

La Voz de Esperanza

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La VOZ de Esperanza

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We ask that articles be visionary, progressive,
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and la buena gente de nuestra comunidad.



A los muertos

Ánimas del camposanto

En este día de los difuntos

Pa' que no surga tanto llanto

Gritemos todos juntos

¡Y bien despiertos!

¡Que vivan los muertos!

Manolo Sánchez



The November issue of La Voz continues the **Día de los Muertos** tradition of **calaveras** which Moises Espino Castillo kept up for 30 years before retiring in 2000. We offer these few **calaveras** in the traditional language only due to space constraints. We also remember Veterans Day with an offering by dragonfly with a wish for peace so that there will be no more veterans of violence and wars.

VOZ VISION STATEMENT: *La Voz de Esperanza* speaks for many individual, progressive voices who are *gente-based*, multi-visioned and *milagro-bound*. We are diverse survivors of materialism, racism, misogyny, homophobia, classism, violence, earth-damage, specisism and cultural and political oppression. We are recapturing the powers of alliance, activism and healthy conflict in order to achieve interdependent economic/spiritual healing and *fuerza*. *La Voz* is a resource for peace, justice, and human rights, providing a forum for criticism, information, education, humor and other creative works. *La Voz* provokes bold actions in response to local and global problems, with the knowledge that the many risks we take for the earth, our body, and the dignity of all people will result in profound change for the seven generations to come.

A Tantos Inocentes

He escrito calaveras burlandome
 de la gran segadora
 Hoy siento tristeza escribir otra vez y
 ensalzar a ésta señora
 Por culpa de gente con horribles planes
 para destruir a nuestra gran nación
 Mataron a inocentes con tal vil decisión.
 ¿Qué haré? (me pregunto):
 Ayudar al caído, primero
 Luego la restitución,
 Después, ¿La venganza?
 Si esa gente loca nos hizo el daño
 ¿Es acaso justo que haya más matanza?

Enrique Sánchez

Siempre sucede de lo mismo;
 nacimos para morir
 La muerte es imprescindible;
 nos recoge a todos
 Buenos y malos; santos e inocentes
 los que quedamos
 lloramos y lloramos
 Porque siempre pensamos
 que la muerte es injusta
 Culpamos siempre al todo poderoso,
 No cambiamos.
 Es un trago tan amargo, tan difícil,
 y seguimos el camino
 hasta que venga nuestra muerte.
 Unos celebramos en blanco, otros en negro
 Pero sin duda alguna
 siempre celebramos
 La Muerte.

Enrique Sánchez



Terrorismo

Y se rien con sinismo
 Politicos del infierno
 Cuando llego el terrorismo
 A terminar con el reino

Pa' la guerra coyones
 Gritan los diablos armados
 Aunque se llenen panteones
 con los jovenes soldados

Manolo Sánchez



Para La Raza

Pinche enviado de la muerte
Que se carga el gringo por años
¡Ay que frío sentí de repente!
Se lo pasan a los chicanos

Esta guerra maldita
Entre arabes y cristianos
la quiren hacer bonita
Hasta los mismos mexicanos

- Manolo Sanchez

De la editora:

Estos humildes refranes que ofrecemos abajo se compusieron de volada por el grupo, Los calaveristas: Virginia Grise, Josie Méndez Negrete, Miguel-Pablo González, Gloria Ramírez, Malena Gonzalez-Cid y Dolores Zapata Murff. Compartan éstas calaveras con sus amigos de habla Inglés. El próximo año mejoramos si no nos morimos antes.

para Malena González - cid
Directora de Centro Cultural Aztlán

Creyendose muy de aquella'
Malena se compro un chongo
Para lucir más su belleza
pero, para peinarse no tenia destreza
y a la Dee Murff le preguntó
¿Qué crees, cómo me lo pongo?
En ese instante llego el chamuco
y contestó, te quito el chongo
y cuernos te pongo,
Pero antes de hacerlo
llego la pelona
y el chongo le jalo
y la vida de Malena voló

- la Dee Zapata Murff y los Calaveristas



la politica



Para Presidente Bush

"Viene la muerte contando
Por entre la nopalera"
Y trae a Bush arrastrando
Aunque gritando estuviera.

Por que no jugo parejo
Al ganar las elecciones
Ahora en el panteon viejo
Duerme hasta sin calzones

En el turbio desenlace
los "democratas" lloraron. ¡Ay, pelona!
A mí se me hace
Que hasta los muertos votaron

- Manolo Sanchez



Recordando

Para mi G - P a b
Esperanza estaff and all of the below

Cool bato, el Mig-Pab
Con su paliacate tapando su coco
Cuando llegó la muerte
Mig-Pab protestó un poco
Hasta que la muerte preguntó
-Eres escritor, ¿verdad?
-Sí, contestó Mig-Pab
-¿Y tambien actor?
-Seguro que sí, contestó Mig-Pab
Preguntó la flaca
-¿Eres activista, verdad?
Repondio el cool dude,
-Y tambien artista,
Asi lo identifico la malvada
Y Mig-Pab ya no es nada.

