

La Voz de Esperanza

San Antonio, Texas

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Adios, chicanita de tejas . . .
Gloria E. Anzaldúa, 1942 -2004



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 Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

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Sunday, May 16th, I got the call. Alicia was arriving in L.A. from a Chicano Literature conference in Spain and called in her home messages while waiting for her baggage. Deena González had left her the news. Gloria Anzaldúa had been found dead at home, alone. Alicia quickly called me, very upset. In my usual way of being, I took the news in slowly, walking to my collection of books in the hallway and pulled out, Interviews/Entrevistas by Anzaldúa and Keating. Somewhere in the depths of my soul, I figured that my game of opening to a random page in a book for guidance would reveal a message. The book opened to page 108 and I read :

During the month of May—when I went into my sixth house where I was dealing with a lot of conscious growth of the self, really working at it—I had very strong meditations. And she appeared—this soul, whatever you want to call it. It's sort of like a light all around me, and I smile when she's there. Even, if I'm depressed. If I was depressed ten seconds before, I just find myself smiling and feeling very peaceful. That whole month was beautiful, from May 5th to about the 29th.

I was struck by the dates Gloria referred to in this paragraph. It was all I needed to read to confirm what I felt. She was not alone when she died. She was ready to join her spiritual energy to the whole of the universe. Her body failed her, but her spirit rescued her. And she continues to live within each of us.

After speaking with Alicia, I made a series of phone calls; to Mary Esther Huerta who got the news from Elisa, her daughter in Santa Cruz; to Josie Méndez-Negrete who had not yet heard; to Amy Kastely who informed Graciela who was on a plane in Chicago; to Dina Flores and Cynthia Pérez who had heard via Liliana Wilson Grez who had heard from Kit Quan; and so on until we all found out.

As I finish out my teaching year caught in the throes of end of the year/end of career activities: kinder graduation, programs, packing and paperwork, plus La Voz, I am slowly processing Gloria's death as images and thoughts drift through my mind.

The week before her death, my children were screaming in the playground, "¡La llorona, la llorona, maestra, la llorona, allí!" They dragged me to a grassy area that had a round bald spot. They kicked at the exposed dirt and screamed, "¡Allí está la llorona!" I was quite puzzled, so I asked, "¿Dónde?" "Alli, maestra, enterrada!" ¡Hay dos! ¡Hay tres lloronas! I tried to get more information from them but only got that she was going to get them, "¡Nos va agarrar, maestra, se roba a los niños!"

Returning to the classroom, I let them know that I had a book about la llorona that I would read to them. They did not let me forget and hounded me for days before I brought out the book, "Prietita y La Llorona/Prietita and the Ghostwoman" by Gloria Anzaldúa. I read it beginning with the dedication inside, in Gloria's handwriting, "Para los niños de Maestra Ramirez." I showed them the long snake she had drawn with a small arrow floating straight out of its mouth. We talked about the legends and myths about la llorona including reasons why she might have killed her children to save them from a torturous life. When I finished Gloria's book and la plática, they simply said, "A lo mejor no era mala."

The following week when I announced to the children that Gloria Anzaldúa had died, they turned and looked at the shelf of books and simply said, "Todavía tenemos sus cuentos." "We still have her stories." 🙏

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, speciesism 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.

Gente,

I am so shocked and saddened by the news of Gloria's death that I really can't even begin to fathom what that loss means to Chicanas and Third World queers and feminists the world over. But we all know that Gloria single-handedly changed the way we have come to understand, study, analyze, deconstruct, and/or teach Chicana/o identity and the borders that run up the back of every single Chicana and Chicano. Perhaps because she is "una chicanita de Texas,"

and a fork-tongued, jota fronteriza rebelde like me, not to mention una amiga y maestra, her passing is extremely personal and painful to me (as it is, I'm sure to many of us), and feels like a loss of a higher part of myself. Perhaps one of the lessons that her death teaches us is to honor the work of independent scholars como ella who, despite her contributions to the fields of Chicana/o Studies, Women's Studies, and LGBT Studies, suffered the injustices of marginalization, delegitimization, and exclusion from her own colleagues/colegas, as well as from institutions that will, no doubt, suddenly begin to capitalize on her name through fellowships and endowed chairs. Regardless of it all, Gloria nunca se rajó, and she never stopped writing, teaching, contributing, and living her example of mestiza consciousness. May we all continue to build on the foundation that she started with Borderlands/La Frontera, and may we continue to learn how to see "through serpent and eagle eyes."

Gracias, Gloria, hermana fronteriza, for all your wisdom.

Alicia Gaspar de Alba 🙏

Internationally recognized cultural theorist, creative writer, and independent scholar Gloria Evangelina Anzaldúa died at home in Santa Cruz, California on May 15th, 2004 from diabetes-related complications. She was born in the Rio Grande Valley of South Texas in 1942, the eldest child of Urbano and Amalia Anzaldúa. She received her B.A. from the University of Texas-Pan American, her M.A. from University of Texas-Austin, and was completing her doctorate at the University of California, Santa Cruz. She was preceded in death by her father, Urbano Anzaldúa Sr. in 1957. Gloria is survived by her mother, Amalia Anzaldúa; a sister, Hilda Anzaldúa, both of Hargill; two brothers, Urbano (Janie) Anzaldúa Jr. of Hargill and Oscar (Sara) Anzaldúa of Pharr; five nieces; three nephews; and numerous aunts, uncles, and close friends. She was 61 years old.



Especially known for her theories of the Borderlands and the New Mestiza, Anzaldúa challenged and expanded previous views in a number of academic disciplines, including American studies, composition studies, cultural studies, ethnic studies, feminism/feminist theory, and women's studies. Often referred to as a founding mother of Chicana literature, her writings are widely taught and have been translated into multiple languages. Anzaldúa is best known for *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza* (1987), named one of the 100 Best Books of the Century by both Hungry Mind Review and Utne Reader. Her published works also include *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color* (1981), co-edited with Cherrie Moraga, widely recognized by scholars as the premiere multicultural feminist text; *Making Face, Making Soul/Haciendo Caras: Creative and Critical Perspectives by Feminists-of-Color* (1990), a multigenre collection used in many university classrooms; two bilingual children's books—*Friends from the Other Side/Amigos del otro lado* (1993) and *Prietita and the Ghost Woman/ Prietita y la Llorona* (1995); the foreword to the *Encyclopedia of Queer Myth, Symbol and Spirit* (by R. Conner, D. Sparks, and M. Sparks, 1996);

Interviews/ Entrevistas (2000), collection of interviews; and *this bridge we call home: radical visions for transformation* (2002), a co-edited collection with AnaLouise Keating that examines the current status of feminist/womanist theorizing. Anzaldúa has won numerous awards, including the Before Columbus Foundation American Book Award, the Lambda Lesbian Small Book Press Award, the Lesbian Rights Award, an NEA Fiction Award, and the American Studies Association Lifetime Achievement Award among others.

