



"Te doy las gracias, Virgencita de Guadalupe, porque me permites ser el mismo de siempre, aunque, eso sí, no se si te has fijado, Santa Patrona, mucho más tolerante hacía lo que no entiendo ni comparto, capaz de serte fiel a tí, que eres la nacíon, aunque ahora yo sea pentecostal, téstigo de Jehova, adventista, bautista o mormón, decidido a no cambiar aunque mi aspecto sea tan distinto, y aunque de este radio gigantesco, ghetto blaster, creo que lo llaman, se desprenden las melodías que nunca pense que me apasionarían. Te lo juro, Virgencita, soy el mismo de siempre, aunque ya ni en el espejo me reconozca."

Tallér de Arte Fronterízo

1.984-1.991

Una documentación contínua de siete años de proyectos de arte interdisciplinarios sobre asuntos de la frontera de Mexico con Estados Unidos.

Border Art Workshop

1984-1991

A continuing documentation of seven years of interdisciplinary art projects surrounding issues of the U.S./ Mexico border.

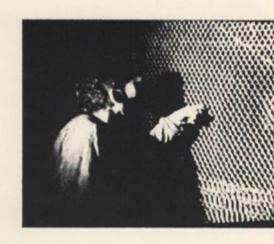


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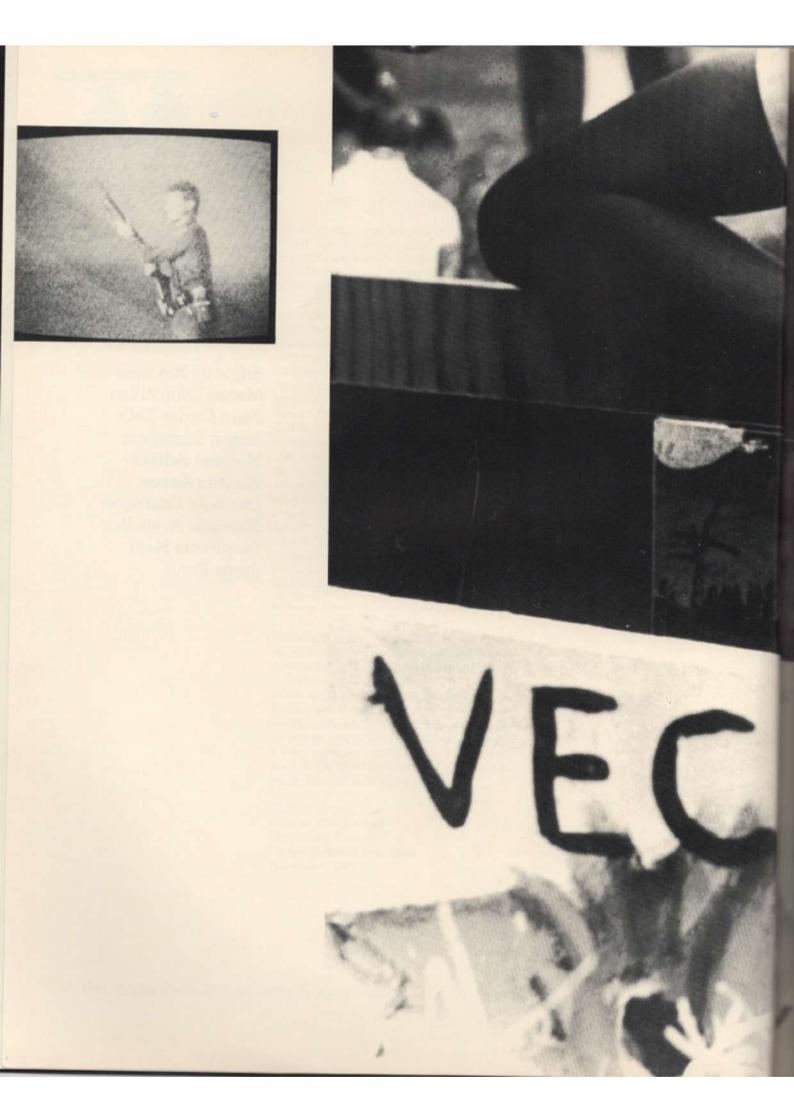
Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions (LACE) is an artists' organization committed to presenting work which reflects current aesthetic, political, critical and theoretical issues. As one of the most important goals of our mission is to act as a catalyst for continuing critical discussion, we are tremendously pleased to have had this opportunity to work alongside the Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo in presenting the installation and performance Destination L.A. which continues their longstanding dialogue about the personal and political interrelationship between the U.S. and Mexico. As an organization based in Los Angeles, LACE shares a deep concern about the interrelationship of the cultures of Mexico and the United States. Central to the issues explored in this installation is the fact that Los Angeles is a magnet for people seeking opportunity. What reasons, real or imagined, cause these people to choose Los Angeles as their destination? What are the implications and ramifications of this influx? Why are there so many obstacles attempting to prevent this migration? LACE is pleased to offer our audience the opportunity to join in this discussion.

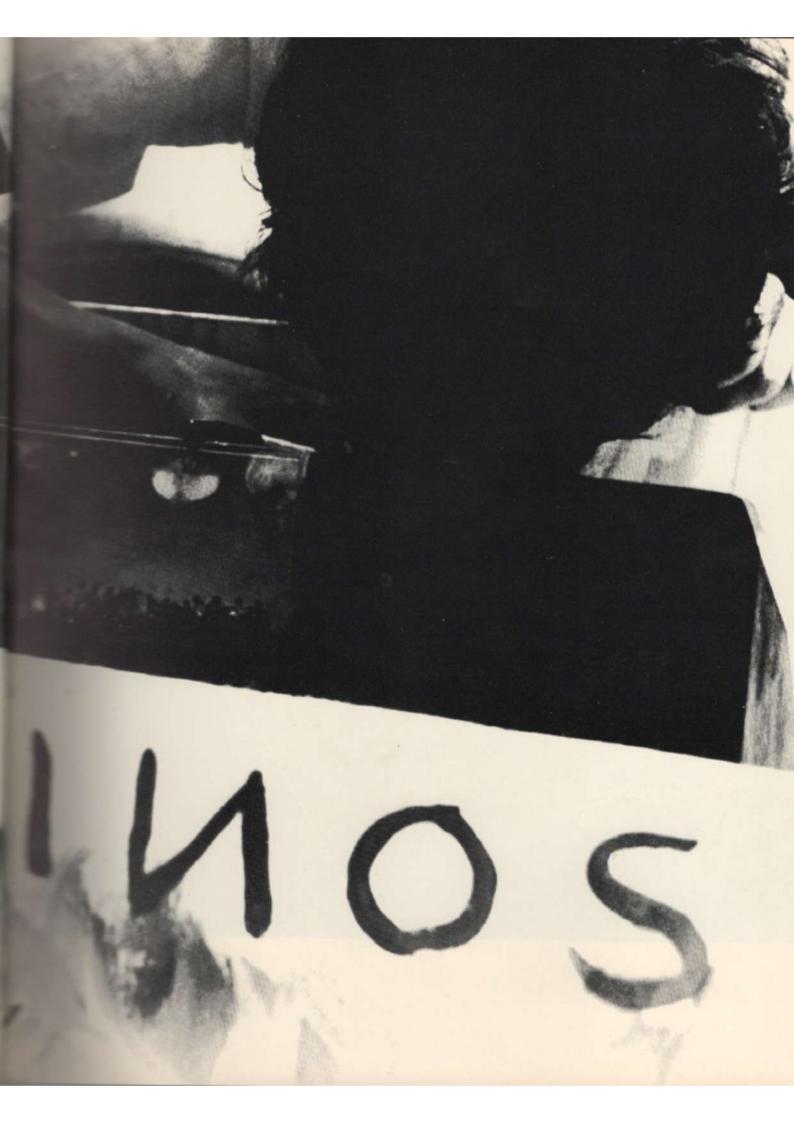
With the 21 year history of the Centro Cultural de la Raza and the 8 year history of the Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo it is important to acknowledge the ongoing relationship between the two groups. Art and politics are closely intertwined and are not easily separated. BAW/TAF has, and continues to act as a crucible in which U.S./Mexico border issues are dealt with on an international level. BAW/TAF has been, and continues to be, an integral part of the Centro.

Patricio Chavez Interim Director and Visual Arts Curator Centro Cultural de la Raza November, 1991



Edgardo Reynoso Manuel Mancillas Juan Carlos Toth Susan Yamagata Michael Schnorr Kirsten Aaboe Carmela Castrejón Narcisso Argüelles Stephanie Heyl Jorge Peña

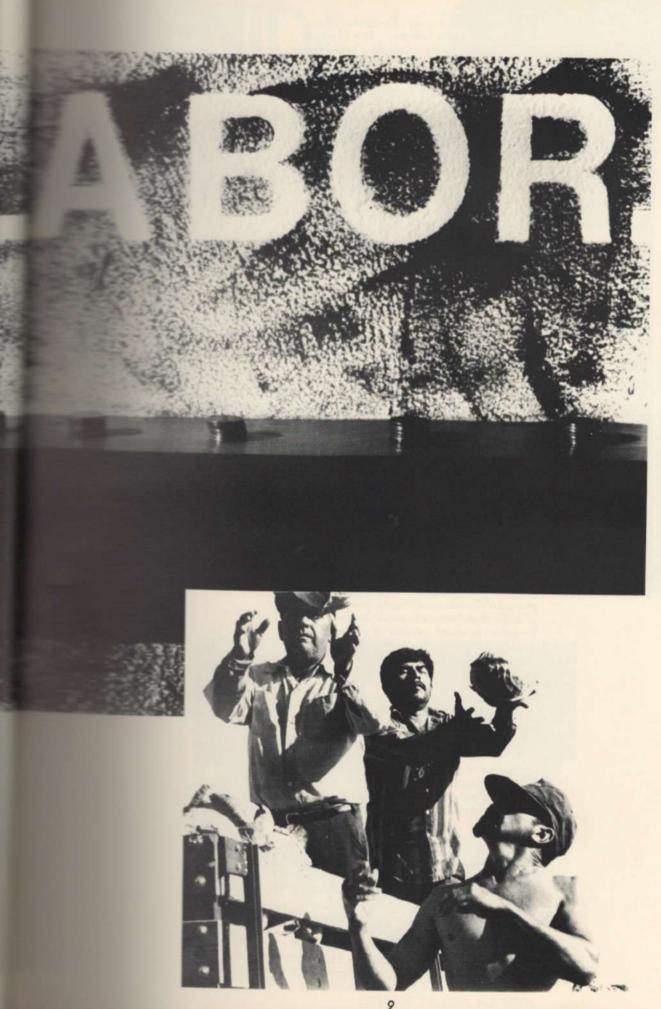




Pacific Ocean ► 65 Miles to Ensenada Mexico Tijuana International Airport Tijuana International Industrial Park Border Crossing Station ad Industrial

If I had chosen to venture north of the border in my chapters (on the relationship between the United States and Mexico), I would have dwelt on the difficulties that the United States' lack of a sense of history, due to the virtual absence of any common national history, creates for nearly every nation in its relations with the United States. A slender history makes for a short memory, which in turn implies that every negotiation, conflict, tension, or disagreement takes place in a vacuum: the United States' interlocutors must start over every time. There are no historical precedents, and the experience of the past (for most Americans) is not a relevant consideration or, less still, a valid argument. Jorge Castañeda

volé de palmo a palmo atacado de arlequines enmascarados hacía un campo de verano Circo el Bochinche Sincopado buscando un paisano peregrino de alas fugaces y de un graznido milenario lo encuentro trepado en un manzano estemeándose los quintos con el pico lo encuentro doblándose los soles pichando montones de dolores lo encuentro maniobrándose los aires esprayándose sobrio los sudores virulentos lo encuentro achicopalado por la nostalgía con el pecho picoteado de bichos ajenos pero ansina ya muy plaqueados y de entre chiflidos cabuleros en la nota destemplada me relata de sinsabores y del gozo de los frijoles negros en un volado me reta a que me doble las plumas a que me sacuda el mondongo y las garras ociosas pa'que sepas el sentir de mi trova echate esta redoba a la maceta después una cumbia en el sol bemol luego le arremetemos a un huapango en seismil por ocho el acordeón fragua soplándose los huracanes a las musas traviesas de los lagos norteños donde los peces se mueren de hambre y el paisano ahuizote es amaestrado en invisibilidad mientras que en el meinstrit escuer yanquis on parade yellow ribbons tightly bound in bunting rattling drums to a souza march and the kinder gentler wave of friendly fachostis xanthocroid amerrikanus una flota de bolillos rednequianos-goosesteppingcoreando celebrando su victoria-cuellierguidos-"La Marchita Final" en Re sometido y La grimosa la silueta del ahuizote se aparece en las aguas un trino repica el falsetto dentro del tronco del olmo y la melodía me dice, así... no le des mente paisano... avientese otra helodía morena... afiné bien su instrumento empatese conmigo pongale ganas en el solo y no se le olvide el remate para seguir iguales entoncés agitando una leve aplicación* de vientos cálidos con el clarín en el pico y las alas afiladas un resolplido de una ráfaga helicónica en fri fol me aterrizá cerca del mar revuelto de mis pasados remotos*



Sergio was a farm worker. He created abundance but he knew hunger. His life was lived according to the principle, "bread for myself is a material question: bread for my brother is a spiritual question." He was a thinker with a strong appetite for justice. His integrity was so fierce that he could not make even reasonable compromises. He was a poet who carved his works not on paper but directly into the pebbly soil hereabouts that permits the vines to prosper. He was an educator: he taught more than one generation of young people the morality and, yes, the essential joy of productive work.

During a work career that spanned more than 40 years of hardest physical labor — prodigious hard labor, let's be honest—Sergio volunteered his youth and his strength to ensure successful harvests...for others. He loosened and cultivated the stony soil; he drove tractor; worked with hand tools; he planted, weeded, sprayed, harvested; he drove posts into the stubborn ground each year to sustain next season's wealth of vines. And those vines grew luxurious thanks to his labors. What he received in return is a matter of conjecture.



Economic misery struck down this good and selfless man on New Year's Eve 1988/9. But Sergiolives and breathes in every green leaf, in every quietly germinating seed below the ground of Chautauqua County, in every flake of snow that flutters to earth; he lives and breathes in every rebirth of a curled-up tendril, in every springing to life of a wild-flower, in every cawing of a migratory bird.

The reason neither Avery Fisher Hall nor Cornell University nor Daniel Reed Library nor for that matter the NY State Thruway bears his name—nor are there fellowships in architecture or astronomy named for Sergio although he loved and studied the constellation Orion more passionately than any one of us—is that he was on hands and knees picking tomatoes; he was pulling brush or harvesting grapes while others were sitting in classrooms.

We undersigned Dunkirk City residents and others who loved him now petition the City of Dunkirk to celebrate and commemorate Sergio Rosario—and in so doing do itself honor—by renaming for Sergio the stretch of universe currently designated Beaver Street. We ask that this city street that became in a sense Sergio's ultimate homeland during his residence on earth and that afforded him so true a measure of joy and human companionship be now and henceforth known as AVENIDA SERGIO ROSARIO.

AVENIDA

ROSARIO



STRETCHING THE BORDERS

I knew it stretched the other way, that the U.S. border now stretched through Mexico, at least for Central American refugees. It seemed like a trade-off for the free trade agreement:: "We'll open up the border and let corporations relocate down there; you keep people with embarrassing stories about regimes we're backing from making it here." (In 1989 more Central Americans were intercepted and deported by Mexican Federales than were caught by U.S. Immigration.)

Cabbage, grapes, apples, all our produce; backs, hands, knees. I showed some students the documentary I'd done as we talked to migrant workers and watched them labor. I asked them if they'd be willing to pay a few cents more for the things they eat if it meant better pay and working conditions for the workers. Among the responses: "well isn't the pay good compared to what they make in Mexico; aren't they in this country illegally; where I live we know it's dangerous to go near the camps because they are drunk all the time." Rather than slash my wrists, I thought about the community I'd spent several weeks with this summer.

The Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo was rebounding from some rifts of its own, but for me it was a healing community. Primarily because it was a community, and that is increasingly hard to find. One basis of this community is the shared culture that is a deeper reality than the border that makes some of them Tijuanans and others San Diegans. Another basis is the collective will to create something and the belief that merging their concepts can strengthen rather than dilute their effectiveness as artists. But perhaps most important is their common conviction that art, when something done with and among working people, is political action and neither condescends nor cultivates alienation. They helped make it possible for me to entertain the idea that I might be an artist while continuing to embrace the values that had separated me from the desire to be one, still carrying the aesthetic baggage of a generation that came of age during the Korean War (excuse me, Police Action).

The plan was to work one week in the Finger Lakes region and one week in Niagara County. Days would be spent at school programs with the children of migrant families and at nights we would visit the adults at their camps, carry on conversations and gather information. Each week would climax with some sort of performance/celebration. Then everyone would come back to Buffalo and spend 12 days synthesizing the experience into a performance/exhibit at Hallwalls.

From the beginning the need was to tie all these efforts so they would all come together and form one another. Some participants quickly formed strong bonds with the children. Others found more nourishment in the visits with the adults in their camps in the evenings and began to extend into daytime forays into the fields where cabbages were being picked or to the packing plants where primarily women cleaned and bagged the vegetables. We found children not allowed to speak Spanish at school where they got yelled at a lot; men working 12 hour a day six day weeks on contract; women, not allowed to work in the fields, struggling to get the maximum allowed 40 hours so they could scrape by on minimum wage. We saw a lot of pesticides and we heard stories of workers sickened by contact with them. We also met teachers and school program administrators who really cared about the children and were open to imaginative approaches.

At the Fiestas on Sundays at Keuka Lake and then at Lockport, these families came together with the Workshop people and everyone else that came into the ring of the week's activities, and everyone danced to music made by some of the migrants. And the Workshop provided some sort of performance that utilized the art work done by the children and the stories we'd heard and the ever present caricatures of the Migra and the purveyors of pesticides. At Keuka Lake a procession of musicians and children laid vegetable offerings around the sleeping goddess who had to rise to help ward off the threat of Migra/Pesticide Man with his wonderful papier maché spray plane that dumped on him before the children drove him running into the lake in his sinking Migra van. Then the children took turns bashing the plane and made it spill, rather than pesticides, sweet goodies into their scrambling hands.

The performance at Lockport was more theatrical, utilizing the performance space at the Kenan Center. And the preparations became ever more intense as the group worked to include more of the experience offered by the migrant children and parents and to purify their own conception. A rap session at the 11th hour that seemed to wrap half way around the clock probed and debated the portrayal of violence or force and the metaphor of a prize fight disappeared and sleepless performers tapped reserves for a high energy performance that used shadow play, direct performance, digital light bar, video, sounds of the field workers, open percussion and reed improvisation, slide projection and slapstick in a way that started out with parts of the performance occluded for different parts of the audience and climaxed in participatory ritual expulsion of the hurtful elements. Many people expressed frustration at the withholding of so much from view, but went away thoughtful about how that works for persons whom the dominant culture marginalizes as "migrants." And then more Fiesta!

After this the group took a pause to recharge and then began to prepare for the Hallwalls performance/exhibit. Unfortunately I had another commitment coming up and had just a few days to work around the clock logging 20 hours of videotape and putting together a videotape that would integrate some aspects of what I'd framed and represent it somehow. Unfortunately I had discovered in the last weeks that my Spanish was even less adequate than I had imagined, especially with border Spanish. Zopilote had helped me with some segments before he flew off to get back to a family and his experimental music performance space at the Ruse in San Diego. Now Carlos Toth came to my rescue, translating whole gobs of interview and conversation and generally helping out with the editing. I abandoned a lot of the structure that the group had evolved for the Lockport performance: The work of the men, the work of the women, the processing of this cultural captivity by the children and the dangers from the dominant institutions. I finished with my collaborator for my next project patiently hanging around a day and a half, and then I fell in to the narcotic sway of the back seat of a car headed for the heartlands.



ANGER ELIGRO

MEGANO SIGNAL PROPERTY OF STANDING CORNERS IN

CANKILL YOU DANGER - POISON - PRECAUTIONS

COMO CRUZAR DE UN MUNDO A OTRO: CON DESTINO ALEY VIA TIYEI

Victor Clark-Alfaro
Profesor en la Universidad Autonoma de Baja Califoria
y Director del Centro Binacional de Derechos Humanos.
Articulo preparado para la exposicion:
"Destino Los Angeles". Galeria LACE, Los Angeles, California.
Octubre de 1991

Una referencia diaria en la cultura fronteriza mexicana, son las palabras en, el, al o del otro lado. "El otro lado" sugiere una dualidad, que es "este lado", su otra mitad. Nosotros estamos "de este lado" y del otro lado estan "las calles pavimentadas con que se quedaron los americanos"; el lado que nos arrebataron. La mitad que fue de nuestro pais. A pesar del tiempo transcurrido, existe aun un sentimiento de pérdida y despojo que esta presente en nuestros genes históricos. Cuando viajamos con destino a Los Angeles, volteamos a decirle en broma y en serio al vecino "esto era nuestro antes, pero los americanos nos lo quitaron".

Tia Juana en la leyenda, Zaragoza en la historia, Tijuas en los barrios, T.J. (Tiyei) en la Revolución, Tijuana caliente en La Cauila (1), todo es lo mismo, Tijuana es hoy, 102 años despues de su fundacion, una ciudad cosmopolita ligada por muchas redes sociales y económicas, al destino de Los Angeles.

Geográficamente Tijuana se localiza en la latitud del: justo medio. Hacia arriba, en el septemtrion, lo mas avanzado, California, "el estado mas rico del pais más rico del mundo" (referencia que de entrada resulta apabullante). Modernizima tecnologia, universidades, fri-ueis de ocho, carriles, niu-port-bich, Horton plaza, el zoológico, disneylandia, miki maus, Joliud, plantas nucleares, portaviones, submarinos, SIDA, toples, nudes, todo esta alli. De este lado, la insula de Baja California flotando entre dos mares, invadida en su costa merididional pacificamente y a invitación gubernamental por varios miles de norteamericanos. El resto casi deshabitado, 109 islas, pinturas rupestres, cientos de petroglifos, la naturaleza, el contacto con el mar, el desierto.... Y resulta que Tijuana se encuentra precisamente en la raya, entre California y la península: en el justo medio.

Estar y ser de la raya nos da una visión binacional de las cosas y la vida, que no tienen quienes viven fuera de esta realidad. Es una perspectiva Fronteriza que permite sacarle ventaja a la cultura norteamericana, cuando menos aprender a balbucear ingles, a sus diversiones, tecnologia, comercio....Por otro lado vivir nuestra propia cultura. Culturalmente somos binacionales. Lo que no debe interpretarse como si fueramos mexico-americanos o una hibrida tercera cultura. No, solo tenemos una perspectiva binacional fronteriza de la vida, es todo.

El acto físico, cultural, social y económico de cruzar de este lado del tercer mundo al primer mundo en cuestión de minutos, marca una diferencia radical que con el tiempo y los cruces repetidos por meses, por años, va desarrollando en los fronterizos sentimientos de frustración y comparación: del otro lado las calles estan limpias, de este lado estan sucias; del otro lado la policia no muerde, de este si; del otro lado las elecciones no son fraudulentas, de este si; del otro lado tienen todos los servicios públicos, de este lado no, etcétera, etcétera.

Cruzar legalmente en vehículo al otro lado, puede ser tormentoso y la espera prolongarse hasta por dos horas, mientras largas hileras de vehículos con placas norteamericanas y mexicanas, se mueven con lentitud desesperante, se desarrolla una sociologia del cruce fronterizo: las lineas falsas, el vecino que inesperadamente se mete "en nuestra hilera", el pleito y las mentadas de madre; los vendedores ambulantes de: periódicos, cosmopolitan, vanidades, sombreros, refrescos, muñecos, tapetes, etcétera; y las infaltables indígenas mendigando unos dólares o vendiendo chicles y tiras de paletas; los ocasionales gringos-lumpen o los impecablemente vestidos de blanco Soldados de Cristo, tambien pidiendo dólares; los servicios ofrecidos de eficientes limpia-carros o niños limpia-vidrios; los perros amaestrados que dirigen a los agentes norteamericanos entre las hileras de vehículos, tratando de percibir el olor a marihuana, a coca o a quien sabe que; todo en conjunto da una sensacion de atravesar un mercado sobre ruedas o un dia de plaza, que hace el tormentoso cruce mas llevadero. Al final de la hilera, cuando se llega finalmente a la caseta de revision, un agente norteamericano preguntará mecanicamente "que trae", y la respuesta inmediata y lógica, dicha decenas de veces sera "nada", "a donde va", "al mercado, al parque", uno inventa la respuesta, y si ve caras sospechosas procedera a revisar el automóvil, golpeando en los costados, asomarse abajo, arriba y pedirnos que abramos la cajuela y en el peor de los casos a enviarnos a revisión secundaria. Ese será nuestro destino inmediato.

A pie puede ser mas rápido cruzar, aunque muchas veces tampoco se evita una larga hilera esperando Quien sabe porque? pero con los que a pie cruzan parecen darse mas actos de racismo. Los que estan en la hilera esperando solicitar un permiso para ir más allá de San Diego, a Los Angeles la mayoria de las veces, el agente pregunta, revisa, exige pruebas de residencia y trabajo en Tijuana, y con un poder omnipotente puede negar el permiso, o en caso extremo cancelar el pasaporte si abrigo sospechas de que el solicitante tenía las malevolas intenciones de irse a trabajar a los lunaitesteis.

Para evitar todo esto, a veces pienso cruzar de ilegal con toda la familia, que tener que pasar de legal por lineas, esperas, revisiones, perros, discriminaciones. De ilegal solo es el brinco y es todo o nada, para alcanzar un solo destino: La tierra prometida, casi el paraíso, la democracia perfecta: los Estados Unidos.

El acto físico de cruzar ilegalmente a los Estados Unidos, no es tarea ardua ,ni dificil. El problema es llegar a nuestro destino. Entre la raya y Los Angeles se interpone la migra, San Clemente (no el santo precisamente), los bajadores (Baja-pollos o asalta-pollos) y los grupos racistas.

