



ORIGINAL DE
“LAS MANOS DEL ALMA
QUE TE ESCUCHAN”

by Patricia Fernández Villaseñor

junio 27/28/29 del 2000

Sabiendo que sin palabras
tu me hablas, reencuentro
mi asombro de ser vida
cada vez que te escucho.

Porque es al escucharte,
cuando las manos del alma
sondean el cuerpo acariable
deshabitado, solo, como el mio.

y es que, además, cuando te escucho,
las notas devienen en espejos
donde no se mira un yo, sino
un “tú” un “todos nosotros”.

Y escucho así, el vértigo
de la ascensión al cielo
por las manos que rezan
el eterno “retorno de los brujos”.

Porque la magia es un hecho
en las manos del alma que te
escuchan a ti y a los que crean,
prodigiosos, las artes del sonido.

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Porque al escucharte así
exorciso los monstruos del abismo
o amo aquel pozo profundo
de aquella soledad donde
venimos y partimos.

así es que al escucharte,
desafiando el supuesto silencio de lo eterno,
vuelvo a sentir que aquello que no oímos
puede escucharse mas allá del alba
y subir como nube a las galaxias
acompasando el giro de los soles
en su tocar, impenetrable parte,

THE FINAL WORD

by Nina Serrano

Love me is my last word
I would be a better person
if I said I love you
Or only uttered Love
It would be a prayer a supplication
To this grand experience called life
But Love me is what I feel
What my greedy heart desires
—goes back for second helpings
Love me is what all the other hearts say too
I hear them behind the faces of
the cool indifference of hooded teenagers
the half asleep elders after Senior Center lunches
the weightlifters wiping sweaty foreheads on gym towels
the punished child walking to the principal's office
or the studied blank faces of public transit passengers
and the eager faces of tourists
Love me humanity cries
that even floods hurricanes and bombs
can't silence



SHE STANDS, WAITING

by Joe Navarro

In the bleak corridors of life
She stands fragile
Unclean, unbathed
Ripened with the odor of time

She stands, waiting
For an offering
Money will help
Perhaps to eat, who knows?

Possibly for a cup of coffee
And a warm spot
Maybe a life saving drink
She stands...hopeful

Staring into a sea of indifference
Saving a tattered smile;
Holding on dearly
To a piece of her sanity

Her dirty, sun scorched face
Scans back and forth
Searching for an offering
A life sustaining necessity

Perhaps what she needs most
At this moment is
A smile, eye contact,
Acknowledgement that she exists

THE CHICKEN MINDED HEVOLT REVOLT

by Charles Curtis Blackwell

The Bright lights nurse the citites cold gray concrete
Neighboring-hoods-handshaking the politicians down.
Baby me, at night
ohh baby
ohh baby
rest here for a moment on the right breast
before the crime begins to be staged
A revolution to sneak up on you and presist to come
apathy, being the cause guilt, speaking
from Minneapolis to D.C
A.C
D.C
Streets fried like chicken bright
like eye bright in light
go chicken, go
ballet blazing
bullet blazed
Bullets being served in delight’gettin off the revolution
to cum
from whence has thou worked ?”
“no where,” answered today’s youth
ohhhh baby
to cum
tighter, and squeeze and tighter
so much so, the sounds of the neighborhood
the sounds of the neighbors
say deeper baby.

HOMBRES COMO TÚ

by Lady Mariposa (Veronica Sandoval)

Based on Photo
“Title Unknown”
by Dorothea Lange

Hombres como *tú*.
of caliche and soquete,
embrace their children on dirt roads
shirtless

Hombres como *tú*.
of long limbs and buckled mussels
of chest learning to imprint the tiny bulk of men
lay themselves under the wheels of Chevy pick up trucks

Hombres who close their eyes to muck of dead fathers
& do not find refuge in the impaled Santos of their mother’s garden

Hombres exhausted still to the primal frame of Adam
who do not smile out of shame
who tattoo Quetzalcoatl in the holes of their chest

Hombres como *tú*.
walk the barrio streets of El Valle
& return to the vacuous homes of imperious lovers
to sit in their jardines of hierbitas and rosales
feet woven into the roots of dead mesquite
arms ossified as limbs for children who will never climb them

A(MUSE)MENT

by reina alejandra prado

Sexiness ...
a man comfortable in his skin
gliding effortlessly on the dance floor
arms raised up high
Prayin’
Prayin’
Prayin’

Sexiness ...
a man who confidently approaches
our hips grind in synch with the bassline
moviendonos suave, suave.
Leans in to tell me
I like women with curves like yours.
Go behind the DJ booth
stillness echoed with each rain drop on window pane
Affection suspended in the space of our breaths

Go home alone
Journal about the encounters
At 2:30 a.m., text message received from another
Cocky, younger, men think they got something I want
I wait for the hot light of a carne asada
lazy kinda Sunday to return the call

In sunlit kitchen, notice his thick drummer hands
gently chop aguacate, cilantro y limas
each cut a percussive call to approach him
Flirtation intensifies with a look, a smirk
Sexiness is a man comfortable in his skin

I became his Mary Magdalene
Showered him with affection
Bathed him with peppermint and mirth
Washed his feet, kissed his wounds
Soothed his body with gardenias

He was my salvation, desire incarnate
Reminds me to be in my skin
Inhibitions disarmed with the first kiss
Dips me in his stride



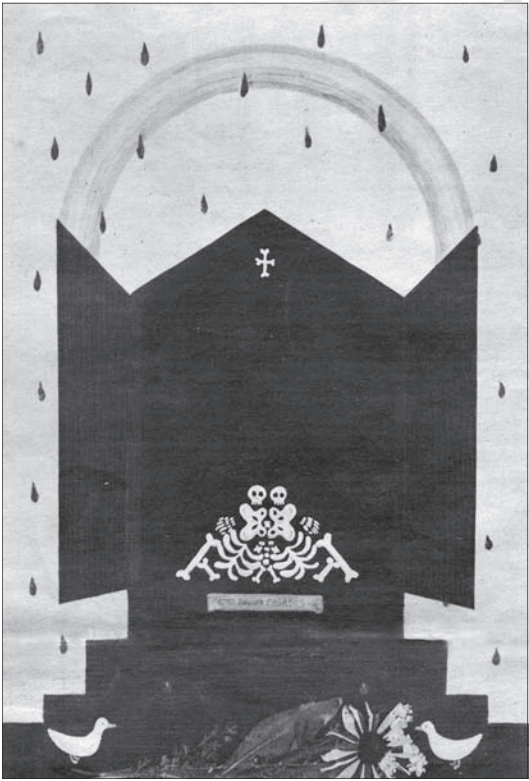
(((NIDO)))
by Adrián Arias

para María, mi madre

Miro la palma de mi mano derecha
hay un mapa
la cierro un poco
para ver las líneas como pliegues pronunciados
como ríos en la tierra
como cortes en el árbol
como labios apretados
y allí estás
pequeño pájaro invisible
con tu luz que es latido
y tu voz que es silencio
con tu último deseo que es poema
anidando estás en mis días sin horas
alimentándote de mis desvelos
arrullándome en secreto
madre tierra
madre piel
madre letra
madre nido
yo que salí de tus entrañas
ahora te acojo en las mías.

“MI CRUZ”
by Vickie Vertiz

You were mine; held you in my hands for a
night or two.
Both of us drugged with email poems about
crinoline, escargot,
Lorca’s campos verdes.
Verde, que te quiero verde.
If you were fucked up then, you were good
enough to drive me home.
Old-lady-perfume scented skin and too much
red lipstick
Easily your first vice.
You forgot your dusty black business jacket.
It haunted my hallway for weeks; I could smell
you in there,
a dry–ice potion slinking from under the door,
caressing my ankles when I’d walk away.
I drew tarot cards so you would call to show
me your well–worn b-cups
spilling over from above your ribs, where your
speeding heart lives
and I wanted to.
If our moms could see us now: two hub cities
dykes holding back
like dammed waters for 9 million others who
don’t know their own yearning.
Put your finger there to stop it from coming
and flooding
our neighborhood, the Food for Less, the
softball field,
my daddy’s car.



