

La Voz de Esperanza

Jul/August 2002 • vol 15 issue 6



Erosiones Internas

*a one woman
show by*

***Liliana
Wilson
Grez***

*Opening
Saturday
July 20
6 - 8 pm*

*Tardeada/
Platica
Sunday
July 21
3 pm*

*at the
Esperanza
Peace & Justice
Center*

La VOZ de Esperanza

© 2001 Esperanza Peace & Justice Center.
All Rights Reserved.

Editor

Gloria A. Ramírez

Layout/Design

H. Esperanza Garza

Front Cover Artwork

Clavario by Liliana Wilson Grez

Contributors

Gloria E. Anzaldúa, Rajasvini Bhansali,
María Antonietta Berriozábal,
Yasmín M. Parra Codina, Lourdes Pérez
Virginia Raymond, Deborah Vasquez

La Voz Volunteer Collective

Sean Danweber, Mario Gutierrez,
Imelda Maldonado, José Rodriguez,
MujerARTES & Fuerza Unida Mujeres

Esperanza Director

Graciela I. Sánchez

Esperanza Staff

Elizandro Carrington,
Veronica Castillo, Vicki Grise,
Herminia Maldonado, María Palafox,
Cindy Rodríguez, René Saenz,
Manuel Solis, Déborah Vásquez

Esperanza Summer Interns

Alonzo Avila, Claudia Ahumada,
Michelle De Leon, Spiral,
Valerie De Leon

Esperanza Board

David Zamora Casas, Anita Cisneros
Anel Flores, Amy Kastely,
Josie Méndez-Negrete,
Michael Marinez, Marcos Marquez,
Dolores Zapata Murff,
Alejandro Pérez, Kamala Platt,
Gloria A. Ramírez & Rudy Rosales

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

Inquiries, articles, and letters should be addressed to:

La Voz de Esperanza,
922 San Pedro,
San Antonio, TX 78212
or email
lavoz@esperanzacenter.org

Policy Statements:

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 Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

a publication of
the Esperanza Center
922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212
(on the corner of Evergreen Street)
210-228-0201 • fax 210-228-0000
www.esperanzacenter.org

Esperanza is funded in part by the Americans for the Arts Foundation/Animating Democracy, Astraea National Lesbian Action Foundation, Funding Exchange, Gill Foundation, National Endowment for the Arts, Open Society Foundation's Southern Initiative, Public Welfare Foundation, Alice Keberg Reynolds Meyers Foundation, Rockefeller Foundation, Southern Funding Collaborative, Sordna Foundation, Texas Commission on the Arts, and la buena gente de nuestra comunidad.

Bearing Witness

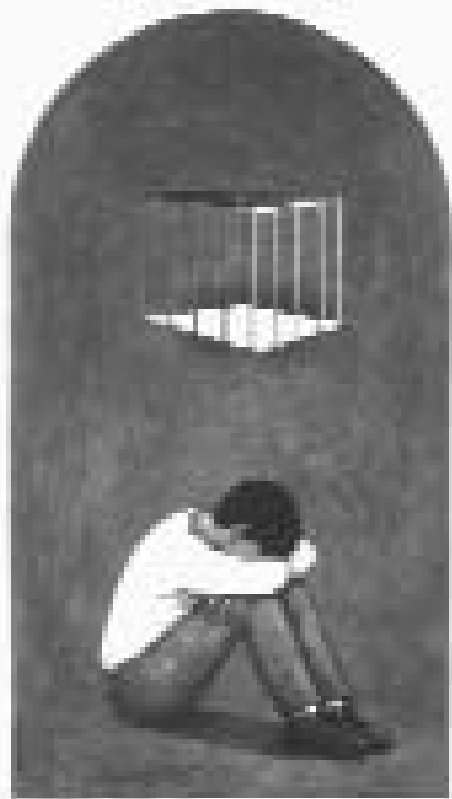
Their Eyes Anticipate the Healing

By Gloria E. Anzaldúa
Author of *Borderlands/La Frontera*

The paintings of Liliana Wilson Grez fill their frames with well-balanced, uncrowded espacios y figuras possessing a clean solidness about them while simultaneously emanating an otherworldly presence. Sus pinturas often depict girls, young men, and androgynous figures in still, trance-like stances, immobile, almost frozen in place. Their gazes are attuned to some inner voice o imagenes inolvidables de la memoria. In *Bearing Witness* (2002) Liliana succeeds in establishing the interiority of the figure, one of the most difficult feats to achieve in a painting. *Bearing Witness* portrays a double or dual conscious. Border artists are in the precarious position of having our feet in different worlds: the dominant, the ethnic, and the queer, which often induces a double being-ness.

In *Bearing Witness* the third eye of the artist is informed by "seeing," a sort of detached witnessing in order to remember. I consider ésta figura as both a real and an imaginal being who's shifted from ordinary normal perception to a different type of "seeing," one that "sees" through the illusions of consensual reality. The watching inner eye está viendo como en sueños, in a kind of controlled waking dream. In *Memories of Chile* (2002) there's an unwillingness to "see" or of being forced not to look. This is the subject of other paintings where leaves veil the eyes or the figure covers his or her eyes. I call this *desconocimiento*, (1) being overwhelmed by reality and not wanting to confront it. Desconocimiento is the opposite of *conocimiento*; it's the shadow side of "seeing." In this painting como en toda la obra de Liliana, her textured, detailed architecture of vision makes the background y los espacios vacíos seem like subjects in their own right and as important as las imagenes y figuras. There are parallels between conscious dreaming and the imaginative process of

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.



Makaya

fiction, painting, dancing, music, and other art forms. I use the word *ensueños* to describe this process that all artists engage in. Las pinturas de Liliana son ensueños que se quieren hacer realidad. Los ensueños she depicts attempt to bridge the reality of the dream with physical reality. In her work el ensueño de la pintura becomes embodied, physically real. But upon looking away from it the viewer realizes que la artista has successfully captured us in a lucid waking dream merely through the medium of painted images on a flat surface, blurring the boundaries between the reality of the picture and that of our lives.

In her most successful paintings the conscious aspects never overwhelm the unconscious elements, but are held in *nepantla*, (2) the midway point between the conscious and the unconscious, the place where transformations are enacted. Both aspects are poised on the edge of balance, sustained and held by a palpable tension, as in *Makaya* (2002), a piece depicting a cage hanging in mid air over a young androgynous figure with bent head and face hidden on his crossed arms over his knees.

In creating artistic works the artist's creative process brings to the page/canvas/ wood the unconscious process of the imagination as in Liliana's surrealist *La diosa del amor* (2002). Looking at Liliana's art, especially the boy with two heads in *Deterioros* (2002), for long periods will transport the viewer into imaginative flights or other states of consciousness as she struggles to make meaning of its mystery. By awakening and activating the imagining process in the viewer, la artista empowers us. La imaginación gives us choices and options from which to free ourselves from las jaulas that our cultures lock us in.

El arte fronterizo like Liliana's deals with the themes of shifting identities, border crossings, and hybrid imagery—all strategies for decolonization. Good "border" arte decolonizes identity and reality: that is, it teaches us to "unlearn" mainstream cultural identity labels, unlearn consensual reality. It teaches us to "see" through the roles and descriptions of reality that we ourselves, la gente, and our cultures impose on us. It makes holes in the assumptions and beliefs self/others/communities have about reality. El arte de la frontera is about resistance, rupture, and of putting together the fragments.

Liliana's paintings often depict someone caged, blindfolded, bleeding, breaking down, falling through the air, splintering, and falling to pieces. Yet, even when the figures are falling

apart, witnessing or remembering injustice, they hold the clues to liberate themselves. At first glance, éstas figuras are about to land on their heads, but their bodies point toward something else, toward la esperanza of upward flight, toward achieving equilibrium. Their minds are not in the spaces their bodies occupy, but trying to soar toward freedom. After being split, dismembered, or torn apart la persona has to pull herself together, re-member and reconstruct herself on another level. I call this the *Coyolxauhqui* process after the

dis-membered Aztec moon goddess. Estas pinturas narrate testimonios of violence y de exilio. First they lead the viewer to imagine and reenact the trauma that initiated the fall, the falling apart, and the splintering, which la artista perhaps experienced as a young girl in her native Chile during the dictator's regime. Examples of these Coyolxauhqui-like images are *Calvario* (2002) and *Hombre ensangrentado* (2002), and dozens of other pinturas. As the viewer continues to look at these paintings she imagines, as do the subjects of the painting, how such a healing process could be enacted.

The beauty of Liliana's paintings lies in their understated optimism. Even as las figuras realize that some part of them will always bear wounds, something in their eyes shows us

that they know that after a long struggle they will cross to the distant shore where they will integrate themselves into a wholeness of sorts. Their eyes, anticipating the healing, envision reaching el otro lado.



Notes

(1) See "Now let us Shift: the Path of Conocimiento...Inner Work, Public Acts" in *this bridge we call home* Eds. Gloria E. Anzaldúa and Ana Louise Keating (New York, NY: Routledge, 2002, available September 15, 2002) for discussion of concepts of desconocimiento, conocimiento, "seeing," Coyolxauhqui, and others. Liliana's *Girl With Snake* (2001) also appears in this anthology.

(2) See "Border arte: Nepantla, el Lugar de la Frontera" in the catalogue *La Frontera/The Border: Art About the Mexico/United States Border Experience*, Curators: Patricio Chávez and Madeleine Grynstejn, Exhibition and Catalogue Coordinator Kathryn Kanjo. San Diego, CA: Centro Cultural de la Raza & Museum of Contemporary Art, 1993. Later re-printed in *MACLA* (Vol XXVII, No 1, July/August) as "Chicana Artists: Exploring nepantla, el lugar de la frontera."

