

Becoming Nawili

Utopian Dreaming at the End of the World

Cordelia Barrera

When the world ends, her life begins. Soon she'll know who she is.
Nawili: shape shifter, the last in a line of indigenous warrior women.
—Cover copy for *Becoming Nawili*

Becoming Nawili is a speculative Latin@ fantasy—part Aztec creation myth and part queer Latin@ bildungsroman. It takes place in the mid-twenty-first-century borderlands, on the cusp of a new world order that reaches back to an indigenous, matriarchal past to imagine a socially and environmentally just future. The first completed novel in my fully conceptualized trilogy, “The Pepa Chronicles,” *Nawili* opens in a world devastated by modern-day fracking practices run amok. Following my reflections on the writing of the novel, three short selections from the text are presented below.

The story is told through three narrative voices: Pepa’s, Diego Buendia’s, and Maria’s. Pepa is fifteen when the waters of the Rio Grande rear like a radioactive cobra and swallow her whole. Under the earth for a year, her blood and body mutate and an ancient prophecy takes root. Fed a diet of warrior ways and animal traits by the mythical Spider Woman, Pepa is reborn to fulfill a quest written in the blood of an indigenous warrior bloodline. More powerful than any human on earth and intimately tied to *la tierra*, only she can bring order to the chaos above . . . but we don’t know that, and neither does she. The Women who have gathered deep in the underground New Mexican desert might know. They have cultivated strange, collective powers of their own; they call to Pepa from dreams and the realm of her Aztec ancestors.

Nawili begins *in medias res*, as Pepa journeys from South Texas to New Mexico through a barren landscape “drunk on sand.” Readers experience the changes in Pepa’s body as a result of her earlier rebirth—nonlinearly detailed in part 2—and question the sentient landscape alongside her. Diego, her cousin, speaks through his journal; it’s through Diego’s voice that we learn about their life in the city of “New Laredos” before its obliteration. Maria is responsible for “calling” the Women to New Mexico. Her third-person account connects us with the Women and a collective political consciousness. Fictive documents in the form of journal entries, newspaper clippings, and radio broadcasts constitute the heart of part 1 and tether the reader to the world prior to its destruction.

In *Nawili*, the world and everything in it is devolving, caught in “the Middle,” and transforming in untried ways. Many species—humans included—will mutate, but not like Pepa. Her powers were prophesied centuries ago. She commands the sand . . . and she can morph. Humanity might survive the mutations and transformations, but only if Pepa can survive the solitary journey north, and only if she can defeat the evil force that has begun to amass in the south. She is the key to the new order. If Pepa survives, so might humankind.

A central image in *Becoming Nawili* is water. In this New Adult novel, the toxic waters of the Rio Grande both shelter and transform the young Chicana protagonist, Pepa. They also evoke Gloria Anzaldúa’s *cenote*: “I have a topoi, a place I call *el cenote*,” she writes. “In my imagination, I descend into this dreampool, sinkhole, deep well . . . access my culture’s collective history.” In the heterotopic space of *el cenote*, “memories collide, conflict, converge, condense and negotiate relationships between past, present and future” (1995). From the depths of *el cenote*, Anzaldúa pieces together the fragments of collective memories to rewrite spaces of power and knowledge for Chican@s. In *Becoming Nawili*, the *cenote* motif establishes a link to unexplored indigenous knowledge and ancestral dreampools encased in cyclical time. As Pepa descends into the body of the earth, she unchains a utopic terrain of apocalyptic hope.

