

La Voz de Esperanza

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La VOZ de Esperanza

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Opinions expressed in La Voz are not necessarily those of the Esperanza. We advocate for a variety of social, economic & environmental justice issues.

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We ask that articles be visionary, progressive, instructive, & thoughtful. Submissions must be literate & critical; not sexist, racist, homophobic, violent, or oppressive. Articles may be edited for length. All letters in response to Esperanza activities or articles in La Voz will be considered for publication. Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

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¡AGUAS!

The cost of water has gone up again. And I heard on the news today that more water peddlers are being killed. Peddlers sell water to squatters and the street poor—and to people who've managed to hold on to their homes, but not pay their utility bills. Peddlers are being found with their throats cut and their money and their handtrucks stolen. Dad says water now costs several times as much as gasoline. But, except for arsonists and the rich, most people have given up on buying gasoline. No one I know uses a gaspowered car, truck, or cycle. Vehicles like that are rusting in driveways and being cannibalized for metal and plastic.

It's a lot harder to give up water.

From *Parable of the Sower* by science fiction writer, Octavia E. Butler

Are we ready to give up water? The issue surrounding the PGA question is not jobs, not tourism, not development, not progress. The only issue to consider is water. AGUA. Its protection, its purity, and its availability to us and our children, now and in the future. How many science fiction films and books have been written that portray the future as devoid of water with a Thunderdome like desert environment. The scene quoted above is only one of many future fantasies we may realistically be facing sooner than we think.

FLASH FORWARD, if you will, 5 years or maybe even 2, 3, or 4 years. What will time bring us? A drought, perhaps? How will the PGA Village be faring, then?

When (because, it's only a matter of time) we have a drought (some say as early as this summer or next), when we have a drought, what good will the PGA Village be for us?

Will the PGA Village be a priority in terms of water use? Will it take water from the parched throats of our children in the Eastside, Westside, Southside, Northside? Will the greens be getting water while we thirst and pay for our water?

When water is at a premium, when its value is higher than any other natural resource... Where will San Antonio be in terms of water resources?

People (mostly business folk) say the PGA Village is the lesser of two evils. Some people believe that developing the PGA Village will provide safeguards that will be absent or hard to monitor if other types of development take place. That thinking is based on the assumption that there has to be development over our water source.

Why not seriously consider a real alternative to development over the aquifer? **NO DEVELOPMENT!** City government has the power to extend the ultimate protection to our water, no development.

Water is a valuable resource that will only increase in value as our future is threatened by more and more development. Look to the South. What is happening to water resources at the border with U.S. and Mexican maquiladoras polluting water there and points further South. Look to the North. New Jersey and New York are already threatened by serious droughts and contamination of water sources. Look to our Gulf Coast. It is now one of the most polluted coastal areas of the U.S. What is left?

Look to San Antonio and Central Texas, we still have our water, pristine. Keep it that way! When the vote on the PGA Village comes before the public, vote NO! And voice your preference to keep our aquifer pristine with no development over it!

To get involved contact the Smart Growth Coalition at 733-9884 or www.nopga.com



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, specicism 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.

RANDY GARIBAY – CHICANO BLUES MAN

HIS WORDS AND HIS MUSIC

BY JOSIE MENDEZ · NEGRETE

"I snapped to what a great voice Randy has back in the 50s. Randy is the consummate Chicano blues man. He still sings the blues in the tradition of Little Willy John, Joe Hinton, Junior Parker, Bobby Blue Bland. He's totally unique."

– Doug Sahn, Texas Tornados from Barbacoa Blues, Liner Notes

Del mero Weso de San Antonio, Randy Garibay, known as the Chicano Blues Man, died on Thursday, May 24, 2002. Creating a fusion of styles to tell San Antonio's Chicano past, Garibay cannot be reduced to one genre, or pinned down to one type of music.

Garibay leaves with us a musical legacy that speaks to young and old in whatever language and whatever place.

Randy mattered to us, las fanaticas, who were always in search of Chicanos, looking for the real Mexicans behind the soulful, rocking sounds in the bands that promoters would cleanse or Anglicize for consumption. We went wild for San Anto's westside sound. We even had Chicanas get into the "Record Hop," a TV show in San José, California.

Saw them dance the Texan to Randy's rhythms—a la American Bandstand. Yes! We even knew of him in San Jo. He was one of the few visible Chicanos who brought the urban sounds of R&B, rock and roll, and the blues to our communities. We sought their music and dreamt about them as romantic possibilities.

The Chicano Blues Man was not just a world-class musician and songwriter, though, he also was a social critic of his times. Writing songs that made visible the everyday inequalities confronted by his raza, Randy Garibay's music challenged us to hear and see the obvious injustices in our every day life. Still, his musical journey displays a passion for his beloved United States, and San Antonio, in particular, as he questioned exclusionary practices taking his country and state to task for unfair and unequal treatment of Chicanos. This is most evident in "Invisible Society." In this rich and complex CD, Garibay takes the listener through a journey that could be any one of ours, while writing about his personal travails.

Invisible Society

The title track speaks to those Chicano spaces that are not obviously evident. Garibay hits the marrow of our history, testifying about Chicano participation in this nation's wars, criticizing the marginal jobs that Chicanos hold, and

pointing out that despite Chicano contributions to this nation our people still remain invisible. Garibay concludes that society recognizes only the Chicano stereotypes that its members want to see.



I fought your wars, washed
your cars /
I even shined your shoes /
I cooked your meals,
worked your fields /
But me you still refuse /
Invisible society—is what
you want to see /
Invisible society—won't even
look at me. /

"Invisible Society" is a journey into the psyche and culture of San Antonio, and the Chicano experience, in particular. Complex, as the man himself.

Filled with songs that resound from his musical past, "Where Are They Now," is a dedication to those musicians who birthed the Chicano Westside sound—their memories framed his declaration of love for the part they played in the creation of that sound. Longing for those days, Garibay reclaims the sound that was so central to his musical genius.

With a tropical sound in "Lindo San Anto" Garibay stakes his ethnic identity—Mexican American and Chicano: "Mexicano Americano, soy Chicano natural," he sings as he declares his deep love for his hometown. San Anto. San Antonio. San Quilmas. His daughter's, Michelle Garibay Carey, soulful and flawless rendition of "At Last" is but another example of the talent this man has spawned through her contribution.

