

La Voz de Esperanza

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SAN ANTONIO, TEJAS



Toni Morrison (née Chloe Ardelia Wofford) 1931-2019



“So scary are the consequences of a collapse of white privilege that many Americans have flocked to a political platform that supports and translates violence against the defenseless as strength.”



La Voz de Esperanza

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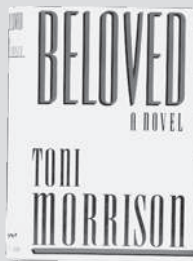
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* All letters in response to Esperanza activities or articles in La Voz will be considered for publication. Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

Toni Morrison (née Chloe Ardelia Wofford) 1931-2019



Toni Morrison was OUR writer. She wrote for Black people. She is quoted as saying,

“If there is a book that you want to read, but it hasn’t been written yet, you must be the one to write it.”

That is what she did. She wrote *Beloved* as a monument to slavery, because this country had no such monuments.

I remember how white people complained that they couldn’t understand her novels. Many conscious, white people understand Morrison’s writings. James Joyce wrote “Finnegan’s Wake”, full of gibberish (excused as portmanteau) and rendering him a preeminent writer.

“*Beloved*” wasn’t gibberish, it was history, it was metaphor, it was symbolism; it was written FOR Black people and we understood. Many people understood the brilliance of Toni Morrison’s writings; she was the first Black woman writer to win the Noble Prize in Literature in 1993, as a result. Morrison wrote many brilliant novels, nonfiction books and articles.

E.L. Doctorow, in his misguided attempt to compliment Morrison as a writer once said to her that he didn’t consider her a “woman writer” or an “African American writer”, he considered her...she interrupted with “a white, male writer?” She was proud to call herself a Female, Black writer. Nothing less.

Toni Morrison set an example for all of us: we can’t separate out what we do from what is going on in the world. We have a moral obligation to acknowledge it; as writers, we must write about it. Indeed she did. —*Lillian Stevens*

The quote on the front cover of *La Voz* comes from “Making America White Again” an article by Toni Morrison that appeared in the *New York Times* on November 21, 2016. The quote continues: “These people are not so much angry as terrified, with the kind of terror that makes knees tremble. When I hold these two quotes in mind, I cannot summon up sympathy for “these people” who are terrified of the “consequences of a collapse of white privilege”. White supremacist thinking has resulted in terrorism since the birth of this nation and now “they” must face up to the fact that, yes, they are losing power.

When I went shopping at North Star Mall during the recent tax-free weekend it was very crowded with people—many kinds of people: different colors, different ages and ability levels, different genders and sexualities, different sizes, different cultures and languages—everyone excited—and having a good time. I wondered if I were a white nationalist would I be comfortable among these folks? Probably not. I, however, was happy to be among all these kinds of people who seemed only to exude love for each other. No fear, no hate.

It is my hope that we do not allow ourselves to become isolated and stop gathering in groups to shop, to play, to sing, to dance, to be together. The few white folks I saw there seemed fine, too. So, what is it that would make those—white supremacists—so “terrified, with the kind of terror that makes knees tremble?”

I think that, perhaps, the terror that makes their knees tremble is the realization that they have been found out—that we now know that they are NOT superior to us in any way and that they have committed so many atrocities in the name of “white supremacy.” That is a shameful realization that certainly would cause my knees to tremble. They are simply plain folks who, perhaps, will finally let go of the myth of white supremacy. They certainly would be better off being, one of us.

—*Gloria A. Ramirez*, editor of *La Voz de Esperanza*

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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.

Fifty Years Since Stonewall: Reflections on Half a Century of Human Rights Activism

by Luz Guerra

EDITOR’S NOTE: *The following is an edited version of a talk delivered by Luz Guerra on June 23, 2019 to the congregation at the First Unitarian Universalist Church of San Antonio, TX in observance of the 50th anniversary of Stonewall.*

I want to pause a moment to honor the native peoples whose land San Antonio was built on—the Coahuiltecos and other native peoples for whom the great tourist attraction of the missions was not a joyful thing. It represented a removal from their homes and from a way of life. I want to thank those ancestors for the lives that they lived and upon whose shoulders we stand.

Stonewall was an important event in my life and not only because I’m a lesbian. Every point over the past 50 years that someone stood up for justice is a bright light in my life and an important occasion to reflect on. 50 years ago, there would not have been a day for women and gender, non-conforming people. 50 years ago, the story wisdom would not have considered the life of a man like Harvey Milk. 50 years ago, when I looked for employment in the newspaper, I had to go the section that said, “Jobs Women”, because listings in New York City were divided by gender. 50 years ago, it would have only been a few years since it was illegal for my parents to marry in the South. 50 years ago, we were still riding the crest of the Civil Rights Movement and were seeing many amazing things come to fruition because of the struggles and stands that many people were taking on our behalf. But in many other ways, it’s not very different at all and it’s important for me to reflect on the ways that this country has not changed and that this world has not progressed.

50 years ago, I was just beginning to find my vocation as an activist. I didn’t know that I would spend 50 years fighting for Human Rights; but, you know, kids are very justice oriented; very concerned with what’s fair and not fair. I’m sure, like other children I would say to my parents, “Well that’s not fair!” My mom would respond with: “Well life’s not fair, kid” and my father would tell me a story about racial segregation and why we lived where we lived and why we couldn’t live where we wanted to live.

My parents took me on my first marches for civil rights and against the war in Vietnam and against the nuclear war that we all felt was impending at the time. As a child of these two parents—racially white and black—ethnically Dominican, Puerto Rican, Scotch Irish—it might make sense that I would also be justice-minded. When I was 10 years old, I remember clearly thinking that I was a freak and blaming my parents for it. I remember the moment: I was sitting in this kind of air shaft between the lobby and the gymnasium of the community center where I grew up in New York City. It was a sunny day and I remember a beam of light coming down and all the little dust particles flying around in the light. I thought I was a

freak because I thought about things like Justice and the Civil Rights Movement and wanted to talk about these things. My friends thought that I was a weirdo so I wished, in that moment, that I could be like other kids playing and listening to the songs that they were singing. Then I had this flash that it wouldn’t be right if I were like the other kids. I guess that some ancestor was talking to me with compassion and said that then I wouldn’t be who I am—and that seemed like such an unfair thing—to want to be a child and to feel like if I were to be like the other children I wouldn’t be me. Little did I know that that would be a spark that kept me going in life.

So, I became an activist in that community center that was attached to the Methodist Church—the Church of All Nations, it was called. It was in an immigrant community. The minister of the Spanish speaking congregation asked me to come with him to talk to congregants. He didn’t speak English very well and I was called on to be a translator and take notes. We went into homes in our neighborhood and interviewed people about their housing situation. I remember going into apartments that had holes in the ceiling, that had sinks

and tubs that weren’t working, where windows were cracked and where there were cockroaches and evidence of rats. These were the conditions I lived in, too. That was the first time it occurred to me that people could talk to each other about what was happening in their lives and actually do something about it.

So, I have to give a shout out to the Reverend Baez who gave me that opportunity to see that there was something that I could do. I could ask people questions and take notes and I could talk with someone like the reverend about “then, what are we going to do about it?”