Familia

INDIAN GIVER
by Sonja Gutierrez

Father whose skin looks more Spanish
than Indian doesn’t understand why mother fills her
suitcase (with acts of kindness) when
she visits her extended family who lives in
México.

Almost five hundred years later, at times I
wonder: Is it the cloaked skin, wanting gold
with no exchange?

Mother gives with her eyes and ears, regardless
of her brown arthritic hands. Father gives his young daughters
shards of words and frowns over two large piercing light-brown eyes—
with interrogating words, in the name of sacred virginity, he stammers,
“¿Verdad que distes las nalgas cabrona?” His words don’t hurt;
they make me giggle—what a
machomagination.

I am their cosmic combination of the Spaniard’s genetic
memory—Hernán Cortés’ aching for unfound love as
he voyaged across the Atlantic to La Española,
to La Habana and then to Tenochtitlán, an
ancient world’s Venezia, where the indigenous peace-battle
fighting for traditions in a no man’s land, a
land flourishing with virgin
blood.

No wonder Malitzin freely poured her tongue and
womanly insides to Hernán, causing
genetic earthquakes and culture shakes. La tierra
es del que la nutre. (Like Malitzin, to the east wind,
Maotaka, while living, eased the schisms in her own
Pohawtan Tribe—Jamestown.)

Mother gives like her entourage of sisters,
comadres and neighbors. They bring atolli,
caldo de pollo, when she is bedridden, and
flores for the Virgencita when looming
weather confines her to her bedroom
before the winter chill . (Her bones weren’t
made for this weather.)

As the illness sets in, I can only imagine her pain:
the piercing thorns stinging her knuckles
and shoulders—throbs that curl her in bed.
(She used to wash bundles of field pants
and shirts next to the river
over cold stone hunched over with her braids held up
like Mexican bread.

At age thirteen, ice cold water
bit at her hands, leaving blotches
of red on her hands.) I bring back
a micro-waved hot dry towel, I sit by her side and say,
“Ama, si yo fuera tú, fumaría mota. Frida lo hacía.”
With her Catholic stare, she petrifies,
makes me feel like a lonesome-oxidized penny
at the bottom of a Sunday-mass collection basket.
Mother and the Indian head make me
repent for not understanding their entrapment.
With a depleted inner force, she manages to muster
an answer and with a lacerating tongue, “¡Frida! Pero yo no.”
Eighty years later after the US legalizes
marijuana, her curandera cabinets won’t give
into this green hierbita, unless soaked en alcoholito.

Living at home and watching mamá give,
I never realized that giving—a whirlwind, an
aura of human intra-change—spoke without words,
filling the human soul. When I was too busy to buy
gifts, mother would force me to write my
name on gift-wrapped boxes.

Years later, on a plane in a soft blue sky, sitting next to
a woman wrapped in white skin from the island
of Puerto Rico, I finally understood the art of Indian giving.
The woman explained that I was trigueña—brown skinned,
como el trigo. In that flight away from self-centeredness,
she shared the spirit and plight of Puerto Rico.
“Tell me one book that represents your people,” I said.
This woman answered, “La charca.” As she broke bread
before me, I bowed and shut my eyes in acceptance.
Searching in my bag for a memento,
I found a black and white photograph and placed it in her hands
with no regrets and a swooning sensation
I couldn’t explain filled me.
The gifts that I had wished would
stop finding me—for fear of reciprocity—
were given to me by Indian givers—people who
looked like my spirit grandmother, indigenous people
whose presence stretched in all directions, sharing
and praying to the winds, the same sun and moon—people who
gave without a signed written copy, without a witness
to validate the gift.

I understood the derogatory slur Indian giver
appended with a chuckle. Present-giving
is so difficult to understand without the
money swap. A poet gives you obsidian glass to
see yourself reflected, and an artist—painted
memories. An Indian giver gives you love
without words—so difficult to understand and easy
to be the mock-a-sinner.

I AM FROM TWO DIFFERENT
HOMES
by Itzie Alarcón

I am from Aztec Battle cries and Spanish
Conquistadores
I am from Spanish backgrounds and English Borders
From Chilies and tortillas
From dirt roads and grandpa’s horses
I am flowers twisted in braided hair

I am from Abuelita’s cooking and mom’s burnt
attempts
I am from breakfast enchiladas and frozen waffles
I am from Sunday McDonald’s breakfast
From late night quesadillas
And most of all “you’re legs aren’t broken, go make it
yourself.”

I am from two different homes
I am from mommy’s hopes and dreams to daddy’s
little princess
From step moms and daddies
I am from mom’s lingering perfume and big curlers
you sleep in
From daddy’s Harley and fast cars to papi’s Honda
and computers
I am from two different houses but one linked family

I am from sparkly tutus and big head pieces
I am from soccer games and screaming uncles
From pom poms and worn jazz shoes
I’m from jungle gyms and always seeking adventure
I am from playing dress up and pleated skirts
From sleepovers where no one slept
I am from scraped knees and tree climbing

I am from hair spray and bobby pins
From beach days and bonfires
I am from cheer skirts and Friday night lights
I’m from a summer job at the pool
From noisy, fist pumping car rides
To a needle and thread
I am from unforgettable memories

I am from “make me proud” and college is everything
I am from maybe a future teacher or maybe just
maybe
From “follow your dreams and you can do anything”
I am from fears of the future
I am from the pride of my past.



FATHERS RANCH
by Scott Hernández

When I left	The animals gone, home at 16,
I left for good, refusing to work	his desolate farm.
full of oily chicken feathers,	the grey barn
not even blood	the dirt so dry and hard
would soak in.	

PROTEST

THE VOICE OF THE OLD SOUTH

by Naomi Helena Quiñonez

The voice of the old South
bellows in the new wind
the ghosts of slave owners
commandeer media
monitor the masses
for hate.

The Klu Klux Klan
casts off its sheets
and storms the
streets Of Washington

A body of white
and bellicose
in sweat pants
and tennis shoes
parades its scorn
spits in the face
of reason
and marches to the
legacy of the hate
that seeded
this nation's
power.

Centuries
of Jim Crow
native genocides
continuous
dispossession of
Mexicans
and anti-immigrant
sediment,
Decades
of indentured
servitudes

have carved
harsh hearts
Hardened the thin
interiors of souls
craving the violent
controls of the past.

What are you
but a lynch mob
in patriot's clothing?
set out to hang
the future by its neck
longing to leer
with sweaty eyes
at a social body
swinging from
a noose.

March on
dwindling cadavers
Your threats
to exterminate
are pointless stagings
of your fear

Of new winds blowing
louder and stronger
with the voices
of ALL people
whose blood
has nourished
this land.



1984: MAMA NIEVES

by Paul S. Flores

Casa, cuerpo,
cuerpo, casa
Se ruinan a la vez
cuando viene la venganza

Todo lo que construyo
lo destroza la guerra.

Los cuilios quieren sacar al pez del agua
con bombardeo al pueblo todas las mañanas.
El año pasado me mataron el hijo mayor
cuando él se fue a buscar huevo y frijol
después de tres días atrapados en la casa.

Me quedan tres mas varoncitos.
Tengo uno que trabaja haciendo muebles.
Se llama Nelson, por su papá.
Otro que antes estaba en la escuela.
Se llama Douglas—ahora no sé donde está.

El mas chiquito es Fausto.
Es un niño adorable y muy amoroso.
No le gusta andar con los bichos
ni hacer travesura por la calle.
Prefiere estar conmigo en vez de irse a sus clases.
Me ayuda hacer las empanadas todo los días.
Ayer fue a trabajar en la milpa por la madrugada
y él se me desapareció también.

La primera vez que vinieron los soldados
se lo llevaron a mi esposo
Lo amarraron, y tres días después
le dejaron en la puerta como niño envuelto
con las pulgares quebrados.

Después de eso ya no me respondió.
Yo me puse enfrente de este horno
haciendo las empanadas.
Mientras el hombre mío
se quedaba callado...
sin mover, sin trabajar
Después de eso se nos fue el maje.

