

La Voz de Esperanza

San Antonio, Texas • June 2005 • vol. 18 issue 5 •

*Canto,
café y
cuentos
con*

**Lourdes
Peréz**

*Sunday,
June 5th
@ Esperanza,
3 pm*



La Voz de Esperanza

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Editor

Gloria A. Ramírez

Layout • Design

Mónica Victoria Velásquez, Mary Catherine Zamora, Megan Elizabeth Sheets, Esteban Arredondo

Contributors

Jessica Guerrero, Bill Moyers, Lourdes Pérez, Brian Thomas

La Voz Collective

Linda Beddingfield, Inez Valdez, MujerARTES y otra Buena Gente de Esperanza

Esperanza Director

Graciela I. Sánchez

Esperanza Staff

Elizandro Carrington, Jessica Fuentes,

Cindy Rodríguez, René Saenz

Esperanza Board

David Zamora Casas, Anel Flores, Amy Kastely, Michael Martínez, Marcos Márquez, 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 can be sent to:

lavoz@esperanzacenter.org
or mail to:

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The Esperanza

Peace & Justice Center

922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212

(on the corner of Evergreen Street)

210.228.0201 • fax 210.228.0000

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 Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

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Lourdes' family, Lourdes has her hand to her mouth

Cuentos de familia, stories we hear beginning with our mothers and family are very often the basis of history for whole groups of people. At the Esperanza we are discovering this to be true as we collect stories from San Antonio's Westside in our Arte es Vida project. In much the same way, Lourdes Pérez has been documenting and collecting her mother's stories with each visit to Puerto Rico.

In June, we will bring back Lourdes to sing and tell the stories that, in Puerto Rico, were told in the afternoon at three o'clock over a cup of coffee. Much like we save pennies in a piggy bank or our dollars in a savings account, Lourdes hopes to start a story bank saving her mother's stories and composing songs to honor and memorialize them. It is her dream to make them available online as a "banco de cuentos" where everyone can deposit and withdraw

their stories and to also begin to broadcast those stories in whatever way possible.

Café de las tres scheduled for Sunday, June 5th will begin at 3 pm with singing, stories, cafécito and pan. The event also features special guests including Lourdes' sister, Myriam. It promises to be a relaxing and intimate setting with the rich and beautiful contra alto voice of Lourdes and her guitar. To read more on this - go to pages 7 and 8 in this, the June 2004, issue of Voz.

This issue also features an excerpt of a speech by Bill Moyers to the National Conference of Media Reform which gives a thorough background on the gradual muzzling of media by radical right wing forces leading to the attacks on the news program, NOW with Bill Moyers. Much beyond the excerpt printed in this issue of Voz, (with permission from Free Press), he makes his point:

Ideologues don't want you to go beyond the typical labels of left and right. They embrace a world view that can't be proven wrong because they will admit no evidence to the contrary. They want your reporting to validate their belief system and when it doesn't, God forbid.

Not only are journalists and programming under attack but so are professors/teachers, (eg. Ward Churchill), publications and books, and community groups who are not accepting the "party line" - (I mean, corporate party line). Anything and anyone that doesn't fit the profile of what is "American," that is, U.S. "American," is liable to be a target these days. Hence, we have the Minutemen in Arizona patrolling the border and menacing other states. In California, the SOS (Save Our State) group recently threatened to destroy a 13 year old city sanctioned metro station monument at Baldwin Park, "Danzas Indigenas," which they declared to be "un-American." Death threats to artists and supporters of such public art were also made.

Read more on this in the July/August issue of La Voz. Send stories to lavoz@esperanzacenter.org or call 228-0201. Special thanks to 3 special young women who laid out this issue under duress when Steve Arredondo went in for heart surgery. We wish him a healthy and speedy recovery.

ATTENTION VOZ READERS: If you have a correction you want to make on your mailing label please send it in to lavoz@esperanzacenter.org If you do not wish to continue on the mailing list for whatever reason please notify us as well. La Voz is provided as a courtesy to people on the mailing list of the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center. **The subscription rate is now \$30 per year.** The cost of producing and mailing La Voz has substantially increased and we need your help to keep it afloat. To help, send in your subscriptions, sign up as a monthly donor, or send in a donation to the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center. Thank you. -GAR

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.



Editor's note: In an historic speech on Sunday, May 15, 2005 legendary television journalist Bill Moyers blasted Kenneth Tomlinson of the Corporation of Public Broadcasting (CPB) for launching a partisan witch hunt at PBS and called for a series of town hall meetings across the country. "I simply never imagined that any CPB chairman, Democrat or Republican, would cross the line from resisting White House pressure to carrying it out for the White House," Moyers told a packed room at the National Conference for Media Reform. "And that's what Kenneth Tomlinson has been doing." The following is an excerpt from the prepared text for Bill Moyers' speech. The event in St. Louis was organized and hosted by Free Press (www.freepress.net). Reprinted here with permission from Free Press.

I can't imagine better company on this beautiful Sunday morning in St. Louis. You're church for me today, and there's no congregation in the country where I would be more likely to find more kindred souls than are gathered here. There are so many different vocations and callings in this room - so many different interests and aspirations of people who want to reform the media - that only a presiding bishop like Bob McChesney with his great ecumenical heart could bring us together for a weekend like this.

What joins us all under Bob's embracing welcome is our commitment to public media. Pat Aufderheide got it right, I think, in the recent issue of In These Times when she wrote: "This is a moment when public media outlets can make a powerful case for themselves. Public radio, public TV, cable access, public DBS channels, media arts centers, youth media projects, nonprofit Internet news services, low-power radio and webcasting are all part of a nearly invisible feature of today's media map: the public media sector. They exist not to make a profit, not to push an ideology, not to serve customers, but to create a public - a group of people who can talk productively with those who don't share their views, and defend the interests of the people who have to live with the consequences of corporate and governmental power."

She gives examples of the possibilities. "Look at what happened," she said, "when thousands of people who watched Stanley Nelson's The Murder of Emmett Till on their public television channels joined a postcard campaign that re-opened the murder case after more than half a century. Look at NPR's courageous coverage of the Iraq war, an expensive endeavor that wins no points from this administration. Look at Chicago Access Network's Community Forum, where nonprofits throughout the region can showcase their issues and find volunteers." The public media, she argues, for all our flaws, are a very important resource in a noisy and polluted

" I was naïve, I guess. I simply never imagined that any CPB chairman, Democrat or Republican, would cross the line from resisting White House pressure to carrying it out for the White House. But that's what Kenneth Tomlinson has done. "

information environment.