The past week I watched some films [a movie and a series]. How many people here have been aware of the “Central Park Five”? So, a lot of people. Perhaps you’ve also seen the miniseries called, “When They See Us”. How many of you have seen the documentary, “Southwest of Salem”—the story of the San Antonio Four? Fewer people. These two events were very close to my life and heart. In 1989, a 28-year-old woman, Trisha Melli, was brutally attacked and raped in Central Park while out jogging. Her attacker left her for dead. The police were very anxious to do something. They had a very aggressive DA and

a prosecutor who was fed up with the sexual crimes and wanted to do something big. That same night a lot of young people were out in Central Park, as well. Some of them were getting into mischief, pushing people off their bikes and challenging their right to be on the bike path when the kids wanted to be there. It was definitely very charged, racially and ethnically. I lived downtown, 50 blocks away from Central Park. We (the people who I hung out with) would often walk up to Central Park and join other young people who were there getting a piece of nature, listening to music and enjoying ourselves.



Luz Guerra delivers the keynote speech at the 13th annual Take Back the Night event at UT Austin in 2014. Photo: Andrea Kurth | Daily Texan Staff

At any rate, five children—five young men—(between 14 and 16 years old) were in Central Park that night and were taken into custody by the police. Over the next 24 to 36 hours they were kept away from their families, they were not given food, they were not allowed to sleep and they were forced into making confessions of a crime they did not commit.

President Trump was, at that time, a real estate developer in New York City. He took out a full page ad saying he wanted the death penalty to come back and that these animals should pay for what they did to this woman. I will never forget that ad nor how I felt—those young men could have been my guys—as I would have called them. That that could have been us. As a woman I was also very conscious that the person who had been raped could have been me. But it would not have been me because Puerto Rican women and Black women were killed and assaulted all the time in my neighborhood and it never made the front page of the newspaper.

In 1997, four young women—brown women, lesbians—were accused of a crime that they didn’t commit. They were accused of sexually abusing two children. Much in the same way that the courts and the media in New York City called these five young men “animals” and dehumanized them, so the media of San Antonio dehumanized these four women because they loved other women and called them “witches”—determined that they would pay. These women served time—up to 12 years—for a crime they did not commit. The young men also served between 5 and 12 years for a crime they did not commit. In many ways we could say that these movies have happy endings because justice won in the end, because the system was forced to acknowledge that it had been wrong. But no one could give those 12 years back to those boys and to the young women who weren’t much more than children themselves at that time. We live in a country where these things still happen.

I’m glad that we remember Stonewall and I’m glad that young children are learning the history of who Harvey Milk was and Mayor Moscone [of San Francisco], who hired a gay man and worked with a diverse community of people and why these people were killed. I’m still a girl who is concerned about things that are not fair. I thought a lot about watching “When They See Us” as a mother, now. I thought about how those boys could have easily been my son. I thought about how those young woman could easily have been my daughters and if my children—if our children—are not safe to love who they love; if they are not safe because of the color of their skin; if they are not safe because of the huge divide of wealth in this country, then there is no justice and there is no peace. Because everyone must be able to walk and live free. It’s so wonderful that so

many of us can today—and, there are people who think that we have “arrived”, right?

I was reading this week a series of interviews with LGBT elders in the New York Times and was very excited to read that the majority of these LGBT elders said, that yes, LGBT is a mainstream term and that there are lesbian and gay and transgender people on television that are allowed to have stories that actually have happy endings. But, every single one of these LGBT elders said that marriage equality does nothing for LGBT youth who are homeless. It does nothing to address the racism that still exists, and it has a heavier impact

on Trans youth and lesbian and gay youth and bi- youth. The New York Times ... a sort of “centrist” newspaper (laughter) that reflected such a diversity of people and voices who all came to the same conclusion that I would come to—that, made me feel good.

We live in a society that is full of fear—where we are told to be afraid of those who are other and those who are different. Fear is at the root of hate. We live in a society whose history—if we look beyond the myths and stereotypes—is one of injustice after injustice. We live in a society whose leaders spin narratives about the threat of the other to our most vulnerable, to children, in the case of the San Antonio Four and to the lone, white woman, in the case of the Central Park Five. So, our most vulnerable are used as images for why we should hate—today, in 2019.

Where do we start to change the world? I think at the beginning of any story, we want to look for the truth and when we

tell the truth about homophobia, about transphobia, about racism, about sexism, about anti-Semitism, about ableism, about misogyny—it hurts. Whether you have personally been targeted by that specific oppression, by that misinformation [or not], you are still hurt by its existence. You may be a cis gender straight, heterosexual white man, but you have been harmed by homophobia, you have been harmed by transphobia, you have been harmed by heterosexism; because it is all based on hatred. Where hatred reigns, our human souls are lacerated and imprisoned. Where hatred reigns not one person is actually free. Now, you may be someone who has never felt the sting of racism in your own life, who doesn’t have to worry about being stopped by traffic cops, who doesn’t have to be concerned what neighborhood you are walking in... But your privilege comes from your status in a system that dehumanizes people of color, dehumanizes women, dehumanizes same gender loving people, dehumanizes gender non-conforming people and the truth of a system that is built on the dehumanization of some, is that—ultimately, it dehumanizes everyone. A society that is built on a foundation of genocide, of slavery and dehumanization of an unequal distribution of the wealth



Anna Vásquez, Elizabeth Ramírez, Cassandra Rivera and Kristie Mayhugh, the SA Four, accepted a major award at the 28th Annual GLAAD Media Awards at The Hilton Midtown in New York City in 2017. Photo: Bryan Bedder/Getty Images/GLAAD



Poster for Southwest of Salem: The Story of the San Antonio Four film.



Poster for When They See Us, series by Netflix.



The Central Park Five with the writer/director, Ava DuVernay, attend the World Premiere of Netflix’s “When They See Us” at the Apollo Theater on May 20, 2019 in New York City. (L to R): Raymond Santana Jr., Kevin Richardson, Korey Wise, Ava DuVernay, Antron McCray, and Yusef Salaam. Photo: Dimitrios Kambouris/Getty Images

of the earth is a society that will not stand. It is a society that is crumbling from the inside and will continue to crumble—unless, we reveal and acknowledge and speak to the truth.

I think about those four young women who were hard-working, caring, generous and responsible—if you see the documentary you get an idea of who they were at the time and who they are now. These were young women who loved other women. And love—we are told in every church, every temple or synagogue, every holy scripture—love is what we’re called to do. To love our neighbors, to love our enemies, to love our families, to love our creator; but, in a sexist, heterosexist, homophobic and racist society and legal system and media, any truth can be twisted into a nightmare; any truth can be covered under a series of lies, any truth can NOT appear in the textbooks of Texas middle school and high school students.

I don’t know if you’ve picked up a Texas social studies textbook recently; but I believe there is one that talks about the thousands of Africans who were brought here as “workers”. Now, I mean this is 2019. This a social studies text in which there is a two-page spread on the buffalo and one paragraph about the native peoples of this country. Textbooks like that harm our children and they harm who we are; they harm all of us and divide us from each other, and they keep us from the love that is our right that is our inheritance that is at the core of us.

I want to tell you about 1992 when this country celebrated 500 years since Columbus. The mythology of this country is “1492 Columbus sailed the sea of blue”—and then there were the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. You know that’s like over 200 years; but that’s what we learned. What was happening during that time Here in Texas? It so important for us to change the mythologies that are dominant right now.

