

REVENIR

ISSUE 01



THE REVOLUTION

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

REVENIR has been the hardest thing I've ever done. I suppose they weren't lying when they said start-ups are tough. Not knowing where to begin, along with the constant "no's," sleepless nights, empty wallet, and self-doubt made it all seem impossible — until you do it.

REVENIR never left my mind, it occupied all of my time and energy. Most of the time, it kept me up at night, as I searched for new ideas and designs, solutions to the numerous obstacles placed forefront, and more importantly, a reason to keep going. For very long, I didn't see my vision clearly. I knew my intentions and I knew if I didn't start, I never would. I just knew I couldn't let it go — this was no small thing. The reason that kept me going was a strong desire to see something I wasn't seeing in other magazines. I wanted to see all kinds of body shapes, women and men of all cultures, I wanted to see beauty and stories that grappled real issues — I just wanted to see the truth.

The truth about beauty, culture, struggle, what it means to be different, and most importantly, what it means to be oneself. I created REVENIR as an embodiment of all I've desired to see, which is simply the truth.

This issue, was designed with all of this in mind. REVENIR is a means to return to all that you are — your quirks, insecurities, doubts, struggles, passions — embraced wholeheartedly. A platform built on representing all and empowering all. It is a catalyst for change, new and open conversations, that friendly reminder, that you are seen, that you are beautiful, that you are valid. To represent, is to empower. REVENIR is just as much mine as it is yours. I hope you find that your inner self aligns with it's bold view of the world.

Behold the beginning of the
revolution.

xo,
Kimberly Toribio



Photographed by Darcy Modica

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TEAM

Editor-in-Chief Kimberly Toribio

Creative Director Kimberly Toribio

Managing Editor Darcy Modica

Photo Editor Harold Melendez

Financial Advisor/Staff Writer Sara Drussell

Print Editor Cassandra Perez

Well-Being Editor Ruth Rodriguez Tavarez

Contributing Photographer Mariel Wiley

Contributing Photographer Jazzmyn Falloon

Collage Artist Valerie Muzondi

THANK YOU

Alikey Munoz Ted Spiker

Edwin Toribio Joemi Espinal

Bienvenido Torres REVENIR Staff

YOU ♥

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Catina &



THE PERFECT BODY

Is Already Yours

By Diana Escobar

The journey to loving my body has never been an easy one. There are days where I am my worst enemy and I tear myself apart, other days, I'm trying. A lot of my self esteem issues began in middle school. The epitome of puberty and changes struck me and I started realizing how different my body was. I felt like I was too heavy, too messy, just not good enough. I felt worse when I started liking boys and became insecure of my size. I had no idea how to flirt and my only knowledge of romance were heavily directed, perfectly lit Rom-coms. It's crazy to think how big those things seem when we're so young.

When growing up in a Hispanic household, no one holds back from calling you fat and sometimes it even becomes your nickname, "gorda" – constantly being reminded if anything I wore didn't make me look thinner, that I looked pregnant. One can imagine how that feels when you've barely hit puberty. Never feeling good enough for boys, my family, and most importantly, for myself. I never felt like I'm the perfect size.

My lowest point was probably in the 10th grade. I wouldn't eat when I wanted to, instead I skipped meals as much as I could. I wanted so badly to feel how I thought other girls felt. The "perfect" girls. I tried to find outfits that the "prettier" girls had on while trying to have an hourglass figure. I was constantly overthinking my photos and whether the edits hid my insecurities, or if I sucked my tummy in enough. I grew up thinking that that my fat was disgusting, that my stretch marks are ugly and that my cellulite was the worst. I lost a lot of weight but the gratification was certainly not instant. It took years for me to even come close to loving myself.

Finally, I thought enough is enough. I asked myself, what is the perfect body? What is perfect? As I began to question myself, a new world opened up. I stopped believing that "there are clothes that I just can't wear" and

started thinking "no, I just need to find the right one for me." I stopped telling myself that my stretch marks and imperfections were bad. That every body is beautiful. Our bodies tell different stories and I'm learning to love mine everyday. Of course, I have my days where I don't feel quite as confident, but little by little I remind myself of what I do love – my curves, my tan skin and my long, thick hair. I love my dimples and that I can make people laugh and feel better. I love being Latina and that alone makes me embrace my body so much more. Every curve reminds me of my heritage. I love that I don't try to give myself one story, because I am NOT just my weight or size, I am more. A whole body, mind and soul.