Pepa’s mid-twenty-first-century world mirrors our own, as brown workers provide much of the labor that sustains the newly formed Homeland States of America. On the surface, *Nawili* is a work of speculative fiction, an experimental novel that imagines a holistic way of living and being in the world. The lifeblood that courses through *Nawili* is primal, apocalyptic, and utopic. The fantastic heterotopic spaces that emerge from the ruins of eco-catastrophe, however, deliver more than the slim dream of survival we

find in many Western post-apocalyptic works. The novel begins as dystopic but is ultimately utopian, blending social dreaming with transcendent idealism. The post-apocalyptic world of the novel mirrors the collective unconscious desires of the main characters, especially the Women, who form the backbone of its transformative political consciousness. In this sense, *Nawili* is patterned after works such as Sally Miller Gearhart's *The Wanderground: Stories of the Hill Women* (1979), Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *Herland* (1915), and the novels of Octavia Butler, texts that engage ecofeminist principles, nonviolent revolutions, the power of feminine collective energies, and the transformation of identity.

I am a product of the South Texas *monte*. Growing up in Laredo in the 1970s and 1980s, my friends and I had little use for indoor games. Our north side neighborhood dissolved into thickets of native *chaparral*, and we lived to explore monolithic plateaus of sticky brush, where we built endless forts from mesquite limbs snapped by families of wild javelinas. We prowled the *senderos* and the miles of untamed *monte* fed by natural creeks and reservoirs. But Laredo's wild spaces, like those throughout South Texas, are vanishing. The city's population has skyrocketed to over 244,000 inhabitants (not including those who live and work in the area without official residency papers), and the infrastructure is notoriously disorganized. In short, the new wealth and substructure created by NAFTA has wreaked havoc on the ecological limits of the landscape. In *Adios to the Brushlands* (1997), Arturo Longoria bemoans the systematic clearing of native *chaparral* in South Texas by large-scale ranching and dry farming practices that exploded in earnest in the 1970s and 1980s. But this was only the beginning. Today, the devastation of the *chaparral* in the name of oil and gas exploration and unbridled corporate interests is choking the lifeblood of the *monte verde* that is our sacred heritage as Tejanos. With the impending possibility of an expanded border wall and a looming, intensifying military presence, it remains to be seen how this unique biosphere will fare.

Two years ago, I found myself driving from Lubbock to Laredo almost weekly. My father was suddenly and inexplicably dead, and my mother was alone in the home our family had occupied for over forty years. The drive was surreal. The I-35 corridor, old Highway 83, and even forgotten country roads on the outskirts of unexceptional towns like Asherton, La Pryor, and Carrizo Springs were thick with semi-trailer trucks, oil tankers, groundwater treatment trucks, wastewater treatment trucks, hazmat trucks, trucks full of sand, steel pipe, drill rigs, casings, missiles . . . Methane plumes marked the escape of dangerous gases into the atmosphere. Rampant, unchecked

industrialization and fracking had found a home in South Texas. My life, like the *chaparral* that formed an integral part of my identity, had become a place full of holes.

It was at this time that I became haunted by Anzaldúa's *cenote*. Deep and brimming in uncanny signs, the *cenote* was the place I chose to drown. Perhaps, I thought, I could dive in, enter the serpent's belly the way Anzaldúa does in the "sueño con serpientes" section of *Borderlands* (1999), and emerge triumphant and transfigured from my sadness. Perhaps here, I could coalesce the lost pieces of myself, fragments of both flesh and spirit rent asunder by a profit economy in which my father was a number and my *monte* was for sale. Lost in my self-reflexive malaise, I kept my protagonist under the water for a year. Here she would triumph. I would seed her, under the earth, with the strength of the ancients—powers marked in the red and black ink of lost metaphors and primal memories. I would inject her veins with the blood of ten thousand warrior women. But she would need more if she were to emerge a *nepantlera* whose journey ushers a reconceptualized future, one where diversity and difference forge interconnections beyond Western andocentrism to include relations with the environment and other forms of life. Under the earth, where all was not lost, Pepa would unite the world of nature and the world of spirit; here she would encircle the numinous.