When I was that little nerdy kid and concerned about big issues that haven’t changed in my lifetime, I was often told, “don’t be such

a downer”. When I was a human rights advocate, working for Central Americans who were fleeing wars—my son’s father, I remember him telling me when we were going out to dinner—“please don’t talk about your work; people don’t want to be brought down, people don’t want to know about these human rights violations”. The thing is everything that makes us want to squeam away and say, “oh no, I don’t want to [hear] about that” will only keep us that much longer

away from the truth that we should all be seeking.

When I was being teased about being a downer and told “why do you want to focus on these negative things” and my brother was telling me “you’re still writing about sexual assault? Come on, get off of it, write about something else.”

I don’t think that we have a choice, if we want to give our children a future that is worth living. I think that the truth is—we’ve screwed up the earth, we’ve poisoned our rivers and oceans. We have hurt people around the world and that needn’t be our focus. Our focus can be about working to be sure that there’s clean drinking water for everyone, and about making sure that children are safe everywhere. Our focus can be that there needn’t be hate. I think that holding onto that contradiction of here are these terrible truths and we want to walk about with our hearts filled with love for all of our fellow people and creatures, that these two things are NOT incompatible.

I ask you, in the same way that you’ve asked me to join your congregation this morn-

ing, I ask you to join me in holding the two uncomfortable truths in our hearts at the same time. I think it is the only way for us to move forward.

BIO: Luz Guerra, researcher, writer, editor and consultant, has worked for over 30 years with communities of color, LGBTQ and indigenous peoples, and others, advancing social justice and human rights in the U.S. and the Americas.



2019 stands as a historic year for the LGBTQ community whose fight for liberation is traced back to riots at the iconic Stonewall Inn in New York City where police battled with lesbians and gay men led by drag queens most notably Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Ray Rivera among others. The Stonewall Riots of 1969 are widely considered to be the beginning of the modern LGBTQ movement. The first Pride Parade took place the following year in 1970 in New York City.

FUELING FEARS OF AN **HISPANIC INVASION**

Julio Noboa Polanco

Despite his statements to the contrary, made not of his own volition but under massive public pressure, it is Trump's actions and policies that most truly reflect his racism, xenophobia and misogyny. Beginning with his own statements and slogans, we have a President who in his initial campaign railed against Mexican immigrants as "rapists, gangsters, and criminals."

He is intent on building a wall to keep out the "invasion" of Mexican and Central American immigrants and continues to separate Latino families, caging their children and adults in concentration camps. He relentlessly attacks immigrant communities, raiding them to deport fathers, mothers, and close relatives who've been here for decades as hard-working residents with no criminal record.

With a President like that, where do you think the white supremacists get the idea that they are serving the nation by massacring innocent Latino immigrants?

If nothing else, the El Paso massacre as well as the other racially motivated acts of mass violence, has forced elected officials to confront the realities of white supremacy as well as the incredible facility with which anyone, regardless of their age, intent, or mental state, could obtain a portable weapon of mass destruction.

The problem of automatic military weaponry in the hands of the public compels elected officials to enact and enforce a ban on these weapons. Yet, given the influence of the NRA, this may be a difficult though urgent political task. The cancer of white supremacy, however, will require a much more complex and multifaceted cure. Legislation alone cannot heal the profound disease of racism that still infects our American psyche.

The unapologetic murderer of El Paso expressed no regret or remorse for his evil actions, relying on the twisted ideological defense of his manifesto, a twisted ideology that needs to be analyzed, deconstructed and delegitimized in the face of truth and reason. We cannot permit these myths and manifestos to go unchallenged; white supremacy must be resisted not only by the force of law but also in the marketplace of ideas.

It is interesting to note key statements in his manifesto that reflect some of the most fundamental beliefs of racism that undergird white supremacy going back to the justifications for the enslavement of Africans, the genocide of Native Americans and the dispossession of Mexican-American citizens. Thus, it is quite ironic that the mass murderer should refer to the "Hispanic invasion" of Texas, a state with centuries of history under six flags, the first two being those of Spain and Mexico long before the Anglos arrived.

In reality, a well-known historical fact is that it wasn't Hispanics, but Anglo Texans who invaded Texas, beginning early in the 1800s, with waves of mostly southern confederates coming to the Mexican

state of Texas.

It was Tejanos who founded the cities of El Paso, San Antonio, and Laredo, so often mentioned in Western song and legend. It was Mexicans who brought from Northern Mexico the entire ranching tradition bequeathed to the Great American Cowboy as documented in the language of corrals, ranchos, rodeos, lassos, mustangs and palominos in the semi-arid land of arroyos, mesas and canyons.

All these Spanish words, as well as cities such as San Diego, Los Angeles, Albuquerque, and Santa Fe, not only contradict the fallacy that Spanish is a foreign language in our nation, but also confirm that it was Hispanics who established the foundation of what evolved into

today's Western ranching lifestyle and architecture with verandas, patios and plazas. It was Hispanics who established schools, courts, churches and printing presses in these cities as well as the first orchards and vineyards in the valleys of California.

The original Spanish conquistadors were, indeed, cruel towards the indigenous people they dominated and the Africans they enslaved, yet their descendants, unlike the majority of the Anglo invaders, actually combined their cultures and genes through racial mixing creating the multicultural mestizo and mulatto populations of Mexico, Puerto Rico and Latin America.

It is precisely this very racial mixing that is roundly condemned

in the murderer's manifesto and even criminalized by U.S. federal law until Virginia vs Loving just a half-century ago. Keeping genetic purity is a common racist motive going back to the Nazis, the KKK and evidently still among the white supremacists of today.

Nevertheless, Americans of all colors and creeds are meeting, mixing, falling in love and finding their common humanity in schools, churches, sport teams, and work places. For decades we have marched together with people of all races and faiths to end the scourge of rage, racism, and ignorance that generate vile acts of hatred and violence. Among the most memorable demonstrations for us was the annual Martin Luther King march here in San Antonio, a tradition we engaged in for nearly two decades.

We can overcome the evil troika of guns, racism, and misogyny only if we come together to pressure our elected officials, demand an end to accessible automatic weapons, and confront all forms of hatred based on race, gender, religion and nationality regardless if it comes from a brain-washed bigot or from a sitting President!

BIO: Julio Noboa Polanco, formerly a columnist for the *San Antonio Express-News*, served as Chair for the Esperanza board in the 90s. He retired as Asst. Professor of Social Studies @ UTEP in 2014 but continues to write on issues related to peace and social justice. Julio and his wife, Elsa, also an educator, now live in Costa Rica.