A profoundly spiritual person whose grandmother was a curandera (traditional healer), Gloria was devoted to la Virgen de Guadalupe, Nahuatl/Toltec divinities, and to the Yoruba orishás, Yemayá and Oshún.

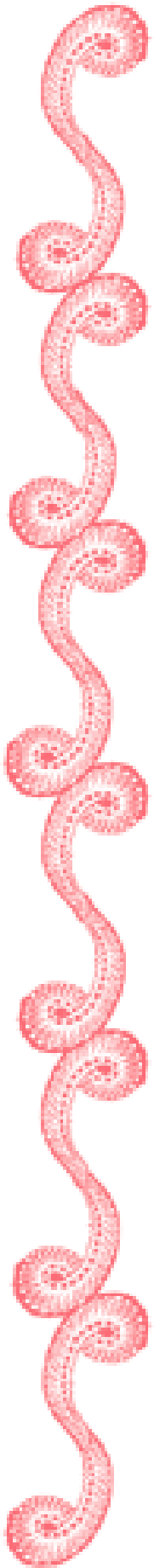
Editor's note: The above was compiled from several obituaries online and that appeared in print in San Antonio and Hargill, Texas.

La nepantlera sigue viviendo entremundos and will not be forgotten. 🙏

Editor's note: Cherrie Moraga as well as others sent out the news on Gloria's death electronically. Cherrie asked that "where ever you are... In your home, on campus, in your organizations that you build an altar for Gloria, as well. With flores, her writings, photos, velas, the ways you wish to honor her and help her make this passage."

At the Esperanza we have put together an ofrenda for Gloria and invite the community to add to the altar. We continue to receive information online, on the phone, in newsprint and by word of mouth about Gloria's death and will be publishing a special issue of La Voz de Esperanza as a tribute to her in July. We encourage everyone to submit recuerdos, cuentos, poemas and tributes in any form, written or visual to lavoz@esperanzacenter.org Please send by June 12th, 2004.

The illustration above by Christina González is from *Prietita y La Llorona/Prietita and the Ghostwoman* by Gloria E. Anzaldúa.



White Fear of a Brown Nation/ Challenging Huntington pa' que no tenga miedo

by Bárbara Renaud Gonzalez

I am not a scholar. So I'm not going to talk about the content of Huntington's article. I'm interested in the meaning of what he said.

When I was growing up in Texas in the sixties, Texas looked different. Brown people were just 5% of the population. Now we are one-third, and the largest minority in cities like Dallas where Latinos have become the largest majority/minority. This is rocking the city forever.

I remember - just 25 years ago - when there weren't any "mainstream" Mexican restaurants in Austin except Matt's Rancho. I didn't grow up listening to Spanish-language radio because it didn't exist north of San Antonio - we used to hear the broadcasts from Mexico City on a clear night. 16 de septiembre celebrations weren't ubiquitous. There was no Cinco de Mayo or Museum Tesoros exhibits or low-rider shows or Guadalupe Cultural Centers or conjunto festivals - except in San Antonio. No cultural centers for sure and there were no bilingual signs anywhere. Though there were streets in Spanish everywhere.

Texas has changed, yes, because of immigration in particular in the last twenty-five years, but the real changes aren't these brown faces. It isn't JLo or the tres leches ice cream, either. Though it's a manifestation.

The real changes are MALDEF, Willie Velasquez and the SWVRP; A Latino Mayor and a Latina in Congress. High-risk work. We end up wrestling, scrambling, filibustering, all for equality, losing often, overwhelmed and all too often seduced in the process. And then the next generation - like Graciela Sanchez and the Esperanza Center, integrating the many fights into one long war of inclusivity and a new political and cultural paradigm. One lawsuit after another, one step forward two steps back. Sometimes three. Like Edgewood and

public education. The PGA.

So you see the real cambio is the one you can't see or hear or taste but feel: it is the past claim on democracy incarnated by the Civil Rights Movement and the brown and black sacrifice in Vietnam.

This is what Huntington fears. It's not the immigrant's lack of English or barbacoa on the 4th of July - he is afraid of the twined struggle between the veteran's children and the immigrant's children. And this time there are a lot more of us than in the sixties.

But.

It depends.

In Dallas years ago when Vicente Fox of Mexico was testing the waters for his presidential run, the immigrants were polled, and guess what? You think they voted for the PRD - the progressive party - no! They voted for the PAN, the party of the Mexican elite. That's right. *The poor struggling inmigrante voted for the patrones.* And in Mexico, of course Fox, the former president of Coca-Cola, from the most Catholic of all regions, Guanajuato, won!

Why? Because we are a conflicted people, I think. We are individual moralists because of our Catholicism - not unlike protestantism - my immigrant mother, after all, voted for Reagan because he used the word family and he was anti-abortion. *Pero miija, he's like us!*

I am not concerned with what Huntington says - but what he cannot say. And it is this. Immigrants from the South come from oligarchical, militaristic, traditions. That experience doesn't change the moment they cross the border. A civil society is elusive to them - many immigrant leaders, as Antonio Cabral pointed out to me, don't have a problem with the Patriot Act. They have never been recognized as equals, and in a society where

the Civil Rights movement made Whites guilty if not shrewd about tokenism, especially when it serves prevailing interest to play black against brown - an invitation to the White House means that everything must be alright. This is the Lionel Sosa model of making it.

But. Here's the detalle.

We also crave social justice because of what we've suffered. The Mexican Revolution. A million died in that war, one-tenth of the country's people. And another million witnessed Subcomandante Marcos and the Zapatista Army arrive in Mexico City as a victory for Indigenous Rights. Some of the mexicanos and centroamericanos and colombianos who have come here are here because they've suffered, if not persecuted or tortured, because of their political resistance. They can be influenced.