In *Becoming Nawili*, Pepa is puma, cephalopod, snake, deer, ant, coyote—all animals refused equal footing with humans in our socially produced and socially constructed world of despot dualities. In my anger and frustration over the exploitation of my community and beloved *chaparral*, I seeded Pepa with a powerful, transformative worldview, a consciousness rooted in communal expressions of identity. She becomes a shape shifter capable of transgressing her human form when she ingests the "seeds" of various animals that have been carefully prepared by the mythical Spider Woman, a kind of "cosmic mother" as described by Joseph Campbell in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1973) and by Monica Sjöö and Barbara Mor in *The Great Cosmic Mother* (1987). Her body has the full consciousness and feelings of a human, but it holds knowledge "transmitted across the generations through ritual and imitation" (Peña 2005, 53). In this regard, Pepa is seeded with "the totality of what can be known" (Campbell 1973, 116) by the Spider Woman, who initiates her into the world of myth. Pepa's powers are magical, primal, and ego shattering, but she is also a reservoir of ancient knowledge. In her posthuman state, she becomes "the champion not of things become but of things becoming" (337). In order to ground

egalitarian principles and deep ecological thinking into the fabric of her body and bones, she literally and figuratively *becomes* the earth itself; there is no difference, no dividing line. In *Nawili*, Pepa and the soil, sand, and water are *in lak ech*.

The world that emerges from the cinders of ecological catastrophe in *Nawili* embeds a kind of transformative environmentalism in which humans and animals must relearn how to relate to *la tierra* with psychic and biological energy rather than physical force. In *Nawili* the landscape becomes sentient and devolves to necessitate transformative, integrative, and participatory patterns of living. In this regard, the sentient earth in the novel is much like the imagined terrains in sci-fi classics like Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris* (1961) and J. G. Ballard's *The Drowned World* (1962). My hope was to both empty the landscape and fill it; it is emptied of any objective sense of place, but it brims with a subjective, felt aspect for Pepa, who, like all organic forms, must learn to commune with the landscape in order to survive. *Becoming Nawili*, then, seeks to place ecology within the broader context of human consciousness, and so incorporates imagery and feminist insights that recall preindustrial worldviews of the earth as a living organism and nurturing mother. The utopic impulse in *Nawili* is a direct parallel to the utopic impulses that I believe undergird the most compelling aspects of Anzaldúa's canon, ideas that serve as a "lure and bait for ideology" and an allegorical outline for a better world (Jameson 2007, 3).

The apocalyptic impulse in *Nawili* is defamiliarizing and reflects a despair that stems from historical and social disruption (Rosen 2008, xii). In this regard, *Nawili* owes much to the novels of Octavia E. Butler, works in which difference and diversity serve as a compass to redefine humanism with the goal of inaugurating a more heterogeneous notion of humanity. Like Butler's survivor heroes—disenfranchised women and men—Pepa, and indeed all humans in *Nawili*, must embrace radical change if they are to survive. *Nawili*, like Butler's Parable series (1993–98) and Xenogenesis trilogy (1987–89), insists that we can transform ourselves and our world, but only if and when we actively reshape our minds and bodies to develop alternative frameworks that explode the systematic oppressions that cage women, minorities, and racial and ethnic Others. *Nawili* maintains that it is only through a conscious effort of will that humanity might seed a sustainable future for itself and the planet.

One of my main objectives in *Nawili* is to complicate what it means to be human, not through scientific advancement but by regarding "how

our myths of origin dictate the way we view our humanity” (Kerr 2010, 101). An overriding goal is also to reimagine origin myths in their organic totality, rather than with an eye toward replicating a mythology that imagines one supreme, detached male God and “men” fashioned in the image of that God. Instead, the world of *Nawili* is based upon an organic, ecocentric worldview dedicated to the principles of deep ecology. Deep ecology “places humans on an equal level with all other living things [and] supports and legitimates new social and economic directions that move the world toward sustainability” (Merchant 1992, 86). Deep ecology, I believe, is aligned with Anzaldúan thought in the sense that it presupposes “a new psychology, or philosophy of self” (86).