Editor's note: The complete text of Gloria Anzaldúa's and Marjorie Agosin's reviews of *Erosiones* and accompanying art work will be available in a catalog at the opening of Liliana Wilson Grez's exhibit on July 20th from 6-8 pm at the Esperanza Center. The exhibit will be on display throughout July and August.

Mi Casa es la Esperanza

by Yasmin M. Parra Codina

Mi casa es la Esperanza. My home is the Esperanza. Soy una hija de la Esperanza. I am an Esperanza child. As far back as my memory takes me, I can remember those semi-circle windows that were shaped like the sun and symbolize the Esperanza. I can remember hearing the words “Esperanza” and “Peace and Justice.”

My parents, Laura and Edward Codina, would always say these words in deep intense conversations, but of course not with me, but with boring adults who enjoy the art of conversing in those droning intellectual voices of theirs. Even though I was off playing with the other kids, I knew something was up with those words. They meant something different. And this was a good kind of different which I would eventually grow to understand. I felt it inside, like a flower about to bloom. I saw it whenever I would tag along with my parents to an Esperanza event, because I was too young to stay home by myself. I never exactly knew what the Esperanza was, or if it was an actual place with floors and walls and chairs, or if it was even a tangible thing, like a cloud or an idea? But I now know that every question helped me to put it all together and realize what the Esperanza really is.

One day, we Esperanza kids were “talking” amongst ourselves about silly things, and an older one said something in Spanish. “Tengo esperanza que la Esperanza va a existir en el futuro para nosotros.” Not perfectly understanding, I asked what he had said, and he repeated his words in English. That day, the meaning of “esperanza” was clear. That day I learned a new word in Spanish and discovered that Esperanza was a building with floors and walls. And knowing this was enough.

I remember playing in the cool cement patio of the Esperanza, watching the water fountain. I remember playing with the green lily pads that grew in the pond, watching the goldfish that lived there. I remember playing in the colorful hallways, watching the adults who were watching me run around, making sure I wouldn't break anything of importance.

But, one day the playing and the watching stopped, and I didn't understand why. I overheard talk about finding a new building for the Esperanza. Why did they want to move? Who didn't like the fountain and the fish and the colorful hallways?

I remember asking my little friends from school if they knew about “Global Warming.”

I remember being laughed at because they didn't know what I was talking about and thought I was making it up. I remember being praised because I could draw better than the rest of the class. I remember getting sad when I overheard my parents saying that kids my age were working in “sweatshops” and getting little pay or nothing at all. I remember wondering why my mom was so upset because “Bilingual Education was in danger.”

I remember not laughing when someone was called “Fag,” or “Queer.” I remember holding my fist up above my head and chanting, “HELL NO. WE WON'T GO!” I remember going to Beva Sánchez-Padilla's house for a meeting for the Women's March and knowing I would know her and her familia for a very long time. I remember having to hold up banners next to Siboney Diaz-Sánchez in the Martin Luther King, Jr. March in Januarys. I remember looking up to David Zamora Casas and smiling at his pointy mustache. I remember how I began to notice how often I saw the same people at the Esperanza. I remember not everyone there got along (but we all stuck together) and it bothered me because that didn't give me an answer to why we were not staying at the old building.

I finally made the transition that no matter where we were, we were Esperanza. The building on Flores Street was our home, because we made it so. The only change that had been made was a physical one.

On San Pedro Avenue was an old car dealership with a huge elevator and spacious rooms. Over time, Esperanza



people filled the rooms. A wide staircase replaced a tiny old winding one. Four bathrooms with beautiful tile work and an elaborate concession stand were built with the help of donations. The old car dealership was turned into a new home for “Peace and Justice.”

The year 1997 was an unforgettable year in the history of the Esperanza and the city of San Antonio. Unfairly targeting the Esperanza and basically our right to think, the City Council defunded us (100% of the recommended arts funding was withheld). Then, people asked me if we were all gays and lesbians because that's what everybody was saying on the news and the radio. City council believed that once our funding was gone that we wouldn't say anything, hoping we wouldn't continue to talk about issues like minority rights, homosexuals and the poor. They hoped to shut us down and shut us up. “HELL NO!” We did not “hunker down” or leave town, but we stood fast and fought the battle TOGETHER. It was beautiful to see all our people there at the trial who gave the Esperanza support and energy. Obviously City Council was not smart enough to realize that they had violated our own Constitution, which gave us more reasons to sue for singling us out. We had to, and did win, for ALL of San Antonio.

After five long years of being denied funding from our city, the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center finally had a breath of relief. At ten o'clock am Federal Judge Orlando Garcia ended the battle in favor of the Esperanza on May 15, 2001. Making the front page of the San Antonio Express News, we showed that we were not about to be defeated. The Esperanza is my home and a part of me. Because of all my time, energy and support, I am proud to say that I am part of the Esperanza.

Knowing that with every rock we hit and with every hill that turned to a mountain, we didn't fall, I learned that the Esperanza is not just a place on a street, but it is everyone and anyone who sees the world in a different light and wants to make a change in their own special way. I think that's what we are all here for, to look at all the beautiful and positive things about la vida. I say “We” because “We is all of us.”

~ todos somos esperanza ~



Yasmin M. Parra Codina graduated from Brackenridge High School this year and will be attending flight school in Oklahoma. No doubt, she will soar. This article first appeared in the June, 2001 issue of El Placazo, a publication of San Anto Cultural Arts.

EDITORIAL

Quince años han pasado

La buena gente of Esperanza dream of a world where everyone has civil rights and economic justice, where the environment is cared for, where cultures are honored and communities are safe. The Esperanza Center advocates for those wounded by domination and inequality- women, people of color, lesbians and gay men, the working class and poor. We believe in creating bridges between people by exchanging ideas and educating and empowering each other. We have learned that in order to participate fully in democratic civil life, individuals must be culturally grounded, confident of their own voices, and certain of the value of their contributions. Art and culture give us this grounding. From our parents, grandparents, sisters and brothers throughout the world, from our teachers and children, we have learned that social and political divisions can not be bridged without accurate and respectful cultural understanding. We believe it is vital to share our visions of hope...we are esperanza.

Quince años han pasado. The Esperanza was founded in 1987 with a vision of bringing together under one roof folks who simply wanted to make this world a better place for all to live in. The hope was that we could let each other live life as we chose and support each other's efforts to improve our daily lives through political and artistic actions both locally and globally. The name, Esperanza, was chosen as a tribute to women who are the cultural carriers and negotiators of peace in the world and who bear forth the future of our world. Children, the hope for our future.

The opening of Esperanza at 1305 N. Flores was attended by gente who spilled out into the courtyard around a circular fountain as children poked at the green water filled with algae in hopes of spotting the few gold fish that lived there. One of the guest speakers for that event was, María Berriozábal, then San Antonio councilwoman for District 1. In this issue of La Voz. María writes a detailed account of the local struggle to preserve our aquifer and redirect urban sprawl away from our pristine source of water. María is no longer a councilwoman but remains a champion of the people and of our madre tierra. Through thick and thin María, amiga de la Esperanza, has remained steadfast in the last 15 years in her principles to put gente first.

In 1987, Yasmin Codina, then a preschooler, began to notice that an Esperanza existed as part of her family's

life and as part of her being. In this issue of La Voz she reflects, as a young woman about to take flight, on what the Esperanza has meant to her. Yasmin saved this editor from the arduous task of putting 15 years of Esperanza into context for Voz readers. Her article serves as an example of how we need to put pen to paper or fingers to the keyboard and document the many lives the Esperanza has lived in 15 years. So many stories to tell and so many people to remember.

Liliana Wilson Grez returns to the Esperanza on the wings of literary angels, Gloria Anzaldúa and Marjorie Agosin, who review the work of her new exhibit, *Erosiones Internas*, with eyes that see beyond the canvas, wood, paper to worlds each have lived. In this issue of Voz we include Anzaldúa's review and urge readers to join us at the opening on July 20 where catalogs with Wilson's work and both reviews will be included.

On July 26th la voz de Lourdes Pérez will

reverberate once again at Esperanza. This time Lourdes returns from a recent trip to Palestine to celebrate with us the release of a new CD, *Tres Oraciones. Palestine, Vieques, Chiapas.*, the work of peace and justice in the poetry of her lyrics and in the richness of her voice will honor the 15 years of Esperanza's life.

Finally, in this issue of Voz, Virginia Raymond who investigated Prairie Dog Town in Lubbock, Texas last year at this time returns with an investigative story on the paupers' cemetery in Austin. Even in death a corpse is not guaranteed peace or justice.

We urgently seek your stories, photos, and creative works to celebrate Esperanza's quince años. Write any memories and bring by any photos, images or video that we can scan on the spot. Or get involved in planning meetings to celebrate Esperanza's 15 years, an organization that is making a difference in San Antonio.



Quince años de Esperanza

**Whomever you are, wherever you are,
you have been part of Esperanza for all or part of our 15 years.
We need your stories, recuerdos, photos, video and creative works*
related to la historia de Esperanza.**

**Names, dates, places, faces, events, images...
all will be part of a commemorative publication of
Todos Somos Esperanza, Los primeros quince años.**

**Bring or send your contributions to the Esperanza
*copies will be made onsite
922 San Pedro, San Antonio, Tx. 78212 or email lavoz@esperanzacenter.org**



**I was born a Black woman
and now
I am become a Palestinian
against the relentless laughter of evil
there is less and less living room
and where are my loved ones?**

It is time to make our way home.

**June Jordan
from *Moving towards Home*, 1982**

June left us a blueprint to make our way home to our collective liberation, where the voices of the inaudible, invisible and undermined would clearly be heard over the din of hopelessness and lies. The blueprint completed, now we get to build our homes, room enough to let all our peoples in...