Pero para ayudarnos a cruzar estan los servicios de numerosas agencias de viajes, minoristas y mayoristas, mejor conocidas como coyotes o polleros. Que como cualquier agencia de viajes nos ofrecen el servicio de translado a nuestro destino en Estado Unidos. Y como las agencias de viajes, tambien funcionan con el mismo slogan de "viaje ahora y pague después". Un coyote contratado en Tijuana, se le pagará cuando cumpla con el servicio completo. Y como los coyotes se aseguran el pago? Generalmente muchos paisanos traen un numero telefónico de algun pariente o amigo en Estados Unidos. Los coyotes le llamaran y le preguntaran si va a pagar por su familiar. Asegurado el pago cruzarán al pollo y el coyote cobrará cuando lo entregue a domicilio. Si el servicio se contrato en Centro o Sudamerica, se paga la mitad antes y el resto cuando llegue al lugar de destino.

Encontrar coyotes es fácil, porque primero ellos nos encontraran en la central de autobuces anunciándose " a Los Angeles, a Los Angeles sin papeles!"; o en el centro de la ciudad, en el mercado popular, calle primera, zona norte y en los lugares de cruce ilegal.

Los coyotes se han convertido en un mal necesario en la frontera. En un mal, porque violan el articulo 118 de la Ley General de Población, y necesarios, porque la formas más segura de cruzar a Estados Unidos es con

los expertos en la frontera: los coyotes.

Coyotes no havía antes, es una especie que se desarollo al terminar el convenio de bracers (1942-1964), entonces cruzar legal o ilegalmente era fácil, pero después todo se complico. Y desde entonces están los coyotes, para ayudarnos a cruzar. El único pero, es que sus servicios cuestan. Las tárifas varían por lugar de destino y forma de cruzar. L tárifa mínima es de 75 dólares por el brinco, es decire de la linea a San Isidro, y de 250 a 350 de Tijuana a Los Angeles, por ejemplo.

La estructura laboral de los coyotes se ha ido haciendo compleja, lo mismo que la división del trabajo sofisticada. Hay agencias de viajes malas, otras excelentes; muchas formas de cruzar, tárifas distintas, destinos diversos, vocabulario especializado...pero una cosa es cierta, los verdaderos expertos en migración son los coyotes.

A lo largo del país miles de migrantes como hormigas, en hileras, febrilmente van y vienen de sur a norte de este a oeste. Es un ir y venir de mujeres, familias, niños, indígenas, campesinos que van al pueblo, a la fiesta, a cumplir con el cargo, al fil, a la fabrica, a la nursería, a Los Angeles, a Chicago, Carlosbel...Son caravanas que cruzan el país y atraviesan la frontera. Y como hormigas se entrecruzan en el camino, se reconocen, se saludan, se

Antes de llegar a su destino final en Estados Unidos, hay otros destinos no finales. Son destinos transitorios, de paso, momentaneos pero necesarios. Uno es la frontera, la raya y de estos en Tijuana: La Cauila 2), el bordo, el cañon Zapata, Mesa de Otay, las vías, el ranchito, (2) La zona roja es un lugar clave para entender el fenómeno migratorio. Los migrantes llegan a este lugar, no precisamente por los bares, sino por los numerosos hoteles de paso y por ser, además, la zona vecina de los principales lugares de cruce ilegal a Estados Unidos. La palmita, el cañon del matadero, el cañon de las cabras o las playas como sitios para brincar al otro lado.

Sin embargo, en los últimos tres años de la "modernidad salinista" los Estados Unidos, principalmente Los Angeles, ha dejado de ser destino migratorio exclusivo de legales o indocumentados campesinos, indígenas, profesores, técnico, doctores, licenciados, estudiantes, clase mediaeros. Otra clase, de religiosos y políticos han somado a Los Angeles como destino indispensable: el obispo de Zacatecas, viaje a reunirse con los seguidores de su diócesis; Cuauhtemoc Cárdenas, el hijo de Lazaro, se reune con periodistas y simpatizantes; Colosío Murrieta dirigente del Partido Revolucionario Institucional se junta con priistas emigrados y líderes chicanos; Rosario Barra de Piedra con miembros de su partido Revolucionario de los Trabajadores; Luis Alvarez hace los mismo seguidores del PAN; el governador de Zacatecas, Borrego de apellido, se reune con su rebaño; Heladio Ramirez, gobernador de Oaxaca, también toma rumbo y destino a Los Angeles, para pedirles a sus paisanos que regresen a su tierra"; Salinas de Gortari, Presidente electo en cuestionables elecciones, tambien enfila a California.

A no travesar ilegalmente la vigilada frontera del país más poderoso del mundo, es sin duda un reto colectivo que los mexicanos, más por necesidad que por verdadero gusto o aventura enfrentamos. Es un cruce no deseado, pero necesario.

En la dimensión fronteriza cruzar de este al otro lado, ha llegado a ser con los años, un acto natural. La espetición del cruce diari o de cientos de compatriotas es parte del paisaje y la cultura fronteriza.

Sin embargo, aún cruzar legalmente puede ser denigrante, cuando frente a algún agente gringo que su autoridad-racismo-prepotencia nos vemos impotentes para reclamar derechos y razones.

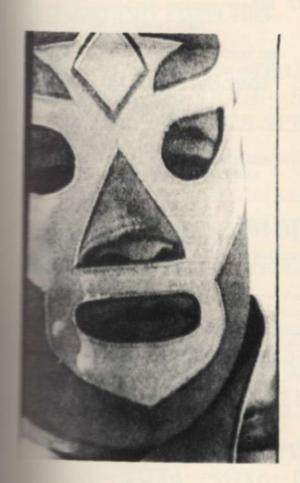
Cruzar de un mundo a otro es, además de un acto físico con un alto contenido simbólico, un acre cuestionamiento a la política de la clase gobernante.

Las escenas diarias de decenas de paisanos corriendo por los frigueis 805 y 5, las familias que van, los corrotes que esperan a los pollos que atrás quedaron, todos caminando a orillas de los frigueis hasta perderse en longitud de las modernas carreteras. Cada mexicano en estas lamentables condiciones y los más de cien ertos atropellados en los ultimos cuatro años en esas carreteras, representan un cargo de conciencia para el sus gobernantes y políticas de "concertación, modernización salinista y tratos de libres comercios."

El acto físico de brincar un alambre, una malla, una lámina de acero, de atravesar el rio, de caminar entre aguas negras o introducirse por un agujero a otro país, es en sí mismo un hecho doloroso y denigrante.







'If we're organized with others who suffer the same problems, we lose apathy and can convince ourselves that we can solve any problem.'

—Super Barrio

EL GRAN

SUPERBARRIO

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LOS CRUELES

BORDER LORDS

DEVELOPERS OF ELEGANT HOMES AND HEARTLESS

BARRIERS, EXPLOTADOR DE 1000 GERERO .

WEDNESDAY/MIERCOLES 8 MIRCH Z: P.M. AT CENTRO CULTURAL **** RAZA

BALBOA PARK

DELAYED CROSSINGS; Preguntas y preocupaciones

binary answers solicited to bi-national questions to bi-national questions officials-official customs

WHAT IS YOUR CITIZENSHIP?

identify self as citizen. show resident allen card. show passport with sello. look white and at ease. Set rid of your accent.

WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT? TO

visit relatives and friends. drink and carouse. get some body work done on my car.

get some body work done on my car, use the strength of the dollar abroad, taking advantage of the weak peso

and its people.

HOM TONG MYS KOUR STAY?

sak me instead why it was so brief. sak me instead why I/we left or is it it or is it it or is it.??

ARE YOU BRINGING ANYTHING BACK WITH YOU?

customs agents knocks on my car door. knock on my head if you're looking for contraband mr. customs man.

VAL HIBECHYCKERS KORAG WYAS

someday nosotros will bring some firecrackers that will crack through the imposed darkness illuminating the possibilities of AZTLAN, (continue to fill in with any other latter day pseudo mexchicano revolutionary romantic slogans you can conceive and latter day pseudo mexchicano revolutionary romantic slogans you can conceive and latter day pseudo mexchicano revolutionary romantic slogans.

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STOW --REDUCE SPEED--SLOW--REDUCE SPEED--GO--ALO--SIGUE--STOP--GO--STOP--SIGUE --09--d0Is--09--d0Is--09--d0Is--09

YOU SLOWED DOWN----HALTED----SHAKEN

NUCLEAR REACTORS *** NUCLEAR REACTORS

NEW CLEAR REALIZATIONS

SAN CLEMENTE INSPECTION STATION AHEAD

massist in the food and blanket distribution program. erganization that serves the homeless and migrant population living on the streets in LA. Narciso and I were going My friend Narciso and I were on our way to Los Angeles to go on a ride with Angel's Flight. Angel's Flight is an

fascinated and confused us. The conversation was flowing smoothly and laughter was erupting constantly which we got to know each other better. We talked about art, politics, women and everything else that interested, Inroughout the long drive, made longer as a result of a rare tropical thunder storm and the friday night traffic,

made the time go by quicker than the traffic.

continued on in hopes of making it on time. The conversation continued until we came to a stop at the San We were both concerned that we would arrive late because of the heavy congestion on the freeway yet we

same as the ones going into Tijuas on friday night. Unknowingly, we both became silent and reverent as the long All the lanes of the freeway were clogged. The traffic was at a standstill. The length of the lines of cars were the Clemente check point.

Only a papal dispensation could result in our original sin, that of being born and looking like our Mexican parents way it is taught to us on television suddenly seemed like insufficient penance to pass through the check station. one's sins. Being Latino, Chicano in our case, Narciso and me. Growing up in this country and talking english the It became clear that in order to commune/commute between San Diego and Los Angeles one must confess procession of cars advanced forward like a lines of Catholics waiting for communion.

Silence and paranoia engulfed us as we saw the border patrol agents slowly scan each car from behind mirrored in the United States, being overlooked.

secular St. Patricks scanning for brown snakes. sunglasses and then cautiously wave it on, as though they, in their green uniforms and drill sergeant hats, were

their appearance and strength of their culture, (i.e. Native Americans, African Americans, Chicanos etc.) have service by this society, but which in practice is scoffed at and rejected when it comes to groups that, by virtue of away at San Clemente. We realized that we live under the illusion of assimilation and inclusion. An ideal given lip The security and confidence that engulfs documented workers and the children of migrants is quickly stripped

We made it in time to go along and assist in the food and blanket distribution that night. We, Narciso and I, survived this nation's most vicious onslaughts, past and present.

could have used a blanket that night in reflection.



On April 27th 7 p.m., people from San Diego known as the "Light up the border" movement will demonstrate on Dairy Mart Rd., near the San Ysidro border. They will park their cars facing south and turn on their headlights, asking for "proper law enforcement," to stop the so called "invasion of illegal aliens." But this kind of "solution" clearly has not worked. Instead, increased militarization has caused more tension, violence and deaths of migrant workers. In their efforts, they have the support of Roger Hedgecock, who is using his radio program on KSDO to convince people of their views.

If you disagree with these policies and campaigns; if you feel this is blatant racism:

COME HELP US REFLECT THEIR LIGHTS WITH MIRRORS!

April 27th, 7 p.m. Take freeway 5 south, exit on Dairy Mart Rd. South.

Bring alluminum foil and cardboard.

LET'S MEET AT THE BORDER!

April 28th, 6:00 p.m.

People from San Diego and Tijuana will build an altar at the "Bordo", in Tijuana, to honor all those who have died when crossing the border in search of a better life. Bring candles and/or flowers...

RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF MIGRANT WORKERS!

STOP RACISM!

NO MILITARIZATION OF THE BORDER, NO MORE MIGRA!



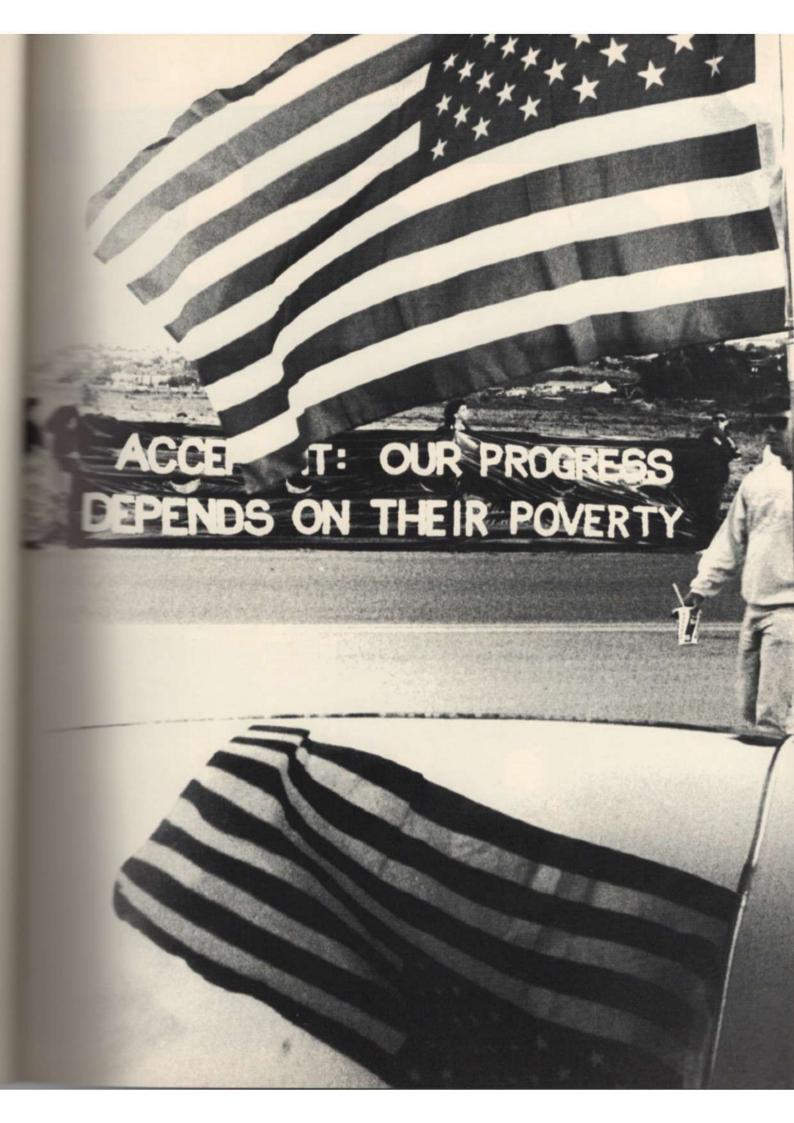
¡VAMOS AL "BORDO"!

el 28 de abril a las 6:00 p.m.

Durante los últimos meses, en San Diego ha salido a la luz pública un grupo llamado "Light Up the Border" (Iluminen la frontera), que está pidiendo más dinero para la Migra y para alumbrar la frontera. Piensan que así podrán contener lo que les parece una invasión de indocumentados: un tipo de racismo apenas disfrazado de civismo, porque este tipo de medidas sólo han servido para aumentar la tensión y la violencia en la zona. Será inútil bloquear las entradas a Estados Unidos mientras en el sur haya gente que sienta la necesidad apremiante de emigrar para buscar alternativas económicas.

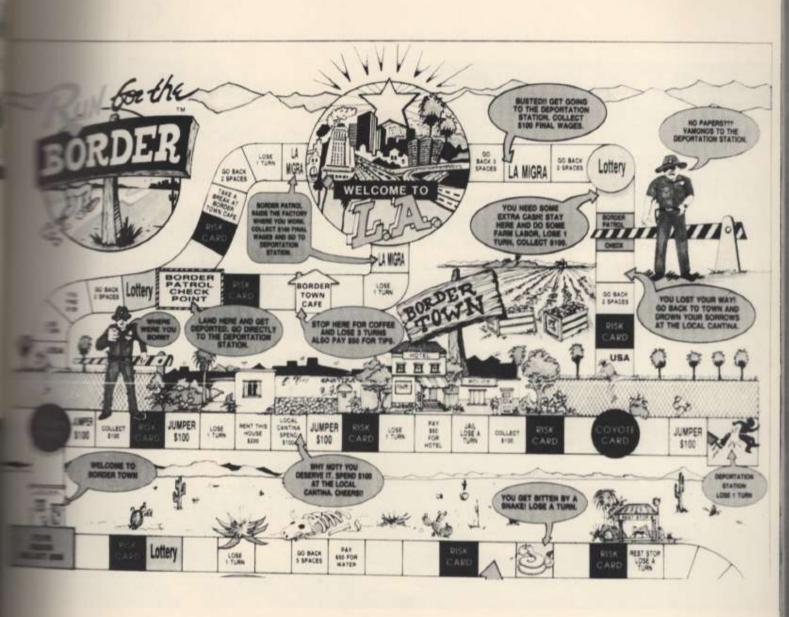
Por eso, en el Bordo haremos entre todos un altar en memoria de los que han muerto al cruzar la frontera, víctimas de políticas superficiales y fallidas. ¡Lleven flores y veladoras!







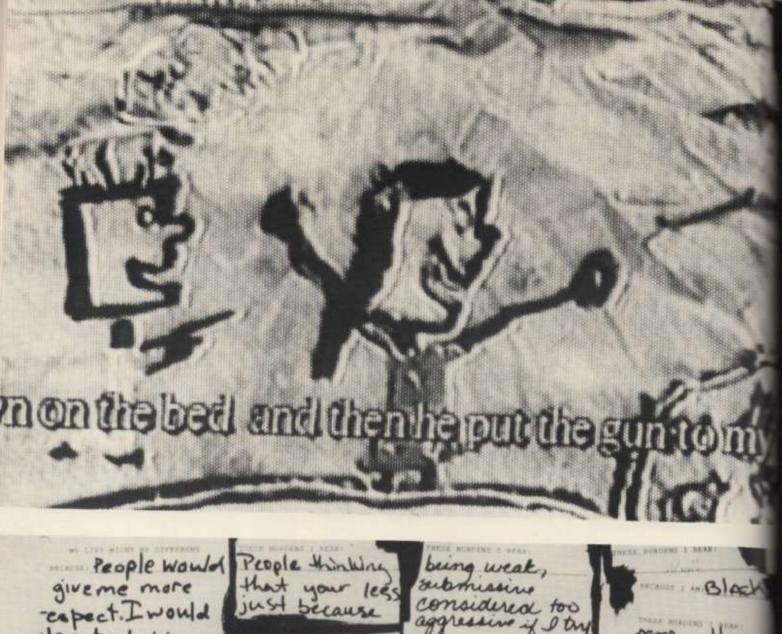




North San Diego County: The New Homeless. Since the Late 1940's, because of the lack of low-income housing in the affluent area of North County, San Diego (Carlsbad, Rancho Santa Fe, Encinitas), migrant workers, many of whom are legal residents of the United States, moved to the uninhabited Green Valley area and set up living facilities in the summer of 1988. There were approximately 200 migrants living there. The news media began reporting on their lack of sanitary living conditions. The reports embarrassed county residents and authorities, who then declared the migrants' living quarters substandard and evicted them. Legalized migrants are among the new homeless in San Diego County in 1989. Asked to leave on February 1, 1989, the Green Valley residents set up camp near an abandoned North County landfill, but county authorities said that they had to move because of Health Department rules and formal complaints from nearby residents. On March 6, the Encinitas sherriff's station conducted sweeps of the new camp, and Border Patrol agents were on hand to deport any undocumented migrants.

San Diego North County nurseries are a \$265-million business. San Diego County Growers do not provide housing for their 14,000 migrant workers. Alternative housing was unavailable to 95 percent of the workers and their families; 85 percent of migrant workers in North County have documents permitting them to work. The Comite Civico Popular Mixteco, organized by workers from Oaxaca (100 percent peasant), is beginning to organize San Diego migrant workers to demand housing for workers, which would include water and electricity, and to establish networks with other California migrant labor camps.





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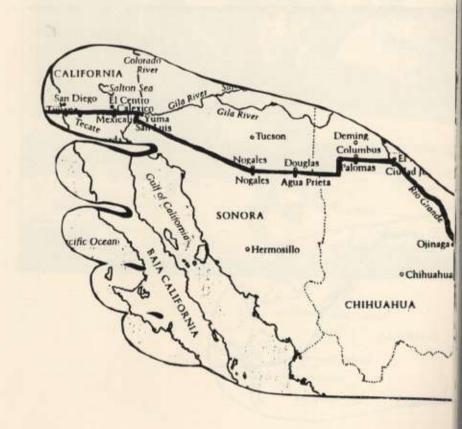
a poreupine

no one would hug me

I think









KINDER, GENTLER NATIO

MIGRATING BORDERS, UNOFFICIAL LANGUAGES

There should be little doubt in anyone's mind that the reactionary right has come out of the closet in our kinder, gentler nation. Its members have taken off the white hoods, as it were, no longer needing to burn crosses when they have allies in the Supreme Court, not to mention Jesse Helms, the senior art critic of the U.S. Senate.

Broken promises can be felt almost every where as the shift to the right gains momentum. In San Francisco on Saturday, July 22, 1989, at 11:30 p.m. INS agents with the full support of the S.F. Police Department raided a club in the Mission District. Hundreds of Hispanic patrons were detained and more than thirty persons were arrested and deported as "illegal aliens" from El Salvador, ensuring arrest and possible death to those returned. This took place in a city declared a "City of Refuge", where voters passed a resolution that reads "City departments shall not jeopardize the safety and welfare of law abiding refugees by acting in a way that may cause their deportation." A week later, temporary shelters built by the homeless at Civic Center Plaza were destroyed.

Add to this the recent decision by the U.S. Senate Appropriations Committee to withhold National Endowment for the Arts funds to the institutions which organized the Robert Mapplethorpe and Andreas Serrano shows. The Jesse Helms amendment monitoring NEA funding is frightening as an outright suppression of free speech. It's okay, it seems, to burn teenagers and mentally retarded people in the electric chair, but not okay to burn the flag. Apparently, symbols are

important, human beings are not.

Increasingly "fringe" artist/activist individuals are taking these issues into their own hands, founding such groups as the theater troupe Los Angeles Poverty Department (L.A.P.D.) which not only performs on skid row in L.A. but is compromised of many residents or former residents of that community. John Malpede, the director of the company, is also an advocate on behalf of the homeless. For the last couple of years in New York, San Francisco and other cities, ACT-UP has created public actions/spectacles around AIDS issues and health care. One such action was a march in front of New York's Museum of Modern Art in which the participants held frames in front of their faces, protesting the photographic exhibition of People with AIDS (PWA's) by the modernist photographer Nicholas Nixon. His lurid and simultaneously detached photographs portrayed PWA's only as victims, reinforcing stereotypes and ignoring the fact that many people with aids remain healthy and continue to struggle for sexual equality. Groups such as

Mothers of Medusa and the Guerilla girls have been exposing the blatant sexism in the art world, compiling information on the reprehensible inequality in representing women in major museums in this country, and making the information public with posters and leaflets.

The Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo (BAW/TAF) is an activist/interventionaist collaborative group of Mexican, American and Chicano artists who use the political border between Mexico and the U.S. as its primary point of reference. Based in San Diego, BAW/TAF is now in the process of a two month San Francisco residency at Capp Street Project. Titling their show Border Axes/Ejes Fronterizos, it has created a space for gathering, analyzing, deconstructing and disseminating information. Fax machines, phone systems and a photocopying machine are the tools with which they are constructing an alternative information network, the ideology of community serving as the motivating force behind the work. Fax machines have been placed in San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose, Mexico City and Managua as well as hook-ups to other community organizations across the Americas. In each outpost, if you will, the reporting on various issues is being observed, collated and sent to other out-

At Capp Street a table of information has been set up as a resource for people interested in such immediately relevant issues as art censorship, AIDS, abortion, immigration, English as official language, the maquiladora phenomenon (assembly plants just over the border in Mexico that hire Mexican workers at slave labor wages). and pesticides as they affect farm workers. Also assembled is a table full of periodicals from all over North and Central America. Large bannerss have been draped across the mezzanine and media installations occupy the walls and corners of the gallery space. A black and blue banner with president George Bush's most hypocritical campaign pledge for a "kinder, gentler nation" hangs next to a banner on which is painted a human bone stripped of any tissue, the word "maquiladora" spread across the top. In one corner another large banner illustrates the border from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, mapping out the various border towns. Superimposed over the map is a giant human foot suggesting border crossings. When, during the second week of the residency, the Senate Appropriations Committee decision about the NEA was reached, BAW/TAF was immediately on the phone all over the country to develop an appropriate response to this dangerous legislation.

On July 22, four members of BAW/TAF-Bertha Jottar, Robert Sanchez, Michael Schnorr and Gerardo Navarro-performed at the fourth International Anarchist Conference and Festival in San Francisco, subtitled, coincidentally, Without Borders. Essentially this performance was a collage of Mexican and American stereotypical encounters done in the agitprop tradition with masks, simple props, good and bad guys. A mexican waiter serves a rich gringa dressed as a somewhat suburban Statue of Liberty. During their exchange, the contradictions in attempting to define "foreigner" or "immigrant" are brought out, especially as the waiter begins to recite all of the Spanish names of U.S. cities. It is ironic that all the states that have declared English as the official language have Spanish names: California, New Mexico, Florida, Arizona, Nevada, etc. In August other members of BAW/TAF-Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Emily Hicks, Richard Lou, Victor Ochoa and Rocio Weiss- will be arriving in San Francisco. Ochoa will be working on community murals collaborating with local artists; Hicks and Weiss will perform series titled Breakfast with Frida in which local community leaders will be interviewed. Two local artists who are collaborating with BAW/TAF are Rene Valdez and Salvador Garcia. On view are wideotapes from various members of the group, Legalized Migrants are the New Homeless, San Diego, CA by Jottar/Schnorr/Toth, following the plight of migrant workers who labor in the flower agribusiness. Because there is literally no lowincome housing in the area, these workers are living in the canyons. Every few months the police make a sweep and the workers lose their encampments, moving on to yet another canyon. It is evident in this tape that the city creates homelessness as a matter of policy. Backyard to Backyard interviews long-time residents of both San Diego and Tijuana, debunking many cultural myths both ancient and contemporary, one being that a border is portrayed in the media as a war zone where hordes of "illegals" clash with a heroic border patrol.