You can also take wings reading Jason Miller's May 4th article on Z Net about the mainstream media. While it is true that much of the mainstream media is corrupted by the influence of government and corporate interests, Miller writes, there are still men and women in the mainstream who practice a high degree of journalistic integrity and who do challenge us with their stories and analysis.

But the real hope "lies within the Internet with its 2 billion or more Web sites providing a wealth of information drawn from almost unlimited resources that span the globe. If knowledge is power, one's capacity to increase that power increases exponentially through navigation of the Internet for news and information." Surely this is one issue that unites us as we leave here today. The fight to preserve the Web from corporate gatekeepers joins media, reformers, producers and educators - and it's a fight that has only just begun.

I want to tell you about another fight we're in today. The story I've come to share with you goes to the core of our belief that the quality of democracy and the quality of journalism are deeply entwined. I can tell this story because I've been living it. It's been in the news this week, including reports of more attacks on a single journalist - yours truly - by the right-wing media and their allies at the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

As some of you know, CPB was established almost 40 years ago to set broad policy for public broadcasting and to be a firewall between political influence and program content. What some on this board are now doing today - led by its chairman, Kenneth Tomlinson - is too important, too disturbing and yes, even too dangerous for a gathering like this not to address. We're seeing unfold a contemporary example of the age-old ambition of power and ideology to squelch and punish journalists who tell the stories that make princes and priests uncomfortable.

Let me assure you that I take in stride attacks by the radical right-wingers who have not given up demonizing me although I retired over six months ago. They've been after me for years now, and I suspect they will be stomping on my grave to make sure I don't come back from the dead. I should remind them, however, that one of our boys pulled it off some 2,000 years ago - after the Pharisees, Sad-

continued on page 4

J
♣



Bill Moyers

"I put this [flag pin] on as a modest riposte to men with flags in their lapels who shoot missiles from the safety of Washington think tanks, or argue that sacrifice is good as long as they don't have to make it. ... I put it on to remind myself that not every patriot thinks we should do to the people of Baghdad what bin Laden did to us."



Editor's note: In 2003 Bill Moyers was already a target for the right wing. The group NewsMax.com produced a "Deck of Weasels" depicting the 54 worst leaders and celebrities who opposed America and were key members of "The United Nations of Weasels." These "enemies of America" included Michael Moore, Tim Robbins, Jacques Chirac, Barbra Streisand, Teddy Kennedy, Kofi Annan and many more. The deck continues to grow...

ducees and Caesar's surrogates thought they had shut him up for good. Of course I won't be expecting that kind of miracle, but I should put my detractors on notice: They might just compel me out of the rocking chair and back into the anchor chair.

Who are they? I mean the people

obsessed with control, using the government to threaten and intimidate. I mean the people who are hollowing out middle-class security even as they enlist the sons and daughters of the working class in a war to make sure Ahmed Chalabi winds up controlling Iraq's oil. I mean the people who turn faith-based initiatives into a slush fund and who encourage the pious to look heavenward and pray so as not to see the long arm of privilege and power picking their pockets. I mean the people who squelch free speech in an effort to obliterate dissent and consolidate their orthodoxy into the official view of reality from which any deviation becomes unpatriotic heresy. That's who I mean. And if that's editorializing, so be it. A free press is one where it's OK to state the conclusion you're led to by the evidence.

One reason I'm in hot water is because my colleagues and I at NOW (NOW with Bill Moyers) didn't play by the conventional rules of Beltway journalism. Those rules divide the world into Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, and allow journalists to pretend they have done their job if, instead of reporting the truth behind the news, they merely give each side an opportunity to spin the news. Jonathan Mermin writes about this in a recent essay in *World Policy Journal*. (You'll also want to read his book *Debating War and Peace, Media Coverage of US Intervention in the Post Vietnam Era*.)

Mermin quotes David Ignatius of the *Washington Post* on why the deep interests of the American public are so poorly served by Beltway journalism. The "rules of our game," says Ignatius, "make it hard for us to tee up an issue, without a news peg." He offers a case in point: the debacle of America's occupation of Iraq. "If Senator so and so hasn't criticized postwar planning for Iraq," says Ignatius, "then it's hard for a reporter to write a story about that."

that unless an official says something is so, it isn't news. Why were journalists not discussing the occupation of Iraq? Because, says Lehrer, "the word, occupation, was never mentioned in the run-up to the war." Washington talked about the invasion as "a war of liberation, not a war of occupation, so as a consequence, "those of us in journalism never even looked at the issue of occupation."

"In other words," says Jonathan Mermin, "if the government isn't talking about it, we don't report it." He concludes: "[Lehrer's] somewhat jarring declaration, one of many recent admissions by journalists that their reporting failed to prepare the public for the calamitous occupation that has followed the 'liberation' of Iraq, reveals just how far the actual practice of American journalism has deviated from the First Amendment ideal of a press that is independent of the government."

Take the example (also cited by Mermin) of Charles J. Hanley. Hanley is a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for the *Associated Press*, whose fall 2003 story on the torture of Iraqis in American prisons - before a U.S. Army report and photographs documenting the abuse surfaced - was ignored by major American newspapers.

These "rules of the game" permit Washington officials to set the agenda for journalism, leaving the press all too often simply to recount what officials say instead of subjecting their words and deeds to critical scrutiny.

Hanley attributes this lack of interest to the fact that "it was not an officially sanctioned story that begins with a handout from an official source."

Furthermore, Iraqis recounting their own personal experience of Abu Ghraib simply did not have the credibility with Beltway journalists of American officials denying that such things happened. Judith Miller of the *New York Times*, among others, relied on the credibility of official but unnamed sources when she served essentially as the government stenographer for claims that Iraq possessed weapons of mass destruction.

These "rules of the game" permit Washington officials to set the agenda for journalism, leaving the press all too often simply to recount what officials say instead of subjecting their words and deeds to critical scrutiny. Instead of acting as filters for readers and viewers, sifting the truth from the propaganda, reporters and anchors attentively transcribe both sides of the spin invariably failing to provide context, background or any sense of which claims hold up and which are misleading.