- G. Ramírez



Para Jorge Negrete
Profe de química, esposo humilde

Aunque ni en el baño cantó
La química muy bien conoció
En sus clases ha tenido
Alumnos inspirados
y a veces mortificados
que causaron explosión
Mandando al buen doctor
derechito al panteón

~ Josie Mendez Negrete

Nuestros

Para La Vicki Grise
Esperanza estaff

Vicki, La Victoria Siempre
Con sus palabras, cuidaba a su gente
Pero un día se acabó la chansa
Porque fue al Diablo que le mostró la panza
Y ya para siempre
Con la luna coyolxhualqui
Se descansa

~ Miguel-Pablo Gonzáles



Para dolores Zapata murff
Ceramic artist, diletant

Con mucho fervour ella decia
que era ceramista
Pero sus acciones
demonstraban que era masoquista

Pasaba su tiempo en la Esperanza y
en el Centro Aztlán
cuando no se encontraba haciendo pan
Por andar promoviendo los artes
La calaca la sorprendio en un martes
Y ya nunca la vimos jamás

~ Malena González-Cid y Los Calaveristas



Amigos

Navegando

Navegando voy por la vida
y cuando piso tierra
Me dedico a bailar con mi amorcito,
Mi Chabela
He sido afortunado
en éste valle de lagrimas
Pues mi barca a ido
con el viento en popa
Un día soñe que yo conversaba
Con la mismita sriqui siaca: (la muerte)
Qué sústo llevé cuando ella respondió:
Ya se llegó tu hora: con popa sin popa
Con ropa o así como naciste sin ropa.
Y al fin paré de navegar y de bailar.

~ Enrique Sánchez



Save the Story: the Emma Tenayuca Project

by Sharyll Soto Teneyuca

I was probably about nine or ten years old when I was first aware that there was something about our last name and my Aunt Emma that wasn't openly discussed in our family. Without understanding, I only had an impression that something had happened a long time ago that was now hush-hush. It was as if the family was protecting her.

The first door to open for me into this mystery happened when I was about fifteen. On what was probably the 30-year anniversary of the Municipal Auditorium riot of 1939, I picked up the newspaper to find a pictorial

commemorative of the event, with pages of pictures and vivid descriptions. I read with awe that "Emma Tenayuca was the charismatic leader of a movement that shook the city's labor force," a "fiery orator" who married Homer Brooks, a Communist. She had been involved in organizing and fighting for the rights of the city's poor against some of the city's most profitable industries. I read of the mass destruction done to the municipal auditorium by the angry mob who stormed it in protest of the Communist party meeting that was to be held there that night and at which she was to speak. I was both proud and impressed to finally learn the family secret about Aunt Emma.

My aunt's response to this newspaper article, of which I'm sure she had no warning, was not positive. She had only been back in San Antonio about a year or two and was teaching public school on the South side. She feared for her job. I later learned that, after her years of organizing, a steady, decent job had been unavailable to her for years. On this occasion, though, she need not have worried. She continued to teach in the Harlandale district until her retirement in 1982.

It was that newspaper article, finally ending the years of our family's secrecy on the subject, that planted in me the seeds of longing for the rest of the story. I believe I have been, in

various degrees and stages, working on retrieving my aunt's story since that first memorable awakening about her role in history.

Several years ago, I met Dr. Carmen Tafolla at a dinner at which I accepted an award on behalf of my aunt. I learned that she had known my aunt during the late seventies and early eighties. I didn't know at the time that Carmen was also an acclaimed poet and author. We eventually discussed the possibility of working together on my aunt's biography. When I asked for her assistance, she immediately said yes.

We have become friends as well as partners in the project.

I have had many more windows and doors to the past open for me since that first one. One of my favorites was the way I was greeted as a new lawyer in San Antonio in the early 1980s, when I first began walking the halls of the courthouse. When strangers of my aunt's generation heard my last name, they would immediately ask if I was related to her. I

remember how their eyes would shine as they spoke of her. They spoke of her courage and her talent. They told me she was someone who really cared about the people. But I read in their faces more than they could actually say in those moments. I saw in them how deeply she had been revered. They spoke of her as if she had no equal.

I had another glimpse into the power of her persona at a Miss Fiesta pageant during the 1980s. Part of the competition was to portray a significant woman in history. One of the young contestants, the bright and lovely Laura Hernandez, had chosen Aunt Emma for her dramatic presentation. She had come to me for some direction in her research and later invited us to the pageant. Toward the end of the evening, during intermission, I ran into my friend and former employer, Rick Grennan, who was one of the pageant sponsors. When I introduced him to my aunt and he realized that one of the "historic women" who had been portrayed on stage was actually here in person, he was



elated. He insisted that she come on stage to say a few words. My aunt was not the least bit anxious or hesitant at the invitation. I, on the other hand, was secretly terrified that she might never leave the stage, once she warmed up to whatever would be her topic. I must have admonished her a dozen times, "No more than five minutes, alright? Remember, keep it short."

She was slightly annoyed at my anxiety but informed me calmly, "It's alright. I know what I'm going to say." Not only was I worried for nothing, I was about to witness a jewel of a moment. As she stood on that darkened stage, with all the contestants in elegant evening gowns now lined up behind her, the air was full of tension and anticipation. It took her but a moment to ignite that expectant audience. Though she, in her way, merely shared a few insights on a recent political scandal and suggested that the young pageant contestants seriously consider a career in politics and public service, the audience seemed to want to keep her for their own. They gave her a standing ovation. They were still cheering her and calling her name as we walked to the parking lot. The announcement of the new Miss Fiesta could not compare to the excitement she created.