When I've talked to immigrant parents in classrooms and on the radio, I find that, because my mother is Mexican, and because of ingrained attitudes toward my "status" as a college graduate, I can influence them. Where they might be leaning towards vouchers and private schools, I appeal to their democratic ideals - like public schooling - and minimum wages means something when I explain labor rights as part of the fabric of social struggle in this country. I can even talk about abortion as the difficult democratic journey toward respect for women when a post-modern society refuses to take care of children and the father - who has been imprisoned or is unemployed or underemployed - cannot support them. And who owns the media that tells men that women are for one thing?

In other words, if I explain progressive ideas in the context of a collective struggle toward justice, my gente gets it.

Make no mistake, Huntington is a warrior-scholar. Funded by right-wing think tanks like the one that funded "The Bell Curve." He is a former director of security planning for the U.S. Natl Security Council, and he has had a distinguished career dedicated to national security, military strategy and global politics. One of his many books "The Soldier and the State," says fellow writer Roberto Lovato, is required reading for many aspiring officers like those in the Salvadoran military who implemented NSC operative Huntington's

advice in the late 70s and early 80s.

Huntington, brandishing words like civilization and democracy, doesn't know the meaning of those words. He means superiority and power.

He fears the immigrant's children who can make this country understand those words.

He fears us. Me. You. The few of us here - because we have the potential to reach the immigrant.

That's right. The children of immigrants who learn about MLK and X and Cesar Chavez and Toni Morrison and Jessica Hargrove and Thomas Jefferson and Edwidge Danticat and the Bill of Rights and the women's movement and Stonewall and Saul Alinsky and listen to hiphop and Esteban Jordan and somehow put it all

together and realize that this country needs to be brown - not white.

Huntington is afraid of a true democracy. He comes from a world, like the Bronx that exists no more. And he wants it back. Just like the seventeen white men that María Antonietta Berriozábal talks about remember a Texas where people like me worked in the fields.

We must shape a new society that represents all that we know, and this Huntington article tells me that the time is now. And that is what I'm interested in. Not defense. Offense.

How? We need, says writer Roberto Lovato, and I agree with him, a sustained critique of white fear. We must develop a musical, political, cultural and literary critique of whiteness.

You see, the immigrant represents the symbolic border to democracy. And we must dismantle white fear so that we can all cross into - this promised land.



Bárbara Renaud González, a freelance writer and columnist, is currently working on her first novel. Her articles have appeared in local newspapers as well as throughout the U.S. and internationally. She is also the recipient of numerous awards.

A New Vision of Global Justice: Challenging Huntington's Thesis

By Jorge Valadez

I want to challenge the basic assumption that Huntington makes concerning the unconditional right of sovereignty that countries have to maintain exclusive control of their borders and territory. In order to challenge this basic assumption, I start by sketching a new vision of global justice, a vision that conceives of the world as a global community in which countries have moral responsibilities to one another. This new vision rests on two fundamental principles: (1) that all human beings have equal moral dignity and worth, and (2) that every person has the right to use the world's resources to satisfy their basic needs and lead a flourishing life. But we live in a world in which countries enforce exclusive claims to parts of nature, in which they claim the right of sovereignty to justify their control of their national territories. But what gives countries the right to say to the world community: "We own this land, and we have the right to determine who has access to it and who does not?" Countries claim this right because they acquired their territory as a result of conquest or some other unjustifiable procedure. In other words, countries obtained sovereignty by means of war, forced displacement, invasive settlement, and other morally illegitimate means. The unconditional or absolute right to police the boundaries of one's territory, I would argue, is ultimately morally unjustified.

Nevertheless, we must be realistic and recognize that, at least at this point in human history, we cannot start from scratch and demand that the world's territories be redistributed on an equal basis. However, we can rightfully demand that the right of sovereignty be seen as a conditional right, that is, as a right that the world community grants to a country only if it respects certain conditions. First, resource-rich countries should share some of their natural resources with resource-poor countries, and second, no country should hinder the capacity of another country to flourish. That is, the world community should reject the right of a country to have exclusive control over its territory if that nation hinders other countries from flourishing economically, socially, or politically. The United States, I would argue, has systematically undermined the capacity of countries like Mexico to flourish economically (and in other ways as well, but I focus on the economic because the major factor that drives illegal and legal immigration is the search for enhanced economic opportunities).

The United States and other Western countries have imposed an economic global order that works in favor of advanced industrialized countries and to the disadvantage of developing nations. By providing more than 16 billion dollars in agricultural subsidies to its farmers, for example, the U.S. makes it practically impossible for Mexican farmers to compete with American agricultural products on the open market. As a result, many thousands of Mexican farmers have left their farms and risked their lives trying to cross the border to provide even a minimally decent living to their families. When we discuss the issue of illegal



immigration, we should hold countries like the U.S. accountable for its economic policies that give rise to, or exacerbate, this problem. In short, Huntington assumes, as many other authors do, that the U.S. has the right to control its boundaries and maintain its cultural and political character as a nation. But I have argued that since this right was gained through morally illegitimate means, such as the force of arms, we should understand sovereignty as a conditional right that the U.S. and other countries have violated by policies that hinder the capacity of other countries to flourish. What the U.S. and other Western countries should do is to help create a just global order by providing economic and technological aid to developing countries in Latin America and other parts of the world.

In response to Huntington's concern that the southwest may separate itself from the rest of the country, U.S. society should do a better job of fully integrating all of its members into its political, economic, and social institutions. Rather than scapegoating Hispanics, and Mexican-Americans in particular, the U.S. should ensure that they are provided with equitable political representation, with better educational opportunities, and with the resources for fuller social integration. By doing this, the U.S. will make it less likely that Hispanics will cut themselves off from full participation in the broader society.

Finally, Mexican-Americans should remember that we have historical roots in the Southwest that existed before the arrival of white settlers from other parts of the country. Rather than being defensive about our right to be here, we should remind the rest of the country that we already are in our historic homeland, where Spanish is not a foreign language, and that here we will remain.



Jorge Valadez teaches philosophy at Our Lady of the Lake University, obtained a PhD from Yale, and has published extensively in the areas of multiculturalism and ethnopolitical conflict.

In Search of Mary Magdalene

Dr. Julio Noboa

It took years, but slowly through steady Christian indoctrination, a distinct portrait of Mary Magdalene as the fallen woman was etched in my mind as a boy. Wasn't Magdalene the prostitute whom Jesus saved from stoning? Wasn't she that wild woman who poured perfumed oils over Jesus' feet and dried them with her hair?

It was only when I started noticing girls that it occurred to me just how sensual it must be to be touched by a woman this way. And like most of my adolescent church buddies, I wondered about Jesus. If he was indeed a man, did he have sexual desires?

