



La Voz de Esperanza

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The Buena Gente of Esperanza,
MujerARTES y mas..

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 Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

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Cover Art: José Guadalupe Posada

Buena gente de Esperanza,

After the grueling effort we put into publishing the November 2005 issue of La Voz, this last issue of 2005 has been a pleasure to edit and layout. Apologies to Mónica Velásquez who joined Steve Arredondo last month in laying out the issue but got left out of the credits. Thanks again to the many calaveristas who made the November issue possible and to the artists, especially Mary Agnes Rodríguez and David Gonzáles who allowed us the use of their original art work. The final product in November made the effort well worthwhile. A last calaverita, The Death of Capitalism, sneaked into this December 2005/January 2006 issue not without relevance as the year ends with the U.S. in turmoil on domestic and international fronts.

One of the many gifts that we received in producing the November Calaveras issue of La Voz is running into a posada graphic of La Virgen de Guadalupe which graces the front page of this issue. December 12th is the date that the Virgin of Guadalupe is celebrated in México and San Antonio. For many of us she represents the connection of the indigenous people to the earth mother. Many honor this deity as a symbol of our respect and love of earth. For others, the religious significance is one that extends beyond the typical adoration of a patriarchal religious system. How ever one chooses to celebrate La Virgen or not, we can all agree that the respect for our earth is tantamount to our survival and that we must remain ever vigilant in protecting and honoring our home, la madre tierra.

This December/January issue of La Voz came together with the submission of several reviews of movies, videos and books. It is almost as if we are being guided to choose consciously in our gift giving this holiday season. Certainly, presses like Cinco Puntos Press, Arte Publico Press, Southend Press and many more lesser known progressive presses need to have your purchasing power behind them. Consider buying books as gifts for yourself and for children you know this holiday season and buying them from independent booksellers and socially conscious presses. Giving a subscription to La Voz would not be a bad idea, either.

Read carefully the words that Norma Cantú offers in reflecting on 9-11, Hurricane Katrina and the Iraqi war in her article, Surviving Patriotism: Healing The Wounds of Racism and Fear. Her sentiments offer us a banquet of thoughts to ponder as we end 2005 and look forward to 2006.

The Esperanza Peace and Justice Center, staff and governing body, el Conjunto de Nepantleras wish all Buena gente of the Esperanza a peaceful beginnings in 2006.

Feliz año, Gloria A. Ramírez, la editora

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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.

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Todos Somos Esperanza

by Yvette Torralva Presas

I was saddened to hear that the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center had recently received negative comments about how it handles itself. I believe the majority of the buena gente of San Antonio enjoy the many events that Esperanza provides for the motivation and inspiration of the Arts. I first learned about the Esperanza through a copy of your publication, La Voz, that I picked up at another San Antonio art gallery. I attended the W.A.R.R. Art Show held at Esperanza (summer 2004) and recognized a few artists, having seen their work hung at Gallista Gallery. Among the artists the Esperanza exhibited was Alex Rubio's work which he collaborated on with Denise Cadena, of the Centro Cultural Aztlán. It fused art and poetry onto one canvas inspired by W.A.R.R. I knew I would come back to visit.

On the next visit to the Esperanza, I was given information on other events that, to this day, I look back at gratefully. I was not able to attend all events, but those that I did attend I thoroughly enjoyed and always came home feeling that I had had another taste of the arts. I was given and still receive an embracing welcome by your staff and volunteers. I would like to mention a few of the events I attended and hope you will continue to provide San Antonio with more of the same.

I brought a couple of friends to the musical performance of Lourdes Pérez featured at the Esperanza in June, 2005. One friend, originally from Puerto Rico, was especially grateful that I shared this event with him. The songs written and performed by Ms. Pérez and her accompanists, made him nostalgic for home. I remember thinking how wonderful that others around the world were also enjoying this same performance from San Antonio that was broadcast via the Internet and other technological resources used by the Esperanza.

I enjoyed the performance by Lila Downs at the Guadalupe Plaza in the fall of 2004 and was happy to learn about San Antonio's own Rita Vidaurri, who also gave a great performance that evening. I was excited to see the short video about the historical building, La Gloria, because I had seen inspired artwork by local artist Mary Agnes Rodríguez on La Gloria and the video brought it all together for me. I understood the inspiration Mary Agnes must have felt for La Gloria.

I know inspiration and art go hand in hand, and it sometimes, if not often, may be politically motivated, as in the play "Psst, I have Something To Tell You, Mi Amor," written by Ana Castillo, about Sister Diana Ortiz's torture and rape by U.S. sponsored Guatemalan forces. The Esperanza provided local thespians the opportunity to produce an inspiring performance before Ana Castillo read from her latest book, Watercolor Women, Opaque Men. Readings, book signings, local artists and thespians performing plays, all art; and in this case, politically motivated art.

Your current art show, featuring culturally inspired clay works by local artists, the Mujer Artes collaborative, and the recent Offrendas

for Día De Los Muertos, at the Casita de Cuentos on S. Colorado St are to be commended. Commended because the Esperanza serves the community by providing a channel, with educational support, for artists to creatively participate, bringing art, culture and history together to underserved communities. The OLLU mariachi in their mariachi attire led the march to San Fernando Cemetery I while the Urban 15 group danced their way from



The OLLU Mariachi at 2005 Día de Los Muertos Esperanza event

Aztlán Cultural Arts Center to Esperanza's Casita de Cuentos unifying the Day of the Dead celebrations for the West Side.

West Side or East Side, as in East L.A., artists abound. Dan Guerrero's one-man show, ¡Gaytino! in November at the Esperanza was enriching, and well worth the donation. This 65-year-old performer, with many stage credits to his name, was funny, touching, open, and down to earth about his life. Again, Esperanza provided San Antonio, an opportunity to understand the wealth that every artist brings to the table, stage, song, canvas, book, or otherwise. Every artist has something to say and deserves the right to say it.

Thank you, Esperanza, for helping San Antonio to be an audience. Negative comments about Esperanza's good works speak of prejudice. The Esperanza Peace and Justice Center provides our local artisans and artists as well as our community a gallery, a theatre, workshops and more for expression, inspiration, and motivation. My first impression of the Esperanza and my continued impression is that it supports and recognizes the Arts in as many ways as it can. What the taxpayers give to the Esperanza, it gives back multi-fold. I am glad to join the many volunteers of the buena gente of Esperanza. ¡Arte es Vida!

Bio: Yvette Torralva Presas, a graduate of Fox Tech, is a recent addition to the buena gente volunteers of the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center and has stepped in to assist in the production of La Voz de Esperanza.



Rita Vidaurri with the OLLU Mariachi

pomegranates

by Janie Alonso

My Mom cut off my hair that summer. Trás, trás went the scissors as my long hair fell to the ground. Wearily, she said, "Tenemos mucho trabajo, no hay tiempo para lagrimas." I had no choice but to get ready for our annual trip to México.

We would usually stay at my Abuelita Virginia's house but we would eat most meals at Tía Chita's house. Her house was made of cement and she washed the floors every morning and evening with water. This made the house cool in the summer. Next to her house was the water well where we would pull all our drinking, cooking, cleaning and bathing water.