Capp Street Project, which up to now has generally served the elite of "high art", has been radically transformed into an activist forum by the BAW/TAF. Members are in residence on site, speaking to any of the artists involved and encouraging dialogue. Inevitably, the conversation turns to the role of the artist in society. BAW/TAF works in the center of society instead of the margins, making art only a part of the process, exploring the frayed edges of culture. In their eyes the artist is a proponent of debate, a journalist and educator actively dealing with the world of information. They are intersted in a North/South dialogue that intercultural and more symmetrical than the warped and racist relationship that has been the mediated norm. Issues of culture, immigration, economics and ecology are woven into complex performances and installations. The border is now all places where cultures meet, where there is inequality. BAW/TAF jumps into the fire and asks you what your role will be.







Ladies and Gentlemen! We take this opportunity to present some underfunded artists for your day of the dead artist altarpiece! The appropriately appropriated cultural artifact turned to floral arangement. The artist as accomplice! By the competition at the Company Store...

Ladies and Gentlemen! What would you pay for a genuine authentic exotic art object?









WHO will start the bidding?
Come on now, look at the background, the history, the romantic tragedy of survival! Come on now! If you cannot buy it all then why not just go for a piece? Come on now, lets not hold back! Who will start the misery of cultural exploitation? Once purchased no need to feel guilty you can give it a place of honor and disregard it the rest of the night... come on now...

Jane Tassi ELEVEN YELLS

Blood jumps out calliope runs over the hands mesmeric Like seas and lives and lilies then eels in a dream

I look up.
Stars transfer to me
in many bloody animal bites.
I curl down warm
in the dark lean-to
of you a dream

tiger
&
anger
&
sadden
Vaccinate
against
nightmare

raze
razz
razzmatazz
stop-it-bullet
burr burn
bomb balm
Pebbles
in the mouth
of the moon

The belly is moony

the eyes
moon
the incorporeal
the thing in flight
the wind around the flower

I'd never heard such complex, twirling pound of grubworms howling from a boy: dawnhour untongued lifenoise

Horrors & angels & horrors & crystals of time. Wake and wish it were green snows as easy to disenburn these scenes

Watery field give off— green sleep. There are wolves in her thinking. A necklace so many

he was
fistfights against seed bulls
fishguts sunsets every night
then nothing
A self-sized wafer
of his own creature
evaporates every day
like tide action

The voice becomes beseems now, bees she says she dreams she bleeds That bleeding will be to her a dream

Now they've got ya seasons & years worth seconds & hours. Got you down to your last glasswater and few hundred steps and four more murmurs and scratch head once







One day we were doing a border tour with an east coast journalist. We ended our journey as hight began to fall on the socker field / Canyon Zapata. After a minute down in the field a small a minute down in the field a small white pick-up truck passed us speeding towards the border from the northern side of the border. The truck became stack in the sand about 20 feet from the international boundry line. A few seconds later a border patrol vehicles came into the field in pursuit of the truck and ran into Mexico where a large crowd of people had gathered. As the border patrol agents surrounded the truck the people in the crowd began to shout. The agents drew their weapons and then a border patrol tow truck arrived. Rocks were thrown by the crowd at the border patrol agents and they began to border patrol agents and they began to retreat. Men from the crowd ran into the US, lifted the pick-up truck, and carried it across the lorder into Mexico.

FURROWS OF FLOUR AND RICE Jeff Kelley

The Soccer Field is the barren expanse of ground behind Tijuana's oldest neighborhood, Colonia Libertad, where would-be migrants wait in small groups to catch the economic tides that drift back and forth across the Americas. Each day, about an hour before sunset, these *indocumentados* filter down through the neighborhood to gather in the Soccer Field, where they eat, drink, trade information and await the call to move out beyond the farthest plateau and into the deepest canyon, into a surreal gamescape of fading sunlight and brilliant searchlights, of hovering aircraft, waiting authorities and workers become fugitives in a zone overrun by an almost desperate legality. The United States Border Patrol has plowed furrows to the north of the Soccer Field deep enough to stop cars if they try to cross, but the combined weight of countless feet has rounded ditches into ruins, softening the whole of Canyon Emiliano Zapata - an arid complex of gullies, plateaus and hills for which the soccer field is a staging area - into a kind of dusty geopolitical pass. Here, the erosion of borders is less a metaphor than a fact.

Though the Soccer Field has been appropriated over the years as a kind of neighborhood square by the residents of Colonia Libertad, it is actually a patch of U.S. territory. To enter this place is to have already left Mexico, though one may be prevented from moving any farther north. As an embarkation site for a migration across the border, The Soccer Field has been described by some North American journalists as a no-man's land, a DMZ, even as "one square mile of hell." Colonia Libertad has likewise been called a "teeming, reeking slum." Given the range of humanity that passes through it, the Soccer Field is indeed a risky place to be, but one feels more threatened by partying white males in San Diego than by the residents and migrants of Colonia Libertad, which seems more abundant than "teeming", and usually smells like food. It is the poetics of the mass media that involve the substitution of metaphors for the place itself, often from great and lofty distances.







Metaphors hang over our continent like a semiotic haze. They rise from our computer keyboards and never settle, contributing to a media mythology about place from the viewpoint of the U.S. self-interest. A dream state, a state dream. But a place comes into art loaded with content, already meaningful and can embody more than one dream state: it can be a state of menace to the border agent, a state of waiting and hunger to the immigrant, a state of war to the conservative columnist, a state of enterprise to the local taco vendor, a state of irony to the social critic, a state of art to the border artist. A border state of art.

Michael Schnorr, a founding member of the Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo, or BAW/TAF, has described the Soccer Field as a place where many try to be but no one wants to stay, a place of anxious waiting for the intoxicating hours just before and after sunset. To Schnorr, we are at the neck of an hourglass laid on its side. Stand the glass upright and dusk becomes its turning point. A point of no return. Here, the best metaphors are grounded in the place itself. They coat your tongue like the dusk of bemused indocumentados as they walk northward - through performance art.

Along with BAW/TAF member Richard Lou, Schnorr created a series of seven monthly performances, "Destination L.A.", specifically for the Soccer Field and those who pass through it. Called "performance interventions", they are designed as porous, low tech spectacles staged in the path of this tragic socioeconomic migration. As such, they invite, and receive, both indifference and active participation neighborhood residents and migrants, some of whom see them as entertaining

interludes in a profoundly monotonous place. Others, however, are too concerned with the journey ahead to pay much heed. Come dusk, the indocumentados move inevitably through and around the performances. The image here is not of art becoming life, but of life passing through art as a function of place. In another place, one would need another art.

When they arrive at the Soccer Field, the artists ask the local residents for permission to perform, for assistance in setting up and, finally, for their participation in the performance itself. By doing so, they acknowledge Mexican historical, cultural and economic claims to this piece of North America. By entering Mexico legally, descending into Canyon Emiliano Zapata, and then crossing back into the Soccer Field at Colonia Libertad (where they perform), the artists, like everyone else here, enter the U.S. illegally.

For each performance, a game board - be it chess, Chinese checkers or Monopoly - is drawn in the dirt with a mixture of flour and rice, a symbol of the artists desire to add no new chemical or cultural toxins to the Soccer Field. In addition, such homemade, vernacular props as wooden crosses, a coffin or a styrofoam border monument may be placed on-site. The performances themselves are based on istorical and contemporary events relevant to, and resonant with, the troubled history of U.S./Latin American relations, including the New World atrocities of Christopher Columbus, the invasion of Panama and even the breach of the Berlin Wall. In each case, the artists explain the theme to the colookers in advance and the performance unfolds within the framework of that explanation. In addition, the works use familiar icons and rituals of the Mexican-Catholic liturgy, and reflect daily cat-and-mouse scenarios played out along the border. A contemporary story with historical reference is exacted in the terms of Mexican community traditions and in the context of a particular place - not just "the border", but this place, the Soccer Field.

A performance in December 1989, for example, was based on a posada, a call-and-response procession in which worshipers seek permission to enter the Soccer Field - to enter the U.S. After singing back and forth in Spanish, the children granted entry and the procession of artists, carrying on long poles, pass through a row (A Berlin "wall") of wooden crosses and burning sparklers. In the dirt beyond them lay the starshaped outline of a Chinese checkers board (A Tienanmen "square"), symbolically opening up this narrow north-south conduit of migrant labor by suggesting a multiplicity directions of movement and equality of every movement's starting place. From the cardinal points of the checkerboard the artists read texts about racial stereotypes, the lost lives - vidas perdidas - of andocumented workers, and the frontier mentality of European pioneers vis-á-vis Mexico. A moment aler the piñatas were broken and the children posed for Polaroids in front of a styrofoam obelisk bearing the motto "Borders Block Our View." They disappeared with their photographs - the performance seemed to be over. Against a full moon, vendors, children and artists drifted away. The adocumentados had been gone since dusk.

Much of the inspiration for "Destination L.A." was provided several years ago by a local mest, Padre Flor Rigone, who regularly said Mass in the Soccer Field, blessing those crossing an legal border" and speaking of their migration in terms of a biblical exodus, what he called the burth world." Meanwhile, U.S. and Mexican authorities have talked of cooperating on digging more

menches, outflanking migrants and schooling Tijuana police in law enforcement techniques. (Since this was written, steel landing pads, recently used for U.S. military aircraft in the war against Iraq, been welded upright and end to end from the Pacific Ocean to the Tijuana airport, cutting through Soccer Field.) Between these two perspectives lies the Soccer Field, the metaphorical neck of an sourglass still poised to turn each dusk., in contrast to the historic turning points we have seen this year places like Berlin. Yet if the Berlin wall was a symbol of Cold War politics, it was never merely a bol: it was also a concrete barrier dividing not so much the "Free World" from the Eastern Block as me neighborhood block from another, or this friend and family from that. With its Soccer Field performances, BAW/TAF reveals the human, neighborhood and even family scale of the mass mediated concept called "the border". For although presidents do not speak here, the Soccer Field looks

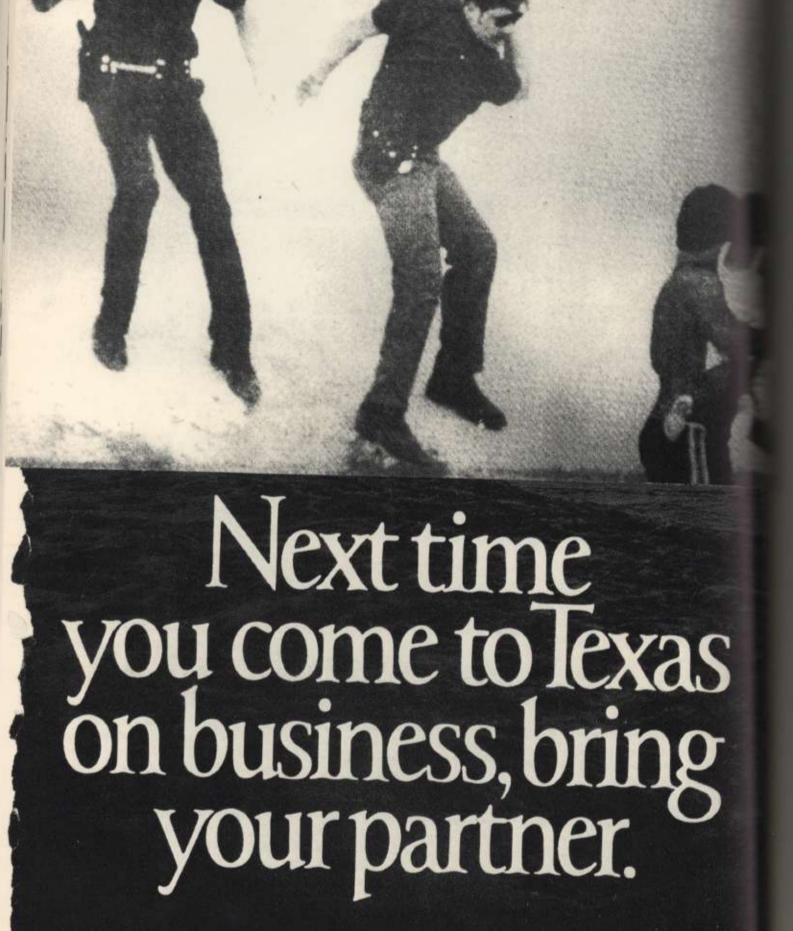
upon a no less divided neighborhood, a no less broken family.

Of late, BAW/TAF has itself endured serious family discord, with some members decrying its experiation by the art press and institutions, others pronouncing its death. Yet for those who remain, sectioning in the Soccer Field may be a way of getting back to basics, of acknowledging their primary estituency: the citizens of border culture, where most of these artists grew up. In effect, these performance interventions" are pretexts for being in the Soccer Field as artists since art is the last BAW/TAF members want to bring here; that message - transmitted through pages like these - is adifferent and very distant audience. Here in the neighborhood, there is no audience, just people place it is, whose permission is necessary. Think of it: artists with constituents rather than ences, working in places rather than sites, social realists digging metaphors from a real and social ground, intervening in the state dream, prepared to acknowledge reality but willing to appropriate the moment.









"The first criminal indictment ever filed against INS agents was handed down by a federal grand jury on September 26, 1979, accusing four agents of thirty-eight overt acts of brutalization of Mexicans and a subsequent coverup. Six weeks earlier the Border Patrol announced a policy of diverting "illegal aliens" from Mexico into the deserts and mountains east of San Diego, even though, as one patrol agent told reporters, 'We realize it could mean death for many from exposure or thirst.' "

--from Outlaws in the Promised Land: Mexican Immigrant
Workers and America's Future, by James D. Cockcroft, Grove
Press, Inc., New York, 1986

lese. Japan "Do you know karate?" asked another buy He didn't ack why I had small eyes, he just teld me so. I said yeah, I know karate hoping in vain to shut him up. I was a Slanty-eyed Chinese who didn't know Karate! I don't wear eye-makeup anymore for folitical reasons, but don't be fooled utis I've not accepted my eyes. I know they are flawless, but yet I still find maself sometimes opening them a little bit wider. *N×N×N× We keep our is ideal allowed JultI Secrets in a small to of the Department has Room, in a small Place Space, hal ms bea we will the I HOR (com) NIF. WOMA



The art many of us are making in this region is in response to the point of view expressed in the following quote

from a caller to a San Diego radio talk show:

"The greatest danger that faces America is immigration from the Third World....you have a situation where a whole continent was taken by white people from Europe by force. Now the question is not whether it's right or wrong because ultimately might is right...That's Darwinian theory, whether or not you agree...So if you sealed the border to Mexico tomorrow, you would turn Mexico into a Communist country with social upheaval. If you don't seal the border, you're going to destroy the United States as an identity. The United States has an identity as an English speaking European country. In 1924 they passed a law, and the whole purpose of the law was to preserve the composition of the population of the United States...favoring Northern European.....Since 1965 things have gotten so far out of hand, not only here but in Germany, England, Sweden, and everywhere else, that there is invasion by the third world. Things have gotten completely out of control", and "...If they don't come legally, they should be immediately deported or shot at the border."

In sight of millionaires' residences live Mexican and Central American laborers, many of whom possess "proper" documentation. Whole communities, with homes made of cardboard, aluminum siding, and other found and ingeniously adapted materials, are made up of people whose wages, while better than in Mexico, won't allow them the inflated housing costs, and who are also supporting families at home. The "first" and "third" worlds are not easy neighbors. Camp Pendleton, one of the major military bases in San Diego County happens to surround one of the checkpoints where twenty people traveling north, trying to cross the freeways to avoid being caught by the Border Patrol, were hit and killed by cars this past year. There has been a federal commitment of funds to build a bigger, better Border Patrol checkpoint at San Onofre. This survived the current budget crisis. So we have some worlds colliding in our region.

Before the gold rush of the 1840's, a great deal of what is now the Southwestern US was part of Mexico. The war between the US and Mexico was waged as usual for financial and territorial reasons by bureaucrats and businessmen. As a result of that war, about half of Mexico's land was forfeited and the Treaty of Guadalupe was agreed to and signed. In this treaty among other agreements, people of Mexico could at least keep title to their lands and their language, but that agreement was broken.

There is a long history of extreme conservatism in San Diego — violent and deadly attacks on the Wobblies, the International Workers of the World, took place in San Diego around the turn of the century. Tom Metzger, convicted in a civil trial in Portland for involvement in the killing of an Ethiopian man, lives in Fallbrook, a town in north San Diego county. To quote Elinor Langer, in her 1990 article in The Nation, "In addition to many joint activities with [David] Duke in California, including a Klan patrol of the Mexican border to prevent illegal immigration, he helped manage Duke's first electoral campaign, for the Louisiana Senate in 1975."

There are documented cases of racist attacks and hate crimes specifically directed against people of Latino descent, and they are rising all the time. The local office of the American Friends Service Committee has numbers and testimonies of scores of cases. From 1982 to December, 1989, at least 41 cases of shooting by the Border Patrol, many of which were deadly, have been documented.

Institutionalized racism runs throughout our educational and governmental systems, with kids in North San Diego County high schools coming forward with personal testimony of racial discrimination and harassment, attacks being leveled against them and their having no recourse. At a local

La Jolla elementary school, a school which receives Formonies to support its integration program, the children who bussed in from the Latino sections of San Diego are segregated classrooms within the school. The principal confronted by an artist/parent, said that there was an energative reaction on the part of the La Jolla school's parent the suggestions of further integration of these children is school population.

There is an interconnected and powerful network racist organizations across the U.S., as Elinor Langer do in her article entitled "The American Neo-Nazi Move Today." Although they don't all go by the same name quote the same sources, apparently they are relian ideologically. This kind of thinking is fully in operation San Diego County. A local human rights advocate has recona number of very threatening hate letters. As Langer observed There are approximately five major racist groups: The who operate from the traditional Nazi ideology; the skinds (which may be the most widespread and potentially dangers Their names range from Youth of Hitler to American France connected to Tom Metzger's White Aryan Resistance or The Ku Klux Klan which has broken into three separate rival groups; the Posse Comitatus which is basically and and is called by the names Christian Patriots and American Freemen Association; and the Christian Identity Movement which is an Aryan inspired religious denomination which that the chosen people are white, that Jews are descended Satan, and that all non-whites are mud people, a lower There is a particularly strong tendency in a lot of the on the right I've heard articulated to criticize all forms organized government, the mainstream media, and to government down to the local level. When fleshed out criticisms against migrant workers or "illegal aliens" expressions seem closely aligned with the Posse Comitates Christian Identity Movement mentioned above.

Light Up The Border is a group of people who Diego's, California's, and likely the nation's problem produced and perpetuated by the migration of Mean workers. It is a relatively small protest group was fundamentally grounded in racism and which prosimplistic solutions to the very complex socioeconomic prointertwining the countries and peoples of the US and Mexico is an outgrowth of a more central group, Alliance for Beauty Control which is in turn, associated with national groups, be a ties to any other organizations are acknowledged. hear about a Light up the Border event on the radio and to a specified spot along the US/Mexico border, park the and turn their headlights on in the direction of Mexico to a light on the problem." The local radio talk show is hose former mayor of San Diego, Roger Hedgecock, who convicted of 14 counts of misappropriation of campaign and related charges and who, on appeal, overturned all learner of the convictions. He is the most vocal and effective proposes of the Light Up The Border movement, but will not responsibility for his role. Crime, disease, an overburd welfare system, unemployment are all attributed was "Hispanic" population by callers to his show. There differentiation among groups of Latinos. To quote Bergner, an organizer of the Alliance for Border Contra parent organization of Wake up Washington and Light Border, "The cost in terms of dollars to a State or Municipal is only one aspect of illegal alien fiscal impact since the logical job, loss of business or a vehicle, an assault or rape, robehome, increase in insurance rates, both vehicular and undoubtedly doubles or triples official figures....It must noted that absolutely no racial bias is intended or implied.

There is a very high level of anxiety, a feeling out of control, distrustful of the 'Other,' and a madisjointed set of misinformed arguments held by many people who call in. It is striking to me that the verbiage our local infamous racist, Tom Metzger, and that used Light Up The Border sympathizers is so similar. Metzger

Race and Reason is portrayed as being "an island of peech in a sea of managed and controlled news" and scock's radio talk show is portrayed identically, while not as much. Callers will call in and speak almost identical and Roger will thank them. One of the only comments Hedgecock made to the caller I quoted at length at the top piece was "I understand." When someone calls who he agree with, he will interrupt, insult and hang up on them. musual criticism of the media's biases are voiced by secock and many of the callers, as I mentioned earlier. are proposed solutions to the problems on the border from a more effective fence to "deploying crack

along the border to teach them a lesson."

Hedgecock, who claims "there is no group but that just a group of citizens who come together occasionally to ention to the problem," is lobbying for better fences along der, more border patrol, and 'more effective' law mement practices to "stem the flood" of migrant workers. In wiew I taped, he said that he has "no idea why they are across the border and they should use their "visa" He says he has no idea why people from Mexico leave mes and families to work in the U.S. He passionately - sates himself from any racist motivations, although people Light Up The Border demonstrations have admitted their entiments. They say as a body that they are simply out integrity of America, the return to feeling safe and and the elimination of the social and economic woes the citizens of San Diego County. If it weren't for the "Legal aliens" our country would be able to return to the Se, where life is good and people are able to live among themselves, secure in having achieved the American a myth in itself.

A local representative of the American Friends US/Mexico Border Program, Roberto Martinez, has when I despaired of there being a solution, that of the children provided the most solid hope; that you change the racists, but that the problems of racism based second and fear might be alleviated if the kids are much like they are being now about drugs. Everyone by racism, but it behooves people in positions of power second-class labor force in place, exploited and

ments helper

To quote Bertram Gross, the author of Friendly South Boston Press, 1980):

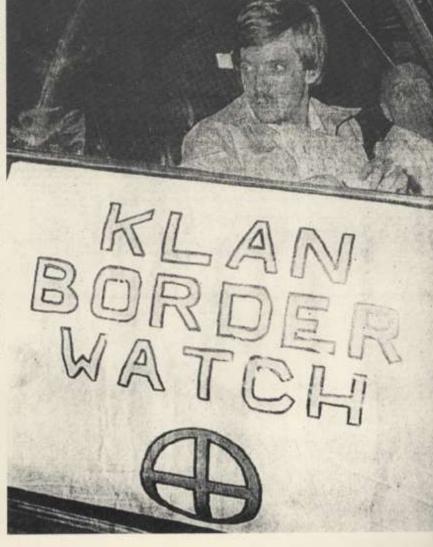
I am worried by those who fail to remember---or have wared---that Big Business-Big Government partnerships, by other elements, were the central facts behind the exectures of old fascism in the days of Mussolini, Hitler, La panese empire builders.

I am worried by those who quibble about labels...if it is must appear in the classic, unfriendly form of their

I am upset with those who prefer to remain until it may be too late....

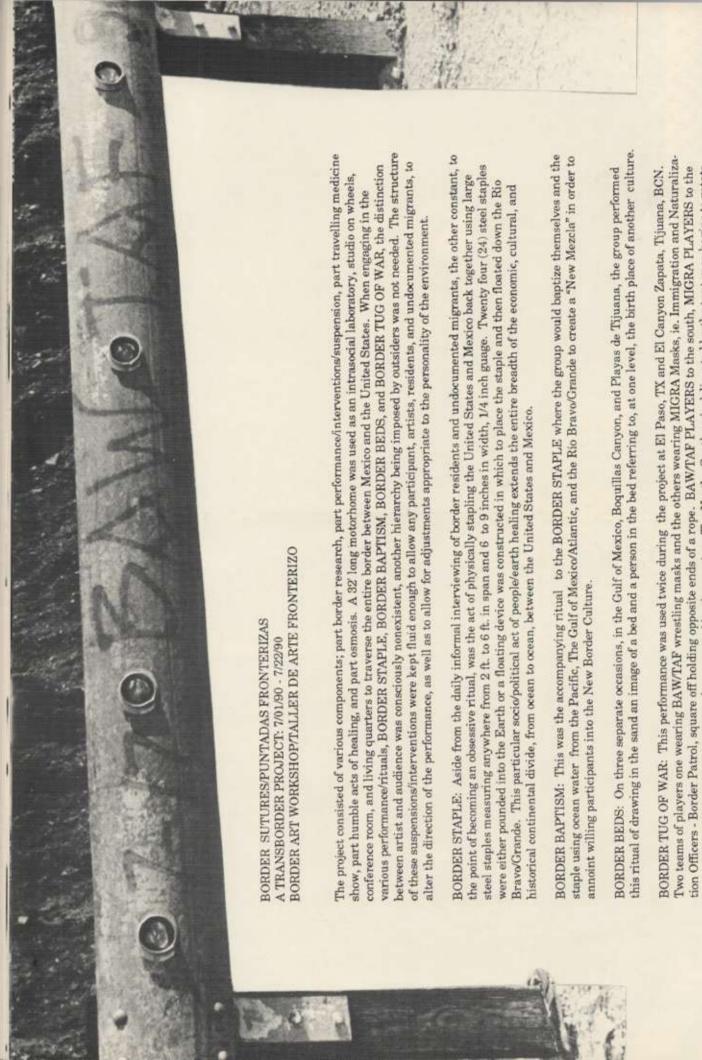
I am afraid of inaction. I am afraid of those who will wwwnings and who wait for some revelation, research, wiley to offer a perfect solution....I am dismayed by will not hope, who will not commit themselves to larger than themselves, of those who are afraid of even its pursuit."

October, 1990









north begin pulling when they hear the command by the umpire. The North - South axis delineated by the taut rope begins to rotate,

reorienting the conventional notion of North/South, 1st World/3rd World, etc.

TUG-OF-WA

AIRES TIJUANEROS

Un recuento de algunos sucesos extraños ocurridos en el primer y/o último rincón de la patria [todavía] mexicana

Estos murales portátiles se hicieron a propósito del intenso debate político que se dio en México con motivo de las elecciones presidenciales de 1988. Los murales incluían fotografías, gráfica y textos.



Una primera impresión de Tijuana es la de una ciudad árida y polvosa, en donde cualquier tipo de vegetación tiene dificultades para sobrevivir. Sólo después se nota que la gente ha ido creando sus propios oasis, lo mismo jardines y huertos de distintos tamaños, que terrazas y porches poblados con macetas más o menos modestas; además, están las plantas silvestres que milagrosamente se aferran a las laderas, a la tierra arenosa y reseca. Algo similar sucede cuando se piensa en el trabajo artístico y cultural que se está haciendo en esta ciudad: la gente interesada ha ido creando y manteniendo su trabajo, sus espacios, a pesar de las dificultades crónicas, como la escasez de recursos económicos o la falta de espacios para crear y presentar su trabajo.