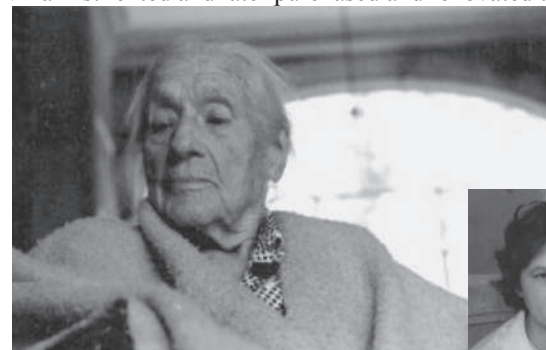


Demonstrators protest Trump's visit to El Paso, Texas. Photo: Mario Tama/Getty Images

A ROAD TRIP IN 1980: finding Mrs. Francisco Villa

By Maria Eugenia Guerra

A friend and I drove in my VW diesel Rabbit from San Antonio to Chihuahua City — a 600-mile trip — to find Luz Corral de Villa, Pancho Villa's widow. The adventure was hastily planned with a quick look at a map and the expectation that we could find Mrs. Villa at La Quinta Luz, the 50-room mansion that Francisco Villa first rented and later purchased and renovated to Mrs. Villa's



Pancho Villa's widow, Luz Corral de Villa, was interviewed by Maria Eugenia Guerra (inset) at her home.



liking. The paradoxical life of General Villa — vili-

fied by some as the treacherous, cold-blooded commander of La División del Norte during the Mexican Revolution (1910-1920) and honored by many as the Robin Hood of agrarian reform and for his cunning brilliance as a military strategist — began in Durango and ended on the vast, dramatic landscape of the Chihuahuan Desert.

CHIHUAHUA

"One way or another," it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco Sanchez's lament to cuckoldry, "Arrastrando la covija."

The terrain turned craggy and mountainous, the canyons deepened, and there against the grandeur left by the shift of tectonic plates I experienced a nano-second introspection that we were little specks of carbon navigating the narrow scar of a man-made road on a billion-year-old landscape.

A cop in an unmarked car, a man out of uniform — save for a badge and a revolver in the waistband of his pants — shook us from our reverie, asking, "No tienen miedo, dos mujeres viajando a solas en este camino?"

I thought to answer, but didn't, "Hasta este minuto tuve ningún miedo."

He asked us our business so far from home, laughed, and with a little menace in his gesture, he waved us on.

That was the most infelicitous part of our road trip, eclipsing the realization that my friend and I — each assuming the other had packed cash enough to cover fuel, meals, and an overnight stay at the Hotel Chihuahua — understood that between us we had traveled to another country with about \$70 between us.

Diesel was 17 cents a liter, a bargain. The \$23 hotel room

would be our greatest expense. Panaderias would provide inexpensive feasts of just-baked pan franceses.

AT LA QUINTA LUZ

Once in Chihuahua City, we asked for directions to La Quinta Luz, and we found Mrs. Villa precisely where we were told she would be, a few steps up off Calle Décima on the porch of her colonnaded home, ready to greet paying visitors who wanted to tour her museum and its courtyard.

The former glory of the place was evident in the clean lines of the massive compound and the exterior details of its fenestration and doors.

I purchased a ticket, and Mrs. Villa kindly gave me her attention. "My husband was a hero," she told me, and then grouched bitterly about the widow's pension she had been promised by one administration and denied by another. She said she lived on a trickle of income from visitors to the museum and from sales of the book she authored, *Pancho Villa En La Intimidación*. She said she enjoyed sharing her husband's story and that of the Revolution with visitors, many of them Americans. Others, she said, came from as far away as Germany and Japan.

I had with me a book I had read a month earlier, *Under the Fifth Sun, A Novel of Pancho Villa*, which I had purchased at *Whole Earth Provision Company* in Austin. Reading this well-told story by Earl Shorris had fueled the quest to find Mrs. Villa and to do so on the landscape on which she and Villa had shared their lives.

"I am left with the memories. Someone writes a book or makes a movie and makes a lot of money," she lamented. "They all come here to talk to me."

She said that history and the government of Mexico had alternately regarded her late husband as hero-bandit-hero, and that she had been promised that her home would become a museum operated by the government.

I had brought her a box of milled soaps, which she graciously accepted. She encouraged me to walk through the rooms of the museum that featured some of Villa's armas, gear, hats, spurs, field glasses, and saddles, as well as posters



Doña Corral de Villa at the doorway of Quinta Luz, her home, now a National Museum dedicated to Pancho Villa and the Mexican Revolution.



La Quinta Luz was renovated by The Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia (INAH) after Doña Corral de Villa's death.

of movies made about him. There were photos of Mrs. Villa and actor Anthony Quinn, who garnered an Oscar for best supporting actor in portraying Villa in 1952's *Viva Zapata!* (which had been filmed in San Ygnacio and Roma.)

I was taken by the faded, though enduring elegance of the Italian tiles of the floors and the scalloped wall murals of urns of flowers (which I would later learn were painted by an Italian artist named Mario Ferrer.)

In the courtyard around which much of the original house had been built and later re-configured by Villa with stables, quarters for his men, a manger, a tunnel, and a basement, I better comprehended the huge, fortress-like footprint of the structure and its high walls, now cracked, that appeared to be constructed of adobe bricks encased in a veneer of plaster.

I came across an old, thin woman in black in a corner of the courtyard. She was sweeping leaves as though dancing with her broom to music only she could hear. She wore round dark glasses and a hairnet. I greeted her, and she stopped briefly to speak to me in inflected, unintelligible sounds. She smiled with an open, toothless grin that was filled with something bright yellow. The color evoked canaries, but I could see that it was plant matter, the stalks of herbs of some kind, that filled her mouth. Our brief exchange offered no clue to her role in this historic place, and I walked away as though entrusted with an un-solved, disconcerting riddle.

In a small, shaded portico I saw the rusted, bullet-riddled 1919 Dodge Brothers roadster that Villa rode to eternity. Nearly six decades after his assassination in nearby Parral on July 20, 1923, the vehicle gave up the sinister essence of Villa's violent demise, something about which Shorris wrote in succinctly crafted detail.

I made my way back to Mrs. Villa, she whose sky-blue eyes had been witness to the Mexican Revolution and whose heart had remained true to one of the driving forces of that 10-year conflict. Her voice with its clear, distinct timbre was weighted with first hand observations of one of the most tumultuous chapters in Mexican history.

"I wrote in your books," she told me.

AFTERWORD

In 1981, Mrs. Villa gave La Quinta Luz to the Secretaria de la Defensa Nacional, stipulating that it would become a museum operated by the government. The **Instituto**



Nacional de Antropología e Historia (INAH) directed the work of restoring La Quinta Luz, turning many of its rooms into museum spaces that told the story of Pancho Villa and the Mexican Revolution. The new displays now include some of the sophisticated automatic weaponry that came from Belgium and other countries.

The museum re-opened in November of 1982 as el Museo Histórico de la Revolución.

The Dodge roadster, too, got a makeover — its numerous bullet holes all the more pronounced in its like-new paint job.

The memory keeper of the life of Pancho Villa did not live to see the museum re-open. Mrs. Villa died on July 6, 1981.

BOOKS ABOUT PANCHO VILLA

There are many, but two of the best are the aforementioned Shorris' *Under the Fifth Sun, A Novel of Pancho Villa*, and the other is Friedrich Katz's extensively researched *The Life and Times of Pancho Villa*, a well-written academic compendium that charts Villa's life from the young bandit named Doroteo Arango to a general who at one time commanded an army of 50,000 soldiers.

Others who have written about Villa have sensationalized Villa's voracious appetite for women and the gore of the ambush that killed him.

Katz's 900-plus pages are a deep well of historic detail — not only of Villa's life before, during, and after the Revolution, but also of the history of the characters who ruled the Republic.

As to the embuscada that ended Villa's life, Katz deconstructs it to arrive at the reason for it.

Of particular interest in Katz's writing is the assembly of stories for how Villa was treated in death by the world press.



