

# La Bloga

The world's longest-established Chicana Chicano, Latina Latino literary blog.

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Tuesday, September 26, 2017

## Review: A Weekend With Pablo Picasso. Almaraz. Bits'nPieces. On-line Floricanto.



### Siguenza Breaks Leg In Picasso One-Actor Gem

Michael Sedano

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Art Is All We Need

A Past Reflection

Family Poems for Every  
Day of the Week/  
Poemas fam...

Whelmed By  
PST:LA/LA. Hurry  
Up, Please, There's  
Ti...

International Latino  
Book Awards, 2017:  
Cuatro Awa...

Slaughtered Chivo Acá  
y Allá and The  
Photographic ...

Stories

Chicanonautica: Aztlán  
Zombie Massacre

International Latino  
Book Awards 2017  
Winners

LBFF Disappearing  
Before Our Eyes.  
Early September...

Book launch, cover art,  
meeting Eloy Torrez,  
and #...

Where In the World is  
Johnny Diaz?

La Bloga Labeled as  
Spam and Other FB  
Announcement...

Whether it is  
hurricanes,  
earthquakes, or  
bears, w...

Spanish Review:  
Telegramas al Cielo-  
La infancia d...

Review: Looking for  
Zeta in All the Wrong  
Places. ...

Interview of Jose  
Carrillo

La Bloga Flor y Canto:  
Despedida y  
Celebración Con...



"One-man Show" is parlance of an earlier day, when gendered slurs were lingua franca. I've learned not to allow my language to set the limits of my world, because the best One-man Show I've ever seen featured Siobhan McKenna doing Irish women. After McKenna's work, the short list for second-best brings to mind immediately only Jack MacGowran's Beckett monologues. I am a Beckett fan—once called **Beckett a Chicano and riled up the MLA world**--so I have a triumphant feeling welcoming a Chicano to the "best-ever" One-man Shows. Move over Beckett and McGowran, a genius is at work at **Casa0101**. The virtuoso performance of Herbert Siguenza in *A Weekend with Pablo Picasso* provides matchless entertainment for a critically limited period. The show closes October 8.

Standing ovations are de rigueur for Los Angeles audiences. The roaring ovation Siguenza received Friday night came with sincerity and gratitude, palpably out of a shared sense of achievement, "One of us did this!" "One of us did this!" is a kind of pride that counterbalances a common reaction among raza when reading disgusting news about a crime, "Don't let it be a Chicano..." This time, it is, and unsurprisingly.

Audiences know Siguenza has it in him. Years of scene-stealing and spotlighting with Culture Clash honed the actor's ability to slip in and out of character, do voices, be silly. At Casa0101, Siguenza inhabits his Picasso over 90 minutes, embodies in the personality a sense of practicality—the art worker has to finish a commission to complete a sale—while holding onto one's personal aesthetic. Picasso the character is doing art, the business of art is making work for sale. Siguenza the actor is making art, voicing Picasso's notions of essences of Art, simultaneously producing original art, painting and sketching live. Telling, showing, in a masterful demonstration of both.

Amy Tintera

Ana Castillo

Angel Vigil

Angela Cervantes

Ashley Hope Pérez

Benjamin Alire Sáenz

Blas Manuel De Luna

Brenda Cárdenas

C.M. Mayo

Carlos Nicolás Flores

Carmen Amato

Carmen Calatayud

Carmen Lomas Garza

Carmen Tafolla

Charlie Vázquez

Christine Granados

Christopher Carmona

Christopher Gonzalez

Dagoberto Gilb

Daniel Alarcón

Daniel Cano

Daniel Hernandez

David Bowles

Denise Vega

Désirée Zamorano

Diana López

Domingo Martinez

Eduardo C. Corral

Elizabeth Nunez

Emma Pérez

Emmy Pérez

Ernest Hogan

F. Isabel Campoy

Francisco Aragon

Francisco Jiménez

Francisco X. Alarcón

Gary Soto

## New Books

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- ▶ [June 2017](#) (26)
- ▶ [May 2017](#) (24)
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- ▶ [March 2017](#) (22)
- ▶ [February 2017](#) (21)
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- ▶ [2007](#) (307)
- ▶ [2006](#) (203)
- ▶ [2005](#) (174)
- ▶ [2004](#) (14)



Casa0101 is a place to run into friends, like this late arriver who will find seats in the nether regions.

A few years ago, Siguenza's two-actor monologue spotlighting Mario Moreno--Cantinflas out of character---offered eye-opening evidence of the actor's multifaceted dramatic skills. That captivating performance in the enchanting environs of Ford Theatre was in Spanish, and a limited run at that. Everyone in LA who could have seen it didn't get the chance. Those of us who attended, even English-only companions, found Siguenza's portrayal riveting. (The Ford is LA's best-kept secret for theatrical performances.)