Eight years ago, when I first began working and studying closely with June, as a student teacher poet for the Poetry for the People program at U.C. Berkeley, I tasted the amazing possibility of poetry as revolutionary force. I saw how poetry could impact profound and unpredictable connections between different peoples. I learnt how poetry could and does save lives, how poetry must and does respond/act, how poetry makes us human and full of faith. June Jordan, teacher, mentor and friend, taught me how revolutionary trust, political engagement, and relentless imagination are the essential ingredients in building a beloved community of solidarity.

Our task as student teacher poets was to get out there, to schools, shelters, cultural centers and prisons, armed with poems and dreams, clear intention and excellent writing, in pursuit of the tender and powerful places where language and experience coalesce. I remember the chaos that sometimes used to be our planning sessions in June's

class. She would participate with giggles and comments that were meant to lighten us up and challenge us, all at the same time. Sometimes, she would break the tension by reminding us that what we were trying to do was necessary and possible and in the apparent madness of our process, there was some big good news about the present and future of poetry and social change.

June asked difficult questions, she dared us to inquire, she demanded total engagement, she deleted taglines and clichés from our language, she allowed all kinds of mistakes to be made and then re-made, she inspired a deep and critical curiosity in the world around us and through all of this, June Jordan reminded us not to take ourselves too seriously.

The poem must always be bigger than its creator. The work must always be more urgent than our egos. The purpose must always be clearer than our outrage. Our work must continue in solidarity and support of the movements around the world for a just, pluralistic, and moral society. Our words must keep moving the Intifada towards home.



Rajasvini Bhansali, poeta
Austin, Texas

June Jordan was born in New York City in 1936. Her books of poetry include *Kissing God Goodbye: Poems, 1991-1997*, *Haruko/Love Poems*, *Naming Our Destiny: New and Selected Poems*, *Living Room*, *Passion*, & *Things That I Do in the Dark*. She is the author of children's books, plays, a novel, & *Poetry for the People: A Blueprint for the Revolution*, a guide to writing, teaching & publishing poetry. Her collections of political essays include *Affirmative Acts: Political Essays & Technical Difficulties*. Her memoir, *Soldier: A Poet's Childhood*, was published in 2000. She was recipient of numerous national literary awards and taught at the University of California, Berkeley, where she founded Poetry for the People. June Jordan died of breast cancer on June 14, 2002, in Berkeley, California.

**get involved... come to the next
general meeting for the 15 años
celebration on saturday, july 13 &
august 17. The celebration
is set for october 26, but details
still need to be worked out & we need
your help! call 228-0201.**

**NEXT Arte es Vida
Community Gathering
SATURDAY, August 3 at 10AM
la casa de cuentos
816 south colorado
call 228.0201**

only flesh, not stone, can remember...

unearthing the histories of “paupers cemeteries” and “pest farms”

By Virginia Raymond

There's a cemetery in Austin, Texas, a short couple of blocks from Norman Elementary School, just west of Ed Bluestein Boulevard or Highway 183. Federal Express vans rush urgently into Technicenter Drive from the highway and back, while only a block away, skinny horses in twos and threes plaintively approach the occasional visitor, coming as close as the fences to their small yards will allow. It is summer, and the school playground is quiet, and no one is here in the middle of the day. The big yellow bulldozer, too, is still, but the fresh mound of dirt next to a hole makes clear that someone has been working recently. This is the county, or “pauper's,” cemetery, but there is more buried here than poor people.

A sign on the fence announces, “Travis County International Cemetery. Established 1896.” Just inside the cemetery, another marker reads:

TEJANOS IN ACTION
A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO OUR FELLOW
VETERANS
MAY THIS MONUMENT SERVE AS A MEMORY
OF THOSE AMERICANS THAT ARE BURIED
HERE AND WHO ADMIRABLY GAVE OF
THEMSELVES FOR THE WELFARE OF THEIR
COUNTRY, FAMILIES, AND FELLOW
AMERICANS. THEIR DEDICATED SERVICE
AND ALTRUISM WAS NOT IN VAIN AND
SHALL ENDURE FOREVER.

DEDICATED ON THIS DATE
MAY 30, 1994

Contributed by
Steve and Son Monument

The first time I came here, I was mystified. What is an “international cemetery”? Why, in this tourism-conscious city, is there a century-old cemetery without any historical marker? East Austin is full of both elementary schools and cemeteries, too close together; there are, in fact, three times as many as the population numbers alone would dictate. Older cemeteries are generally marked on the map and honored with historical markers. Why, if this place has been around so long, is it not included on the lists of historical sites recommended by the Chamber of Commerce or the guides at the Capitol?

The reason this part of town has so many older schools and

cemeteries, of course, is segregation: these were separate facilities for African Americans, Mexican Americans, and whites/Anglos. This cemetery is a short distance from several other cemeteries, including ones established in the same era. Bethany, for example, at Springdale and 12th Street, a historical marker attests, “was established in the late 1800s when burial space set aside for African Americans in Austin's historic Oakwood cemetery was no longer available.” (The marker does not explain the “unavailability.”) Bethany's first recorded burial was of an infant, Helen Moore, in 1879. Plummer Cemetery, further south on Springdale, is within walking distance of both the “International” cemetery and Bethany. And Evergreen, at 12th and Airport, is close by as well.

On the way to Corpus Christi, I always stop at a cemetery designated for “Latin Americans.” Could the “International” in “International Cemetery” have been a code word for “foreigners” or more specifically “Mexicans”? Putting this clue together with the “Tejanos in Action” monument, I began to wonder if this cemetery had started out as a once-segregated burial ground for Mexican Americans. Hmm. Not very many crosses. This much land? Other than on a battlefield or other disaster, how many Mexican Americans would have been buried outside a church graveyard in 1896?

The Mexican cemetery idea didn't add up in other ways, also: geography or chronology. In 1896, this area was outside of Austin: why would *so many* cemeteries be needed outside of a high-density area? The area was countryside; in fact, the horses grazing in yards, well within city limits, still gives this neighborhood a rural feel in 2002. Moreover, this area is a bit north of the area where Travis County Mexicanos lived in the late 19th century.

Although the demography has changed considerably (Norman Elementary today has a significant population of recent Mexican and Central American immigrant children), East Austin between 7th Street and Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Boulevard (formerly 19th Street) has long been a Black neighborhood. After the Civil War, freed slaves settled in communities east of Austin. Professor J. Mason Brewer taught a class at Samuel Huston College on Negro History that, in 1940, published a history of “the Negro in Travis County.” According to this work, after emancipation, “the Negro in Travis County... purchased land where he engaged in farming. Negroes lived in twenty-four communities in the county. Garfield, Del Valle, Sprinkle, Fiskville, Pflugerville, Webberville, Union Lee, Manor, Manchaca, Pleasant Valley,

Elroy, Creedmore, J.B. Norwood, Pilot Knob, Burditt's Prairie, McNeil, Duvall, Ryna Branch, Hungry Hill, Hunter's Bend, Hornsby's Bend, Kinchenville; and one community, Littig, was composed entirely of Negroes.”

What today is the Travis County International Cemetery, would have been in 1896, on the way out of town in the direction of predominantly Black farming communities. Blacks in Austin proper more likely would have buried their loved ones in Bethany, or perhaps Plummer. It was unlikely that African Americans would have needed this cemetery, but it was even less likely that it served the Mexican American community.

Mexican Americans tended to live south of what is now 7th street, closer to the river, or south of it. A Travis County Historical Commission survey, completed in 1986, of cemeteries in Travis County lists the following “Hispanic” cemeteries: Elroy Mexican Baptist Church, Evelyn, Hornsby Bend, Shiller, Jones, St. Elizabeth Church, San José I and II, Santa María de la Luz, and Vasquez. With the exception of the cemeteries in Pflugerville, most of these cemeteries are located south of what I was beginning to think of as my “mystery” cemetery.

And the mystery deepened. Who was buried here? I tried checking names on graves. This investigation yielded some information about the recent past, but nothing about the 19th century. The people buried here were penniless, and many of the newer graves are marked only by thin metal plates with names printed on paper. The paper flies away or fades, the metal plates are washed or blown away, or corroded by the sun and rain. Most graves are unmarked, although there are several tombstones with hand-carved inscriptions, and even a few quite elaborate graves. Some more recent graves are decorated with children's toys or plastic flowers.

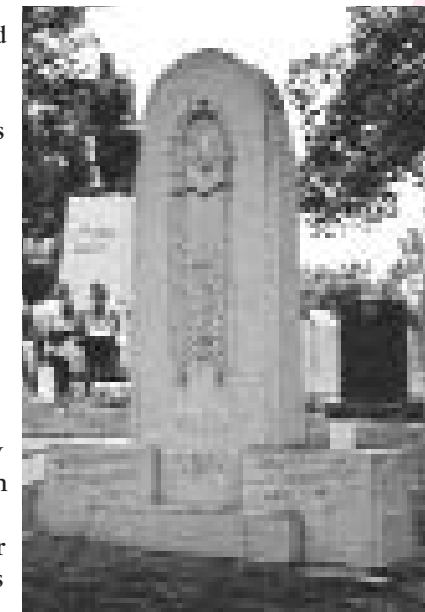
Those names I could read included Spanish, presumably Mexican American, names, but Asian names as well, and names that could be African American or Anglo. Almost all of the still legible markers remembered people who had died relatively recently – well past the era of legally mandated segregation – so none of this information told me what I wanted to know about the origins of the cemetery.