Above: Book about Pancho Villa written by Luz Corral de Villa. Below: A well respected book about Pancho Villa written by Earl Shorris.

Note: This article was originally published in *LareDos[redux]*-A journal of the borderlands.

BIO: María Eugenia (MEG) Guerra is the publisher of *LareDOS, A Journal of the Borderlands*. She is a rancher in Zapata County and has chronicled the news of South Texas and her native Laredo and its residents for more than two decades. She can be reached at meg@laredos-news.com

Ramsey Muñiz; The Rebirth



By Julio César Guerrero

Back in the early 70s I wrote for *El Renacimiento*, a community newspaper whose editor told me he borrowed the name from Pablo Neruda's poem *Un Canto Para Bolivar*, where he wrote "I wake up every one hundred years" alluding to populist movements.

Around the same time, I hosted Ramsey Muñiz in Michigan where he was bringing his campaign for the Texas Governorship as a Raza Unida Party candidate informing migrants with Texas residency the importance of the absentee vote.

As history goes, Ramsey's support sent shockwaves to the traditional two-party system in Texas by receiving a hefty support thus cementing Chicano political power.

Ramsey's political activism took a downturn after a set of drug-related convictions which ended in a life prison sentence without possibility of parole.

Dr Andres Guerrero, in his book *Freedom, Justice, and Love* profiles Ramsey's endurance of close to three decades of imprisonment including 5 years in solitary confinement, as a deeply spiritual man who hasn't lost his sense of justice, resistance and visions of liberty for himself and people behind him.

All throughout there were numerous appeals made to the Bush, Obama and current administrations for Ramsey's parole release and constant echoes across the southwest of *Free Ramsey* community campaigns involving marches, public demonstrations, lobbying and letter writing drives, along with regular visits by Irma, Ramsey's wife, and Dallas activist Monica Acosta-Zamora watching over his ailing health.

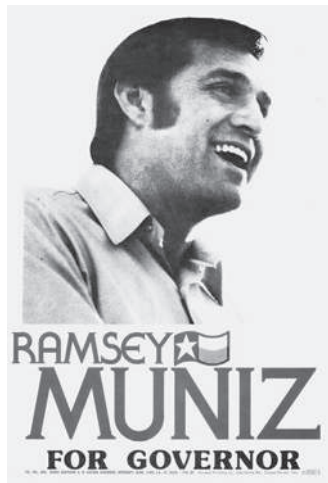
Since I had met Sister Monica during the coordination of the support campaign for the families of the 43 disappeared students from the Ayotzinapa teaching academy in Mexico, I told her, "Next time you visit Ramsey, tell him when he's out we'll take him on the road" utilizing the network of national contacts we developed in the Ayotzinapa support caravana.

As sincere a wish as it was, I thought of it as a long shot knowing that if Ramsey hadn't been released by Obama, his chances of even being considered for parole under the current hostile political climate would be literally impossible.

I had a chance to meet Ramsey for a second time in the late 70s while he was a resident in the McNeal Island facility in the Seattle/Tacoma area. It was an accidental encounter during one of my visits to members of **MASO**, the Mexican American inmates' organization. At the time I was the producer of **Radio Cadena News Service**, the first and only National Chicano information service of its kind distributed daily to 85 stations around the country, so customarily, I would always carry my tape recorder along.

Weekend visits to the brothers in McNeal was a trip. Regardless of the circumstances by which they had ended up in a federal institution, I remember our visits always being a pleasant and uplifting experience. Social work theory behind service with inmates is based on the premise that these individuals are temporarily removed from society and eventually will rejoin their families and community. Our take as Chicanos was parallel with a cultural approach and understanding that the brothers needed to feel connected with the outside by bringing to them Mexican food, music, entertainment and general support from the Barrio.

Oddly enough, the prison guards were of opposite opinion arguing that our visits and interaction with the residents gave them false hopes and expectations, that it would be much better to leave them alone and



1972 campaign poster for Ramsey Muñiz, Raza Unida candidate for governor of Texas.

let them do their time. One guard told me once, "*you should see these boys ironing their khaki pants and shirts and spit shine their shoes over and over days before you come to see them, you should just leave them be*".

During our visits the president of **MASO** often facilitated interviews for me and this particular Saturday he asked me if I wanted to see Ramsey. "*Muñiz?*" I asked. He said, "*yes, they brought him in last night*". Later I found out Ramsey was constantly moved around without previous notice to him or his family, possibly part of being considered a dangerous case.

When Ramsey came out, he looked alert, nice and fit so after some greetings I asked him if I could record him—to which he agreed. It was not an interview per se, with someone as eloquent as Ramsey few questions are needed. I do remember he related the poor conditions he had heard from the fellow residents, "*some of these people shouldn't even be here, all they need is the*

right legal representation," he said.

On Monday, Ramsey was the main item in our newscast and before noon, we were getting calls from his family in Corpus Christi where the interview had been aired over **KUNO**.

Literary critic Susana Marín, writes about Neruda's poem: "*In every war, in every moment that is necessary, a Bolivar, a liberator, appears to lead, to march with those who fight for democracy -- and serves as a reminder to the people that they are fighting to make their country much better, so that all people can live with dignity*".

As such, seeing Muñiz as a symbol more than just the individual, it's not difficult to understand the political impact he had on Chicanos so implicitly when they advocated and prayed for his freedom it actually meant a cry for their own liberation.

And on December 10, 2018 the miracle of miracles happened. Ramsey was given another chance to life when he was released by the **Federal Bureau of Prisons**, not pardoned by the president but as a humanitarian release due to his poor health.

Ramsey was released to his family although in reality he went straight into a hospital where he has struggled to barely stay alive as his decaying health condition lingered even off the reach of the institution.

I finally had an opportunity to visit Brother Ramsey in the hospital where he is still in recovery but at least out of Intensive Care. It was a very moving short visit after the different circumstances in which we had met the first time and the many twists and turns along our life journeys.

As we shook hands, I told him my memories of him though not expecting him to remember me. He smiled and said "*You look a lot older*". That sense of humor told me his spirit was as strong as ever, so I said "*as soon as you're ready we'll take you on the road for a speaking tour*" to which he nodded.

As I was out the door, I heard him say "*We'll call it The Rebirth*" and Pablo Nerunda's words rang in my head "*Despierto cada cien años cuando despierta el pueblo*".

El Renacimiento, I thought.

NOTE: This article was previously published by *Democracy Chronicles* on May 28, 2019.

BIO: Julio César Guerrero earned a Master's degree in both social work and telecommunications at the University of Michigan where he spent many years teaching and developing skills in community organizing, media relations, diversity training and social and human services.

DONALD TRUMP'S HANDS ARE COVERED IN BLOOD

By Rogelio Sáenz

Donald Trump, the provocateur of hate and racism, has been playing with fire.

Over the last several years, as presidential candidate and now president, Trump has gushed hate-filled rhetoric and has stoked the racism of his rabid supporters. He has coddled white nationalists who have been increasingly emboldened, especially with a supportive ally in the White House.

Last week the smoldering cauldron that Trump has been stirring turned to fire. Over the course of seven days, three white men terrorists picked up deadly guns and carried out mass killings in Gilroy, California, El Paso, Texas and Dayton, Ohio. The result: 34 people savagely killed and 63 wounded.