Siguenza's Picasso speaks in code-switching English-Spanish, tossing in a soupçon of le Français for flavor. The actor's rich baritone embodies a larger-than-life persona in this Picasso. I didn't know Pablo Picasso, but this one's a good version ni modo. The actor projects power that at times overflows with charisma, compelling the audience to get wrapped up in the character's process of creation, holding attention on substance, even through long speeches.

Gloria E. Anzaldúa  
Guadalupe Garcia McCall  
Guillermo Luna  
Hector Tobar  
Ilan Stavans  
J.L. Torres  
James Stevens-Arce  
Jesús Treviño  
Jim Lopez  
Jimmy Santiago Baca  
Joe Jiménez  
John Rechy  
José Antonio Rodríguez  
José Antonio Villarreal  
José Latour  
José Montoya  
José Pablo Iriarte  
Juan Felipe Herrera  
Judith Ortiz Cofer  
Junot Díaz  
Kathleen Alcala  
Kathy Cano-Murillo  
Kermit Lopez  
Linda Rodriguez  
Lisa Alvarado  
liz gonzalez  
Lorna Dee Cervantes  
Lucha Corpi  
Luis A. Lopez  
Luis Alberto Urrea  
Luis J. Rodriguez  
Lydia Gil  
Manuel Muñoz  
Manuel Ramos  
María Amparo Escandón



Artist Margaret Garcia celebrates her birthday at a special place, Casa0101. Bonnie Lambert, left, and Rhett Beavers will join Siguenza and others at Casa Fina for birthday cake and post-performance partying.

The script offers a show-not-tell psychological biography of the artist, goaded by the agent, forced to whip up a handful of paintings and three vases; production for commercial ends, not genuine art. Picasso spends one weekend just whipping out the paintings while reflecting on his connections as a sexual man and artist. The scenes devoted to the painting Guernica include some of the evening's more arresting thoughts.

I confess that fatigue forced my eyes closed. I listened with one ear and phased out only a couple of times. So I feel pangs of guilt for how the actor must have felt, seeking eye contact with gente in the intimate confines of Casa 0101's auditorium. He would scan the house to the aisle where he'd catch my chin resting on my chest. I apologize, that makes a tough audience. But in consolation, I sleep at the Opera and the Taper.

Audience and Art Collector Tip: Choose the front row center seat. Picasso addresses the audience needing a model. "I'll draw you," he says. At the conclusion of his bows, the artist Herbert Siguenza presents the audience member with the portrait Picasso sketches in the performance.

Watching the artist making art adds an aesthetic dimension theatre allows only rarely. Siguenza draws on a transparent window, a paloma, after daughter Paloma. **It comes to life and flies away via imaginative use of projections.** In one scene, Picasso selects a model seated in the audience and Siguenza draws her while declaiming the lines. In the climax, Picasso gives himself a few minutes to paint a canvas to fulfill the order.

Siguenza whips together a Picassoesque bull fighter in rich black, rough, broad strokes. A perfect pastiche of a Picasso torero impression. Picasso Siguenza garnishes the bull's blood with fiery red strokes. Picasso pulls the canvas off the easel, offers it to the audience as an illustration of what he's said about art-on-purpose, not the accidental crap Jackson

Maria de Lourdes  
Victoria

Mario Acevedo

Marisel Vera

Martin Limón

Mary Helen Lagasse

Matt De La Peña

Max Martinez

Mayra Lazara Dole

Meg Medina

Melinda Palacio

Michael Jaime-Becerra

Michael Nava

Michele Martinez

Miguel Algarin

Monica Brown

Montserrat Fontes

Nash Candelaria

Nina Marie Martinez

Norma Elia Cantú

Ofelia Dumas Lachtman

Oscar "Zeta" Acosta

Pablo Baker

Paco Ignacio Taibo II

Pat Mora

Patricia Santos  
Marcantonio

Paul Martinez Pompa

R. Narvaez

Raúl Sánchez

René Colato Laínez

Reyes Cardenas

Reyna Grande

Ricardo Sánchez

Rigoberto Gonzalez

Roberto Cantú

Rolando Hinojosa

Ron Arias

Pollock sells for big money in New York.



Casa0101 auditorium rises steeply so there's not a bad view in the house.

The auditorium at Casa 0101 is only a few rows deep and inclined steeply against the hard-upon rear wall. Everyone's seat is close to the stage. The sound and projection systems are first-rate. Worn and compacted chair cushions make bringing a personal cushion a matter of importance.

Like the Cantinflas show, Casa 0101 plans a limited run of *A Weekend with Pablo Picasso*. I hope, with enough advance notice, everyone in LA who deserves to see Herbert Siguenza in *A Weekend with Pablo Picasso* will line up for tickets or [click the teatro's website here](#). The performance runs weekends at accommodating hours, now until October 8. The production last played in 2014, Siguenza tells the house in his curtain call speech, intimating a demora of unknown duration until the next.