I love who I am inside and out, and I try my best to be the best person I can be. I am the first in my family to go to college, I am a makeup lover, I am a horrible dancer (but I love it), I am a rom-com fanatic. Fashion lover. I'm a hugger. I'm an animal lover, a concert junkie. My body is resilient, strong, healthy. I am so happy and blessed that I get to live in this world and do that. Why waste time hating the skin you're in, when you can just embrace your shape and love yourself? So, wear that outfit you like. Do that makeup look you love. Eat what you want when you want to! The only person that needs to know you're beautiful is you. And I know I am.

Just remember: ALL bodies are worthy, ALL bodies are beautiful and ALL bodies deserve all the love in the world.

LOVE YO

For far too long, magazines and social media have pushed unrealistic standards of beauty into our bodies and standards of beauty into yourself, whether you are a size 0 or size



UR BODY.

media have enabled us to conform
a narrow box. It's important to remind
16, your body is valid, beautiful, *resilient*.



Models Sara Drussell, Cady Casellas,
Annick Joseph, Ayden Rinkus, Hunter
Pifer, Darcy Modica. Photographed by
Mariel Wiley.



Models Ayden Rinkus, Hunter Pifer,
Darcy Modica. Photographed by Mariel
Wiley.

Models Sara Drussell, Cady Casellas,
Annick Joseph, Ayden Rinkus, Hunter
Pifer, Darcy Modica. Photographed by
Mariel Wiley.



HEALTH

LIVING WITH AN STD

I have Herpes... but it's okay.

*Author has been left anonymous to protect their identity.

We often go through life knowing that the unexpected can happen, but we never truly think it is going to happen to us. We seek reassurance in removing ourselves from situations that, in all reality, can very well happen to us. That's the boat I found myself in on January 4, 2019.

It was 3 a.m. I woke up out of my sleep because my body felt like it was on fire. I was sweating. I was lightheaded. I was nauseous. I only get sick once or twice a year, and I immediately knew this was not a cold or a stomach bug. I felt alone and scared. I wanted to go to the hospital, but my best friend was out of town for winter break, so I went to sleep.

When I woke up a few hours later, I no longer had flu-like symptoms, instead, I felt like I was getting a yeast infection. I felt itchy and uncomfortable. The discomfort only escalated when I tried to go to the bathroom and was met with a burning pain. I knew I needed to see a doctor, but I couldn't bring myself to do it alone.

I spent the next two days sitting in a warm bath because that was the only thing that made my pain levels manageable. I was at a point where I couldn't urinate

without crying and trying to defecate made me whimper in pain. I sat alone in my apartment—scared, emotional and alone.

As soon as my best friend arrived back in Gainesville, she took me to an urgent care center. She didn't even have time to unpack before we were in the car. I was crying. I was in pain. I hadn't been eating or drinking because I didn't want to go to the bathroom. But finally, I wasn't alone; I had someone with me—someone who could help me.

Once I got to the urgent care center, the doctor called me back quickly. It was almost closing time, and I could tell they were hoping I would be a quick case. The doctor sat me down and asked why I had come in. I told her all of my symptoms and for the first time, I voiced my biggest fear out loud.

"I think I have [Genital] herpes."

The doctor brushed off my statement and said she wanted to see everything before we jumped to that conclusion. After removing my clothes from my waist down, I had





SAFE SEX IS IMPORTANT SAFE SEX IS IMPORTANT SAFE SEX IS IMPORTANT

to lay on my side as the doctor examined me with a flashlight. She worked quietly, but the next time she spoke is when my world fell apart.

“I see clusters of open ulcers.”

I immediately broke down in tears. The doctor handed me a tissue, but we both knew that tissue wasn't going to fix anything. I was having my first herpes outbreak, and I felt like everything in my life was over. The doctor swabbed my wounds to get the official lab results, and sent me on my way with a prescription for pain medicine.

The physical pain was bad, but it was no match for the emotional pain I was in. I cried for hours. I was mad at myself. I was mad at my sexual partners. I was mad at the world. I felt like my life was over. I thought I would never be able to have sex again. I would never be able to date again. Nothing about my life would ever be normal again. I was going to be isolated, an outcast of society.

I spent the next 2 1/2 weeks struggling with the physical and emotional burden of my actions. I soaked myself in Epsom salt baths for two hours a day. I stayed in my room

and cried. I skipped class when the semester began, and I had a lot of REALLY awkward conversations. I'm not sure whether they were too scared to get tested or too embarrassed to admit they had given me an STD, but all of my previous sexual partners claimed that they did not have it. Yet again, I was left to feel like the odd one out.