Casa, cuerpo,
cuerpo, casa
Se ruinan a la vez
cuando viene la venganza
Todo lo que construyo
lo destroza la guerra.

WILDERNESS OF HOPE

by Yasmeen Najmi

Wilderness without trees
secrets and dreams
roam Guadalupe's caverns
with bones of birds and men
where conversations obey prevailing winds
brittle words and looks tumble in warning
down Main Street legends
the Chamber of Commerce's Last Stand
against those who surrendered
to dust and empty shells,
barren reefs lining shores of highways.

Pecos, TX: Gateway to Nada
A café's pizzo of patriotism
framed on wood-paneled walls
and you realize that West Texas
has always been a police state
Pecos Bill and his rifle-bearing posse
collage of military, police and Migra
their banderas
their confession of the sin
of being Mexican
to painted Jesus at his Last Supper
the only one they can really count on
when the chips are down
jobs are few
they don't replace the bullet-ridden windows
The Law hasn't changed
only the outlaws
no longer white textbook deities
their stories abducted
driven into searing light
bleached, bloodlet
the unstrung corridos
salvaged by vultures and javelinas
at campfires of the disappeared.

Oil wells peck like desert gulls
to hot, slow rhythms
yo-yo in and out of creosote
dark men
spray chemicals without masks
in screaming winds
their sky-stung, naked hands rake leaves
from Lady Bird's primary colors
bonnet blues, a ranchera to stay warm
but above the rust ghosts of petrol
frozen in mid-sentence
on the chalky, pine-freckled mesa
the shifting winds silently turn
the giant white fans of hope.



QUÉ PINCHE

by Alma Luz Villanueva

From San Miguel to
L.A., customs waiting
for baggage, on
the Mexican plane

I had my customary
shot of free tequila,
yes they serve you free
breakfast, juice, cerveza,

y tequila, the stewardess
always laughs as she
pours me a shot at
7am, only a few men

join me as we reach
the clouds, sun
rising, the burning comfort
of tequila with breakfast

tamale, juice, cafe-
so I'm feeling relaxed
till I read the sign in
customs: \$500,000 fine

(approx) for smuggling fruit,
food, (whatever) across the
border—and I remember
my Mexican banana in

my purse, I forgot to eat
my Mexican banana, so I
quickly pull it out, begin
stuffing it in my mouth-

“THERE IS NO EATING
OF FOOD IN THIS AREA,
PUT THE BANANA
DOWN!” Jehovah booms

over the loud speaker, It's
a Mexican banana, mister,
so I stuff my entire
Mexican banana in my

laughing mouth, others
beginning to giggle with
me- he rushes out, fat
and red-faced, “I could

fine you for that,
lady!” he whines
without the loud
speaker, “I told you

to put that banana
down!” “The Mexican
banana is now in neutral
territory, my stomach,”

I stare him down, fighting
not to laugh, giggles spring
up around me, and as he
stomps back to his god

cage, the guy next to
me says, “Qué pinche,”
which says it all, and I
want my 2nd shot of

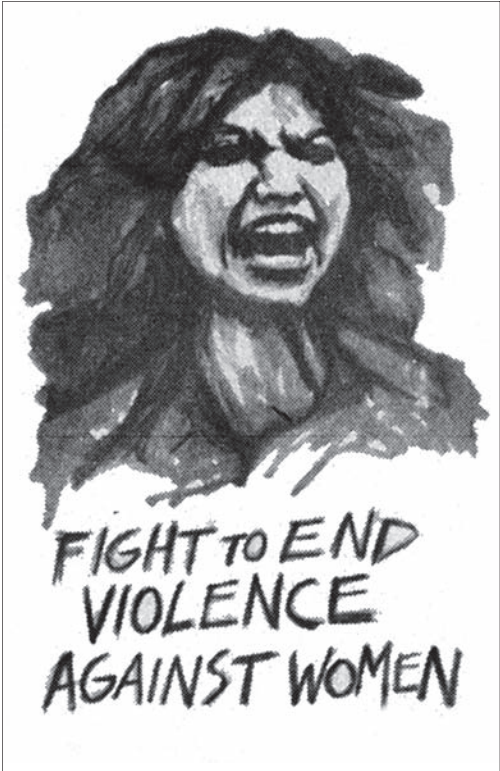
tequila. Do they own all
the bananas on this Earth,
especially the Mexican
bananas I see in the

supermarkets USA,
do they own my eyes,
my hands, my feet, my
laughing mouth, and do

they even own my stomach,
my heart, the sweet womb that
my Yaqui Mexican grandmother
gave me, the fertile

womb that she gave
me, the defiant womb
that she gave me- all I
can say is,

after my 2nd
shot of
tequila,
“Qué pinche.”



LIFE AROUND THE TORTILLA CURTAIN

by Juan Manuel Perez

Does Mexican cheese
come from Mexican cows?
Do they wade into the Rio Grande
and if so, are they illegal too?

They say they want to put up a fence
all along the Rio Grande
That's great vato!
It will help the cows stay in one place
To help separate the brown cows
from the white cows
it will help in the mix up
of Mexican cheese and American cheese
just like in the supermercado
keep you from messing up your enchiladas

By the way, that will also help separate
regular white milk from chocolate milk
I love chocolate milk
but I can only have so much
it's too rich you know
so I have to regularly drink
regular white milk

It goes with everything I guess

That's great that they want to put up a fence
to.. cómo se dice? A si
accentuate the difference between
Mexican cheese and American cheese
chocolate milk and regular white milk

The North American continent
what a great place for diarrhea
...I mean dairy products
sorry, mi inglés not so good

D'LAWD'S MUDDAFUKN' PRAYER

by Alfonso Texidor

This is a poem called
d'Lawd's Muddafuckn' Prayer,
and it's dedicated to
d'Rev Muddafuckn' Wright.
-- You know why.

Let us pray, oh Lawd,
let us pray.
Let us pray, goddamit,
let us pray.

Hey, daddy'o, dat's liviing it up
in fuckn' heaven wid all dat art,
'n crap'n bullshit from fuck'n Wallmarts,
n'Nordstroms, n'Macys, n'even
from muddafuckn' Bloomingdales.
Hollow is thy 'name
n'thy will shall becum undone
right here on earth,
cause this ain't no heaven,
unless things fuck'n change
right muddafuck'n now!
-- Oh, fuckn' yeah?!
-- Oh, muddafuck'n yeah!

LA NIÑA LINA EN EAST L.A.

by Dorinda Moreno

Lina Chiquita y risueña,
amidst the grass of green and the East L.A. sun;
' carnalismo ' vibrating through-out the crowd.
Raza sí ! Guerra No! The time had come for us all.
Exalted spirits in bodies of brown,
passionate people proclaiming their humanity.
viva La Raza! Viva La Causa! Viva La Liberación!
The Pinto's peoples Proposition ' marches RIGHT ON!
Brown is Love ! Brown is Together ! Get it on Penalver !
A Beautiful expresion of unity.
And then , the police were there !
And in the fleeing mass of confusion -
Lina got lost !
Papa ! Papa !
Run ! Hide ! “ Get away from the teargas “ !
Burning eyes. Bewildered cries.
I found you and held you tenderly against my bosom,
while the riot squad ripped in the crowd.
And in your innocence yu clung to me for security.
You would not cry, and you would not let go.
I learned to love you in the long moments of chaos.
And i cried out, “ Why teargas ? “
People are love ! Lina is love !
“ Why ? “ Teargas. Our men have been DYING !
DYING for What ? - in Viet-nam !
Dying for lina, Chiquita y risuena. Lina is LOVE.
Lina on radio, Lina on television. KMEX.
REPORTED LOST CHID.
Age three, brown bundle of love, answer to lina.
3:00 o'clock- 4:00 o'clock
Lina snuggles, Lina cuddles, Lina doesn't want you to leave her.
Lina sleeps while people riot in the streets.
Smashed windows with flames, of burning police cars, transporters of pigs.
Raza sí ! Guerra no ! More tears for Ruben Salazar.....
7:00 o'clock - 8:00 o'clock
Lina eats a hotdog - drinks a coke - in Amerika !
Land of Kentucky fried chciken and disaster.
Can't call police- they 're Parker's Pigs.
10:00 o'clock - 11:00 o'clock
Doesn't anyone hear our call ?
I won't take Lina to cold grey quarters.
Lina is love, Lina is brown, Lina xhuiquita y risuena.
RING RING RING
Brown man of concern calls.
Brown man burdened with worry comes to get Lina.
Take my love with you and leave me her memory to treasure.
Lina chiquita y risuena. Lina is love.
And the realization burns in my soul:
Lina was teargassed - because Lina is brown.