Tía Chita was a tall, plump, beautiful woman with high Indian cheekbones, pero era muy blanca. She always wore gold half moon earrings like the Mexican movie stars. She wore her long hair in a braid and then wrapped it round and round into a bun. She had strong cheekbones and when she stooped down to kiss us, I loved the way her soft, large hands would caress our faces, con mucho cariño. "Niños, vamos a comer," she would say gently. We would go and pull the aguacates directly from her avocado trees. She also had orange and lemon trees, which we would eat straight off the trees or make the lemons into lemonade. The fig trees always had plenty of fruit and we were careful to wash and peel them because of their milky sap.

Towards the back of the house there was another tree that I had never noticed. As my Tía and my Mom were shucking corn, I asked them what it was. Tia Chita said, "Son granadas, y se comen con mucho cuidado." Mom looked at me sternly and pointed her finger at me, "Vale mas que no te manches con esas granadas." If I got dirty, it was one more piece of clothing that she would have to scrub on the tallador. My Tía would look over at me with her soft brown eyes and defend me, "No la regañes, Victoria, para eso son las granadas. Pa' que gozen."

To my Mom, I was a machetona. I couldn't keep my clothes clean and was always climbing trees. I had dirt under my nails and was always playing ball with the boys. Now, with my hair short, she made me wear a plastic headband. I hated that.

She didn't know that I wanted to have my hair long.

I had walked into my Tía's sala and seen the pictures of my cousins on the walls. Their photographs were black and white and they were each posed sideways on a bench. They had their necks arched back and their long, beautiful, flowing hair draped down their backs like rolling waves of black wheat. They looked like Breck shampoo girls. I wanted beautiful flowing hair, too. Why couldn't I have long hair and be beautiful?

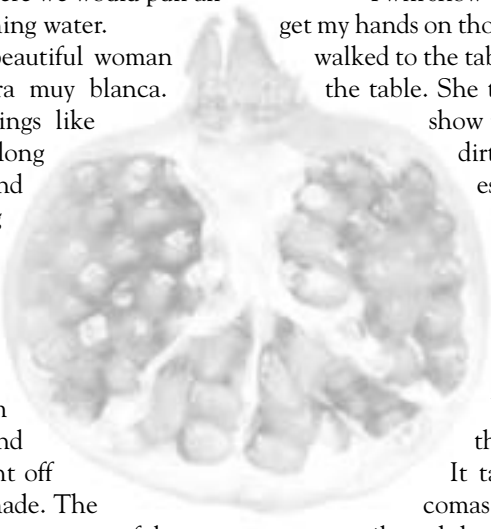
I will show you, I thought. I walked away, determined to get my hands on those granadas. I yanked one off of the tree and walked to the table. Mom had already laid out newspaper on the table. She then put a full apron on me and started to show me how to open it. Not wanting me to get dirty, she said, "Ten cuidado con la cáscara, eso es lo que te mancha".

The pomegranate was round and ruby colored with a tip at the end like the hat that Jughead from the Archie comics used to wear. My Mom peeled it carefully and then squeezed it between her hands. It split in two. Inside were seeds that looked like red, see-through popcorn kernels. I ate the first seed and it squirted inside my mouth. It tasted sweet, but not too sweet. "No te la comas todavía," Mom said. It was better to make a pile and then eat each kernel slowly. It took me at least a half hour to clean and peel the fruit.

I gathered up my jewels and started to eat them one by one. They were so good, so cool, so pretty in my hand. I wondered if I would ever be pretty like my Tía Chita..... Why does something sweet have to be so bitter?

I knew my hair would grow back, but it would be a long time before I would taste that beautiful sweetness again.

Bio: Janie Alonso was born in Piedras Negars, Coahuila, Mexico and comes from a family of ten. She grew up on a farm on the Northside of San Antonio and graduated from John Marshall High School in 1972. A single mother of one son, Skylar, she is currently attending a writing class with Encuentros de Mujeres at OLLU and expects to write more stories about her memories.



David Dorado Romo's: Ringside Seat to a Revolution

by Sergio Troncoso

Ringside Seat to a Revolution: An Underground Cultural History of El Paso and Juárez: 1893-1923, by David Dorado Romo, (Cinco Puntos Press: El Paso), is a vital historical work for the Southwest. This book's originality and importance reach beyond the history of the ephemeral ambiente of many El Paso neighborhoods during the Mexican Revolution. That would be accomplishment enough to encourage everyone to read this historical *tour de force*, and yet this book accomplishes so much more.

Romo's central point is that El Paso and Juárez became a hotbed of intrigue before and during and after the Mexican Revolution, with spies and counter spies angling for information, money flowing between revolutionaries and their benefactors, plots and counter plots concocted on Stanton and Oregon Streets, at the Caples Building and the Mills Building. El Paso's Anglo newspapers derided the Mexican rabble's radicalization, promulgated xenophobia, and often justified the U. S. government's inhumane treatment of Mexicanos and Chicanos in El Paso.

Romo's colorful portrayal of these turbulent times begins with people and events predating the Mexican Revolution. Twenty-two-year-old Teresita Urrea, the Saint of Cabora, arrived at El Paso's Union Depot train station in 1896, and to the horror of the Anglo press she attracted and healed hundreds of "peons and pelados" in the Segundo Barrio. Teresita inspired countless followers, including the Chihuahuan rebels of Tomóchic, to fight the oppressive Porfiriato. Yet this 'saint' also cohabited with an Anglo man, with whom she had two daughters out of wedlock.

Later, the anarchist Flores Magón brothers, Ricardo and Enrique, hatched a plan in South El Paso, in a house at First and Tays Streets, to take over Juárez in 1906. The Magonista plot was foiled because Mexican spies infiltrated the Partido Liberal Mexicano, but the brothers did not give up, and attempted to take over Juárez again in 1908.

In 1910, the lynching of a Mexicano by a Texas mob incited riots in Mexico, and unleashed national protests during the fraudulent elections between the dictator Porfirio Diaz and Francisco Madero. Madero called for the overthrow of the Mexican government from his exile in El Paso in 1911.

Not only were Madero and Pancho Villa in and out of El Paso and Juárez during these historic days, but also Pascual Orozco, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Felipe Angeles, and John Reed. From the rooftop of the El Paso Laundry on Santa Fe Street, many from El Paso had a "ringside seat" to the Mexican Revolution.

Romo also turns his critical eye to El Paso's many Spanish newspapers, which provided a voice for the city's Mexicanos and Chicanos, against the ugly stereotypes propagated by the *El Paso Times* and the *El Paso Herald*. In 1916, El Paso Mayor Tom Lea, Sr. attempted to suppress these Spanish dailies, and encouraged the closure of the border because of his paranoid fear of 'unclean' Mexicans.