In a profit economy, human needs and desires are too easily subsumed by the system. For those of us on the edge, contending for dominance alongside the unearthed voices mired beneath the desecrated landscape under our feet, a prudent choice is to risk being swallowed whole by the earth’s mouth, as Anzaldúa (1999, 63–73) describes in “The Coatlicue State.” I completed *Nawili* at a time when everything in my world had become poisoned and sick. Taking Anzaldúa to heart, I entered the serpent’s belly and took my young protagonist with me. In many ways it is an angry novel, but because it is geared to a New Adult audience, it is full of hope and builds upon a narrative that directly overturns the crushing force of global capitalism. We are all implicated in a landscape where the politics of disenfranchisement have historically been wielded as the *only* legitimizing practices of progress and knowledge. A key goal of *Nawili* is to expose the weaknesses of our profit economy and make visible the fault lines in a way that places *la tierra* at center stage. In this way, *Becoming Nawili* unravels “that which abides” (Anzaldúa 1999, 73) to suggest a cosmic unveiling that our world so desperately needs.

The following excerpts from the novel introduce readers to Pepa’s world. Included here are the prologue and chapter 1, followed by an excerpt from Part II titled “Cobra,” in which we witness the destruction of Pepa’s barrio via flashback. The prologue establishes the Rio Grande as a source of ancestral power. Chapter 1 begins in the present, one year after the destruction of the world’s infrastructure. It is during this time that the Spider Woman “seeds” Pepa’s body with ancient shape-shifting powers—although Pepa retains no memory of her training. “Cobra” ends as Pepa is swallowed by the noxious waters of the Rio Grande, marking her entry into the underworld.

Excerpts from *Becoming Nawili*

PROLOGUE: ON THE BORDER

One last sputter of bloated blue catfish and gray redhorses with their meaty lips, and the River was gone. In its final days, the Río Grande—still called the Río Bravo by those who knew its soul best—put on a terrifying performance, much like what ancient Salineros to the south used to call a *jubileo*, or jubilee, a terrific die-off that remained in the tribe's bones for weeks, a spectacle of the senses.

A thousand years ago, when the River was a vast delta called Great Waters, it ran swift and long for almost two thousand miles, pulsing with minnows and shiners, chubs, and bony, scuted shovelnose sturgeons. Tattooed Comecrudos, lithe as new trees and dressed in shells, prowled the cattails and reeds of its southern banks to fish and feed off leopard frogs, red-eared sliders, spiny softshells, diamond-backed copperheads, the occasional blotched water snake, and, of course, all those tasty garters. To the north, wandering tribes of Cacalotes made feasts of black water moccasins thick as cottonwood trunks.

Two hundred years ago, the Río Bravo was Mother to a cascading water world whose center was a dance of a thousand circles of life. Then, she was guardian of *cenotes*, primordial dreampools hot with memories of ancestral Nahua ways. These were days of plenty, when the *río* wound into the people's dreams like a multicolored snake that pulsed ancient practices and memories alive in their blood. As long as the River glistened and blazed, it would nourish sleepers with the old ways, powerful treasures of forgotten worlds.

Twenty years ago, when the River became the property of Homeland NeT, it began to disappear from the people's dreams. They were Nahua descendants and their barrio had cradled the River for generations. Oh, they still dreamed of water—oceans and lakes and probably even other rivers like the Nile or the Mississippi—but the Río Bravo, or the Río Grande—whatever name one chose to call it—departed, walked out the door that opened onto the nighttime world of dreams. Of course no one would *choose* to dream about a long, noxious, toxic dumping site that had become a trickle of smoldering ooze in some places. But people don't choose their dreams. Anyway, the dreams about the River just stopped flowing, like the River itself.

By this time, the River was in transition, a time that those who survived would later call “the Becoming.” Becoming Times, like clouds or

dust in windstorms, are impossible to snag. The people's dreams of the *río* dwindled to quivers and gasps because it would not be owned and made captive by the chains of the voracious Homeland NeT. For the River, the Becoming Time was about biological time and biological progression, not the movements of a clock. The Becoming seeded a time zone never before known on earth and much older than humankind. Like a corpse flower, as the River appeared to die, it summoned life—life enfolded by mythic time, when animals were known to talk and people were known to listen. Just as the River de-evolved to a time when the old *cenotes* might once again sing, the earth's course began to change.