Teatro 0101 founder Josefina Lopez makes an important contribution with this space, and the nearby Casa Fina Restaurant. Culturally, Casa0101 extends professional theatre into Boyle Heights on a permanent basis. Audiences here enjoy popular fare such as *Hungry Woman in Paris*, rare performances as Siguenza's *Picasso*, local-origin one acts about Frida Kahlo, and original work such as Lopez' upcoming *An Enemy of the Pueblo*, opening October 20. Plans are afoot to bring *Beauty and the Beast* to Boyle Heights. Extending the reach of professional theatre into the community, Lopez teaches writing workshops and regularly presents student work on stage.

Ronald L. Ruiz  
Rosemary Catacalos  
Rudolfo Anaya  
Rudy Ch. Garcia  
S. Ramos O'Briant  
Sabrina Vourvoulis  
Sam Quinones  
Sandra María Esteves  
Sarah Cortez  
Sarah Rafael Garcia  
Sergio Troncoso  
Severo Perez  
Sherman Alexie  
Sheryl Luna  
Silvia Moreno-Garcia  
Sonia Nazario  
Spencer Herrera  
Stella Pope Duarte  
Stephanie Elizondo Griest  
Stephen D. Gutierrez  
tatiana de la tierra  
Tim Z. Hernandez  
Victor Villaseñor  
William Nericcio  
Xánath Caraza  
Yuyi Morales  
Yxta Maya Murray

## Otras

Amoxcalli  
California Poet  
Cervantes / Denver  
KUVO  
Laila Lalami  
Latino Stories  
Los Bloguitos



Director Josefina Lopez thanks audience and asks them to bring groups like several tonight.

Mujeres Talk

New Short Fiction  
Series - spoken word

Read! Raza

The Elegant Variation

Tongue and Groove  
L.A.

A short walk to the west from Casa0101, [Casa Fina Restaurant](#) fills the void emptied when La Serenata de Garibaldi abandoned its wonderful location across the street from Metro's Gold Line [Mariachi Plaza Station](#). The theatre offers a pair of dinner and show options worth considering. Exceptional service and upscale but not hoity-toity comida make for pleasant dining. Being Mexican food, the menu offers lots of gluten-free choices. As usual, ask the waiter to let the chef know.

Eastsidiers, particularly gente in Boyle Heights, are vehement [protestors of gentrification](#). Iconic Mariachi Plaza, for example, threatens to disappear except by name, if developers plant condos in Metro-owned land adjacent to the plaza. Exogenous art galleries have taken space, one bragging the danger of Boyle Heights enlivens visits to the place. Where developers see profit for themselves, locals see a park, or affordable housing for all.

The clash of money versus pueblo will play out in coming months now that voters gave Metro a blank check to build and develop like urban robber barons. Change comes inevitably, but it doesn't have to be at the business end of a wrecking ball. Josefina Lopez defines a useful model of change without gentrification. Raza-owned, razacentric establishments like Casa0101 and Casa Fina enrich not only the local economy but also give la cultura wider reach into the larger region's sense of place and cultural space. In Boyle Heights, visitors find SoCal's most precious amenity, the unequalled pleasures of free parking to go along with great theater and fine dining.

[A WEEKEND WITH PABLO PICASSO](#)

[September 16, 2017 - October 8, 2017](#)

[Fridays at 8 PM. Saturdays at 3 PM & 8 PM and Sundays at 5 PM](#)

[2102 E. 1st St.](#)

Los Angeles, CA 90033

Phone: (323) 263-7684

Email: [info@casa0101.org](mailto:info@casa0101.org)

## Carlos Almaraz: Chicano Genius Subject of Film & LACMA Exhibition Through December 3

### PLAYING WITH FIRE: PAINTINGS BY CARLOS ALMARAZ

BCAM, Level 2  
August 6, 2017–December 3, 2017



EN | ES

*Playing with Fire: Paintings by Carlos Almaraz* is a retrospective of one of the most influential artists of the 1970s and 1980s. Arguably the first of artists whose artistic, cultural, and political work defined the Chicano art movement in the 1970s, Almaraz was also an important political activist, working with the farm workers' union and the important artist collective Los Four. Although Almaraz straddled multiple identities—personal, psychological, dreamlike, even evolved artistically.

I was stunned meeting Carlos Almaraz. I forget the course, perhaps Intercultural Communication but could have been Oral Communication. I couldn't pass up the opportunity to let the student invite a Chicano artist friend who lived in her neighborhood to share slides of his work. Chicano art was few and far between in those days.

The unassuming artist presented slides that knocked me out of my desk. His description of context and technique melded social awareness with fine art sensibilities. For the students, the forty-five minutes with the artist gave them a graduate seminar in Chicano painting. For a nascent collector, I coulda bought a painting. I shoulda bought a painting. I wish I'd bought a painting. "Broke" has different meanings at different times, and back then I needed a better dictionary.