I decided long ago that this wasn't healthy for democracy. I came to see that "news is what people want to keep hidden and everything



St. Mary's University and The Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center present

Latina Letters

The tenth annual conference on Latina literature and identity

July 14 - 16, 2005

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In 2005 we celebrate ten years since the founding of what critics have called "one of the nation's most important gatherings about literature by Hispanic women." We will discuss and celebrate three decades of Latina Literature in the U.S. The "crossing over" of U.S. Latino/a literature into the awareness of the general American reader began in the 1980s with the publication of Sandra Cisneros' *The House on Mango Street* by Arte Público Press and Cecile Pineda's award-winning novel *Face* (Viking). The widespread popularity of *The House on Mango Street*, especially among educators in desperate need of Latina texts suitable for high school study, led to its eventual publication by Random House, to the awarding of a McArthur "genius" fellowship to a Latina writer, and eventually to the acceptance of the existence of a significant Latina literary market by the mainstream publishing houses of New York. Last year we celebrated Pineda's continued production of cutting-edge experimental fiction. This year we applaud Cisneros for helping to open the gates of the mainstream for many Latina writers to follow. Joining Sandra in celebrating 10 years of *Latina Letters* and 30 years of Latina literature are award winning authors Ana Menéndez, Pat Mora, Lorna Dee Cervantes and Alicia Gaspar de Alba.

- Dr. Gwendolyn Díaz, Director, *Latina Letters*

Highlights

• **Thursday, July 14 @ 7 pm** - Opening banquet and reading by **Sandra Cisneros**. 2nd floor, St. Mary's Student Center. Book signing follows. Buy tickets for \$25 at the GCAC store by July 8th. Call 210-351-7787.

• **Friday, July 15 @ 7 pm** - Readings by **Pat Mora** and **Ana Menéndez**. 2nd floor, St. Mary's University Student Center. Free and open to the public. Books by all authors will be available for purchase from the Guadalupe Book Store. Book signing by individual authors will follow each presentation.

• **Saturday, July 16 @ 7 pm** - Readings by **Lorna Dee Cervantes** and **Alicia Gaspar de Alba** plus Screening of Lourdes Portillo's *Señorita Extraviada /Missing Young Woman* about the murders of over 300 young women in Juárez. At the Guadalupe Theater, 1300 Guadalupe Street. Booksigning follows. Free.



Pat Mora, Chicana poet, memoirist, and children's author has several books forthcoming including *Adobe Odes*, *Doña Flor and Dear Teacher: Seven Practices for Creative Educators*.



Ana Menéndez, daughter of Cuban exiles, published *Loving Ché* in 2004, which was translated into 13 languages and selected as a national bestseller.



Lorna Dee Cervantes, Chicana poet will publish her newest collection of poetry *Drive: The First Quartet* this fall with the local publisher, Wings Press.



Alicia Gaspar de Alba, Chicana novelist, poet and art historian is currently on tour with her first mystery, *Desert Blood, the Juárez Murders*.*

*Purchase *Desert Blood* on-site from the *Esperanza* and half the proceeds will benefit *La Voz de Esperanza*.

Without a trace of irony, the powers-that-be have appropriated the newspeak vernacular of George Orwell's 1984. They give us a program vowing "No Child Left Behind," while cutting funds for educating disadvantaged kids. They give us legislation cheerily calling for "Clear Skies" and "Healthy Forests" that give us neither. And that's just for starters.

else is publicity." In my documentaries - whether on the Watergate scandals 30 years ago or the Iran-Contra conspiracy 20 years ago or Bill Clinton's fundraising scandals 10 years ago or, five years ago, the chemical industry's long and despicable cover-up of its cynical and unspeakable withholding of critical data about its toxic products from its workers, I realized that investigative journalism could not be a collaboration between the journalist and the subject. Objectivity is not satisfied by two opposing people offering competing opinions, leaving the viewer to split the difference.

I came to believe that objective journalism means describing the object being reported on, including the little fibs and fantasies as well as the Big Lie of the people in power. In no way does this permit journalists to make accusations and allegations. It means, instead, making sure that your reporting and your conclusions can be nailed to the post with confirming evidence.

This is always hard to do, but it has never been harder than today. Without a trace of irony, the powers-that-be have appropriated the newspeak vernacular of George Orwell's 1984. They give us a program vowing "No Child Left Behind," while cutting funds for educating disadvantaged kids. They give us legislation cheerily calling for "Clear Skies" and "Healthy Forests" that give us neither. And that's just for starters.

In Orwell's 1984, the character Syme, one of the writers of that totalitarian society's dictionary, explains to the protagonist Winston, "Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? Has it ever occurred to you, Winston,

that by the year 2050, at the very latest, not a single human being will be alive who could understand such a conversation as we are having now? The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact there will be no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy means not thinking - not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness."

An unconscious people, an indoctrinated people, a people fed only on partisan information and opinion that confirm their own bias, a people made morbidly obese in mind and spirit by the junk food of propaganda, is less inclined to put up a fight, to ask questions and be skeptical. That kind of orthodoxy can kill a democracy - or worse.

Editor's note: This excerpt is only the beginning of Moyers' speech, To see the entire speech check below:

- An audio recording can be downloaded at: www.freepress.net/conference/audio05/moyers.mp3
- Or you can watch the video at: www.freepress.net/conference/audio05/freepress-closing40515.mov
- Transcript online (as soon as it's available) at: www.freepress.net/conference.

In his first public statement since the controversy at PBS emerged, Moyers endorsed a call by media reform groups for a series of town hall meetings nationwide so that Americans can speak directly to station managers and policymakers about what they want and expect from public broadcasting.

More than 50,000 Americans have already signed the Free Press petition calling on Kenneth Tomlinson to resign and demanding that the public be put back into PBS.

Voz readers, please add your name to the petition by clicking www.freepress.net/action/pbs.



Incantations/Conjuros*



A book of poetry in Tzotzil (with translations in Spanish and English) and accompanying images written and drawn by Mayan women in Chiapas, translated and anthologized by Ambar Past, was recently reviewed in the New York Times (May 11, 2005). Images from this extraordinary book were used in the November, 2001 issue of La Voz for Día de los muertos. Copies of the first edition of this rare book are still available but selling out fast! For more information on this and other publications of Taller Leñateros contact: www.tallerlenaeros.com



* Cover design is a 3-D rendering of the face of Kaxail, Mayan goddess of the wilderness, in recycled cardboard mixed with corn silk and coffee.

Westside Stories

By Jessica Guerrero

Although this is not the first interview I participate in as part of Esperanza's Arte es Vida project, Documentación y Entrevistas, I still feel a growing anticipation as I roll up the Guadalupe St. bridge and drive right into a yawning afternoon sun. I let the light swallow me up. By the time I'm done here, it will be way after dark.

I walk through the open gate and up the green steps of the Esperanza's Casita de Cuentos on S. Colorado. The sun dims as everyone arrives in ones, twos, and threes. Everyone is here, "Hello!", "Buenas tardes!", kiss, kiss and now we can start.

These efforts and the precious time we spend with our new friends and elders allow us to capture our past through those still present. It is an important task and a privilege to participate; I always walk away better and brighter.

These efforts and the precious time we spend with our new friends and elders allow us to capture our past through those still present.