Estas fotografías captaron momentos y ambientes de algunos eventos que se llevaron a cabo en Tijuana a partir de 1987 y que comparten ciertos elementos comunes. La calle, la calle, mempre ese espacio tan atractivo, impredecible, público y vedado a la vez.

Para celebrar la llegada del prinoccio de primavera, en 1988 allo a pasear una gran serpiente multicolor. Decían que era Quetzalcóatl visitando esta frontera, pero también nos recordó la danza del dragón chino. El llamativo desfile dino-mexica terminó en la línea, justo en la tierra de nadie a la entrada de los Estados Unidos de Norteamérica.

En este evento fue importante la participación de Tizóc García, Jorge Peña y sus alumnos en las percusiones y del director teatral Jorge Andrés Fernández y sus alumnos. También hubo un contingente notable de invitados de San Diego que se unieron para celebrar esta visita de la serpiente emplumada a la frontera Los organizadores fueron Gerardo Navarro, Hugo Sánchez y José Martínez.

Durante los últimos años, las calles de Tijuana han sido escenario de algunos eventos peculiares.

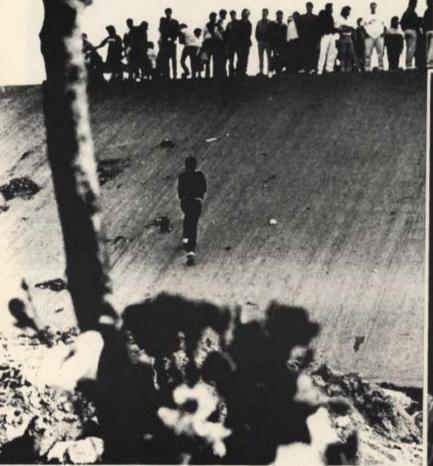


En las primeras páginas, están las imágenes de eventos realizados en la calle o en espacios públicos. En algunos casos, se quiso propiciar el diálogo público sobre asuntos de actualidad política y social; en otros el tono fue más bien festivo, carnavalesco.

Casi sobra decir que fueron eventos que, en su momento, causaron controversia y hasta alguna visita a la carcel municipal.

Otro aspecto común en estos eventos, ha sido la participación de gente de San Diego e incluso de otras ciudades de California; o sea, se trata de algunos de esos episodios del todavía escaso intercambio cultural a través de la frontera. En las últimas páginas se incluyeron imágenes de conciertos y obras de teatro de un tono distinto, que se presentaron en espacios cerrados. Sin embargo, también son el resultado de un trabajo creativo que busca caminos independientes fuera de la cultura institucional y del interés comercial.

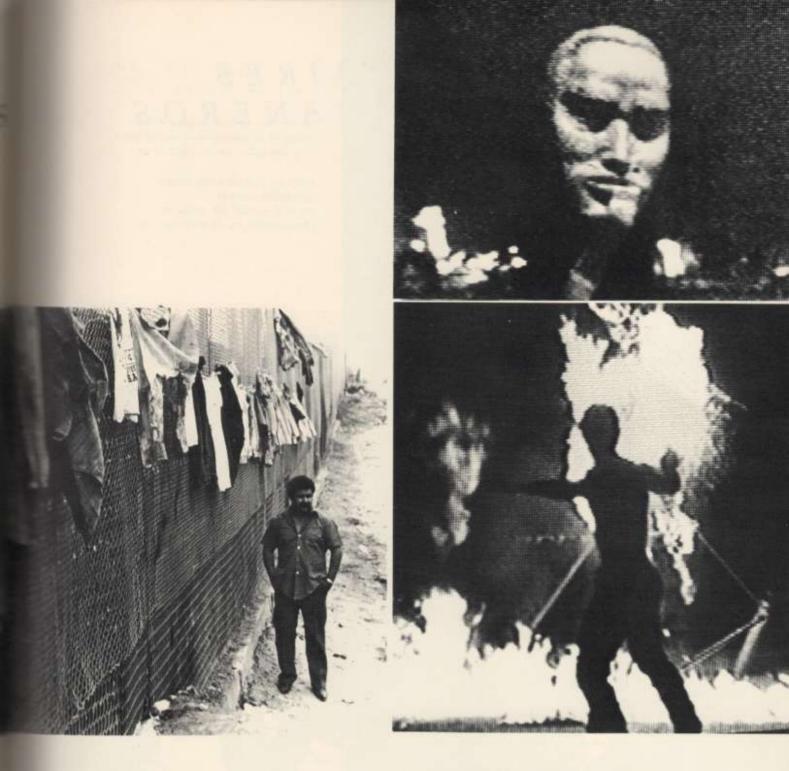
AIRES TIJUANERO





Durante 1990 fue particularmente intensa la actividad de los grupos antiinmigrantes y racistas en San Diego. Para presentar una visión crítica y alternativa de los problemas relacionados con la migración hacia el norte, artistas y activistas de San Diego y Tijuana trabajaron conjuntamente en una serie de actos y contramanifestaciones. Uno de ellos se llevó a cabo en El Bordo, un lugar de la frontera entre ambas ciudades en donde los aspirantes a indocumentados se reúnen a esperar el momento de burlar a la Migra. Allí en El Bordo, se levantó un altar rústico para recordar a todas las personas que han muerto en el intento de internarse sin papeles a la "tierra de las oportunidades".

2 de febrero de 1991: A propósito del aniversario de la firma del Tratado de Guadalupe-Hidalgo, gente de ambos lados de la frontera se reunió en el cerco fronterizo, justo en el punto en donde, hace unos años, el niño Humberto Carrillo fue balaceado por un agente de la migra. Para concluir el acto se colgó ropa ensangrentada en el cerco, en memoria de la gente que ha muerto al tratar de cruzar esta línea imaginaria.



A Hugo Sánchez le gusta el fuego... y no es metáfora. Aquí, captado in fraganti, en plena Quema, luego de encabezar una procesión que ascendió al cerro de la Altamira, portando figuras gigantes. Buena parte de estas figuras fueron hechura de Elia Arce, teatrista costarricense avencindada en Los Angeles.

AIRES TIJUANEROS

El 12 de octubre de 1991, al igual que en muchos otros lugares del continente, en Tijuana se organizó un festival para poner en tela de juicio las celebraciones del "descubrimiento" de América. El título del evento organizado por Gerardo Navarro y su Kultura Públika fue sugerente:

La venganza de Moctezuma en honor a la diarrea que, según se dice, contraen los turistas primermundistas cuando visitan México. Con todo y sus altibajos,





La venganza tuvo el encanto de propiciar otra de esas ocasiones en las que se toma la calle, para recuperar aunque sea temporalmente su carácter de espacio para el baile y el diálogo público. En la foto, Jesús Papoleto Meléndez, poeta puertorriqueño ya con aires tijuaneros, tomándose muy en serio su papel de taíno torturado por la inquisición. Esa noche Papo arrancó más de una lágrima a quienes lo vieron preferir el infierno antes que el cielo con los españoles.

La energía generada durante el desfile de la serpiente y la presentación de los murales siguió viva, y pronto se concretó en otro evento callejero; un trabajo colectivo de quienes habían trabajado en los eventos anteriores y de muchos amigos más.

El objetivo de este acto era conmemorar, como sucedió en otras partes del pese el 20 aniversario de la matanza de Tiatelolco, uno de los sucesos que han desuna marca profunda en la historia reciente de México.

Ese día se colgaron más de diez murales que se sumaron al paisaje colorido de céntrica y concurrida Plaza Santa Cecilia para crear un ambiente propicio, fue cotidiano. Cuando se empezó a escuchar la música del grupo Mercado Negre a agarró vuelo y, por momentos, los dioses de la danza roncarrolera poseyeros a muchos de los asistentes.

100% sangre: arte de emergencia, durante una protesta contra la guerra en el Golfo Pérsico. Tijuana,1991.

Como parte de uno de estos eventos callejeros, un buen día fuimos testigos del viacrucis de un enmascarado.



Aquí, una de las asistentes a la inauguración de No Stomach, una exhibición organizada por la galería installation de San Diego, sucumbe ante los encantos de Don Dineros, una gran piñata rellena de soldaditos y tanques de plástico. Don Dineros fue construído en Tijuana, y le tocó cruzar la frontera para ser parte de uno de los todavía escasos eventos artísticos en que colaboran gente de San Diego, Los Angeles y Tijuana. El maestro de ceremonias que ofició durante la quiebra de don Dineros fue Carlos Niebla, con un GI Joe de juguete como mascota.



AIRES TIJUANEROS

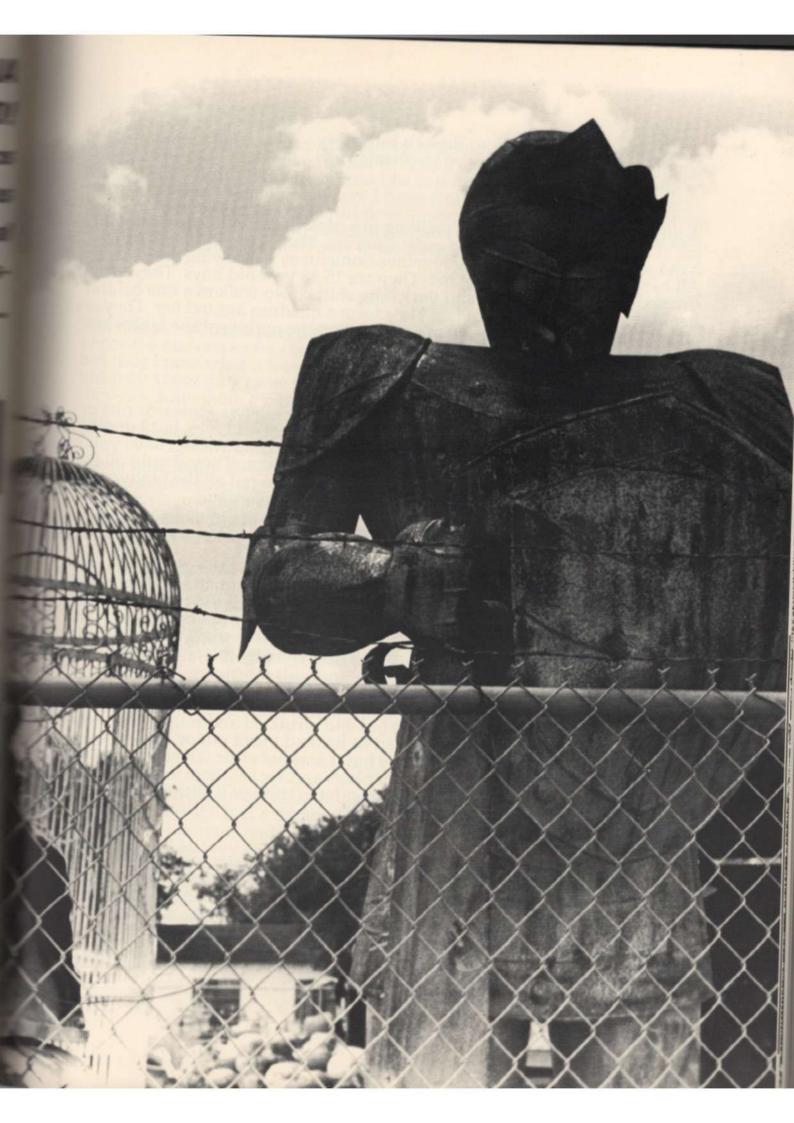




De cuando en cuando, como cometa, aparece por estas tierras Arturo Cipriano pesquisando ritmos aquí y allá: música en donde los sonidos profundos de México y América Latina se mezclan con el jazz, el blues y otros sonidos de raíz africana.

Elizabeth Cazessús, huichola postmoderna, se prepara para danzar com a música de El UN-I-VERSO, con Arturo Cipriano interpretando sus composiciones en flauta y saxofón, y Jorge Peña dándole a la batería percusiones hasta con los dientes.

El UN-I-VERSO se presentó a mediados de 1991 en El Nopal Centenarse. Tijuana y en el Teatro Ruse de San Diego.



Broken into story by Stephanie Heyl

I

A little girl about five or six is walking in a pink dress with lace at the collar, at the hem and on the little puffed sleeves. She is holding two by the hand and they are all walking together. Sometimes they swing their arms. All her friends are older than her. They are 15-18 year old boys. They are all dressed in dark long pants and dark long shirts. Two walk in a line behind her and two walk in front of her. They form a quadron around her. They are all walking in formation. They are walking up the middle of the highway. They are four miles from the border.

II

We were sitting in the back seat driving down the highway towards one of the three cities she lived in. She said, do you drive? I said, yes, but I don't like to. She said, I don't either. She said, the roads are all wrong, have you noticed that? These highways don't really go antwhere. They should all be rebuilt, she said, to go somewhere. The solution is to put all the highways on a ball bearing system so they can go where they want to.

Ш

I was making art in a classroom with lot of children. A little girl came up to me and said something so quiet I could not hear her. I squatted down close and asked her what she'd said. She repeated it and I still did not understand. I reached out and corraled someone in the classroom rushing around us covered in paint and asked for help. The translator looked at me and said, She said, Will you help me? I said, thank you and then I said, yes.

IV

I knew a young girl whose skin was old and wrinkled and rough. Her skin was as old as the sun. It seemed a part of her had burnt out or been burnt out or burnt itself. It seemed this way but it was not clear which one it was. She said, I'm much older that the other kids and we sat there in the sun room on that sunday. We just sat there with the truth of it sitting in our laps.

V

A young girl came in the room where we were making sandwiches and stopped dead in the doorway. There were a lot of sandwiches on the table. It was a very long table and it was covered with sandwiches. She had never seen so many sandwiches in her life. She said, why did you make so many sandwiches? Someone said, these are for the homeless. She said, but why do you need to make so many? Because ther are more homeless than there

are sandwiches here, someone said. No, she said, you're kidding me. We shook our heads. She looked at the door as if she wanted to run out and see for herself. I didn't think there could be that many homeless people, she said, there aren't that many where I come from. Someone said, no, there probably are. She said, I don't think so, I never saw them. Someone said, do you go out and about a lot? She stopped and thought about it. No, she said, I didn't go out much at all, I stay in the house or I'm in school.

VI

She said to me, these kids don't know where they go to school but they know the bus comes for them everyday. They don't know where they live but they know what it looks like. They don't know when they came here, but they know they came in a car. They don't know the letter names but they can draw them for you.

VII

I said, how many is we? She smiled and said, we is, uhhhh, we is fluctuating. Sometimes we is one and sometimes we is fifteen, the person behind her said, ten mostly. I said, how long have you been we? She said, how long we been living in this truck or how long we been here at all? We answered each other simultaneously. I said, been here. She said, ten years.

VIII

She said, don't let go, please don't let go. And I said, I won't let go, I promise, I won't let go. And her fingernails carved crescent moons in my arms that turned white and then red and then some shade between red and my skin color. We stood and watched transfixed. I wanted them to last: scar my skin with half moons for this moment. But they don't, they fade. Go ahead and take whatever I have. Take everything I've got and you will find it is nothing, it cannot speak, it cannot stand up for itself. It is nothing compared to this.

IX

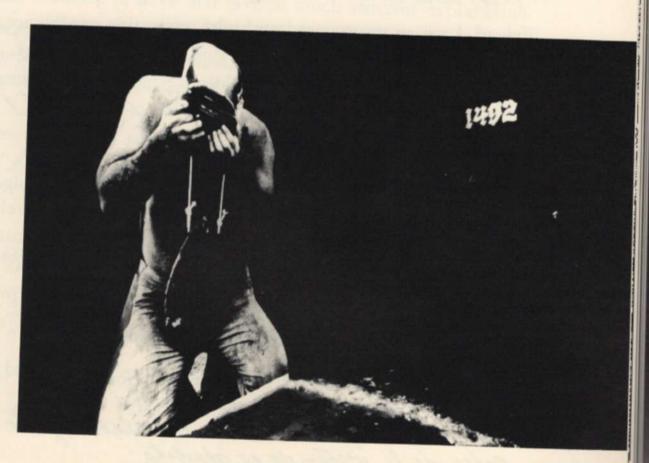
She said she'd give me a story if I painted a snake on her leg. I said, fair trade. She said she had a dream that a man was chasing her and she was running. Her parents and her brothers were with her and he was chasing them too and so they were running. The man wanted to cut off her feet she ran so fast she ran faster. He wanted to cut off all their feet and so they ran and ran and they kept running. I said, do you want gold with your red snake stripes and she said, yeah. I said, did he get you? She looked up from her leg with a smile that said, are you kidding? I should have known this was a girl who was a woman in control of her dreams.



Along the Mexico/U.S. border new groups form to battle what is now termed the "criminal alien". A legitimate topic for conferences attended by state and national legislators: "Is there a role for troops at the border?" What is prododuced in the media is a public mind link between crime and an immigrant population, which, but for illegal entry is largely law abiding. Euro-fascism is on the march. The barbarians are back. Must everyone go on being someone else's barbarian? Do we need our social chaos? In 1898 the Greek poet Cavafy wrote of "these 1990's". The poem, Waiting for the Barbarian, in the form of muttered questions and answers from two members of an anxious crowd. One keeps asking why strange changes are being made in the city. "Because the barbarians are coming today.", is the repeated reply. Suddenly, peoples faces grow serious and the streets are empty. Why? Cavafy's answer:

"Because night has fallen
And the barbarians haven't come.
And some of our men just in from the border say
There are no barbarians any longer.
Now what's going to happen to us without barbarians?
Those people were a kind of solution."







CORRESPONDENCIAS ENTRE DOS CUERPOS, DOS LENGUAS A EL 71N DEL SIGLO/ CORRESPONDENCES BETWEEN TWO BODIES, TWO TONGUES AT THE END OF THE CENTURY

Dear Friend. The first snow falls on Chicago, 18th street, the gateway to Pilsen is suddenly transformed into an ethereally dusted boulevard.

Dios esta en los cielos, la trena pierde su espíritu.

Friend. I am an unprepared archivist, collecting experiences, shuffling down the clotted street. Because I don't know this or that, only pretend to, the outside of the buildings wince at my passing.

Compañero. Te eres el autor de tu discurso. El tuyo es una terria turística.

Translations: Columbus Day/ Via de la Raya Passenger pigeon/ Paloma Silvertie Vate Americano Pastiche/ Pastiche

My friend. I travel the same routes as the conquistadores. Me looking at you looking at me.

Amigo mio. Con la invención e identificación de un enemo te creas una fantasia de conunidad.

Friend. I stand by this boundry, it is a space of alibis and history here is simply a litany of inscriptions on an empty container.

Amigo. Me refuso a divider la palabra y la visión. El poder de la visión no es absoluto



Translations: To Sigh Suspiian Monkey/Mono Culture/Cultura

Comrade. These are holy days of obligation. I promise you a warm embrace from my shadow.

Compañero. Cada cosa sagrada en su lugar. No quiero subvertir esta dualidad.

Comrade. My spanish hides from me at the simplest of interactions, these are the cruellest of days that give so much without explanation.

Compañero. Un instructor faccista marcha a paro de ganso en Torno a mi memoria. Al Norte del Rio Bravo, mi cultura esta exilada de su tiena nativa.

Translations: Suckfish/Pequeño Pez del Pacifico Exodus/Emigración Inexorable/ Lnexorable

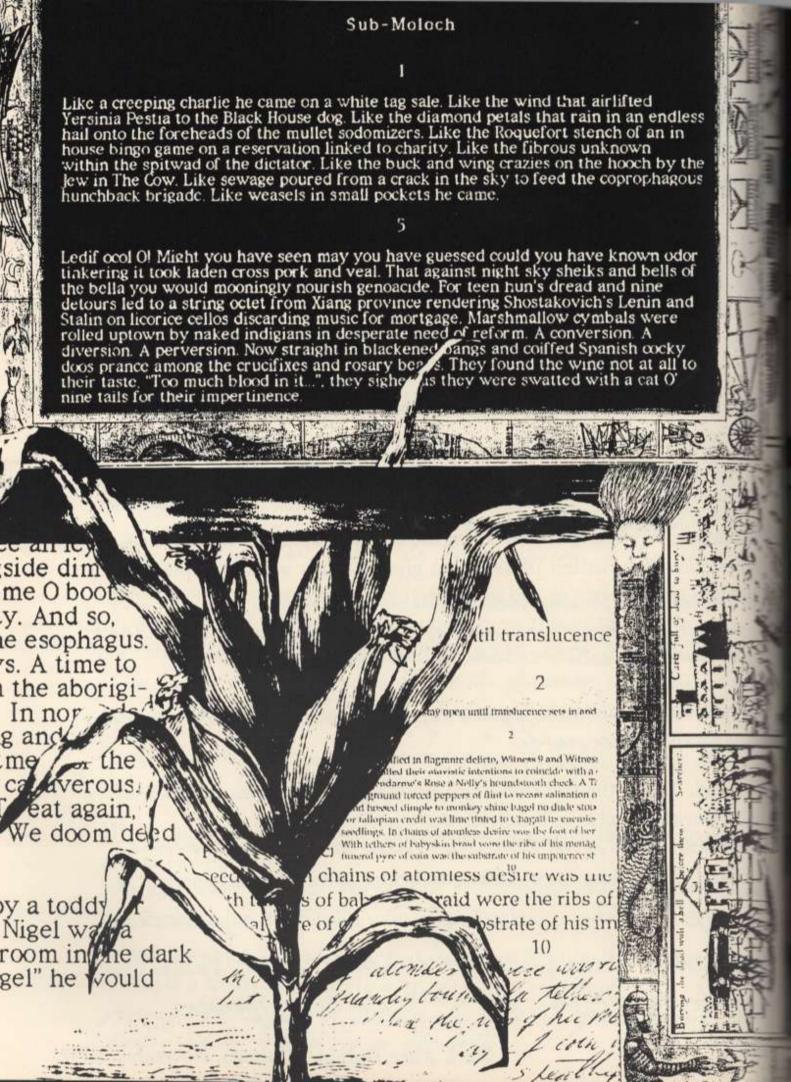
Friend. Today the sun rose like a human being, tonight we'll fall off the world, tonight we'll fall off the world.

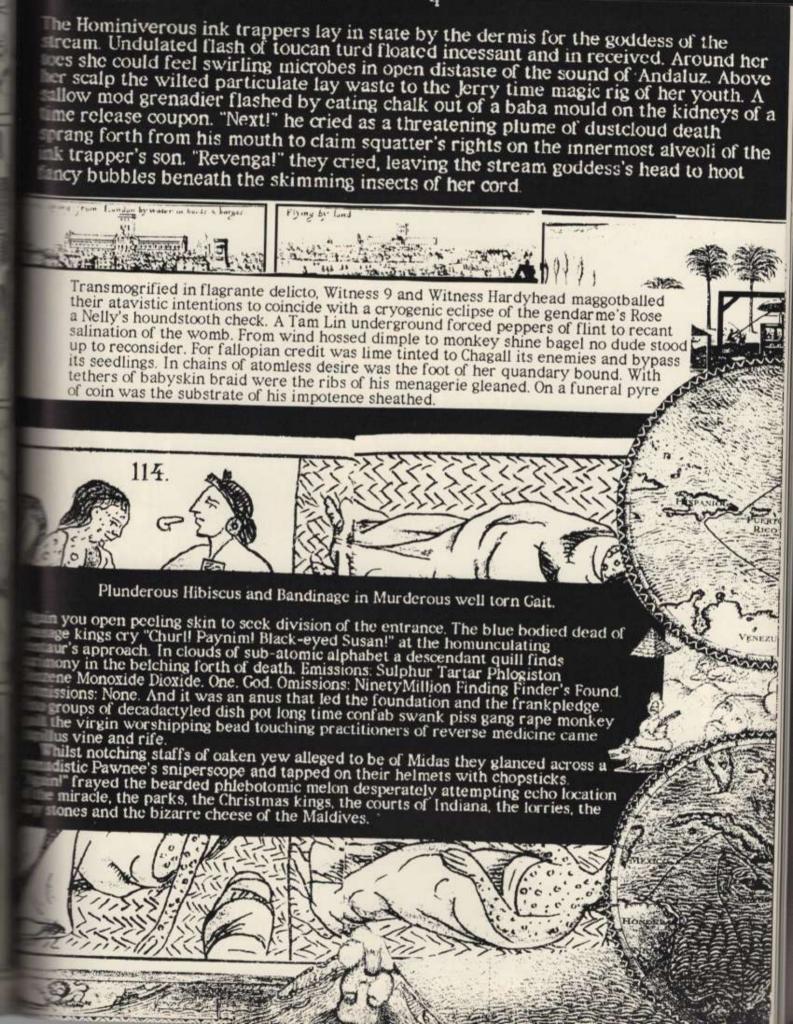
Amigo. Bebe de mi tora, las letras de muotras lenguas. Friend. As we lose the specific, everything must become generic.

Amijo. Entonces, pronto todo seran suinas pictorescas.

Translations: Picture postcard/ Injeta postal con Foto Picture tube/ Jubr de imagen Death Rattle/ Esterton Agonico

Mark Alice Durant Chicago, November 1991





A single deaf mute lighted torch in preparation of its nascent censure. No lover of three tacos in a vortex nor tines in leeward execration would dare to come forth inquire of the god: "Did Christ sneeze on the cross?"

A thunderous pall rowing even toed hegemony come crashing through their dream. In beta rays and future pies the severed hands held fruit. In tresses crying blackened foul the bleeding child asked for permission to go to the toilet and was

sealed in the bottomless scrotum of a genuine lycanthrope.

With pins on and toenails dragging in the sea his unkempt dread did lock its dance. A deliverance. A maniac in tights and slavering found six men on the way to Seville. "In a dance, " said the colon of its hairy tungsten hound, "see how circle his eyes with my crayon." But a shadow fell upon him and luck did not visit again for five centuries.