Besides my relief that night after it was all over, I could only think to myself, "Even in her seventies, she has not lost her touch." She still had the ability to reach to the depths of people's hearts through the gift of her voice. I was able, at that moment, to begin to imagine her impact so many years ago when people starving and children dying moved her to a life-altering course of action. The suffering and injustice she saw would not let her be silent. I could begin to understand how she led the largest strike in the city's history.

Of all the memories and images of my aunt to be shared in her story, the most precious, by far, are found in her journals. Her own words, written in the loneliness and quiet of her nights, are a gift that she left us. One passage that I found remarkable comes as she is debating with herself whether to move back to San Antonio from Houston where she is in hiding during the 1940's. She writes, "On the other hand, I am going to have to face a barrage of criticisms, etc. from both members of my family as well as the so called middle class element. It will be sometime before the matter of my divorce will have been forgotten. I am only a very insignificant little individual, who 50 years hence will have been completely forgotten, but my divorce makes a juicy piece of gossip right now." This may have been the single time she was so wrong about history! It is nonetheless typical of her self-effacing attitude. She would always downplay her personal role as compared to the historical context of her involvement.

On Saturday, November 10 at 6 p.m. in Trinity University's Chapman Auditorium, a reception and reading will be held to celebrate the life of my aunt. Dr. Tafolla and I will discuss the project and read from our works in progress. We hope to both inform the community of our project, a biography and children's books on my aunt's life, and garner support for our task. The event is free and open to the public. Please RSVP to 826-6618 if attending.



Inset photo of Homer Brooks, Emma Tenayuca and Elizabeth Benson going into the Municipal Auditorium to attend a Communist Party meeting, San Antonio, Texas August 25, 1939 from The UT Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio No. 2223-A, the San Antonio Light Collection.

Save the Story: the Emma Tenayuca Project a celebration of her life

with Dr. Carmen Tafolla and Sharyll Soto Teneyuca

discussion and reading from
a biography & children's books,
all works in progress, detailing the life of
Emma Tenayuca

Saturday, November 10th at 6pm
Chapman Auditorium, Trinity University

The event is free and open to the public.

Please RSVP to 826-6618.

concurrent receipt

by dragonfly

If we're gonna be warmongers --
we must somberly discuss its realities
like the treatment of disabled veterans and their families
living casualties --
one is my father
and the pain is passed on to the seed
so the other casualty
is me...

My father did his 20 years
went career
came to Ft. Sam from Philly and married here
had 3 kids
returned up north when his tour ended
but Daddy's little Motown girl
never knew there was a war
to busy dancing on Daddy's feet
going to carnivals and pulling my teeth.
the 70s -- those were the times and the seed
from whom and where you&/I&/we have descended

Suddenly, there was Reagan
with long, stuffy, sweaty lines wrapped/around beige & gray buildings and generic government doors/of bureaucracy for black, brown
so we mecca-ed back south
for sunnier winters and stable work
10 years after NAM, Daddy finds out he's been seriously been hurt.

MY FATHER IS A LIVING CASUALTY OF WAR.

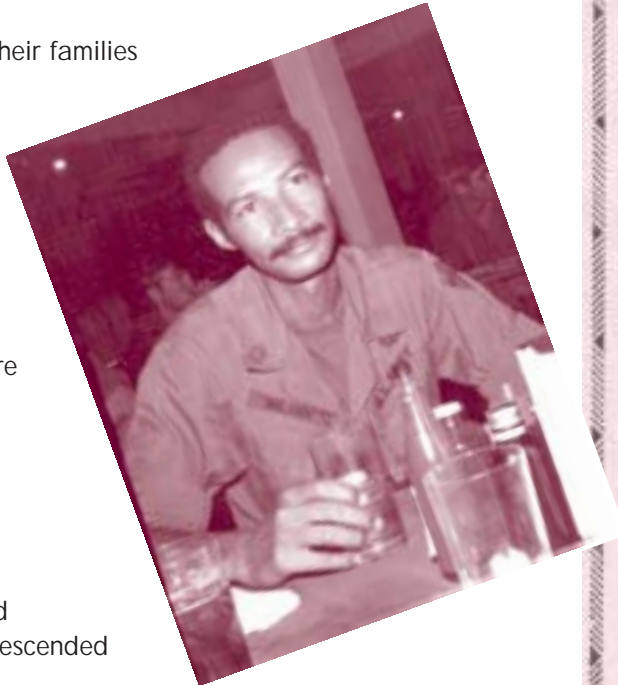
My father has only 20% of his heart.
My father survived prostate cancer and the subsequent radiation burn
from exposure to agent orange.
He has diabetes, gout, high blood pressure and heart disease
from the stress and biochemical crap they made the GIs eat.
My father gets tired, can't feel his feet --
he's in denial/but probably still suffers from PTSD
our government -- that "supreme patriarchal all-knowing democratic legislative entity"
has officially stamped him: "bona fide 100% disability."

shhhhh....
thegovernmentrefusestopayveteransfortheircombat-relateddisabilities...
The government refuses to pay veterans for their combat-related disabilities?
THE GOVERNMENT REFUSES TO PAY VETERANS FOR THEIR COMBAT-RELATED DISABILITIES!!!