Tonight we all gather around Lucy and Ray Pérez over plates of chalupas and bowls of fideo and cups of soda with ice. Ray tells us several stories about supernatural apparitions that have occurred throughout his life. He mutters jokes and Lucy nudges him on the arm to "behave". Mr. Pérez, emphasizes that these accounts are true, they are not just stories he made up to scare us. He has seen things that cannot be explained and Mrs. Pérez thinks it's because "something" has followed him throughout his life, probably protecting him.

He takes us from Texas to Louisiana and back to Texas as he speaks. Throughout his travels, he encounters kind people, menacing spirits and a reassuring presence. He confronts them all with an unwavering faith and certain boldness. He meanders between



stories with hardly a breath in between, mostly in the same tone of voice. Sometimes I'm unsure as to whether or not he's joking because his stories and his puns are all said so deliberately. Then he glances up at us and cracks a smile in spite of himself.

Lucy sits nibbling her chalupa, nodding emphatically at times, rolling her eyes and shaking her head at others. She cuts in and Ray pretends this bothers him, but she doesn't give in and tells him it's her turn now. Lucy shares a story about a spirit that appeared to both of them. She vividly recalls how relieved she was that Ray was with her when it happened. By request, she tells us again about how she and Ray met. It's a great story and I hope to hear it again soon. Each time I take something different from it.

When we run out of videotape, we flick the lights back on and blow out the candles. We hang out and crack up some more while we wash dishes and pack the leftovers. After hugs and kisses and see-you-soons, we file out onto our green painted porch. Mr. and Mrs. Perez cross the little street to their car and as they drive away, Mr. Pérez calls out, "We love you!" and I can see Mrs. Pérez waving goodbye and smiling.

If you would like to join us, meet at the Casita de Cuentos at 816 S. Colorado St. on most Saturdays at 10 a.m. Call the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center at 228-0201 for more information about the Arte es Vida collaborative and Documentación y Entrevistas project. Or call us to set up an interview for a story.



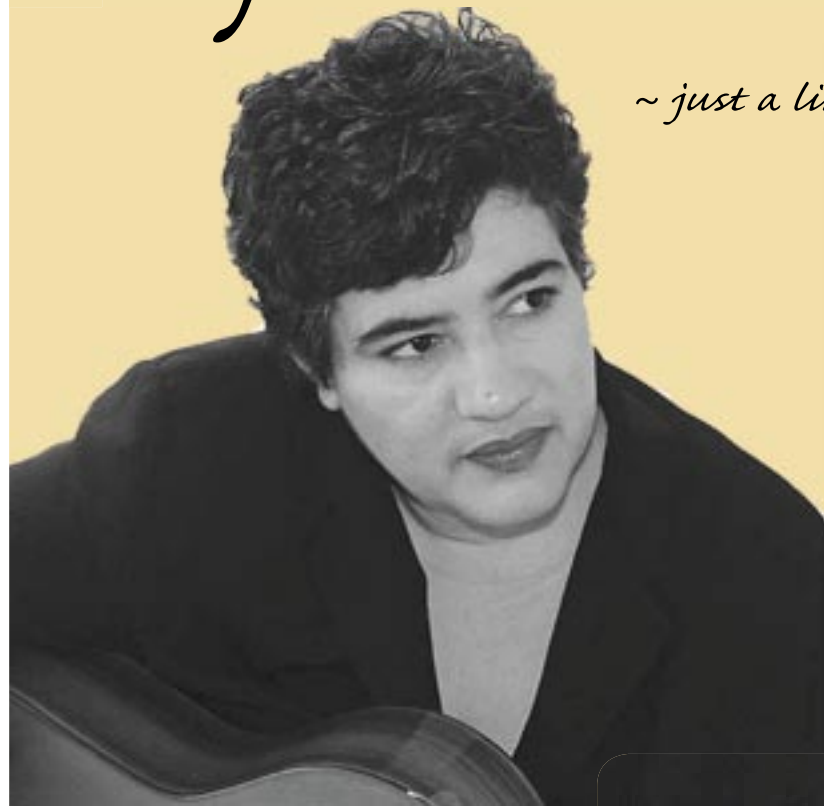
¡Andale!
¡Dale Shine al Westside!

Join the Arte Es Vida Project
un proyecto del
Centro Esperanza de Paz y Justicia

Call 228-0201

to tell us your stories or to help collect stories.

Café de las 3:00 with Lourdes Pérez



~ just a little a concert and the foundation of a new world bank ~

Sunday, June 5, 2005 • 3:00 de la tarde

Esperanza Center, San Antonio, Texas

Donations from \$5 to \$10 suggested.

In Puerto Rico around 3 in the afternoon, it is time for fresh coffee. In other places, the cup and what is in it may differ but the gift is the same. It is through the rituals of generosity practiced around the world that clarity is born and our humanity is reignited. In those moments, a world comes into being that has its own protocol, a separate and parallel history-- of laughter that pain cannot touch, the dignity of hospitality, of hands warmed by receiving.

Viaje en tren por Carmen I. Cruz (Moca, Puerto Rico)

On Sunday, June 5th at 3 pm I offer to you the release of new music and invite you to stay after for cafecito. For the next few years, I will write, sing and broadcast through an innovative, online cultural center. It will include Café de las 3:00 music, art and a library of hard-to-find items of interest related to world music and culture, a classroom, and an oral history bank of stories from around the world.

Café de las 3:00 will begin in San Antonio and live on as a virtual place where we can find each other regularly, interacting with speakers, performers, artists and witnesses from around the world. We will broadcast using whatever is available to the people, be it internet, shortwave or pigeon carrier.

We invite San Antonio gente to be among the first to deposit their oral histories in this bank, La Cuenta de Cuentos (The Other World Bank). Bring a story (written or recorded) or picture that you believe should be preserved and made available. I offer you this short story from my mother remembering the train in Puerto Rico which no longer exists. I will also memorialize it in song perhaps in time for the show. Vengan a tomar un cafecito conmigo.

Durante los años 1944 al 1947 era estudiante de escuela superior. Mucho antes de esa época el tren de pasajeros y de carga existía en Puerto Rico. Tenía muy pocos vagones de pasajeros y tal vez uno de carga.

Siempre tenía la ilusión de darme un paseo en tren, ya que no lo había experimentado. Por fin llegó el momento y en este caso para hacer gestiones de estudios en la Universidad. Para mí fue maravilloso que se cumpliera el deseo.