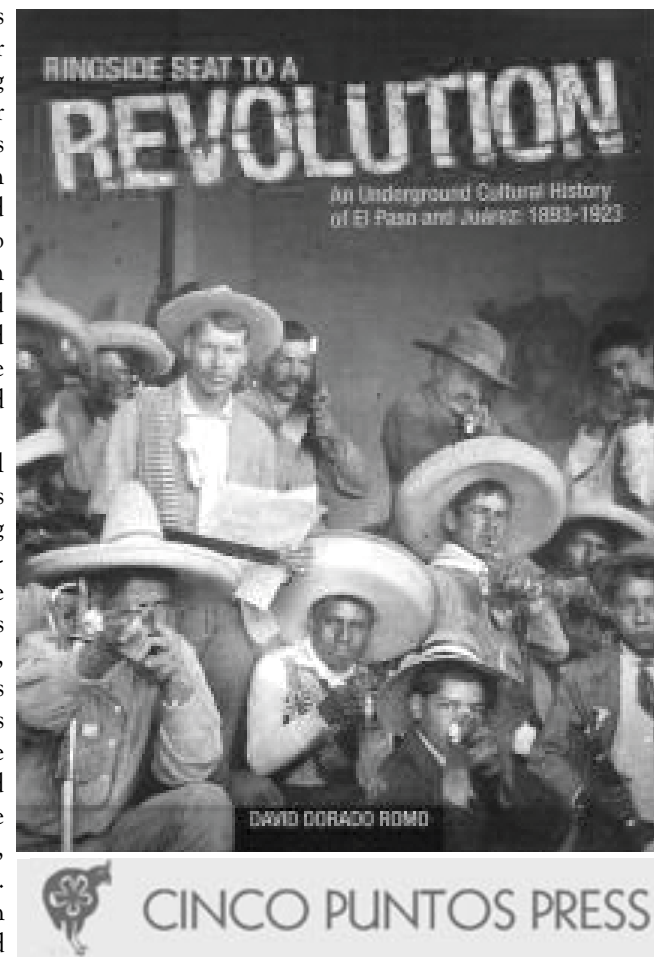
But probably the most remarkable piece of history Romo unearths is the systematic and shameful delousing of Mexicanos on the Santa Fe Bridge. American authorities, enthusiastically encouraged by the mayor, forced thousands of Mexicans to strip naked as they were about to cross the bridge, and sprayed them with insecticides, gasoline, kerosene, and cyanide-based pesticides.

This racist practice continued for decades until finally, and amazingly, Zyklon B was used in El Paso in 1929, the same chemical agent that in more concentrated form was subsequently employed by the Nazis in their death camps to exterminate the Jews. Romo uncovers evidence to suggest that the use of Zyklon B along the Mexican-American border directly inspired German scientists to start looking into its properties for cleansing a country of its 'pests.'

And unlikely heroes emerged, such as Carmelita Torres, a Juárez maid, who, on January 28, 1917, refused demands by American custom officials at the Santa Fe Bridge to be disinfected with gasoline. A riot broke out, and hundreds of women blocked the bridge into El Paso to protest the humiliation of delousing at the border. Why aren't children's books written about Carmelita Torres? Why isn't this history taught, analyzed and debated at our local high schools? Why has El Paso not organized more walking tours, plaques, and monuments to reveal this history that lies in front of our eyes?

Truly, what author David Romo achieves in *Ringside*

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FALLECIMIENTO DEL CAPITALISMO

Editor's note: A final calaverita is offered here to end the year, 2005. This one was strongarmed from Roberto Botello by the Voz editor, but arrived after the calavera deadline. Nevertheless, it is most appropriate as it is dedicated to the death of capitalism, which is at its peak during the holiday season.



Murio el capitalismo pues ese maldito sistema jodia y dividia conforme con su lema. **Se murio** el capitalismo y no hubo quien enterrarlo. Los ricos y generales Fallaron en rescatarlo.

Todas las corporaciones y lacayas instituciones dejaron su maquinaria y de producir municiones. **Los burgueses** se metieron en sus grutas y cavernas aunque no deben tener miedo a la alba que se acerca.

'Ora el "fortune five hundred" otra nueva chance tendra de trabajar con el pueblo asegun su capacidad.

-roberto botello

Vicente Fox: Bush's Lap Puppy

by Antonio C. Cabral



During the 1954 anti-communist hearings, Army Attorney Joseph Welch rebuked the fascist Joe McCarthy diatribes with his famous question, "Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last? Have you no sense of decency?" Today, most Mexicans and most of Latin America's civil societies are asking the same question to Mexico's President Vicente Fox. During the recent Summit of the Americas at Mar de Plata, Argentina, President Fox' openly aggressive actions in support of President George W. Bush's imperialist policies won him the rebuke of most Latin American heads of state present at the Summit with the exception of those who completely depend on U.S. economic and military support.

Bush and his cabal of advisers were confident that they would succeed in using economic threats to force this Summit into supporting a regional free trade pact with the United States. Many presidents spoke against such pact worried about the devastation of their country's economy by trade that ultimately benefits only U.S. corporations. Some pointed to the resulting increase in Mexico's extreme-poverty levels since the 1994 North America Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) between Mexico, Canada and the U.S.

The Bush arrival in Mar de Plata was greeted by over 10,000 protestors who wanted him removed from Argentina soil. Their criticism against Bush included his arrogance towards the world, his invasion of Iraq and his protection of Cuban terrorist Luis Posada Carriles. According to the National Security Archive of Washington, D.C., Posada Carriles participated in several terrorist acts throughout Latin America including the 1976 bombing of Cuban Airline flight #455 that killed 60 passengers. Posada Carriles, a dangerous anti-Castro fanatic, had been a fugitive from a Venezuela jail since 1985 and arrived in the U.S. last year from Mexico. President Fox claimed that no one knew that this well-known terrorist was traveling through Mexico.

Fox's servile behavior towards Bush is not new. In March of 2002 Fox obeyed Washington's orders to refuse permission to Cuba's President Fidel Castro to attend the UN's International Conference on Financing for Development held in Monterrey, Mexico, because Bush was going to attend and he didn't want to

run into Castro. Since it was an UN-sponsored conference, Fox had no choice but to allow Castro into Mexico. When Fox realized he couldn't keep Castro out, he called him directly by telephone and told him to "just come and attend the banquet and then leave" so Bush wouldn't see him. When Fox denied having said that, the Cuban government released the recorded telephone conversation between Fox and Castro.

Once again, Fox demonstrated at Mar de Plata his total servitude to U.S. corporate interests in general and to the Bush regime in particular. Despite the fact that even in the U.S. all surveys and public polls show that the vast majority disagree with Bush's policies, Fox chose to publicly attack other Latin American presidents who dared speak up against Bush's efforts to dictate the results of the Mar de Plata conference. The presidents of Venezuela, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay became open targets for Fox's insults and threats on behalf of his master Bush.

Fox singled out Argentina President Nestor Kirchner and Venezuela's Hugo Chavez and attacked them for opposing Bush's proposals. After listening to Fox' diatribes, President Chavez called him "Bush's little puppy." In response, "macho" Fox said, "no one can insult the Mexican people that way" and ordered the expulsion of Venezuela's ambassador to Mexico.

Fox has been begging Bush to allow more Mexican workers to come to the U.S. and join the millions of his "paisanos" already here because he fears that if the Mexico-U.S. border is really shut down, Fox will be facing social upheavals throughout Mexico. Legal and illegal immigration from Mexico is the escape valve that keeps Mexico's starving peasants and workers from acting against their corrupt government and creating a better world for themselves in their own country. So, Fox will continue trading Mexico's dignity and serving as Bush's lap puppy.

