

IDENTITY:

REFLECTIONS IN
FIFTEEN



CURATED BY MAIV

To

THE SEEKERS -

THE OUTLIERS -

THE FIRSTS -

THE WANDERERS -

THE _____ -

THE _____ -

THE _____ -

To you -

MAY YOU SEE YOURSELF

REFLECTED HERE.

-MAIV

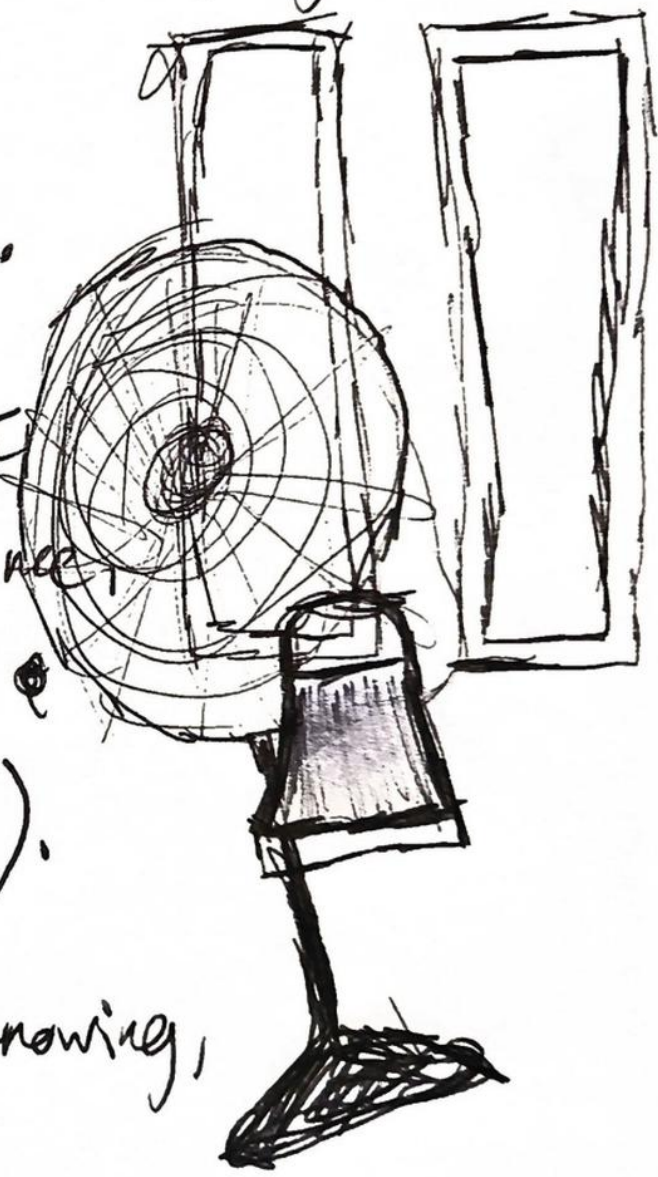
I wasn't ~~always~~ always as
comfortable in the
unknowing, as

I am now. It seemed a
sin, somehow, in my house
to not know exactly who you were, and
(more importantly) where you were going.
So I wondered internally
(rather than aloud)
on what I was becoming.

At 24 years old
back home in Brooklyn, where I
first came alive in independence,
a person, rather than, a child
(which really is very different).

Now,
it doesn't bother me, the unknowing,
unbecoming, to grow again.

It seems, maybe
to be the reason for living. To change
in ways you never could have guessed,
marry old, own a horse, set it free, make macrons,
forget yourself, lose a limb, take a life, give one.



With a world so big and wide, I ask
Who am I, where do I come from.

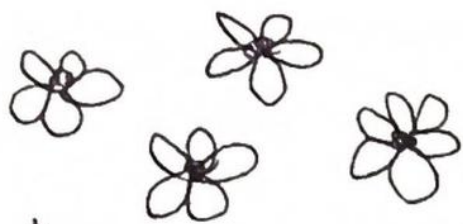
I think of the people who have come
before me, their ~~experiences~~, their struggles
where they have been taken from.

Why they left and who they left behind.

With a world so big and wide I ask why
why be allowed to be broken down

to pieces, shards, fragments. When you are
so much. You come from strength, power,
and struggle, yet you move so meekly.
Live in your truth because you are more
than what people see.