ICONS & IDOLS



FINAL DREAM

by Margarita Robles

in memory, Luis Leal

In that last dream you stand on the shore
that ocean with the sounds of waves
splashing, singing with seagulls
shells and driftwood at your feet
marking time
like the memory of a long life
spinning circles in this final dream
bits and pieces, grains of sand
in a long life, a good life
filled with love and the pain of loss
but mostly good
in the breathing of the dream
you can almost smell the ocean
you walk toward it, it is almost sunrise
across the breathing of the ocean
like these final breaths, a deep sigh
reaching out to all the precious moments
of a life well spent
you breathe in the ocean mist
exhale the last moment here
and in your dream you keep walking
across the ocean, your love,
reaching for the light

THE BOLERO OF LUPE VÉLEZ

by Alejandro Murguía

for Lupita

The movieland glamour magazines thrived on Lupe Vélez. They thirsted for this Mexican beauty. They just drank her up. Her face graced the cover of Film Weekly, Motion Picture, Cinelandia, and True Confessions, over and over, as if they couldn't help themselves. Couldn't keep their cameras away from her obsidian black hair, her flashing eyes, the cupcake mouth so, so perfect. And all those society parties, husbands, lovers, and gossip. As if Hollywood couldn't help talking about her. Just couldn't help it. Talking. About. Lupe. Vélez.

She was a foundling, discovered at the front door of a convent, wrapped in a red rebozo. She was born without a navel. She had an extra toe amputated.

Her story is so old it's in the Bible. Her life would make a great Hollywood movie—My pinchi, pinchi vida. She's so hard she doesn't cry at funerals. She's so soft novellas make her weep, big sloppy tears. She's the most expensive Mexican that's ever worked in Hollywood. They call her la más chingona. La Mera Mera.

She can name her own price. Le gusta lo pegado al hueso. She's had her heart broken a hundred times. She has no heart to break. No one knows her real name. Everyone calls her Lupita. Lupe Vélez. Rumors follow her like hungry dogs. They say things about her.

She used to work in pornographic movies. She has one breast bigger than the other. She has a womb the size of a tunnel. She has a womb the size of a quarter. She smokes cigars, and on the first Monday of the month, dresses like a man, in a suit and tie, and snap-brim hat. She once killed a lover over jealousy, and that's why she came to Hollywood to forget her one true love. She has a tattoo on her backside, un nopalito on her culito. She's a walking contradiction, a hustler without regrets, and temptation enough for an army. She sings opera, she sings blues, she sings the soul right out of you.

The women of Hollywood hate her, call her junkie, whore, slut, puta. They say she wears falsies, they say she spreads diseases, they say she's dying of syphilis, of gono, of drugs. They say she is too homely, too skinny, too flat-chested. Bowlegged. Too, too, daahrk daaahling. They laugh at her Mexican accent. They say she is crazy. Don't mess with her, they whisper, that Mexican spitfire is liable of anything. A-ny-thing. And Lupita lets them talk, lets the chismes spread. It's good for my career, she says to her agent-doctor-dealer, as he offers a silk handkerchief filled with the rainbows of nepenthe.

Ay Lupita, Lupe Vélez, alone, curled up on her brass bed, eyes half-closed, nodding, is very, very human. If she cuts, she bleeds; if she's hurt, she cries; if she's happy, she smiles. And she's very happy right now with a dozen pills speeding to her heart that melts like a school girl in love. The chismes don't matter.

Maria Guadalupe Vélez doesn't feel a thing.

Let them talk. Que digan eso de mi.