Bio: Antonio Cabral is a free lance writer in the U.S. and Mexico and is a frequent contributor to La Voz.

~~~~~ David Dorado Romo's: Ringside Seat to a Revolution

Seat to a Revolution is the return of a sense of participation, struggle, accomplishment, and self-worth to the Mexican-American community of El Paso, to those Mexicanos who fought for a better society during the Revolution, to many who faced discrimination and abuse because of the irrational xenophobia of the United States.

Romo successfully rebuts decades of cowboy history to explain El Paso's past, where Chicanos and Mexicanos existed only as marginal historical actors, or as 'dirty Mexicans,' or as stereotypically treacherous villains. Romo's meticulously researched and well-written book gives us the past we knew was there, the past we experienced, in our neighborhoods and in our families, and yet a past that is rarely the subject of history books, until today. *Ringside Seat to a Revolution* is a gift to anyone serious about the truth of history, and how it has shaped who we are today.

Bio: Sergio Troncoso, a native of El Paso, Texas, is the award-winning author of *The Last Tortilla and Other Stories* and *The Nature of Truth: A Novel*. Please visit his web site at www.sergiotroncoso.com, or send him an e-mail at STroncoso@aol.com.

Editor's note: Sergio's review was published previously in the El Paso Times in November, 2005. Visit Cinco Puntos Press Website at <http://www.cincopuntos.com/> for more information on how to purchase this important publication.

Surviving Patriotism: Healing The Wounds of Racism and Fear

by Norma Cantú

Editor's note: The following was presented at Whittier College on September 12, 2005 by noted author and UTSA professor, Norma Cantú, who was there to read from an important new book, and to honor the memory of Gloria Anzaldúa, one of the contributors to *One Wound for Another/Una Herida Por Otra: Testimonios de Latinas in the U.S. through Cyberspace* (11 de septiembre de 2001 - 11 de marzo de 2002) compiled by Claire Joysmith and Clara Lomas.

Four years ago, on the 12th of September, the entire country if not the world was still reeling from what had happened the day before, September 11th and as we are only days away from the latest disaster to strike at the heart of the country, Hurricane Katrina's assault on the Gulf Coast, I would like to offer my words today to all whose lives were cut short on those fateful days, September 11, 2001 and August 29, 2005; I send a prayer that their spirits have found peace. In addition, our event is in honor of my friend and colleague Gloria Anzaldúa whose passing in the summer of 2004, left a void impossible to fill in my heart, a void that I know is also there on so many levels for so many people. I wonder what she would be writing in the wake of Katrina. I know she would be in typical Anzaldúan fashion theorizing and putting the event in perspective.

I would like to reminisce on my personal reactions to the events of four years ago. I then will offer a sort of presentación del libro in the form of a meditation on the messages that many of the contributors to *One Wound for Another* have given us—a message of hope against all odds and a message of conciencia, and conocimiento, a knowing that prepares us for the work that we are to do, work that Gloria Anzaldúa reminds us MUST matter. So I will dwell for a bit on what Anzaldúa asks of us. What is the work that matters? Then I proceed to outline what I believe is our imperative response four years later, including the aftermath of the Patriot Act and of the many changes that the administration institutionalized and that resulted in the debacle that was the relief effort after Hurricane Katrina struck. And I would like to conclude my remarks with some words that may finally, offer healing. Here again, I resort to Anzaldúa and her call for inclusivity and respeto, her idea of a psychospiritual and political call to action and our response to such a call. And finally I will read a poem dedicated to New Orleans.

Four years ago, on the day after that memorable day, things were still pretty unclear, but many of us feared the worst: that our country would go to war, that we would succumb to that false sense of security that deep and toxic nationalism can provide. On the 11th as I still couldn't believe what I had just witnessed on TV, I walked out onto my back yard and noticed that the pale blue sky had an eerie stillness. I thought, even nature is in mourning, clamoring at the injustice, at the deaths. I felt fear and anxiety, how would our country react? I felt that we were on the brink of something cataclysmic. I was not quite prepared for what followed. The raging patriotism in the country overwhelmed me. No. I would not go buy a flag, agreeing with Lorna Dee Cervantes. I live the next weeks as in a morass of depression and panic even after I am assured that no one I knew personally was killed, the magnitude of the catastrophe hits at my very soul. I am embarrassed that my neighbors are flying flags, that the flag has become a symbol of whether we are the enemy or not, for soon there is fear that the enemy is amongst

us. The ways that the usual subtle racism erupted into full fledged outright bigotry and intolerance shocked me. A Muslim student writes that at the mall, where she had gone with her mother and siblings, she was spat upon by a very white Anglo woman who yelled, go back to where you came from spewing hatred in every syllable. She writes of how she and her family, stunned, didn't know how to react and just huddled and wept, afraid. The fear and the racism emerged hand in hand; no one could deny that the country was in the grip of an ugly and yet well-known monster, one that those of us who grew up brown in the hegemonic white world—even those of us on the border where the white are the minority—we had always known this bigotry and feared it.

On September 21st, I was scheduled to fly to Wisconsin to do a reading. I felt fearless as I boarded the plane in San Antonio. When I changed planes in Dallas, I was shocked at how empty the usually bustling airport seemed. The TV screens were still repeating the images over and over. Except for the one I caught that very morning of September 11th, a live broadcast on NBC or (was it CNN?) of bodies falling some holding hands, others alone, plunging to certain death. That image moved me to begin the poem that appears in the book. It reminded me of a Magritte painting and made me weep at the terror I was witnessing. Waiting, I tried to distract my attention by reading the paper, but it, too, was still full of stories about NYC and the Pentagon. I thought myself brave for boarding that plane on September 21st. As I settled into the longer flight to Wisconsin, I fell into a deep sleep dreaming a story, as I often do.

This story was full of pain and tragedy. I felt sure I had tuned into the souls of those who were still not sure what had happened and who had died and remained around unsure of where they belonged. I would subsequently perform my own rituals to send these souls to their peaceful rest. Once I arrived in Wisconsin, I went for a walk around the hotel; my walking meditation was roughly interrupted by a car full of college kids, no doubt from the campus where I was supposed to read that evening, the young boys who shouted obscenities and "go back to where you came from" —a reaction no doubt elicited by my brown skin, my dark hair in that bastion of whiteness that is the Midwest. I was afraid for a second, and marveled at how the fear was there in spite of my knowledge that I was safe. I tell you about this incident because I want to draw parallels between the fears of those of us who are brown. Our fear of the racist and intolerant white—privileged or not—is deeply embedded in our psyche, in our cells. A fear that has been there for generations. It is this fear and against it that Anzaldúa wrote in *Borderlands, la frontera*. And they, those who harbor these feelings, also are afraid. They fear us, the brown and black of this country. Fear is a powerful emotion. It can destroy and it can cause toxic change both at the personal and group level. And it can lead to hatred. A hatred and fear of the other is at the root of much of the violence we have endured as a colonized and conquered people in this country. In Texas it was the Texas Rangers, and now it is the agents of the Border Patrol. But the fear is still there palpable and toxic as ever. Think of a time when you were in the grip of a fear so tremendous that nothing else mattered. Think of that moment when you feared for your life, when your old brain took over and reacted illogically, with