I suffer from anomia, inability to capture names, so I forgot the artist's name as soon as I met him. His images indelibly etched themselves into not just memory, but awareness. I knew my Janssen, and this disremembered artist gave lessons in art to the best textbook on art appreciation. When I finally connected his art with that fellow in the Speech building at CSULA long ago, my heart sang and broke.


Almaraz was a member of Los Four, the foundation group of Chicano art whose members included Magu, Judith Hernandez, Carlos Almaraz, Beto De La Rocha, and Frank Romero. Carlos Almaraz is currently the focus of an exhibition at Los Angeles County Museum of Art, home of The Rock, and a set of videos.

[Latinopia](#) shares this teaser on one of the Almaraz films.


[Bins'nPieces](#)

Latinxtalk New Current Affairs Kid on the Virtual Block

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[Continue reading »](#)

### INFORMED COMMENTARY




#### THE PARDON OF SHERIFF JOE ARPAIO AND THE RULE OF LAW

September 19, 2017 Latinx Talk

By Kevin R. Johnson In August, 2017, President Trump pardoned former Maricopa

### ROUNDTABLE



#### LATINX TALK: OUR COLLECTIVE VISION, SOUNDING OUT THE FUTURE

September 12, 2017 Latinx Talk

Carmen R. Lugo-Lugo, Washington State University I am the skeptical one, the one

### WELCOME TO LATINX TALK

We are an interdisciplinary, peer-reviewed, and moderated forum. From 2011 to 2017 we operated as *Mujeres Talk*. Readers can locate previous publications via the "Mujeres Talk Archives" link on this page. Our success on that platform led us to expand our scope on this new platform. We look forward to your submissions and comments.

### RECOMMENDED

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[Comments](#)
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[The Pardon of Sheriff Joe](#)

When I was deejaying at KCSB, getting a PSA spot assigned to the playlist was a bummer. Public Service Announcement, PSA, inevitably meant a poorly-recorded classroom lecture on an important issue droning from some remote college out there in the U.S. of A. Someone thought its message useful, and I was chosen to promulgate it. I wanted to talk, play jazz, and avoid PSAs. That's what newspapers and libraries were for.

Now in those days, KCSB wasn't the FM powerhouse of Santa Barbara. Programming went out via carrier current. That means the signal arrived via the power lines in dorm walls. The Casitas, the old military cardboard barracks near the swamp where I bunked my first semester at UCSB, didn't get KCSB. My audience was the late-night studiers living in the big new cinderblock buildings with poor broadcast reception. Until 1:00 a.m. sign-off, I was the only choice.

I dredge up my fame as a radio DJ because it seems to me the Internet has become one big PSA, with a difference. Messages come from the mass, initiated at no one's will but the producer's. Audiences flit from channel to channel yet will never land on any particular digital screen because the Internet is like the carrier current. It goes to limited places and only those who seek out the signal get to be its audience. If they're not turned on by what they get, they flit away. A dog eat digit world.

Enter Word-of-Mouth. In Sales training, WOM is the best gossip a sales organization can promote. Marketing and advertising messages inundate merchants, urging they spend money and buy stuff. All other things being equal, one marketer's message is as good as another. The theory's familiar, an opinion leader's recommendation, even a casual observation or attitude, about the product or company can be pivotal to placing the order. Nothing happens in an economy until someone places an order.

This comes up because I came across a new PSA spot for Raza the other day. My friends, and you are my friends, as LBJ used to say, [LatinxTalk](#) is worth a couple of inspection visits. The site comes with clean layout, good white space, legible fonts, readily identifiable text holes.

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The editorial board comprises a cross-country team of academics; professors and Ph.D. types. I'm not sure what the actual name is, Latin X Talk, or LatinXTalk, that's probably still up in the air so they use all caps.

Places like LatinXTalk can be vehicles for making academic research accessible to everyday readers. The journal is refereed. This may let academics get over the "publish or perish" hump and feel free to contribute publicly instead of behind the paywall of academic journals. The web PSA demands the kind of writing that seems in the offing at Latinxtalk: seminar speculations, protreptics, sociocultural analysis composed a few degrees above lowest common denominator, and who knows? The endeavor launched only recently and has yet to bring a second issue. So, a ver.

The inaugural issue comes with lively text and a compelling headline opining on a racist Arizona sheriff getting a "pass" from a pendejo with authority to do that.

[Click here to visit LATINXTALK.](#)

## Tía Chucha Celebrates Chicana Chicano Arts • Benefit in October

Yesterday, [Daniel Olivas shared details of the Tía Chucha fundraiser](#) scheduled for LA Plaza de Cultura y Artes in the heart of el pueblo de Los Angeles and the shadow of City Hall. [Click this link for details](#). One seat is \$80, when purchased right now. The meal and event go up to cien bolas soon. Hope to see hundreds of people at La Plaza. Save the twenty to pay for parking, buy now.



Details.

