died by those calling themselves "more Indian," and yet was buried in the "Indian" clothes she loved and under Catholic "Indian" customs?

This becomes more complex when we realize that "less Indian" meant having more ejido lands, romanticized as "communal Indian lands," and, in effect, making people "less Indian" in this context. Also contradictory is the realization that my grandmother dressed and departed this world in traditional "Indian" attire when most of the younger "more Indian" women who beat her had already, like my aunts and parents, compromised most of the traditional dress. Furthermore, how do you explain simply that the Catholic religion did in fact painfully incorporate Indian customs, that Indian religion did also incorporate Catholic customs, and that Catholic rituals in turn became "Indian" rituals?

The contradictions abound in all of us, as in the above dialectical process concerning my grandmother's death. We must begin to recognize these contradictions in order to begin dealing with the emotion of the healing process as we journey in search of ourselves, especially when, as detribalized people, we claim to return to the past, return to traditions. But where are those traditions? Some say they are in clothing, but even traditional dress has been changing for about five hundred years
in response to Western influence. Some say in food. What shall we eat? Take pozole, for example, a common food in many pueblo fiestas; it is made with corn hominy, the staple of indigenous people, but it also has a pig’s head (traditionally)—the pork that the Spaniards brought from Spain and the heads of the pigs that they wouldn’t eat themselves.

Some say traditions are in language. Which language should this be in the context of Latina/o education in the United States? Should it be Chicano English, which is a mixture of Spanish and English? Some would say Spanish. Is that not the language of the first European conquest? Some militantly say traditions are in Nahuatl, the language of the Mexico. Were not the Mexico also conquerers (Forbes 1973)? Clearly none of these are adequate answers, and maybe none should be. I mean to ask these questions not to discard the validity of any of the examples but simply to understand the complexity of the issues. Maybe we should not try to make ourselves uncritically homogenous given our great diversity. Is it not part of the myth that we are one, or that we should be one? Maybe in trying so hard to see ourselves as a whole, whether it is as Mestizos, Chicanos, or Mexicanos, Latinos, and especially Hispanics, we have missed the whole point.

It is not my intention here to argue against a pan-Latino identity, especially when considering political organizing, but rather to look critically at the contradictions and pain of the indigenous Self often invisible and ignored within the larger labels. The questions can go on forever and the answers may never come, yet the contradictions, emotions, and pain continue. Deaths at the border continue, insults using indio continue, telenovelas continue to air, Latino kids (kindergarten–Grade 12) continue to call each other “wetback.” The issues are and will remain complex. By complex I mean exactly what the word implies, which is that these issues are difficult to understand. So I draw on my emotions and attempts to learn from my experienced contradictions and pain as I search for myself. I know we have to take things back to the human level when it comes to identity in all its complexity, contradictions, and pain.

The human pain, anguish, and suffering cannot be ignored and must inform all facets of our work as indigenous people in education. I cannot ignore, for example, the pain and emotion when my mother tells me she is happy with herself, but if she could have one thing different, it wouldn’t be her height (she’s four feet, ten inches tall), it wouldn’t be hair color (which she dyes light brown), it would be to have lighter skin. It is a pain and emotion that is over five hundred years old. There is pain for her, there is pain for me to see in her self-hate, the colonizer in her dark brown eyes, and in her shadow my reflection as the one she helped to colonize, the one who once vowed to have cosmetic nose surgery.

Conclusion

The terms “Latino” and “Hispanic” do not comfortably fit all, especially when they deny people of indigenous descent a dignified understanding of self. Identity
for anyone does not come in a unisex one-size-fits-all way. It is more profound; it is physical and psychologically painful and emotional, and not just an analytical and academic intellectual analysis. It is not an attempt at yet another metanarrative for a culture, or a story line to present, or the fulfillment of a stereotype or an expectation for a labeled being. It is many stories, not just political strategizing, but human pain and sometimes death.

Should these emotions be dismissed as irrational? Where is the human connection? Have we contributed to making identity just another topic for our intellectual self-stimulation, without taking into account the human beings, not just the bodies, we are attempting to better understand? Should we use identity and mold it in self-congratulatory ways when we publish articles and write books?

The answer is yes, we should explore identities, the work is necessary, but with a much greater responsibility than trying to create the next answer to the question, or to any question for that matter. There is the responsibility of self-reflection and self-awareness, the responsibility of questioning and realizing that identities are about human beings and not just about what can be told on paper. Identities also cry. What are our goals as scholars and researchers, especially indigenous researchers? How complicit have we become, and how aware are we of what we are doing when we study identity, especially indigenous identities?