At the Austin History Center, my initial attempts to find out more continued to meet with frustration and a mysterious omission. The 1986 Travis County Historical Commission survey was supposed to cover all the cemeteries in the county from 19th century to date. Review of this documentation, which consisted of a large black notebook and a corresponding map, confirmed what was already obvious — both that the cemeteries in Austin were historically segregated, and that when a cemetery was not

designated as to ethnicity, it was white. Lists of cemeteries were organized under the categories “Cemeteries,” “African Cemeteries,” and “Hispanic Cemeteries.” *But in this quite exhaustive document, the Travis County International Cemetery, at Axel and Wilcab streets, does not appear at all.* (Nor was this cemetery included on the Rand McNally maps of Austin, until at least as late as 1999. Today, the large, detailed map by Rand McNally includes the county cemetery, as does the Mapco version.)

The county historical commission survey included a *different* “International” Cemetery, but it was located in central Austin (between IH35 on the east and Mopac to the West, south of 290), not anywhere near “my” mystery cemetery.

In the area bounded by 183 on the east, the Colorado River/Town Lake on the South, IH35 on the West, and 290 on the north, a number of cemeteries were noted. Besides the aforementioned Evergreen, Bethany, and Plummers,



Ma & Pa Ferguson's Final Resting Place

there is Oakwood Cemetery. Oakwood is said to be the oldest cemetery in Austin, at least since the city's settlement by Europeans. East Austin is also the site of the State Cemetery, resting place of Texas “patriots,” and government officials. The City of Austin publishes a guide for a “historic walking tour” of this cemetery so that visitors will not miss the graves of people such as Texas Ranger John Austin Wharton, Susanna Dickinson of Alamo fame, and Governors “Ma” and “Pa” Ferguson.

The 1986 county historical commission report also named the individual people buried in each cemetery, to the extent that the information was known. Information on whites/Anglos was easier for the commission to find. They wrote, “[T]he 118 non-hispanic European cemeteries have 7,500 internees, the 9 hispanic cemeteries have 1,250, and the 28 African cemeteries have 450. Most obviously, this last case is not representative of the nineteenth century population.”

We know that the lives of poor people, African Americans and Mexican Americans, go largely unnoticed in the pages of most history textbooks. Even so, as I paged through the census, the disappearance of even the names of so many of these dead left me feeling hollow. These people came from families, worked, loved, lived in my adopted city. Where were they remembered? The cemetery contained so few traces: those metal plates, scattered around the lush green grass, plastic flowers, a few stone markers that you could barely read anymore, all those names absorbed by the elements...

Finally, I found some newspaper articles about the cemetery. In 1967, Carol Fowler wrote in the *Austin American-Statesman* that the seven-acre tract on which the cemetery is

**¡Felicidades,
Viola!**

**Viola Casares of
Fuerza Unida was
selected as a
recipient for the
Charles Bannerman
fellowship and will
be on sabbatical
for two months.
Descansa el buen
descanso y goza tu
tiempo libre.**

**Cariños y
recuerdos,
La Buena Gente de
Esperanza**

The Prisoners' Defense Committee is an organization committed to the prisoners of Texas. We strive to enable prisoners to fulfill their dreams for their families and hometown. We gather information related to the (in)justice system in Texas and, more specifically, San Anto's neighborhoods that are disproportionately represented in prisons. The PDC is to making the public aware of the injustice brought on to minorities and the working poor by exposing the current attitudes and behaviors of the local police force and the agencies that support/regulate them. Call Mitchell or Johnny 210/534-0089, see our website at www.tpdcc.org or write us at 1215 S. Presa, San Antonio, TX 78210

located has belonged to Travis County since 1895, but the land was used originally as a pest farm...Mainly persons who died of diseases like small pox and typhoid lay in unmarked graves on the land...It is not known how many persons who died at the pest farm are buried at the cemetery.

So, this land - then outside Austin city limits - was bought by the county in 1895 as a place to send people ill with serious, contagious diseases. The discreet sign announcing that the cemetery was "established" in 1896, as I understand it, means that the first person died and was buried on that land in that year. The hospital - or, coldly, "pest farm" - became a graveyard.

Forty years later, when there was no longer a need for the "pest farm," and Austin had grown, county officials took advantage of the underused space. Wanting to sell the now-valuable tract of land of the original "international" - or pauper's cemetery - closer to the center town, they simply dug it up. "Upwards of 200 bodies were moved onto the land [of the former "pest farm"] in the late 1930s when the county sold the land on which the Travis County poor farm had been located," Fowler wrote. This must have been the *other* International Cemetery described by the historical commission, a cemetery that is no longer obvious to the casual person moving about Austin minding her own business. These dead were moved east to the outskirts of town, reburied in one mass grave; the old "pest farm" became the new "poor farm."

Perhaps the "international" designation was significant, after all: in death, the poorest were all buried together, regardless of ethnicity, nationality, or "race." This may have been the first truly integrated cemetery in Austin. But this story is not one recorded in the puff-pieces, historical markers, or coffee books about Austin's history. No tourists are directed to the county cemetery and former pest farm.

Carol Fowler's piece settled one mystery for me, but raised even more questions. What was a "pest-farm"?

How did people get there? What was going on?

I believe that the Travis County "pest farm" came into being in the 1890's primarily as a response to small pox, and fear of small pox, as opposed to other contagious diseases. The rhetoric surrounding what was described as a public health threat - and which was, in fact, a genuinely awful and contagious disease - was permeated with Anglo fears of Mexicans. Smallpox was horrible, but the legitimate fear of the illness was hysterically pumped up, and inextricably connected with, anti-Mexican hatred.

Does this sound familiar? It reminded me of the proposals for quarantining people with AIDS: an actual disease, grounded fear, and virulent homophobia combined to create panic and punitive strategies. In fact, it was the quarantines of the 1890s - against small pox, cholera, yellow fever, and perhaps typhoid - declared by the State Health Officers, that provided the precedent for late 20th century AIDS quarantine proposals.

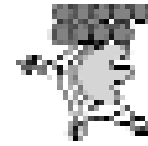
There were other contagious diseases in the late 19th century. But class, and to a lesser extent "race" or ethnicity, rather than contagion, seemed to be the factor that determined which people and diseases warranted quarantine.

Tuberculosis was associated, in public imagery, with upper middle class New Yorkers and New Englanders. "Lungers" came south and west to (northern) Texas and New Mexico for the clean, dry air. There was even a kind of cachet that came with tuberculosis. Western communities frequently *sought out* people with tuberculosis, advertising the healing properties of the local air and springs. (There's gold in them thar illnesses, as there is today in prisons and state jails.) Sanitariums and health spas had, to say the least, rather different social connotations than did "pest houses" or "pest farms."

Small pox, on the other hand, came to

Not Over Our Water! Not With Our Money!

by Maria Berriozábal



Background

The Smart Growth Coalition is composed of individuals and organizations that organized in opposition to the PGA Village Resort. Among its members are the Esperanza Center, the Green Party, The League of Women Voters, Neighborhoods First Alliance, ArtEscuela, various neighborhood associations, Fuerza Unida, environmental groups and others.

After months of informal petition drives carried out by citizens' groups asking City Council not to enter into an agreement with Lumbermen's Investment Corporation for the creation of the PGA Village, on April 4, 2002 the City Council passed the PGA Village Ordinance. Councilmen Julian Castro and John Sanders had the courage to vote No. That day a formal petition drive began asking the City Council to either rescind the ordinance or submit the issue to a vote of the electors of San Antonio.

For 40 days thousands of volunteers worked to gather the 63,000 petitions needed to put the issue to a vote. Save Our Aquifer, SOA, the coalition of individuals and organizations who organized to oppose the PGA Village Resort, involved over 1,000 volunteers. COPS/ Metro Alliance worked through their network of church based groups with their own volunteers. A great disappointment was the many times that volunteers were removed from public facilities, such as malls, libraries, the Alamodome, the Botanical Gardens, public colleges and universities. As one volunteer put it, it was like working in an underground movement not like exercising the Constitutional right to petition one's government.

On May 13, SOA together with COPS/Metro Alliance turned in 79,083 signatures. It was a great setback, however, when after a 20 day review by the City Clerk, 29,570 signatures were invalidated. Because of errors found by the citizens' groups and called to the attention of the City Clerk, 3,812 signatures were restored, making the total gathered during the first phase 53,325.

The City used its discretion to grant 20 more days to gather the final 9,681 signatures that were still needed. Although, it took creativity to find new locations to reach new signatories, SOA volunteers found that people were very upset about the large numbers of signatures that were invalidated and many new people were eager to sign the petition.

Frustration was also palpable during this period because while volunteers were out in the hot sun getting new signatures, Mayor Ed Garza was hosting meetings at City Hall to come up with a different agreement. His hope has been to garner citizen support for a new agreement removing the need for an election. Many citizens have felt that our elected officials at City Hall are not in tune with general opposition to the PGA Village agreement. The overwhelming majority of people who signed the petition did so because

they oppose the PGA agreement. Any compromise or new agreement is not acceptable. Not Over Our Water and Not With Our Money remains Save Our Aquifer's mantra. SOA has refused to participate in any negotiations or discussions about changes to the agreement. People did not give us their signatures for us to use them as mere leverage. Save Our Aquifer has committed to protecting the integrity of the signatures that were received in the herculean petition drive.

On June 25, 2002 Save Our Aquifer and COPS/Metro Alliance turned in an additional whopping 26,000 signatures for a grand total of 105,000 signatures during the entire petition drive. Because of the large number presented, we felt the City Clerk would be able to certify that the goal of 63,006 was reached. The City Council would then have only two options: to rescind the PGA Ordinance in its entirety or to call an election. Anything other than these two options would violate the wishes of thousands of people who signed the petition and be a great disservice to the workers who volunteered time to secure signatures.