## Wrapping September's Songs: On-line Floricanto

Daniel García Ordaz, Marian Haddad, Andrea Mauk, Anne Apfel, Aideed Medina

"In America\*" By Daniel García Ordaz

"Big City, Glass Skyscape: Everything that sings" By Marian Haddad

"Mother Is Mad" By Andrea Mauk

"Reflecting in a Storm" By Anne Apfel

"Huelga" By Aideed Medina

**"In America\*"**

**By Daniel García Ordaz**

*technology has evolved*  
racist people have not

*super imposed images on maps*  
they created of lands they did not

*real people have also appeared*  
on this continent

*a regular paradise*

*in the Land of the Gorch*

*with no puppeteer in sight  
no papers*

*only their underwear and hopes—  
the Electric Mayhem continues*

*\*(a found poem from a newspaper article about Jim Henson's Muppets and Sesame Street)*

**"Big City, Glass Skyscape: Everything that sings"  
By Marian Haddad**

I remember I was six-  
teen when I first stepped  
off a plane, into Houston's

Intercontinental . The Big  
-ness of it all, sixteen and my  
first time there, the city, the airport,

the bustling masses; I heard languages  
I had not heard before on El Paso's streets;  
yes, of course, our English, our Spanish—but I

heard the British inflections, the soft rounded  
mouths around letters, the formality of it all; I heard  
what I'd come to know as Venezuelan or the Brazilian

implementations of Js instead of the breathy Hs, Jah, Jah—  
for yes, yes. South American accents, my uncle and cousins  
had raised up before. Women in red kimonos, the gold-intricacies,

walked along husbands who spoke while walking, everyone making  
their way to Baggage Claim; German woman speaking to her man, lieblich,  
schatzi; the French lilt and sway of words—the Italian fervency, prego, prego,

the opera of hand and mouth—and never had I heard our familiar family-language  
spoken so naturally outside our house; Arabic, the idioms, prevalent here. New families,  
seemingly stretched out among this Internationalism, in-deed, which Intercontinental claims

—so rightly; it felt as if I were being pulled up into it, immediate-ified; and mystified. EveryLanguage  
framed, imported, into our Texas. Two blood-brothers made their marks here, in this big Chicago  
of our wide state—in this Houston hustle. And oh, the downtown mirrored buildings, smoky,

or blue—city of glass, sky-line that seemed futuristic and beautiful; I remember  
the night—brother graduated from South Texas School of Law, the masses at  
the ceremony, the black, proud robes draped on young women, young or not

-so-young men. City which made them all; fast-paced, fast-thinking. Fast.  
Turbo-charged at-once and elegant; Father housed the party, a pretty  
penny, at Vargo's—over what seemed a small makeshift river,

and the piano bar before; the meal, white linen and fine  
crystal, fluted glasses of champagne, the braised duck.  
Where were we? Far away from our west Texas

chiles rellenos, the scent that spun up  
in our kitchens, the melted asadero  
that filled our homemade red enchiladas,

our Arabic ground lamb or fat kabobs  
grilled, smoking—above charcoal briquettes  
in our backyards, this—was different, this

was Big City, crystal and silver, lobster and veal,  
silk, satin—dim-lit jazz bars overlooking Houston lights,  
fine Italian wines and real Italian restaurants, streamed along,

strip malls and quaint villages; yes, there was a way to get the Mex-  
ican food we felt at-home with, Ninfa's forever, or the very Arabic Fadi's  
—Phoenicia, where we could buy a durbukée, too, goat-skinned drum; the

clatter of plastic cassette covers as we'd pour over Wadi il Safi, Sabah, and the up-  
and-coming contemporary voices—too westernized for me. I wanted—the authentic.  
I remember the blue green seemingly velvet lush gardens, the landscapes, rich and verdant,

almost-blue. This was not green. Something about a tropical, humid sky. I remember Thanks-  
giving and wearing a sleeveless shirt, late November and humid, warm. Dank. Driving into  
The Woodlands to visit friends, whose wide windows all about their house, proclaimed

the waxmyrtle, yaupon, pines, the deep and towering evergreens shading the drive.  
But I remember most, the down-town miracle of it all, the congested streets,  
futuristic, somehow—The night my brother took me to see—Lynn