With a world full of problems, crisis, and
pain, you could be joy, love, and desire
yet you hide behind the mask of wanting
to be invisible yet seen yet forgotten, but
truly you want to be loved. Nothing
is and nothing will be, but find yourself
in the experiences of life, your ancestors
stories. Your tribe who will see you because
you are the world! ♡

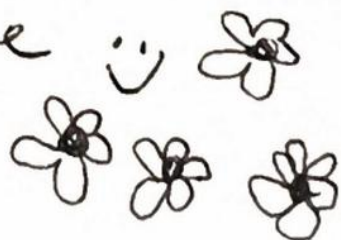


At one point in time, we were all together. One.
I like to believe that we - people - carry
within us pieces, moments, of every person we've
touched - deeply, even if it doesn't - didn't - last
forever.

I've grappled with who I am to me, especially
when that brushes up against who I am to
others. I'm the stranger with the sweet smile and
warm eyes who you pass ~~on~~ the street. I'm
"so perfect" and made "just for me" is what he
said to me. I'm joy incarnate and silly and
playful and free. I'm also ~~a chaos~~ of
sometimes tired and sad and self-conscious.
I'm all of these things.

I'm getting my heart broken right outside of my
apartment building. I'm running through the
warm sand with my friends on a Saturday
at Rockaway Beach. I'm crying and looking
at the window on the M14D. I'm laughing and
loving and living and chasing my dreams and
I'm taking all of these little pieces of me and
of people I see and meet and I hold them
close because they make me, me.

So that is who I am; at least to me 😊



Despite the distance, it all connects.

There's a flow, there's a wave,

there's a connection



It all connects



I feel like the center in all of it

I am the connecting point

Without me, the connection is lost



Like a grapevine, they call,

I answer



I do my best to interpret

the message ~~but~~ keep the flow

going, make sure nothing is



lost.



Despite how far they are from
me or how close, I am the center



They call to me, They call on me
to get it done, get things done



I am the connections, and I
wonder if I was not there if

the flow would be there.

Would it all connect?

Would they all
connect?

~~Identity~~

~~Both within and without~~
~~I struggle to find my way~~
~~And can't really claim~~
~~My~~

~~Both Identity?~~ Identical

① I stand on a tight rope
and I anxiously await
both within and without
I try to find my gate

③ Who will accept me?
Which community will maintain
Who will bring me to the camp?
I just want my own place.

② Wrapped in red, white, and blue
Bathed in beans and plantains
With hair just like Papi's
And skin white like lace.

④ ~~Hard~~
~~Say hello, can~~
~~La piel blanca~~

④ ~~Una latina sin identidad~~
Y entonces quien soy yo?
Una latina que quiere
liberarse de su identidad.

Undocumented
with the hope
of feeling

Unlimited but
because of my status,
can't help but feel
limited. Feelings of
wanting to run away
but because of my status,
I have no choice but to
stay.

I'm not from here and yet
I'm from here, no place
to truly call home, here nor
there. Who? Me, these are
the things I have to bear.

The solution is to combine the instructions of others. They've given you the quantities. Flour water yeast baking powder ~~and~~ sugar. A little rest if you're willing to fight for it - the tangenzers are so delicate, they disintegrate in your hands - massaged into the sugar. First rise. Cube.

Plums you choose because you think oh I hear them - or because at least you'd find them intriguing. ~~Four~~ ^{Four} red, cubed and cooked with a few spoonfuls of sugar. No water - you've worried they will dry - but a few teaspoons of lemon juice ~~to~~ ^{will} keep them fresh.

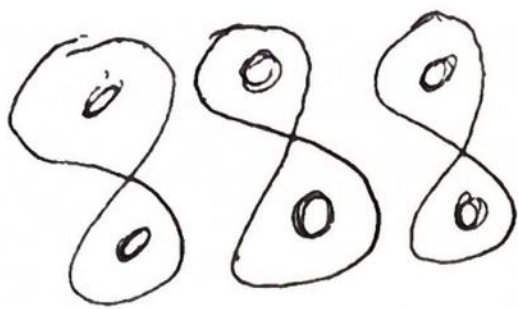
And now the stacking - cubes, A.S.T, cubes - and the second rise, and then the fry, which leaves a thin beige line ~~at the center~~.

Then the glazy - ~~orange~~ condensation and tangenzers - very 90s, because that's when they fell in love. And the eating, because at ~~about~~ half a century ~~on~~ ~~at~~ ~~most~~ one consumes or is convinced by one's memories. ~~At least you~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~what~~ ~~she's~~ ~~let~~ ~~you~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~. You suspect.