3

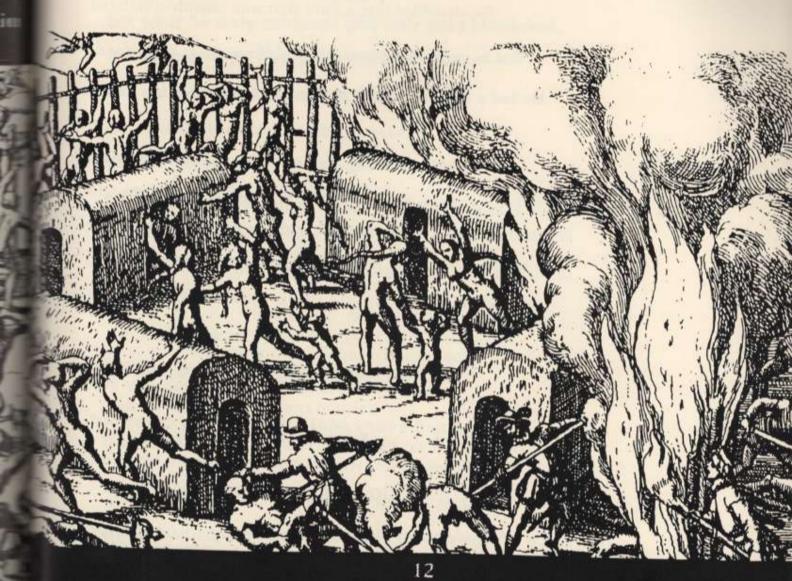
Esconced in textured flattened eels no ray reflects its liturgy.

Jack Tan mission fuch a bang lost Inca daddy, fine rithon culture typo seeks break from umbilical cottes. Pound a boot and Spanish heel on a buhen dark buty dream. "If up" "shifted Stand Water on he saw his very head severed by a good solid swood from Toledo. "Na great musdi." briayelaga. "The litatety of the dispasities wanted as it was a relic and should not have been eaten. O vicious brood. Survivor gorge de piseon cum Tick derivion. Juokawanna! Aerchylus, "The fadis not for Burning, Four polonium nednecks / Chinges the death trap minh bon of the cigarette sone. Survivareous howevich hops poked a supmen in the brouse of the food and gazed out at the plantation in use. If you listened close enough you might have heard them tittering. A chivron on the inches of a Japanese shingle in consolably morned. The sportled continental symapse your larger Silence prevailed among the Happy land clirts of our time

Are you back? Can you sense the inclificuminate use of gender? To you lear that a silved like? Is it becoming that which cannot seem itself unto rhinoceros? Opiate leather. Short order, locan turperware Jook hard into the imperetrable post and judge the beauty contest of slaughter. See the corpses prance in the surmanit competition, See the inest flesh provide for talent. Smell the crotches of degenerative not. A legacy of crusing A meaning less boughter Cry tears of lecution and more talons to being the charteres trout.

A cove eloped with the chancellor of the peninsula and gave birth to a new nation. conceived in humectant. The moistened invaders sang the praises of the indelible clam and shivered slightly at the approach of noon.

A box of Borgia and a barrel of border lent a false air to the lightly teched ants in sandblasted lederhosen. A committee was formed to bastardize Lucy's Flittin'. It was not uncommon at the time to find the ancestors of Mejia being ridiculed by Romantic Dramatists under the guise of financial stake in the blind llama. Moctezuma spoke of the derivative function of the harpy's breast and was wounded as he exposed himself. It was at this time that order was restored and the parading Spaniard sucked his halloween in anticipo delle seminal halitosis.



The liver embossed with the footprints of a Hotchkiss snuggled deep within the laetrile aking five dollar doily. His forehead left galaxian drops of relegated pod to potentiate and mound at the nanogram lisp. How quickly withdrawn were the ladenteller brazzaballs rom the prudence and sapphire of the mass. The priests curled their toes as the Epiphany eceived. Brutish flesh fell from the trees as fast as could the uninvited guests consume The guests immediately exchanged name tags and confused the hosts who divided and ell before the inexorable nostrils of greed. Sensing victory, the conquistadores loosened beir breeches and allowed themselves to be viciously buggered by a trilingual vicuna "violately screeching "Burn, Pinocchiol Burn!"

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety

Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue

Today he's seen as a hero and he's celebrated but his place in history is way overrated

He stumbled into a land that was already inhabited

but in only four years half of the natives were dead.

He led a butchery that continued long after his death

Almost 90 million lives lost in the aftermath

He enslaved all the Indians to steal all the gold

A lot of the natives were even sold

When they didn't bring enough gold to meet his demands

he would punish the slaves by chopping off their hands

No matter how much he had he always wanted more.

If they couldn't supply, he had some torture in store.

Just to show 'em that he had some clout

he burned every soul until marrow came out.

He spread his tyrannies through the entire New World and through day and night screams could be heard.

The voice of millions of Arawaks screaming to be spared

only to meet their end by someone who never eared.

He used hunting dogs to kill men to fit their game

so when the Indians revolted, man, who was to blame?

After all those things that he did and he stole

he claimed that he was right, because they had no soul.

What kind of a man would carry on this way

and this we celebrate today?

This is another case of poor education rewritten history fooling a nation

In schools today kids are taught to believe

there were many things Columbus did achieve

but what he truly achieved was only pure bloodshed,

treachery, theft, torture, Alright enough said.

The point is the things he did and took

are never mentioned in a history book

Instead people today are taught to think

that Columbus was a hero and to bonor bim.

If you understood the facts then you would know

a Columbus celebration should be a no go.

After all the Indians he tortured and ravaged,

tell me people, who was the real savage?

The truth is Columbus was nothing

but a butcher, a liar, a thief, a barbarian

who ushered in an era of complete tyranny

where Indians were killed or taken for slavery.

He called them hostile 'cause when provoked they fought.

These are the things that we were never taught.

It's hard to realize that schools were hatched

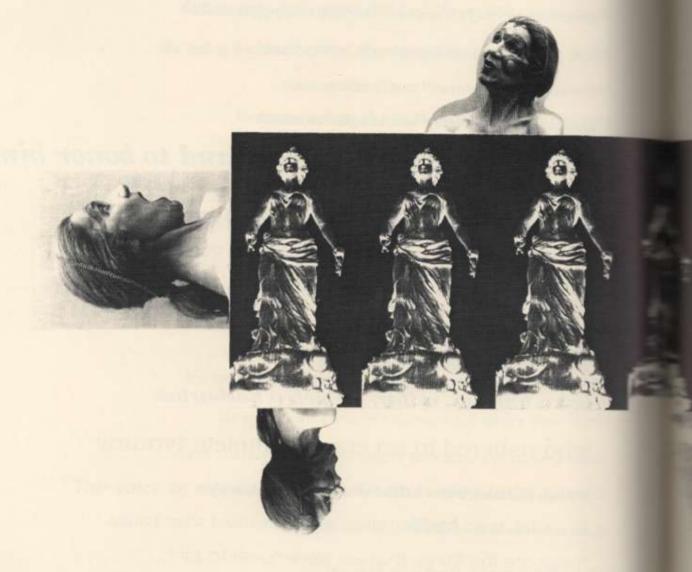
for kids to learn not to be brainwashed.

Society can learn from its past mistakes

but they must be acknowledged, not changed or faked.



I want to see you once again
I confess the pride of my doubt
my selfmarginalization
I recognize your ability to kill
your ability to enter
without being noticed
your messiahnic tricks



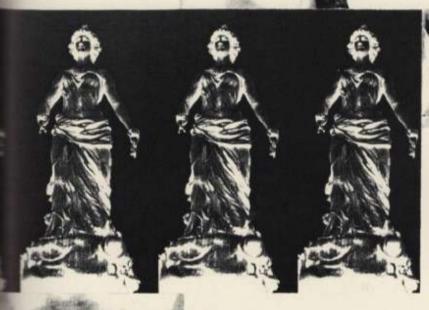
I understand the scrutiny
of your condition
the perturbation
of your secondary effects
my body narrates you
but it hasn't been a benevolent
programme



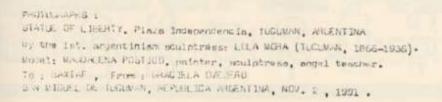




to your naturalistic apearance my esoteric figurativism to my passional span your agonistic game



500 marks of unwholeness at the border of an other millenium we must break our implicit contract





dren to go into the house when we walked "A woman in San Marcos told her chilby because the wetbacks were coming," said José Zavala, who worked at a Carlsbad tomato farm last season with Florencio Morales. "She told her children we would catch them and kidnap them and eat them. People here are very racist. When Americans come to Mexico, we do not treat them like

Weekly Reader

Sue 20 Feb. 27, 1987

Edition 5

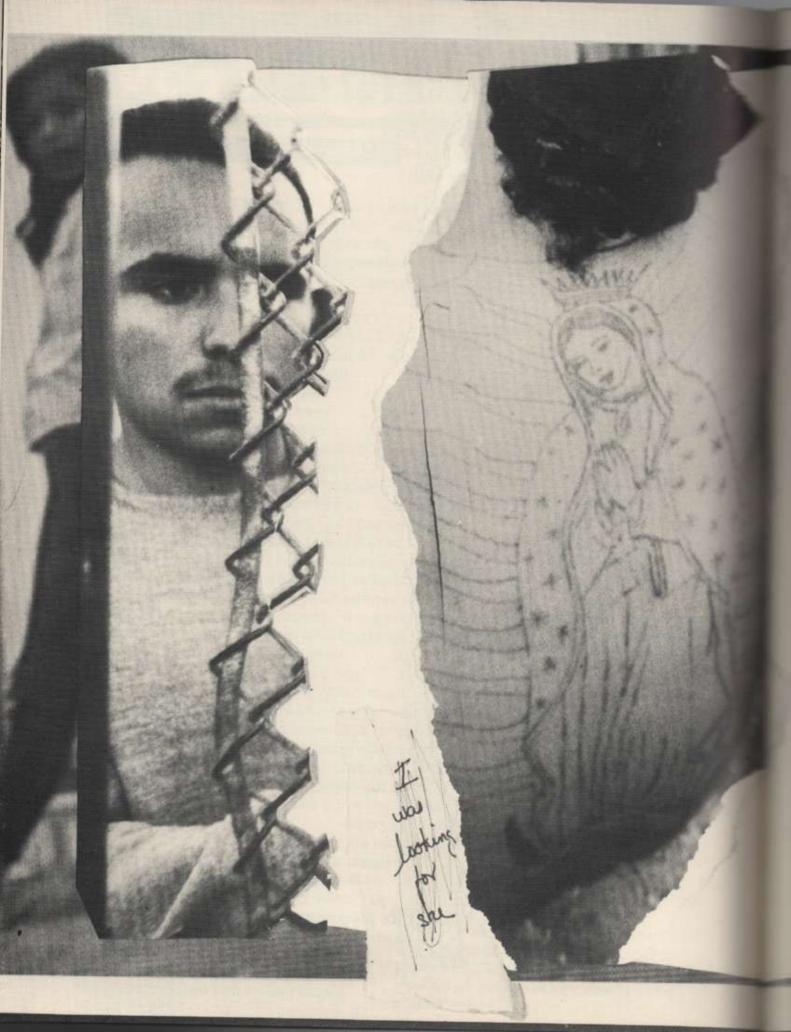


People from Mexico sneak across river into the United States.

ILLEGAL ALIENS

Still Move into U.S. Despite New Law

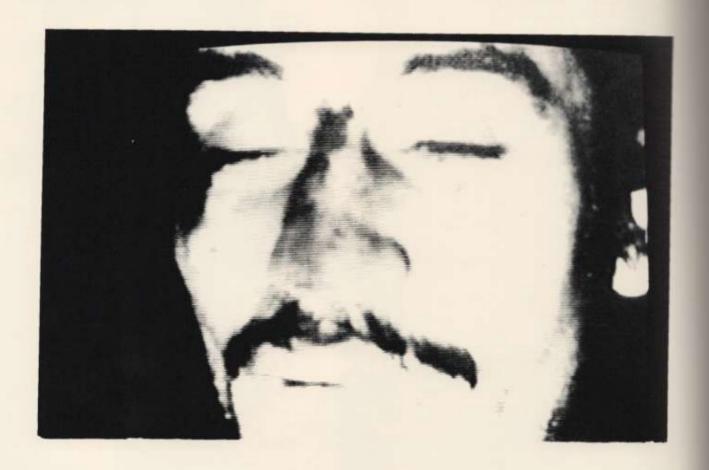
See story on page 3.



was looking for SHE.

- years later,
as still crossing. ps she never arrived had crossed never return. Five Jw Perho

HUMAN PREY



"ALIENS ARE LIVE BAIT. THEY'RE JUST OPEN FIELD. WHO ARE THEY GOING TO COMPLAIN TO? THEY SHOULDN'T BE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. PERSONALLY, I DON'T HAVE NOTHIN' AGAINST ILLEGAL ALIENS PERSONALLY, BUT I'M NOT AFRAID TO SHOOT 'EM."

Computation and Language Skills Program

DUDKELLY * DAVIS * IRVINE * LOS ANGELES * RIVERSIDE * SAN DIEGO * SAN FRANCISCO



SANTA BARBAHA · SANTA CHUZ

TO THE EDITOR:

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA 92093

In the aftermath of the recent airing of Fox Network's "The Reporters," a number of newspaper articles and television news stories have focused public attention on the fallout resulting from that show's depiction of youth paramilitary groups playing war games on the U.S./Mexican border. Much of the debate centers on the alleged manipulation of the teenagers engaged in hunting undocumented Mexican workers by the producers of "The Reporters." School officials, teachers, parents and the students of Mar Vista High School are enraged and bewildered at the situation in which they now find themselves; their good names and reputations damaged by "irresponsible journalism." The subsequent discussion in the media has shielded "the children," taking them to task for being engaged in an activity and in an area which might prove dangerous TO THEM. Additionally, that same media has focused its attention on the charges and countercharges of manipulation, shifting attention from the more disturbing issues raised in the television report.

Unlike a society based on the printed word, a society whose public discourse is shaped by television will find it nearly impossible to maintain a clear, analytic discussion of a problem as complex as that presented in "The Reporters" broadcast of "Human Prey." As a culture, we remain focused only on the latest image or news report coming through our television sets. By the six o'clock news tonight we will have forgotten what we saw on t.v. (or thought) the night before. We cannot understand the causes of events or their historical context because so many of us do not read or avail ourselves of other systems of information which might shed light on current events. Therefore we fail, often willfully, to understand the history of our neighbors, ourselves, our economic system and its relationship to foreign economies and, most importantly, our system of government and its guarantees to citizen and non-citizen alike. Television, by its very nature, is not equipped to deal with these complexities. It is a tool for communication with severe limitations as all those interested in the issues raised by "The Reporters" are beginning to see.

What then did we see, those of us who witnessed the broadcast of "Human Prey?" In spite of the allegations of manipulation leveled against the producers of "The Reporters," the program was a chilling and powerful reminder of the cruelty and terror we are capable of inflicting, both as individuals and as a society, when we reduce those who we imagine are not like us to the "Other." Undocumented Mexican or Latin American workers, stripped of their humanity, can be hunted like animals with a clear conscience. It is important to remember that the report focused, not only on teenage paramilitary groups, but on adult vigilantes who have also made the border their perverse playground.

Astonishingly, there has been almost no discussion of the men who have taken their military experience and translated it into some imagined combat with undocumented workers. The style and level of language used to describe the border --as a war zone where violence and drugs threaten to spill into good, honest American neighborhoods--gives tacit permission to society to engage in vigilante activity. However, democracy and vigilantism cannot exist together; one must always cancel out the other. These adults, engaged in acts of terror against men, women and children, have stepped outside the laws of this society.

both in fact and in spirit, and all members of that society must demand that these activities cease. Not to speak up is to approve of this unspeakable injustice. Surely as American we can do, must do, better.

It is unfortunate, and unconscionable, that the television media, print media, politicians, government officials and civil authorities use the powerful tool of language to distract the citizenry from real issues, rather than using it to enlighten. Examples of this can be heard in the metaphors of war used to describe the complex issues of drugs, economics and immigration. Emotionally charged words and phrases such as flood, invasion, a human tide, aliens, illegal, tortilla curtain, badlands, and war zone are routinely used to describe the area of the border and the movement of undocumented workers. More sinister and subtle has been the linking of two unrelated issues: the illegal drug trade, and immigration for purposes of obtaining employment. This linkage has led to serious and damaging consequences for undocumented workers and for an American society based on a system of equal justice under the law. We see the results of hysteria and hyperbole in communities all over San Diego County: an atmosphere of mistrust, fear and hatred.

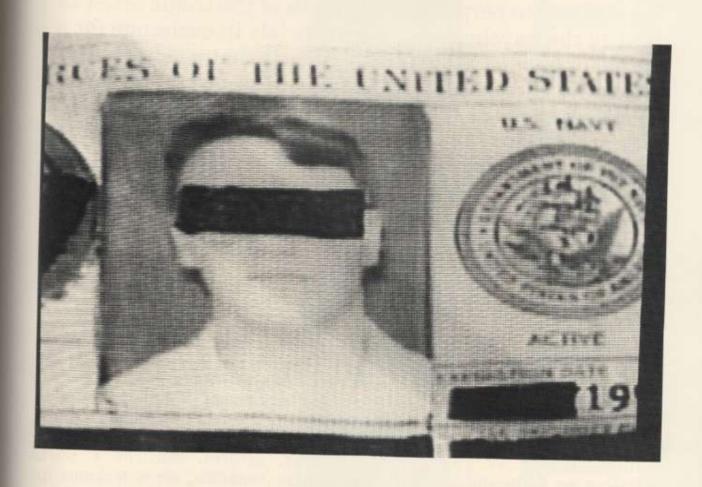
At the same time there has been a failure of public discourse and public leadership in addressing the issues of racism and vigilantism brought out by the broadcast. These incidents reflect longstanding attitudes deeply embedded in the citizenry of San Diego County. The silence of local politicians, civic and religious leaders is a moral failure with enormous implications for the future. Why has no public figure spoken out against the disturbing incidents depicted in "The Reporters?" Again, failure to speak out against injustice gives tacit approval to those who commit injustice. We need only look toward Hitler's Germany.

But perhaps more disturbing is the inability of the average citizen to grasp the complexity of issues raised by the broadcast, and the unwillingness of those same citizens to deal with aspects of society which are unpleasant and uncomfortable. We are enraged that our children are being "manipulated" by the media, but we refuse to think deeply about racism and the escalating violence against undocumented workers. We fail to see the connection between the human rights violations being committed by American citizens, and its resulting threat to our entire system of of justice and fair play. Perhaps it is stating the obvious, but the American legal system safeguards the welfare all individuals within its borders, citizen and non-citizen alike. We need to remind ourselves and others that a system of law and justice cannot be undermined by the misguided prejudices and hatred of individual citizens taking the law into their own hands. In spite of protests to the contrary, war games are NOT games but a reflection of an aggressive society. It is only a small step from teenagers hunting undocumented workers with paint pellet guns to adult vigilantes who maim, terrorize and kill.

We therefore strongly protest the activities of teenage paramilitary groups, adult vigilantes, the sensationalized use of language used to describe immigration, the failure of public discourse to adequately deal with the racism of San Diego County, and the silence of public and school officials who should be investigating and speaking out against these types of activities. As students representing a variety of cultural backgrounds and as citizens of a democratic society, we must speak out against this violation of human rights occurring in our backyard.

Sincerely,

THEN YOU'D BE WRONG, 'CAUSE YOU'D BE LETTING A CONVICT, OR ILLEGAL, WHICH IS THE THING, COME ACROSS INTO OUR COUNTRY."



YOU HAVE TO DO IS PULL OUT ANY KIND OF WEAPON THAT CAN FIRE AUTOMATIC OR SEMI-TOMATIC ROUNDS, HAVE THEM ALL LAY DOWN ON THEIR BACKS, TAKE THEIR STUFF, AND, IF WANT TO KILL 'EM, YOU KILL 'EM. IF YOU DON'T WAN'T TO KILL 'EM, YOU CAN EITHER WOUND TOR DO WHATEVER YOU WANT."

Tijuana has grown like a deformed child that has been injected anabolics, but only in the arm of the economy. The disproportion between the industrial/economic growth and the cultural evolution of Tijuana is the same as between an emerging metropolis and a small province. In the 90's more local artists are being disillusioned as the mirage of the institutionalized cultural desert vanishes; others continue lending themselves to perpetuate the myth of the tragic artist to justify the paychecks of inept officials in exchange for a fistful of publicity. The local reality is that most artists, actors, musicians and poets practice trades different to their vocations or must work and study in San Diego to compensate for the lack of gratifying cultural jobs, the absence of grants, workshops, professional visual arts studies and facilities. The resistance and the internal energy of the Tijuana artist is born out of coping, like the cactus and the coyote, with an existence between the outer limits of two cultures.

como un niño deforme al que se le han "inyectado anabólicos", tan sólo en el brazo económico. La vida empresarial de la ciudad es de una metrópoli pujante y la vida cultural es de una provincia. Algúnos artístas locales se continúan ilusionando con los espejismos del desierto oficial sin concevir que la cultura en la nomenclatura estatal es solo la etiqueta del mito del "artista trágico" utilizado para justificar las nóminas. La realidad común es que muchos artistas, actores, músicos y poetas practican en la localidad oficios ajenos a su vocación, otros tenemos que trabajar o a estudiar en los Estados Unidos para superar la austeridad de trabajos culturales remunerantes, la ausencia de becas, de talleres, de programas de estudios artísticos superiores en la ciudad. La resistencia y la energía interna de los artistas de Tijuana nace de una existencia aceptada a vivir en el límite como las bisnagas y el coyote.

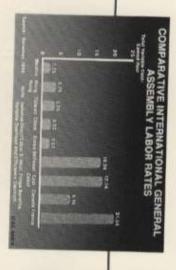
"La Venganza de Moctezuma"/conclusiones, Díario Baja California, 18 de Noviembre de 1991



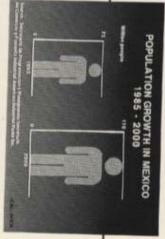
Flow does the cost of Mexican labor stringare internationally §

What is the long/term outlook for Mexican about

Where are these workers distributed?



As you can see, Mexico has the lowest of all international labor rates. This is fully burdened direct labor with all the fringe benefits, overhead and all the efficiency discounts incorporated it is clear the companies seeking to lower labor costs would consider assembling their products in Asia or Latin America. The cost of Mexicas to bor—even lower than that of Karea—as well as its obundance of wakkers, has made Mexica the number one choice. Campanies headquartering at The Gateway on the U.S. sude of the barder are virtually within rim-



Over the next 15 years there will be a 50% increase in the Mexican population. Right now there are twice as many people in Mexican border cities as there are in U.S. barder cities. There was a 20% increase in Mexican workers in the last year alone, yet an estimated 300,000 people comprise a relatively untapped labor pool in Mexica and with the projected population boom, he long-term outlook is even better. Tipano unrently has the fastest growing popularion to the medical growing popularion of the medical growing popularion.



Many loaders is entrocking working for Many state bander street, a share sharile from the Carboway site. Juries as the larger ray of most established origin and flyuders, which as greated as the origin and flyuders, which as greated as the origin of greatest growth addition of greatest A. present, basic unchilled latter and those SON, of the Mysician interface to a columnitative and 8% rectining to the flyuders of the Mysician interface to the street of the street o



Pacific Southwest Region 980 N. Fair Oaks Ave. Pasadena, Colifornia 91103 (818) 791-1978

American Friends Service Committee

US/Mexico Border Program Immigration Law Enforcement Monitoring Project June 7, 1991.

The US/Mexico Border Program of the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) has for the last three years formed part of a national AFSC project called The IMMIGRATION LAW ENFORCEMENT MONITORING PROJECT (ILEMP). ILEMP has, through local immigrant and civil rights coalitions and AFSC offices in five regions along the US/Mexico border, generated statistics reported by victims of abuse during the enforcement of immigration laws. The statistics, comprising May 5, 1989 to May 4, 1991, were generated by a computer database called "WINSTON," a program especially written for this purpose.

For San Diego, the only region for which statistics will be released today, 405 abuses were reported by 149 victims, an average of 2.7 abuses per victim. Of the abuses (see attached) reported, 36.8% were physical abuses, 36.5% psychological or verbal abuses, 6.7% were abuses related to the deprivation of liberty, 5.2% were inappropriate search and seizure abuses, 8.6% were denial of due process abuses, 2.5% were seizure or destruction of property abuses, and 3.7 were others not classified.

Of the 405 abuses reported, 73.4% (297) were committed by the US Border Patrol, 9.6% (39) by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, 9.1% (37) by US Customs, 5.9% (24) by local Law Enforcement Agencies (eg. San Diego PD, National city PD, etc.), 1.5% (6) by Military (National Guard) and 0.5% (2) by "others." If we were to combine the Border Patrol with the INS, these two agencies alone committed 83% (336) of the total reported abuses.

Of the victims whose immigration status was known (137 out of 149), 22.6% were US Citizens, 8.7% were either permanent or temporary residents (amnesty), 64.2% were undocumented and 4.5% either had passports, political asylum or were applicants for various types of status.

Of the victims whose ethnicity was known (127 out of 149), 3.9% (5) were Anglo American (US Citizens), 18.9% (24) were Mexican American (also US Citizens), 76.4% (97) were Mexican and 0.8% (1) were Salvadoran.

It is very significant to note a few things: First, while it was to be expected that the majority of the victims would be undocumented, we never expected that such a high number would be both US Citizens and legal residents (31.3%). Second, if we look at the ethnicity of the US Citizen victims, we see that 82.8% (24 of 29) were Mexican American. Third, 95.3% (121 of 127) of all victims whose ethnicity was known were either Mexican or of Mexican descent. Fourth, if we cross reference types of abuses with immigration status of the victims, we find that US Citizens and Legal Residents suffered a disproportionately high number of abuses as compared to the other groups.

The state of the A PROPERTY OF A **观察器 医**

Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo

Membership Chronology December 1991

David Avalos	11/84-11/87
Victor Ochoa	11/84-11/89
Michael Schnorr	11/84
Isaac Artenstein	11/84-11/86
Jude Eberhart	11/84-11/86
Guillermo Gomez-Peña	11/84-11/89
Sara-Jo Berman	11/84-11/87
Philip Brookman	5/85-5/86
Marco Vinicio Gonzalez	2/86-5/86
Emily Hicks	9/87-11/89
Robert Sanchez	11/87-7/90
Berta Jottar	11/87-11/89, 3/90-7/90
Richard Lou	7/88-7/90
Rocio Weiss	9/88-11/89
Carmela Castrejón	1/90
Yareli Arizmendi	2/90-6/90
Juan Carlos Toth	8/90
Susan Yamagata	8/90
Graciela Ovejero	9/90-3/91
Edgardo Reynoso	11/91

Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo

GENERAL STATEMENT: BAW/TAF, since its inception in 1984, has been the active visual arm of the Centro Cultural de la Raza. Its founding members were: David Avalos, Victor Ochoa, Isaac Arfenstein, Jude Eberhart, Sara-Jo Berman, Guillermo Gomez-Peña, and Michael Schnorr. During the past seven purpose of BAW/TAF remains the same as it has since its beginning: we are a multi-national conduit that serves to address the issues we are confronted the processes. WORKSHOP HISTORY

FORMATION June to October, 1984.
BAW/TAP is organized by David Avalos under the sponsorship of the Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

BORDER REALITIES, February, 1985, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco, California.