the only choices: flight, or fight? That is what fear does. And such fear immobilizes and leaves traces that surface from time to time in outbursts, in depressions, in a myriad of ways.

In March following 9/11, I am in Florida working with arts organizations when I hear the news, we are at war. I become physically ill and literally lose my voice and can barely conduct the workshop that evening. The next day I fly home and I see the first of what will become commonplace, soldiers, young men and women traveling, saying goodbye to families, trying to be brave, to be supportive, to fall back on a nationalism born of the need to justify a war, a war waged to supposedly destroy the weapons of mass destruction that were never found and that has nothing to do with the events of 9/11. Mothers, fathers, siblings, spouses, somber faced, teary eyed, say goodbye knowing that this may be the last time they kiss, hold, see a beloved son, daughter, husband, wife, sister, brother. I can't help the feeling of *deja vú*, and I am transported 40 years earlier to our leave taking of my brother bound for Vietnam, a war none of us believed in, none of us dreamed would shatter our family when my brother came home to south Texas in a flag draped coffin. When I arrive at the San Antonio airport I see them, young recruits arriving for training, mine is after all a military city. As I wait for my ride home, I ponder how the elites, those whom I hold responsible for the attacks, for the war, for the concentrated war on the poor, those whose greed and power know no borders, for they are global enterprises reaching far beyond the nationalism of any one country. How do these men, with perhaps a woman or two, how do they sleep? What is in their hearts? What can stop them? Questions too big for me to fathom, I sigh, as I get in my friend's car, get home, and the migraine headache I have had since the war started forces me to bed. But I cannot remain there; I must go on, and I do. In my classes, there are empty seats left by young men and women who go off to war.

Now turn to the messages that many of the contributors to *One Wound for Another* have given us—a message of hope against all odds and a message of *conciencia*, a *conocimiento*, a knowing that prepares us for the work that we are to do, work that Gloria Anzaldúa reminds us **MUST** matter. I read many of these email messages and other reactions by journalists, writers, thinkers and scholars in the immediate aftermath of 9/11. Some conspiracy theorists immediately saw the direct connections that the film by Michael Moore later exposed, others saw the geopolitical connections and connected the dots as it were. This was bound to happen, and in fact there were scenarios that had been discussed in government that predicted such an event, but no one chose to listen, or rather, many chose **NOT** to listen. The messages comforted me and at the same time forced me to act. No, we didn't want a war. And I joined the protest in front of San Fernando Cathedral a week after the attack. But, even the language feels wrong, an attack? What about the attack we as a nation perpetrate against the workers in factories all over the world? What about the attack we as a nation launch against our own citizens who are homeless? Who don't have health care? Who go hungry? In this land of plenty, the injustice is too much for me. As it is for many of the contributors to the book. There were many others who wrote and published op-ed pieces in newspapers across the country in newsletters and in leftist venues. Some of these answered Clara and Claire's call and sent their missives to them for this book. Others didn't.

But in gathering the writings, the book is a testament of our reactions, and our misinformation. In my piece, for example, I speak of the 5000 dead, a figure bandied about before the official count was arrived at, a number that I hold fast to as perhaps a bit more accurate, because I don't think the official number of casualties accounted for the hundreds of undocumented and others whom no one registered as missing.

What are the messages of the contributors? They are varied and come from a wide spectrum of views, and run the gamut from the misguided response, in my view, of Lori Delgado's, to the articulate and polished pieces by George Yúdice and Gloria Anzaldúa. These latter ones are my favorites for they address

substantive issues in long and well wrought essays, but I also appreciate and enjoy reading the answers to the questions posed by the call for papers by Mier, Fenoglio, Carrillo, the poetic reactions by Alicia Gaspar de Alba, Lorna Dee Cervantes, Antonieta Villamil and J.L. Navarro, and the global vision offered by contributors like Ariel Dorfmann and Jorge Chino. Gustavo Geirola contextualizes the event within the world contexts of U.S. hegemonic imperialism that shuts down any attempt at dissent, or at calling things by their name. He articulates a decisive end of the 20th century as we knew it and the beginning of the end of a superpower intent on destroying others. While his essay is carefully wrought and incisive, I find Norma Alarcón's equally incisive and more spontaneous. So, I would like to focus for a bit on one aspect of her email correspondence: the discussion on scapegoating.

She throws it out as a series of questions asking readers to think beyond the local to the global, to stretch the analysis to include what has happened to third world feminism and how feminism western-style has been co-opted. She asks, "in a world of god-and-flag what is the logic of scapegoating?" Alarcón rightfully predicts that there is much more to the story than what we are getting in the media. She asks, "Who are disappeared from the media?" And proceeds to question the means and methods of disinformation that ultimately led to outright war against Iraq and against our own citizens. It is this nationalism and patriotic zeal that I am referring to in my title, surviving patriotism, for those of us who see beyond the media coverage, who think deeply about how an appeal to a nation's fear of the other justifies a war against a country that has and had at best tenuous ties to the perpetrators of 9/11, while the country that had direct ties, Saudi Arabia, is apparently immune.

We must devise survival strategies. The war against our own citizens takes on many guises and clothed in the righteous cloak of patriotism, the Patriot Act proceeds to summarily

destroy decades of work to establish our civil rights and destroys protections guaranteed and won by the blood, sweat, and tears of hundreds of civil rights workers and activists, many who lost their lives in the struggle. I think of efforts over generations by Chicanos and Chicanas, by African Americans, and countless political and cultural activists, whose lifelong struggle to guarantee that we would all be equal under the law have been erased with a stroke of the pen as President Bush signed the Patriot Act that allows home searches, phone tapping, even library records to be sequestered. And these are the least invasive of the new homeland security policies. Racial profiling became more than just a term after 9/11, as Anzaldúa reminds us, and



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targeted brown people even more than before, jeopardizing an already tenuous relationship between the criminal justice system and people of color in the country. Yes, journalists and common folk will feel the impact of this legislation for years to come. Bigots and racists will take it as a affirmation of their views since these precautions allay their fears, justify their hatred. They will feel empowered, having been given permission to display their fear and their hatred publicly, to judge, to shout—go back to where you came from. But even more insidious is the fact that once instituted such legislation will be hard to remove. In spite of limits that were meant to insure that the oppressive measures were not permanent but temporary, the fact is that many have become permanent and with leaders, legislators, and an administration bent on maintaining a state of fear and of siege, we will not easily dislodge mechanisms that invade our privacy, that target people of color, and that keep us in a perpetual state of fear.

This brings me to the issue of immigration after 9/11. People are dying in the Arizona dessert, in the waters of the Rio Grande, in train cars, and in countless other ways, and the post 9/11 policy changes have added to the death count. On a less ominous aspect of the immigration reforms, people's careers are being destroyed and certain students and professors have been targeted. There are numerous accounts of students deported short of graduation, of professors who had been granted permission to come and teach at our universities summarily ousted. Hundreds of students and workers along the U.S. Mexico border have also suffered the consequences. In the post 9/11 era, the crossing from Mexico into the U. S. has become even more arduous; as Socorro Tabuenca notes in the book, what would normally take an hour takes 4 in the immediate aftermath, and even later(262-263). Yes, workers, foreign students and air travelers and regular folks suffer the consequences. We are all the enemy, but