My friends were supportive and caring during the first few weeks, but I still felt alone. None of them could relate to the pain I was in, and I couldn't explain to anyone how much I hated myself. I knew about safe sex. I preached about safe sex. However, I didn't always practice safe sex because I was living in my 'that-could-never-happen-to-me' bubble.

I still haven't let go of the anger I have towards myself.

Since being diagnosed, I've had sex again. My partners were made aware of my herpes status before they had sex with me because I want to give people the choice that was taken away from me. I want them to know the risks. They should know the risks.

Herpes is with me for life. There is no way to get rid of it, but I can live a normal life despite my positive status. I can have sex, I can have a boyfriend and I can still do normal things. There's this misconception that those with herpes can spread it to any and everyone at any time. In reality, herpes is spread through skin-to-skin contact with the infected area.

I would be lying if I said that I've come to terms with everything, but I am learning to. I still have some self-hate that pops up anytime an outbreak does, but I am learning to work through it. I have something that more than 1 in 6 people have. So, despite feeling alone, I'm really not.

In less than a year, so much in my life has changed. I've had to grow and learn about myself. I've had to become more open and vulnerable to the people around me. I have people by my side. My journey has ups and downs. I'm not where I want to be yet, but I'm learning to love myself more. *Yes, I have herpes, but that is OK. It's not the end.*

¹ Parenthood, P. (2019). *What Is Herpes Simplex Virus & How Do You Get It?* Retrieved from <https://www.plannedparenthood.org/learn/stds-hiv-safer-sex/herpes>.

² STD Facts - Genital Herpes. (2017, August 28). Retrieved from [https://www.cdc.gov/std/herpes/stdfact-herpes.htm#targetText=Genital herpes is common in,49 years have genital herpes](https://www.cdc.gov/std/herpes/stdfact-herpes.htm#targetText=Genital%20herpes%20is%20common%20in%2C49%20years%20have%20genital%20herpes).



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ELEVATED.

Model Robinson Clermont.
Photographed by Harold Melendez.

DOWNTOWN

ALLEY

Model Chris Xu.
Photographed by Harold Melendez.

RENAISSANCE.

REVENIR.



REVENIR.

RENAISSANCE.

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

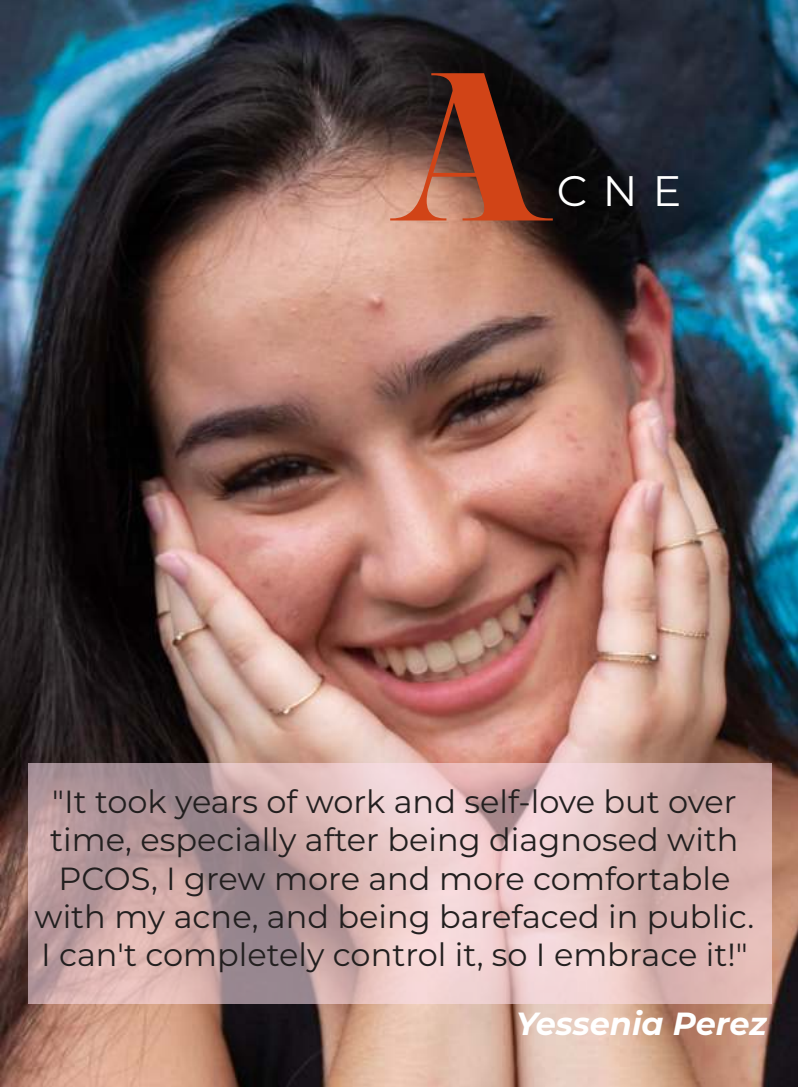
We all love that classic burnt orange for our fall wardrobe. Add some flair to your attire with various orange tones - neon, rustic, saffron pieces, guaranteed to make your closet live it's best *pumpkin spice* life.