My daddy went in and did his 20; responsibly, bravely, ethically
so he could achieve the nebulously quintessential American Dream...
Exactly a year after he retired

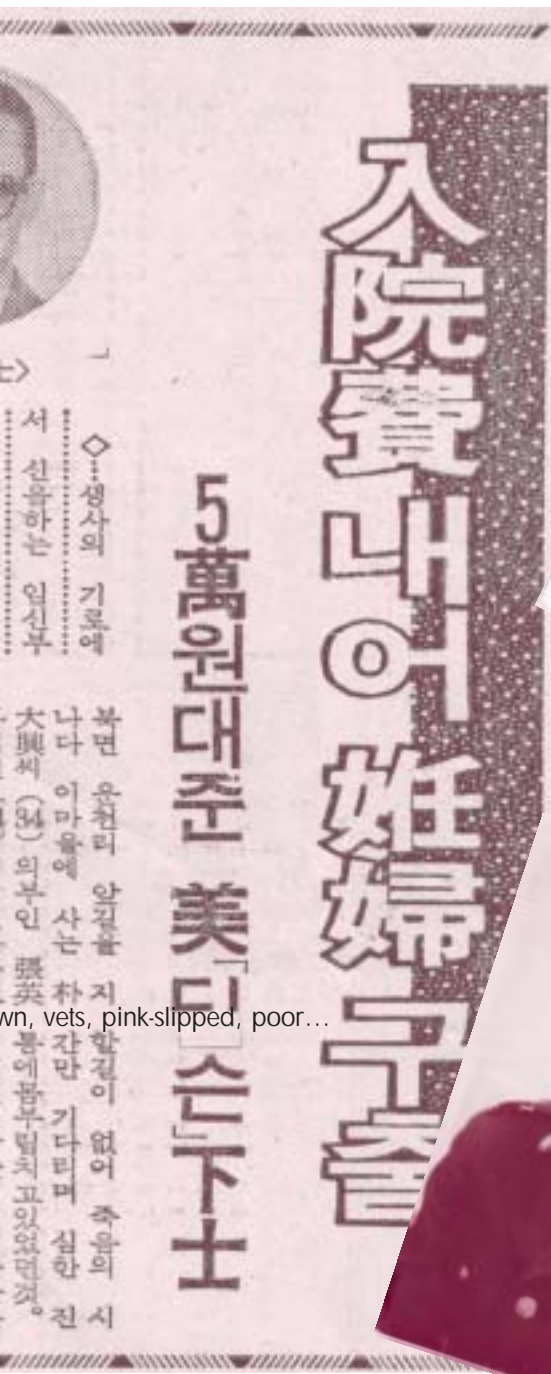
NOVEMBER 2001 LA VOZ DE ESPERANZA

8 I was conjured into this era of our history



My father inter...
Korean woma...
death. He us...
the operation...
was publicly...
in the newspa...
above. He w...
by his white s...

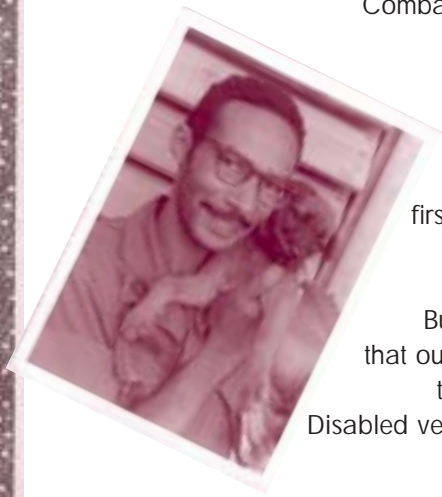
This is one of...
has told me.



down, vets, pink-slipped, poor...

...erved on behalf of a
 ...an facing maternity
 ...ed his salary to pay for
 ... that saved her life. He
 ... thanked by her village
 ...aper clipping shown
 ... was maliciously accused
 ...superiors of infidelity.

many similar stories he



That perpetuates this country's legacy
 of slavery and thievery
 Because when those soldiers were boys and they signed the dotted lines
 the recruiters promised pensions, security and free health care for life...

Combat leaves shrapnel in heads/in hands/in hearts
 Some deal with it emotionally
 while their bodies crumble and fall apart
 or panhandle with soggy signs
 sleeping in their car
 Combat-medics-rescue workers witness
 first-hand evidence of unthinkable gory incidents:
 the sounds – the sights – the stench

But our proudly-pseudo-elected aren't convinced
 that our discarded, dying, aching warriors are worth
 their disability and their pension concurrently -
 Disabled vets must decide which paycheck they'll receive:
 Do you want your VA pension?
 Or a squalid little existence
 on just your disability?

The richest country can open its wallets for the survivors of
 holocaust, internment camps, and the despicable 911 war tragedy -
 but no reparations for the wounded warriors
 who already willingly went forth for humanity?