Sad and saucy, at once, "Los Trabajos Blues" chronicles his family's migrant sojourns to harvest the fields of the Midwest with his "carnales y carnalas y mi jefita la güera." Mourning the loss of a love, in "Mr. DJ," Garibay sings the blues over a love lost. His love affair with the guitar is center stage in "Brown-eyed Blues Man." Offering that "you even win when you lose" in "Love Ain't Nothing But the Blues" Garibay testifies to the life lessons he has amassed. Finally, in what one can construct as the bravado of San Antonio's militaristic and patriotic foundation, Garibay speaks to the

war in Afghanistan by offering "Osama some lead." This particular track underscores Garibay's American identity and loyalty for his country that "Can't make us go away / We're here to stay, cant' keep us out / Chicanos all the way!"

Challenge. Resistance. Calling the question on the treatment of Chicanos is what Randy Garibay does best with his music. But that's not all he does, whether we agree with him or not, he can also wax patriotic as he does with the Osama song. "Invisible Society" places the complexity of the Chicano experience center stage.

Chicano Blues Man

Love. Indulgence. Love in all its majesty is the topic of his next CD. "Randy is back and still singing the blues," the first track in "Chicano Blues Man," expounds upon Garibay's personal struggles with liquor. Clean and sober, he reminds listeners that he is still singing the blues. With his "mean guitar sounds", excitement and love is once again the theme in "To The Bone." Framed within a rocking and moving tempo his love for barbacoa comes through in "Cabeza", where he tells fans about the love he and his family share for beef head. When he speaks of the love for food he and his family share, Garibay makes the everyday soulful and we, too, long to participate in that love. ¡Cabeza!

Blue-eyed soul becomes brown with Garibay's rendition of "You Lost That Loving Feeling," spiced with his own cultural slant with a taste of Guantanamera. Again, he claims his identity as a Chicano from the Westside of San Antonio with a solid barrio identity.

Yo soy un hombre Chicano del Weso de San Antonio.
Yo soy un vato Chicano del Weso de San Antonio.
Y antes de morirme quiero cantar mis versos del alma...
Baby, baby, I'd get on my knees for you,
If you would only love me like you used to do...

Nuanced and complex love is central to Garibay's music. In this CD two types of love have him singing the blues. In a swinging boogie, "Mean Ass Woman," he mourns the lack of respect from his life partner, "a mean woman" who treats him like nothing. "Funny Not Much," tangles with issues of co-dependency as Garibay asks his beloved to "help me believe my own lie," wanting to be convinced that he does not love her, "not much," as he sheds tears like "rain in my own heart."

"Toke y toke," a cumbia tune, tackles the consequences of marijuana smoking, as he mocks the spatial distortion he feels traveling the streets of San Antonio. Dope becomes another way to find a sense of place. With lost keys and a misplaced car, he continues to search for the ever-elusive barbacoa tacos to feed the becerro hunger that come with the "tokens." "Qué Me Puede Ya Importar," reminiscent of a Chicano slow song of the 50s, a bolero with a dippy attitude, Garibay sings of overcoming the pain of a lost love.

With "Movida," another slow moving bolero; Garibay speaks of a forbidden love that draws him. The secret kisses



he keeps in his heart and the hugs filled with love are worth the tongue wagger's talk behind his back. All that matters for him is that forbidden love. "Si es pecado, pecando seguiré," he is willing to sin if that's what he'll have to do to keep her love. Continuing with slow songs, "Your Tender Lips," conjures up Chicanos tenderly holding their girls on the dance floor, with a left handed fist upon their chest, not quite possessing but swearing the love they had for their rucas. Near their heart, we wanted to stay there forever, four-squaring and tenderly leaning on our dance partners to the sound of their tunes. Dance. Pivot. Lean. Dance. Only thing that kept us from giving each other the kisses we longed for was the potential for public humiliation and branding us loose women.

Country music. Also one of his talents. Randy Garibay's love for his state comes through in "I'd do anything I could to be in Texas." Loneliness and the call of his homeland draw Garibay to his return. The music hypnotizes. "Never thought that I could be so lonely. Never thought I'd see the light." Almost makes me believe I have the homing device that brings back those prodigal children who had no choice. "I'd do anything I could . . ."

Displacement. Belonging. Tension. Being from this nation and not belonging surfaces once again in "Chicano U.S.A." "Don't give me that song that I don't belong. I earned my space . . . I earned my space was born in the Westside. Soy Chicano. U.S.A! Soy Chicano. U.S.A! I was born in the Westside. U.S.A!" Cries for recognition. Pain of rejection. The political tension of being of the land and being treated as a foreigner frames this song, as Garibay claims his space in a nation to which he has given everything he has to give,

CHICANO BLUES MAN CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Knifing Me Softly: Texas, Tennessee, and Tourism

Rachel Jennings

In the competition for tourist dollars, the Alamo now has a new competitor. In Austin last year, the Bob Bullock Texas State History Museum opened to the public. With its high ceilings and shiny floors, the museum is vast and reeks of money. Unlike the Alamo, whose caretakers pay reverence to martyrs and underdogs, here the Texas Empire is bold, powerful, and wealthy. The museum seems a strange place to pay homage to Davy Crockett, a man born poor in Tennessee.

Yet on a recent visit, I spent five dollars to view an exhibit entitled, "Sunrise in His Pocket: The Life, Legend and Legacy of Davy Crockett." Astutely, the designers of the exhibit encourage the viewer to reflect upon the contrasts between what we "know" about Crockett the man and how Crockett the legend has been represented in popular myth. Also at the museum is a live show performed daily; in "Davy Crockett in Texas," an actor recalls Crockett's days in Texas before the battle at the Alamo. On three evenings this summer, moreover, the museum will sponsor screenings and discussions of twentieth-century films about Davy Crockett and the Alamo. At least one speaker, Richard Flores, author of *Remembering the Alamo: Memory, Modernity, and the Master Symbol* (2002), will discuss how Anglos have used the Alamo myth to create and justify racial hierarchies in Texas. One hopes that Flores's anti-mainstream analysis of Alamo symbolism can truly be heard in the echoing chambers of the museum.

To profit from visitors to the exhibit, live show, film screenings, and lectures, the museum gift shop sells upscale Davy Crockett souvenirs. There are mugs, t-shirts, postcards, plush Davy dolls, and a whole line of miniature leather pouches designed to hold kidstuff from marbles and jacks to no.2 pencils. Because the "Sunrise in His Pocket" exhibit foregrounds the function of Davy Crockett kitsch in constructing the myths of Anglo America, one is tempted to see self-referential irony in these souvenirs. One doubts, however, if schoolkids on field trips will grasp such chic self-referentiality as they compete to take home the coolest schlock.