I don't mean to sound blasphemous to those who view Jesus as the Messiah, but I appreciate Jesus as a Messenger, one of many sent by the Great Holy Spirit, and one whose ultimate value as a teacher, guide, and exemplar of goodness, is not diminished in any way by the simple fact that he could fully love a woman.

And if that woman happened to be Mary Magdalene, the one who was there when he was crucified, the one who anointed his body for burial, the one to whom the resurrected Christ first appeared, then so be it.

That's as far as my thinking went on the matter for decades, that is, until I started reading beyond the official texts prescribed by the fundamentalist creed of my childhood.

Scholars have finally begun to unravel all the confusions about this outstanding woman so marginalized and degraded by traditional Christianity. The conspiracy against her by various patriarchs of the church has been laid bare in several books, the most interesting of which, written by Lynn Picknett, is entitled "Mary Magdalene: Christianity's Hidden Goddess."

One conspirator was Pope Gregory I who first identified her as a prostitute nearly 500 years after her time. It wasn't until 1969 that the Catholic Church officially repealed Pope Gregory's smear, but the damage had already been done. Mary Magdalene's role as a whore had been cast in the minds of millions, and is still propagated today in churches throughout the globe. The standard gospels said precious little about her; Jesus had



cast out seven demons from her, we are told twice. Yet we find in Luke that Magdalene was among a group of women who not only followed Jesus along with the 12 disciples, but who provided sustenance. Luke 8, affirms that, "these women were helping to support them of their own means."

Yet, it was not from the official gospels where we learn most about Magdalene – it is from the other gospels, those that were deliberately excluded from the accepted canon in 325 c.e. by Emperor Constantine's Council of Nicaea. These other mostly "Gnostic" gospels were declared heretical and burned along with their adherents.

That would have been the end of it, until 1945, when one of the greatest discoveries revealed a whole library of

gospels providing a more complete telling of Jesus story. These were the Nag Hammadi scrolls found in Upper Egypt. Magdalene's own Gospel of Mary Magdalene had already been discovered in 1856 in Cairo, and now it's once discredited stories were confirmed.

In these gospels Mary Magdalene is portrayed as a bona fide apostle of Christ. Yet, she is also especially loved by Jesus, and according to one Gospel of Thomas, "...the companion of the Savior is Mary Magdalene. Christ loved her more than all the disciples, and used to kiss her often on her mouth."

She was Jesus' lover, companion, apostle, and quite a leader in her own right. It's no wonder that theological differences aside, the sexist, patriarchal church fathers found even more motive to destroy these gospels.

Both controversial films, *The Passion of Christ* and *The Last Temptation of Christ*, perpetuate that old canard that Magdalene was a reformed prostitute. Perhaps someday, a courageous soul will have the resources and will to show the real Mary on film. Now that will move the masses even more than any bloody Passion ever could!



Dr. Julio Noboa is an educator and columnist based in San Antonio, Texas. He can be reached at jnpapr@aol.com

De Calabasa

by Anel I. Flores



Circling around the butcher block-island, I eye the last bit of Empanada Mi Abuela left. The kitchen is spotless. The sink is empty, except for a small styrofoam cup, turned upside-down next to the spotted, stainless-steel faucet that pours out from a blue and yellow painted sink, shaped like a smooth, scooping, banana-leaf. I'm walking through the narrow space, wrapped around the island. The Grasa is a laminate on the wood, Color Barro, coating the surface my mother rolled out hundreds of perfectly-round Tortillas on. Cuts made by every type of knife create a plaid design, one overlapping the other, crisscrossing, diagonal, deep, short, some with splinters; they make the pictures I remember drawing for my mother on mother's day, and every other day when I was in pre-k.

Alone, perfectly in the center of the block, the only bit of flakey, mess left open to the air and blaring wind of the ceiling fan, extends its arms up the length of my scent; the Empanada, sits politely, reaching toward me. My mother brought the Pan Dulce home from the west-side Panaderia next to her office for my grandma, who ate very little of the surprise dessert. All she could fit in her Pansita were two small nibbles, the size of a fingernail, and one noisy sip of her beach-sand-colored, cold coffee. She usually saves everything she eats for later. In the morning she eats half a toast, and two fork-fulls of fresh-from-the-Ferria, scramble eggs, moistened with a couple sips of coffee. The little plate she eats from sits all day in the same place as the Empanada. A torn-up, wrinkled-up napkin appears to be floating over the food. By noon she has passed by so many times, nibbling. Clouds cover its moon shape.

It's hours later. She's in the bathroom, my 'Buela, putting on her sponge rollers. The Empanada looks up at me, calls out from under her Savana, out of her restless, nightmare-soaked-sleep, of my grandma's mouth abandoning her. I have Ancias; my hands make a fist, restraining from ripping her right out of the blanket, and I walk away.

Because Daddy came home today from his hunt in Colorado, my grandmother stays in her room and probably won't come out, for the candied pastry, till morning. Mi 'Buela is one of those Mexican-catholic women who still believes it's a sin to not be properly decorated and dressed in a man's presence. For some reason my grandma, a thirty-year widow, still feels it's her duty to please every man that passes through, maybe because she can't

please her man anymore. Sometimes she call's me from her room, muffled by the door and saliva falling from her empty, toothless mouth, to change the little light bulb of her night-light or a take her fuzzy Frazada down from the closet. Mi 'Buela says I'm her favorite. I think I'm safe eating the pastry. Her round, wrinkled cheeks are filled with calories eighty something years old. She can live without half of her favorite flavored Empanada. She'll forgive me if she finds her cold, crisp and flaky fruit bread, naked, dangling from the corner of my mouth. The Empanada is comfy, bundled like a child, in a greasy, paper-towel Rebozo. The sound of Chanclas sweep across the tile floor, far away, from her bathroom. An image of her walking by breezes through my imagination. I freeze, and screech to stop from circling the Pan Dulce, once my grandmother's, in my mother's kitchen, on the butcher block. The dizziness and hallucinating cravings of my eyes walk me to check on my 'Buela. She's fragile and any wrong move, wrong bite, or muttering of my mouth might trigger a fourth heart-attack.

In front of her rustic, rosewood vanity, she sits at the tippity-tip of the stool hiding under her Bata. She's perched on display, tightly fitting little wads of her short, ashy hair, tightly, with her thumb and forefinger, up against a pink roller. 'Buela rolls it half way, all it extends, and clips the roller shut, and sighs. I stand at the bottom of the stairs; watching her lips mouth words I can't make out. She both wants the Empanada and is imagining the same sweet crumble, break between her lips, or she is concentrating so hard on each little hair becoming a Burrito around the roller.