So am I UN-American
 if I observe and speak
 the truth of the duress upon my family
 this pathetic treatment on our veterans wrecks?
 I'll just call it like I see it -
 Uncle Sam used bait and switch.
 Uncle Sam is a sneak!

when each disabled vet loses hundreds of dollars every week
 Because of a piece of paper
 that's a law
 called Concurrent Receipt
 Another reason we must pursue peace:
 If our government waits for its vets to die
 so that its financial debt is released
 then I have no tolerance/NO patience for warspeak -
 lies that that flies through ignorant baloney-thin chapped lips and clenched teeth.
 They uphold the flag and wear it like it's god -
 I just see a flimsy piece of fabric with a sophisticated dye-job.
 The moral debts will NEVER be released!

Let this war not stand for a symbol/flag/country
 The prayer is not God Bless America.
 The prayer is God Bless ALL of Humanity



dragonfly is an artist and Esperanza staff member. She creates,
 performs and heals for self and community. She is collaborating with
 her father and other artists to further awareness of the anti-veteran Concurrent Receipt law.



De San Antonio a Durban con La Fuerza Unida

a platica with Viola Casares
and H. Esperanza Garza

You went to the UN Conference on Racism. How did you get involved?

The Women of Color Resource Center (WCRC) from Berkeley California invited us here at Fuerza Unida to participate in their delegation to the UN Conference on Racism. They know our history as displaced workers and our mission to support working class people and people of color en la lucha. The WCRC paid half of the trip's expenses, but I want to acknowledge the community here in San Antonio. By donating their time and money, our community raised the other half of the expenses so that I could go to Durban, South Africa. If it weren't for our local supporters, it would not have been possible for me to go at all.

What really made an impression on you at the conference?

The heart of the conference for me was finding out about the history of South Africa, about slavery and the land that was taken away from the people. I had felt so honored to be born and raised here in the United States, but talking to the women that were part of our delegation, and to the women of Brazil, South Africa, Philippines, India, Palestine, and so many other places, we came to realize that we were coming back to our roots. Sharing our stories, we found out that we have been going through the same thing. My great grandfather was indigenous from Central America and he had to fight so that his grandchildren would have a better life. That's me, his grandchild, and I am him, fighting for a better life for my grandchildren. I also am an immigrant. Myself, and many others, often feel discrimination and racism, even though we are citizens. Because of my grandfather, because of who I am, I am an immigrant even though I am a citizen. Being in South Africa, opened my eyes, I woke up out of a dream into reality.

How do people look at the United States and did that affect you at the Conference?

In the youth meeting, they began by talking about their goals, local, national, and international. Throughout this discussion

the youth were very frustrated and very angry, you could hear it in their voices when they spoke of their problems. I felt like there was so much pain and anger when the young people were speaking that we almost couldn't understand each other. We were struggling in each workshop to find interpreters to help us with Spanish, English, French, Italian, Zulu, Dutch, and others. We felt that the fact the UN Conference on Racism did not organize interpreters for every discussion was part of the racism that exists, and the youth were one of the first ones to point this out. In the discussion we realized that many people thought that there was no racism in the United States. Some of the youth were angry and seemed to believe that with all the power and money the US government has, people in the

US could not suffer from racism. A rap musician from the US explained that even though he was now rich, not a week went by without him being stopped by police, because he is black. He explained that racism affects many kinds of people in the US and happens whether you are rich or poor. Even with all these problems, after that workshop we knew we were all speaking about was the same racism, the same discrimination, all around the world. More discussion needed to take place, but we felt that we could begin to work together.

A lot of people would ask at the conference why the United States wasn't attending. I said to one of the women that asked me, "We *are* here from the United States, we represent our communities. We do not need a representative from the White House because we are here to represent ourselves." I was upset that the government would not take the time to participate. It made me feel that our government does not think that we are important. But I know that we are important, and really I don't care what they think... I'm going to continue to do my part, my work, and that means meeting and learning from my brothers and sisters at Durban.

Tell us about one of the workshops that you attended.

In the roundtable discussion on race and gender, one thing that really affected me, was what the black and indigenous women were saying. They, like us, want changes but do not want to



lose their culture. Globalization, as one woman put it, is that even in the jungle there is now Coca-Cola and other fast food. These women will continue to fight for their land. They are involved in the struggle daily because they must struggle to keep their families, especially their husbands from leaving their communities for work. They are working with other groups, getting organized and building stronger communities. They will not stay quiet and lose their culture and family. Many women expressed the difficult choices that must be made. One African woman told her story of sending her children away to a better school, so that they would get a better education, and her fear that her children were losing their culture. She asked what she could do. Another woman answered that she might begin by gathering her children once a week to talk to them and teach them about their culture.

I shared my experience of losing my job. I felt anger originally at the women of Costa Rica who “were taking our jobs away.” I learned that it was our government that participated and helped Levi’s move. That it wasn’t about lost profit, but about making more and more profit. I learned that even when we were working at Levi’s there was competition and racism. I remember at the factory saying, “And now here come the Chinese, we are going to starve while they take all our jobs.” They kept us fighting with each other so that we could make them more money. They put one worker against the other within the factory and outside, putting American workers against workers in third world countries. The point was to make the most money by not treating us with dignity and respect like every person deserves. We were, for them, a machine that made them money, and when the plant moved, those women in Costa Rica were the new machines, that cost less. I learned to care and respect the women in Costa Rica, and the struggles they now face. Racism is a thing that divides us, that keeps us separate and focused on our own need for money or jobs.

So now do you see a strong connection between globalization and racism?