A Violation of Voter Rights, The Lawsuit

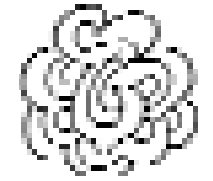
However, for several days after SOA acquired the names of persons whose signatures had been invalidated for lack of voter registration numbers, volunteers meticulously reviewed reports. We were shocked to discover that many of the invalidated signatures were of registered voters. Most were minorities. Spanish names being the most obvious. COPS/Metro Alliance were conducting their own review. They were also finding signatories who were registered voters. At one point the City Clerk validated over 3,000 names from the invalidated lists due to our review.

If a proper check had been done it is highly probable that we would not have had to go through a second round of petition gathering. We would have had enough signatures during the first 40-day period. Registered voters signing the petition have a right to have their signatures be validated.

Under the Voting Rights Act, which applies in a city like San Antonio with a very high percentage of minority citizens, the City of San Antonio should have cleared the use of computers with the Justice Department before using them. Thousands of signatures being thrown out is not a minor issue to overlook.

Save Our Aquifer was fortunate to have the legal expertise of lawyer, Amy Kastely and a team of attorneys who have volunteered to provide legal assistance. On Wednesday, June 25 SOA filed a lawsuit and a motion for a Temporary Restraining Order (TRO) in Federal Court on behalf of several minority registered voters whose signatures had been thrown out. Several hours later, The Honorable Fred Biery issued a TRO preventing the City Council from acting any further on

continued on page 14



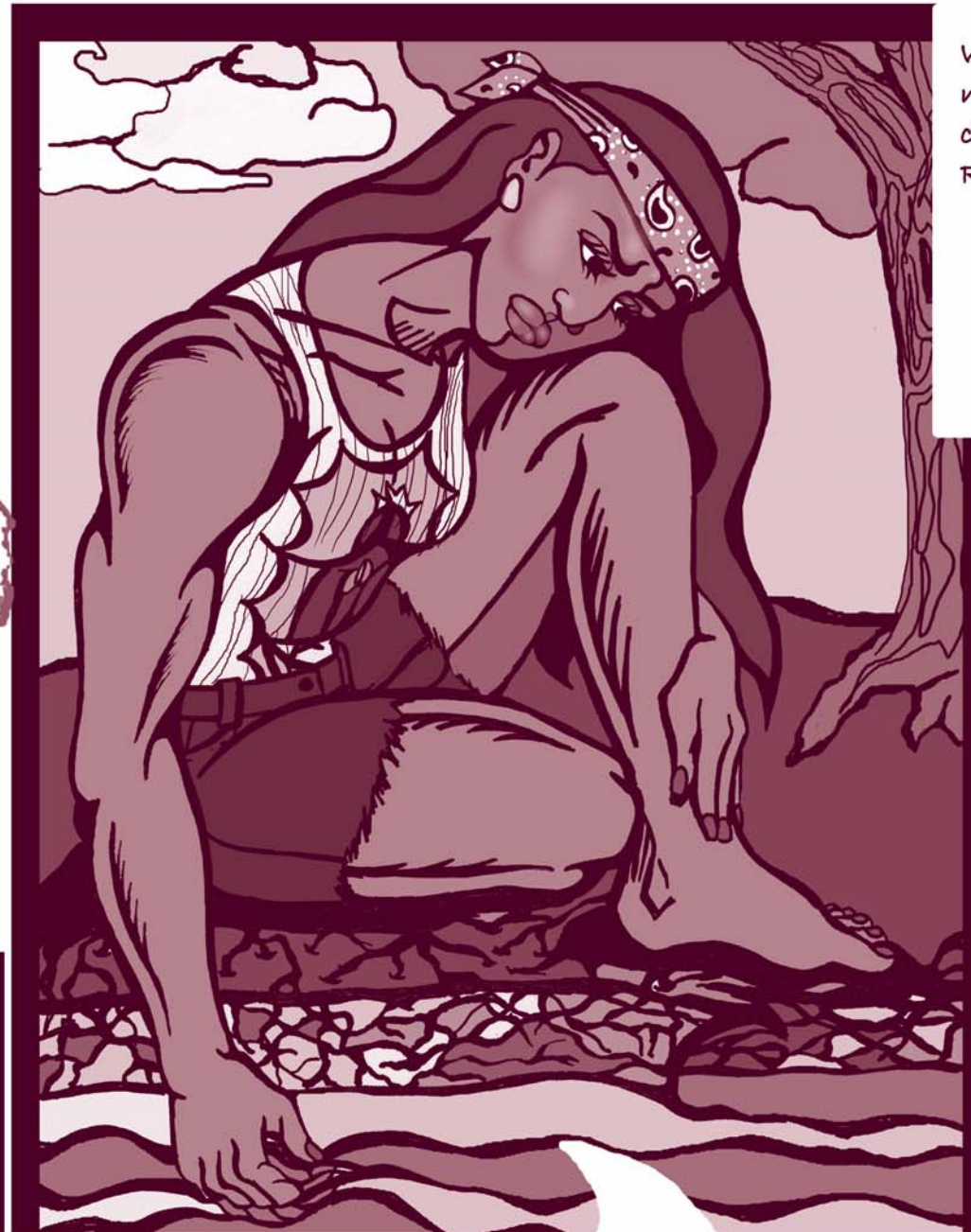


PGA Village would be located over some of the most vulnerable portions of the Edwards Aquifer Recharge Zone in Bexar County. Our water will be subject to contamination from golf course pesticides, fertilizers, and herbicides. City government has the power to extend the ultimate protection to our water, no development.

ACCESS TO WATER IS OUR BIRTH RIGHT
& SHOULD BE PROTECTED AT ANY COST!



Nos chingarón con LA GLORIA but you're not going to see another term in office. You underhandedly attempted to throw out the signatures for the referendum against the PGA. Con esta no van a ganar vendidos. Van a ver quien es la RAZA!



We have to protect and defend our Madre Tierra not only for ourselves, but for the chavalitas y chavalitos who will come after us. Solo que òrale RAZA pongansen trucha y entrenles a la lucha.

As our brother Malcolm X says,
"By any means necessary."

WE MUST SAVE L'AGUA!

I see all this patriotism in SAN ANTO right now, but do they actually know what it means to love & respect this land? How can you be a patriot & allow the PGA to come in and build over one of the most precious and essential resources we have, for the benefit of an elite few to play a game? How can we embrace the idea of "loving our country" & allow its gifts to be exhausted the way we do? I guess it's easier to hang a North American flag from your rearview mirror & say you love this country, than it is to embody what it means to actually respect & honor la Madre Tierra.





continued from page 11

the PGA Village Ordinance. He scheduled a hearing on this issue for July 5 and then rescheduled it for July 8. However, he allowed the City clerk to continue verification of the newly filed signatures either manually or with computers.

On Thursday, June 26, without discussing it with our attorneys, Rolando Rios, who has been retained by the city to handle this case, filed a motion for an amendment to the June 25 TRO. Judge Biery granted the request. The City wanted the Judge to allow City Council to vote to rescind the PGA Ordinance before the certification of the City Clerk. The Judge thought this would be a good idea. This would have been a very good idea, ordinarily, except for one detail. **If the Council votes to rescind the ordinance before certification of the signatures, and then passes a "different" ordinance, they can then come up with a "different" agreement with the developer. The 105,000 signatures will then be moot. Another petition drive will have to be conducted to affect the "new" ordinance.**

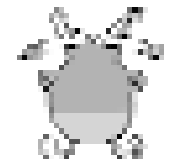
This is obviously against the wishes of the people who signed the petitions. It is also a violation of the City Charter.

A group of devoted Save Our Aquifer volunteers – with strong representation from the Esperanza and ArtEscuela – kept vigil for several hours at the City Council meeting of June 26.

At the end of the meeting our group was told that the Council did not address the issue of the PGA Village, even though it had been included in the day's agenda, because of the discussions around the lawsuit. The next opportunity for the City Council to discuss this issue is in August. The City Council does not hold meetings in July. The only exception is that the Mayor or three Council members could call a special meeting at any time.

At the time of this writing, we are preparing for the July 8, 9:00 a. m. Federal Court hearing. We ask that you support this effort to assure that our voting rights are protected by the City of San Antonio. We ask that you help hold our elected officials accountable on this most important issue. Stay in touch with the Esperanza Center as this case progresses.

When the Council rescinds the PGA Ordinance with no intention of bringing it back after a metamorphosis, it will be a great victory for all the people. If the Council votes to hold an election, we will need to work very hard but we are very optimistic that we will win. Either way, we need your support. We need your donations to Save Our Aquifer. We also need your time.



¡Ya Basta! Enough is enough!

Never in the history of our city has a petition drive been so successful. As a comparison Mayor Ed Garza won with 59,000 votes. Save Our Aquifer, COPS/ Metro Alliance together gathered 105,000 signatures. The issue of the PGA Village has struck a chord. One of the most repeated arguments of the supporters of the project is the fact that there has already been incredible growth over the Edwards Aquifer recharge area. Proponents ask two questions. "Why was there no one opposing other development? Housing? The abundance of business strips? Gas stations with their corresponding dangers? Golf courses, even City owned?

This question is framed as if the bad decisions, which were made in the past, are reason to make one more bad decision. At some point unsustainable growth has to stop and balanced growth must be given chance. Another option would be to buy and maintain the area simply as a natural preserve.