I am afraid she will see the lust on my face. I mouth back to her, silently, the secret truth of my desire for her Pan.

I want to eat the Empanada, 'Buela. I wish I could tell you but I am ashamed of my gluttony, my sensuality, my cravings for sweet pumpkin and Pan Dulce.

My grandma looks settled. Her lavender and white floral printed Bata is snapped all the way up, mid calf, and her white socks pulled up almost all the way, stuff themselves into her towelly Chanclas. Without talking her clothing says Good Night. She is ready for bed and safely soon heading there, which means I can safely soon head back to the kitchen and back to the butcher block.

My feet take me back to the kitchen, back to circling the butcher block, back to the warm lady Empanada. She lies out, open, broken in half. I circle her again and imagine, what if this was a cartoon? It would be aired after nine p.m. and there would be clouds of grey, penciled dust at the back of my heels. Scents of pumpkin, sugar and moist bread make me walk faster. The candied fruit in the center is moist, wet like she should be, and almost frightening, making me blush. I don't know if it's the fact that thanksgiving is still two months away and pumpkin is on my mind, or the eroticism of wanting what I can't have that makes me want to do a strip tease for a piece of sweet bread.

The Empanada becomes a woman in the darkness of the kitchen. I circle her again and again. I want to eat her lying on the butcher block. Sweet. I want to wrap our Cuerpos in napkins until our feet get to know one another and stick together at the bottom. I dream of my grandma's partially, tasted dessert in my mouth.

There are no sounds of my sister or brother on the other side of the kitchen walls. Hunger walks me in fast circles. No one is around. From my eyes to the Pan, a tunnel of light forms and everything around me isn't around me. The fear of my grandmother catching

me disappears. Pleasant nausea and roller-coaster-spinning stops me. I fall, fold over the counter, barely grabbing the edge of the wooden island. Her candied, glittery body lies down on top of my eyes. We exchange each other down our throats. Out of control, my fingers step across the block, unwrap her body from the napkin while her smell moves like cigar smoke up into my nose. The hooks of my fingers, tense and curled, touch her body. I can almost taste her. I want to taste her, grind her in between my teeth.

My grandmother's door closes and the light around me dims a bit. She's finally going to sleep. The Empanada is safely mine. I wring her body between my fingers, Sobando Las Grasas and juices of her skin, slick. Desnuda, Despierta, Mi Postre, unwrapped. I take her into my mouth. My upper body falls over the counter. My cheek presses against the small porcelain plate, pushing her into my mouth. Taking bites of her Cuerpo of cake, and pressing her against the roof of my mouth.



Anel I. Flores is an educator, artist and writer who has recently finished her first book. She will be trying out her performance skills based on her writings in Empanada during the summer months at different venues. See below for details.

Empanada

a read through from
Anel I. Flores'
multi-genre collection,

Aria Asada

Friday, June 18, 2004

7 pm - \$3 Door

@ Café Revolución

Empanada

dinner & performance of word, song,
dance and sweet dessert

starring **Anel &
Jessica O. Guerrero**

Saturday, August 28, 2004

Dinner at 6 pm,

followed by reading & performance at 7 pm

\$10 pre-sale • \$15 Door

@ the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center

ARE YOU SICK & TIRED OF BEING SICK & TIRED OF G.W. BUSH?

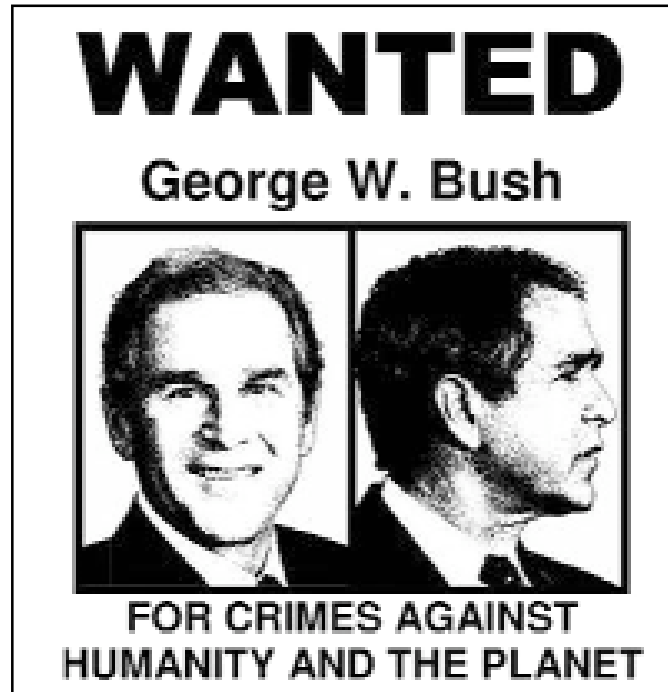
By Frank Valdez

"The world is a dangerous place not because of those who commit evil but because of those who do nothing about it."
- Albert Einstein

Every day I hear people complaining of Bush's economy, his arrogance towards the people of Iraq, and the deterioration of our civil liberties under the guise of "National Security" among other issues. I think that we can all agree that Bush is not a favorite of organized labor, artists, people of color and peace and social justice activists. I think that it is fair to say that George W. Bush has little respect for the interests of people (other than the rich & powerful) here in the U.S. or elsewhere in the world.

While I hear most people complaining of Bush, I also hear some say that he will be re-elected in November and things will only get worse. Sisters and brothers, such thinking is only setting us up to fail! The reality is that Bush can be beat, but it is going to take a well-organized, consistent struggle! If we concede before the battle begins, then we deserve to have Mr. W reelected. Bush can be beat, but it is up to us to turn the tide. Despite what the corporate controlled media tells us, Bush is NOT as popular as the ratings tell us. Despite what the average bigot thinks, Bush is NOT God, nor is he infallible! The man has many, many weaknesses. It is up to us to bring these weaknesses out and make sure that he is voted out of office! The Bush administration is saturated with lies, corruption, injustices and general evil more so than any other! Not only has he offended us; he has offended the entire world! We must use all this to expose him for the evildoer that he is! We must use the people's anger, disgust and grief to register, educate, agitate and mobilize! It can be done! It must be done, if we are to survive!

Apparently, John Kerry has aroused the passion of many Americans as he has earned the delegates for nomination as the presidential candidate for the Democratic Party. This I can live with as I feel that Bush must be defeated!