At the front of the shop, like any alert hunter, a Davy mannequin sits upright and wide-eyed on a bench. Like a shopping mall Santa Claus, his task is to attract kids with consumer power.

Such celebratory marketing of Davy Crockett will come as no surprise to San Antonians brought up in the shadow of the tawdry Alamo gift shop. Still, while the souvenirs at the Alamo and the Texas State History Museum may be distasteful, perhaps more disturbing are souvenir shops that recklessly appropriate Mexican culture and identity. In fact, despite the triumphalist Anglo narrative of Texas history perfected at the Alamo and subtly retooled at the Texas State History Museum, Mexicanas/os from San Antonio may approvingly note the absence at these sites of plaster burro planters, sultry señorita dolls, and sleepy Mexicans reclining against cacti.

Eulogy for Davy Crockett

(apologies to Cordelia Candelaria)

Burn in Hell, Davy. Git!
Take off with you, villain.
Stare wild-eyed for eternity
beneath the fake turf of
Walt Disney Memorial Gardens.
Bond with your whiskey-swilling
compañeros in the flames of
Santa Anna's pyre. In the end
it's the same. You and Betsy
have tracked and dogged me
as a third to your tryst
beyond the pale of my patience.
I have no peace or privacy from
Sunday night by the tube to
Saturday night at the movies.
You sit there cross-legged, casual
as can be, as I read my romances.
You then show up, registered and
official-like, in history class. No
gentle folkie this time but a bully
like my crazy cousin in his coonskin cap.

Meanwhile those Mexicans,
whoever they may be, stare back
from the page and the screen.

Die, damn it. Or me Alamo.
One or the other, man! God knows
your sacrifice was really mine.

With few incentives to avoid cultural stereotyping, tourist shops sell everything from aprons and oven mitts in bright fiesta prints to huaraches, serapes, and sombreros. As if in search of their own cultural identity, Anglo shoppers try to buy the experience of being Mexican. Perhaps some Mexicana/o shoppers, also, try to buy this experience.

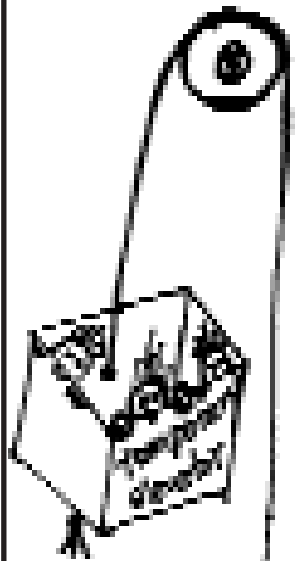
So utterly devoid of cultural respect or constructive social purpose are certain souvenir shops in San Antonio, in fact, that shopping in those stores makes me homesick. Having grown up a two-hour drive from the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, I clearly recall school field trips to tourist towns where one could buy authentic Appalachian crafts from Japan. Provided only with a couple of dollars to spend, I felt cheated of my Appalachian experience. Somehow I could not articulate my frustration.

My need to buy an Appalachian identity would be funny if not so pathetic. I grew up on the land my family had lived on for two hundred years. My grandmother, cousins, aunts, and uncles literally surrounded me. Across the road from where he lives now, my

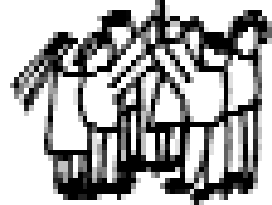
father grew up in a log house built in 1847. Although the house lacked plumbing and electricity in his younger years, he still remembers it fondly. That house was torn down in 1947, but another log structure, built by my family in 1800, still stands less than a mile down the road. With such a rich heritage, why would I travel two hours to buy factory-made ragdolls and other "native" Appalachian crafts?

In limiting my pocket money, my mother made manifest an older generation's wisdom. Except in their tacit support for the national park, which they considered a worthy preservationist effort, my parents were never taken in by

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cultural profiteers. Also, our family did not squat on the Cherokee past in our claims to Appalachianess. For other visitors, the Cherokee reservation near the Smoky Mountains was a major tourist draw. In 1838, most of the Cherokee tribe had been marched at gunpoint to Indian Territory (now in Oklahoma) on the Trail of Tears. In western North Carolina today, descendants of the few who successfully resisted the removal make up the Eastern Band of Cherokee. As I was growing up, not only did white entrepreneurs sell "Cherokee" arrowheads and plastic tomahawks to eager tourists, but the remaining Cherokee were paid to have their pictures taken as chiefs and princesses. Usually claiming one-sixteenth Cherokee "blood," white tourists felt they were getting to know their ancestors.

In addition to the Cherokee, another group of people paid dearly for Smoky Mountain tourism. When the national park was built in the 1930s, hundreds of white Appalachian families were legally forced from their homes. Cades Cove, a mountain village with churches, schools, and homes but no residents, is still a major tourist attraction. While the government paid the families for their land, the message was clear. Their relationship with the land was unvalued, and their presence on the land was unwelcome. But these displaced residents were still welcome to live in the towns near the park. Cashiers, wait staff, and local color were in high demand.

Despite this history, my family did take occasional trips to the Smoky Mountains. Looking at other cars on the interstate, my sisters and I would notice license plates from Ohio, Maryland, Michigan, and Illinois. Frequently, these cars contained transregional migrants—urban Appalachians, as they are sometimes called. In previous years, these people had moved to northern cities to get factory jobs in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Detroit, or Chicago. Homesick, some migrants moved back and forth between Appalachia and the Midwest or Northeast. After gaining their feet economically, some would return to the mountains permanently. Others, lecturing their children on how they had escaped the culture of poverty, returned only as tourists.

Many cars came from even further distances. We liked to keep track of how many states were represented on the license plates. We saw Nebraska, Oregon, Texas, and California. In fact, we saw cars from all forty-eight contiguous states. We felt profoundly flattered. Everyone, we

imagined, wanted to travel to our region. We must be a special people.

We failed to notice that everyone was white. With the possible exception of the nature lovers who simply wanted to hike on the Appalachian trail, many tourists seemed emotionally cognizant that their ancestors were "pioneers" or "frontiersmen" from the Appalachian mountains. In their fantasies, their great-grandfathers bore more than a passing resemblance to Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett.

Thus, just as in Texas, Davy is omnipresent in Smoky Mountain giftshops. Unlike souvenirs sold at the Alamo, however, the Crockett kitsch in East Tennessee is marketed toward snide northern tourists and middle-class Appalachians who want to make fun of their hillbilly cousins. There are no references to martyrdom, sacrifice, or "the price of freedom."