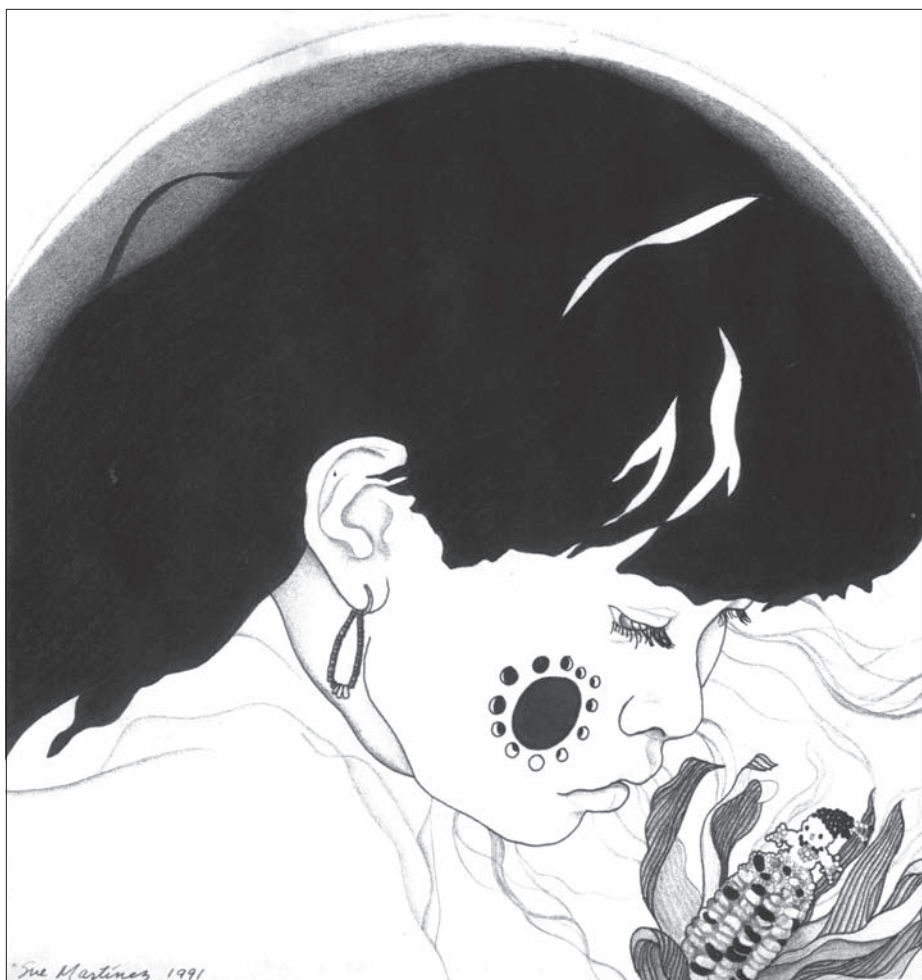


SOLEDAD VI
IN 1972

by Roberto Vargas

for Poet Raul Salinas

Antonia Castaneda became spiritual madrina
to Raul Salinas and myself/ our comadre Tonya set the forum/
assisted then shed light on our verbal symbiosis
Tonya organized floricultologias
Of NeoChilam Balam recitals in Seattle University
of Salinas and Vargas / Mechicano and Mayan word warriors/
Raul and I lit the fire of purification
in the of that Seattle universal city
each blazing our personal trails towards global liberation
the globalization of love joy and sustainable justice
Counting lyrical cadence between cuero y humo / cantamos / y contamos
Raul Salinas dibujando un son to freedom!! to Elegua
His words endosonic ladders to elevate our thoughts
beyond The guard towers of this empire/
Tapon describes dissects and dispels “Soledad”
the dis-United State of imprisonment
With His fugitive tongue fine chiseling forms of survival /
each syllable illuminating through the stone walls of State security insanity /
Raul tripping thru mind jails
His poesia strapped firmly under his alas / For the long hard flight
circling in and out of Aztlan / Un joven Quezalcoatl doing time in imposed spaces
Learning lessons sharing lessons about time past / time lost / hard times /
preparing for new times/perennial struggles / juntos recitamos invocamos El Quetzal
rising from the ashes / Defining the duality of indo-imigrantes
in English spiced with Spanish / my 2 colonized languages weaved to fit
my personal pain to collective action / that depict the solitude of my trips
thru China, Mexico, Viet Nam Nicaragua nuestra IndiaAmerica/
tambores melding the ferocity of hunger and resistance /
of peace to poetic justice / Raul spinning secrets of pinto shamans inhaling themselves into another recess of their institutional
purgatory/Their inner thoughts / memory of life beyond walls / Nirvana / Replete with eternal / external clanging of iron gates
Of coveted keys / Of another kind of solitude / La Soledad of the bars and stripes
Of Pancho Aguila's palabrazos / Peltier / Mumia / The Cubano 5
Where Raul traversed deep into himself / exposed the steel bar-fangs
of maximum security / racism / confining his need to love / humanity / women/himself / discovered his plumage
Axtlan / Copan / Nezahualcoytl / el Sexto Sol / survival
Discovered HIS Soledad In maximum FREEDOM!!
JUNTOS In our common struggle for FREEDOM
Y EL TIEMPO SIEMPRE... SERA YA CARNAL!!



FLORICANTO EN LA MISIÓN

Celebrating the 40th Anniversary of EL TECOLOTE

Sunday August 29, 2010

7:00 - 10:00 p.m.

Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts

2868 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA

\$5 donation

On August 2010, EL TECOLOTE celebrates 40 years of existence serving the Latino community of San Francisco and beyond. As part of this celebration this special 20-page edition of REVISTA LITERARIO DE EL TECOLOTE was released on July 28, 2010.

A bilingual hard-copy poetry anthology featuring the works of established poets as well as those of emerging new voices is in process at the moment.

The August 29th collective reading of 37 poets is a fundraising benefit for the anthology and for EL TECOLOTE.

Music by Francisco Herrera Brambila

MCs: Francisco X. Alarcón & Nina Serrano

List of poets by alphabetical order: Francisco X. Alarcón • Jorge Tetl Argueta • Cathy Arellano • Adrián Arias • Avotcja • Devreaux Baker • Charles Blackwell • Lorna Dee Cervantes • Estela de la Cruz • Patricia Fernández Villaseñor • Xico González • Melanie González • Rafael Jesús González • Q.R. Hand Jr. • Leticia Hernández-Linares • Beatriz Herrera • Jack Hirschman, former San Francisco Poet Laureate • Genny Lim • Mamacoatl • Devorah Major, former San Francisco Poet Laureate • Jacqueline Méndez • Dorinda Moreno • Alejandro Murguía • Joe Navarro • Gerardo Pacheco Matus • Naomi Quiñonez • Nina Serrano • Mamacoatl • reina alejandra prado • Tomás Riley • Miguel Robles • Mary Rudge, Alameda Poet Laureate • Alfonso Texidor • Roberto Vargas • Roberto Ariel Vargas • Vickie Vértiz • Nellie Wong

Donations towards the anthology or to El Tecolote can be made online at www.eltecolote.org or by check payable to Acción Latina and mailed to 2958 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

For more information contact El Tecolote at (415) 648-1045
WWW.ELTECOLOTE.ORG

IMAGINING THE MISSION: *Pasado, Presente y Futuro*

A photographic exhibition in celebration of the
40th anniversary of El Tecolote newspaper.

Done in collaboration with the Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts.

Opening Reception ~ Wed. August 11, 2010 • 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. • \$5.00

Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts

2868 Mission Street, San Francisco

Exhibition runs from August 7 through August 29.

Pasado

Featuring the work of past El Tecolote photographers and photo editors

Jeff Blankfort • Wifredo Castaño • Lou Dematteis •

Francisco Arroyo Garcia • Michelle Gutierrez • Adam Kufeld •

Amanda Lopez • Jorge Lopez • Rick Rocamora • Linda Wilson



Presente

A slideshow presentation of the Mission and beyond as captured by current El Tecolote photographers.



Futuro

Photographic work of youth from June Jordan School for Equity and the Beyond Borders program.



Also at the Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts

A Benefit for Zanmi Lakay

Wed. August 18 • 7:00 - 9:30 p.m.

Music • Dance

Haitian art sale

Zanmi Lakay is a non-profit organization dedicated to improving the quality of life for current and former street children in Haiti by providing educational and economic opportunities and resources to help these children while they are on the streets and to help build a life for them off the streets.

www.zanmilakay.org

El Tecolote is a project of Acción Latina • www.eltecolote.org
2958 24th Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94110 • 415.648.1045



POET BIOS

Francisco X. Alarcón is a Chicano poet and educator, author of twelve volumes of poetry, including *From the Other Side of Night: Selected and New Poems* (University of Arizona Press 2002). His most recent book of bilingual poems is *Ce•Uno•One: Poemas para el Nuevo Sol/Poems for the New Sun* (Swan Scythe Press 2010). He teaches at the University of California, Davis.

Itzie Alexandra Alarcón is 17 years old and a recent graduate of La Mirada High School in La Mirada, Calif. In the Fall, she will be attending California State Channel Islands and will be an English major. “I originally wrote this poem for a class assignment. The assignment was to write “Where I’m from” based on the original poem by George Ella Lyon.”

Juliana Aragón Fatula, a Southern Colorado native, performed Chicano Theatre with Denver’s Su Teatro, and earned a bachelor’s degree in Creative Writing from Colorado State University-Pueblo. She won the Southern Colorado Women’s Poetry Contest for three consecutive years, and co-wrote a screenplay selected for the Global Arts Film Festival. She describes writing as her sweet medicine.



Jorge Argueta has written several children’s books, among them is the Americas Award winner, *A Movie in my Pillow*. His other works include *Talking with Mother Earth*, *Alfredito Flies Home*, and *Luna Lunita Lunera*. Presently, he is working on a series “Poemas para cocinar/Cooking Poems.”

Cathy Arellano has written a collection of stories about San Francisco’s Mission district called *Flats and Bars*, and is editing *Homegrown: A Cultural Microhistory of Latinos in the Mission*.

Adrián Arias, poeta y artista visual peruano residente en California desde el 2000, ha publicado ocho libros y obtenido importantes premios literarios en Latinoamerica y Europa. He works at the Mission Cultural Center in San Francisco.



Avotcja is a musician, playwright, teacher, poet and short story writer. She is also proud member and director of AVOTCJA & MODÚPUE, a musical group inducted into the Bay Area Blues Society’s Hall Of Fame, and named “JAZZ BAND OF THE YEAR” for 2005 and 2010. Avotcja has been a Bay Area DJ at KPOO-FM and KPFA-FM for more than 37 years. For more information, visit www.Avotcja.com.

Devreaux Baker has published two books of poetry, *Light at the Edge* and *Beyond the Circumstance of Sight*. *Red Willow People Poetry* is forthcoming in August of 2010. She produced The Voyagers Radio Program of Student Writing for Public Radio, funded by the California Arts Council. She currently directs the Mendocino Coast Writers Series.

Charles Blackwell is originally from San Francisco, and has lived in Sacramento and Washington, D.C., where he received an award for overcoming a disability and working as a community organizer in the cultural arts. He was also honored by the Mayor’s Commission for the Disabled in Oakland. His books include *Is*, *The Color of Mississippi Mud*.

Christopher Carmona hails from the Rio Grande Valley in Deep South Texas. He is a beat poet in the tradition of beat poets like Bob Kaufman and Raul Salinas. He is pursuing a doctorate at Texas A&M University. He is working on his first book of poetry titled *beat* and an anthology of Beat Texas writings for UT Press with Chuck Taylor and Rob Johnson.

Lorna Dee Cervantes is Mexican-American poet whose works have achieved national recognition. Her first book, *Emplumada* (1981), was a recipient of the American Book Award. Her second collection, *From the Cables of Genocide: Poems on Love and Hunger* (1991), has received many literary awards. She lives in the Mission District of San Francisco.