you are more so if you happen to be brown, if you happen to be Muslim, if you happen to speak a different language, if you happen to believe that the first amendment guarantees you free speech, if you happen to believe in the inalienable rights guaranteed by the constitution.

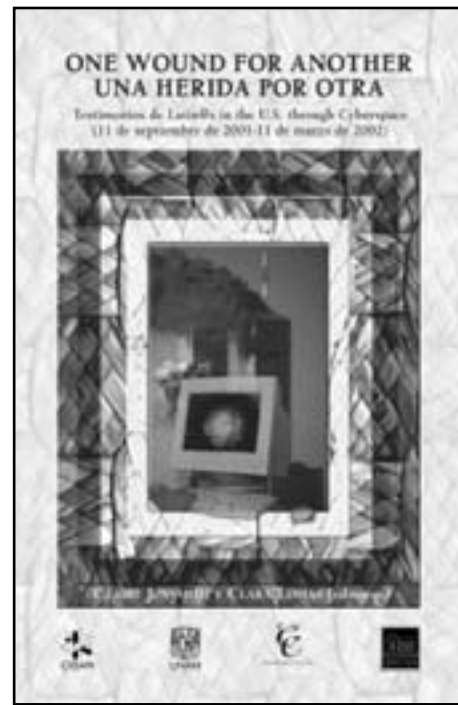
Alarcón asks the hard questions, and Anzaldúa offers some answers as she says in reference to our attack on Afghanistan "we became the terrorists." She gathers numerous examples of the impunity with which our nation has acted against the sovereign states and against our planet and our own people. The nation led by Bush fell into a vortex of violence created by fear and hate. Violence has been normalized and is seen as a necessary evil. It is not a question of if, but of when our nation will once again act against the interest of peace against the rational resolution of conflict. All we have to do is direct our attention to the latest collective tragedy of New Orleans and the other affected areas to see how the racism is alive and well, to understand and undeniably observe the way that politics and fear dominate and govern the reactions of a bureaucracy designed to homeland security focused on the other, those who will come and terrorize and not as it should be on the right action in time of crises, especially when the affected would be those who didn't have the means or the information to respond.

Anzaldúa commands, "abre los ojos, North America, open your eyes, look at your shadow and listen to your soul." (94) A powerful command that falls on deaf ears. Elena Poniatowska in her prologue to the book offers a glimmer of hope, perhaps the people of the U.S. will see the parallel with Vietnam. But that has not happened quite the way we hoped it would. Despite the media censorship and consequent crisis for reporters, there is some hope: Cindy Sheehan and her protest outside the bush's vacation home in Crawford Texas, the number of young people that are disillusioned and have spoken up, the obvious drain on the economy by a war machine that consumes funds that we need at home to care for our own. Perhaps now in the wake of the Katrina disaster, we will wake up and realize that it is specific results of an administration policy of moving funds to wage war from social service and true "homeland" security measures that was at least partly responsible for the break in communications.

At another level, the recent forced retirement of government workers, civil servants who had the expertise, the institutional memory and who often said things that didn't jive with the administration's science, has resulted in inexperienced political cronies running key government agencies such as FEMA. But while we now know about FEMA, we don't know of the hundreds of agencies whose work force has also been eroded and replaced by inept friends of friends whose credentials while adequate at best lack the rigor of careerists who know, for example, about global warming, about educational outcomes, about environmental hazards, about health and human services needs and policies.

"There is no resolution, only the process of healing," Anzaldúa claims after invoking Coyolxauhqui as the icon for the ongoing process of making and unmaking. But what is this process what does it entail? How do we achieve it? *¿Que se puede hacer?* *¿Quedarnos con los brazos cruzados?* Write a letter of protest? Attend a rally? We must do work that matters, Anzaldúa tells us. What CAN we do? First, we must attend to the basics. Anzaldúa, cites the immediate outpouring four years ago to the devastation of

9/11. I was moved by our response then and these last two weeks to a national crisis. Anzaldúa calls it a response to a psychospiritual/political call to action. Our individual response isn't always one of fear and hate; in both cases, there was an immense outpouring of love and caring by thousands who donated not just money, but blood, clothing, food, and most of all their time to help in whatever way they could. The psychospiritual and political aspects of such a response can be enormously rewarding and can change and alter the normative violence that many react with. And this psychospiritual and political response is ongoing, just like the healing, it is not bound by time or space, it is continuous.



So four years after 9/11 we are still responding with our hearts and souls to balance the violent response by our government. Our response is the healing and it is what constitutes my hope for an end to racism and fear. We cannot remain inactive. "La vida es acción," Sara Estella Ramirez said in 1911 in "Surge" a poem dedicated to women. And thus it is, we must act, not react. How we act, what we set in motion with our deeds and our thoughts will constitute the reality of our future. We must not allow violence—fear and hatred—to become the norm, to become the expected action. At four years distance from 9/11 we confront another crisis. And while on a personal level our response has been as touching, our nation's response has been fraught with problems. A result as I alluded to earlier to the policy changes instituted by the current administration, most obviously in the staffing of key personnel positions but also in the diversion of funds to engage in a war machine at the expense of national services and national security. Anzaldúa also says we must respond by building community and not think only of our neighbor across the street, but across the borders of our country, of our very continent and reach out globally. But in addition to efforts of community building, we must also "transform our world by imagining it differently, dreaming it passionately via all our senses, and willing it into creation." (101). And she proceeds to outline a course of action that some may deem idealistic and unrealistic, for it goes into the psychological and spiritual reality that we all shape as we live it. She acknowledges that promoting such a position of inclusion and harmony, a position that invites all barriers be torn down, a position that establishes no hierarchies, a position that respects and honors all living things, will likely label us unpatriotic, un-American (102), but she insists that it is the right path and that we must be steadfast and not waver, for in such action is our healing. The healing of our own soul and of our entire planet depends on our right action.

Wind, Water, Fire, Earth. For New Orleans

by Norma Cantú

In my dreams flood waters come to my doorstep
And recede, or are swept away by
Desagues that protect.
Must be my spiritual healing is near, I write.

A few days later,
Real waters, real floods come,
and I weep to see a city
Ravaged by nature's winds and water
I weep to see the mother seeking her lost child
I weep to see a child asking for her mommy
I weep because even I unschooled
In things like disaster relief
Foresaw the ludicrous preparations, predicted
A disaster waiting to happen
As poor and helpless people filed
into the Superdome on Sunday evening
seeking shelter from the storm.
Stories of abuse of neglect flood
my computer screen
Reminiscent of that day 4 years ago
when another great city
Was rent in two.

New Orleans. New York.
Parallel and yet so different events.
The bayous, the parks and the tourist spots
are no more
A lone saxophone's plaintive notes,
A dirge that hails the end haunts my dreams.

But like the phoenix, the city will rise again
And in that fuzzy future, a trumpet blares out
a lively tune,
In spite of science that tells us it is for naught
This will happen again and again,
People will go back and build again, and dream.
Nature responds to our actions
In kind
And the water
Carries messages across an ocean
We must forgive the waters, the winds.
And place the blame where it must
But most of all we must do what matters
And what matters most is
To be. To live. To act. To breathe. To think.
To call things by their name.
To hold accountable those who are.
To invoke Coyolxauhqui and know we will be
Re-membered just as we are dis-membered.
We have been given another chance.
New Orleans will rise again
Will we? Will our right action prevail?
The answer is in each one of us. In our hearts
In our minds. And most of all in our souls.

AMOXTLI SAN CE TOJUAN

We are one / Nosotros somos uno

by Yvette Torralva Presas