A multi-media art event including an outdoor mural, video, sculpture, painting, photography, and performance art within the gallery installation.

OCNOCENI. Performed by Guillermo Gómez-Peña and Sara Jo Berman.

BORDER TABLEAU, November 1985. Border Field Park, U.S. -Mexico border.

A tableau vivant created for photographer Jay Dusard for inclusion in a book by him and journalist, Alan Weisman. La Frontera: The United States Border with Mexico (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Inc., 1986) photo: plate 54, text: pp. 179-181.

A TRI-CULTURAL STREET EVENT, January, 1986, Sushi, Inc., San Diego, California.

A performance within a light and sculpture installation created on the street in front of the gallery.

BORDER REALITIES II, February, 1986, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

A series of installations occupying 2000 square feet and utilizing light, graphics, sculpture, painting, slide projection and video. Gallery visitors were encouraged to write on the walls, lift boulders, climb on sculpture and interact with the installations in a variety of other ways. Performance art presentations occurred at the opening and closing of the exhibition. CABARET BABYLON-AZILAN. Performed by Guillermo Gómez-Peña and Sara Jo Berman in

END OF THE LINE, October 12, 1986, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

A site-specific performance/installation/event which took place at the end of the border fence where Tijuana and San Diego meet at the Pacific Ocean. An attempt by artists and audience on both sides of the border to discover America on their own terms. The piece occurred simultaneously in the United States possibility of a space for creativity and peaceful interaction.

CAFE URGENTE, October 16, 1986, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

A cafe environment was created within a sculpture and light installation forming a context for the presentation of performance and ideas by U.S. and Mexican humanities scholars and writers (Tomas Ybarra-Frausto, Ph.D., James D. Cockroft, Ph.D., Alan Weisman, Felipe Ehrenberg, David Maciel, Ph.D., and new models for its future unfolding.

BORDER REALITIES III, February, 1987, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

BAW/TAP's third annual art exhibition including installations, sculpture, performance, painting, drawing, photo/texts and documentation of "End of the Line." DOCUMENTED/UNDOCUMENTED. Co-written and performed by Guillermo Gómez-Peña and Emily Hicks.

911 - A HOUSE GONE WRONG, April, 1987, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Parameters 8, San Diego, California.

Co-sponsored by the Centro Cultural de la Raza. Primarily an installation utilizing wall painting, sculpture, light and sound. Two different presentations of performance art occurred during the three-month length of the exhibition.

PARAMETERS 8 COFFEE/DISCUSSIONS, April-June, 1987, Java Coffee House and Gallery, San Diego, California.

Four informal panel discussions hosted by BAW/TAF and held in conjunction with "911." Panelists included Tijuana publisher Rosina Conde, THE TRIBUNE editorial page editor Joe Holley, Chicano activist Herman Baca, Pulitzer Prize winner Jonathan Freedman, Mexican researcher Jose Luis Perez Canchola, Director of the Institute for Regional Studies of the Californias Paul Ganster, and art critics Susan Freudenheim, Leah Ollman and Robert Pincus.

IS THE BORDER IN YOUR MIND, ON THE GROUND OR IN THE MEDIA, April 14, 1987, Society for Photographic Education, 24th National

Conference, San Diego, California.

A collaborative, interdisciplinary 30-minute event. A critique of mass media images of the border utilizing audio-taped sequences, choreography, slides, live performance, original "rap" song and sculpture sets.

BORDER PILGRIMAGE, November 1, 1987, Tijuana/San Diego.

Around the day of the Dead, a group of experimental Mexican, Chicano, and Anglo artists gathered at the municipal cemetary in Tijuana around the tomb of Juan Soldado, patron saint of Chicanos and the undocumented. Their objective was to cross legally or illegally, under real or lictitious identitios, and document the journey with video, sound, photographs, drawings, and poetry, and at the same time, to collect objects and images for the later construction of an altar for the dead commemorating the event.

BORDER REALITIES IV, CASA DE CAMBIO, Spring, 1988, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

This exhibition included the collaboration of 20 artists from the San Diego-Tijuana region in a large, interdisciplinary art exhibit. The exhibition was the exhibition was the transformation of the viewer on an internal and intellectual level. The video "Erasing the Line: Backyard to Backyard" was featured in one of the installations as was "Border Brujo" by Guillermo Gomez Peña.

#95, 1988, San Diego, California. In collaboration with the Sierra Club, members of the workshop including Berta Jottar, Robert Sanchez, and Richard Lou designed this performance which deals with Coastal Border Ecology and oil drilling.

VIDAS PERDIDAS/LOST LIVES, January, 1989, Artists Space, New York, New York.

BAW/TAF in this multi-media exhibition, will be the medium, the organ of delineation of the undocumented worker, so they may define their own lives as their own deaths. The installation invited people to walk from the dangerous border freeway crossings to the poisonous north county San Diego flower fields and forced plantation reality of the region's undocumented workers.

SUPER BARRIO, March 7, 1989, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.
A BAW/TAF performance collaborating with Super Barrio (the Mexican folk-social activist hero). A mock wrestling match against the Borderlords and an informational presentation on human rights violations in San Diego's north county.

BORDER REALITIES V. June, 1989, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

The sequential collaboration and the exchange of social-cultural dialogues at a binational level has placed BAW/TAF in a position to widen the perspective, and the ability to examine how issues and concerns that affect regional borders interconnect within the global multinational border context. This interdisciplinary exhibition reflects concepts of a global border reachout. As the interconnectedness of border regions becomes more apparent, we can expose the

HIGHWAYS OPENING BENEFIT - CINCO DE MAYO, May 5, 1989, Santa Monica, California.

BAW/TAF and friends from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tijuana help to inaugurate the Highways Performance Space with a series of performances and street events, culminating in a community procession through the neighborhood ending in the Pantera Rosa bar. The aim was to ceremonially reclaim the area, one of the oldest barrios in the region, as part of Aztlan.

CAPP STREET PROJECT-BORDER AXES, July-August, 1989, San Francisco, California.

BAW/TAF was instrumental in the creation of an ALTERNATIVE NEWS MEDIA NETWORK BY ARTISTS, a functional, temporal network of gathering, archiving, analysis and dissemination. We have a sense of urgency about breaking out of the art circuit and enlarging the definition of the artist to embrace document the audience's response to our analysis and presentations.

BAW/TAF IN THE SAN DIEGO CITY SCHOOLS, 1989, A series of elementary and high school workshops with students exploring issues of AIDS, identity and cultural awareness.

IF YOU LIVED HERE, The City in Art, Theory and Social Activism. 1989. Dia Art Foundation, New York, New York.

Group exhibition presenting the current crisis in American urban housing policies and portraying how artists within the context of neighborhood organizations have fought against government neglect, shortsighted housing policies, and real estate speculation. "NO PLACE TO CALL HOME" (Video art, USA, color, 20 mins, 3/4 inch, English and Spanish). An altered documentary of the conditions and final eviction of many documented and undocumented workers in north San Diego county for lack of adequate housing and unfettered real estate speculation.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?, September, 1989, San Francisco Arts Commission Gallery, San Francisco, California.

A group exhibition, panel and roundtable discussion on issues of censorship and self-censorship from the viewpoints of artists, political figures, arts administrators and historians, business, law, and religious experts.

SOCCER FIELD/CAÑON ZAPATA PERFORMANCE INTERVENTIONS, October, 1989 - February, 1990, San Diego/Tijuana.

A series of performance interventions on the international boundary line between California, U.S., and Baja California, Mexico, taking place on game board designs and asking for participation by local people and those waiting to cross into the U.S. The interventions were meant to question ideas of place, boundary, colonization, and the 'media image' of the area as a 'war zone.'

BORDER WATCH I, January 1990, Soccer Field/Cañon Zapata - Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco, California.

The first presentation of the Soccer Field/Cañon Zapata performance interventions in exhibition installation format with Sony Face-to-Face telephone machines connecting San Diego with the Galleria. Street projections of border performances and crossings extended the exhibition outside the gallery space.

COUNTER PROTEST TO "LIGHT UP THE BORDER," March, 1990, Nestor, California.

A site-specific performance intervention with more than 100 participants carrying mirrors to reflect the lights and ignorance of the Light Up the Border demonstrators. BAW/TAF organized citizen and student groups in order to expand the experience of performance intervention within a populist political action.

EL BORDO, Spring, 1990, Tijuana, Mexico.

A series of site-specific performance intervention actions co-ordinated with and initiated by Tijuana artists in order to raise the visibility of U.S. Border Patrol activities and those of the Light Up the Border groups.

VENICE BIENNALE. April. 1990. APERTO '90, Colon Colonizado, Venice, Italy.

International invitational multimedia installation focusing on the series of performance interventions directly on the US/Mexico border dealing with issues of colonialism (Columbus Reconsidered), international boundaries (Berlin Posada), the Invasion of Panama (Oh George! Oh Panama!) and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (Roll My Dice With a Lucky Hand, I Want to Own a Lot of Land).

LIVING ON THE BORDER: ART AND ACTIVISM, SAN DIEGO & TIJUANA, June, 1990, Lancaster Festival, Ohio. The Venice Biennale APERTO '90 installation installed in Ohio.

BORDER SUTURES, July-August, 1990, Southwestern United States.

Performance journey from Matamoros/Brownsville to San Diego/Tijuana, during which participants made a variety of staples which attempted to heal the wound of the border and involved people along the line. The one-month interactive traveling art caravan traveled both sides of the border in zig-zag fashion to symbolically mend the wound. Border crossing points of entry and non-traditional art sites made up a majority of the stopping points and established new networks of communication between BAW/TAF members and native Americans, Mexicans, and North Americans.

BORDER WATCH II, September, 1990, CIRCA, University of Texas, Arlington, Texas.

A second version of the Venice Biennale Aperto '90 installation with a live video transmission from the Soccer Field/Caffon Zapata in San Diego/Tijuana of a performance intervention entitled Border Tug of War following the performance intervention format developed in late 1989 at the Soccer Field/Caffon Zapata.

ORFANATORIO LAZARO CARDENAS, December, 1990, Tijuana, Mexico.
Collaborative mural project with students from Southwestern College and Tijuana for the infant's hall in the orphange. This was the first attempt of an engoing project dealing with the lives of children made homeless, either existing on the streets or in institutions, a situation analogous to the lives of many undocumented workers.

WHITEWASH(ED), April, 1991, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

BAW/TAF annual exhibition (BORDER REALITIES VI) including over 20 artists from Tijuana, San Diego, and London, England. This exhibit explored a wide range of interpretations of racism on physical and psychic borders, issues of identity and place, the rise of vigilantism against undocumented workers in our community, and our unconscious denials of these realities.

WHITEWASH(ED) PORTABLE EXHIBITION, May, 1991, LACE (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions), San Diego, California.

A portable exhibition in conjunction with WHITEWASH(ED) that travelled to four San Diego area high schools and challenged students to confront their involvement in the institutionalization of racism, the need for creative self expression, how patterns of behavior become distorted, and the creation of attitudes which acknowledge our diversity.

SOUTH=NORTH=SOUTH, July-August 1991, Hallwalls, Buffalo, New York.
From July 17 through August 19, BAW/TAF was in residence in recognition of the fact that borderland cultural multiplicity is coming increasingly to describe not only border towns like San Diego/Tijuana or Buffalo, but the entire United States. BAW/TAFs activities in Western New York included two weeks of interaction with migrant farmworkers and their families followed by two weeks of community/ art based activities in Buffalo which included music, performance, visual art exhibition and community discussion.

1992: CONQUESTS DO NOT BELONG ONLY TO THE PAST, November-December, 1991, INTAR, New York, New York.

BAW/TAF offers a portion of a large travelling slide exhibition, focusing of some aspects of the current expressions of colonialism. The slides are projected onto an outside wall at night in downtown New York City. They work visually to be quickly read, including historical reference to conquest, as well as imagery which infuses humor into an often grave situation, with imagery which points to sexism, racism, and the objectification of human beings.

DESTINATION L.A., December, 1991, LACE (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions), Los Angeles, California.

An interdisciplinary installation and performance which is concerned with the fact of Los Angeles as a destination for migrating people and undocumented workers. Regional, national and international issues of migration, immigration, dislocation, and the hidden histories of people undergoing these experiences from the US/Mexico border to L.A. will be explored. Obstacles to the destination and resources employed to overcome them will be examined in order to develop a human mapping, a topography of a section of Los Angeles.

1992-1993

THE FOURTH WORLD: MIGRANT PEOPLES/ MOVING STORIES, 1992, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, CA.

SYDNEY BIENNALE: BOUNDARY RIDERS, 1992-93, International Exhibition of Art, Sydney, Australia.

VIDEO WORKS

SOUTH=NORTH=SOUTH, 3/4 inch color video, 1991, English and Spanish. Shot and Edited by Bill Jungels. Co-produced by BAW/TAF and the Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, Buffalo, NY. A documentation and exploration of BAW/TAF's month long residency at the Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, Several weeks of activity included: conducting classes in cooperation with elementary schools in various migrant districts, visits to migrant workers and their families both at home and in the fields, interviews, stories, performances and celebrations.

Destination L.A. #1 Columbus Reconsulered; #2 Berlin Posada; #3 Oh George! Oh Panamu!; #4 Guadalupe Hidalgo/Roll My Dice With a Lucky Hand, I Wanna Own a Lot of Land. 3/4 inch color video, 1989-90, English and Spanish. Shot and Edited by Juan Carlos Toth. Performance interventions by Michael Schnorr and Richard Lou from the Canyon Emiliano Zapata on the U.S./Mexico border.

No Place to Call Home. Migrant Workers are the New Homeless, San Diego, CA, 3/4 ich color video, 1989, English and Spanish. By Bertha Jottar, Michael Schnorr and Juan Carlos Toth. The creation of a new class of homeless by the city of San Diego.

Buckgard to Backgard: Evasing the Line, 3/4 inch color video, 1988, English and Spanish. By Bertha Jottar and Michael Schnorr from an original concept by Michael Schnorr. An analysis of news media coverage of the Tijuana/San Diego border through the eyes and voices of theose that live along its boundary.

Bouler Realities, 3/4 inch color video, 1986, English and Spanish. Produced and Directed by Michael Schnorr and Isaac Arienstein. Co-produced by the Southwestern College Telemedia Department. A potpourti of border images meant to renew our perspectives on contemporary Mexico/U.S. border issues.

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Badge of United States Customs Inspector Deputy Collector, 1895, hand made from Mexican coin. [San Diego Historical Society Collections]



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Thanks to Adam and all the people associated with Angel's Flight, the migrant workers we interviewed, the Centro Cultural de la Raza, the people and clients at Angel's Flight Teen Crisis Center in L.A., Gene from Voz Fronterizo, all past members of BAW/TAF and its collaborators, the Vista Migrant Education Program, LACE, Ed and Cheryl Cardoni, Brian Springer (yo Brian), Arts Int., CEPA, Virginia Maggio and Christina Plancarte from SD High School, Osman Deen, Manuel Osuna, Toby Zeigler, Jane Tassi, Ulf Rollof, Jim Elliot, Jane Anderson, Brian Doudera and those so heinously and unforgiveably overlooked in these final, hectic days of ulcerating paste-up, this catalog and the events and materials of its composition were made possible.

BAW/TAF

EDGARDO REYNOSO JUAN CARLOS TOTH SUSAN YAMAGATA MICHAEL SCHNORR CARMELA CASTREJÓN

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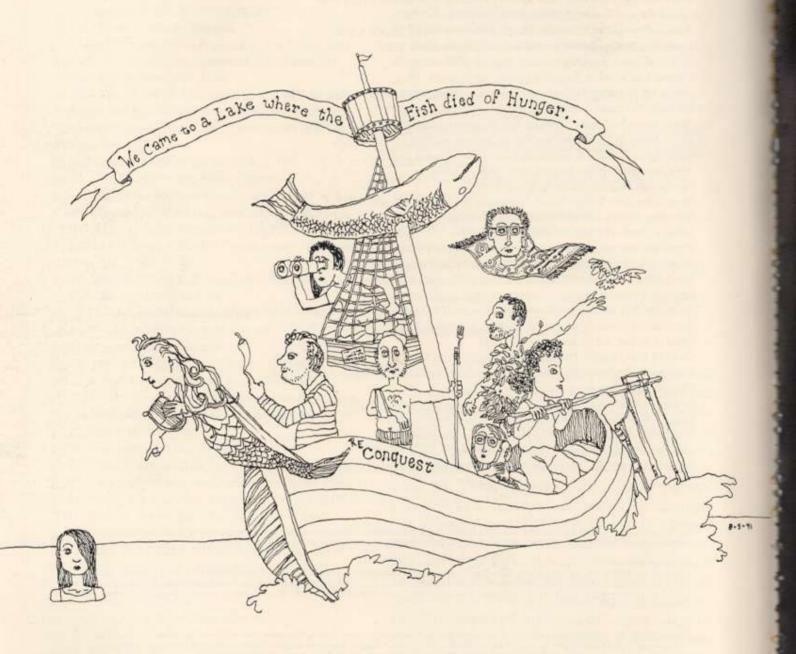
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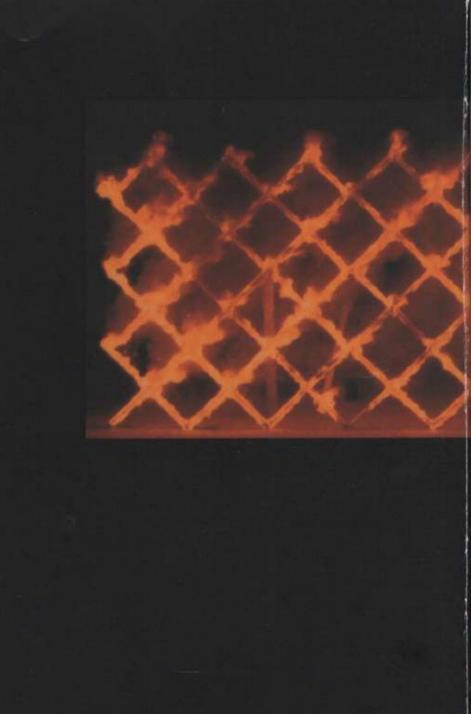


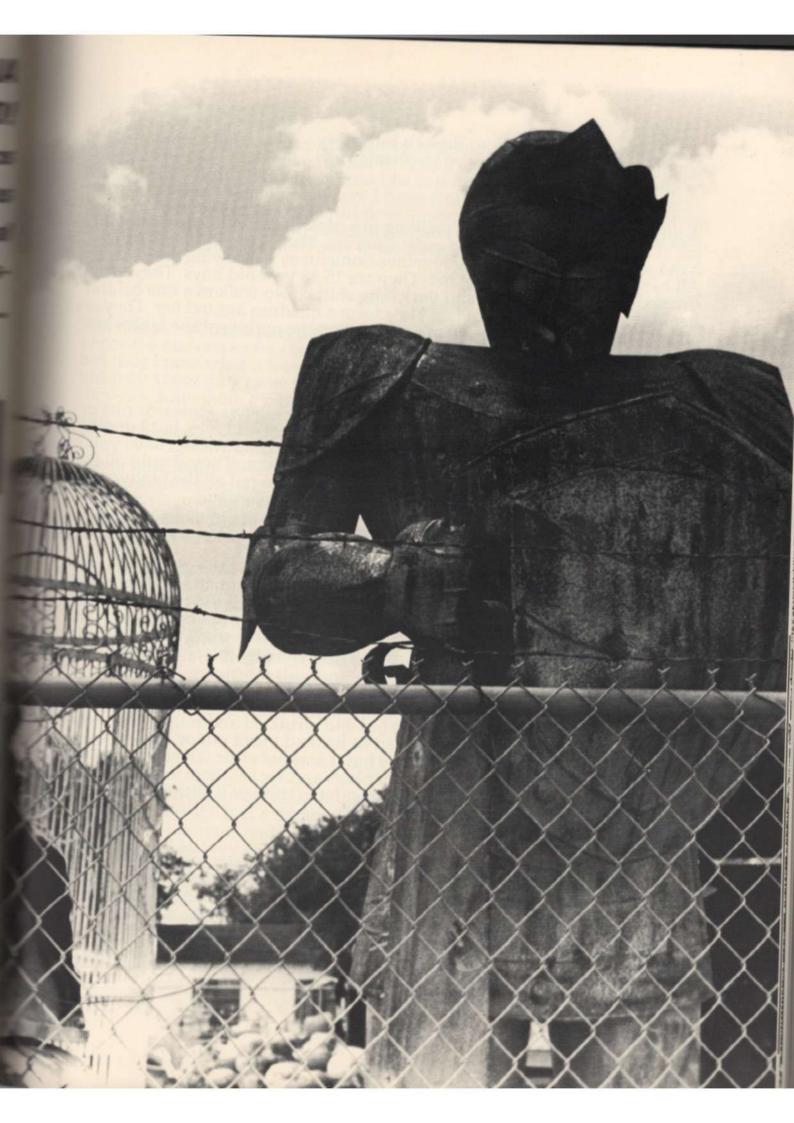


DESTINATION L.A.

EXHIBITION AND PERFORMANCE OPENING FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1991

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Broken into story by Stephanie Heyl

I

A little girl about five or six is walking in a pink dress with lace at the collar, at the hem and on the little puffed sleeves. She is holding two by the hand and they are all walking together. Sometimes they swing their arms. All her friends are older than her. They are 15-18 year old boys. They are all dressed in dark long pants and dark long shirts. Two walk in a line behind her and two walk in front of her. They form a quadron around her. They are all walking in formation. They are walking up the middle of the highway. They are four miles from the border.

II

We were sitting in the back seat driving down the highway towards one of the three cities she lived in. She said, do you drive? I said, yes, but I don't like to. She said, I don't either. She said, the roads are all wrong, have you noticed that? These highways don't really go antwhere. They should all be rebuilt, she said, to go somewhere. The solution is to put all the highways on a ball bearing system so they can go where they want to.

Ш

I was making art in a classroom with lot of children. A little girl came up to me and said something so quiet I could not hear her. I squatted down close and asked her what she'd said. She repeated it and I still did not understand. I reached out and corraled someone in the classroom rushing around us covered in paint and asked for help. The translator looked at me and said, She said, Will you help me? I said, thank you and then I said, yes.

IV

I knew a young girl whose skin was old and wrinkled and rough. Her skin was as old as the sun. It seemed a part of her had burnt out or been burnt out or burnt itself. It seemed this way but it was not clear which one it was. She said, I'm much older that the other kids and we sat there in the sun room on that sunday. We just sat there with the truth of it sitting in our laps.

V

A young girl came in the room where we were making sandwiches and stopped dead in the doorway. There were a lot of sandwiches on the table. It was a very long table and it was covered with sandwiches. She had never seen so many sandwiches in her life. She said, why did you make so many sandwiches? Someone said, these are for the homeless. She said, but why do you need to make so many? Because ther are more homeless than there

are sandwiches here, someone said. No, she said, you're kidding me. We shook our heads. She looked at the door as if she wanted to run out and see for herself. I didn't think there could be that many homeless people, she said, there aren't that many where I come from. Someone said, no, there probably are. She said, I don't think so, I never saw them. Someone said, do you go out and about a lot? She stopped and thought about it. No, she said, I didn't go out much at all, I stay in the house or I'm in school.

VI

She said to me, these kids don't know where they go to school but they know the bus comes for them everyday. They don't know where they live but they know what it looks like. They don't know when they came here, but they know they came in a car. They don't know the letter names but they can draw them for you.

VII

I said, how many is we? She smiled and said, we is, uhhhh, we is fluctuating. Sometimes we is one and sometimes we is fifteen, the person behind her said, ten mostly. I said, how long have you been we? She said, how long we been living in this truck or how long we been here at all? We answered each other simultaneously. I said, been here. She said, ten years.

VIII

She said, don't let go, please don't let go. And I said, I won't let go, I promise, I won't let go. And her fingernails carved crescent moons in my arms that turned white and then red and then some shade between red and my skin color. We stood and watched transfixed. I wanted them to last: scar my skin with half moons for this moment. But they don't, they fade. Go ahead and take whatever I have. Take everything I've got and you will find it is nothing, it cannot speak, it cannot stand up for itself. It is nothing compared to this.

IX

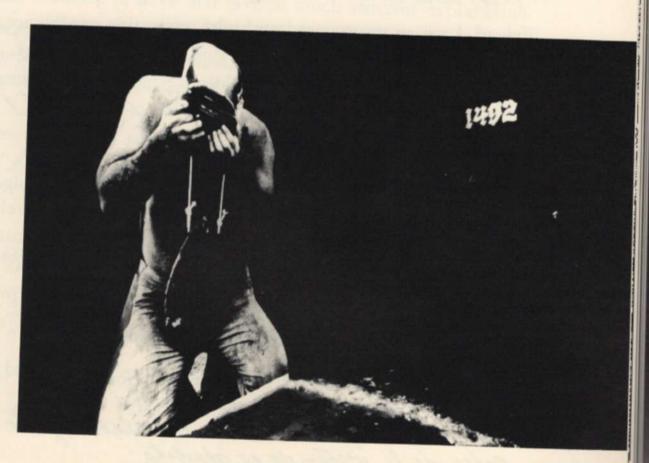
She said she'd give me a story if I painted a snake on her leg. I said, fair trade. She said she had a dream that a man was chasing her and she was running. Her parents and her brothers were with her and he was chasing them too and so they were running. The man wanted to cut off her feet she ran so fast she ran faster. He wanted to cut off all their feet and so they ran and ran and they kept running. I said, do you want gold with your red snake stripes and she said, yeah. I said, did he get you? She looked up from her leg with a smile that said, are you kidding? I should have known this was a girl who was a woman in control of her dreams.