For anyone who has followed the history of San Antonio during recent decades, it is clear that there have been organizations and individuals voicing deep concern over this urban sprawl. Traffic congestion, air pollution and siphoning of public resources for inner city and south side neighborhoods has been a constant problem. Public decisions directing this growth can be traced back to the late sixties when the Bexar County Commissioners Court created the Bexar County Hospital District – in spite of a no vote of the citizens. The UT Board of Regents followed the trend of growth northward with the establishment of UTSA on Loop 1604 in the early 1970's. During the 80's dozens of zoning changes made it possible for developers to stake claims on properties. Many of these were speculative moves as property owners waited for a critical mass of development to reap maximum benefits from their investments. Each of these decisions established the roots of the current urban sprawl.

In 1989 the granting of a huge tax abatement for the creation of Fiesta Texas moved the development across from Loop 1604. Fiesta Texas became a catalyst for growth over the Aquifer and the sprawl moved north of Loop 1604. At the time I cast the lone "NO" vote on this tax abatement, the land was vacant. At that time there were voices saying, there is no development now let us keep it that way. But they were not heard. At each step of this growth, there have been citizens in opposition.

What I have seen in the current PGA controversy is that San Antonians have had enough. In both Applewhite elections and in the recently passed Bond Issue authorizing public funds to purchase property over the aquifer, people have stated their concerns over their water. They have voiced their concerns over the lack of debate in the Texas Legislature that created the enabling legislation for the Special Taxing District that made PGA Village possible. There was a lack of debate at the City Council because the major decisions were made in executive sessions.

At some point people just say enough is enough. Ya basta!



Celebrate our Freedoms

Hopefully, people who signed the petitions and those who gathered the signatures, will make a commitment to stay involved for the long haul. If we are going to have sustainable development, protect our water, make democracy work and have a city that benefits all people, citizens will have to stay involved. There is no better way to celebrate the freedoms of our country than by this involvement.

Finally, special gratitude goes to the board and staff of the Esperanza Center for being one of the pillars of this petition drive. Thank you to La Voz for providing us an opportunity to tell the story. Adelante!

Maria Antonietta Berriozabal
Member Coalition for Smart Growth and Save Our Aquifer
July 1, 2002

continued from page 10

be associated with Mexico and Mexicans, and with poverty. (This association twisted history: it was Europeans who brought small pox to the Americas, effectively killing off an incalculable number of indigenous people.) Health officials (as they continue to do today) used military metaphors when discussing disease. Small pox was seen as "invading" the United States from the Gulf of Mexico and Mexico itself; the task was to "stop it at the border" and to "defeat it." There were reports of outbreaks of smallpox in Brownsville and in what was described as "the pest ridden city of Laredo."

If small pox was indeed more prevalent in Mexican communities, the reasons had to do more with class than ethnicity or culture. In the late 19th century, Mexican Americans were in the process of losing their land and being pushed deeper into poverty, in violent processes of modernization that have been described by David Montejano and Richard Flores. Smallpox, like other contagious diseases, spreads more rapidly when people lived in crowded conditions, and don't have adequate access to clean water, ventilation, and health care. In Texas, this meant Mexican American communities. In late 19th century New York, quarantine measures were directed against impoverished Lower East Side communities of Eastern European Jewish immigrants.

Physicians were influenced by their biases in determining who would be quarantined and who would be allowed to convalesce at home. In 19th century Texas, these physicians would have been primarily, though not exclusively, Anglos. (Dr. Brewer's Negro History Class named R. John Henry Stevens, Dr. E.W.D. Abner, and Dr. T.A. Wabner as prominent "colored" physicians in Austin in the period between Emancipation and 1905.)

Public health efforts (then as now) were directed, depending on your point of view, "at," "against," or "for," poorer and darker peoples generally. In his report on Texas quarantine for 1883-1884, the State Health Official, Dr. Swearingen, advocated applying different health measures for different classes of people.

In thinly settled districts...sometimes in a family whose members can nurse each other...[the family may] employ a physician and defray all incidental expenses. *This class of citizens generally appreciate the danger, and would, under no conditions, willingly expose friends and neighbors to the contagion.* Yellow flags around the premises will warn the wayfarer from the

infected house, and maintain isolation as complete as would a regiment of soldiers. *Under such circumstance official interference or surveillance is not imperatively demanded. When, however, small-pox is found among people who cannot provide for themselves, or whose proximity is dangerous to others, it becomes the duty of town, county or State to isolate and properly care for them.*

(my emphasis)

Swearingen made clear that not everyone was trustworthy. It wasn't just about having money, it was also about having a conscience sufficiently developed that a person would be

concerned about the welfare of others. If a sick person had money, common sense, and the will to keep himself from infecting others, he could be exempted from the pest farm. A few years later, State physician Dr. Blunt continued this theme when he ordered incarceration in the pest house for anyone "thought to be sick," but he excepted people who "could afford a state appointed guard and whose house was not in close proximity to any other."

Who could be trusted? An early-twentieth century report by public health officials in Dallas recommended specific measures for the "Negro" population; the plans would require the cooperation of "the doctors, teachers, ministers and other public spirited

representatives of the colored race." At the same time, however, Dallas health officials relegated Blacks and Mexican Americans to the basement of the city hospital.

Nowhere in Texas were "public health" initiatives so violently and punitively enforced as in Laredo. In October, 1898, a child's death was attributed to small pox; by the end of January, 1899, more than a hundred cases of small pox were reported. According to Carlos Cuellar, most of the small pox "vaccination and fumigation efforts were directed at the poorer barrios along Zacate Creek on the east side of town." At an emergency meeting in 1888 or 1889, then State Health Official Dr. Blunt came from Austin to warn Mayor L.J. Christen and a large crowd of the new rules. He also ordered "house-to-house vaccination and fumigation, the burning of all questionable clothing and personal effects that could not be fumigated, and the establishment of a field hospital to disinfect patients. This field hospital was in effect a quarantined area, referred to as the 'pesthouse.'" According



Stephen Austin's Grave

to Jerry Thompson's history of Laredo, Blunt announced that "anyone thought to be sick must be immediately moved to the 'pest house'. Tents were to be erected and family members detained."

There was intense popular resistance to these orders. To enforce the decrees, Dr. Blunt requested the assistance of those well-known health care providers, the Texas Rangers, in March of 1899. South Texas mexicanos did not take well to the idea of immunizations by the rinches; in response, Cuellar writes, the Rangers "broke down doors, removed occupants by force, and took all who were suspected of having smallpox to the pesthouse." The diagnosticians were showered by rocks, Assistant City Marshal Idar was hit by a stone, and Pablo Aguilar received a gunshot wound. The following day, the conflict grew more violent. Laredo resident Agapito Herrera was shot in the chest by a Texas Ranger's gun, and another Ranger ran up to the wounded man and shot him twice more in the head to ensure his death. Then Herrera's sister and a friend were both shot by the Rangers. Several more people were injured, a number fled across the river, and many more arrested. It may be that some who crossed died of gunshot wounds in Mexico. Two months later, the quarantine was lifted.

There is much irony, as well as pathos, in state health officials' insulting assumption that people in Laredo could not be trusted to take precautions, even that the poor would negligently or "willingly expose friends and neighbors to the contagion." Laredo was a highly organized and politicized community, in which mutual aid organizations offered assistance of many types to its members.

Moreover, the first public health measures (that we know about) in what is now Texas were enacted by the Mexican government. In 1806, as former State Health Commissioner Robert Bernstein acknowledges, "the first smallpox inoculations were administered in San Antonio de Béxar." During the period when Texas and Coahuila were a combined state under Mexican rule, decrees of 1830 "authorized financial aid to smallpox sufferers." Smallpox vaccination was also made compulsory in 1830 in San Antonio. The first boards of health were established in 1831 and soon after in San Felipe de Austin, San Antonio, Goliad, and Nacogdoches. "All of these were established to deal with the panic that inevitably accompanied outbreaks of smallpox and cholera, and they ceased functioning as soon as the epidemics passed." Yet by the end of the century, under United States and Texas governance, public officials claimed that quasi-military actions were necessary to persuade Laredo residents to take health precautions.



Oakwood Cemetary located in Austin Texas

known, it is hard to believe that people anywhere went voluntarily to the pest farm or pest house. First of all, these were places for poor people only, not for anyone who had a choice to stay at home. Quarantine laws were closely associated with poverty; as an entry by Dick Smith in the Handbook of Texas explains.

[I]n 1891 the county judge was empowered by the legislature to appoint a part-time county physician to make and enforce local quarantine regulations, but in 1909 the office was abolished and the position of county health officer was established...He was...charged with giving medical care to people in jails and poorhouses and to those on the pauper rolls of the county. In addition, he cooperated with the State Department of Public Health...in matters relating to quarantine, inspection, disease prevention, and vital statistics.

"Public" as applied to health care does not mean everyone; it means poor people. Public health measures had more to do with control than with the well being of the poor or working classes.

As in Austin, people with small pox were banished from cities. The Dallas "pesthouse" was six miles outside of town. It is not even clear that any of these pest farms or pest houses even had *buildings* to shelter the patients (or, more honestly, detainees). The only photographs of such a facility that I have found so far are in a 1925 treatise by Dr. Charles A.R. Campbell, who was the physician at the San

Antonio Pest House. One photograph shows the "de luxe quarters" - a small frame house - of Dr. Campbell. "Persons held in detention on account of having been exposed to smallpox," on the other hand, were kept in a row of tents, according to Campbell. There were separate tents for "whites and negroes."

Worse, Dr. Campbell's memoir, *Bats, Mosquitoes and Dollars*, brags about his experiments to prove that bedbugs carried smallpox. The subjects he names included "Anita H., a Mexican child, four years of age...J.D., an individual [who] had never been vaccinated nor had smallpox...[and] P.H., a Mexican." Some of the people Dr. Campbell used as guinea pigs were patients, but others were uninfected people whom he deliberately exposed to smallpox patients, their clothing, or toys, to test his hypotheses. Yet the forward to Dr. Campbell's book notes bitterly that the doctor had not been able to fulfill his "ardent desire to go to Mexico, in order to experiment upon jail-birds" there.