Estela de la Cruz is a Chicana who dropped out of high school at the age of sixteen. At age thirty, she began exploring the possibility of becoming a poet. Emily Dickinson was initially her model. Rock ‘n’ roll was also a major influence. She incorporates her dark sense of humor in her writing. In 1989 she obtained a bachelor’s degree from the University of California, Berkeley.

Patricia Fernández Villaseñor nació en la Ciudad de México. Periodista egresada de la UNAM, radica en San Francisco desde 1997. Ha participado en varios grupos de teatro desde 1999 a la fecha. Como poeta publicó una autoedición titulada *Cascadas sobre el Cristo* al lado de otros tres poetas latinoamericanos.



Paul Flores is a published poet, playwright, professor and co-founder of Youth Speaks. He has performed as part of HBO’s Russell Simmons Presents Def Poetry and in Cuba, Mexico and El Salvador. His play REPRESENTA! was presented at the Hip-Hop Theater Festival in 2007 and his newest play, *Wounds of the Izote*. will premier in 2011.

Xico González is an educator, artist, poet, and a political and cultural *activista* based in Sacramento, Calif. González currently teaches Chicana & Chicano Studies at the University of California, Davis.

Melanie Gonzalez earned her bachelor’s degree in Latin American Literature from San Francisco State University and also volunteered for *El Tecolote*. Her writing has appeared in *Cipactli*, *Literary Angles*, *Latinos in Lotusland*; as well as *Pieces of Me* and *Nothing Held Back*, published by Writegirl, a writing mentorship program she participated in while in high school.



Rafael Jesús González is a professor emeritus of Creative Writing & Literature at Laney College in Oakland, where he founded the Mexican & Latin American Studies Department. He is the author *La musa lunática/The Lunatic Muse* (Pandemonium Press). His work has been published in the U.S. and Latin America and has thrice been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Sonia Gutierrez’s work—fiction, poetry (and photography)—has appeared in *Mujeres de Maíz* (2009 & 2010), *Lavandería: A*

Mixed Load of Women, Wash and Word, *Fringe Magazine* among others, and forthcoming in *Turtle Island to Abya Yala: A Love Anthology of Art and Poetry by Native American and Latina Women*.

Gabriella Gutiérrez y Muhs es una poeta chicana multilingüe. She has been writing since childhood and has given readings throughout the U.S., Latin America, France, and Spain for the last 25 years. She loves being una mujer aztlanense.

Q.R Hand Jr was counselor in the San Francisco community health system. He’s now retired in Vallejo. His poems have been published in *Clay Drum*, *Black Scholar* and *The Bay View*. Author of *I Speak to the Poet in Man* and *How Sweet It Is*, Q.R. recently co-edited *We Come to Play*-writings on basketball. He is also a member of the Wordwind chorus.

Scott Hernández was raised on a small chicken ranch in Southern California. A recent graduate of University of California, Riverside’s creative writing program, where he is looking forward to completing his MFA, as well as finishing his first chapbook *Placasos y Retablos*. His works have appeared in *The Red Wheel Barrow*, *Acentos*, *Cipactli*, and the *California Poetry collection*.



Leticia Hernandez-Linares—the daughter of a Salvadoran family— was born in Los Angeles and now lives and writes in San Francisco. Her writing has appeared in *Latino Literature Today* and *Telling Tongues*. In 2002, Calaca Press published her poetry chapbook, *Razor Edges of My Tongue*. She is currently the Executive Director GirlSource in San Francisco.

Beatriz Herrera is a community organizer working at POWER (People Organized to Win Employment Rights) in San Francisco, Calif. For fun, Beatriz loves to read, write, dance, ride her bike and fight for social change. When in doubt just remember—¡Sí se puede!

Juan Felipe Herrera is a long-time resident of La Mission (since 1950) and has worked on various cultural arts projects in the Bay Area. Herrera is a winner of the 2009 National Book Critics Circle Award and the 2010 Guggenheim Fellowship. He teaches in the Department of Creative Writing at the University of California, Riverside.



Jack Hirschman is a former San Francisco Poet Laureate. His latest book is *Magma*, selected poems of Alfonso Gatto, translations from Italian and published by Casa de Poesie of Los Angeles. *Red Poet*, a documentary based on his life has just been released.

Sabine Huynh is a poet, novelist and literary translator. Her poems and short stories have appeared in literary journals, including *The Dudley Review*, *Poetica Magazine*, *Cyclamens and Swords*, *arc*, *Voices*, *Art Le Sabord*, *The Jerusalem Post*, *Zinc*, *Virages*, and *Continuum*. Her first novel is due out in France from Galaade Editions.

ire’ne lara silva lives in Austin , Texas. Her poetry and short fiction has most recently appeared in *Acentos Review*, *Kweli Journal*, and *Finding Gloria: Nos/Otras*. Her first collection of poetry, *Furia*, will be published in October by Mouthfeel Press. She can be reached at irenelarasilva@yahoo.com

Genny Lim has performed at jazz festivals from San Francisco to San Diego, from Houston to Chicago, and at World Poetry Festivals in Venezuela, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and Italy. Her play *Paper Angels*, was performed in New York City in 2009, and her performance piece, *Where is Tibet?*, premiered at CounterPulse in San Francisco.

Manuel Lozano, self-taught writer and artist, lives in El Paso, “El Chuco,” Texas, cradle of the pachuco. Manuel writes traditional verse “to the rhythm of the Matachines.” His work has appeared in Xican@ Poetry Daily and La Bloga. Visit his blog, Manuel Lozano: Xicano Writing, at www.manuellozano7.blogspot.com for more information.



Tomás Huitzilcohuátl Lucero was born in Mexico City and raised in Encinitas, Calif. He has an bachelor’s degree in English from the University of California, San Diego. In 2009, New Directions published his first book, a Spanish translation of Jimmy Santiago Baca’s collected poems titled *Selected Poems: Jimmy Santiago Baca*.

devorah major is a former San Francisco Poet Laureate. In 2009 she completed a historical novella and is presently looking for a publisher. In 2009 she published two new chapbooks, *Black Bleeds into Green* and *Amour Verdinia/Verdinia Amour*, as well as a flip book with Opal Palmer Adisa. She is currently an adjunct professor at California College for the Arts.

MamaCoAtl, the Incarnation of PachaMama, Mujer Gavilán, serpiente, venada en fuga, ajustadora de cuentas, mujer que todo lo ensucia y todo lo limpia, has a MFA in Women Spirituality and Performance Activism from the legendary New College of San Francisco. She is also a Yaqui Healer, poet, songstress, and *artist*. She lives and thrives in the Mission District.



Jacqueline Mendez is a local poet whose inspiration comes from her family and immigrant experience. Born in El Salvador, she was raised in San Francisco’s Excelsior District. She has a bachelor’s degree in Raza Studies and Latin American Studies from San Francisco State University, where she is currently a graduate student. Her writings have been published in *Cipactli*.

Octaviano Merecias-Cuevas is a trilingual Mixteco poet, socio-linguist, filmmaker and community educator. He leads the movement of *Poesía Mixta*, in which indigenous languages are mixed with Spanish, English, and Portuguese. Currently he lives in Oregon where he serves as a faculty member for Oregon State University Extension Services for youth at risk.



Dorinda Moreno is a natural organizer and leader endowed with boundless energy and caring for people; she is also a poet, writer, and editor. She is the author of *La mujer: En pie de lucha, y la hora es ya*. She founded or directed cultural groups such as *Concilio Mujeres* and *Fuerza Mundial*, an internet vehicle for connecting international popular movements.

Alejandro Murguía is a two-time winner of the American Book Award, most recently for *This War Called Love: Nine Stories* (City Lights Books). His past books include, *The Medicine of Memory: A Mexica Clan in California, Southern Front*, and *Volcán: Poetry from Central America*. He was co-founder and first director of the Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts.

Yasmeen Najmi is new to the Albuquerque, New Mexico poetry scene. She was recently a featured poet at the bi-annual Poetry In Place event in Albuquerque. In 2004, she self-published a poetry chapbook titled *Ankh*, the Hindi word for “Eye.” Her poetry reflects her deep connection to the ecology and cultures of the Rio Grande.