Amoxltli San Ce Tojuan is a video documentary and message of and for the indigenous-based Mexican people, and those with ancestry in this continent who are regarded as immigrants. This message confirms the reality that the contrary is true. It calls and reclaims, by heritage dating back to Aztlán and its connected corn-based existences, the legality and unity of the people within and throughout the Americas into Canada.

Amoxltli San Ce Tojuan is presented in un-narrated short clips, designed in story form, to include onsite interviews, and events, both public and private, with a clear message: that "We are one." This message is spoken, sung, and prayed in English, Spanish and Nahuatl (Aztec), by indigenous heritage people, from the interior of Mexico, North and South America, Meso America, and Canada. Personalities, such as Dolores Huerta (co-founder of the United Farm Workers), music groups, such as the Aztlán Underground, various university staff and students, and cultural/sacred groups contribute to the message of interconnectedness and belonging.

This educational video documentary explains and calls for the spiritual return to this interconnectedness. The corn based indigenous people, separated by their own migrations, remained in touch through trade and commerce, interchanging their myths, legends, and traditions. The individual tribes with their own dialogues planted seed, which took root and diversified, just as there are different varieties and strains of corn that can only be so due to human intervention. In a spoken codex form, it discloses how jade was introduced to Puerto Rico, for example, and how interior sacred dance groups incorporated shells and exotic feathers in prayer rituals.

Roberto Rodríguez and Patricia Gonzáles who co-edit The Column of the Americas have produced this video documentary for viewers to experience the heart of a strong and proud people with claim to a truthful beginning. It provides a welcome for those who may have questioned their origins, and gives an educational tour of the ancestral beliefs, customs, and celebrations. For more information, about this video, go to <http://www.xicanorecordsandfilm.com>. For information on the Column of the Americas go to the weblog at <http://www.voznuestra.com/Americas/> or email azatlanahuac@aol.com



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Assistant Professor

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The Department of Chicana and Chicano Studies at the University of California, Santa Barbara invites applications for a tenure-track Assistant Professor position in Chicana/o Latina/o Studies. The Department emphasizes interdisciplinarity and welcomes all areas of expertise. Faculty will teach at the undergraduate level and at the graduate level for the Ph.D. program. The department is especially interested in candidates who can contribute to the diversity and excellence of the academic community through research, teaching and service. Completion of the PhD is required by the time of the appointment effective July 1, 2006.

Review of applications commences December 2005. Apply by November 15, 2005 for primary consideration; however, the position will remain open until filled. Send dossiers, including samples of published articles, sample chapter(s) of the dissertation and teaching evaluations, and request three letters of recommendation to be sent directly to the Chair: **Chela Sandoval, Department of Chicana and Chicano Studies, University of California, Santa Barbara, CA 93106-4120.** For further information, contact Kristine Fernandez, Business Manager at kfernandez@chicst.ucsb.edu or 805-893-5546 or 893-5269.

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Community Empowerment through Media: TX MEP

by DeAnne Cuellar



support. Meetings since then have discussed initiatives that follow and what's next? Democracy Now! radio and TV news!

The second half needs citywide assistance and group facilitators. The Esperanza Peace and Justice Center with the help of the Texas Media Empowerment Project may be getting a visit from Amy Goodman, (pictured at left), host of Democracy Now! or Juan Gonzalez, commentator, but we need your help to make it happen. Community defined media is no joke. We need volunteers and community leaders to mobilize and work together within our communities. There are a number of ways for individuals and groups to help:

- Distribute flyers and posters at events, rallies, and schools.
- Petition the community for support.
- Complete a SA Mediawatch survey to document media representations and inequities in public discourse.
- Email or call TPR/NPR (210-614-8977, ombudsman@npr.org, ncone@tpr.org, and letters@tpr.org) KLRN/PBS (210-270-9000 and programming@klrn.org), to document your support for Democracy Now!.
- Take out an advertisement in local publications or community-based newspapers.
- Link to democracynow.org if you have a website or blog.
- Host a Democracy Now! House party or screening to encourage others to get involved, or to watch a DN program or film, now available in Spanish.



For more information about meetings, or ways to participate, please contact DeAnne Cuellar at 210-228-0201 or email deannec@texasmep.org or check out www.texasmep.org, or www.democracynow.org

The next Texas MEP/SA4DN! meeting is scheduled for December 7th, 2005 at the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center, at 7 pm, 922 San Pedro Avenue.

Don't be scared of the word media. The word belongs to you, to us, and was created for our use. For several months now constituents representing various communities have been meeting every first and third Wednesday of the month at the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center for Texas Media Empowerment meetings. From the handful to the hundreds, our communities have gathered momentum and vocalized their concerns about media related issues locally, regionally, and through national forums. San Antonio volunteers, group leaders, and our underrepresented communities want to address top concerns with local media coverage, and work with the media to implement community recommendations.

January 2006 will mark two years since the great day in San Antonio that more than 500 people stood in line to voice their concerns to the FCC about our media system, Clear Channel, and national Telecommunications policy. Texas MEP has a vision: that media work for justice within our communities and empower people with media-based knowledge and skills.

The Texas Media Empowerment Project needs your help more than ever. San Antonio wants to broadcast Democracy Now! throughout Texas and the Texas MEP needs families and volunteers for the SA Mediawatch program to train people in media monitoring techniques. Both initiatives hold the media accountable and give communities a voice in media policy increasing people's power within media.

The first part of San Antonio's campaign for Democracy Now! ended November 2nd, at the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center. Many petitions were collected to generate lots of community

Womanspace Newsletter Celebrates 17 Years of Publishing

by Martha Prentiss

In November of 1988, Elizabeth Kemmer, Margit Gerardi, Debbie Dutcher and Martha Prentiss produced the first issue of WomanSpace. It was an offshoot of The Women's Community Journal, which had been published by Kay Ford, owner of women's bars, The Jezebel and later, The Circle.

Earlier that year, the LISA (Lesbian Information San Antonio) Line was started by Susan Carlin and Martha Prentiss. It was modeled after a similar phone information line created in Dallas prior to the first Texas Lesbian Conference held there in 1988.

It made sense that if we were gathering information for the LISA Line that we extend the service to a publication, which was initially passed out at the bars and Lesbian / Gay churches as well as by subscription. What began as a three-page, front only, stapled newsletter has now grown to twelve to fourteen pages. Past issues include the early writings of several women who have gone on to publish nationally.

WomanSpace is the longest-running publication by and for the women's community of San Antonio. It is run by a collective of women who volunteer their time to get the paper published and distributed. It is supported by subscription and advertising fees and by generous donations from our reader supporters. Join us in SALIR's fundraising, fundraising event and support the continuing publication of WomanSpace!

For information contact Denise at 387-3449 or email at dymeja@yahoo.com.



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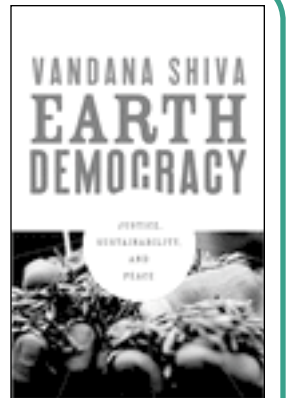
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To order, visit www.southendpress.org/2005/items/EarthDem, or call 800-533-8478