In no way do Smoky Mountain tourists wish to be Davy Crockett. While it is nice to view themselves as Davy's descendants, Anglo-Americans tend to think they have progressed since the nineteenth century. Claiming Davy Crockett as an ancestor is patriotic, but the only modern Davys are hillbillies—dumb, shiftless people. Thus, as one college president in Kentucky put it, Appalachians are "our contemporary ancestors."

The past, we sometimes hear, is another country. At times complicit in their fate, Appalachians have been expected to live in that exotic country. That imagined community. That reservation of the mind. If the past is a country, that country is colonized.

Rather than symbolizing the triumph of Anglo-Texans over Mexicans, the coonskin caps that are sold to tourists in East Tennessee portray Appalachian culture as backward, primitive, and illiterate. Thus, coonskin caps are sold with images of moonshine stills, likker jugs, corncob pipes, outhouses, ramshackle cabins, and drunken, barefoot hillbillies reclining listlessly against trees.

That's why souvenir shops in San Antonio make me homesick. The sleepy Mexican leaning against a cactus reminds me that I am a hillbilly.



Rachel Jennings is a 2001-2002 James A. Michner Publishing Fellow at the University of Texas Press.

Comunidad, carnalismo y corazón

by Brenda Peña

If life is an invention, with whom have you invented yourself?
—Tomás Rivera

I wanted to speak today because of a promise I made nearly eight months ago. That was around the time my grandpa Wicho died, and it wasn't until he left that I realized how much he had shaped my own destiny. So today I would like to honor him and tell you of the valuable lessons he and my family have taught me.



The best memories I have of Wicho are under the carport on breezy late afternoons. Every weekday he would return home from Kelly Field around 5:00 p.m., eat supper, have the ritual *cerveza*, and talk to my brother and me outside. Sometimes he would watch us play or he'd read the paper. The best times, however, were when he told us stories about his life.

Wicho had many friends as a boy. Boys named Nino and Nico and this one boy named Pistolas. They called him Pistolas because he was so skinny that his hip bones looked like well... Pistolas. They all seemed so close and I loved hearing the stories of their adventures. Even as a little four year old, I admired their friendships and looked at my grandpa Wicho with awe.

There were also times when Wicho would let us tag along when he drove down to La Feria on Military Drive to pick up our mamá. (In 1980, La Feria was the place to shop especially back to school. I considered my mamá to be *Reina de La Feria* because she knew that place inside and out.) Wicho would tell us stories during that time, but he would also sing songs. Actually he only sang one song, *De Colores*, and he sang only the beginning of this song leaving the rest trailing off like a radio losing reception.

My brother Raymond and I learned a lot from Wicho during those times. He taught us what it meant to be kind and take care of others. As one of our first teachers, Wicho taught us the three Cs: *comunidad, carnalismo, and corazón*.

Before I finish, I would like to thank members of my family and extended family:

For my loving mamá, Virgie, who taught me to be kind and considerate of others. Your loving nature and support kept me going long after I thought I couldn't. My mother has taught me to be a good teacher. She always knows where to hang this or that and offers great ideas for activities that my students

enjoy. I think of her as *La Martha Stewart* of the classroom.

My brother Raymond who taught me everything there was to know about kindergarten. You showed me the magic of letters and words and how to read. I have since forgiven you for the time you wrote my name on the kitchen wall and tried to blame it on me.

My friends and extended familia at Collier Elementary for their patience and support. You taught me that I'm a model for my kids and that quitting is not an option. Because of you I am not only a better teacher, but more so a better human being.

My grandma Amelia who is nice and kind, but can be one tough abuelita when you mess with her. Thank you for the trips to Winn's and the coloring books, pencils, and writing tablets. My grandma said I should always carry a pencil and a pad to write with because I would never know what I might see. I learned to love writing thanks to her.

My grandma's friends whom my brother affectionately calls the CIA (*Comadres In Action*). They are always there at every birth, party, and funeral. You all have taught me the true meaning of sisterhood and being a strong mujer.

Finally, my dear grandpa Wicho. You taught me the importance of sharing and looking out for others. You inspired me to become a teacher. Even though your life on Earth is over, I find that you are still taking care of the familia. I hum *De Colores* in your honor when I find myself traveling down Military Drive. Of course, I only hum the beginning.

I am grateful to all of you, for you have given me an identity. I am a reflection of all your love and corazón. So today, my achievements are not mine alone, but yours as well.



Brenda Peña delivered this address at the May 2002 UTSA Despedida for Chicano and Latino students. She is currently teaching in San Antonio. ¡Adelante!



THE GAZES

BY MARJORIE AGOSÍN

The illuminating meditations concerning peace and history by the sociologist Elise Baulding could serve as a possible forecast in understanding the pictorial trajectory of Chilean painter Liliana Wilson Grez, who belongs to a generation called The Disenchanted Generation, a generation of exiles, of fugitives, and of the disappeared, but more than anything, a generation of artists with vision and conscience.

Sociologist Baulding asserts that traditionally the history of the West is measured by wars, conquered borders, and colonized peoples. She proposes constructing a culture that is measured by the honorable and noble events of human life. The work of Liliana Wilson Grez, on the whole, is born of the conflict in which Chile and other Latin American countries lived. From the focus on and obsession with the horror, violence, and displacement at the personal and community level, the painting of Liliana Wilson Grez victoriously emerges. Her art corroborates the fact that it is possible to create art from pain and beyond pain. It is possible to remember and memorialize the victims in a noble form and without appropriating them. One can live and look.

One important exhibition in Boston titled "Gazes" marks a new stage in Liliana Wilson Grez's work. In her previous output, beginning in the 1980s, her painting seemed to be situated in a precise time, space, and history, and her figures were almost immobile, their bodies contained in precarious randomness. Her previous work shows a desire for mobility. The images seem to be displaced in the open spaces of a sky that always appears to germinate and open itself with the delicate texture of a petal.

In "Gazes," recurring and familiar characters appear, children and men of watching women friends, as in the black and white drawing titled "Broken Crown." In this exhibition, next to other figures who watch and who become blurred, who speak and who take back their words, this painting achieves a greater strength that emanates from the ambiguity of existence, from the desire of the protagonists who seek illusion and hope. In "Broken Crown," the character gazes openly, as though asking for the look to be returned. The picture's penstrokes are delicate. There is harmonious play between the black and the white lines. The figure's mouth also asks to be looked at since it is almost oblique, almost round, and demands answers. The figure interrogates the spectator and demands to be looked at.