Redgrave, Shakespeare—for My Father, Jones Hall,  
the large, inviting sweep of building facing  
Louisiana. And to our left, facing up

into it, Capitol. And to our right,  
Texas. The familiar  
mouthy name

—Milam, behind it all.  
I remember stepping up  
the recollected many stairs,

the dim-lit wide entry, the red hue  
of it all—I recall finding our chairs, the black  
turtleneck Lynn wore—the black leggings, fire-red hair;

the stage-sized-large-as-living Michael Redgrave, facing us,  
black and white sketch of him as Hamlet, the prince, behind her,  
in front—of us, large as our lives—Truly, I was somewhat disappointed

when—I'd found out there were not more actors, not more pomp, in this  
show my dear brother took me to; I wanted flash and fandango—  
but, I entered there, this one-woman playing many roles, ingenious

script—unfolding, how often had To be or not to be  
filtered into—our ears, our eyes, as Hamlet  
wondered if life should—go on—

the drudge and moan of it,  
the clapping unfairness  
of a life—ah, but

something like The Lord's  
Prayer, or—The Pledge of Allegiance, the rote  
recitation of words we did not stop long enough

to ever really hear—that night, became real, became  
clear, as Lynn, mid-show, or nearer-closing, turned her back  
to us, faced—her father, Hamlet—begged his wisdoms. And I heard,

as if, for the first time, real, alive—Father, I want to be—an actor!  
Father! And she prodded him, almost god-like, for answers, quiet image bearing  
more weight than a body, wanting him to give and be given—to answer; to be—or not to be

—Father? And the same small, but wide, words welled up inside me, outside me, the breath  
in my body heaved and rose, for the beauty of understanding—  
for the very first time, a meaning I might make clear, hear. TO BE

—OR NOT TO BE—FATHER? An actor. An anything. That, my blessed master, is—the question. I almost did not hear

the remaining words; caught up,  
still, in the newness  
of the old words,

the way poetry, itself, makes  
something new—Lynn bowed, was done,  
we rose with the power of our bodies, with the open-

ness of lungs, wanting to find ways to clap louder, to rise  
up—to levitate, and we did, somehow, into the wide and high rafters;  
my brother, fast-stuck two fingers, wide, into his mouth, whistled like a train searing

the night, the masses, thunderous in their applause, the baritone voices echoing, BRAVO  
and BRAVA!!!! That night, the city, forever—  
sent me—singing.

II.

And there was always Rice Village, where decades later, I'd  
recognize the almost sci-fi silver or platinum circular street  
signs, hung in the middle of intersections, flaunting

their street names near the Galleria: Post Oak  
and its boulevard, San Felipe. Westheimer.  
The many familiar names, shiny big

-city contemporary street  
signs stirred me,  
somehow,

big and singular,  
in their presence,  
on my way to

The Village to meet  
my Annie, who will always be,  
my Annie, walked from her place

near Rice, we met on the Boulevard,  
Croissant Brioche, for coffee, for tea, sweet  
pastries in sun-light beaming through glass walls, mimetic of

French doors, frames painted sea-green, the cozy wicker French  
country chairs; we poured over poetry, again, spoke of music and  
cadence and language, of yoga, of where we should meet more—

of my friends, young girl who'd written a fantasy love—story, Nicole—  
her mother, Sue. Annie and I walked under the dark green awning, entered  
Café Mogador, where we'd sit, the four of us, loving the speaking about literature and

writing—of characters, fantasy—and possibility; the Brazilian waiter, so kind, we took pictures  
of him, and he took pictures—of us, and with full smile, came up to embrace, stopped,  
in his tracks, You have, a very good—energy, a light—sounding rich as his country's

sea, even the service in this city, so often, seems, international  
—the almost-European sensibility. I remember the same  
elegance, this grace, the first and second time

my brother drove me through River Oaks,  
to see—such sprawling homes—past  
Memorial—drove from his place

on Voss, where music  
played large: drums,  
dumbek, guitar.

And after  
reading poetry  
with poets who'd invited

me—to Texas Southern University,  
preceded first, by an Iraqi oud master,  
who sang as well for us—about love

and war, where I spoke about Lebanon's dark  
summer, 2006—of Palestine, pronounced it, Philistene—  
and my Hebrew friend who came, when afterwards, we late-night

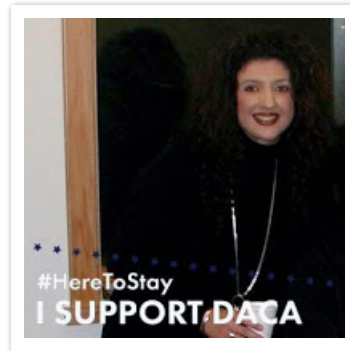
ed in our American camaraderie, House of Pies, Upper Kirby, talking, fore  
arm to forearm, at the counter, all night, into the late hours, into morning, and when,  
having flown back from Syria, once, I stopped off in Houston, spent—one night at his

historic house, out-skirts of downtown, cardamom bush, dark wood kitchen, glass.  
He gave me a Khamsa, Jewish, five-fingered Eye of God, for protection  
on roads, maybe, as a gift, maybe just because; and as I drove back,

through Katy, to my central Texas Hills, I wanted the furthest East Texas Piney Woods, sensed a hint of that lush leaving. Houston landscape, the way the verdancy seems blue as velvet; miles later, blue

turns to green, the green that is left when blue fades out of blue, that green before yellow, chartreuse—the different geoscapes we travel through, leaving the Big City, and driving I-10

through Katy, then a way after that, the long hours of blueless shades of green—that city, in spirit, in memory, in-waiting, always larger—than it seems.