For the record my favorite democratic candidate was Congressman Dennis Kucinich from Ohio. Dennis has the best voting record on environmental, labor, civil rights, peace and other pertinent social issues. While he has not thrown in the towel, Kerry pretty much has it in the bag.

I can already hear some of my leftist friends complaining that Kerry is not the "perfect" candidate. Yes, the man has flaws (who doesn't).

The most pressing issue is and should be that Bush has to go! Kerry has the cojones, the intelligence, the charisma and the moral principles to defeat Bush. He also has the political savvy to stick to issues, unlike Bush who has already resorted to churning out propaganda based on more lies as Kerry continues to become a threat to him.

Some of my left friends will probably vote for Ralph Nader. While I like Nader's positions, his candidacy is based on very naïve and selfish reasons. Brother Ralph does not have the organization, the money or the masses behind him. For my left friends to think that we alone can defeat Bush is the epitome of naiveté. It is going to take a coalition of civil rights, environmental,

gay, labor, lesbian, progressive church and senior citizen activists to beat Bush! It will take people from all walks of life coming together to beat this arrogant, mean spirited man! To think otherwise is denial. The emerging of unity within the Democratic Party is a clear indication of just how serious people are about defeating Bush!



For those of you who still need convincing to vote for Kerry, let me remind you of what Bush has done in the past four years:

1) He was NOT elected president by a majority of the popular vote! His entire presidency has been a farce. He stole the election clear and simple.

2) His knowledge of the 9/11 tragedies has become quite controversial with the expose by his former expert on terrorism. I personally think he knew about it and intentionally exploited 3,000 plus American lives to justify his so-called war on terrorism. (By the way, what ever happened to Osama Bin Laden?) The Ashcroft/Bush Patriot and Homeland Security Acts are nothing more than quasi-legal maneuvers to violate our rights under the Constitution. When a government can arrest and detain you for years without a trial or hearing, the ramifications are indeed grave.

3) Bush has engaged in all out war on American workers. He is actively trying to delete federal legislation on overtime pay. His willingness to use National Guard troops to scab on striking west coast longshoremen, puts him right along with Reagan, and Hoover as far as presidential strike breakers go.

4) Bush must have investments in the big oil and lumber corporations as he has weakened environmental laws to where they are almost meaningless.

5) Bush's opposition to affirmative action will be damaging to those of us who struggle for equal education, housing and employment. What makes Bush's position on affirmative action even more sinister is his use of Condoleeza Rice and Colin Powell as window dressing for his real attitude towards people of color.

6) Bush is a liar, a warmonger, as well as an imperialist! There never were any weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. His disdain for the international world community puts him in the same category as Adolph Hitler, Pol Pot, Papa Jean Duvalier and other despots that have left their mark on humanity as bloodthirsty murderers.

7) Bush's antics while in the Air National Guard have yet to be clarified. His service records are missing and he cannot account for the time that he went AWOL. This is just one more example how there are laws for the common people and then there are exceptions to the laws for the likes of Bush!

8) Bush's so-called "Leave No Child Behind" Act is already being opposed because of the cost factors. Even where Republicans control the state legislatures, there is great concern for the cost of this seemingly good program. In Virginia there is mounting opposition as state leaders cite the cost of running Bush's education reform plan. In Ohio State, leaders set up a commission and concluded that Bush's plan will cost Ohio \$1.5 billion! Other states including Utah, Vermont, N. Dakota and Indiana all have similar commissions studying the costs of Mr. W's education reform program. Need I say more?

Sisters and brothers, the choice is clearly ours to make. We will have to put aside petty differences and always remain focused on the goal of defeating Bush and his extremist, right wing cronies! The goal of preserving our country from fascism must take precedent above all else! Our work is clearly laid out for us. If we do not come together based on this common goal, we will all go down under the heel of the most reactionary elements in the U.S. and this, dear compañeros, is NOT one of my aspirations in life. I, along with other parents, desire a more humane, and progressive country for our children's futures. Fascism hurts, destroys and kills!

ALL OUT IN NOVEMBER! VOTE FOR JOHN KERRY! BUSH HAS GOT TO GO!



Frank Valdez is a social worker by profession and a veteran of over 35 years in the peace, labor, civil rights and more recently the mental health consumer movement. He can be reached at Mentalhealthjustice@yahoo.com.



A Marriage Proposal

By Cathy Arellano



As part of my civic duty to help the man in the Big House, I mean the man in the White House, during these nasty culture wars, I humbly submit my proposal for the 28th Amendment, The "If Some Cannot Marry, Then All Must Marry" Amendment, to the U.S. Constitution.

*Whereas marriage shall be defined as between one man and one woman,
Whereas producing offspring is the sole purpose of marriage, and
Whereas the state must protect the institution of marriage,*

Therefore, let it be such that:

Each man and woman must marry on or before their 21st birthday.

All married couples must produce at least one offspring each year of their marriage as long as the woman is of child-bearing age.

When one spouse of the marriage is no longer able to procreate, said spouse must report him/herself to the authorities.

Religious ceremonies will not be recognized. (While the state acknowledges and values the religious diversity of its citizens, this is a nation of laws and I'm sure you'll agree that the separation of church and state must be respected.)

Once citizens enter into marriage, there will be:

No annulment. (Without religious ceremonies, there will be no need for this.)

No divorce. (Marriage is a lifelong civic duty of which every citizen must partake.)

No separation. (See above.)

No premarital sex. (Sex is for procreation, not recreation. Citizens who engage in premarital sexual activity must report themselves and their partners-in-the-illicit-act to the authorities. For self-

confessed premarital sex violators, the authorities will recommend an appropriate punishment, including, but not limited to one or a combination of the following:

arranged marriage to a non-sullied partner or wearing a scarlet A. For the citizens who do not report themselves and their partners, the state will track down the guilty—Thank God for the Patriot Act!—and deliver a harsher punishment.)



No extramarital sex will be allowed. (Punishment for citizens who engage in extramarital sex is righteously, I mean deservedly, a bit more severe: prison and/or death. Unfortunately, President Clinton, who signed 1996's Defense of Marriage Act, got sucked into a right-wing conspiracy during his second term, and was unable to move this important legislation forward.)

In addition, the proposed 28th Amendment will ensure that there is:

No masturbation. (Waste not, want not.)