Los habitantes de Moca, San Sebastián y otros pueblos incluyendo Aguadilla nos correspondía esta parada. Esto era en Cuesta Vieja. Llegó el momento tan esperado, mi tía me acompañaba ya que ella viajaba frecuentemente. En la estación había mucha gente esperando, unos a trabajar, a visitar y otros a diversas gestiones. Era algo nuevo para mí.

En la entrada de la estación lo esperabamos; allí, gente vendiendo algo; panes, limonadas, pececitos de colores en frascos de cristal, de alguna charca, y otras cosas más.

¡Por fin llega el tren! Era como las doce del mediodía. Venía del sur, Ponce. Este llegaría a San Juan, su destino final. Entrábamos, pagábamos y a sentarnos con un poco de prisa, muchos por coger* la ventana para observar el trayecto, paisajes, belleza natural, la costa. No era muy cómodo porque los bancos eran de madera; los de primera

clase eran de pajilla.

Abordando en Aguadilla como era nuestro caso, se pasaban los siguientes pueblos: Isabela, Quebradillas, Camuy, Hatillo, Arecibo, Barceloneta, Manatí, Vega Baja, Toa Baja, Dorado, Bayamón hasta llegar a San Juan. De allí partíamos a nuestros destinos en autos locales para Santurce, Hato Rey, Río Piedras y algún otro lugar. En todos pueblos mencionados el tren hacía paradas.

Además había gente en el trayecto esperando tomarlo y otros también, bajando. La sirena y la campana sonaban continuamente. Por Quebradillas se pasaba un túnel, allí existe aún, incluyendo las viejas vías. Viajaban gente de todos niveles. Recuerdo aún los nombres con las banderas rojas indicando que el tren se detuviera para el cruce del otro contrario.

En esa época la tarifa era \$1.50 en la primera clase, 95¢ la segunda y 10¢ las paradas cortas, dependiendo el tramo. Los viajes, a pesar de ser un poco incómodos se nos hacían placenteros, ver la costa, los paisajes que traían tanta paz; ver algunos barcos a lo lejos. También los cañaverales, las centrales moliendo la dulce caña, sembrados de piña y otros frutos.

Algunos pueblos se caracterizan por lo que producen o venden: Isabela, por sus quesos de hojas, el pajuil** en



Manatí, en fin, cada pueblo con su producto o venta característico.

Por los años 1950 al 1952 el tren cesó sus funciones. Podría ser por cuestiones económicas o la llegada continua de los autos traídos desde afuera; eran más rápidos, así fueron usándolos para sus viajes más frecuentemente. Podría haber otros factores que terminaron nuestro querido tren.

Hace poco se inauguró un tren urbano en la zona metropolitana entre San Juan y Bayamón. Espero tengan una mayor suerte, servir al adelanto y necesidad de nuestro país. Espero además que algún día podamos disfrutar otro tren como el anterior, bordeando nuestra costa, contemplar nuestra isla y su paisaje, sus sembrados, aunque no esten los cañaverales, sus centrales azucareras y otros detalles nuestros que son únicos.

Notas

* coger: en PR se usa en vez de “agarrar” o “tomar” algo

** pajuil: fruta color tamarindo, con cascara de textura de terciopelo

The Train

Carmen I. Cruz (translated by Gloria Ramirez)

Since the time she was a high school student between 1944 to 1947, Lourdes' mother, Carmen, dreamed of riding a train. Trains had existed in Puerto Rico for a time with passenger cars and maybe one or two carrying cargo but she did not experience riding on one until she chose to attend the University. On the long awaited day her aunt, who was experienced at riding the train, accompanied her. She remembers:

People from Moca, San Sebastián and Aguadilla on their way to work or to visit elsewhere would wait for the train at Cuesta Vieja where vendors sold bread, limonade, colored fish in glass jars and many other items. The train would arrive at noon from the south, Ponce. It's final destination, San Juan. Everyone would climb on, pay a fare of \$1.50 for first class, 95¢ for second class or 10¢ for a short ride. Once on, everyone would scramble for the best seats. The seats, benches of wood, except for first class where they were covered with straw mats, were not that comfortable but everyone tried to get those closest to the windows to be able to see the landscape and its natural beauty as it approached the coastline. The scenery offered glimpses of boats faraway in the sea, fields of sugar cane and pineapples as well as other fruits. The ride felt peaceful and pleasant.

The train route took us through and stopped at many small towns where people got on and off to the sounds of bells clanging or whistles blowing: Isabela, Qubradillas (where it passed through a tunnel over the old tracks), Camuy, Hatillo, Arecido, Barceloneta, Manatei, Vega Baja, Toa Baja, Dorado, Bayamón. Each town was known for what it produced or sold. Isabela was known for its cheeses, Manati for a special velvety fruit called pajuil and so on. Along the way, red flags would occasionally go up to stop the train allowing another locomotive to pass. At San Juan, passengers would scatter to other locales in automobiles: to Santurce, HatoRey, Río Piedras and other destinations.

Between 1950 and 1952 our beloved train was discontinued due to economic considerations or perhaps with the increase in the use of automobiles throughout the island. Lately, a new metropolitan train between San Juan and Bayamón has started operating. I hope it serves the island well, but I still long for our old train and hope it returns some day so we can once again contemplate the rich scenery of fields and coastline unique to our island even though some of those cane fields and sugar refineries no longer exist.

FIESTA

...a view from the San Antonio River

By Brian Thomas

I just got off work, getting ready to retire after a day of such spectacular shit. Today, my friends, today was the day of the "fiesta." Originally, I assumed the fiesta on the river walk encompassed Mexican culture. All of the businesses had piñatas and colored streamers outside. It would be logical to believe that this was a Mexican holiday with Mexican culture deeply rooted in its history.

I was assigned to work the fiesta, as was the entire staff. Reservations were made and each server was assigned only one table. The reservations included a meal and a dessert at \$60 a seat. I went into work 5 hours early (as was scheduled) to help get everything together with the rest of the servers. The fiesta began 5 hours after I came in, The entire staff had to work for \$2.13 an hour up until Fiesta began where we would make tips. I got my table, there were four people and they were charged \$300. I made \$50 including hourly at the end of the night.

When the "fiesta" began I was not nearly prepared for what followed. I had an idea of what it might be like; overcharged tourists, underpaid servers, streets ridden of the homeless (or anyone without a wallet). But I could have never prepared myself for this shit.

For those of you who don't know what the river walk is: it is a long river that snakes through most of downtown, fake Mexican culture is sold to tourists at expensive prices, the homeless are driven from anywhere near it because they depress the spenders, and those who aren't there to spend are generally arrested. There are businesses that dot all along the river, some of them use neon lighting and bouncers to draw in the herds. Others, like ours, use a pretentious setting and atmosphere to draw customers in.