Models Tori McFarlane and Marcia Avril.
Photographed by Mariel Wiley.



SKIN.



A C N E

"It took years of work and self-love but over time, especially after being diagnosed with PCOS, I grew more and more comfortable with my acne, and being barefaced in public. I can't completely control it, so I embrace it!"

Yessenia Perez



G A P

"The beauty standards became so high, I became daunted by who I saw in the mirror. I hid my smile when I laughed, refused to show my teeth in photos, I wanted to rid of my gap as soon as I could. For what? My gap is my signature. This is me."

Kimberly Toribio



Our so-called 'flaws,' are what we should celebrate. LOVE THE SKIN YOU'RE IN.



E C Z E M A

"I've suffered from severe eczema since I was born. It's taken me my entire life and 35 dermatologists while accidentally having bleached skin to realize this is something that will always be apart of me. Instead of dwelling on it, I think it's time to embrace it."

Rameesa Khan

BUSINESS

CHIWRAPZ

By Sara Drussell

Most college students can agree that being a full-time student is stressful. There are always exams, lectures, due dates, and, of course, the dreaded group projects. On top of school, a lot of students balance a job, as well as a social life. Imagine doing all of that and running a business.

Chineme Ogbuefi found a way to do it all. At 19, she graduated from the University of Florida with a bachelor's degree in nutritional sciences and is now pursuing a master's degree in public health at the University of Illinois at Chicago. Along with her academic achievements, she runs her own business selling headwraps, bonnets and durags all adorned with eye-catching prints and made in Nigeria, where Ogbuefi lived for 12 years.

Ogbuefi started Chiwrapz in 2017 after her mom made a passing joke that she could sell the headwraps that she always wore. Ogbuefi said the first year that she started Chiwrapz she was scared to jump into running her own business, so she relied on word-of-mouth and didn't put in as much effort into it as she does now.

2018 was a big turning point for Ogbuefi and Chiwrapz. Ogbuefi decided she was ready to fully invest herself, so, in her last year of undergrad, she made a business Instagram account (@Chiwrapz), opened up an Etsy shop, and soon after, her own website (www.chiwrapz.com). Aside from her online presence, Ogbuefi also noted that a big milestone for her was when she completely sold out of wraps at the first UF vendor event she attended. That was when she knew it was time to start investing more into Chiwrapz.

Since moving to Illinois and beginning her master's program, Ogbuefi has hit a few bumps in the road with



vendor events that did not turn a profit and establishing herself and her company in a larger city than where she started. Despite the detours, she has not let anything stop her. Chiwrapz hit another milestone in October 2019 by reaching 1,000 followers on Instagram, and the following is still growing daily.

Ogbuefi gives a lot of credit to her support system, especially her mom and dad. Her entrepreneurial spirit comes from her dad, who also runs his own business. He serves as a mentor for her and is someone she can go to when she feels stuck. Ogbuefi's mom is equally as supportive. She sends Ogbuefi inspirational quotes regularly and urges her to push through the hard times.

As Chiwrapz has grown, Ogbuefi has learned to focus on feedback, listen to other people's ideas and stay on top of customer service. She is excited to keep growing and happy with the direction her brand is going. Ogbuefi also fully embraces being a true Lady Boss.

"I want to be my own boss--no, I want to be the boss," Ogbuefi said.



Bodega Babe

In NYC, you'd go to the corner deli, grab your snapple and order a bacon, egg and cheese. In Gainesville, you drop by **The Gator Store**. Jacket, **Her Gather**. Model Annick Joseph. Photographed by Kimberly Toribio.