No pornography, (including any depiction in book, film, video, music, theater, musical theater, jewelry-making, ceramics, etc. of hand holding, embracing, kissing, groping—sorry, Governor, not even the friendly, just kidding kind. For example, only Jennifer Aniston may play Brad Pitt's wife in any made-for-TV movie. As for you, la Otra Jenny, *J-Low*, for the sake of the law-abiding Hispanic community of this country, turn yourself in as quickly as possible. If you fear the negative publicity, you may call me on my cell and we'll deal with your situation privately.)

No viagra. (Once it stops working, you stop working, and must turn yourself into the authorities.)

No birth control. (We will need all the babies born in the U.S. we can get. If your parents were not blessed, I mean wed, within a good old-fashioned American marriage, they can go home now.)

There will be no HIV, AIDS, or any sexually transmitted disease funding. (In a state-sanctioned marriage society, there will be no need for this type of "special" sexual testing or treatment. As for prevention, in the words of Nancy Davis Reagan: "Just say no." And, really, if it was good enough for the War on Drugs, it's good enough for the War on Marriage, which reminds me that I need to make an announcement at this time. We are currently



My First Tejana on Our Last Visit

By Cathy Arellano

i came to san antone yesterday
cuz when i saw her in austin
three days ago
after seven years
i couldn't look at her

don't know if i really saw her
at that empanada bar
kicking me saying
i can't believe you came

don't know if i really saw her
at her mother's house
behind that fast car's engine
almost as fast as her own

don't know if i saw her
at that outdoor café
turning her lips from me
to smoke each camel

i do know
the first time i saw her
she held a ring
i held a plane ticket

she took off her ring
i flew home
she came for a break from spring
i showed her alcatraz and me
but she couldn't see through the fog

years passed
and cuz this is real life
the miles stayed long
when we were single
longer when we weren't

i came to san antone yesterday
saw her across the table
laugh at my califas way

of eating tex-mex in that restaurant
full of sunday-evening familias

i saw her as we rounded the river
lost track of time and place
lost our ride on the boat full of tourists
she didn't want to sit next to anyway

saw her at the borrowed apartment
lowcut and blackjeaned
redtoed and lipsticked

saw her in that queer queer club
we traded shots over green felt
left before last call
came home to the apartment
slept alone after seven years

i came to san antone yesterday
and remembered why
i fell for her the first time
she is as beautiful as the world of
women
who love women knows her to be

but that's not why
i came to san antone yesterday
i came to hear all the questions
she couldn't ask before
i came to hear all the answers
she couldn't give before
i came to see if she saw me

on the bus back to austin
the hard part is remembering
why the first look into her eyes
never guarantees a second

i came to san antone yesterday



accepting résumés for the position of Marriage Czar. Please contact me for more details.)

No adopting or fostering of children. (Sorry, but if Mother Nature had deemed you worthy of raising our most precious natural resource—after Iraqi oil—then she would have provided you with the proper equipment.)

No artificial insemination and the freezing of embryos and sperm. (And surrogate motherhood? As they say down at Pac Bell when Barry Bonds steps to the plate: Tell it good-bye.)

No babysitting or daycare. (Because marriage is the most fundamental institution of our society, one or both members of each married couple must care for their own children at all times. In addition, free and reduced breakfast and lunch will not be offered in schools. There *will* be no schools. Married couples are responsible for the feeding of their children's bodies *and* minds.)

This Attack on Marriage has forced us to review all of the other Constitutional Amendments for any loopholes that another deviant group might try to exploit for its own selfish and undemocratic purposes. Here is an Update:

The 14th Amendment, which in 1967 was cited in arguments that struck down various states' miscegenation laws, is currently under review. (Those damn interracial marriages started this whole gay marriage mess in the first place.)

The 21st Amendment, which prohibits the prohibition against alcohol, will be repealed. Besides, who needs liquor when you're married?

Unfortunately, where we're at in this War on Marriage is it only follows that if homosexuals are forbidden to marry, they are excused from paying taxes. Now, before you dash off a letter to Senator Weak or Weaker, this is not attributed to any "special" rights, of course, but to history: taxation without representation went out with the British.

At this time, only God knows where this country is headed, but in the words of...someone who fought for freedom more than two hundred years ago, I leave you this: Remember the Alamo! I mean, Don't tread on me!



Cathy Arellano is a San Francisco born writer and performance artist raised in the Mission District. Her poetry, fiction and non-fiction have appeared in books, literary journals, magazines and grassroots publications. She is also a teacher facilitating creative writing workshops for young people.

Community Meetings

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

Parents/Friends of Lesbians/ Gays (PFLAG) First Thursday of each month at 7 pm at the Resource Ctr, 121 W. Woodlawn, call 655-2383.

A Multicultural Worship Service is held Sundays at 11 am at **Spirit of Life Lutheran Church**, call Rev. Kay Johnson at 691-5937 in sanctuary of Los Angeles Heights Methodist.

Amnesty International #127 Fourth Thursday of each month at 7:30 pm at Ashbury United Methodist, call 829-0397.

Fuerza Unida at 710 New Laredo Hwy., Call for information and meeting times, 927-2297.

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

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

S.N.A.P. Survivors Network of those Abused by Priests meets the last Wednesday of each month at 7 pm at 1443 S. St. Mary's, call 725-8329.

Xicana Xicano Education Project Wednesdays at 6 pm at the Bazan Public Library, 2200 W. Commerce St., call 437-5196.

Solidarity: Peer Support for Mental Health Consumers, First and Third Saturday monthly, 10:30 am at the Travis Park United Methodist Church, Rm 210. Call 734-7527.

Bexar County Green Party First Sunday of each month at 2 pm at the Estela's Mexican Restaurant, 2200 W. Martin St.

Habitat for Humanity holds Volunteer Orientation on first Tuesdays of each month at 1st Presbyterian Church, 404 N. Alamo, rm 302 at 6 pm.

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



a call for submissions to ¡W.A.R.R.R.!

Wrongs And Responsabilidades, Rights, Rituals

||| SUBMISSION GUIDELINES |||

Submission deadline is MONDAY, JUNE 14, 2004, 5 pm. Applicants should submit the following materials:

- + Application form—available at the Esperanza or through email [esperanza@esperanzacenter.org]
- + Slides, photos or digital images of each work submitted for review. Return of submission image not guaranteed.*
- + The exhibition will open on July 10, 2004 (6-9 pm). We would like all participants to be present for the opening reception. Exhibition will close at the end of August, 2004.

||| SELECTION PROCESS |||

Submissions will be considered for their aesthetic merit as well as their engagement with the political and social consideration of the theme of war.