The men who wore the Homeland NeT logo on their sleeves could not see past the inconvenient black bubbles that rose to the surface of the water and *pop! pop! popped!* like boiling blisters, so they stopped being interested in the river. For them, the story of the River was over. Dead as snapped leaves dancing in the wind. But for the people who lived in the little barrio—not all of them, but some—the River's *cenotes* began to speak in little itches that teased their insides. When the men with the H NeT logo on their coats abandoned the River, the barrio people flocked to its troubled drizzles and pools to pay their respects, to remember. Sometimes they caught glimpses and snatches of little wormy tendrils of life. When they looked closely, some thought they saw tiny snakes, all aglow and writhing to life in the oily ooze that was once the Río Bravo.

A week ago, the Becoming Time compelled the River to swallow the light of myth. The Río Bravo, like an expectant mother, began her contractions.

CHAPTER 1: “PEPA”

I curl myself into a ball and huddle in a corner of the little chamber. The shapes on the walls sprout oily arms and hands that ripple like tentacles. The hands with their little suction cups are too terrible to look at, so I slit my eyes and focus on the Spider Woman's teeth. Two rows of perfectly shaped isosceles triangles, hundreds of little Y's pointing downward and chattering in unison, the clockwork of a forgotten world. The Dragon's Eyes chatter in song and I know she is happy. And because she is happy, I am soothed. But the feeling doesn't last. The shadows have become tentacles, and the tentacles have become hands that seize and coil and wind. I'm not sure I'm breathing anymore. I try to concentrate. I must concentrate! I must bring the words she taught me from the pit of my stomach back

into my head where they're supposed to be, where I could use them to calm myself down.

It's no use. The shadows take my words. They snatch my words as they grab at my arms. Now they want my legs.

I wasn't expecting this. Not from her. Not after all that work, all that coaching! Now it's my eyes. My eyes can't possibly be working right because I watch in terror as my arms drip away to reveal scales, all gold and turquoise and aqua blue. I feel like a thing swallowed, a dumb, stunned fish boiling in the gullet of a sperm whale. Water drops echo like thunder in my ears. I can't possibly be breathing anymore. There's just too much water in my brain.

I think I'm a fish. I must be a fish. I have scales and cataracts on my eyes and I flail the bony, spiny things that I swear were arms and legs a minute ago.

What's happening to my body?

"Time is now," says Ari, the Spider Woman. "You ready?"

Ready for what? Ready to be someone's supper? If only my brain still worked.

She wraps her long scarf, the finest green silk, around my spongy neck. There's a flipper where my neck used to be and I'm a little embarrassed about this, but she's an old friend and so she must understand that it's not my fault. I want to tell her this, but I just do that puckering-pop thing that fish do with their lips and then it's too late. I've forgotten. I've forgotten the really important thing I wanted to tell her.

"I always be with you," she says. She takes my flipper-hand, her tarantula fur sticky like glue now, and leads me to the pool. Months ago, she described this pool as the end of the world, maybe the beginning. It was too soon to tell, she said. Her words float into my head and I am filled with fear and expectation. Am I dead, or is this the new beginning she promised?

I am so sleepy, but I do as she asks, feeling my way by brushing my flippers along the cool wall. Darkness, and then a buzz and a fizzle: *lub dub lub dub lub dub . . .* It's not my heart or the prism of light that dances and flickers over the pool that I hear, but a breathing from somewhere that booms and whispers all at once. I stop flailing and give in to the soothing vibration of warm breath that is so strong it buoys my body up and up. Disoriented, I lose my footing and seem to float weightlessly.