The river itself is only a few feet deep, there is about 3 feet of solid muck. Every year the city drains the river to clean it out after the smell gets especially unbearable. The city puts on a party in which people get drunk and have mud fights. This event draws in a lot of money as well. To me, this is like saying: fuck you consumer, eat your own shit. There is no limit to how far they will go.

Catering to the class system is very obvious; men with suits drinking martinis sit at the jazz lounge while across the

river Mexicans with moo-moos sit and eat enchiladas kept completely out of sight from the boudoir. Each business markets themselves to a specific class, which is, of course, everywhere in America, but what makes the river walk so spectacular is that they are all so close together!

Locals work all over the river walk at these businesses. And although San Antonio is primarily Mexican, the white servers outnumber the Mexicans. You see, rich white tourists want a taste of "Mexican culture" (which isn't what we are selling) but they don't want to have to look at a Mexican. So the white servers are hired. At some places, if the Mexican servers are pretentious enough, they will be hired, but not at most.

Each business has 100% support from the city government, and in turn, the police. There is no law on this ball field. The establishments only work with "the law" by making sure those over served drunks are safely escorted out of the restaurant and onto the streets where they will probably start fights and make some DWI money for the city. Other than safe book keeping, it is an open ball field for all the elephants to compete on.

All workers are lawfully exempt from being allowed to unionize, there is such a thing as the "arbitration agreement", which is apparently new, that basically stops any low wager from being able to organize against specific businesses. After all, how are these businesses and the city supposed to make money off of tourism if those pesky unions are around all the time protecting their fellow working class? There is a huge job turn, and this is directly contributed to the fact that workers have little or no rights in this place. Businesses are basically allowed to do anything without being reprimanded. In fact, they are completely supported by the city government.

For instance, a worker can be fired for forgetting to bus a table or bring a coaster for a guest's drink, we are completely without rights. Some businesses take it to extremes. At Landry's, we would have to line up like slaves while the manager checked our fingernails. It was very dehumanizing. Consulting a lawyer is also out of the question. Arbitration works as an agreement between the employer and the employee, bound by signature, that states that the business cannot be held liable for their own actions, and it's legal! Nearly all of these businesses make you sign it upon hiring, after all, where else are you going to



go? The river walk is where the money is. And when the day is finished, that money is going to be dumped right back into these businesses.

The workers are so stressed out that all of their money goes right back into the establishments. There are tours that move all over the river. As San Antonio has a lot of history, there are workers hired to take tourists on tours. Our education system seems to kind of revolve around this "history." Growing up, I recall being taught the battle of the alamo in school, the brave Americans battle against the evil Mexican empire and the massive stand off. You see, it is necessary in a tourist town to teach the population what the tourists want to hear.

I learned later that most of the "history" lessons I got were bullshit, truth profaned again in the name of almighty capital. After all, how are we to sell history to tourists if we are telling the truth about it? There is also a special kind of language used in this place, the language of exchange. In a place where all you have to look at are things and their prices, your very being is too, marked with exchange. The most illogical societies seem to have their underbelly of logic. This is the language of the river. Everything with some fake facade of "logic," but all based around the dissemination of reality. This language says again and again that this culture of exchange is what is real and what is logical.

History, culture, humanity, and language are all remade to fit in with this mindless profanity.

When I feel the need to speak in my native human tongue outside of the exchange language; "yes sir, our filets are top notch," the tourists look as if they have been confronted with some deep unimaginable void. Like Lenida, the woman in "Brave New World." She was confronted with the ocean and asked to go back to her fake plastic world of exchange, the deep dark emptiness truly scared her. But there is nothing more fake than the exchange-based dynamic of the river walk. History, culture, humanity, and language are all remade to fit in with this mindless profanity. Nothing offends me more than being asked how our tilapia de veracruzana tastes.

Now to the event of the fiesta!

At about 8:00 p.m. the first barge rolls by. By this time we were all expecting Mexican people blowing whistles and shooting fire crackers on river logs. It made sense. We are very close to the Mexican border and San Antonio history is all facilitated around Mexico. The word "fiesta" is Spanish and means party or get together. When one thinks of fiesta they would imagine banners, piñatas, and heavy drinking. After all, when the city markets the fiesta, they market it as a Mexican holiday for people to drink and have fun. I talked with some people who grew up in Mexico and they told me that fiesta is random, like whenever a long lost friend comes to visit. It is more social and isn't really marketed. Like when one of their friends has a birthday, we

could easily sub the word for "party," which is used randomly here too. There is no "fiesta" as a Mexican holiday. It was clearly invented by the city to draw in tourism.

So, back to the first barge. I first heard military music, that triumphant kind that seemed to suggest that America had just won a war. I turned around and saw about 10 marines standing on a boat that was shaped like a tank, shooting fire crackers into the air. There were Mexican banners strewn all over it, must have been some last minute attempt to make the obvious U.S. tank shaped boat look more "festive." There were big breasted blonde women all over the tank boat wearing banners that said "America." I was caught off guard, it was the first time I have ever seen such military mystification in a long time.

I was quickly reminded of the playboy concerts in Vietnam off of the Mekong during the war. It was a real event, you can find a

clip of it in "Apocalypse Now." The whole restaurant was dancing, the entire river was dancing. When the next barge came by, people were screaming god bless America at the top of their lungs. What once was a celebration just to celebrate, is now a Stalinist party gathering. Piñatas were being beaten, colored streamers were in the air, drinks were being raised, glow in the dark crosses were waved, and in the magnificence of it all, freedom, liberty, and justice, dressed in red white and blue, made their way down a shallow river of shit and muck. It was priceless, after a hot day the river insults it's audience with a very displeasing rank of an odor. And tonight, it was especially rank. It just about topped off the event for me.

This continued for another hour or two. I had had enough. I took about 60 cigarette breaks that night to get used to the noise. What makes this event so sickening is the ignorance of it all. The tourists complete lack of questioning. The dissolution of culture on the river walk. The dehumanizing exchange labor, the metaled out classist police. The death of reality. It's a lie, and by lending consent to it and absolving ourselves from responsibility, we can look forward to a nice Orwellian future.

Editor's note: Brian's observations are based on his experiences on one night of Fiesta 2005 in San Antonio. He may be reached at travelsbybrian@hotmail.com Cascaron image by Glenna Park is from a special issue of La Voz de Esperanza, April 2000. Medieval woodcut drawn by 16th century German artist Hans Holbein, the younger.