Along the Mexico/U.S. border new groups form to battle what is now termed the "criminal alien". A legitimate topic for conferences attended by state and national legislators: "Is there a role for troops at the border?" What is prododuced in the media is a public mind link between crime and an immigrant population, which, but for illegal entry is largely law abiding. Euro-fascism is on the march. The barbarians are back. Must everyone go on being someone else's barbarian? Do we need our social chaos? In 1898 the Greek poet Cavafy wrote of "these 1990's". The poem, Waiting for the Barbarian, in the form of muttered questions and answers from two members of an anxious crowd. One keeps asking why strange changes are being made in the city. "Because the barbarians are coming today.", is the repeated reply. Suddenly, peoples faces grow serious and the streets are empty. Why? Cavafy's answer:

"Because night has fallen
And the barbarians haven't come.
And some of our men just in from the border say
There are no barbarians any longer.
Now what's going to happen to us without barbarians?
Those people were a kind of solution."







CORRESPONDENCIAS ENTRE DOS CUERPOS, DOS LENGUAS A EL 71N DEL SIGLO/ CORRESPONDENCES BETWEEN TWO BODIES, TWO TONGUES AT THE END OF THE CENTURY

Dear Friend. The first snow falls on Chicago, 18th street, the gateway to Pilsen is suddenly transformed into an ethereally dusted boulevard.

Dios esta en los cielos, la trena pierde su espíritu.

Friend. I am an unprepared archivist, collecting experiences, shuffling down the clotted street. Because I don't know this or that, only pretend to, the outside of the buildings wince at my passing.

Compañero. Te eres el autor de tu discurso. El tuyo es una terria turística.

Translations: Columbus Day/ Via de la Raya Passenger pigeon/ Paloma Silvertie Vate Americano Pastiche/ Pastiche

My friend. I travel the same routes as the conquistadores. Me looking at you looking at me.

Amigo mio. Con la invención e identificación de un enemo te creas una fantasia de conunidad.

Friend. I stand by this boundry, it is a space of alibis and history here is simply a litany of inscriptions on an empty container.

Amigo. Me refuso a divider la palabra y la visión. El poder de la visión no es absoluto



Translations: To Sigh Suspiian Monkey/Mono Culture/Cultura

Comrade. These are holy days of obligation. I promise you a warm embrace from my shadow.

Compañero. Cada cosa sagrada en su lugar. No quiero subvertir esta dualidad.

Comrade. My spanish hides from me at the simplest of interactions, these are the cruellest of days that give so much without explanation.

Compañero. Un instructor faccista marcha a paro de ganso en Torno a mi memoria. Al Norte del Rio Bravo, mi cultura esta exilada de su tiena nativa.

Translations: Suckfish/Pequeño Pez del Pacifico Exodus/Emigración Inexorable/ Lnexorable

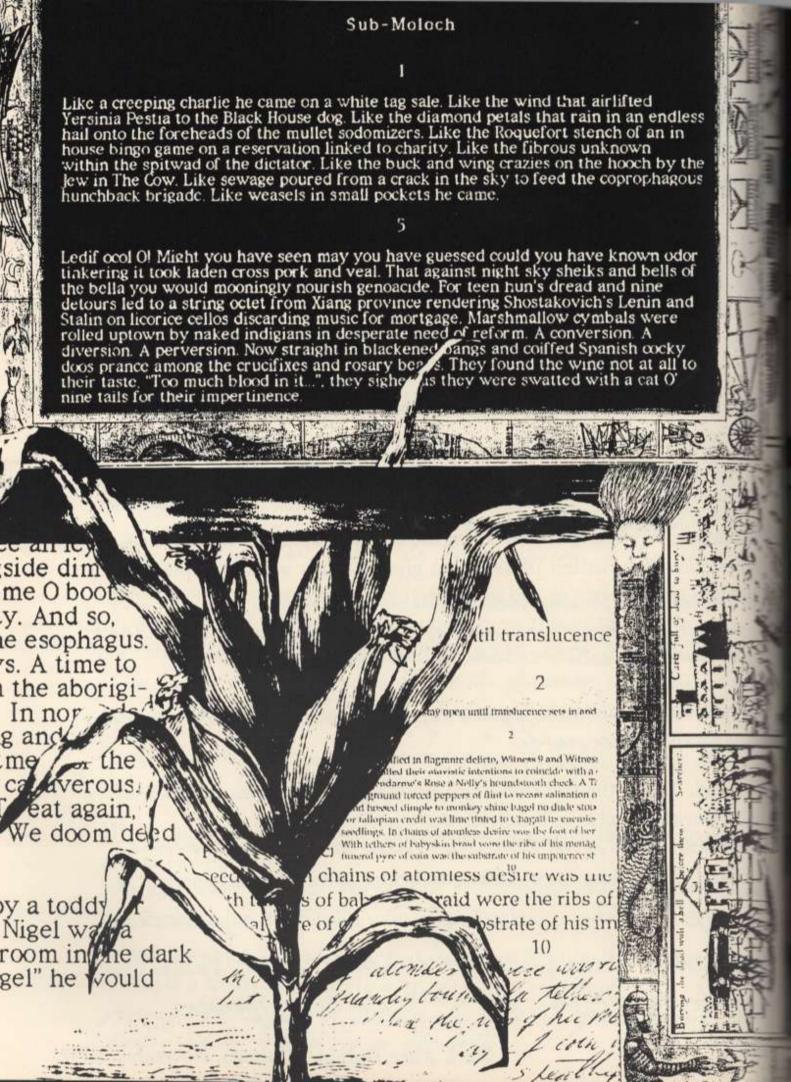
Friend. Today the sun rose like a human being, tonight we'll fall off the world, tonight we'll fall off the world.

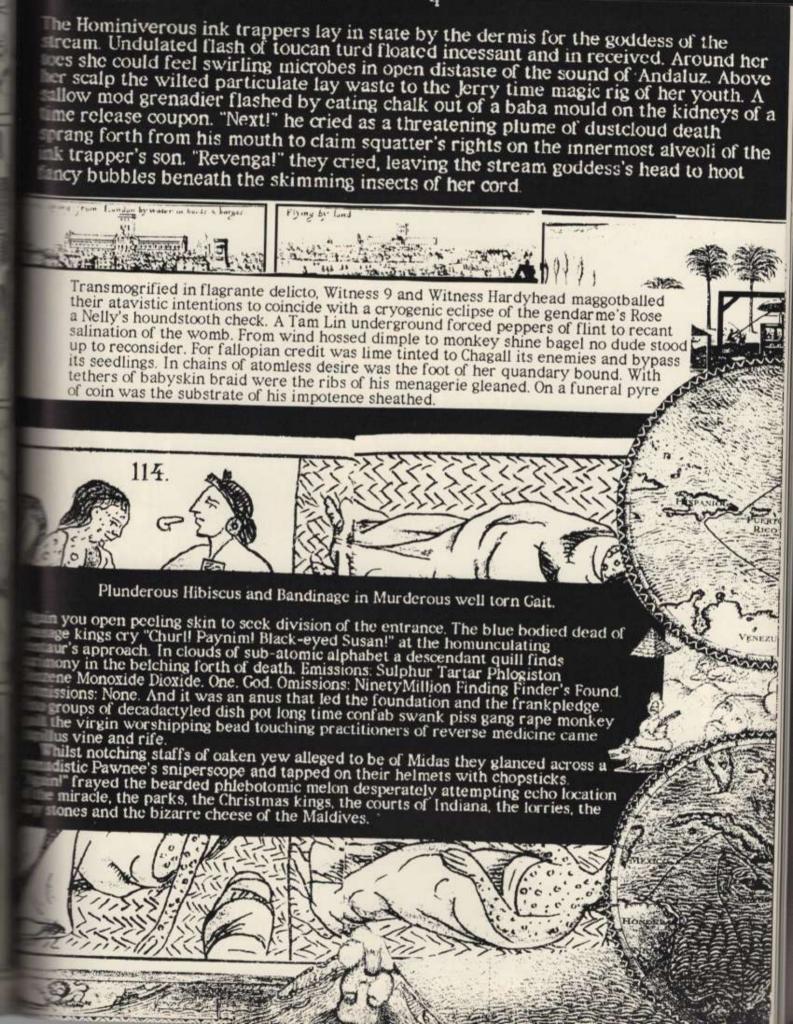
Amigo. Bebe de mi tora, las letras de muotras lenguas. Friend. As we lose the specific, everything must become generic.

Amijo. Entonces, pronto todo seran suinas pictorescas.

Translations: Picture postcard/ Injeta postal con Foto Picture tube/ Jubr de imagen Death Rattle/ Esterton Agonico

Mark Alice Durant Chicago, November 1991





A single deaf mute lighted torch in preparation of its nascent censure. No lover of three tacos in a vortex nor tines in leeward execration would dare to come forth inquire of the god: "Did Christ sneeze on the cross?"

A thunderous pall rowing even toed hegemony come crashing through their dream. In beta rays and future pies the severed hands held fruit. In tresses crying blackened foul the bleeding child asked for permission to go to the toilet and was

sealed in the bottomless scrotum of a genuine lycanthrope.

With pins on and toenails dragging in the sea his unkempt dread did lock its dance. A deliverance. A maniac in tights and slavering found six men on the way to Seville. "In a dance, " said the colon of its hairy tungsten hound, "see how circle his eyes with my crayon." But a shadow fell upon him and luck did not visit again for five centuries.



3

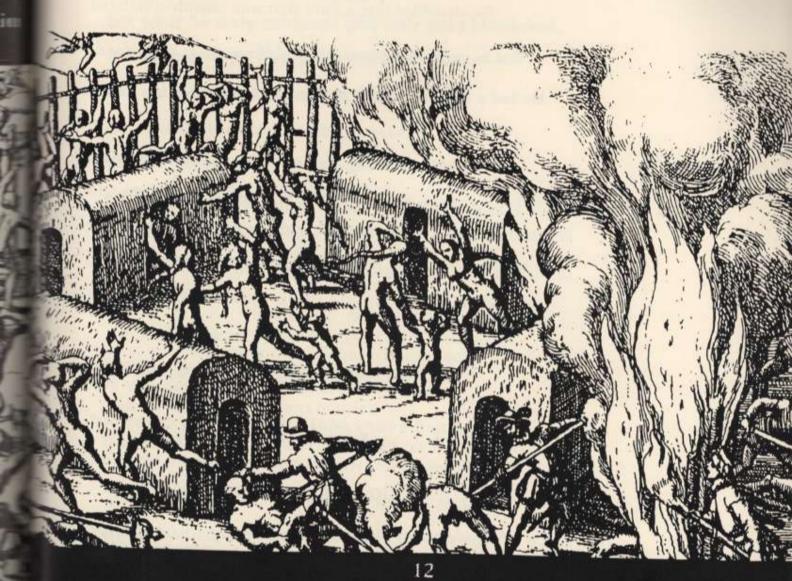
Esconced in textured flattened eels no ray reflects its liturgy.

Jack Tan mission fuch a bang lost Inca daddy, fine rithon culture typo seeks break from umbilical cottes. Pound a boot and Spanish heel on a buhen dark buty dream. "If up" "shifted Stand Water on he saw his very head severed by a good solid swood from Toledo. "Na great musdi." briayelaga. "The litatety of the disparities wanted as it was a relic and should not have been eaten. O vicious brood. Survivor gorge de piseon cum Tick derivion. Fur polonium reduceks / Chinges the leath trap minh for It the cigarette sone. Survivar out at the leath trap minh for It the lives of the ford and gazed out at the plantation in owe. If you listened close enough you might have heard them tittering. A chivron on the indies of a Japanese shingle in consolably morned. The sportled cintinental symapse your larger Silence prevailed among the Happy land clists of our time

Are you back? Can you sense the inclificuminate use of gender? To you lear that a silved like? Is it becoming that which cannot seem itself unto rhinoceros? Opiate leather. Short order, locan turperware Jook hard into the imperetrable post and judge the beauty contest of slaughter. See the corpses prance in the surmanit competition, See the inest flesh provide for talent. Smell the crotches of degenerative not. A legacy of crusing A meaning less boughter Cry tears of lecution and more talons to being the charteres trout.

A cove eloped with the chancellor of the peninsula and gave birth to a new nation. conceived in humectant. The moistened invaders sang the praises of the indelible clam and shivered slightly at the approach of noon.

A box of Borgia and a barrel of border lent a false air to the lightly teched ants in sandblasted lederhosen. A committee was formed to bastardize Lucy's Flittin'. It was not uncommon at the time to find the ancestors of Mejia being ridiculed by Romantic Dramatists under the guise of financial stake in the blind llama. Moctezuma spoke of the derivative function of the harpy's breast and was wounded as he exposed himself. It was at this time that order was restored and the parading Spaniard sucked his halloween in anticipo delle seminal halitosis.



The liver embossed with the footprints of a Hotchkiss snuggled deep within the laetrile aking five dollar doily. His forehead left galaxian drops of relegated pod to potentiate and mound at the nanogram lisp. How quickly withdrawn were the ladenteller brazzaballs rom the prudence and sapphire of the mass. The priests curled their toes as the Epiphany eceived. Brutish flesh fell from the trees as fast as could the uninvited guests consume The guests immediately exchanged name tags and confused the hosts who divided and ell before the inexorable nostrils of greed. Sensing victory, the conquistadores loosened beir breeches and allowed themselves to be viciously buggered by a trilingual vicuna "violately screeching "Burn, Pinocchiol Burn!"

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety

Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue

Today he's seen as a hero and he's celebrated but his place in history is way overrated

He stumbled into a land that was already inhabited

but in only four years half of the natives were dead.

He led a butchery that continued long after his death

Almost 90 million lives lost in the aftermath

He enslaved all the Indians to steal all the gold

A lot of the natives were even sold

When they didn't bring enough gold to meet his demands

he would punish the slaves by chopping off their hands

No matter how much he had he always wanted more.

If they couldn't supply, he had some torture in store.

Just to show 'em that he had some clout

he burned every soul until marrow came out.

He spread his tyrannies through the entire New World and through day and night screams could be heard.

The voice of millions of Arawaks screaming to be spared

only to meet their end by someone who never eared.

He used hunting dogs to kill men to fit their game

so when the Indians revolted, man, who was to blame?

After all those things that he did and he stole

he claimed that he was right, because they had no soul.

What kind of a man would carry on this way

and this we celebrate today?

This is another case of poor education rewritten history fooling a nation

In schools today kids are taught to believe

there were many things Columbus did achieve

but what he truly achieved was only pure bloodshed,

treachery, theft, torture, Alright enough said.

The point is the things he did and took

are never mentioned in a history book

Instead people today are taught to think

that Columbus was a hero and to bonor bim.

If you understood the facts then you would know

a Columbus celebration should be a no go.

After all the Indians he tortured and ravaged,

tell me people, who was the real savage?

The truth is Columbus was nothing

but a butcher, a liar, a thief, a barbarian

who ushered in an era of complete tyranny

where Indians were killed or taken for slavery.

He called them hostile 'cause when provoked they fought.

These are the things that we were never taught.

It's hard to realize that schools were hatched

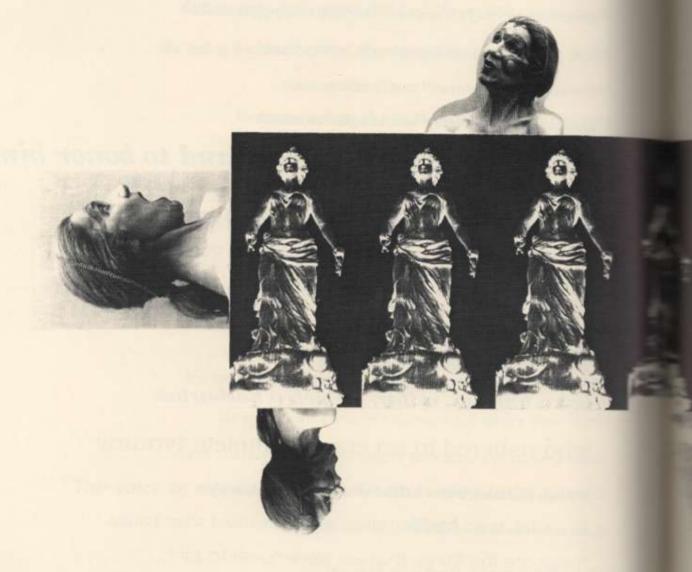
for kids to learn not to be brainwashed.

Society can learn from its past mistakes

but they must be acknowledged, not changed or faked.



I want to see you once again
I confess the pride of my doubt
my selfmarginalization
I recognize your ability to kill
your ability to enter
without being noticed
your messiahnic tricks



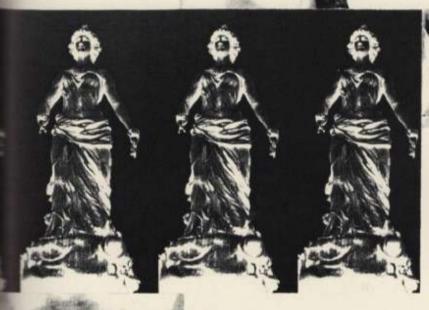
I understand the scrutiny
of your condition
the perturbation
of your secondary effects
my body narrates you
but it hasn't been a benevolent
programme



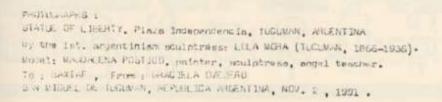




to your naturalistic apearance my esoteric figurativism to my passional span your agonistic game



500 marks of unwholeness at the border of an other millenium we must break our implicit contract





dren to go into the house when we walked "A woman in San Marcos told her chilby because the wetbacks were coming," said José Zavala, who worked at a Carlsbad tomato farm last season with Florencio Morales. "She told her children we would catch them and kidnap them and eat them. People here are very racist. When Americans come to Mexico, we do not treat them like

Weekly Reader

Sue 20 Feb. 27, 1987

Edition 5

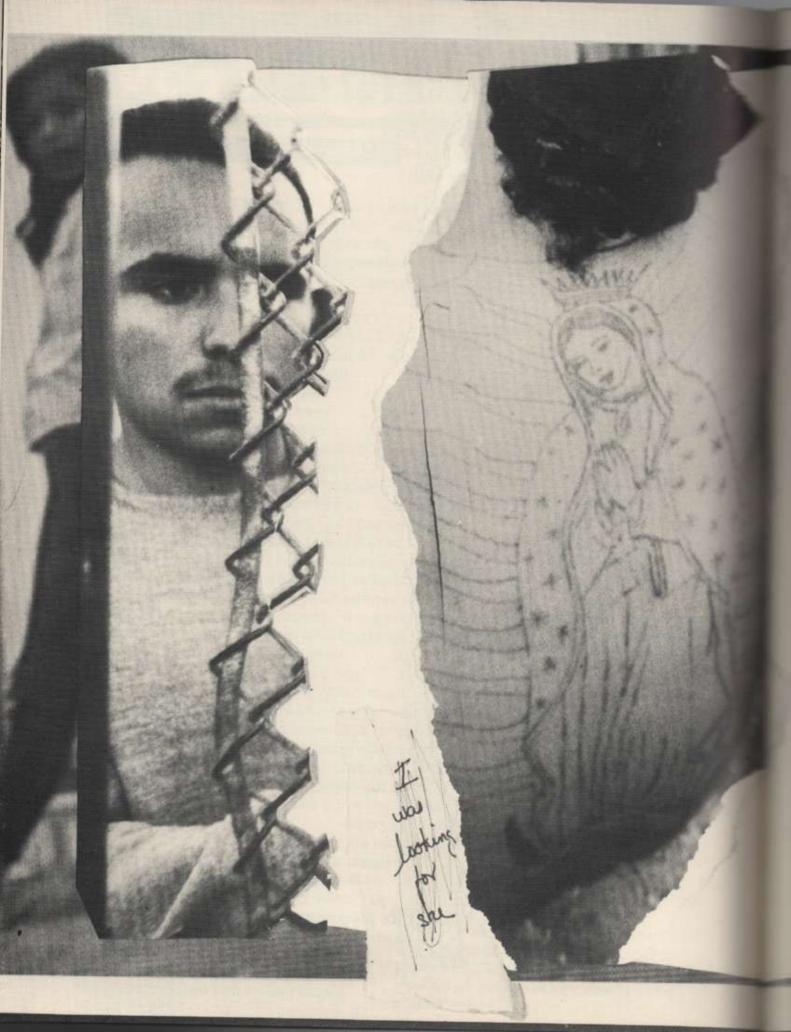


People from Mexico sneak across river into the United States.

ILLEGAL ALIENS

Still Move into U.S. Despite New Law

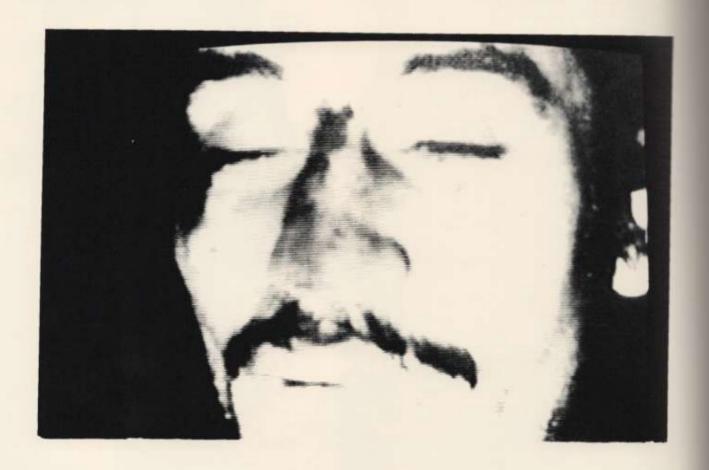
See story on page 3.



was looking for SHE.

- years later,
as still crossing. ps she never arrived had crossed never return. Five Jw Perho

HUMAN PREY



"ALIENS ARE LIVE BAIT. THEY'RE JUST OPEN FIELD. WHO ARE THEY GOING TO COMPLAIN TO? THEY SHOULDN'T BE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. PERSONALLY, I DON'T HAVE NOTHIN' AGAINST ILLEGAL ALIENS PERSONALLY, BUT I'M NOT AFRAID TO SHOOT 'EM."

Computation and Language Skills Program

DUDKELLY * DAVIS * INVINE * LOS ANGELES * HIVERSIDE * SAN DIEGO * SAN FRANCISCO



SANTA BARBAHA · SANTA CHUZ

TO THE EDITOR:

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA 92093

In the aftermath of the recent airing of Fox Network's "The Reporters," a number of newspaper articles and television news stories have focused public attention on the fallout resulting from that show's depiction of youth paramilitary groups playing war games on the U.S./Mexican border. Much of the debate centers on the alleged manipulation of the teenagers engaged in hunting undocumented Mexican workers by the producers of "The Reporters." School officials, teachers, parents and the students of Mar Vista High School are enraged and bewildered at the situation in which they now find themselves; their good names and reputations damaged by "irresponsible journalism." The subsequent discussion in the media has shielded "the children," taking them to task for being engaged in an activity and in an area which might prove dangerous TO THEM. Additionally, that same media has focused its attention on the charges and countercharges of manipulation, shifting attention from the more disturbing issues raised in the television report.

Unlike a society based on the printed word, a society whose public discourse is shaped by television will find it nearly impossible to maintain a clear, analytic discussion of a problem as complex as that presented in "The Reporters" broadcast of "Human Prey." As a culture, we remain focused only on the latest image or news report coming through our television sets. By the six o'clock news tonight we will have forgotten what we saw on t.v. (or thought) the night before. We cannot understand the causes of events or their historical context because so many of us do not read or avail ourselves of other systems of information which might shed light on current events. Therefore we fail, often willfully, to understand the history of our neighbors, ourselves, our economic system and its relationship to foreign economies and, most importantly, our system of government and its guarantees to citizen and non-citizen alike. Television, by its very nature, is not equipped to deal with these complexities. It is a tool for communication with severe limitations as all those interested in the issues raised by "The Reporters" are beginning to see.

What then did we see, those of us who witnessed the broadcast of "Human Prey?" In spite of the allegations of manipulation leveled against the producers of "The Reporters," the program was a chilling and powerful reminder of the cruelty and terror we are capable of inflicting, both as individuals and as a society, when we reduce those who we imagine are not like us to the "Other." Undocumented Mexican or Latin American workers, stripped of their humanity, can be hunted like animals with a clear conscience. It is important to remember that the report focused, not only on teenage paramilitary groups, but on adult vigilantes who have also made the border their perverse playground.

Astonishingly, there has been almost no discussion of the men who have taken their military experience and translated it into some imagined combat with undocumented workers. The style and level of language used to describe the border --as a war zone where violence and drugs threaten to spill into good, honest American neighborhoods--gives tacit permission to society to engage in vigilante activity. However, democracy and vigilantism cannot exist together; one must always cancel out the other. These adults, engaged in acts of terror against men, women and children, have stepped outside the laws of this society.

both in fact and in spirit, and all members of that society must demand that these activities cease. Not to speak up is to approve of this unspeakable injustice. Surely as American we can do, must do, better.

It is unfortunate, and unconscionable, that the television media, print media, politicians, government officials and civil authorities use the powerful tool of language to distract the citizenry from real issues, rather than using it to enlighten. Examples of this can be heard in the metaphors of war used to describe the complex issues of drugs, economics and immigration. Emotionally charged words and phrases such as flood, invasion, a human tide, aliens, illegal, tortilla curtain, badlands, and war zone are routinely used to describe the area of the border and the movement of undocumented workers. More sinister and subtle has been the linking of two unrelated issues: the illegal drug trade, and immigration for purposes of obtaining employment. This linkage has led to serious and damaging consequences for undocumented workers and for an American society based on a system of equal justice under the law. We see the results of hysteria and hyperbole in communities all over San Diego County: an atmosphere of mistrust, fear and hatred.