Twice-Pushcart-nominated poet and writer, Marian Haddad, MFA, is a private manuscript and publishing consultant whose clients have won book and chapbook contests such as The Ashland Poetry Prize. She earned her B.A. in Creative Writing from The University of Texas at El Paso and her M.F.A. in Creative Writing at San Diego State University. She studied The Prose Poem at Emerson College and earned graduate hours in philosophy as an NEH recipient at The University of Notre Dame. She holds a teaching certificate in secondary education and founded and directed The Writing Center at Bowie High School, five minutes from Mexico, in El Paso, Texas. Her work has been featured on The Hallmark Channel, in The Huffington Post and various media venues.

**Mother Is Mad**  
**By Andrea Mauk**

I slept alongside the ocean last night, the faithful roar of waves hitting shore, the moon grazing the surface, the depths harboring dark secrets, stars batting their coy eyelashes, saying now you can see me. In the city, you forget to look.

I stare.

The mathematical regularity of gravitational pull, like a watch with Swiss engineering. The sky: the biggest blanket ever told, but the ocean says that's the problem. Our metaphors are self-centered and backwards. It asks me if I feel the awe.

I do.

I am calm and afraid at once. I look at the the thin row of cars parked along the PCH, and think, were there always so many lining the highway? Do they even have somewhere else to call home? We would not be parked here if this were the Atlantic, we would not be dozing alongside the shores of Lázaro Cárdenas or Zihuatanejo. The waves remind me that they aren't always this friendly.

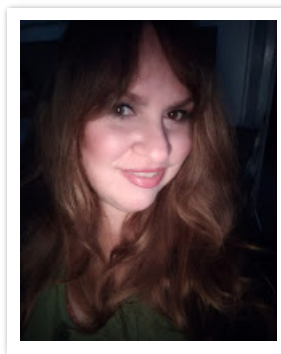
I know.

I look to the hills. We are parked at the place where the people run down, the sandy white slide, the twinkle of transmission towers at the top sending red light messages to the sky, whether urgent or risque, and I remember, those could be flames and we could be running. Those could be one-minute warnings and we could be mourning our dead and digging out.

We're not.

There are mad men aiming missiles and we are parked in the crosshairs. There are causes worth fighting for and we take our stands. There are hateful outbursts, distractions which flibber our twitter and gnaw at our bowels. There is science silenced by economics. There is the immenseness of earth and the smallness of us which can only be felt in the dark, on a night when the ocean obscures the overwhelming detail, when it assures us that she is the strongest, and mother is mad.

We listen.



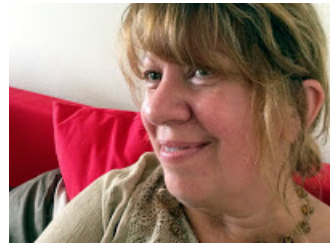
Andrea García Mauk grew up in Arizona, where both the immense beauty and harsh realities of living in the desert shaped her artistic soul. She calls Whittier, CA. home. She sells real estate, fights against gentrification, and teaches theatre there. She has also lived in Chicago, New York and Boston. She has worked in the music industry, and on various film and television productions. She writes short fiction, poetry, original screenplays and adaptations, writes and produces plays for children, and has completed two novels. Her writing and artwork has been published and viewed in a variety of places such as on The Late, Late Show with Tom Snyder; The Journal of School Psychologists and Victorian Homes

Magazine. Both her poetry and artwork have won awards. Several of her poems and a memoir are included in the 2011 anthology, *Our Spirit, Our Reality*, and her poetry has been featured in *Hunches de Poesia* and in several issues of *Mujeres de Maiz* "Zine." Her poetry is also published in *Poetry of Resistance: Voices for Social Justice* and *Sonadores: We Came to Dream*. She has also been a moderator of *Diving Deeper*, an online workshop for writers, and has written extensively about music, especially jazz, while working in the entertainment industry. She has a cookbook project on the back burner. When she is not writing, she loves to take road trips, sing in front of an audience, and spend time with her dogs and horse.

### **"Reflecting in a Storm"**

**By Anne Apfel**

Is a hurricane our collective anger  
Is a fire our collective pain  
We are all one...On this universal plane  
What happens when we tip the scale  
From looking away too long  
What happens when we forget ourselves  
Our pain and anger becomes strong  
Taking off with the wind and rain  
To remove with a cleanse our universal pain  
We shake it off deeply in the earth  
Rumbling and Quaking to destroy its girth when we become too fat  
Tomorrow is a new day the sun will rise anyway  
The moon will set weather we are here or not  
Say a prayer for the wind and rain  
Say a prayer to release your pain  
Let go of your fear and hate.  
As we all know, it's never too late  
Ask the wind not to blow and the rain to make the fires slow  
The storms will dissipate if we promise to abate  
See my hand making this first .. I open it I don't resist  
I just take myself away. I will not add to corporate greed  
And then the fire I will not feed as my heart slowly burns away  
Watching the storms recede.  
Plant a tree and you will see..what happens when you give  
Give back to the earth she is our mother  
Pray for her every day and then I promise  
When we are well the storms will go away....