Another similar figure is the one in "The Lottery." It could be another version of "Broken Crown." That is to say, Liliana Wilson Grez's characters repeat themselves. They are not duplicates, but they have a similar presence and continuity. They are characters who dream, and it is for that reason that the space and the fullness of the desolate gazes seem to ask for explanations, not in an accusatory way but to better demand an exit from invisibility.

It requires great passion and strength to be able to create this painting, both delicate and ambiguous, strong and sensitive. I would say that it is a form of painting the hope of one who suffers, as in the case of the young man in "The Lottery" who is encountered suspended between air and life, longing to grow up. These characters are from everyday life, not only in Latin American society but everywhere. They are those beings who not only live but survive, and each time they succeed much better in reflecting precarious human life with all its meanness and prejudice. The figures in the work of Liliana Wilson Grez could be the children who work as slaves, the abused women, or the little girls who dream of a new dress. This painting renews itself and seeks subtlety, that which is at the bottom of things, that which cries out to be recognized. It is for that reason that each brushstroke, each shade of color is made with profound care. It is not a painting that overflows, but rather it is contained within itself and achieves a displacement by means of the imagination of the artist and of the spectator from whom, above all, everything is required to look in a distinct way, to pause before each gesture that suggests another gesture.

One of the most revelatory paintings in this exhibition is "The Three Sisters." The spectator could attribute to them a religious meaning associated with the Trinity, with the three Marias in the constellations of the southern hemisphere, or simply with the history of becoming three women. They are wandering women, women who dream and love. The surface of the canvas is deep. It unfolds before the gaze, at base encouraging us to make an enormous journey to develop, to walk, and to open up. The painting's background consists of a great texture of orange and yellow hues, desirous of light. The color is suggestive, and violet tones creep in. The women do not gaze. This is the only canvas where eyes appear covered, but they look toward the front. They look toward the future. This canvas could also be interpreted as flight. They are images that displace themselves, that go away and cease to be. It is almost as if they were emerging from a vertigo inside the same dream or from a huge explosion. Where are they going? Why are they fleeing? What do they dream of and where do they look toward? These are the questions that could be applied to a large number of canvases which speak to us from the woman's perspective.

What places do these women occupy in the canvases of Liliana Wilson Grez? What stories do they tell and conceal? Perhaps the story of the three sisters might be our story, the story of all of us. Will they be tormented by the uncertain path and by the word that no one hears, by the gaze that no one sees? In "Gazes,"

women and men appear to be almost indistinguishable, but they are an acute metaphor for those beings who suffer. These canvases are meaningful. They appear to whisper and to demand that one looks at each one of them slowly. We have, for example, the impressive painting "Pieces." This painting represents a torn and scratched woman. Her body doesn't seem to have any background or history, only cracks and pieces. It is possible to see her heart hollowed out and her house plundered. She is a woman alone faced with her history, as "The Three Sisters" are women alone faced with an uncertain path.

If "The Three Sisters" represented departure, "The Arrival" suggests possibilities and plenitude. In this work, a woman looks out from behind abundant vegetation. Her gaze is clear and transparent with a mix of triumph and desire. Here it is possible to observe the richness of this artist's texture. The green is very green, and the face of the woman is the face of everyone and no one at the same time. "The Arrival" doesn't seem to ask as many questions as the other paintings. The woman has an open gaze that builds and is full of all her woman's authority. She is an indigenous woman in the middle of the jungle, and the painting suggests her arrival as if the woman arrives at the heart of the forest that is the heart of her own history.

The gazes of Liliana Wilson Grez exclaim, call, whisper, and accuse. The painting titled "The Lie" shows a man almost perfectly square and immobile, whose mouth says goodbye like a red flame or a lost blade. This painting has its complement in another called "Memorial of Chile" in which the fragile and heartrending figure of a bandaged body appears. It is a body whose vision is blinded, fragmented, and punished. I think that this painting is perhaps one of the strongest in this exhibition. The bandage that covers the eyes is an almost transparent white bandage that seems to block the figure, that seems to be an immense territory of closed-in images. All around are delicate leaves resting over the immensity. The smoothness and the winged displacement of the leaves seems to contrast with the texture of the face and with the covered

vision. Nature implies the possibility of freeing history and of newly taking possession of its essence, of what she truly is: a woman who gazes without bandages.

"Memorial of Chile" is part of the history of Liliana Wilson Grez and of her art, but it is also part of the history of the women forced not to look nor to look at themselves, dissuaded by the power of a constant, violent, and masculine authority. The covered gaze in "Memorial of Chile" comes out to minimize the experience of free women and men. The bandage surrounded by smooth floating leaves suggest a previous liberty, the desire to not take possession of the instruments and the concepts of power.

"Gazes" is a show of admirable pictorial precision, of a painstaking sense of color. These paintings, executed in smooth and delicate wood tones, pose the possibility of counterbalancing the imaginative and pictorial strength that Liliana Wilson Grez proposes to demonstrate through an incarcerated and dominated reality, deprived through culture of gain.

That which passes in front of these gazes will not be able to be a fugitive before this astounding beauty and the innovative power that reclaims spaces and that creeps in but doesn't stop from stimulating the expression of looking and feeling. "Gazes" is a challenge, an art that is not afraid to thoroughly touch the intimate essence of the vicious human heart.

The gazes of Liliana Wilson Grez are the gazes of love and of hatred, of the beginning of emotion and the possibility of imagining and resisting, of allowing oneself to see, and, overall, of seeing those who are not seen. "Gazes" goes further than the possibility of imagining and of dreaming. Liliana Wilson Grez gives us art as a path toward liberation, an alternative way of being through the medium of a contagious creativity, a feast of dreams and color.



Margorie Agosin is a noted Chilean author and human rights activist, currently a professor of Spanish at Wellesley College. Art piece below is from the 1991 Esperanza exhibit, Visiones.



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Nopalitos.
Big Red.
Barbacoa.

Icons of the heart put San Antonio on the map. When Garibay went "Public" on NPR's "Fresh Air" hosted by Terry Gross, it finally gave him the national exposure he deserved. The multiplicity of identities that make him the person he has become due to culture, birth, and choice of identity are center stage. Again, in "Too Close to the Border," while claiming his roots in San Antonio. "I was born in the Westside of San Antone. Too close to the border, too close to the border, too close to the border to sing the blues." Hinting that there is much to sing the blues about, he disavows any commitment to signing genres that do not speak to his experience as a Chicano. "Don't do Disco. Don't do Tejano. But I love to sing the blues con poquito Chicano." The Chicano experience is as varied and as complex as his choices of music.

