

ONCE
TO MORE
EL CAMPO

One memory about the
DR really sticks out
to me...



I was in Kindergarten and the teacher, Ms. Hall, told the class
to draw a place that we loved to be at. I knew immediately
what I wanted to draw.

MARY McLEOD
BETHUNE



P.S. 92


1964

This was my School in Harlem



So I drew my family's house
in El Campo. Nowadays the
house is withering away
and need lots of repairs
but I still have the
same image of it
when I was a child
in my mind.





The house had great views of the mountains. Always so green and lush. I always wondered who lived there.

La casa que yo siempre quería en Los Estados Unidos estaba en otro país.
¡How ironic!

This was the zinc roof that used to moan in the night. Mistios dicen que las brujas estaban caminando allí

I was so scared to go near the trees porque yo pensaba los monstruos vivían ahí

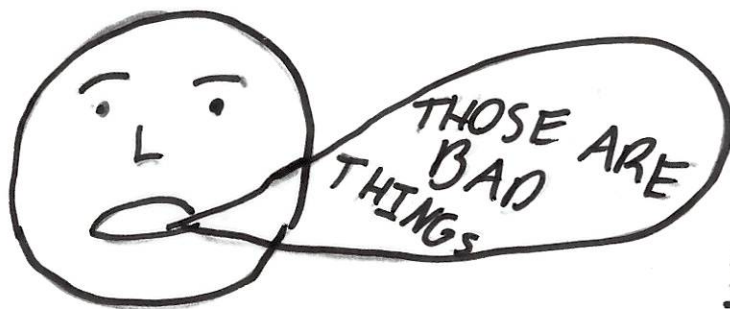
The ground was a strange color of dark red and orange. Cuando llovía, el suelo era sangre derramada.

I remember the walls feeling so bumpy that I always wonder what they were made of.

So, kindergarten me drew the house, and I showed it to a classmate of mine. I tried to him what it was, but of course, in my limited knowledge, I didn't do the best job.



So my classmate then whispered to me...



And that broke my little heart. To have something I cherished to be invalid because he didn't understand



From what I can remember, that was the first time I tried to talk someone about the DR. But I know understand that I was too young to have the language to talk about immigration or the Diaspora. It wasn't a land full of political corruption and economic hardships, haunted by Trujillo's legacy, genocide, and colonialism. It was just a place with gorgeous mountains.

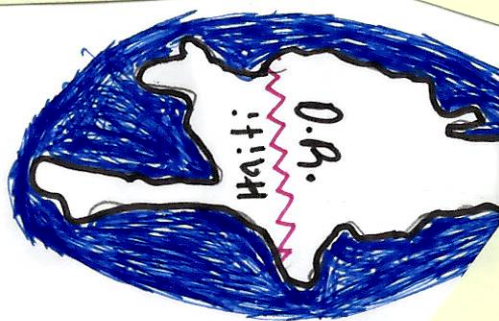
My DR (From Childhood)

The Reality



Trujillo was so anti-black that he ordered the death of any Haitian in the D.R.

My family had to leave because they were to live off and hairtrons.



Columbus Machismo and the ocean bi hypersexuality 1992... to 0 steal, massa men and women and begin col

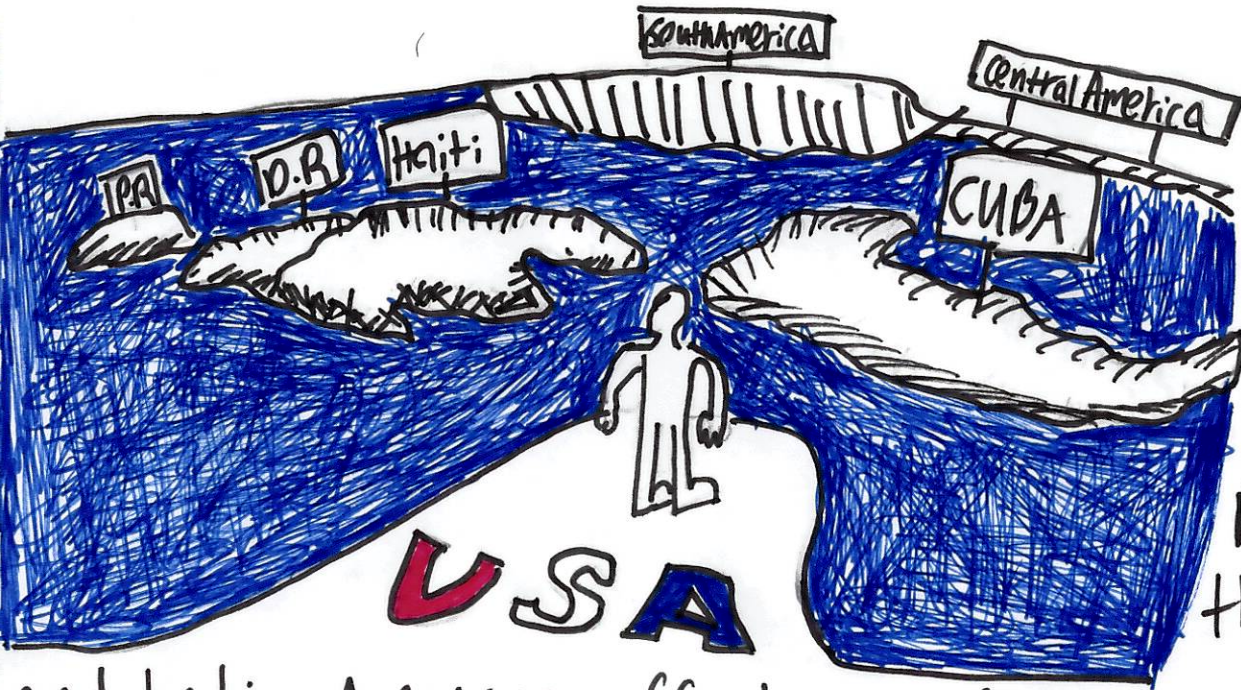
Dominicans will deny their African heritage by using lightening and hairtrons.

My mother's Haitian, and begin col

And now that I am older and more aware

than when

I was a
kid, I am
trying to
understand
how the
D.R. and
the Caribbean



and Latin America affects me. Because I am
here in America and the D.R. is there.
Because my family was there but they're here.
And my history is here but is it there too?

-Leonel D. Martinez