Flour water yeast sugar salt eggs baking powder/soda(?)	} →	Combine + 1 st rise	Combine = 3 cups powdered sugar 3 tbsp milk 3 tbsp tangenzers juice
		plums + sugar ↓ Cook until jammy	Stack: 10 cubes of dough plums 6 cubes of dough 2 nd rise fry + glaze.
tangenzers rest			2 tsp Condensation

I came into NYC on Wednesday of last year.
My sister lives in Bedstus and is getting her Masters.
We're twins and this is our first time living apart.
We haven't lived together since August 2006, and this
is my first time living alone. A lot of first times
for the both of us. When I see my sister now
it makes the time that we share together more
memorable/special. She's still my best friend
and the person I know that I can share the
most about my life with. I came into NYC last
Wednesday and decided to take a trip to Baltimore
and DC Thursday-Friday. It was my first time
taking the Amtrak, and my third time taking
a trip alone. I had an amazing time and
I realize that everytime I take trips like this,
the anticipation is so much worse than the
fun and joy that I always end up feeling. It's
now Sunday and I got back to NYC Saturday
night. My sister and I did some ~~yoga~~ yoga
yesterday morning, went and ate lunch
together, and just had a great day overall.
The drawing of the world right behind us
makes me feel / realize that →

it doesn't matter where in the world
me and my sister are. ~~together~~ whether
we're together or apart, we will always
have each other. It also makes me
realize that I can't wait for people to
travel with me. I have to be able to enjoy
my own company and be comfortable with
being spontaneous & free.



This is my 7th trip to NYC! but I've been seeing eggs everywhere - which means abundance, success 1000s. and the infinity possibilities! & to be able to screen my film here is such a blessing! I know this city has so much to offer - it really does feel like the whole world is here

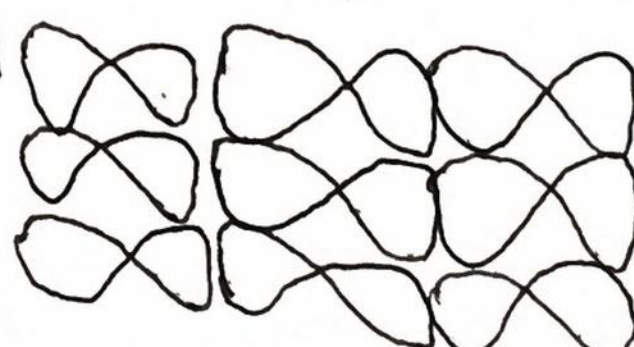
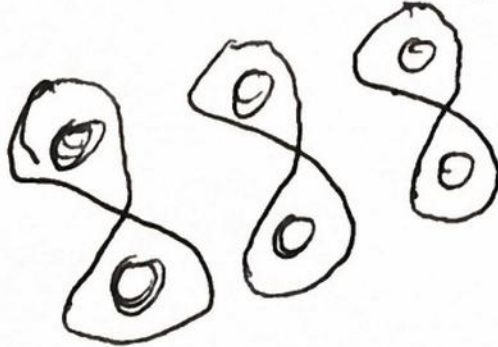


bc there's so many different cultures, communities etc... and that is so beautiful to me! I want to fully immerse myself here - I know it would be good for me and I know it will happen when the time is right!



Maybe the right time! I feel so grateful that I can move out of LA and live with & be here with loved ones & I hope I know I will always follow these feelings bc it's always been a part of who I am! lots of love and gratitude,

love, M.H.