Joe Navarro is a Literary Vato Loco, teacher, creative writer, community activist and author of seven chapbooks of poetry. Joe integrates his poetic voice with life’s experiences, creating an integration of culture and politics. He currently lives in Hollister, Calif., with his family.

Gerardo Pacheco Matus was born in Huhi, Yucatan, Mexico. He is Mayan and migrated to the U.S at the age of fifteen. His writing is influenced by his Mayan and Mexican heritage and deals with immigration and its social and cultural hardships. He uses magic and history to bridge two worlds together. Pacheco’s poetry has been published in *Cipactli Magazine* and *Transfer Magazine*.

Melinda Palacio is a 2007 PEN EV Fellow and a 2009 poetry alum of the Squaw Valley Community of Writers. Her first novel, *Ocotillo Dreams*, will be published by Arizona State University’s Bilingual Press in Fall 2010. Her poetry chapbook, *Folsom Lockdown*, won Kulupi Press’s 2009 Sense of Place chapbook contest.



Juan Manuel Pérez, a high school history teacher by day, a dangerous brown poet by night, is the author of *Another Menudo Sunday* (2007) and the e-book *O Dark Heaven* (2009), in addition to six poetry chapbooks. He works and writes in his little hometown of La Pryor, Texas.



Timothy M. Pérez currently teaches Language Arts and Creative Writing at Santiago High School in Corona, Calif. He earned an MFA in creative writing from California State University, Long Beach. His chapbook *Crooked* was published by Gary Soto’s Chicano Chapbook Series. Recently, his poems have been published in Xican@ Poetry Daily and in an upcoming issue of *The Acentos Review*.

reina alejandra prado is a graduate of San Francisco State University’s humanities undergraduate program and has continued her interdisciplinary endeavors as an educator, artist and art critic. Prado has performed throughout the world in countries such as Cuba, Mexico and Scotland. You can read her poetry or contact her for bookings through her website, www.santaperversa.com

Naomi H. Quiñonez, poet and educator, has written three collections of poetry titled *Hummingbird Dream: Sueño de Colibrí*; *The Smoking Mirror* and *The Exiled Moon*. She co-edited *Invocation L.A.: Urban Multicultural Poetry*, which won the American Book Award, and edited *Decolonial Voices: Chicana and Chicano Cultural Studies in the 21st Century*.



Tomás Riley is a poet, writer, educator and a veteran of the Chicano spoken word collective The Taco Shop Poets. A finalist for the California Voices Award from Poets & Writers, his first book *Mahcic* debuted on Calaca Press in December 2005. Currently he lives and writes in the Mission District of San Francisco.

Brenda Nettles Riojas grew up on the border of South Texas and Mexico. Her first collection of poems—*La Primera Voz Que Oí*—was published in Guadalajara, Mexico. She host a weekly radio program, Corazón Bilingüe, on a local PBS affiliate and online at www.corazonbilingue.com. She is also working on her MFA through the University of New Orleans.



Miguel Robles was born and raised in Mexico City. He studied art history, silversmithing and creative writing in Morelia, Michoacán. He has worked as bookseller, factory worker on

the Mexican/U.S. border, and bus dispatcher. Artisan, poet, and activist, he has lived in San Francisco since 2002 and is the author of the bilingual poetry book *At 24th and Mission*.

Margarita Robles, an El Paso, Texas and Bay Area poet, as well as a performance artist and performance in poetry teacher. She spends her time in Redlands and Fresno, Calif.

John Ross was born in the Greenwich Village neighborhood of Manhattan. He has written eight books of fiction and non-fiction, including *Murdered By Capitalism* (Nation Books 2004). With ten chapbooks of poetry under his belt—the latest being *Bomba!* from Calaca de Pelón Press—he continues to be an active performer and spoken-word artist.



Mary Rudge was honored as an International Poet Laureate at San Francisco’s City Hall. She became Alameda City’s First Poet Laureate in 2002. Known on five continents for her books, which include *Austria, Hungary and Other Passions*; *Sri Lanka Firewalk Tour*, *Oakland is a Holy City*, *Poems From Street Spirit: Justice News and Homeless Blues* and more.

Ernesto Acosta Sandoval was born in Aguascalientes, Mexico in 1984. He currently lives in Mexico City. His poetry has appeared in the *Hay(na)ku Anthology* Vol. 2 (Meritage Press, 2008) and he is a founding member of LitPop, an independent publishing house. He loves pop culture in every manifestation.

Veronica Sandoval—Lady Mariposa was a chola, but then she went to college. Now she is an educated chola. She is a poet and spoken-word artist. She lives in the Rio Grande Valley and is working on her MFA. She hopes to one day be a chola with a Ph.D.



Nina Serrano is a Bay Area poet, and KPFA’s La Raza Chronicles host/producer. Serrano conduct storytelling and poetry writing workshops in schools and community centers. Her novel *Nicaragua Way* will be published by WorkWoman Press in 2011. She was cited as “Best Local Poet” by *Oakland Magazine* in July 2010.

Alfonso Texidor, born in Santure Puerto Rico,

has been active in the Mission poetry scene since the 1970s, organizing poetry readings and writing poems. Alfonso is on the staff of *El Tecolote* newspaper where he serves as the caledario editor highlighting community events and resources.

Roberto Vargas was born in Nicaragua, and raised in the Mission District. He was counselor of cultural affairs at the Nicaraguan Embassy in Washington, D.C. (1979-1986), and Nicaraguan ambassador to China (1990). He is the author of several collections of poetry, including *Primeros Cantos*. He works for the American Federation of Teachers in Texas.

Roberto Ariel Vargas and his writing reflects his life in el barrio of La Misión in San Francisco, the streets of Washington, D.C. and the tropical power of revolutionary Nicaragua. His poems appeared in several *Cipactli* editions in the mid-1990’s. Ariel is now telling stories in the tradition of the Azteka Mexika tlaminis/ poets/ and danzantes of La Mexicanidad.

Vickie Vértiz was born and raised in Los Angeles. She earned degrees in political science from Williams College and public affairs from the University of Texas, Austin. Her work is featured in Galeria de la Raza’s *Lunadas* Anthology, in addition to the Anthology, *I Saw My Ex at a Party* from Intersection for the Arts, and *Mujeres de Maiz*. She currently lives in the Mission.



Alma Luz Villanueva is a San Francisco native, author of eight books of poetry, most recently *Soft Chaos* (2009), and the short story collection, *Weeping Woman, La Llorona and Other Stories*. She has taught in the creative writing program at Antioch University in Los Angeles for the past seven years. She is now living in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

Yezmin Villarreal was born in Hermosillo, Sonora, and grew up in Phoenix, Ariz. She currently attends Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C.

Nellie Wong is the author of three books of poetry. She is an Oakland native and current resident of San Francisco. She has been featured in *Mitsuye & Nellie: Asian American Poets*, and has two poems inscribed in public sites and on Market Street and in the Embarcadero.

aquí reflejan un gran panorama temático: reflexiones sobre la escritura de la poesía misma; exploraciones sobre orígenes nacionales, grupales y auto-identidad; celebraciones del barrio de La Misión; el debate actual sobre la inmigración y la protesta contra la xenofóbica ley SB 1070; y los temas universals del amor, la familia y los tributos a héroes e iconos culturales. Hemos incluido arte de *La Revista Literaria de El Tecolote* original así como nuevo arte visual de distinguidos artistas.

En este momento estamos trabajando en la edición de un libro, una antología poética bilingüe con el título *Palabras en Vuelo / Words in Flight: Una Antología Poética en Celebración de El Tecolote*, que incluirá la obra de los 55 poetas publicados en este número, así como a otros poetas.

Para celebrar los 40 años de *El Tecolote*, también presentaremos “Floricante en La Misión”, una lectura poética colectiva de 40 poetas invitados. Será en colaboración con el Centro Cultural de la Misión el 29 de agosto de 2010. Por favor de ver el anuncio que aparece en la última página. Éste es un evento para recaudar fondos para esta edición literaria especial y para la antología poética como libro.