I see it when I see the companies, multinational, it only matters to them who you are as long as they can make the most money. They go to any country that can make them the most money, and those are so called third world countries. And our government is responsible because they make it even easier for those same companies to go and exploit people. Sometimes they even help the companies relocate. We are losing more and more, dignity and respect. They don’t respect our rights as humans, and especially as women. And the women of color, poor women, those that don’t have the right kind of education, those women stepped on, discriminated against, are oppressed as if they aren’t worth anything. We know that globalization



increases the violence that happens in our communities, especially domestic violence and violence against children in communities of color, which are already oppressed by the current world system. I don’t want anyone to feel sorry for these women, for us. We, and the other women we met, are strong and will continue to fight. Even with everything that happens, we feel even stronger. This is what I heard from all the women I met, from every part of the world. We are mothers, sisters, wives, partners, grandmothers, workers, daughters and luchadoras, that is, fighters. We learned each other’s stories and strategized. We share the same hope for respect, dignity and basic human rights to work, housing and a clean environment. We have understood the relationship between globalization and racism. Being at this conference, made us stronger so that we may fight together against corporations and our governments when they work against us. We will not give up our cultures and will not be divided by race.

Is there anything else you want to tell us about your experience in South Africa?

For me, the experience was very educational and profound especially in learning about the history and culture of the people of South Africa and how their government works. In a way, there are not many differences between our government and theirs.

When I was a child here in San Antonio, I remember walking downtown and seeing the Majestic Theater with a sign that said that blacks were supposed to enter through a side door. I know things happened in my childhood that I can’t even remember. I lived in a racist world where if a “white” person was walking on the sidewalk, I would let them pass, jumping to the side, always. That’s just the way it was. The US was very much like South Africa in the 50s and it wasn’t that long ago.

Although there have been many changes, there is a long way to go. Here in the US, you only have to look at immigrant rights (or the lack of) to see the work that is ahead of us. And ask yourself, how different is it from apartheid when mexicanos live on one side of town, anglos on another and blacks on another? We deserve to live in a world with peace, respect and dignity. And we will continue to fight for economic, social and environmental justice until we do.



Viola is a co-coordinator of Fuerza Unida. She is an ex-Levi’s worker, born and raised on the Southside, who works for justice, globally and locally. Photos provided by Viola Casares.

FROM INSIDE THE FIRST WORLD . . .

by CHERRÍE L. MORAGA

Since the “terrorist attacks” of September Eleventh, I daily experience a vulnerability like I have never known, where I am forced to question my status in this country as a published writer of political protest, as a Chicana, a lesbian, a mother. I remember being scared as a young woman with an emerging consciousness amid the political turbulence of the late sixties and early seventies; scared of dining room political debates where my college-indoctrinated radical ideas alienated me from my loved ones; scared of the faces of Chicanos on the evening news, who could be cousins, protesting what I had been, for the most part, protected from: discrimination. I also remember being afraid, at times paralyzingly so, of coming out as a lesbian to that same familia and community. I did come out, finally; and, in the act, drew from a courage that would sustain me for the

numerous battles of conscience that lay ahead. What I had not realized is that consciousness births consciousness and that the state of embattlement never really changes in our lifetimes, not at one’s inner core. What changes are



photo by Patrick “Pato” Herbert

the political circumstances, which take shape in the exterior world around you. Thirty years later and I turn on the morning news hour to watch the twin towers of the World Trade Center fall to the ground. I am, as everyone, deeply shaken by the immensity of the assault. My children, leaving their morning avena, run to the TV set. I watch their eyes, mesmerized. The scene is right out of an action thriller. “This is really happening,” I say. I am, I believe, afraid, but of what? In the futuristic action film that is not our lives the “bad (foreign-looking) guys” blow down the World

Trade Center and “good (whitish-looking) guys” bring out the big guns to defend the U.S. against the assault. But this scenario can engender nothing but pure hopelessness because terrorism will never be defeated by big guns, only by big minds and hearts. Easy for me to say, typing at my First world computer in my First world mortgaged home on the First world side of Oakland. Still, as activists, poets and políticos this has always been our charge: to say it anyway in full knowledge of the contradiction of our location, living as dissidents within our own nation-state. I do not mourn the loss of the World Trade Center. In my recurring dream of a different América, just as in the replays on the network news, the World Trade Center, along with The Pentagon surely fall to the ground in defeat; but, in my dream, there are not 20,000 workers inside. In my dream, we, the workers, are not fodder for the U.S. crimes of greed. In my dream, the profiteers pay, not us. But that is just a dream. In real life, I sit at the kitchen table and shake my head in despair, in full knowledge of the deaths to come. And they will surely come to our communities: barrio boy turned soldier as dead and as brown as any Afghan. Individuals govern the nation-state of the United States at the highest level, a ruling corporate-government elite who personally wields political power for profit. These individuals have, at an unprecedented rate in the last generation, destroyed the lives, livelihoods, and environment of those areas around the globe where the greatest profits can be made with the least amount of resistance, for the most part, the Third World. As a result, individuals were killed en masse on September Eleventh, for the most part, the wrong individuals. But, in the opinion of those suicide jet bombers, somebody gotta and gonna pay. Lamentably, the only lesson Corporate America, as represented by our “selected” government officials and defended by the U.S. military, will learn from this disaster is to devise ever more aggressive means to protect the “freedom” of its ability to make profit. Fundamentally, this position will only serve to further endanger the lives and threaten the well being of the peoples of the U.S. I am not naive. I understand revolution requires sacrifice. It is not won without deaths. As hard as it is for this nation to admit, the “terrorists” were not “cowards,” as George Bush called them, but people who believed so fundamentally in