Country blues. Love and despair. In "What Did You Think," Garibay sings about hope and love, despite abandonment as he explores the heartache of being left by a loved one. A call to cry over the realization that his ability to fall in love does not die when someone hurts you or walks out on you. "I still want to thank you because I never thought I would fall in love again." Refuses to hold on to the pain, to find the hope that comes from having loved. "But I don't know how to hide the memory, and the tears I shed when you walked out on me. Even though I can't forget you, I still want to thank you, 'cause I never thought I'd fall in love again."

Amor is again the inspiration in an upbeat jazzy blues number called "I Can't Stop Loving You, Baby" followed by "Viuda Negra." Written by Garibay, this number is about the betrayal of a Black Widow, who is stepping out on him. Still, he loves her and stays knowing that he'll end up a victim. Kind of like his relationship with the U.S.A.

In "Two Steps From the Blues," his voice glows with the sadness that comes from the distance of not being near the one he loves. "Better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all." When he sings the words, he makes you believe that he is truly sad about the absence and that his love is truly a faithful one.

"El Chupacabra," in step with other playful songs he has written, explore the myth of a goat-blood-sucking vampire that has allegedly appeared in different parts of Texas. Building on the tradition of cattle raising, he quells its appearances as rumors of talkers, that's all. Evil like the devil, with some who claim appears like Dracula, he wants to see him face-to-face to take the truth out of him. "ChupaCabra, ChupaRosa, y ChupaJuan" becomes a double entendre for sucking some such or other parts. The intended fun and effort to dispel the rumors create a fun number where dancers can move to their heart's content.

"Tell Me Why," evokes the sounds of the late 50s and early 60s. Another heartbreaking song about a love that came to pass, "Baby please answer, why did you break my heart? Baby, baby, tell me why." Fear and excitement meld into the novice's desire for love. I can almost imagine being the one to whom Garibay sings. His songs and his lyrics soothe the soul and heal the heart as does the "curandera " he writes about. "Curandera, she sure knows how to cure the blues," a salsa number about the practice of curanderismo. There is a hint, as with other double entendre pieces that she cures more than love. His playful way with lyrics comes through in "Curandera." Tell me more. Mal de ojo. Mal de susto. Mala suerte. All ingredients for the blues. Garibay. Curandero de los blues!

Garibay's Legacy

De luto. We grieve. Loss. Emotions that conjure up the blues. We mourn his genius, but we keep the gift of his music. Adios, ¡carnal! Hasta pronto. Here's to the future generations of Chicanos who will learn to love and respect your music and your sound. Chicano Blues Man, you forever live in your music. Your songs will bring back memories. Can almost picture you playing your guitar, speakers blaring your gift of words and music for the ages.



Dr. Mendez – Negrete is a sociologist and assistant professor of Mexican American Studies in the Division of Bicultural Bilingual Studies at the University of Texas at San Antonio. She is the author of *Las Hijas de Juan; Daughters Betrayed* soon to be published by Chusma House Publications.

Quotes in this article are taken from the three CDs cited in the subtitles. *Invisible Society*, *Chicano Blues Man*, and *Barbacoa Blues* produced by Randy Garibay, Angelita Mia Production Co.

The Tears I Shed...

By Dolores Zapata Murff

The other day I was writing a letter to my eldest daughter who was on a spiritual retreat. Her husband had asked me to write her a letter and let her know just how special she was to me. She was not to know about this letter until a specified time at the retreat. As I sat and wrote, I realized just how much I had changed since I had given birth to her and my other three children. I was also asked to attend a special mass to welcome her back on Mother's Day. Although I no longer attend church, I agreed to go. Because I attended mass with my son in law and two small grandchildren, I was stuck in the "cry" room. That's the torture chamber of the church where adults sit with their temperamental whiney children. And, since I was "blessed" to not hear the sermon, I had time to reflect on my life as a mother.

I became a mother at a very young age. I was 19 years old and living in Germany. I spent a lot of time alone, since my then husband was always volunteering to go on special missions. That was fine with me since I enjoyed my solitude. I learned to take the bus and learned enough of the language to get by. I bought a beautiful German cradle for my first child and lugged it home on two buses when I was 8 months pregnant then waited for the big day.

When the big day arrived I drove myself to Frankfurt and gave birth alone in a strange land surrounded by strangers. All this I related to my daughter in her letter. I explained how terrified I was to give her the first bath, and how together, we learned how to survive. I shared many memories of life with her in that letter, like how it felt when the neighborhood children formed a "Union against her, the bossy kid." I shared how difficult it was to see her go out on her first date and trust that the young man would drive carefully. Ok, ok, so I made him show me his license, much to her horror.

I also explained to her how difficult it was for me to tell her that she had a CHOICE when she announced to me that she was pregnant in her senior year of high school, although I had been pro Life and Catholic all my life. And when she allowed me the honor to witness the birth of that child, how proud of her I was that she had made her own decision.

Yes, I wrote that letter and laughed and cried at those very special memories. I wondered if she, too, would cry when she read my words at the retreat. I wondered if she would understand how very difficult it was to actually put in writing

the very things that we just take for granted.

My daughter is all grown up now. She is married and has two small children. She is still following her dream to become a teacher and has been accepted to Our Lady of the Lake University after two years at Palo Alto.



On the very same day I wrote a letter for my first-born daughter I had to attend the pre-kinder graduation of yet another one of my grandchildren, Madison. Oh, my special Madison, she was born to my very rebellious and headstrong second-born daughter. Here I was again facing another teen pregnancy with yet another daughter. This daughter was the one that gave me my gray hairs. She was the most challenging of all my children. She ran away from home so much that I became used to searching for her friend's homes and empty lots fearing she was dead. When things got really bad, I had her committed to what we will call the Villas of St. Rose. There, she eventually earned her high school diploma.

Oh, the tears I shed over this child, the sleepless nights, the worry, the anger, and the confusion. There were times when I wondered what ever did I do to deserve such punishment for being her mother. And if things weren't tough enough, when I found out my daughter was pregnant, at the young age of 17, she was a runaway and homeless. I searched high and low and found her and her boyfriend, and against my principles, I allowed her to live in my home with him, just to keep her safe. You know my comadres had a lot to gossip about, but I didn't care, I was trying to save her life and that of her unborn child. Plus, I wanted her to finish school.

She was in and out of the hospital with her pregnancy. My inner voices told me there was something wrong and when my daughter gave birth, we were told after several hours, that her baby had Down's Syndrome. We were devastated. How could this be? My daughter was healthy. She was young and wild... and still not finished with High School. How was she going to be able to care for a special needs child? This had to be a mistake. I was faced with a very difficult situation. I could, after 20 plus years that it took me to get my last child in school, abandon my dreams and raise my grandchild, or I could help my daughter until she finished school and make her accept her responsibility.