Trump did not pull the trigger, but his irresponsible words and deeds contributed to this carnage. He cannot deny his role or walk away and hide from the latest mayhem. Trump's hands are covered in the blood of the innocent people killed and wounded over these seven days.

From that mid-June day in 2015 when Trump launched his presidential campaign, he targeted Mexicans, and by extension Latinos, as the nation's public enemy. He characterized Mexicans as invaders who are criminals, drug dealers, and rapists, set on taking over our country. Trump has viciously escalated that abhorrent depiction and has widened his spotlight to include Central Americans, Muslims, along with Democratic members of Congress that he has prodded to go back from where they come, and has targeted the city of Baltimore, as well. Only a few months ago in May, in a re-election rally in Panama City Beach, Florida, in front of his frenzied masses, Trump asked what can be done to keep migrants from crossing our southern border. One man yelled "shoot them," to which Trump, with a chuckle, responded "only in the panhandle you can get away with that statement...only in the panhandle." Recent evidence shows that since January, more than 2,000 Trump re-election ads on Facebook have featured the word "invasion" to describe immigration on our southern border.

The venom that Trump has sown seeped into our beloved city of El Paso this past Saturday morning.

That day a 21-year-old white man, Patrick Crusius, who traveled 660 miles from Allen, Texas a suburb of Dallas, to El Paso, came to the city to kill "Hispanic invaders." The manifesto, which he released eight minutes before he unleashed mass annihilation on innocent people at a Walmart that morning, echoed Trump's words, thoughts, and warnings. The gunman savagely took the lives of 22 human beings and wounded 24 others.

Trump was not in El Paso this past Saturday, but the racism and



Altered photo of a sign near the scene of the El Paso, Texas shooting.

hate that he spews and condones were undoubtedly in the head of the killer. Trump is a very dangerous individual.

Following the savagery in El Paso on Saturday, Trump's Twitter response from a golf course in Bedminster, New Jersey, to Texas Governor Greg Abbott: "pledge total support of Federal Government." It is not too outlandish to think that his twitter was followed by Trump snorting "Hmm.... where was I before I was so rudely interrupted...." With great absurdity and hold-

ing on to his "immigrants are criminals" conception, he now wants to link gun reform and immigration reform.

Trump's federal and Texas political underlings were quick with a quip after the shooting intent to protect him and deny racial animosity. Let's hear from Attorney General William Barr—yeah, that guy, the one who lied to us about what the Mueller report said: "those who commit such atrocities should be held accountable swiftly and to the fullest extent the law permits." Governor Abbott refused to envision that the savage murder constituted a "hate crime" and conveniently raised the "mental health issue" flag, oft used to defend racist and hate-filled killers. Lieutenant Governor Dan Patrick chimed in, blaming the shooting on video games and the lack of prayer.

The hollow words and deceptive reasoning from outsiders.

Now what do political leaders from El Paso think?

Enter U.S. Rep. Veronica Escobar, who represents the district

of El Paso: "The [killer's] manifesto is fueled by hate. And it is fueled by racism, bigotry, and division."

Former U.S. Rep. and presidential candidate Beto O'Rourke added: "He [Trump] is a racist and he stokes racism in this country...and it leads to violence."

Among the dead, an uncle, and among the wounded, an aunt, of one of my beloved former doctoral students, Maria Cristina Morales, who is a faculty member at the University of Texas at El Paso. Professor Morales mournfully lamented "I never thought I would lose a relative this way."

In Trump's world where he stirs racism, hatred, and division, the dead and wounded in El Paso, unfortunately, represent collateral damage, calculated to feed his supporters and return Trump to the White House. Trump did not pull the trigger, but he stokes the racism and abhorrence that puts innocent people at risk. He is a very dangerous person. Make sure Trump does not do this again! Let's impeach him or at least vote him out in November!

BIO: Rogelio Sáenz is professor in the Department of Demography at the University of Texas at San Antonio. This article was originally published in latinorebels.com on Aug. 6, 2019. His previous article, *Racist-In-Chief*, can be accessed at: bit.ly/racist_in_chief



Mourners gathered on Monday outside the Walmart in El Paso where at least 22 people were killed. Photo: Jim Wilson/The New York Times

Lerma's groundbreaking kicks off \$2.2 million restoration



Susan Segura of the Esperanza talks about the restoration of Lerma's.

One of the longest-running live conjunto music venues in the state, San Antonio's Lerma's Nite Club building, was saved from demolition in 2010 and eventually earned a spot on the National Register of Historic Places. A groundbreaking ceremony at the site on Monday, July 15, 2019 brought out former mayor, Nelson Wolff and current San Antonio mayor, Ron Nirenberg, among a plethora of politicians, activists, musicians, artists and San Antonio conjunto aficionados. Initially opened in 1948 by Pablo Lerma who loved conjunto music—the night club fell on hard times in recent years until community folks joined forces to preserve the building and formed the Save Lerma's Coalition. Highlighting Lerma's historic and cultural significance the group asked the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center to guide the building's fate as its new owner. The Esperanza accepted the challenge and became Lerma's caretaker in 2012. In 2015, Lerma's was voted Texas' Most Endangered Landmark. In 2016, the city awarded the Esperanza Center \$500,000 to rehabilitate the building. Bexar County then followed suit and matched the same amount of money finalizing the funding this year (2019). Once considered an eyesore, the building housing Lerma's Nite Club is about to undergo a \$2.2 million restoration and will be transformed into a Non-profit Latino cultural arts center, the first of its kind funded by the city and county in over 30 years. Susana Segura of the Esperanza, who has spearheaded the campaign to save Lerma's says, "grassroots mobilizing is essential to Latino preservation. It's about recognizing working-class people, including their architecture and history." To Segura, the success of Lerma's preservation speaks to a powerful sense of cultural community pride. The venerable Bexar County Commissioner, Paul Elizondo, suggested adding an additional bibliotech for the city at Lerma's and that certainly is one of several possibilities for the five areas of the building that includes restoring the night club, itself. To be sure, the groundbreaking ceremony signals the beginning of a new life for Lerma's Nite Club.



Staff members of the Esperanza join in on the groundbreaking for the historic restoration of Lerma's on San Antonio's westside.



The group, Panfilo's Güera, led by violinist, Belén, play at the Lerma's groundbreaking.



Las Tesoros at Lerma's

The two surviving members of Las Tesoros de San Antonio, Beatriz Llamas (aka La Paloma del Norte) and Blanca Rodríguez (aka Blanca Rosa) were present at the Lerma's groundbreaking and remember performing at the historic Lerma's. Blanca noted that if you hadn't performed at Lerma's "you weren't known, because that's how famous this place was." Beatriz expressed appreciation to the Esperanza Center for what it's doing to restore Lerma's Nite Club exclaiming, "It's like an old lady when they renew the whole body!" The National Endowment of the Arts has bequeathed one of 2019's nine National Heritage Fellowships to Beatriz and Blanca of Las Tesoros de San Antonio. Originated in 1982, the fellowship is granted each year to selected "master folk and traditional artists" in recognition of "the ways these individuals demonstrate and reflect our nation's living cultural heritage and share their knowledge with the next generation." Rodríguez and Llamas will be traveling to Washington D.C. in September to receive their award carrying with them the memory of the deceased Tesoros: Rita Vidaurre, La Calandria and Janet Cortez, La Perla Tapatia. The October issue of La Voz will share the experience with our readers and the Tesoro's many fans.