A community advisory board will consider submissions and select participants for the exhibition. Participants selected will be notified during the week of June 21-25.

||| FURTHER INFORMATION |||

ESPERANZA PEACE AND JUSTICE CENTER
922 SAN PEDRO, 1/2 mile north of downtown @ Evergreen
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78212

210/228-0201

M-F, 9-6pm, Weekends by appt. only
ESPERANZA@ESPERANZACENTER.ORG
WWW.ESPERANZACENTER.ORG

*For purposes of this submission only, The Esperanza will take a photo of your work if needed for entry.

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.

Jump-Start Performance Co. invites you to attend *Around the World and Back Again: A Celebration Honoring Nita Langner* on Saturday, June 5, 2004 at the Jump-Start Theater, Blue Star Arts Complex, Corner of S. Alamo and Probandt. The evening of tributes begins at 7 pm with special events throughout the night. Travel attire is recommended. The event will benefit innovative programming at Jump-Start. Seating is limited and begins at \$50 for a single admission, general seating. Call 227-JUMP.

Latina Letters, an annual conference on *Latina Literature and Identity* is set for July 15-17 at St. Mary's University in San Antonio, Texas. The 2004 theme: *Reporting Our Present, Shaping Our Future: The Representation of Latinas in Contemporary Media and Literature* will focus on the role of Latinas in media with screenings by Latina filmmakers and presentations by Ana Castillo, María Hinojosa, Alicia Kozameh, Carmen Tafolla, María Martín, Rosemary Catacalos and other notable Latinas. For more go to: www.guadalupeculturalarts.org or call 431-2007.

Cine Acción seeks film & video works that reflect the experiences and diversity of Latino, Latin American & Caribbean communities to be showcased at the 12th Annual Festival *¡Cine Latino!*™ which will be held on September 15th-19th, 2004 at The Victoria Theatre in San Francisco, CA. We encourage entries

from emerging, independent and industry filmmakers throughout the US as well as Latin American countries. Entry deadline for film and video works is June 1, 2004. For complete info contact **Cine Acción** at 415/553-8135 or info@cinaccion.com.

Palo Alto College offers a free migrant education program that addresses the needs of migrant and seasonal farm workers in pursuit of a General Education Development (GED) certificate. The High School Equivalency Program (HEP), funded by a U.S. Department of Education grant, provides an accessible education and successful attainment of GED certification. The program has an open enrollment; students may register Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the Ozuna Learning Resources Center. For information, call Adult Education at 921-5410 or 921-5411.

The residents of **St. Peter-St. Joseph Children's Home** (St. PJ's), as part of the *Healing Arts Project*, have released an original rap CD entitled "On the Loose" featuring 18 original rap songs written and performed by 21 youth age eleven to fifteen. The songs express the lives of children who are in residential care. The CD is now available for sale at Espuma Coffeehouse (928 S. Alamo), Hogwild Records (1824 N. Main) and the Hip Hop Shop at the Highway 90 Flea Market. Proceeds from the sales will fund extra activities for children at St.

Peter-St. Joseph Children's Home. For info contact: Adrienne Harmon, Healing Arts Project (210/421-2787) or Rosie García-Pompa, St. PJs (210/533-1203).

The Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual Educator's Alliance (GLBEA) comprised of professional educators primarily from the San Antonio metro area welcomes all educators who are looking for a network support group and identify as gay, lesbian or bisexual. Inquire at GLBEducators@yahoo.com or visit <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/GLBEA>.

The producers for a new public access show, *The 411 Show*, are currently looking for young, local talent for interviews and artistic performances. Youth ages 6 to 18 who would like to participate in interviews or performances may call to be placed on the interview list. All potential participants must be available for filming weekdays, from 9 am to 6 pm. This is not a paid performance but is an opportunity for exposure in the media arts. Call Patsy Robles at 210/789-3143 for an interview/audition.

Save the date! **NALAC, The National Association of Latino Arts & Culture's 5th National Conference, ARTE Y CULTURA: EL CORAZON DE LAS AMERICAS, NALAC IN THE HEARTLAND** is set for October 6-10, 2004 in Kansas City, Missouri. Contact info@nalac.org for details.

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
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 _____ \$500
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 _____ \$100
 _____ \$50
 _____ \$25
 _____ \$15 La Voz subscription
 _____ \$10
 _____ other \$ _____

I would like to volunteer!

Name _____
 Address _____
 City, State, Zip _____
 Phone Number _____

Mil Gracias a toda la buena gente que ayudó con el evento de Rita Vidaurri.
 Heartfelt thanks to the community which came together for the Rita Vidaurri event.
 ¡Todos somos Esperanza!



Fuerza Unida's Cooperativa de Costura
 Selling bags, flags, bedding, pillows, curtains, kitchen linens, purses, clothing, & made to order.
 All locally made & Sweatshop free.
 Call 927.2294 & visit lafuerzaunida.org
 Sewing justice in San Antonio!

The U.S.-Mexican border es una herida abierta where the third world grates against the first and bleeds. And before a scab forms it hemorrhages again, the life blood of two worlds merging to form a third country—a border culture.

—Gloria E. Anzaldúa

Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza. aunt lute books, 1987: 3.

La Voz de Esperanza

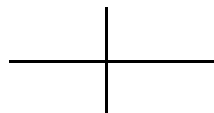
Esperanza peace & justice center
922 San Pedro
San Antonio TX 78212

210-228-0201 • fax: 210-228-0000

www.esperanzacenter.org

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a call for submissions to a special art exhibit,

¡ W . A . R . R . R !

Wrongs And Responsabilidades, Rights, Rituals

Works should directly address and engage with the following: military conflicts, an increasing culture of violence, and/or the struggles of people of color, women and children, queer identities, the poor, and other disenfranchised communities – hoping to create links between issues, peoples, forces, and histories.

We seek entries in all types of non-traditional and traditional media: paintings, sculpture, installation works, video, photographs, paper, craft-based works, mixed-media, doodles, tags--to name a few possibilities.

All work must be submitted for review. Submissions open to all levels and all persons, but are especially sought from local, San Antonio gente. In particular, women of color, queer identities, “emerging artists,” youth and elders are encouraged to submit work. Participants should review the Esperanza Vision Statement for further guidance concerning our desire for the exhibition’s interpretation of “war.”

*Selected participants will receive a small honorarium and works can also be sold to the general viewing public if the participant so desires.**

Submission deadline is MONDAY, JUNE 14, 2004, 5pm.

See page 14 for full details.