"Here," says Ari, and she is no longer a spider woman but an ancient cave painting, the stick figure of a goddess that embodies some unremembered mystery of life and death. And on the circular walls are concrete

rings that morph into shapes of snakes and coyotes and deer and rabbits, and they all move, as if running, in the same direction. I squint through my cataracts and I see a giant octopus, alone, and moving in the opposite direction. She has a fish name, an octopus name. Something I can't pronounce. She holds in one of her tentacled arms . . . what is that . . . a human? The image vanishes.

The wet arms hurry me and jostle me into the pool, which has begun to swell with water. The pool bubbles and pulses, squeezes and contracts. I am in a whirlpool now, spinning within a current that rises and falls in spasms and spurts. At first I am a downdraft, and then I am a gap, an opening that drops away to bottomless worlds. For a final instant, I see Ari through the water. She is clicking and rattling, speaking that ancient language reserved for creatures rather than humans. I must be a creature because I understand.

"No memory," rattles the wordless mouth through all those teathy triangles. "Memory in small bites only, like spice in pocket. Eat when time is right. Follow north." She and Baby Jessica smile and wave, four gleaming rows of Dragon's Eyes. The whirlpool, a gigantic yawning maelstrom now, seethes and breaks, and I shoot up and out like cannon fire.

FROM PART 1, FIRE: "COBRA"

Papi has been dead for almost a month when the rest of my family is killed.

They come in through the front door with their guns, the puppets of the few men who now run our world. "It's a misunderstanding," Mami pleads. "Just a terrible misunderstanding! The wall mount is plugged in, do you not see that? The Eye has always been plugged in!"

I sit in my room at the end of the hall and listen as they bash Mami's head in with the butts of their rifles. I have been robbed of my breath, my skin, a body capable of movement and protestation. I am a tomb and I hear them beat her down and then kill Rene, who fights like a samurai against them but loses. Someone stops Rolo's wails and crying quick and clean, as easily as a knife through butter. I wait for the men to come to me: I'm craving death, tasting it, but when they enter my room they look past me. They see *right through me*, registering nothing but the wall I have become. They jeer and hiss and kick at Rene some more before they leave. They light the house on fire and walk out the door as indifferently as a breeze moves through a screen. I am a stone: my ears have left me, and so have my legs, my arms, my mind. But not my sight. I can see everything.

Now I am propped up against Maestro Jess's mesquite in the alley behind our house. I don't know how I got here and I don't care. I watch our house burn and wait for the men with guns to return. No one comes. All the houses in my barrio are burning, and although I can move now, it's like my ears have been cut or burned away because there is only silence. I find a long triangle of glass at my feet and I wait for the men to return. My desire is dim and cloudy, but a reptilian drive demands blood; I want to cut the men who did this. I want to murder them as they murdered my family. I wait, sit like a bag of rocks, for what feels like a day but no one comes, maybe because the world is on fire.

Now I am at the Blue Hole. I faintly recall that I have always been comforted by the smell of the cool spring water that bubbles up from the depths of the earth and feeds into this well. With my Third Eye, the one that Mrs. Myers taught me to find, I recall ancient, unspoken ripples that hum and hover like moist clouds over the surface of the deep water. Mami told me about this place long ago, but I remember the story. Now, the water is frantic with gurgles that insinuate a mysterious underwater monster ready to spring from the depths of Hell itself. I remember my Mama Chita, how I bent myself into the crook of her pudgy arm and belly as a kid when she told me the old stories. The earth is sky and earth and air in between, she says. But Hell is below, and we must own Hell as surely as we own sweeter earthbound dreams. I ask so many questions through her unwavering smile and the feathery touches of her paper-thin hands. I don't know how many worlds there are, she says, but there must be many that exist alongside ours. Even the world of an ancient time where the earth was the skin of a woman and the sun was a God-man still exists, she says.