I remember the first day I was left alone with Madison, I sat by her bassinet all day because she did not know how to cry. She would stop breathing and I would have to move her to get her

going again. I did this for 8 weeks. I was a wreck. Then we were blessed with Parent Child Inc. and Easter Seals. These two organizations stepped in and provided free day care and physical therapy for Madison. At that point I had to let my Maddie go to day care or decide that I would raise her. It was a very difficult decision. I am here to tell you that I couldn't have been more proud of my precious Madison on her graduation from prekindergarten, as I was of my own daughter because they were both on stage that night. Madison receiving her little diploma and my daughter the "Rebel" as the President of Parent Child Inc.



Circle North. I know I made the right decision to not give my daughter the easy way out five years ago. I simply stood back and told her that Madison was her responsibility and, while I

would help, I was done taking care of babies. I had waited 20 plus years to do my own thing and I was going to do it. I am so proud of my daughter. She had to literally grow up overnight and take responsibility for once in her life. It is called Tough Love. This daughter is also pursuing her dream to be a special education teacher and is in her second year of college.

I also have two other children at home. A daughter in high school and a son in middle school. While I do not know the challenges I will face with these last two children, I do know I am doing the best that I know how.

Being a mother has got to be one of the most difficult and most challenging, yet rewarding things that I have ever done in my life. While life has been unkind to me at times, I can't help but reflect on all the laughter, and, yes, the tears that earned me the title "Mother, mom, mommy". If I do nothing else in this lifetime, at least I know that I did something right.

I gave life to four individuals that I have taught to Respect, be Honest above all, Honor their word, and take Responsibility for their own decisions. I have taught them that they come from a long line of strong women. I have made mistakes along the way. I am human. I am complex, but I am above all Honest. That is the greatest gift I can give my children.



Dee Murff is a mother, clay artist and an aspiring writer who is involved with the Esperanza Center at multiple levels.

The Issue is Human Rights

By Julio Noboa

The worldview that holds Palestinians responsible for the violation of their own human rights is sustained by a tangled web of myths and fallacies. Among them is the myth that Israelis do not or have not deliberately targeted Palestinian civilians. Based on this erroneous belief, pro-Israeli pundits have waxed eloquent on how there is no moral equivalency when innocents are killed on both sides.

Yet, the evidence of Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) violence against Palestinian civilians, although mostly suppressed, denied, or ignored by American media, is well documented.

The massacres go back as far as 1948, when 250 civilians were killed in Lydda and Ramle in July, and hundreds more in the undefended village of Dubeimah near Hebron in October that year.

After the Israeli conquest of Gaza in 1956, several hundred Palestinians were murdered by the IDF. These terrorist acts occurred decades ago, yet in that same Gaza strip, as recently as last year, the deliberate targeting of civilians continued.

In a revealing and moving report published last October 2001 in Harper's; Chris Hedges documents in "A Gaza Diary" what he experienced at the Khan Younis refugee camp in Gaza. Almost on a daily basis, Hedges reports how Israeli soldiers, using loudspeakers, would taunt Palestinian boys playing in the dunes. When the boys responded with stone-throwing at the insulting invectives spouted in Arabic, the soldiers would shoot at them with M-16 rifles muffled by silencers.

Their parents warned the boys against going there, and the Palestinian police were shot at by the Israeli army when they attempted to clear the area. As a reporter, Hedges had witnessed the shooting of children before in Central America, Algeria and Serbia—"but I have never before watched soldiers entice children like mice into a trap and murder them for sport."

During the first Palestinian uprising, Hedges had witnessed the Israeli army firing live rounds at stone-throwing boys; and noted on a few occasions, how the army, angered by the coverage, "turned their weapons toward groups of photographers and cameramen."

Here's a "democratic" state that assassinates suspects without trial, tortures prisoners to force confessions, and wantonly vandalizes, destroys, and steals private property from homes and offices.

It is only by suppressing truthful reporting that the myth of Israeli moral superiority could be maintained in the American media. That is why Israeli leaders did everything in their power to derail, control or disable the very legitimate attempt by the United Nations to investigate what happened in Jenin.

Sharon's administration has ensured that whatever occurred in Jenin will never be fully known. Evidently, Israel has so much to hide that they would risk speculation and suspicion rather than have the whole truth uncovered.

Here's a "democratic" state that assassinates suspects without trial, tortures prisoners to force confessions, and wantonly vandalizes, destroys, and steals private property from homes and offices. Yet it doesn't want the UN to question its soldiers, or to even draw conclusions from its investigations because they "wouldn't be fair" to Israel!

There was no "massacre" at Jenin, we have been told, but gross human rights violations tantamount to war crimes did occur. According to Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch, at Jenin and throughout the West Bank there were tortures, unlawful killings, arbitrary detentions, random shootings of people in the streets, and assaults on medical personnel and journalists.

Ultimately, to sanction and support state terror against a poor and defenseless people is to violate the very principles that America professes to the world.

a resounding victory for the powerful Israeli propaganda machine that permeates our society; yet it was also a crushing defeat for the cause of human rights for Palestinians.

Ultimately, to sanction and support state terror against a poor and defenseless people is to violate the very principles that America professes to the world. For our leaders to condemn only the terror of desperation and ignore the terror of occupation that spawned it, demonstrates once again that they are not morally equipped to bring justice and peace to the Holy Land.



Julio Noboa is an educator and freelance writer. E-mail him a message at: jnpapr@aol.com.

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Notas Y Más

Brief notes to inform *La Voz* readers about events, issues and happenings in the community. Send announcements for *Notas y Más* to: lavor@esperanzacenter.org or by snail mail to: 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212. The deadline is the 12th of each month.