Las Tesoros — Beatriz Llamas (L) and Blanca Rodríguez (R) at the Lerma's Nite Club groundbreaking.

Échale Books Pachanga

by Gianna Rendón

Over 2 years ago (April 2017), Échale Books was born. This president had just gotten elected and we were seeing pretty fast negative repercussions of his election. I, like many people at the time, felt myself go into an abyss of hopelessness. Échale Books was created as a solution and as an offering from me to my community as a way to counter the racist, homophobic, xenophobic, sexist government/culture.

Échale Books was created to offer politically progressive books: feminist, Latin@/x and Chican@/x books, LGBTQ+ books and most importantly bilingual books y libros en Español during a time where we are seeing an increase in the criminalization of Spanish speakers in this country. Échale Books continues in the tradition of generations of guerrillas/xs who have fought for the education and stories of la gente de San Antonio.

The title "Échale Books" says the mission in its name. We add books to the community with energia in the hopes that the knowledge in the books will inspire people to take action and make change. Because when you know better, you do better.

The Pachanga de Palabras grew out of the mission of Échale Books to offer affordable books to the Westside of San Antonio. The Pachanga will be outdoors in the Plaza Guadalupe. It was important for me and my co-organizer Eliza Pérez to continue the tradition of outdoor storytelling. Our gente have been telling stories outdoors since the beginning whether it was working in the fields, in cocinas, sitting on porches, or in the plazas. The event is a Pachanga to counter the sometimes elitist book and literary events in town that often keep out the working class and poor. We believe books and stories are exciting and deserve to be celebrated. This is not going to be a quiet event. There will be no hushing. You will be invited to dance. You will be invited to gritar. You will be invited to laugh and cry.

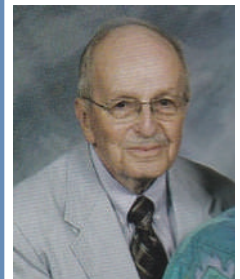
It is also important for us to have the event at the Plaza Guadalupe because of the City of San Antonio and Avenida Guadalupe's decision to privatize the plaza by putting up a fence around the public space. It's important for the Westside community and the great San Anto community to feel like the plaza is their space even if a fence tells them to "keep out."

The Pachanga will have book and zine vendors including Aztlan Libre Press, FlowerSong Books, MestizaAF Bookshop, No Whites Allowed Zine, Red Salmon Arts/ Resistencia Books, Say Something Real Press, St. Sucia & Isabel Ann Castro, Tomboy Toons, Warship Zine, Wildhoney, Yes, Ma'am Zine y mas. There will be food vendors and a kids' activity table hosted by the San Antonio Public Library Latino Collection and Resource Center. There will be live music and performers including a Drag King Story Time by Los MENtirosos. Full lineup TBA.

Help Échale Books Raise \$ for the Pachanga
[gofundme bit.ly/SupportPachangadePalabras](https://gofundme.com/bit.ly/SupportPachangadePalabras)



Charles W. Tuck, aka "Woody"



Sincere condolences from the Esperanza board, staff and buena gente to the family of Charles W. Tuck, aka "Woody", who passed into spirit early this summer joining his wife, Jane who passed in December, 2017. They had been married 67 years when Jane passed. Both were members of the First Unitarian Universalist Church since 1970 and were well respected activists in the San Antonio peace and justice community. Even as elders, for as long as they could, Jane and Woody were out at demonstrations advocating for peace, justice and environmental issues. Woody, former San Antonio Peace Laureate, and Jane who was honored for her lifetime activism by the Esperanza Center, will be remembered for their spirit and enduring commitment to peace and humanity.

Linda Buzzell Saliba



spouse of Patrick Saliba, entered spirit form on July 14, 2019. Linda was part of the Esperanza family and dedicated herself to social justice, human rights, and LGBTQ rights. Linda believed in the power of voting and was actively involved in politics. She was a loving individual who believed in the basic humanity and kindness

of people. The Esperanza board, staff and buena gente extend our profound sympathy to her spouse, Patrick and their families. She requested that in her memory, donations be made to Esperanza Peace and Justice Center, 922 San Pedro, San Antonio TX 78210. RIP



Amnesty International #127 Call Arthur @ 210.213.5919.

Bexar Co. Green Party Call 210.471.1791 | bcgp@bexargreens.org

Celebration Circle meets Sundays 11am @ Say Si, 1518 S. Alamo. Meditation: Wednesdays, 7:30pm, Friends Meeting House, 7052 Vandiver | 210.533.6767.

DIGNITY SA Mass, 5:30pm, Sundays @ St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 1018 E. Grayson St. | 210.340.2230

Adult Wellness Support Group of PRIDE Center meets 4th Mondays, 7-9pm @ Lions Field, 2809 Broadway | 210.213.5919.

Energía Mia Call 512.838-3351.

Fuerza Unida, 710 New Laredo Hwy. www.lafuerzaunida.org | 210.927.2294

Habitat for Humanity meets 1st Tuesdays for volunteers, 6pm, HFHSA Office @ 311 Probandt.

LULAC Orgullo meets @ Pride Ctr. 1303 McCullough #160, Metropolitan Prof. Bldg @ 6:45pm, 3rd Thursdays | info@lulac22198.org

NOW SA meets 3rd Wednesdays. See FB | satx.now for info | 210.802.9068 | nowsaareachapter@gmail.com

Pax Christi, SA meets monthly on Saturdays | 210.460.8448

Proyecto Hospitalidad Liturgy meets Thursdays, 7pm, 325 Courtland.

Metropolitan Community Church services & Sunday school 10:30am, 611 East Myrtle | 210.472.3597

Overeaters Anonymous meets MWF in Spanish & daily in English.

www.oasanantonio.org | 210.492.5400.

PFLAG, meets 1st Thursdays @ 7pm, University Presbyterian Church 300 Bushnell Ave. | 210.848.7407.

Parents of Murdered Children meets 2nd Mondays @ Balcones Heights Community Center, 107 Glenarm | www.pomcsanantonio.org.

Rape Crisis Center, 4606 Centerview Suite 200, Hotline: 210.349.7273 | 210.521.7273 Email:sschwab@rapecrisis.com

The Religious Society of Friends meets Sundays, 10am @ The Friends Meeting House, 7052 N. Vandiver. | 210.945.8456.

S.A. Gender Association meets 1st & 3rd Thursdays, 6-9pm @ 611 E. Myrtle, Metropolitan Com. Church.

SA AIDS Fdn, 818 E. Grayson St., offers free Syphilis & HIV testing | 210.225.4715 | www.txsaaf.org.

SA Women Will March: www.sawomenwillmarch.org | 830.488.7493

SGI-USA LGBT Buddhists meet 2nd Saturdays at 10am @ 7142 San Pedro Ave., Ste 117 | 210.653.7755

Shambhala Buddhist Meditation meets Tuesdays @ 7pm & Sundays @ 9:30am 257 E. Hildebrand Ave. | 210.222.9303.

S.N.A.P. (Survivors Network of those Abused by Priests). Contact Barbara at 210.725.8329.

Voice for Animals: Call 210.737.3138 or www.voiceforanimals.org

SA's LGBTQA Youth meets Tuesdays 6:30pm at Univ. Presby. Church, 300 Bushnell Ave. | www.fiesta-youth.org



¡Todos Somos Esperanza! Start your monthly donations now!