When we begin to incorporate the importance of all human voices, especially the ones we do not like, want to hear, or admit, we will begin to transgress the dimensions set up for us through schooling and academia. Latina/o children, and especially those of indigenous descent, deserve the right to have dignity. They deserve to have the dignity that was stripped away by the Spanish invaders, the Mexican elite, Euro-American avarice and greed, and the painful reality of self-hate and internalized oppression. It is only then that the complexities of a death like my grandmother’s will be given justice. My father’s anger will be allowed to shout. My mother’s self-hate will be free to cry, and my spirit will be able to rest. Identities are thus not just about cultures of robotic bodies without feelings, las identidades también lloran—identities also cry.

Notes
1. Anzaldúa (1999) wrote about Guadalupe, “Today, la Virgen de Guadalupe is the single most potent religious, political and cultural image of the Chicano/mexicano… Because Guadalupe took upon herself the psychological and physical devastation of the conquered and oppressed indio, she is our spiritual, political and psychological symbol” (52).
2. The P’urhépecha (called Tarascans by the Spaniards) established a mighty and complex empire along the shore of Lake Patzcuaro and nearby Sierras in the present-day Mexican state of Michoacán prior to the Spanish invasion (Acuña 2000).
3. For the purposes of this article and to give some background, I use the term “Latino” even though the term is also problematic because although it was created in response to “Hispanic,” it, too, homogenizes uncritically the many multicultural, multiracial experiences of people of Latin American and Chicana/o descent.
4. The Frente Indigena Oaxaqueño Binacional (Kearney n.d.) is such a case of a local community-based indigenous organization.

5. Chicana/o, Latina/o academic circles are very different and a tiny fraction of the general popular masses. Yet, they, too, are not completely devoid of this internalized oppression.

6. Compadrazgo is a system of sponsorship in traditional Mexican Catholicism in which a person becomes a godfather, godmother, or both of a child or people in a Church sacrament. This establishes lifelong social relationships that involve prestige and at times economic gains. Thus, to make social relations of this type with an Indian would be a bad choice, as the saying implies.

7. This insult would imply that Indian people, according to stereotypes, did not wear shoes and consequently would have wounded feet. The simple fact that someone might not wear shoes can already put that person in this insult category.

8. Again, I am not claiming anti-indio ideals of beauty to be of a homogenous understanding to everyone, but part of the majority of the popular masses’ internalized oppression resulting from the European conquests and their ideals of beauty.

9. This list was compiled simply by quickly looking through a popular Mexican magazine called TV y Novelas, Issue XXIV, Number 3. This magazine is also widely available to the U.S. masses in most Latina/o community supermarkets.

10. Según dicen (so they say) is a common phrase used to introduce a story of the past in the oral traditions of my family.

11. For a detailed ethnographic study of identity transformation from Indian to Mexican and heterogeneity in small pueblo life, see From Indians to Mexicans (Frye 1996).


More nonsense and misinformation has been written about the ejido than any other institution of Mexican rural life. It is regularly described in newspaper accounts, and even by Mexican government officials, as a form of communal land tenure, an atavistic throwback to Aztec or Maya ways. In fact, there is little that is communal and even less that is “Aztec” about the ejido. The ejido is a reinvention, by national officials of the 1920s, of the land tenure system of colonial pueblos de indios, which had been imposed on them by the Spanish colonial authority and which they adopted as their surest defense against encroachment by haciendas and other outsiders. The key feature of the ejido, as of the colonial system it was based on, is that title to the land rests in the community as a whole and cannot be bought or sold to outsiders. In addition, the ejido could not legally be rented to outsiders before the reforms of the Salinas administration in 1991. Ejido members meet monthly to discuss ways to improve their ejido; work they need to do in common, such as cleaning the irrigation canals; and alleged violations of ejido policy. Its “communal” nature starts and ends there. Otherwise an ejido parcel is a small plot of land, held and worked by a farming family, just like any other. (25)

Like Frye, I agree that the ejido is primarily a modernist reinvention of an indigenous institution during the nation-forming period. According to Mexican government documents (www.michoacan.gob.mx/erongaricuaro), my father’s pueblo did not request ejido lands until 1918, the period of nation-forming propaganda using Indigenismo.

13. Barrios in Spanish means “neighborhood.” Most of the surrounding pueblos are divided into four barrios, which is instrumental in many of the pueblo’s socio-religious organizations, including the system of cargos responsible for the maintenance of the church and yearly fiestas.

14. A prolific literature on whiteness, racism, and privilege, too numerous to list in its entirety, has emerged in the United States. Among the most well known works are White Reign: Deploying Whiteness in America by Joe L. Kincheloe et al. (1998), Off White: Read-
ings on Race, Power, and Society by Michelle Fine et al. (1997), and Whiteness: A Critical Reader by Mike Hill (1997).

References


Correspondence should be addressed to Luis Urrieta, Jr., The University of Colorado at Boulder, UCB 249, Education 124, School of Education, Boulder, CO 80309–0249.

E-mail: Luis.Urrieta@colorado.edu