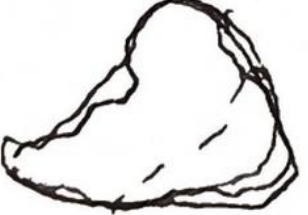




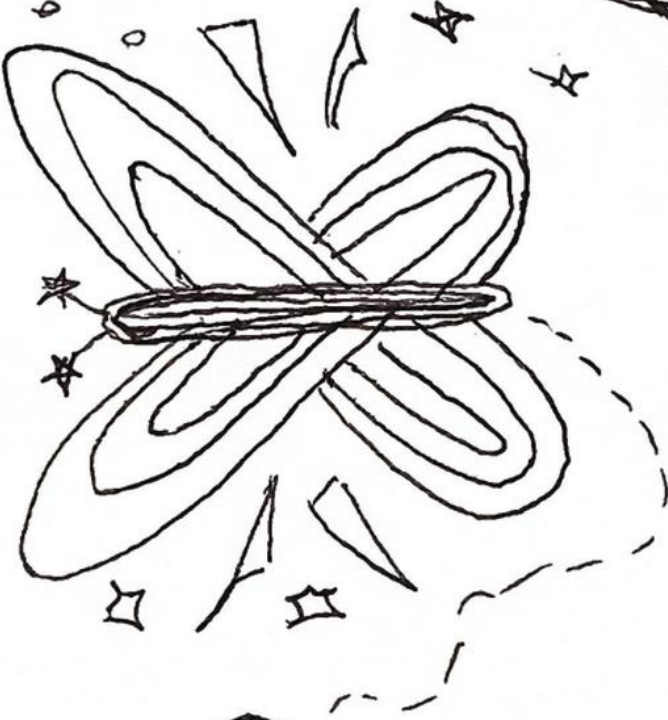
My soul like

the wings of a butterfly

highly rhythmic



the pattern



fluid after looking any situation



looking any situation

is like you fire like fire

fire fire

fire fire

fire fire



live to the

live to the see

holly holly



deep

in



holly



What is my truth?

That which is mine, uniquely mine.

vs.

What is that of my ancestors that has been passed down to me.

Am I chronically late because someone in my lineage once gave me that gift?

(the thing that was passed ~~to~~ me at a bad habit.)

is it a habit
or something I can't
help because it is me now,
part of a DNA strand connected
to a million other pieces of me.
If pulled, it might break the
beautiful weave that makes
everything else vibrant and
complex,

That fabric
is part of
me as much
as in the
desirable
things
...

my state of constant dreaming
my tendency to find the
humor
my eye's way of stopping for sunsets

And radical love requires of me a
recognition of all of it.

What if I've always been an
out ~~of~~ of the box thinker? Who before me
helped to string that into the fabric
of my being?

Who were they?

What did they dream about?

Could they express that side of themselves?

Do I dream their dreams that have
floated in the air longing for anchoring.

Am I just another messenger of
that urge?

And when everything is quiet;

When the inspiration strikes,
I say a prayer of thanks
for those that came before
me and who graciously
offer comfort for my
vulnerability.



When Im with you

Da - so

Its like nothing matters

When Im on the road

I cant go back

Its a pattern

Cause its a game of greed

Come play with me?

Show me what its worth

I couldnt let you go so easily

Cause you showed me what Im worth

and its ~~ok~~ now, youve ~~said~~


spread your wings out

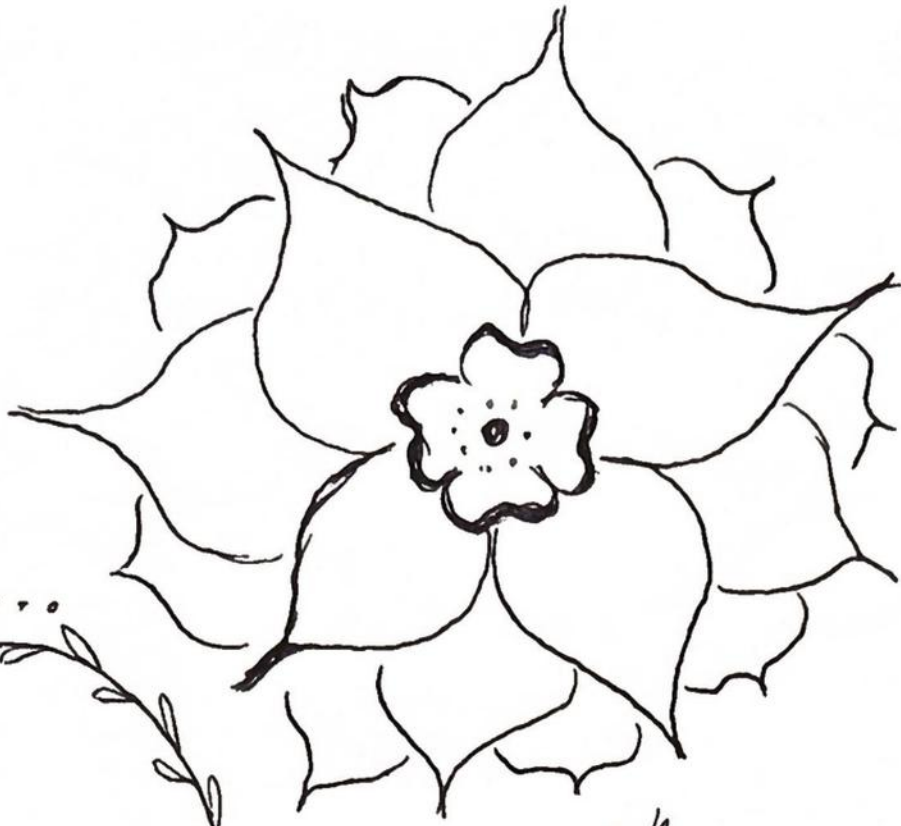
and its ~~ok~~ with me, honestly

we'll figure it out

I see a world but then I see a figure(s).
I don't really know what to say because in
all honesty I feel what I'll ~~write~~ write won't
make any sense but as long as it does some
sometimes that is all that matters. I see . . .