Native spirit benefit fundraiser

The Lucio Ranch located in Los Fresnos on Stage Couch Rd. located off of Hwy. 100 will be hosting a benefit fundraiser for Tlalpalcalli Resource Center on Indigenous Thought and Culture. The Lucio Ranch is owned and operated by Senator Eddie Lucio and Family, long time supporters of Tlalpalcalli. The Native Spirit Fundraiser will be held on June the 18th and will begin at 5:00 p.m., with dinner serving buffalo steaks, buffalo burgers, and wild rice trimmings. Along with the dinner the fundraiser will provide a *Native Spirit Cultural Evening*, featuring the Native American Northern Drum Group *Spotted Horse*. The Spotted Horse drum group has been together over a span of ten years and has been active in various pow-wow circuits in Arizona, California, New Mexico, and Texas. The northern style drum group will be accompanied by traditional pow-wow dancers from our region.

The Native Spirit Cultural Evening will be in support of a Capitol Fundraising Campaign that will support the purchase of land and facility for the non-profit resource center Tlalpalcalli. Cost of admittance will be \$20 for adults and \$10 for children. A limited amount of tickets will be sold to assure a seat and dinner plate, tickets need to be purchased in advance. Traditional tepees will be set up by the Bear Clan of McAllen and the Apache Nation of Texas. This event will also include a silent auction and the sale of earth friendly products produced by Tlalpalcalli. Master of Ceremonies for the evening will be Gabriel Ayala a Corpus Christ native, master guitarist, song writer and dancer and drummer of Native American tradition.



Tlalpalcalli Inc. is a non-profit community action and resource center dedicated to the preservation of the language, culture, and traditions of the indigenous people of the Americas. Tlalpalcalli was organized to bring together community to develop a collective agenda to address social, economic, and environmental justice issues and the self-determination of Indigenous People as well as provide a ceremonial gathering place. Our approach to community building and empowerment reflects that there is dignity in our cultural identity, that our traditional forms of social organizing the **Calpulli** and **Tlatocan** (Advisory Council) still work effectively to address our needs, and traditional teachings still ring true to life.

Tlalpalcalli was originally founded in 1992 as part of Casa de Colores, a project of the Foundation for a Compassionate society and the Center for the Study of the Gift Economy. Created to promote and preserve indigenous thought and culture, Tlalpalcalli has since provided a community resource center, gatherings, conferences, alternative projects, and programs dedicated to the healing and protection of mother earth and all of humanity.

In the summer of 2001, the Casa de Colores family reorganized itself under the Calpulli system and inaugurated its new ceremonial grounds and the Tlalpalcalli community action and resource center on a four-acre site just east of San Benito, Texas. Tlalpalcalli was formed by the Calpulli Tlalpalcalli, a collective of families working in defense of Mother Earth

and for the preservation of her natural resources. Calpulli Tlalpalcalli is a community dedicated to following the earth based customs and traditions of our Azteca-Mexica ancestors. In the Nahuatl language Tlalpalcalli means Casa de Colores and Calpulli is the collective, the clan, the community, or the family. The Calpulli system is the ancient form of clan identification and community building of the Nahuatl-speaking people.

Our new facility is located about thirty miles up river from our previous location. In the short three years that we have been at this new site we have produced new organic gardens of medicinal herbs, native fauna, fruit trees, along with a variety of cactus and flowers that we transplanted from our former location. A large permanent vegetable garden was also underway this past year. Crucial to our work has been the development of the aloe and maguey gardens essential for the production of our natural products.

Tlalpalcalli is located on four acres of land of which two are utilized for sweat lodges and for the ceremonial fire and dance circle. The facility and gardens are within the other two acres that is also equipped with two outdoor showers. Our goal is to develop the land and facility through appropriate technology utilizing solar and wind power as well as a system of drip irrigation.

Since its inception, Tlalpalcalli/ Casa de Colores has provided people on both sides of the border, projects & programs on indigenous thought and culture, environmental protection, youth leadership, traditional healing, organic gardening and nutrition, immigrant and refugee advocacy and is an example of community building, sustainability, and self-sufficiency.

Community building and empowerment, rooted in traditional teachings and cultural principles of the Calpulli and Tlatocan, began in 1992. Since then our work has been guided by the sacred ceremonial fire that over the years has united many indigenous communities and provided a common ground that we continue to build on to preserve

identity, values, beliefs and tradition from one generation to another. This intergenerational indigenous philosophy has been the foundation of the many successes highlighted. Two notable examples are:

- In June of 2000, Casa de Colores hosted the 11th Indigenous Environmental Network Gathering. Over eight hundred indigenous people from around the Rio Grande Valley, throughout the country, and from five countries in the Americas came together to network share strategies, and experience, and learn more about our community issues on the southernmost tip of the U.S./ Mexico border. As a focal point Tlalpalcalli conducted educational toxic tours on the contamination of the Rio Grande/Rio Bravo and surrounding communities that live within the toxic zone of this border region.



Gabriel Ayala, Master Guitarist

- On October of 2000 Tlalpalcalli sponsored the Caminata Ohtli Aztlan (The Walk Returning to Aztlan). According to our history and oral tradition the original migration took place in 1064, leaving our homeland of Aztlan and eventually settling in Tenochtitlan today known as Mexico City. This symbolic 3-month pilgrimage and arduous trek through central and northern Mexico and return to the Southwestern U.S., gave participants the opportunity to witness the pollution, strip mining and destruction of vast mountain regions and communities, as well as the spiritual growth that one can only receive from such a pilgrimage.

Tlalpalcalli is an intergenerational organization comprising, Mexicano/Xicano/ Indigenous people living in San Benito/Brownsville, surrounding rural areas, and the southern-most tip of the Mexico/US border region. All programs are available to everyone regardless of their geographic location, class, gender, age, or physical ability.

For more information please contact Tlalpalcalli at (956) 748-9159 or email at tlacalli@AOL.com. Tlalpalcalli is located at 27712 FM 803 San Benito, TX 78586.



community meetings

Amnesty International #127 meets the fourth Thursday of each month at 7:30 pm at Ashbury United Methodist. Call 829-0397.

Bexar County Green Party meets first Sundays at 2 pm at Picante Grill, 3810 Broadway.

DIGNITY S.A. holds mass on Sundays at 5:15 pm at St. Ann's Church. Call 735-7191.

Fuerza Unida is located at 710 New Laredo Hwy. Call 927-2297.

Habitat for Humanity holds Volunteer Orientation on first Tuesdays at First Presbyterian Church, 404 N. Alamo, Rm 302 at 6 pm.

Parents/Friends of Lesbians/Gays (PFLAG) meets the first Thursdays at 7pm at the Resource Center, 121 W. Woodlawn. Call 655-2383.

Proyecto Hospitalidad Liturgy meets on Thursdays at 7 pm at 325 Courtland. Call 736-3579.