Anne Apfel is a writer, poet and meditation instructor from Western, New York. Her books of poetry include "HerStory" and "Infinity Entwined." Both are available on amazon. Anne teaches poetry through meditation and visualization, allowing students to color different pictures that surface their own words. Her style of poetry writing is called two voices falling into one; calling on the spirit of the energy to form into words for the poet. In her books, she speaks with a spirit that helps her write. Notice if the spirit speaks to you? Enjoy her children's books, "Introducing Ellie!" a book about a sidewalk chalk girl finding a spider and her journey to kindergarten and "Bestify the Fairy," a book about a fairy a magician and a frog prince. For meditation, pick up a copy of "12 Weeks of Meditation." By Anne Apfel.

## **Huelga**

**By Aideed Medina**

We are family ,  
you and I,  
children of one heart,  
one cause.

The spirit recognizes family  
even before introductions are made  
and lives are explained.

Tu gente y mi gente ,  
somos una sola fuerza,  
un latido,  
Magandang corazon.

We  
are gathered at the Filipino hall,  
at sunset.

The sweet smelling ladies  
of The Society of Mary ,  
cooing motherly  
to a chicanita  
in Tagalog.

No translation needed,  
I understood the words  
and the sound  
is a soothing call

from  
childhood.  
I am learning  
yet  
another  
crucial piece of my history,  
of our story.  
I am learning  
about  
the shaping of my consciousness.  
This is the beginning of my spirit,  
years before  
I was conceived  
or imagined.  
I am feeling the tearful happiness,  
the sense of something lost,  
of stolen time.  
Our story,  
our heart,  
two siblings separated at birth,  
and here we are  
embracing ,  
finding each other  
at last.  
Time is of the essence,  
stand with me,  
solidarity without hesitation,  
we are on a journey  
started by our fathers,  
Itliong and Chavez.  
Hermanos.  
My heart  
sings , sings, sings,  
chains of flowers  
to lay upon the grave  
of Itliong.  
I am finding myself,  
the whole heart ,  
the entire story ,  
a looping band of blood,  
started by a man  
denied a family,  
Seven Fingers,  
a day my course was set,  
a day my father's course was set.  
Remember the day hermanos,

remember the day my children,  
September 8, 1965.  
The spirit of one,  
the courage of one  
reaches out to another,  
the blood calls.  
We are one people.  
You come for one ,  
you come for all.  
My rebellion ,  
born in the heart of Larry Itliong.  
Fathers.  
Itliong and Chavez.  
I am a woman made stronger with knowledge.  
We are a people made stronger in this knowledge.  
Un solo corazon.  
This is your daughter,  
blooming in your work,  
generations later,  
cooing the words in English and Spanish,  
across time,  
my Tagalog song.  
Magandang Corazon.



Aideed Medina, poet and spoken word artist, creates and performs poetry in English, or Spanish, as dictated by the inspiration of each individual piece.

She writes about the human experience in relation to nature, love, and family, as well as social justice issues that are close to her heart.

Medina first published in the CSUF Spring 1998 Chicano Writers and Artists Association Journal, "Flies, Cockroaches and Poets".

After a thirteen-year hiatus from writing she began to create poetry again and went public with her work as the host of Every Day Fiction, a multi-lingual poetry open mic in downtown Fresno.

She marked her return to the literary scene in the CSUF Spanish literature magazine, "Austral" in 2014.

Her poem, "In Honor of the Women of the Trail for Humanity", was included in US Poet Laureate Juan Felipe Herrera's celebration of unity poems that marked the end of his tenure as the California Poet Laureate.

Her latest collaboration with The Fresno Grand Opera and composer Nathaniel Díez Musso produced an original art song entitled, "The Wilting".

Currently, she is coaching high school students under the direction of the Fresno Poet Laureate, Bryan Medina, with the Poetry Out Loud Program, and for youth slam competitions.

2017 Representative for the Loud Mouth Poetry Slam at the Women of the World Poetry Slam DTX.

2017 Fresno Arts Council Horizon Award recipient.

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Posted by [msedano](#) at [12:00 AM](#) 

Labels: [chicanarte](#), [chicano photography](#), [Floricanto Movement](#), [poems](#), [poetry](#), [Tia Chucha's](#)

## 1 comment:



**Sandra** said...

What a beautiful edition! Congrats to all and to our home girl from Califas - AIDEED MEDINA, who we love and it is so exciting to see her here online with La Bloga! Thx for keeping current and real.

[September 26, 2017 at 9:13:00 AM MDT](#)

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