- identity, who am I? - I'm Sheikhar but
- culture I'm also Bobby,
- the world Berchi,
- how I show up in the world Indio,
- how connected it can be Andy
- I feel like I see a head. ↓ my nicknames

I feel inspired, I feel proud of all these
different identities I inhabit, are what make
who I am. I feel ~~the~~ intersectionality through
this, things that are just moving through each
other. I dk sometimes I also feel like this
is how my brain gets all fuzzy and ~~scribbles~~
all over the place trying to find somewhere
where I can find a straight thought, line,
feeling to communicate what I sometimes feel
in life. But I ~~was~~ leave intrigued to find that
out for me and my life/work. 



What do I protect...

What surrounds me...

What carries me around...

What helps me stay...

What helps me grow...

What keeps me grounded...

What do I feel...

What carries me forward...

What leaves behind...

What binds...

This visual prompt makes me think of organic shapes ^{and} the ~~mess~~ inherent subjectivity in trying to represent something. I like how the lines are unfinished and don't connect and slightly sloppy. I like things that are slightly messy, flawed, and appear unintentionally effortless. It ~~shows~~ depicts the arbitrary idea we have of a map and ~~reminds~~ reminds me of a conversation I had with some friends last night at a party about how an idea of maps and what the world looks like is based on other people's arbitrary ideas of what the world looks like, but it's really just a reflection of what their world looks like which is often been ~~very~~ heavily Eurocentric. I see this in relation to today's films which were a lot about identity and representation and the

Randoms

Service Provider

Social Media

Family, Friends, Co-Workers

Outer

Others Dreams

Opinions

Others

Others Trauma

costs

Responsibilities

Materials

Others wants

others Needs

Nature/Nurture

Culture

Environment

Harlem

Social Constructs

Faith

Religion

"Leader"

A title that rests at the forefront of my mind
Be grudgingly present, even off company time

You put me here...

Well that isn't totally true

I did this to myself, only with a narrow view

To pay the cost to be a boss

No campaigns, but a promise to maintain

But now I feel different

Trying to shift a generational curse

Could lead to an early hearse

No man is an island

Yet now I'm aligned with

I no longer confide in

Even for just regular shit

These days I feel different

I wonder at times

If it's just my best intentions getting lost in the grind,

Or am I oblivious to my own sacrifice?

1st thoughts on identity:

it can often feel sort of like an entrapment for me.
When I think too long on what exactly mine is, I should
be, was, will be, + perhaps the one others have for me.

is ever labels.

Why can't I just be?

My mind + I hate changing + I hate to dwell ~~to~~ in the sun + dig my ~~to~~ the grass - dentras de ~~in the~~ to

OK What is my identity?

- I am a lover,

i am the firstborn

i am las mujeres who came before
me.

"a
- my grandfather said I was Bohemian!"



"What have you created
lately!!!"

This is a "Shepherd" photographer



We just met. How can you know me?
We are here in Spain. You are
from Germany and I from the
United States.

We came to study Spanish and
found ourselves in the same
rooming house.

We became friends and ~~shared~~
^{spoke} ~~experiences~~ ~~with~~ ~~each~~ ~~other~~ ~~regularly~~ about our interests.

We just met. How can you know me?
You feel it necessary to speak of
things that appall you, disgust you,
You hate homosexuality and share
that as though you know for sure
that I am straight.

Sure, I am straight, but we
just met. How can you know me?
You assume I feel the same as
you. Never thinking that you
could offend me because we just met.
How can you know me?

this world holds
noses upturned, familiar and

unfamiliar, pigheadedness in all forms: pig, cow, woman,
boy, have noses for the sky instead of each other,
why do I feel in the middle?

So aware of my right

and left.

this charged, curly energy, morphing between friendly and
unfriendly, all depending on how clearly I'm seeing ~~my~~ ^{the}

~~Is~~ should it be my ^{moment,} moment
at all?