AFRO-LATINX

By Ruth Rodríguez Tavarez

In the last few years, we've witnessed a rise in Afro-Latinx visibility in many parts of the world, and more recently the U.S. But with so much confusion surrounding the term, it's hard for some to understand who, if not what we are.

According to historians, 15x more slaves were taken to Latin America than North America, in the transatlantic slave trade. That's a large number when you consider that somewhere around 12.5 million slaves were shipped to the New World.

The remnants of this African ancestry can be seen today in Latin American and Caribbean regions such as Brazil, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Haiti, among others.

Fun fact: Did you know Haiti is a part of Latin America? The term Latino is defined as anyone who speaks a Latin-related language (e.g., French, Spanish, Portuguese, etc.), whereas Hispanic only relates to Spain and its culture. Haitians are therefore Afro-Latinx.

While we have been one of the least represented groups in mainstream media, the reality is, we have always been here. Many widely known actors/actresses identify as Afro-Latinx but most wouldn't even know it – Gina Torres (Cuban), Marvel actress Tessa Thompson (Afro-Panamanian and Mexican), Tatyana Ali (Afro-Panamanian) from “The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air”; “When They See Us” actor Jharrel Jerome (Dominican-American); and more recently, my favorite Spider-Man Miles Morales, an Afro-Latino Nuyorican.

Even longer, the list of Afro-Latinx people who've made abundant contributions to sports, literature, history and entertainment as we know it:

Afro-Puerto Rican baseball player, Roberto Clemente, who was the first Latinx and Caribbean player to be inducted in the Baseball Hall of fame; Afro-Peruvian choreographer and activist, Victoria Santa Cruz, known as “the mother of Afro-Peruvian dance and theatre”; Cuban singer Celia Cruz and so many others.

With so many Black Latinx icons to look up to, this begs the question: why are we constantly overlooked? Equally important, why do we continue to overlook one of the best parts of ourselves?

There is still an internal struggle within the Latin American community to identify as Afro-anything. Many Latin Americans, specifically in this case, in countries with predominantly Afro-descendant populations have often been taught to embrace their European ancestry and Indigenous roots (e.g. Tainos, etc.) and deny their African ancestry.

Even those learning to finally embrace their African roots, find themselves grappling with their cultural identity. Racial Impostor Syndrome or the feeling of not belonging with respect to your racial identity is one of the many challenges Afro-Latinx people face today.

As an Afro-Dominican, I struggled for the better part of my life with this. Sometimes, I still do. I remember thinking, “I'm not “Black” enough to be Black, yet too “Black” to be acknowledged by many Latinx people. But I think we're at a point now where we're starting to see a shift in the way we view ourselves as Black Latinx people. While it wasn't the first time I acknowledged my African heritage, seeing a figure like Amara La Negra on TV made me proud because I was finally seeing someone who looked like me and who was proud as hell to be a Black Latina. What's more, she demanded to be heard and seen as such.

To my beautiful AfroLatinx people: Our AfroLatinidad should not only be acknowledged--it should be celebrated! It's who we are, and ignoring it, would mean denying ourselves and those who came before us.

To those who fail to see us: We are here...and we ain't going no where!

¹Gustavo, L., & Gonzalez-Barrera, A. (2016, March 1). Afro-Latino: A deeply rooted identity among U.S. Hispanics. Retrieved from Pew Research Center: <https://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2016/03/01/afro-latino-a-deeply-rooted-identity-among-u-s-hispanics/>

Model Ruth Rodriguez Tavaréz.
Photographed by Kimberly Toribio.

**WE ARE
HERE AND
WE AIN'T
GOING
NOWHERE**

Model Ilaisah Martinez.
Photographed by Harold Melendez.

DOMINICANA



Model Veronica Casce.
Photographed by Mariel Wiley.

Spanish is more than a method of tongue. It is a way for me to keep our culture alive. I embrace my Spanglish in all its jumbled glory. I am a blend of cultures. A woman. A Latina.

LGBTQIA+





HUNTER PIFER

"To those on the journey of discovering their identity, take your time! There's no need to rush or label anything. Do what makes you the most happy!"



ALESSANDRO PEREIRA

"Follow what you feel is right. I spent so many years denying my sexuality that I missed out on so many opportunities to be happy. I believe that the biggest disservice to the world is denying them your true self."




EDGAR CASTANEDA

"Embracing my LGBTQIA+ community has given me the confidence I always lacked when growing up. My community has allowed me to express who I truly am."