For more on Earth Democracy contact Alexander Dwinell at 617-547-4002 or alexander@southendpress.org



community meetings

Amnesty International #127 meets on fourth Thursdays 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 Sundays at 5:15 pm at St. Ann's. 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, 404N. Alamo, Rm 302 at 6 pm.

Parents/Friends of Lesbians/Gays (PFLAG) meets the first Thursdays at 7 pm 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 Antonio NOW meets on fourth Wednesdays at La Madeline on Broadway at 6:30pm. Call: 210/673-8600 Mail: Box 34551, 78265-4551

The Shambhala Buddhist Meditation Center offers meditation instruction 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 2nd Mondays @ 7:00 pm at Barnes and Noble, San Pedro Crossing (north of Loop 410). 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 734-7527.

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.

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

Texas Media Empowerment Project meets every 1st and 3rd Wednesday @ the Esperanza Center @ 6:30 pm. Contact: Deanne Cuellar deanne@tokyo.210.320.7561

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

The **ESPERANZA PEACE & JUSTICE CENTER** is part of **Another Way Texas Shares**

Sign-up to donate monthly to the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center directly from your paycheck at work through these AWTS participants:

In San Antonio:

(San Antonio Area)

- State Employee Charitable Campaign
- San Antonio Combined Federal Campaign
- City of San Antonio Local Charitable Campaign
- Bexar County Employees Local Charitable Campaign
- San Antonio Combined School District Charitable Campaign
- San Antonio Water System Local Charitable Campaign

Outside of San Antonio:

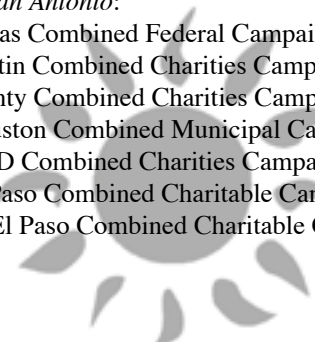
- Central Texas Combined Federal Campaign (Austin area)
- City of Austin Combined Charities Campaign
- Travis County Combined Charities Campaign
- City of Houston Combined Municipal Campaign
- Houston ISD Combined Charities Campaign
- City of El Paso Combined Charitable Campaign
- County of El Paso Combined Charitable Campaign

And, all of Another Way Texas Share campaigns in the private sector.

ESPERANZA PEACE & JUSTICE CENTER*

*Call us at 210•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.

The Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center's 19th annual *Hecho a Mano / Made by Hand*, will open to the public on Friday, December 2nd from 6 - 9 pm at the Guadalupe's newest addition, *Galeria Guadalupe* located at 723 S. Brazos St. (1 block north of the theater on Brazos Street). *Hecho a Mano* will begin on Thursday, December 1, 2005 with a special one-day preview for City of San Antonio employees between 11 am and 1 pm and between 4 - 7 pm. The preview is a homage to city staffers who aided in the completion of our new school. Contact irmam@guadalupeculturalarts.org or call 271-3151 for information.

Dr. Joni Jones and Sharon Bridgforth will facilitate *Finding Voice In The Bones*, a weekend retreat for w'y'mn, on December 2, 3 & 4th, 2005 in Austin, Texas. The retreat is geared toward spoken word artists, performance artists, poets, storytellers, fiction writers, ethnographers, and playwrights. Contact: www.wymnwriting.blogspot.com or sharon@sharonbridgforth.com.

Saturday, December 3rd from 10 am - 3 pm, Gemini Ink presents "Autobiography in a Time of War," a one-day workshop with John Phillip Santos that will seek ways writers can find and tell their own life stories in the midst of a tumultuous time of upheaval and change. Participants are asked to bring a short piece of autobiographical writing, along with three objects of personal importance that will be used in a writing exercise. Check www.geminiink.org or call 210/734-9673 or 877/734-9673 for other offerings.

The *Third Annual Randy Garibay Legacy Fund Fundraiser/Dance* benefitting Alpha Homes, Inc., Centro Cultural Aztlan, Corazon Ministries, and San Anto Cultural Arts will take place on Sunday, December 4th, 2005 at the **Blanco Ballroom** - 3719 Blanco Road. Tickets are \$10. Ernie Garibay and Cats Don't Sleep, Sauce and the Westside Horns, Spot Barnett, Jack Barber, Al Gomez, Butch Morgan and the Hix, plus more will provide music. Contact San Anto at 210-226-7466 - sananto.org/

randygaribay.com or the Centro Cultural Aztlan at 432.1896. The **Randy Garibay Legacy Fund**, a non-profit organization, was established to carry on the late Chicano Bluesman Randy Garibay's legacy of great music and good works.

The **Austin Latino Theater Alliance (ALTA)**, made up of Austin's finest actors, musicians, technicians and two major art groups present *La Pastorela*, at **ALLGO's Tillery Street Theater**, 701 Tillery Street on Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:00 p.m. with Sunday matinees at 3:00 p.m. until Dec. 11. Admission is \$12 Adults, \$8 Seniors/Students. Visit www.lapastorela.org

MSN will sponsor a *Delegation to Chiapas*: December 27, 2005-January 3, 2006 to celebrate the opening events in the "Other Campaign" and the 12th Anniversary of the *Zapatista Uprising!* Cost for the delegation is \$350. This includes in-country ground transportation, housing, translation, background materials and program. Delegates are responsible for their own travel arrangements to the Tuxtla Gutierrez Airport and most meals. Contact the **Mexico Solidarity Network** at 773-583-7728 or mail to MSN@MexicoSolidarity.org

D'Lo, an LA-based performance artist, will be working with ALLGO to hold a series of writing and performance workshops on January 4-30, 2006! Workshop themes are: *Female Masculinity*; *Writing for Solo Stage Performance*; and *Creative Spirit: Activate!!!* D'Lo is a Tamil Sri Lankan-American, political performance artist and music producer. Her work includes comedy, hip-hop, theatre, dance, poetry, and music. Contact: sharon@sharonbridgforth.com or ALLGO at 512.472-1001 ext. 106.

In **Tiilli, In Tlapalli Press** recently completed the anthology *Desahogate #1: Growing Up Xicana/o*, which had over 40 contributors from throughout Tejas documenting our varying experiences growing up as Xicanas and Xicanos. We are seeking contributions for *Desahogate #2* which will be themed "Amor y

Pasion." We accept essays, short stories, entrevistas, poemas, and comics, as well as photographs and other forms of arte. If you would prefer, we will also audio record your submission, with advance notice. No sexist, homophobic, or racist submissions, ¡por favor! **Deadline for Submissions: January 15, 2006.** Send to: *In Tiilli, In Tlapalli Press* c/o Xicana Xicano Education Project, PO Box 37105, San Anto, TX 78237 or xicanaxicanoeeducationproject@yahoo.com

The **Southwest/Texas Popular & American Culture Associations'** Annual Conference will be held February 8-11, 2006 in Albuquerque, New Mexico at the Hyatt Regency Albuquerque. Submissions for presentations are now being accepted. Contact: www.h-net.org/~swpca or 505.842.1234.

The producers for the *411 Show*, (airs on local channel 20, Tuesdays, 6:30pm), are looking for youth, ages 9 to 19 years old, to appear as talk show guests and performers during filming. No experience is necessary. All talents will be considered. This is a non-paid position and gives youth the opportunity to develop experience in the media arts. Call Patsy Robles, 411 Productions, at 789-3143 or e-mail to 411show@sbcglobal.net

The **Chicana/o Studies Department** at the **University of California, Santa Barbara** has a position for an Assistant Professor. Please contact the **Department of Chicana & Chicano Studies**, (805) 893-8880, University of California, Santa Barbara, CA 93106-4102.

Consider contacting the **UFWSTORE.COM** to buy holiday items benefitting the UFW. Your actions have given farmworkers a voice and made a difference in their lives. Continue to support them.

Join the Chavez family in celebrating Thanksgiving with 20% off selected UFW merchandise. Proceeds help keep Cesar Chavez's struggle alive.

Make a tax-deductible end of year donation.

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

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

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

I would like to volunteer!

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

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

MLK March

Monday, January 16, 2006 10 am

Begins at Boys & Girls Club on MLK Drive.

“ Remember! Celebrate! Act! A Day On, not a Day Off ”



La Voz de Esperanza

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Mujerartes

Dia de La Virgen Sale

Saturday, December 10, 2005

9 am to 6 pm

1412 El Paso

call 223.2585 or 228.0201 info.
across from Guadalupe Church