I am left with many questions about the people who were sent to die in "pest houses" and "pest farms." Who were they? What were their lives like before and after their incarceration? Were they even sick - or only exposed to smallpox, or only "suspected" of having smallpox? (Did some have chicken pox or poison ivy?) Am I right in suspecting that the Travis County pest farm was for people with small pox - or were there also people with cholera, typhoid, or yellow fever? Were people sent there for still other diseases? What were their lives like before and after detention? Did any live to leave the pest farm? What happened to their families? Were families taken to the pest farm together; were lovers separated by public health police? Were there babies, children, adults, elderly people? Were most people single or in families and friends? Did they try to make jokes? What did they bicker about? Did they cook their own food? Was the pest farm a self-sustaining economy (as were prisons, as was the tuberculosis sanitarium in the town of Sanitarium, on the road between Lubbock and Big Spring)? Were they too sick to function? Did anyone ever try to escape? Did they succeed? Did people complain about their incarceration, or conditions at the pest farm? Did they organize? Were babies born on the pest farm?

What few guesses I can make about the Austin pest farm are based on better, but not much better, documentation from San Antonio, Dallas, and Laredo. It is frustrating to try to gather up the pieces and realize that there are so few hints

and clues to go on. What makes me angry, rather than frustrated, though, is the knowledge that much of this history has been consciously suppressed. Like the two hundred poor people whose bodies were dug up and dumped in cheaper earth in the 1930's, these histories have been stashed out of sight. Forgotten.

Almost.

There was still that marker by the Tejanos in Action; it had been part of the mystery to me. So I tracked the Tejanos in Action down and asked who they were. Tejanos in Action, I learned, was a group founded in 1993, after discussions the preceding year, by Arturo Puentes, Ralph De La Fuente, Frank Cortez, Ramón Gonzales, Frank Adame, and David R. Jaso. The founders were troubled that some of their friends were left out of other veterans' groups - such as the Catholic War Veterans, the American Legion, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW). It shouldn't matter, they told me, that some of us served during wartime, and others didn't. The founders of the Tejanos in Action didn't like being in parades and seeing their friends, also veterans, waving from the sidelines, unacknowledged. According to the Tejanos in Action website, there was a "need for a veterans group that did not require a veteran to have served in time of war." They told me that all veterans had "served their country too - just a little early - or a little late."

The men also wanted a veterans group with a local focus. Other organizations "don't come down to the grassroots, to East Austin. It doesn't filter down."

Tejanos in Action, I was assured, is inclusive in more ways than one. "Virginia," Franklin Mendez chided me when I asked about the group, making assumptions based on their name, "Tejanos in Action is not about Hispanics, or Mexican Americans, it's about serving the community as a veterans organization... We are a non-profit organization and our ranks are open to all veterans." Tejanos in Action Commander Arthur T. Moreno also emphasized that "the membership...has, since its inception, consisted mainly of Mexican Americans. However, the organization is proud of its entire membership that has always included other ethnic groups."

Why the memorial at the Travis County International Cemetery? Franklin Mendez told me that "the cemetery is a pauper cemetery, the county buries its indigent citizens there. They are of all races and the only common denominator is that they are poor and cannot afford a decent burial." The Tejanos in Action were troubled because a number of veterans were laid to rest in that cemetery, without "a decent burial." In 1999, they knew of at least 54 veterans buried there. Here were people (mostly men), who had served their country, yet died penniless and alone, often in nursing homes. Worse, a number had died homeless. It was not right.

As a group, the Tejanos in Action have cleaned the grounds of the Travis County International Cemetery ("it looked like a jungle out there"), with the same community spirit that they

**1678 Broadway
San Antonio, TX 78209
214-343-3374**

**Massage Therapy
Waxing
Facials
Skin Care/Treatments**

**Body Wraps/Scrubs
Full Body Treatments
Gift Certificates**

HOURS
Tuesday-Friday 11 AM-7 PM
Saturday 10 AM-6 PM
Closed

• Eye treatment is involving behind physical & emotional fatigue and uncovering a brand new you.

have worked on the grounds of the Battered Women's Shelter (now SafePlace). According to Art Moreno, one of the major service projects of the organization is to hold memorial events honoring veterans at the county cemetery. "In an effort to honor the veterans buried [there], Tejanos in Action created a monument in their behalf. In 1994 and in 1995 three flag poles were installed to enhance the monument area, as well as to facilitate ceremonies during Memorial Day and Veterans Day."

Tejanos in Action have helped remember the veterans buried at the county cemetery, insisting that the lives, sacrifices, and contributions of these people mattered. Our task, now, is to recover the histories of the many others buried there since 1896.

What were their names? Were they babies, children, adults? Men or women? In what ways, now forgotten, did they build and serve our communities? Were they among the unrecognized, anonymous inmates who built the Texas Capitol without compensation? Did they cook for their families, nurse infants, farm, teach, sew? Did they pick cotton, tend the abundant pecan orchards of the Blacklands Prairie east of town, preach? Did people detained with smallpox care for each other, carry water, sing lullabies, hold

hands, make promises to send word to someone outside? Did they pave our streets, carry the garbage away, build Brackenridge Hospital, wipe the sweat off of sweaty children's foreheads, braid the hair of their daughters, sisters and cousins?

Are some of the poor now buried and forgotten the people who dammed the Colorado River, creating Lake Travis, Lake Austin, and Town Lake? Were these poor among the Civilian Conservation Corps workers who built the University of Texas Tower?

Or were the women, men, and children buried at the Travis County International Cemetery people who held their families and communities together in ways that only flesh, not stone, can remember. When will *these* stories be told?



Virginia Raymond, professor U.T. Austin
Full citations available on request.
Contact lavoz@esperanzacenter.org or call 228-0201.
— Thanks to Tom Kolker and our children - Joey, Rebecca, and Louis - for finding ways to interest yourselves in cemeteries on blazing hot days while I make just a few more notes.

Peace and Eternal Glory

Esperanza staff, board and friends wish to extend heartfelt condolences to staff member, dragonfly, and her family on the recent passing of her father William Donald Wilson who entered into eternal glory and peace on June 20, 2002. Mr. Wilson served as a combat medic and retired SFC and was also a deacon at Antioch Baptist Church where a final tribute to his life on earth was celebrated. His feisty, generous spirit lives with those who remain, including his cherished wife, Mary Dean Smith of 45 years and his four daughters and their families: Leila Reed, Sharon Cusmano, Donna Bennett and most especially Robin Wilson known as dragonfly. who now embarks on a new life journey as she begins studies at Rutgers University in New Jersey. She shared with Voz readers the special man her father was/is in her poem "concurrent receipt" which appeared in the November 2001 Voz. A happy belated birthday, dragonfly, and remember that your home and family await your return.

Abrazos y besos.

Téotl, náhuatl symbol for the divine place.

Una Dikum

Coro:
Una dikum
A shu du alla
Aya dikum
Wa busu il-arda
Tah tani alikum
Wakulu afdikum

Te Llamo
Aprieto con fuerza tu mano
Beso la tierra que pisan tus pies
Se que por ti la vida daré
La vida daré

Te ofrezco la luz de mis ojos
El fuego de mi corazón
Porque este dolor que me aflije
Es solo una parte de tu dolor

Yo nunca he vendido mi patria
Y he estado dispuesto a servir
Frente al opresor
Firme con valor
Huerfano, dispuesto a morir

Cargando mi sangre en mis hombros



Title: Te Llamo
I Call Out to You
Original Arabic by Ahmed Qaboor
Spanish verses by Lourdes Perez
Arrangement by Lourdes Perez,
Annette D'Armata & Peter Ermev

Mi bandera en alto vereis
Y un monte vestido
De verde de olivo
Para los que vengan después

English translation:
I call out to you
I firmly press your hand
I kiss the ground that you walk on
And I know that I live for you

I offer you the light of my eyes
The fire of my heart
Because this pain that afflicts me
Is but a part of your own pain

I have never sold my country
And I have been ready to serve
Facing the oppressor
Firm, with valor
An orphan, ready to die

Carrying the dead on my shoulder
My flag, you will one day see raised
And a landscape dressed in the green of
the olive For those who come after.

Five Austin women, including vocalist/composer Lourdes Perez, traveled to occupied Palestine and to Israel June 14 - 24 to document firsthand the conditions on the ground. What the women witnessed was what they call "a brutal apartheid system" under which Palestinians are forced to live. After meeting with both Israelis and Palestinians across class, professional and ideological lines, the women observed that there is tremendous opposition to the ethnic cleansing of the Palestinians from their lands and a desperation for reasonable and unbiased intervention. The group also established a project called TATREEZ (The Needlework Project) in conjunction with the Esperanza, purchasing traditional embroidery and olive wood carvings from Palestinian artists as "a small but tangible way to support women under seige."

Lourdes recorded a CD single of a well-known Palestinian resistance song, Una Dikum, which she partially translated into Spanish to raise money for the Balata Women's Fund (the women of Balata Refugee Camp have suffered loss of life, health and their homes as a result of Israeli missile and sniper attacks).

Above photo: Hibba a young Palestinian girl we met in Gaza, whose father's fields were bulldozed by the Israeli army without warning. The harvest from those fields feed 300 Palestinians. Even the children are aware that the U.S. pays for the Israeli military equipment that causes their suffering, yet they warmly welcomed us, a busload of americans with cameras, to their home.

You are invited to a platica with
Lourdes Perez & Annette D'Armata
on Saturday, July 27 at 12:00 noon.