The Rape Crisis Center is located at 7500 US Hwy 90 West, Building 2 in San Antonio. The 24 hour hotline number is 210/349-7273. Call 210/521-7273 or email Drominishi@rapecrisis.com

San Anto MEXA meets on Tuesdays at 6:30 pm at the Esperanza Center. Contact: www.sanantomexa.org or mexa@riseup.net

San Antonio NOW meets the fourth Wednesday of each month at La Madeline on Broadway at 6:30pm. Call: 210/673-8600 Mail: Box 34551, 78265-4551

The Shambhala Buddhist Meditation Center offers meditation in-

struction on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7pm and Sundays at 11:30 am. Practice is on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7pm and on Sundays from 9:30 am-12:30 pm at 1114 South St. Mary's. Call 222-9303.

The Society of Friends meets on Sundays at 10 am at The Friends Meeting House, 7052 N. Vandiver. Call 945-8456.

The Society of Latino and Hispanic Writers of SA meets on the 2nd Monday @ 7:00 pm to discuss craft and publishing specific to Latinos at Barnes and Nobles, San Pedro Crossing (across Loop 410 from North Star Mall). Open to the public.

Solidarity: Peer Support for Mental Health Consumers, meets the first and third Saturdays at 10:30 am at the Travis Park United Methodist Church, Rm 210. Call 979-8456.

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

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 meets Wednesdays, 6 pm at the Bazan Library, 2200 W. Commerce St. Call 437-5196.

Voice for Animals meets the last Saturday of each month in the meeting room of Whole Foods Market in the Quarry 3 - 5 p.m. Call 737-3138 or visit www.voiceforanimals.org

Submissions, deletions or changes to community meetings may be made by contacting lavoz@esperanzacenter.org or mail in to La Voz, 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212

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.

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City of San Antonio Local Charitable Campaign

and the Combined School District Charitable Campaign

Esperanza Peace & Justice Center Code #8035

Call us at 228.0201 to sign-up with our electronic direct deposit program or to access employment site codes.

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.**

A New Latino Studies Book Series, **Latinos in the United States: Exploring Diversity and Change** from Lynne Rienner Publishers is welcoming proposals for insightful book manuscripts that explore topics ranging from Latinos' social and political status, to the dynamics of gender, race, and ethnicity, to issues of political economy, to differing immigrant experiences, and beyond. Guidelines can be found at www.rienner.com/PROPOSAL.htm Potential authors may contact the book series editors at: Edna Acosta-Belén, 518-442-4719, eab@albany.edu and Christine E. Bose, 518-442-4670, c.bose@albany.edu

Indiana Review is seeking Poetry, Fiction, and Non-Fiction by Latino & Latina writers that is well executed, original, and contains energy and immediacy. Content that addresses political, social, and cultural aspects of Latino and Latina identity and the community are welcome but not a prerequisite. Our intent is to showcase the vibrant and diverse voices of new and established Latino and Latina Writers. We cannot accept email submissions. The deadline for submissions considered for this special issue of IR-2006 will be Postmark date: December 31, 2005. Send manuscripts to: Latino/Latina Writers Issue - Indiana Review, Ballantine Hall 465, 1020 E. Kirkwood Ave. in Bloomington, IN 47405-7103. Email us at: Indiana Review

The National Association of Latino Arts and Culture (NALAC) launched the *NALAC Fund for the Arts (NFA)*, a groundbreaking national grant program that will open doors for struggling Latino artists and arts organizations. *NFA* will address the needs of individual artists

through professional development, fellowships and residency support. *NFA* will also address the needs of selected arts organizations to increase their infrastructure, assist in presenting original Latino works and promote diverse programming in Latino communities. The *NFA* is a two-year pilot program made possible with major support from the Ford Foundation. Artists and arts organization grants will range from \$2,500 to \$25,000. All Latino artists, ensembles, and Latino non-profit arts and cultural organizations are eligible to apply. Guidelines and application forms are available on-line at www.nalac.org. The application deadline is June 10, 2005 and awards will be made in November 2005. If you or your organization would like information on how you can contribute to *The NALAC Fund for the Arts* contact Maria Lopez De Leon, NALAC Executive Director at maria@nalac.org or write to NALAC 1204 Buena Vista Street, San Antonio, TX 78207.

The Mexico Solidarity Network has three delegations to Mexico this summer of 2005. The cost for each trip is \$500, which includes ground transport, hotels, translation, background materials and program. Delegates are responsible for their own travel to each site plus most meals. For specifics read below or visit: www.mexicosolidarity.org

June 25 - July 2: Women Constructing a Fair Global Economy: Fair Trade and Women's Issues Delegation to Chiapas, Mexico. Co-sponsored by: **United Students for Fair Trade** and the **MSN**. This delegation will examine the impact that globalization has had on women in Mexico and the leadership role that women play in the movement for social

and economic justice. NOTE: The delegation is open only to women, and transgender folks who identify as women. Most other tours are open to all.

July 30 - August 6: Delegation to Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, a city caught in corporate globalization's nightmare. During the past decade, over 400 young women have been murdered in a string of unsolved femicides largely ignored by police and local officials. Left with no political allies, women in Juarez organize on their own behalf. This delegation will meet these women and learn about their courageous work. The fee includes ground transport from El Paso, Texas to Juárez, Mexico.

August 6 - 14: Delegation to Chiapas: Birthday Party for the Caracoles! Learn about the new Zapatista Good Government Centers and show your solidarity! The establishment of regional autonomous governments - *Juntas de Buen Gobierno* - 2 years ago, marked an important new phase in the development of Zapatismo. The *Juntas* are in the process of consolidating political power throughout large areas of Chiapas as well as building the three foundations of community development - health care, education and economic development. The situation is particularly difficult in Zapatista refugee camps since the **International Red Cross** pulled out of Chiapas to move operations to Iraq last year leaving behind 8,000 internally displaced refugees surrounded by the army and paramilitary forces without access to food and medical care.

For information or an application to any of the **MSN** tours visit: <http://www.mexicosolidarity.org/Delegations/>

The Esperanza community congratulates

Joan Fabian

Artist and former art instructor at San Antonio College who received a **Pollock-Krasner Foundation, Inc. grant** to support her living and working expenses for one year.



Samples of her work can be seen at www.joanfabian.com.

An employee with the Alamo Community College District for 10 years, seven of those spent at SAC, Fabian has received a number of awards over the course of her career including honorariums from the Esperanza Center.

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TEXAS MEDIA EMPOWERMENT PROJECT

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Vicki Noble
(USA),
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and many others

Matriarchal societies past and present.

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Matriarchal policy.

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