I don't know, but it's my paper, to be seen, but I
could eat it and shock this room and steal the
moment too; ~~or~~ I could refuse to turn it in. I could
take ^a piece, just for me, to know something did continue
from this moment, to prove part of it belonged to me,
like everyone else in this room.

I
can't
wait
for
the
day
that
I
don't
need
proof

☆ I want to
feel EVERYTHING
fully! :-

Whimsical

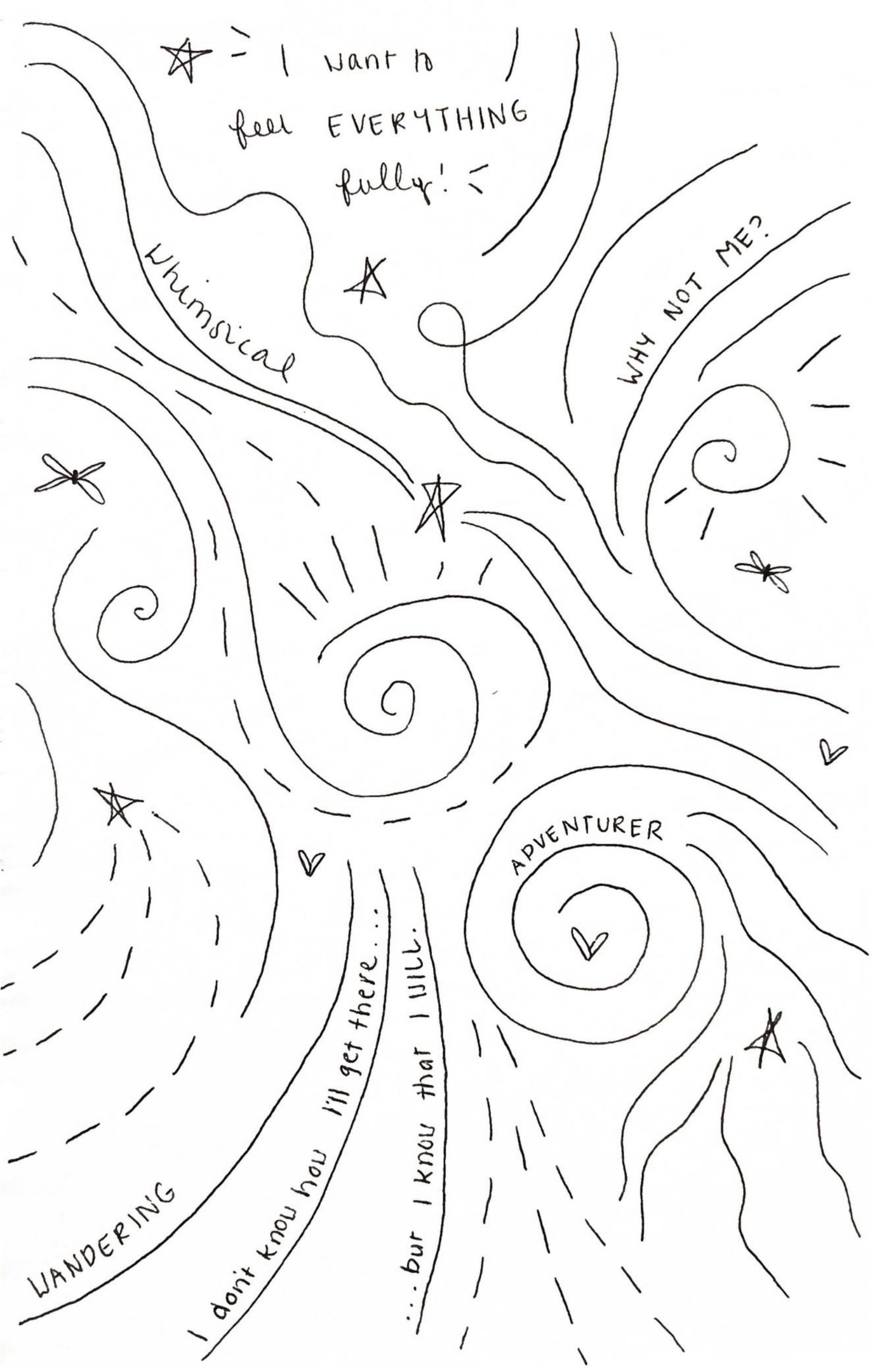
WHY NOT ME?

ADVENTURER

WANDERING

I don't know how I'll get there...

...but I know that I WILL.



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A SOFT STICKS ZINE

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