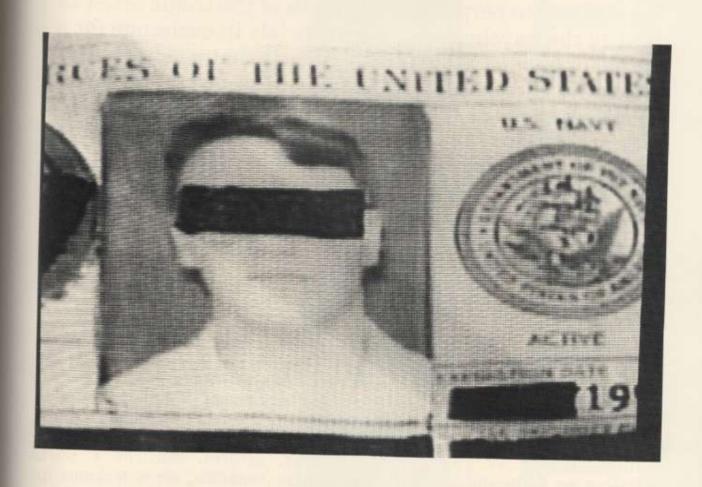
At the same time there has been a failure of public discourse and public leadership in addressing the issues of racism and vigilantism brought out by the broadcast. These incidents reflect longstanding attitudes deeply embedded in the citizenry of San Diego County. The silence of local politicians, civic and religious leaders is a moral failure with enormous implications for the future. Why has no public figure spoken out against the disturbing incidents depicted in "The Reporters?" Again, failure to speak out against injustice gives tacit approval to those who commit injustice. We need only look toward Hitler's Germany.

But perhaps more disturbing is the inability of the average citizen to grasp the complexity of issues raised by the broadcast, and the unwillingness of those same citizens to deal with aspects of society which are unpleasant and uncomfortable. We are enraged that our children are being "manipulated" by the media, but we refuse to think deeply about racism and the escalating violence against undocumented workers. We fail to see the connection between the human rights violations being committed by American citizens, and its resulting threat to our entire system of of justice and fair play. Perhaps it is stating the obvious, but the American legal system safeguards the welfare all individuals within its borders, citizen and non-citizen alike. We need to remind ourselves and others that a system of law and justice cannot be undermined by the misguided prejudices and hatred of individual citizens taking the law into their own hands. In spite of protests to the contrary, war games are NOT games but a reflection of an aggressive society. It is only a small step from teenagers hunting undocumented workers with paint pellet guns to adult vigilantes who maim, terrorize and kill.

We therefore strongly protest the activities of teenage paramilitary groups, adult vigilantes, the sensationalized use of language used to describe immigration, the failure of public discourse to adequately deal with the racism of San Diego County, and the silence of public and school officials who should be investigating and speaking out against these types of activities. As students representing a variety of cultural backgrounds and as citizens of a democratic society, we must speak out against this violation of human rights occurring in our backyard.

Sincerely,

THEN YOU'D BE WRONG, 'CAUSE YOU'D BE LETTING A CONVICT, OR ILLEGAL, WHICH IS THE THING, COME ACROSS INTO OUR COUNTRY."



YOU HAVE TO DO IS PULL OUT ANY KIND OF WEAPON THAT CAN FIRE AUTOMATIC OR SEMI-TOMATIC ROUNDS, HAVE THEM ALL LAY DOWN ON THEIR BACKS, TAKE THEIR STUFF, AND, IF WANT TO KILL 'EM, YOU KILL 'EM. IF YOU DON'T WAN'T TO KILL 'EM, YOU CAN EITHER WOUND TOR DO WHATEVER YOU WANT."

Tijuana has grown like a deformed child that has been injected anabolics, but only in the arm of the economy. The disproportion between the industrial/economic growth and the cultural evolution of Tijuana is the same as between an emerging metropolis and a small province. In the 90's more local artists are being disillusioned as the mirage of the institutionalized cultural desert vanishes; others continue lending themselves to perpetuate the myth of the tragic artist to justify the paychecks of inept officials in exchange for a fistful of publicity. The local reality is that most artists, actors, musicians and poets practice trades different to their vocations or must work and study in San Diego to compensate for the lack of gratifying cultural jobs, the absence of grants, workshops, professional visual arts studies and facilities. The resistance and the internal energy of the Tijuana artist is born out of coping, like the cactus and the coyote, with an existence between the outer limits of two cultures.

como un niño deforme al que se le han "inyectado anabólicos", tan sólo en el brazo económico. La vida empresarial de la ciudad es de una metrópoli pujante y la vida cultural es de una provincia. Algúnos artístas locales se continúan ilusionando con los espejismos del desierto oficial sin concevir que la cultura en la nomenclatura estatal es solo la etiqueta del mito del "artista trágico" utilizado para justificar las nóminas. La realidad común es que muchos artistas, actores, músicos y poetas practican en la localidad oficios ajenos a su vocación, otros tenemos que trabajar o a estudiar en los Estados Unidos para superar la austeridad de trabajos culturales remunerantes, la ausencia de becas, de talleres, de programas de estudios artísticos superiores en la ciudad. La resistencia y la energía interna de los artistas de Tijuana nace de una existencia aceptada a vivir en el límite como las bisnagas y el coyote.

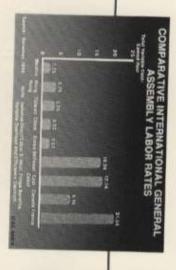
"La Venganza de Moctezuma"/conclusiones, Díario Baja California, 18 de Noviembre de 1991



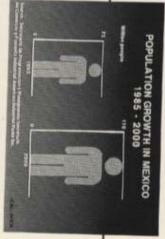
Flow does the cost of Mexican labor stringare internationally §

What is the long/term outlook for Mexican about

Where are these workers distributed?



As you can see, Mexico has the lowest of all international labor rates. This is fully burdened direct labor with all the fringe benefits, overhead and all the efficiency discounts incorporated it is clear the companies seeking to lower labor costs would consider assembling their products in Asia or Latin America. The cost of Mexicas to bor—even lower than that of Karea—as well as its obundance of wakkers, has made Mexica the number one choice. Companies headquartering at The Gateway on the U.S. sude of the barder are virtually within rim-



Over the next 15 years there will be a 50% increase in the Mexican population. Right now there are twice as many people in Mexican border cities as there are in U.S. barder cities. There was a 20% increase in Mexican workers in the last year alone, yet an estimated 300,000 people comprise a relatively untupped labor pool in Mexica and with the projected population boom, he long-term outlook is even better. Tipano unrently has the fastest growing popularion to the mexican and the statest growing popularion.



Many loaders is entrocking working for Many State States from the Surperson of the Surperso



Pacific Southwest Region 980 N. Fair Oaks Ave. Pasadena, Colifornia 91103 (818) 791-1978

American Friends Service Committee

US/Mexico Border Program Immigration Law Enforcement Monitoring Project June 7, 1991.

The US/Mexico Border Program of the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) has for the last three years formed part of a national AFSC project called The IMMIGRATION LAW ENFORCEMENT MONITORING PROJECT (ILEMP). ILEMP has, through local immigrant and civil rights coalitions and AFSC offices in five regions along the US/Mexico border, generated statistics reported by victims of abuse during the enforcement of immigration laws. The statistics, comprising May 5, 1989 to May 4, 1991, were generated by a computer database called "WINSTON," a program especially written for this purpose.

For San Diego, the only region for which statistics will be released today, 405 abuses were reported by 149 victims, an average of 2.7 abuses per victim. Of the abuses (see attached) reported, 36.8% were physical abuses, 36.5% psychological or verbal abuses, 6.7% were abuses related to the deprivation of liberty, 5.2% were inappropriate search and seizure abuses, 8.6% were denial of due process abuses, 2.5% were seizure or destruction of property abuses, and 3.7 were others not classified.

Of the 405 abuses reported, 73.4% (297) were committed by the US Border Patrol, 9.6% (39) by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, 9.1% (37) by US Customs, 5.9% (24) by local Law Enforcement Agencies (eg. San Diego PD, National city PD, etc.), 1.5% (6) by Military (National Guard) and 0.5% (2) by "others." If we were to combine the Border Patrol with the INS, these two agencies alone committed 83% (336) of the total reported abuses.

Of the victims whose immigration status was known (137 out of 149), 22.6% were US Citizens, 8.7% were either permanent or temporary residents (amnesty), 64.2% were undocumented and 4.5% either had passports, political asylum or were applicants for various types of status.

Of the victims whose ethnicity was known (127 out of 149), 3.9% (5) were Anglo American (US Citizens), 18.9% (24) were Mexican American (also US Citizens), 76.4% (97) were Mexican and 0.8% (1) were Salvadoran.

It is very significant to note a few things: First, while it was to be expected that the majority of the victims would be undocumented, we never expected that such a high number would be both US Citizens and legal residents (31.3%). Second, if we look at the ethnicity of the US Citizen victims, we see that 82.8% (24 of 29) were Mexican American. Third, 95.3% (121 of 127) of all victims whose ethnicity was known were either Mexican or of Mexican descent. Fourth, if we cross reference types of abuses with immigration status of the victims, we find that US Citizens and Legal Residents suffered a disproportionately high number of abuses as compared to the other groups.

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Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo

Membership Chronology December 1991

David Avalos	11/84-11/87
Victor Ochoa	11/84-11/89
Michael Schnorr	11/84
Isaac Artenstein	11/84-11/86
Jude Eberhart	11/84-11/86
Guillermo Gomez-Peña	11/84-11/89
Sara-Jo Berman	11/84-11/87
Philip Brookman	5/85-5/86
Marco Vinicio Gonzalez	2/86-5/86
Emily Hicks	9/87-11/89
Robert Sanchez	11/87-7/90
Berta Jottar	11/87-11/89, 3/90-7/90
Richard Lou	7/88-7/90
Rocio Weiss	9/88-11/89
Carmela Castrejón	1/90
Yareli Arizmendi	2/90-6/90
Juan Carlos Toth	8/90
Susan Yamagata	8/90
Graciela Ovejero	9/90-3/91
Edgardo Reynoso	11/91

Border Art Workshop/Taller de Arte Fronterizo

GENERAL STATEMENT: BAW/TAF, since its inception in 1984, has been the active visual arm of the Centro Cultural de la Raza. Its founding members were: David Avalos, Victor Ochoa, Isaac Arfenstein, Jude Eberhart, Sara-Jo Berman, Guillermo Gomez-Peña, and Michael Schnorr. During the past seven purpose of BAW/TAF remains the same as it has since its beginning: we are a multi-national conduit that serves to address the issues we are confronted the processes. WORKSHOP HISTORY

FORMATION June to October, 1984.
BAW/TAP is organized by David Avalos under the sponsorship of the Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

BORDER REALITIES, February, 1985, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco, California.

A multi-media art event including an outdoor mural, video, sculpture, painting, photography, and performance art within the gallery installation.

OCNOCENI. Performed by Guillermo Gómez-Peña and Sara Jo Berman.

BORDER TABLEAU, November 1985. Border Field Park, U.S. -Mexico border.

A tableau vivant created for photographer Jay Dusard for inclusion in a book by him and journalist, Alan Weisman. La Frontera: The United States Border with Mexico (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Inc., 1986) photo: plate 54, text: pp. 179-181.

A TRI-CULTURAL STREET EVENT, January, 1986, Sushi, Inc., San Diego, California.

A performance within a light and sculpture installation created on the street in front of the gallery.

BORDER REALITIES II, February, 1986, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

A series of installations occupying 2000 square feet and utilizing light, graphics, sculpture, painting, slide projection and video. Gallery visitors were encouraged to write on the walls, lift boulders, climb on sculpture and interact with the installations in a variety of other ways. Performance art presentations occurred at the opening and closing of the exhibition. CABARET BABYLON-AZILAN. Performed by Guillermo Gómez-Peña and Sara Jo Berman in

END OF THE LINE, October 12, 1986, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

A site-specific performance/installation/event which took place at the end of the border fence where Tijuana and San Diego meet at the Pacific Ocean. An attempt by artists and audience on both sides of the border to discover America on their own terms. The piece occurred simultaneously in the United States possibility of a space for creativity and peaceful interaction.

CAFE URGENTE, October 16, 1986, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

A cafe environment was created within a sculpture and light installation forming a context for the presentation of performance and ideas by U.S. and Mexican humanities scholars and writers (Tomas Ybarra-Frausto, Ph.D., James D. Cockroft, Ph.D., Alan Weisman, Felipe Ehrenberg, David Maciel, Ph.D., and new models for its future unfolding.

BORDER REALITIES III, February, 1987, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

BAW/TAP's third annual art exhibition including installations, sculpture, performance, painting, drawing, photo/texts and documentation of "End of the Line." DOCUMENTED/UNDOCUMENTED. Co-written and performed by Guillermo Gómez-Peña and Emily Hicks.

911 - A HOUSE GONE WRONG, April, 1987, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Parameters 8, San Diego, California.

Co-sponsored by the Centro Cultural de la Raza. Primarily an installation utilizing wall painting, sculpture, light and sound. Two different presentations of performance art occurred during the three-month length of the exhibition.

PARAMETERS 8 COFFEE/DISCUSSIONS, April-June, 1987, Java Coffee House and Gallery, San Diego, California.

Four informal panel discussions hosted by BAW/TAF and held in conjunction with "911." Panelists included Tijuana publisher Rosina Conde, THE TRIBUNE editorial page editor Joe Holley, Chicano activist Herman Baca, Pulitzer Prize winner Jonathan Freedman, Mexican researcher Jose Luis Perez Canchola, Director of the Institute for Regional Studies of the Californias Paul Ganster, and art critics Susan Freudenheim, Leah Ollman and Robert Pincus.

IS THE BORDER IN YOUR MIND, ON THE GROUND OR IN THE MEDIA, April 14, 1987, Society for Photographic Education, 24th National

Conference, San Diego, California.

A collaborative, interdisciplinary 30-minute event. A critique of mass media images of the border utilizing audio-taped sequences, choreography, slides, live performance, original "rap" song and sculpture sets.

BORDER PILGRIMAGE, November 1, 1987, Tijuana/San Diego.

Around the day of the Dead, a group of experimental Mexican, Chicano, and Anglo artists gathered at the municipal cemetary in Tijuana around the tomb of Juan Soldado, patron saint of Chicanos and the undocumented. Their objective was to cross legally or illegally, under real or lictitious identitios, and document the journey with video, sound, photographs, drawings, and poetry, and at the same time, to collect objects and images for the later construction of an altar for the dead commemorating the event.

BORDER REALITIES IV, CASA DE CAMBIO, Spring, 1988, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

This exhibition included the collaboration of 20 artists from the San Diego-Tijuana region in a large, interdisciplinary art exhibit. The exhibition was the exhibition was the transformation of the viewer on an internal and intellectual level. The video "Erasing the Line: Backyard to Backyard" was featured in one of the installations as was "Border Brujo" by Guillermo Gomez Peña.

#95, 1988, San Diego, California. In collaboration with the Sierra Club, members of the workshop including Berta Jottar, Robert Sanchez, and Richard Lou designed this performance which deals with Coastal Border Ecology and oil drilling.

VIDAS PERDIDAS/LOST LIVES, January, 1989, Artists Space, New York, New York.

BAW/TAF in this multi-media exhibition, will be the medium, the organ of delineation of the undocumented worker, so they may define their own lives as their own deaths. The installation invited people to walk from the dangerous border freeway crossings to the poisonous north county San Diego flower fields and forced plantation reality of the region's undocumented workers.

SUPER BARRIO, March 7, 1989, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.
A BAW/TAF performance collaborating with Super Barrio (the Mexican folk-social activist hero). A mock wrestling match against the Borderlords and an informational presentation on human rights violations in San Diego's north county.

BORDER REALITIES V. June, 1989, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

The sequential collaboration and the exchange of social-cultural dialogues at a binational level has placed BAW/TAF in a position to widen the perspective, and the ability to examine how issues and concerns that affect regional borders interconnect within the global multinational border context. This interdisciplinary exhibition reflects concepts of a global border reachout. As the interconnectedness of border regions becomes more apparent, we can expose the

HIGHWAYS OPENING BENEFIT - CINCO DE MAYO, May 5, 1989, Santa Monica, California.

BAW/TAF and friends from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tijuana help to inaugurate the Highways Performance Space with a series of performances and street events, culminating in a community procession through the neighborhood ending in the Pantera Rosa bar. The aim was to ceremonially reclaim the area, one of the oldest barrios in the region, as part of Aztlan.

CAPP STREET PROJECT-BORDER AXES, July-August, 1989, San Francisco, California.

BAW/TAF was instrumental in the creation of an ALTERNATIVE NEWS MEDIA NETWORK BY ARTISTS, a functional, temporal network of gathering, archiving, analysis and dissemination. We have a sense of urgency about breaking out of the art circuit and enlarging the definition of the artist to embrace document the audience's response to our analysis and presentations.

BAW/TAF IN THE SAN DIEGO CITY SCHOOLS, 1989, A series of elementary and high school workshops with students exploring issues of AIDS, identity and cultural awareness.

IF YOU LIVED HERE, The City in Art, Theory and Social Activism. 1989. Dia Art Foundation, New York, New York.

Group exhibition presenting the current crisis in American urban housing policies and portraying how artists within the context of neighborhood organizations have fought against government neglect, shortsighted housing policies, and real estate speculation. "NO PLACE TO CALL HOME" (Video art, USA, color, 20 mins, 3/4 inch, English and Spanish). An altered documentary of the conditions and final eviction of many documented and undocumented workers in north San Diego county for lack of adequate housing and unfettered real estate speculation.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?, September, 1989, San Francisco Arts Commission Gallery, San Francisco, California.

A group exhibition, panel and roundtable discussion on issues of censorship and self-censorship from the viewpoints of artists, political figures, arts administrators and historians, business, law, and religious experts.

SOCCER FIELD/CAÑON ZAPATA PERFORMANCE INTERVENTIONS, October, 1989 - February, 1990, San Diego/Tijuana.

A series of performance interventions on the international boundary line between California, U.S., and Baja California, Mexico, taking place on game board designs and asking for participation by local people and those waiting to cross into the U.S. The interventions were meant to question ideas of place, boundary, colonization, and the 'media image' of the area as a 'war zone.'

BORDER WATCH I, January 1990, Soccer Field/Cañon Zapata - Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco, California.

The first presentation of the Soccer Field/Cañon Zapata performance interventions in exhibition installation format with Sony Face-to-Face telephone machines connecting San Diego with the Galleria. Street projections of border performances and crossings extended the exhibition outside the gallery space.

COUNTER PROTEST TO "LIGHT UP THE BORDER," March, 1990, Nestor, California.

A site-specific performance intervention with more than 100 participants carrying mirrors to reflect the lights and ignorance of the Light Up the Border demonstrators. BAW/TAF organized citizen and student groups in order to expand the experience of performance intervention within a populist political action.

EL BORDO, Spring, 1990, Tijuana, Mexico.

A series of site-specific performance intervention actions co-ordinated with and initiated by Tijuana artists in order to raise the visibility of U.S. Border Patrol activities and those of the Light Up the Border groups.

VENICE BIENNALE. April. 1990. APERTO '90, Colon Colonizado, Venice, Italy.

International invitational multimedia installation focusing on the series of performance interventions directly on the US/Mexico border dealing with issues of colonialism (Columbus Reconsidered), international boundaries (Berlin Posada), the Invasion of Panama (Oh George! Oh Panama!) and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (Roll My Dice With a Lucky Hand, I Want to Own a Lot of Land).

LIVING ON THE BORDER: ART AND ACTIVISM, SAN DIEGO & TIJUANA, June, 1990, Lancaster Festival, Ohio. The Venice Biennale APERTO '90 installation installed in Ohio.

BORDER SUTURES, July-August, 1990, Southwestern United States.

Performance journey from Matamoros/Brownsville to San Diego/Tijuana, during which participants made a variety of staples which attempted to heal the wound of the border and involved people along the line. The one-month interactive traveling art caravan traveled both sides of the border in zig-zag fashion to symbolically mend the wound. Border crossing points of entry and non-traditional art sites made up a majority of the stopping points and established new networks of communication between BAW/TAF members and native Americans, Mexicans, and North Americans.

BORDER WATCH II, September, 1990, CIRCA, University of Texas, Arlington, Texas.

A second version of the Venice Biennale Aperto '90 installation with a live video transmission from the Soccer Field/Caffon Zapata in San Diego/Tijuana of a performance intervention entitled Border Tug of War following the performance intervention format developed in late 1989 at the Soccer Field/Caffon Zapata.

ORFANATORIO LAZARO CARDENAS, December, 1990, Tijuana, Mexico.
Collaborative mural project with students from Southwestern College and Tijuana for the infant's hall in the orphange. This was the first attempt of an engoing project dealing with the lives of children made homeless, either existing on the streets or in institutions, a situation analogous to the lives of many undocumented workers.

WHITEWASH(ED), April, 1991, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, California.

BAW/TAF annual exhibition (BORDER REALITIES VI) including over 20 artists from Tijuana, San Diego, and London, England. This exhibit explored a wide range of interpretations of racism on physical and psychic borders, issues of identity and place, the rise of vigilantism against undocumented workers in our community, and our unconscious denials of these realities.

WHITEWASH(ED) PORTABLE EXHIBITION, May, 1991, LACE (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions), San Diego, California.

A portable exhibition in conjunction with WHITEWASH(ED) that travelled to four San Diego area high schools and challenged students to confront their involvement in the institutionalization of racism, the need for creative self expression, how patterns of behavior become distorted, and the creation of attitudes which acknowledge our diversity.

SOUTH=NORTH=SOUTH, July-August 1991, Hallwalls, Buffalo, New York.
From July 17 through August 19, BAW/TAF was in residence in recognition of the fact that borderland cultural multiplicity is coming increasingly to describe not only border towns like San Diego/Tijuana or Buffalo, but the entire United States. BAW/TAFs activities in Western New York included two weeks of interaction with migrant farmworkers and their families followed by two weeks of community/ art based activities in Buffalo which included music, performance, visual art exhibition and community discussion.

1992: CONQUESTS DO NOT BELONG ONLY TO THE PAST, November-December, 1991, INTAR, New York, New York.

BAW/TAF offers a portion of a large travelling slide exhibition, focusing of some aspects of the current expressions of colonialism. The slides are projected onto an outside wall at night in downtown New York City. They work visually to be quickly read, including historical reference to conquest, as well as imagery which infuses humor into an often grave situation, with imagery which points to sexism, racism, and the objectification of human beings.

DESTINATION L.A., December, 1991, LACE (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions), Los Angeles, California.

An interdisciplinary installation and performance which is concerned with the fact of Los Angeles as a destination for migrating people and undocumented workers. Regional, national and international issues of migration, immigration, dislocation, and the hidden histories of people undergoing these experiences from the US/Mexico border to L.A. will be explored. Obstacles to the destination and resources employed to overcome them will be examined in order to develop a human mapping, a topography of a section of Los Angeles.

1992-1993

THE FOURTH WORLD: MIGRANT PEOPLES/ MOVING STORIES, 1992, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego, CA.

SYDNEY BIENNALE: BOUNDARY RIDERS, 1992-93, International Exhibition of Art, Sydney, Australia.

VIDEO WORKS

SOUTH=NORTH=SOUTH, 3/4 inch color video, 1991, English and Spanish. Shot and Edited by Bill Jungels. Co-produced by BAW/TAF and the Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, Buffalo, NY. A documentation and exploration of BAW/TAF's month long residency at the Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, Several weeks of activity included: conducting classes in cooperation with elementary schools in various migrant districts, visits to migrant workers and their families both at home and in the fields, interviews, stories, performances and celebrations.

Destination L.A. #1 Columbus Reconsulered; #2 Berlin Posada; #3 Oh George! Oh Panamu!; #4 Guadalupe Hidalgo/Roll My Dice With a Lucky Hand, I Wanna Own a Lot of Land. 3/4 inch color video, 1989-90, English and Spanish. Shot and Edited by Juan Carlos Toth. Performance interventions by Michael Schnorr and Richard Lou from the Canyon Emiliano Zapata on the U.S./Mexico border.

No Place to Call Home. Migrant Workers are the New Homeless, San Diego, CA, 3/4 ich color video, 1989, English and Spanish. By Bertha Jottar, Michael Schnorr and Juan Carlos Toth. The creation of a new class of homeless by the city of San Diego.

Buckgard to Backgard: Evasing the Line, 3/4 inch color video, 1988, English and Spanish. By Bertha Jottar and Michael Schnorr from an original concept by Michael Schnorr. An analysis of news media coverage of the Tijuana/San Diego border through the eyes and voices of theose that live along its boundary.

Bouler Realities, 3/4 inch color video, 1986, English and Spanish. Produced and Directed by Michael Schnorr and Isaac Arienstein. Co-produced by the Southwestern College Telemedia Department. A potpourti of border images meant to renew our perspectives on contemporary Mexico/U.S. border issues.

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Badge of United States Customs Inspector Deputy Collector, 1895, hand made from Mexican coin. [San Diego Historical Society Collections]



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BAW/TAF

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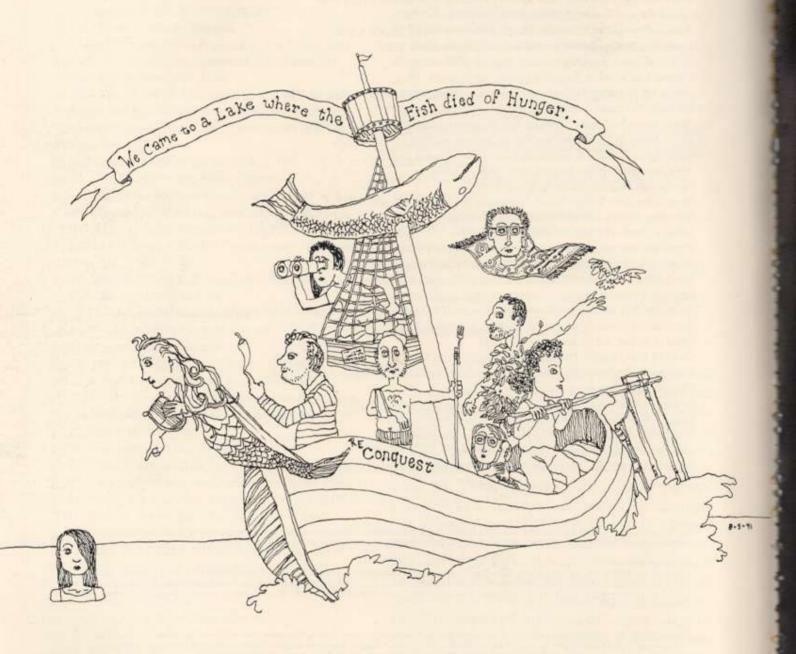
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