El poema escrito específicamrnte para esta edición por Juan Felipe Herrera, ganador del prestigioso Premio Nacional del Círculo de Críticos Literarios en 2009, habla por todos nosotros para felicitar a *El Tecolote* por sus primeros 40 años. ¡Que esta sabia ave continúe extendiendo sus alas y emprenda vuelo sobre nuestra comunidad por un largo tiempo!



ORIGINAL, from page 2

Ramírez; and Latin American literary stars like Ernesto Cardenal, Julio Cortázar, Fernando Alegria, Manlio Argueta, Elías Nandino, among others.

Visual artists also played a major role in *La Revista Literaria de El Tecolote*, contributing without hesitation original visual artwork that went beyond mere illustrations and had such outstanding artistic quality making each issue a much valued community showcase of great art. Among the contributing artists are some of the most outstanding Chicano/Latino artists of the past 30 years: Rupert García, José Montoya, Juan Fuentes, Malaquías Montoya, Graciela Carrillo, Yolanda López, Juan Alicia, Emmanuel Montoya, Peter Rodríguez, René Yañez, Guillermo Arana, Sal García, among others.

This Special literary Issue of *El Tecolote*: A Poetic Celebration of the Past and Present

This special literary issue of *El Tecolote* was put together by staff and volunteers following the same spirit of openness, inclusivity, and community service that distinguishes *El Tecolote* since its inception. The editors decided to celebrate the 40th Anniversary of *El Tecolote* with the publication of a special 20-page literary edition showcasing the great diversity and current concerns of both established poets and emerging new voices.

The poems of the 55 poets included here reflect a wide range of themes: reflections on poetry writing itself; explorations regarding national origins, group and self-identity; celebrations of *el barrio de La Misión*; the current immigration debate and protest (especially the xenophobic Arizona SB 1070); and the universal themes of love, *familia*, and tributes to cultural heroes and icons. We have included artwork from the original *La Revista Literaria de El Tecolote* as well as new artwork by distinguished artists.

We are currently working on editing a book, a bilingual poetry anthology with the title *Palabras en Vuelo / Words in Flight: A Poetry Anthology in Celebration of El Tecolote* that will feature works by the 55 poets included on this issue and other poets as well.

To celebrate *El Tecolote’s* 40th year, we are holding “*Floricante en La Misión*,” a collective poetry reading by 40 invited poets that will take place in collaboration with the Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts on August 29, 2010. Please see ad on the back page. This is a fundraising event for this special literary issue and the hard-copy poetry anthology.

The poem below written specifically for this issue by Juan Felipe Herrera, winner of the prestigious 2009 National Book Critics Circle Award, speaks for all of us in congratulating *El Tecolote* for its first 40 years. May this wise bird continue spreading its wings and fly over our community for a long time!

REVISTA, de página 2

Francisco Santana, Pedro Ramírez; y estrellas de la literatura latinoamericana como Ernesto Cardenal, Julio Cortázar, Fernando Alegria, Manlio Argueta, Elías Nandino, entre otros. Artistas visuales también tuvieron un papel importante en *La Revista Literaria de El Tecolote*, contribuyendo sin vacilación su arte visual que iba más allá se meras ilustraciones y que tenía gran calidad artística para hacer de cada número una muestra comunitaria de gran arte. Entre los artistas contribuyentes están algunos de los artistas chicanos/latinos más sobresalientes de los últimos 30 años: Rupert García, José Montoya, Juan Fuentes, Malaquías Montoya, Graciela Carrillo, Yolanda López, Juan Alicia, Emmanuel Montoya, Peter Rodríguez, René Yañez, Guillermo Arana, Sal García, entre otros.

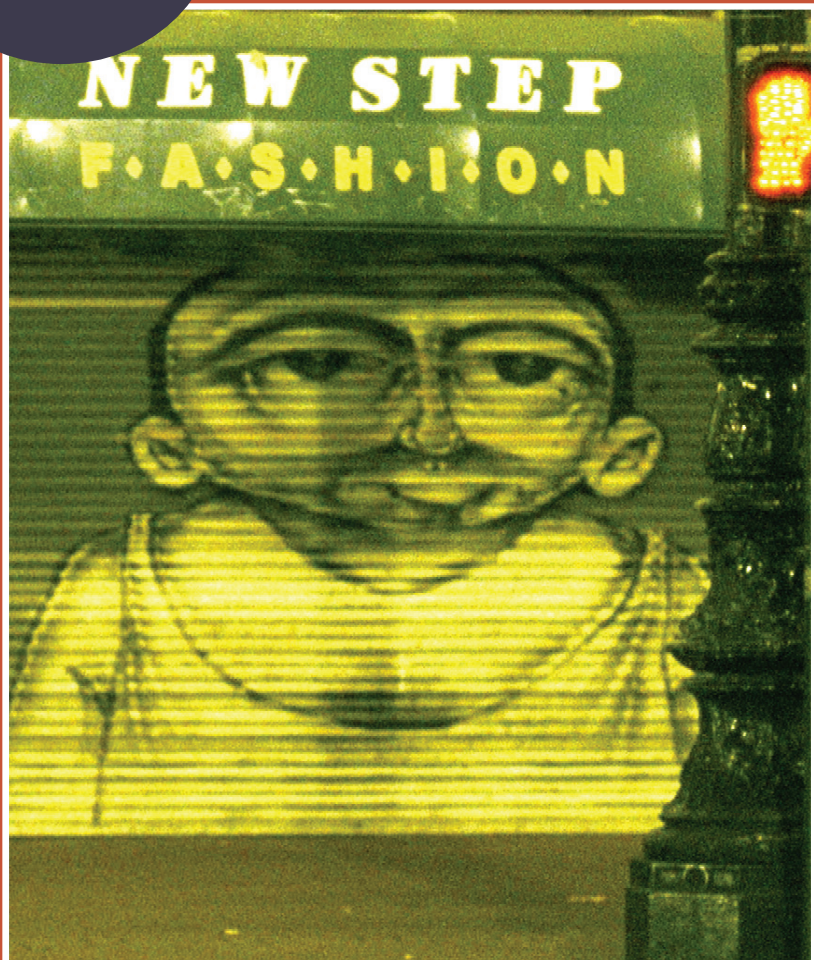
Esta edición literaria especial de El Tecolote: una celebración poética del pasado y el presente

Esta edición literaria especial de *El Tecolote* fue realizada por miembros del personal del periódico y editores voluntarios siguiendo el mismo espíritu de apertura, inclusividad y servicio comunitario que distingue a *El Tecolote* desde su inicio. Los editores decidieron celebrar los primeros 40 años de *El Tecolote* con la publicación de una edición literaria especial de 20 páginas que muestra la gran diversidad e intereses presentes tanto de poetas establecidos como de nuevas voces emergentes.

Los poemas de los 55 poetas incluidos

FRIDAY NIGHTS

Aug. **06** at the de Young



Work of art by TWIST. Take from *Quality of Life*, Director of Photography Kev Robertson

From 5–8:45pm with free programs and live music.

Enjoy cocktails and a French-inspired prix fixe menu in the café.

Regular admission applies to visit the galleries.

> **VIEW** the special exhibition *Birth of Impressionism: Masterpieces from the Musée d'Orsay* and *To Dye For: A World Saturated in Color*.

> **ENJOY** a live compilation of French Gypsy, Eastern European and America Jazz music by *Amaldecor*.

> **WATCH** the **Mission Muralismo** film series featuring *Piece by Piece* at 5:30pm and *Quality of Life* at 6:50pm, followed by a Q&A with the films directors at 8:15pm. In the Koret Auditorium, seating is on a first-come, first-served basis.



> **CREATE** your own **stencil street art**.

Friday Nights at the de Young is part of FAMSF's Cultural Encounters initiative generously funded by The James Irvine Foundation, The Wallace Foundation, the Institute of Museum and Library Services, the Columbia Foundation, and the Winifred Johnson Clive Foundation.



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