The grass is gone and the once magical blue well is covered over with weeds and reeds and spray paint. The fires have suffocated the bluebonnets. I tear my eyes from the water that once meant life to my barrio and slog my way to the Río Grande beyond the spring. The river rages, and a glowing radioactive stew bubbles up from the murky mud below. Thick and soupy, the toxic ooze trickles like living threads. Up and up from the muck—bright orange, phosphorescent green, venom yellow. There are snakes here, hundreds of them, putrid multicolored leviathans of slime, gatekeepers of a hungry hell. I am compelled to look into the black eye of one that beckons me, to witness the smoke pouring from its nostrils as from a boiling pot over a fire of reeds. I turn away and vomit into the dirt.

Above me, the gray smoke drowns out the sun, and when I look up, the GoodGasS factory, the heart of the endless Maquiwell complex that

defines the Southern Territory, is all on fire. My ears are back, because I hear faraway screams and blasts, but these terrible notes don't really register. Nothing does. Not the fires all around me, not the smoke, not the smell of death or the memory of what happened to Mami and Rene and little Rolo. I just stand there gaping into the inky eye of the writhing, glowing snake as if I'm waiting for the inevitable to happen.

The explosion is so loud that even the sound waves kill. Most of the people in the cities nearby will die in exploded buildings and on streets that crumble into the earth. Others will die later, in the toxic nightmare that follows; more will be swept away by rising waters and storms caused by shifts deep in the earth's crust. But me, I will not die.

The ground under my feet convulses and shakes, and the simmering bubbles rise and crest, rise and crest. The snake with the inky eye, its watery, glowing hood now the wide fan of a giant cobra, reaches up and swallows me with its gaping mouth. There's a thick *SLUURRRP!* and I'm gone. Sucked into and under the muddy, toxic waters of the Río Grande.

Works Cited

- Anzaldúa, Gloria. 1995. "Theory and Manifiesto." Manuscript drafts. Box 61, folder 21, Gloria Evangelina Anzaldúa Papers, Benson Latin American Collection, University of Texas, Austin.
- . 1999. *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza*. 2nd ed. San Francisco: Aunt Lute.
- Ballard, J. G. 1962. *The Drowned World: A Novel*. Reprint, New York: Liveright, 2013.
- Butler, Octavia E. 1987. *Dawn*. Xenogenesis Book 1. Reprint, New York: Warner Aspect, 1997.
- . 1988. *Adulthood Rites*. Xenogenesis Book II. Reprint, New York: Warner Aspect, 1997.
- . 1989. *Imago*. Xenogenesis Book III. Reprint, New York: Warner Aspect, 1997.
- . 1993. *Parable of the Sower*. Reprint, New York: Grand Central, 2000.
- . 1998. *Parable of the Talents*. Reprint, New York: Grand Central, 2000.
- Campbell, Joseph. 1973. *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press. First published 1949.
- Gearhart, Sally Miller. 1979. *The Wanderground: Stories of the Hill Women*. New York: Persephone.
- Gilman, Charlotte Perkins. 1915. *Herland*. New York: Dover, 1998.

- Jameson, Fredric. 2007. *Archaeologies of the Future: The Desire Called Utopia and Other Science Fictions*. London: Verso.
- Kerr, Ryan. 2010. "The Father, Son, and the Holy Clone: Re-vision of Biblical Genesis in *The House of the Scorpion*." *Journal of the Midwest Modern Language Association* 43, no. 2: 99–120.
- Lem, Stanislaw. 1961. *Solaris*. Reprint, New York: Mariner Books, 2002.
- Longoria, Arturo. 1997. *Adios to the Brushlands*. College Station: Texas A & M University Press.
- Merchant, Carolyn. 2005. *Radical Ecology: The Search for a Livable World*. New York: Routledge.
- Peña, Devon G. 2005. *Mexican Americans and the Environment: Tierra y Vida*. Tucson: University of Arizona Press.
- Rosen, Elizabeth K. 2008. *Apocalyptic Transformation: Apocalypse and the Postmodern Imagination*. Lanham, MD: Lexington.
- Sjöö, Monica, and Barbara Mor. 1987. *The Great Cosmic Mother: Rediscovering the Religion of the Earth*. New York: Harper One.