their causa, that they were willing to die for it; just as many of our sons and daughters will be willing to die in this impeding war in order to protect the freedom of enterprise called "democracy." I do not believe in "the terrorists'" cause or their methods, but I know the U.S. economic and cultural dominance of the globe will come to an end and it will not happen without violence, including violence from within, perpetrated against all of us who stand counter to U.S. policies. I applaud the destruction of these symbols of the United States' military and economic dominance of the globe. I only lament that we had not done it ourselves, without the 6,000 deaths. I only wish that the majority population of the U.S. dis-identified with this nation-state to such a degree that we, as its citizens, required it to assume a politic of mutually interdependent economic and ecological responsibility with all the nations of the world, where culture is no longer a commodity to be traded for profit and if profitless, exterminated. My child of eight is frightened. "Will they bomb here?" he asks and I realize in all honesty, I cannot answer "No, not here," as I would have a week ago. Because we live on the edge of the ocean, on the borderline of this nation state; we live in a major metropolitan city, in the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge and the

Transamerica Building; we live at the pinnacle of capitalism on the West Coast. "I don't know," I answer. "But for now, let's hope that no more children in the world have to die." How do you teach a child a politic where there is no facile "us and them," where the "us" who is his ostensive protector against bombing of his city, his home, is at the same time the "them" who brought the bombs down upon this soil.

INCITE! WOMEN OF COLOR AGAINST VIOLENCE



Cherríe L. Moraga is a lesbiana activista writer. She will be at the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center in December. The above article is an excerpt from a longer article not yet published. This version was published previously in the ORGANIZING PACKET AGAINST THE WAR, part of INCITE's National Campaign to mobilize public support to halt the U.S. government from waging war against Arab and Muslim peoples.

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Incite! Women of Color Against Violence

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Minneapolis, MN 55406

415-553-3837 www.incite-national.org

Cherríe Moraga

PUBLIC READING & RECEPTION

Friday, December 7
8pm \$5

COMMUNITY WORKSHOP

Sunday, December 9
2:30- 4:30pm \$20

limited space
call for registration

Centro Esperanza

922 San Pedro
San Antonio, Texas
(210)228-0201

Join the San Antonio Coalition for Peace

Every Monday at 6pm the Esperanza is hosting a coalition of different organizations and individuals against the war. We are discussing strategies for creating a broad based movement against all forms of violence, because they are all connected: war, racism, homophobia, sexism, classism, corporate domination and homelessness.

The Vigil for Peace and Compassion
Every Tuesday at 7pm
in front of the San Fernando Cathedral

Art Exhibit & Discussion
November 3, at 6:30pm
Esperanza Peace & Justice Center
Discussion with Salwa Elaydi & Rajasvini Bhansali

Peace March
November 11 at 1pm
Starting at the Victoria Courts
Rally at Plaza del Zacate (Milam Park)

Call the Esperanza at 228-0201 for more information.

Notas Y Más

Brief notes to inform Voz readers about events, issues and happenings. If you have an item to announce, send it to La Voz de Esperanza, 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212. The deadline is the 12th of each month.

Monday, November 5, from 6-9 pm the **San Antonio Museum of Art** and the **San Antonio Symphony League** will host the second annual "Music at the Museum," a concert, reception and gallery tour of the exhibit "Egypt Reveled" at the Museum. The collaborative venture will benefit the volunteer outreach programs of both institutions. Cost is \$30. Call 978-8129.

The free bilingual reading and discussion series at **Westfall Branch Library**, 6111 Rosedale Court continues this month on Tuesday, November 13 at 7 pm. **Dr. Norma Cantu** will moderate a discussion on *The Angel of Galilea* by Laura Restrepo. Call 344-2373.

The Eighth Annual Multicultural Conference Representing the Other will take place on April 23-25, 2002 at **San Antonio College**. The focus of the conference is the representation of members of particular ethnic groups in society by both members and nonmembers of that group. Those wishing to present papers should submit a title and a 100-150 word abstract outlining the proposed topic and mode of presentation. Deadline for submissions is November 16, 2001. Call 733-2533.

November 19, 2001 is the deadline for entries into the **25th Annual San Antonio Cine Festival 2002**. The theme is **Cada Cabeza - Un Mundo**. All media teachers and students are invited to submit their work. The festival will be at the **Guadalupe Theater** February 19th - 24th 2002. Contact Beva Sánchez, director at 271-3151 or bevas@guadaluppeculturalarts.org or mocoela@aol.com

WOMEN AND SOCIAL CHANGE IN MEXICO January 5 - 18, 2002
For all women interested in learning about the women's movement & social change in Mexico through the

study of the language and cultural exchange. The 2-week program includes discussions, speakers, field trips, museum visits, videos, encounters with local women's groups. Contact infor@cetlalic.org.mx (Araceli Navarrete, Women's Program Coordinator) or www.cetlalic.org.mx

AUDRE LORDE FELLOWSHIP FOR WOMEN OF COLOR WRITERS/ACTIVISTS The **Union Institute Center for Women**, in collaboration

with **Norcroft Writing Retreat**, awards an all expenses paid month long residency retreat and \$1,000 stipend to a woman of color writer/activist each year. The award is named in memory of Audre Lorde, the poet and essayist whose life exemplified the meshing of world-changing thought and action. The application deadline is December 21, 2001. Contact Diana Onley-Campbell at 202-496-1630 or dcampbell@tui.edu



Luisa Inez Newton was graced with a baby grandson this month on October 15th. Luisa is an accomplished singer and was one of the original members of the *La Voz* editorial board.
¡Felicidades, abuelita!