For directions and information, please call: 512-659-0164.
Also see website: <http://delegation/bravepages.com>

next concert:
Friday, July 26th
Esperanza
Peace & Justice Center
210-228-0201
www.lourdesperez.com

When I Dream Dreams

A short documentary exploring the impact of Texas' historical English-only law on students in the state's schools.

8 pm Friday September 6, 2002
Esperanza Center, \$5 suggested donation



"The rule at my school was one stroke -- a stroke was a hit with the paddle -- a stroke for every word of Spanish."

Panel discussion will follow, featuring poet Carmen Tafolla, State Board of Education vice chair Joe Bernal, professor Ernesto Bernal, retired teacher Arcadia Lopez, Trinity University professor Arturo Madrid, and UTSA professor Josephine Méndez-Negrete.



El hilo magico Thursday July 11, 2002

Showtimes: 7:00 pm, 8:15 pm, & 9:30 pm

Tickets: \$5 / \$3 students & seniors / free for kids under 12
at the Jump-Start Theater in the Blue Star Arts Complex
for more information call SAY Sí at 212-8666

Directed by John Graciano
Written by Marcella Ovalle
Camera by Mark Martinez
Camera assistants: Sarah Boyle & Annette Pérez
Sound by Dezi Elizondo & Gabby Alonso
Edited by Dennis Ramsey
Production design by Zachary A.C. Jones
Felicia Bianca Lopez as Toña Aguirre
Maria Elena Salcedo as Socorro
Estephania LeBaron as The Healer
Patrick Cardenas as Ramiro Aguirre
Enrique Sánchez as a Paleta Vendor
Jon Hinojosa as Death
Produced by Michael Verdi & Jen Simmons



Come share the world premiere of the SAY Sí Media Arts Studio's latest short film, and most ambitious project to date. Student-written, student-directed, and student-designed, *El Hilo Magico* culminates five months of intense work by some of San Antonio's most talented highschool filmmakers.

Marriage, a house, plans for children and a future. Young Toña Aguirre and her husband Ramiro have worked hard to make their dreams come true. Instead one day Death comes for Ramiro, striking him seriously ill. Toña fights for her husband's health, turning to a curendera in desperation. She yearns for a magic cure, and the chance to become the good wife she believes she should be. The Healer promises to help and sends her on a long journey to find a woman named Socorro and to get el hilo magico, the magic thread.

Promotional Code:
64209

Hosting, Data Storage, Hardware

Your most valuable online asset is **accessibility**. That's why we ensure your website is available 24/7.

<p>Starter Package \$14.95 per month + \$20.00 setup 60 MB Data Storage 2 GB Data Transfer 10 POP E-mail Accounts Web Statistics and Counters</p>	<p>Small Business Package \$24.95* per month + \$20.00 setup 120 MB Data Storage 4 GB Data Transfer 30 POP E-mail Accounts MS Access ODBC Support Web Statistics and Counters Web Based Calendar System</p>
--	--

E-Commerce Data Solutions
Custom computers www.pinnaclesystems.net

<p>web design & hosting</p> <p>Starter Website - starting at \$799* - Custom web motif - a style to fit your mission - Logical web structure - Intro animation - 10 second Flash animation - Website - up to 7 core sections, all linked together with an easy to use, consistent navigation system</p> <p>Hosting - starting at \$14.95 per month - 60 MB Data Storage - 10 POP E-mail Accounts - 2 GB Data Transfer - \$20 setup fee</p>	<p>promotions</p> <p>Graphic Design, Marketing</p> <p>Flyers Posters Banners Post Cards Digital Imaging Hi-Res Scanning Event Tickets Stickers T-Shirts</p>
---	--

*text and images provided by client, creative content requires additional fees

WEBdesign Survival Skills Workshop
Give your staff a crash course in the following topics: **Organizing** a Web Project, **Photoshop** Survival Skills, **Dreamweaver** Survival Skills and **Flash** Survival Skills. The course is taught on site and can be tailored to your staff's specific needs (Mac or Win environment, multiple versions of software, etc.).

Survival Skills Fees (40 hrs.)
\$700 commercial \$400 non-profit

From one-on-one tutorials in your home or office to auditorium seminars, I can help you learn the latest **tips and tricks**. Topics include web techniques, 3D, print and motion graphics; project consulting and custom training available.

call Joseph de Leon 210.475.0998

SANDRA MOORE-POPE

LMSW-ACP

**PRIVATE PRACTICE
OF INDIVIDUAL,
COUPLE, FAMILY, AND GROUP
PSYCHOTHERAPY**

**NOW LOCATED AT THE OFFICES
OF GISELA TRIANA, MD
AND ASSOCIATES**

2040 BABCOCK ROAD, SUITE 403
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78229
210.615.8278 • 210.615.8279 FAX
SMOOREPOPE@AOL.COM

PLEASE CALL FOR APPOINTMENT

JEN'S MOVING SALE

sneak preview: Friday July 12 at 7 pm
sale continues: Saturday July 13
8 am - 3pm
414 East Twentymem
(near the corner of 42nd Street)

bed
chair
kitchen table set
antique stereo
teble
construction supplies
draps
phone
bed
14' wood table
and
much
more

much
more

Café LATINO

Meet Me at Café Latino

1621 N. Main at W. Myrtle
2201845

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: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org or by snail mail to: 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212. The deadline is the 12th of each month.

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*. Featured speaker will be **Denise Chavez**. Contact 210/271-3151, x. 32 or latinaletters@guadalupeculturalarts.org

LA SANGRE MARA is a 12foot X 40 foot portable mural by LA painter George Yepes. Warner Bros originally commissioned the mural as a set for the film *Training Day*. The mural will be installed on the stage at the **Guadalupe Theater** as a set design in-search-of-a-story. **The Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center** will host three SALÓNS, a series of writer's meetings where poets, playwrights and performance artists can each generate a 10-minute response to the mural. SALÓNS will be under the direction of Marisela Barrera, GCAC's new Theatre Arts Director, and will take place both in Yepes' studio and at the **Guadalupe Theater**. **Deadline to sign up for the SALONS is Monday, July 15**. After the completion of the SALÓNS, a Public Performance will take place Saturday, August 10 at 8 pm. Contact Marisela Barrera at GCAC, 271-3151 x26.

Twenty years ago, in groundbreaking texts like *This Bridge Called My Back*, women of color (WOC) interjected their experiences, their bodies, and their writing into the public arena. They understood 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? What are the politics of writing for women of color today? How have these politics changed for Third Wave feminists? WOC are invited to submit completed papers (4000-6000 words) which critically explore the political, social, and personal uses of writing for

a new anthology. **Completed papers are due July 26, 2002**. Contact WOC_Writers@hotmail.com

Contributions are sought for a free publication (due for completion in early 2003) themed *Growing Up Xicana/o*. Personal and family stories will be accepted in a variety of literary forms: essays, short stories, entrevistas, poems, comics, y dibujos. All are encourage to contribute. **Deadline: August 15th, 2002**. Send submissions to: In Thilli, In Tlapalli Press c/o **Xicana Xicano Education Project**, P.O. Box 37105, San Anto, TX 78237 or xicanaxicanoeducationproject@yahoo.com

Can We Talk...?, a coalition of women's organizations in San Antonio, celebrates *Women's Equality Day* with Clarissa Williams in "*Girls Got Game*". The event takes place on Monday, August 26, 2002 from 5:30 pm to 8:30 pm at the Plaza Club located in the Frost Bank Building at 100 W. Houston in downtown San Antonio. Admission is \$25. Mail to: Sonora Hartley, 306 King William, 78204 before August 21. After that date cost is \$30 at the door.

Save the date! **The San Antonio Stonewall Democrats** invite you to *OutVote 2002* with special guest Vermont Governor Howard Dean on Saturday, September 28, 2002 at the Historic Menger Hotel. Contact: Luis Mercado @ 732-4850

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 editor 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

Finally, if you're looking for readings from a progressive publisher this summer, visit www.southendpress.org South End Press is celebrating 25 years of publishing this year. Buy books and write a review for *La Voz*.

Women willing to share their stories about the process they've endured in coming to the U.S. as immigrants should contact **Anel I. Flores** who is currently researching and collecting these stories for an anthology. Contact her at 210/930-3723 or aflores149@satx.rr.com

On June 29, 2002, the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center screened a special advance screening of Lourdes Portillo's *Señorita Extraviada* (Missing Young Woman), a haunting documentary that examines the kidnapping, rape and murder of over 230 women in Juárez, Mexico. Special thanks to Producer/Director/Writer Lourdes Portillo and panelists Elvia R. Arriola, Patricia F. Castillo, and Lisa Sánchez González and the volunteers that made this event possible. *Señorita Extraviada* was presented as part of a partnership with P.O.V.'s *Youth Views* project, the first and longest running independent documentary series on national television. P.O.V. celebrates fifteen years this June. *Youth Views* invites youth to learn how to use indie media more effectively in their community work. Look for *Señorita Extraviada* airing on public access television August 20, 2002.



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

The Esperanza is part of **Another Way Texas Shares.** Sign-up to donate monthly to the Esperanza directly from your paycheck at work through the

State Employee Charitable Campaign

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

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 437-5196.

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.

I pledge to send \$ _____ each _____ month _____ quarter _____ six-months through the mail.

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

I would like to volunteer!

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone Number _____



lourdes pérez

tres oraciones

photo by lisa nickle

lourdes pérez live in concert
celebrating the release of her new CD **Friday, July 26**
8 pm at the **esperanza peace & justice center 922 San Pedro**
call **228-0201** for more information

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

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Non-Profit Org.
US Postage
PAID
San Antonio, TX
Permit #332