REVENIR

[reh/vuh/neer]

**to come back;
to return to your roots**



revthemag.com



HAIR IN THE CLOUDS

When your hair is naturally this good, who can help but ponder the question – why would you not embrace those curls? Model Leilani Caceres. Photographed by Mariel Wiley.



#REVBABES



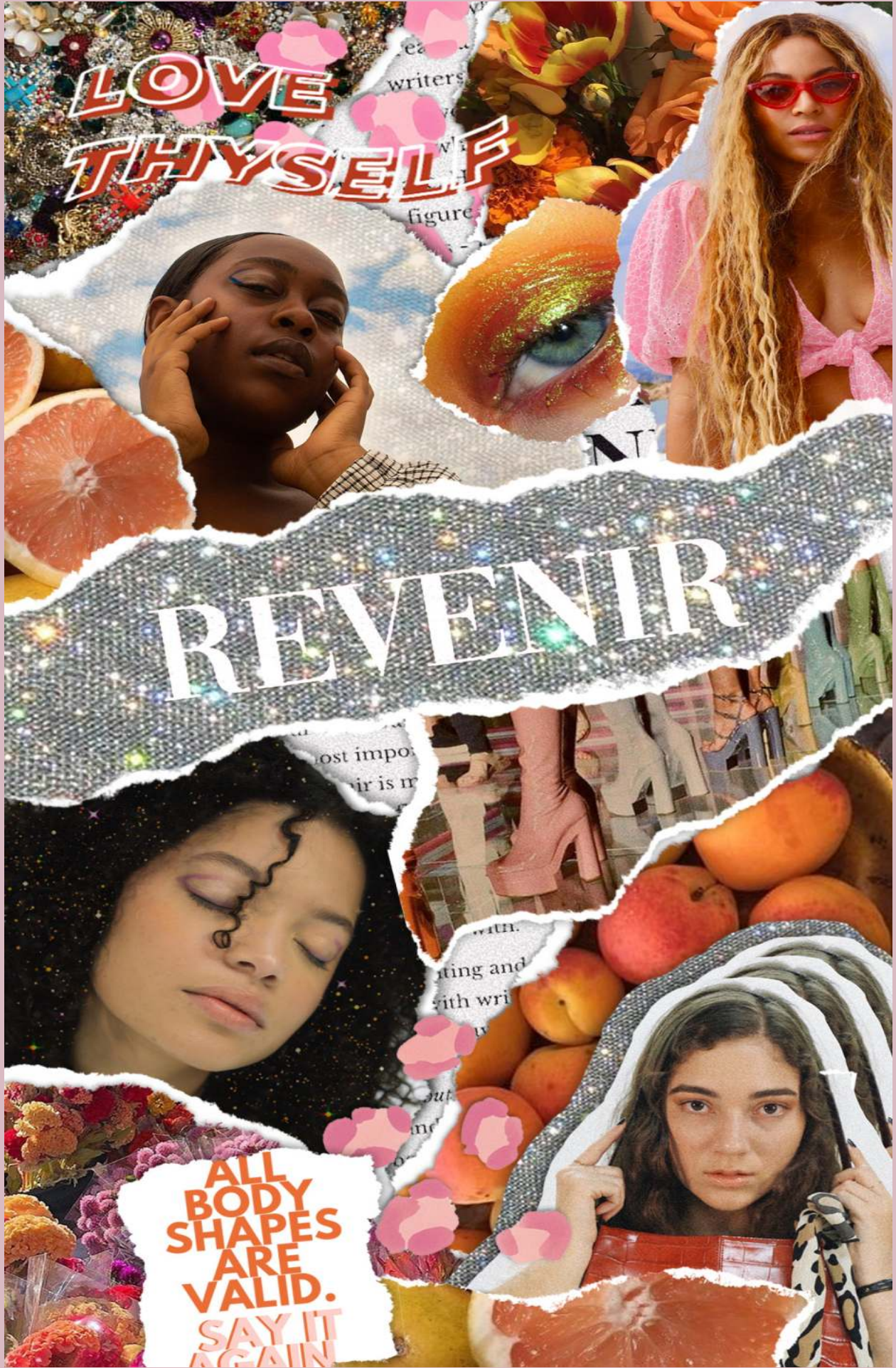
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**LOVE
THYSELF**



**ALL
BODY
SHAPES
ARE
VALID.
SAY IT
AGAIN!**