Esperanza works to bring awareness and action on issues relevant to our communities. With our vision for social, environmental, economic and gender justice, Esperanza centers the voices and experiences of the poor & working class, women, queer people and people of color.

We hold pláticas and workshops; organize political actions; present exhibits and performances and document and preserve our cultural histories. We consistently challenge City Council and the corporate powers of the city on issues of development, low-wage jobs, gentrification, clean energy and more.

It takes all of us to keep the Esperanza going. What would it take for YOU to become a monthly donor?

Or give at your work place if you work at:

San Antonio Metropolitan Area
Public Sector Campaign (**SAMA**) - 8022
State Employee Charitable Campaign
(**SECC**) - 413013

Call or come by the Esperanza to learn how.

¡ESPERANZA VIVE! ¡LA LUCHA SIGUE, SIGUE!

FOR INFO: Call 210.228.0201 or
email: fundraising@esperanzacenter.org

Send your 2019 tax-deductible donations to Esperanza today!

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

☐ I would like to send \$ _____ each
____ month
____ quarter
____ six-months
through the mail.

☐ Enclosed is a donation of
____ \$1000 ____ \$500 ____ \$250
____ \$100 ____ \$50 ____ \$25
____ \$15 ____ 10

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____ \$35 Individuals

____ \$100 Institutions

____ Other \$ _____

☐ I would like to volunteer

☐ Please use my donation for the
Rinconcito de Esperanza

For more information, call 210-228-0201

Make checks payable to the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center.

Send to 922 San Pedro, SA TX 78212. Donations to the Esperanza are tax deductible.

Notas Y Más

July/August 2019

Brief news items on upcoming community events.
Send items for Notas y Más to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org
or mail to: 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212.
The deadline is the 8th of each month.

Texas Accountants and Lawyers for the Arts (TALA) will be offering free business advice by phone for artists on **Sept. 3** from **5:30-7:30pm**. Artists may call and receive advice from a TALA volunteer attorney. Get more info at the **Arts Legal Line**: talarts.org/arts-legal-line/ For the attorney pro bono services match program contact: talarts.org/artists/



The Mission Marquee Plaza Farmer & Artisan Market is

brought to you every 3rd Saturday by the **City of San Antonio World Heritage Office** and the **Mission Marquee Plaza** at 3100 Roosevelt Ave. Next dates are **Sept. 21 & Oct. 19** from **10am-2pm**. See: www.missionmarquee.com/

The **Julian Samora Research Institute** at **Michigan State University** is celebrating its

30th anniversary with a national conference, "*Latina/os and the Renewal of U.S. Democracy*," on **Oct. 31—Nov. 2** at the Marriott at University Place, East Lansing, MI. Registration closes: **October 31, 2019**. See /jsri.msu.edu/30years

The **Society for the Study of Gloria Anzaldúa (SSGA) Conference, El Mundo Zurdo 2019** will be held at **Trinity University, Oct. 31** thru **Nov. 2** with workshops, panels, performances and an art exhibit, *Interstellar Nepantla: Transcending Dreams, Realities and Dimensions*. The conference theme is **Planetary Citizenship: Anzalduan Thought Across Communities, Histories & Cultures**. Register by October 15: bit.ly/mundo_zurdo_2019



The Patchwork Healing Blanket / La Manta de Curación public art project and demonstration against violence towards women,

children and Mother Earth will take place on **November 24th** starting at the Zocalo in Mexico City. A quilt made of squares from around the world will be transported to the US border and lifted across the wall into the USA where it will continue on its travels. To add your square or to host the blanket as it travels, contact: patchworkhealingblanket2019@gmail.com or go to FB for info.



The Warrior Roots Direct Action Training Camp at the **Por Vida Academy** on

October 11-13 is an opportunity to gain new grassroots community organizing skills with fellow activists/artists working towards justice. See www.warriorrootstx.org for info.

Luis A. Wilmot 1948–2019



Luis A. Wilmot died peacefully at home in San Antonio, TX on June 1, 2019 with his wife, Luz Maria Prieto, son, Luis Prieto Wilmot and longtime friends at his side. He was born on September 7, 1948 to Luis and Elena Wilmot. His paternal grandparents were LULAC founders Louis González Wilmot and Ofelia Loza Wilmot. His maternal grandparents were Manuel Díaz Prado and Manuela Lazarte Prado. After graduating from St. Thomas University and Texas Southern University Law School, he dedicated his life to working for civil rights, immigrant rights, and for equality in education, civic and social services and for the economic empowerment of individuals and communities. He retired from his service to community as Deputy Director, Office for Civil Rights U.S. Dept. of Health & Human Services during the Obama administration. A true people's lawyer, Luis worked with many agencies including MALDEF and AARP and will always be held in high esteem by all who came in contact with him. May he rest in peace and power.

—The Esperanza staff, board & buena gente

Ana María Ybañez 1935–2019



Ana María Ybañez born on October 30, 1935; went to be with the Lord on July 29, 2019 at the age of 83. She is preceded in death by her beloved husband, Jesús Ybañez and parents, Pedro and Helena Reyes. Survivors include 5 children including Terry Ybañez, educator, artist and activist who has long been part of the Esperanza familia. Terry's

mother was remembered on Friday, August 9th at a celebration of life as an angel on earth who cared for everyone around her and who reminded all of her children and grandchildren that they must be kind even to strangers and help whenever possible. A deeply devout woman, Ana Maria was known for her cooking insisting that everyone finish her generous portions of food. She also enjoyed singing aloud and dancing. The oldest of 10 children—Sra. Ybañez was a "mujer de fuerza/a woman of strength" who was counted on for love and support by all who knew her. She will be missed and always remembered. The Esperanza board, staff and buena gente extend our sympathies to the Ybañez family and wish them guidance in this inevitable transition. Que en paz descance.





Call for entries for the November Calaveras issue of La Voz!

Artwork of Calacas, Calaveras, Catrinas, Catrines y mas!
Literary ofrendas up to 300 words honoring the dead.
Calavera poems targeting the living with deadly humor and killer satire!

Send to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org | **Deadline: October 7th**

Noche Azul de Esperanza

**Tickets
\$7
más o
menos
at the
door**

Save the dates!
**September 14
October 19
8pm**



Photo by Jeremy Landin

Esperanza Peace & Justice Center • 922 San Pedro SATX



30th Anniversary

Peace Market!

**Fri. & Sat. Nov. 29 & 30
And Sun., Dec. 1st!**

Peace Market Applications available
@ the Esperanza or online:
www.esperanzacenter.org

APPLICATION DEADLINE: October 7



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Words
Images
& Artifacts

**Coming October 12th! Esperanza Center
Gloria Anzaldúa Archival Exhibit**

Marga Gomez's

Latin Standards!

Friday, September 27th @ 8 pm

Saturday, September 28th @ 8 pm

Sunday, September 29th @ 1pm

Purchase tickets online @ bit.ly/latin_standards

\$10 pre sale | \$12 @ door

Latin Standards was named New York Times "Critic's Pick" for its
"winning heart and humor."

Latin Standards is an energetic, funny and poignant story of
perseverance and creative addiction passed down from immigrant
father to lesbian daughter.

Esperanza, 922 San Pedro, SA TX.

Call 210-228-0201 for more info.