MUJERFEST 2002, a two day festival will be held in McAllen, Texas on June 21st and 22nd. The festival will bring mujeres together from different circles to interact, instruct, learn, enjoy and leave with a sense of determination and self-actualization. Activities will include presentations, panels, workshops, a campout, booths, films, art and performance. Direct questions to: mujerfest@hotmail.com or check www.Chicanastuff.com/mujerfest/index.html

gemini ink, San Antonio's Independent Literary Center, will hold its **2002 Summer Literary Festival, *Breaking the Mold***, from June 29th through July 14th. The festival offers classes, workshops, inservices, theater, a walking literary tour and more for aspiring and seasoned writers of all ages and ilks. Contact **gemini ink** at 210/734-WORD or toll free at 877/734-WORD or check www.geminiink.org

Latina Letters, an annual conference on Latina Literature and Identity, co-presented by the Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center and St. Mary's University is scheduled for Thursday, July 11 through Saturday, July 13. The theme for 2002 is ***Latina Literature at the Crossroads: Defining Our Terms***. Call 210/271-3151, x. 22 or 271-3480

The **Indian Writers' Conference** is looking for indigenous women writers or writers who write about indigenous women's issues to contribute to a conference session on ***Indigenous Lesbian Writers and Community Issues*** the evening of September 26 at **St Mary's Learning and Leadership Development Center**. Contact Christine Canning at 256-8115 or at christine.canning@uni.edu

The One In Ten Screenplay contest, entering its fourth year, is seeking submissions for screenplays dedicated to the positive portrayal of gays and lesbians in film. The contest, which was

found by actor, writer, director and publisher David Jensen continues to grow. Deadline for entries is September 1, 2002. The entry fee is \$40. Entry forms may be obtained from www.screenplaycontests.com or from Cherub Productions, P.O. Box 540, Boulder, CO 80306.

Ground breaking texts like ***This Bridge Called My Back*** put women of color (WOC) writers at the forefront of the public arena. They understood quite well that writing was a tool for survival as well as a tool of dominance. What place does writing have in the lives of women of color today? We invite complete papers (4000-6000 words) by women of color writers who critically explore the political, social, and personal uses of writing for an anthology. All genres of writing are welcome as long as they are both critical and accessible. Complete papers are due July 26, 2002. Contact: Luna Calderon. 1548 Parker Street in Berkeley, CA 94703 or by email at WOC_Writers@hotmail.com

Lady Bird, Naturally, the story of Lady Bird's lifelong dedication to environmental concerns nationwide will premiere on PBS stations in June. The story is told through archival film and photos combined with interviews from those who assisted Lady Bird in her efforts and footage from her projects across Texas, Washington D. C. , and the nation. Locally, it will air on Sunday, June 2 at 6 pm. Produced by Marlene Richardson, senior producer of KLRN-TV, the one-hour documentary is narrated by journalist Bill Moyers.

Out of print for thirty years, ***Letters from Mississippi*** is a collection of moving, personal letters written by volunteers of the summer of 1964 when SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) sent volunteers into Mississippi to expand Black voter registration in the state, to organize a legally constituted "Freedom

Democratic Party" that would challenge the whites-only Mississippi Democratic party, to establish "freedom schools" to teach reading and math to Black children, and open community centers where individuals could obtain legal and medical assistance. This updated edition contains new introductory remarks by Elizabeth Sutherland Martínez and by Julian Bond, and is augmented with explanatory notes and never before published photographs. To order contact **ZEPHYR PRESS** at 617/713-2813 or www.zephyrpress.org

Paid internship opportunity. The **Emma L. Bowen Foundation for Minority Interests** in Los Angeles provides multi-year paid internships and scholarships to minority students. Partner companies across the country hire students to work every summer until college graduation providing both an hourly wage and matching dollars towards college expenses. Students must be a college-bound minority with a 3.0 G.P.A., and an interest in varying aspects of the media. Contact: www.emmabowenfoundation.com, ma.l.bowen@abc.com, (323) 671-4711

The **Xicana Xicano Education Project** and **Eric Lee's Bake Shop** will hold their **6th Pensamientos: Raza Poetry and Open Mike Night**. Community members of all ages and levels of experience are invited to recite poetry, perform free-style, play music, sing and dance at Eric Lee's on 1828 W. Martin St, on **Saturday, June 15th at 7pm**. Call 226-1985.

An effort is underway to salvage vintage streetcars that carried passengers across the San Antonio landscape a century ago (1878-1933). Jay C. Moore, a public transportation aficionado envisions a living memory project where those who have memories of riding the streetcars would provide vignettes to accompany a future exhibit of fully restored trolleys. To contribute stories to the living memory project call 210/824-6242.



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Community Meetings

Society of Friends Sundays at 10 am at Friends Meeting House, 7052 N. Vandiver, call 945-8456.

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

San Antonio Lambda Students (SALSA) Last Wednesday of each month, 7 pm at the Main Library, 6th floor. Call 732-4300.

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

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

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

Amnesty International #127 Fourth Thursday of each month at 7:30 pm at Ashbury United Methodist, call 681-8370.

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

Xicana Xicano Education Project Wednesdays at 6 pm at the Bazan Public Library, 2200 W. Commerce St. Call 348-3872.

The **peaceCENTER** Tuesdays from 7 – 9 pm for discussion & exploration of nonviolent peacemaking, 1443 S. St. Mary. Call 224-HOPE or <http://www.salsa.net/peace>

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

The **Anti-War Coalition** First Mondays of each month at 6pm at the Esperanza, 922 San Pedro. Call 228-0201.

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

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

Circle of the Re-Formed Congregation of the Goddess Third Thursday of each month, 7 pm at the Esperanza, 922 San Pedro. Call 822-9105.

Fuerza Unida Third Tuesday of the month at 710 New Laredo Hwy., 7 pm. Call 927-229.

Bexar County Green Party First Sunday of each month at 2 pm at the VIA Transit Center, 1021 San Pedro, across from Esperanza Center.

Todos somos esperanza...

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

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I would like to volunteer!

Make checks payable to the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center. Send to 922 San Pedro, SA TX 78212. Donations to the Esperanza are tax deductible.

The Esperanza Peace & Justice Center Presents

Señorita Extraviada

(Missing Young Woman)

a new documentary by
Lourdes Portillo

Saturday,
June 29, 2002

7:00 PM followed

by a platica with the Director
922 San Pedro, call 228-0201



Join us at the **Monthly MujerArtes Cafecito** for cafe, pan dulce y arte. MujerArtes work will be available for purchase **Every First Sunday at 1412 El Paso, 8am-12noon.** Upcoming Dates are June 2, July 7 & August 4. For more info call 223-2585.

**Centro Esperanza's Quinceañera Planning Meetings are
Second Saturdays of the Month: June 8 & July 13 at 922 San Pedro.**

**Arte es Vida is community coming together to share our history through stories.
Arte es Vida Meetings are at 816 South Colorado off of Guadalupe Street,
First Saturdays of the Month: July 6 & August 3.**

La Voz de Esperanza
ESPERANZA peace & justice center
922 San Pedro
San Antonio TX 78212

210-228-0201 • fax: 210-228-0000
www.esperanzacenter.org

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