Fuerza Unida's Cooperativa de Costura is offering **free sewing classes** **Tuesdays, 9 am - 12 pm** starting **November 6th** call **927-9214** to register

San Antonio City Council has agreed to a consent decree and on a sum to pay the Esperanza for damages incurred in the violation of the 1st and 14th Ammendments and the Texas Open Meetings Act. The recommended remedy will go before Judge Orlando García for final judgement. Councilman David García extended a personal apology to the Esperanza for the violations. Read the next issue of *La Voz* for further developments. *¡Adelante!*

Give the Esperanza a Lift!
Let's all pull together!
donate to our elevator campaign
call 210-228-0201 or send a donation to 922 San Pedro San Antonio, TX 78212

host a house party
ask everyone to donate
coordinate an event to raise funds
research the net for grants

Do you work for a public school, the Federal Government, the City of San Antonio, or Bexar County?

Esperanza is part of the Another Way Texas Shares.

Sign-up to donate monthly to the Esperanza directly from your paycheck at work:

Bexar County Government
Local Charitable Campaign

City of San Antonio Local Charitable Campaign

and the

Combined School District Charitable Campaign

Esperanza Peace & Justice Center
Code #8035

or call us to sign-up with our
electronic direct deposit program!

Community Meetings

ELLAS, Latina Lesbian organization. Call for meetings and information, 210-473-0217.

San Antonio Lambda Students (SALSA) meets the last Wednesday of the month at the Central Library, 6th floor, 7 – 8:45 pm. Call 732-4300 & ask for Lambda Students.

San Antonio NOW meets the first Monday of each month at the Resource Ctr, 121 W. Woodlawn. Call Maggie Cronan, 673-8600.

Voice for Animals meets the first Tuesday of each month at 7 pm, Brook Hollow Library, 530 Heimer, call 737-3138.

Parents/Friends of Lesbians/Gays (PFLAG) meets the first Thursday of each month at 7 pm at the Resource Ctr, 121 W. Woodlawn, call 351-0395.

Amnesty International #127 meets the fourth Thursday of each month at 7:30 pm at Ashbury United Methodist, call Ernani Falcone at 681-8370.

Society of Friends meets every Sunday at 10 am at Friends Meeting House, 7052 N. Vandiver, SA TX, 78209, call 945-8456.

Proyecto Hospitalidad Liturgy meets Thursdays at 7 pm at 325 Courtland, call 736-3579.

Circle of the Re-Formed Congregation of the Goddess meets the third Thursday of each month at 7 pm at the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center, 922 San Pedro, call 822-9105.

A Multicultural Worship Service is held every Sunday at 11 am at **Spirit of Life Lutheran Church**, call Rev. Jennifer Kivikko at 826-8771.

DIGNITY S.A. holds mass every Sunday at 5:15 pm at St. Ann's Convent, call 735-7191.

Voice for Animals meets the first Tuesday of each month at 7 pm, Brook Hollow Library, 530 Heimer, call 737-3138.

Habitat for Humanity holds Volunteer Orientation the first Tuesday of each month at 1st Presbyterian Church, 404 N. Alamo, at 6 pm.

Xicana Xicano Education Project meets every Monday at 6 pm at the Bazan Public Library, 2200 W. Commerce St. Call the voice mail at 348-3872.

The **peaceCENTER** invites community members every Tuesday from 7 – 9 pm to discussion, exploration, and commitment to nonviolent peacemaking, 1443 S. St. Mary. Call 224-HOPE or <http://www.salsa.net/peace>

Todos somos esperanza...

1

I would like to donate \$ _____ /month by automatic bank withdrawal. Contact me to sign up.

I pledge to send \$ _____ each
____ month
____ quarter
____ six-months

through the mail.

2

Enclosed is a donation of
____ \$1000
____ \$500
____ \$250
____ \$100
____ \$50
____ \$25
____ \$15 La Voz subscription
____ \$ 10
____ other \$ _____

3

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone Number _____

I would like to volunteer!

4

mercado de paz
peace market
mercado de paz
peace market
mercado de paz
peace market

Buy Nothing Days on November 23 & 24

Don't buy at malls!

Don't buy at shopping centers!

Don't buy at chain-stores!

come by and buy at the

Esperanza's Annual Mercado de Paz Peace Market

~ people before profits ~

~ el pueblo primero, la ganancia después ~

Friday & Saturday
November 23 & 24
12 noon - 6 pm

*Now more than ever,
support organizations
& community members
dedicated to peace.*

food, dancing, music, poetry, raffle prizes and platicas

the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center
922 San Pedro San Antonio, TX 78212 210.228.0201

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