

SIN GLORIA NO HAY GLORIA

Sin Gloria, no hay gloria
para nosotras
las jotas atravesadas
marimachas lenguas necias
supervivientes y triunfantes
en tierras nuestras
o en tierras ajenas.

Sin Gloria no hay gloria
protección, ni justicia
para nuestra gente
grande y pequeña
desaparecida
enjaulada
por migrar a mejor vida

Sin Gloria no hay gloria
ni respeto, ni amparo
para las destituidas
de espaldas cansadas
manos atrofiadas
mujeres
manfloras
seres trans



que habitamos
en la eterna Nepantla

Sin Gloria no hay gloria
ni descanso
ni respiro
para seres puente
seres luz
entre este mundo
carnal y en el otro
que protegen
empujan dulcemente
abrazan y abarcan
a cada habitante
del Mundo Zurdo

En pandemia o sin pandemia
con Gloria todo
sin Gloria nada

—Rita E. Urquijo-Ruiz

Simposio internacional 2020,
Ciudad de México para
Gloria en su cumpleaños

To my pals

I have accumulated you all my life.
The pace has not been exactly
feverish.
You come in all shapes and sizes.
Mishaps, double dates, divorces,
escapades



and long conversations about
weighty matters.

So far two of you are gone.
We should be thankful. Here we are.
We don't see each other often
enough.
Time runs short.
Let's enjoy our company while we
can.
I'll try to accumulate one of two
more of you
For the next party.

—Cervando Martínez

María Cristina Lugones

(January 26, 1944-July 14, 2020)

A friend of the Society for the Study of Gloria Anzaldúa, Lesbian feminist philosopher María Lugones, died of cardiac arrest during the COVID19 pandemia at a Syracuse, N.Y. hospital.



María Cristina Lugones (family photo)

I remember María as an impassioned crusader ever fighting the good fight who relished life and as easily danced a tango as battled sexist and racist thought. Argentina de corazón, she embodied the profound unified

approach that made no division between theory and praxis. Along with Chicana philosopher Gloria Anzaldúa and Norma Alarcón she shaped the late 20th century and dominated feminist thinking and feminist praxis.

I remember her visit to San Antonio in the 1990s as we sat at a booth at Pico de Gallo restaurant and caught up with our disparate lives. I next saw her at SUNY-Binghamton where she was a professor of comparative literature and women's studies when I was invited to deliver a Keynote at the university. I had not expected to see her in the audience, but there she was surrounded by her students and offering me a bright smile of welcome. "I won't think what I won't practice," she often said. She embodied solidarity. The last time I saw her was in 2016, when she delivered the opening Plenary at the El Mundo Zurdo conference. She was already ill, but her indomitable spirit and her piercing insight had not diminished. She wrote a brilliant essay for the Paris conference on Anzaldúa in 2019 although she was too ill to travel.

She coined the idea of a "coloniality of gender" as she exploded notions of how the colonial enterprise transformed life in the Ámericas. She centered gender along with race as she demonstrated how systems of power exist in intricate, complex, and sometimes contradictory relationships. "I am incomplete and unreal without other women," she once wrote. "I am profoundly dependent on others without having to be their subordinate, their slave, their servant." Descanse en paz, filosofa y maestra, ¡María Lugones!

—Norma Cantú

Mafalda left an orphan with the passing of her papá

Joaquín Salvador Lavado of Argentina born on July 17, 1932, better known as "Quino", created the comic strip character, *Mafalda*, in 1963 about an irreverent 6-year-old girl from Buenos Aires who made comments on life, politics, home and injustices throughout the world. Quino ended "Mafalda" in 1974 knowing that it would have been dangerous for him to continue the strip amid rising political violence ahead of Argentina's military coup d'état of 1976. *Mafalda* transcended borders with her

observations of life and was translated to more than two dozen languages. *Mafalda* now an orphan, many surrogate artists have stepped up to draw her and voice her concerns since her papá's passing on September 30, 2020. ¡Mafalda vive!



Joaquín Salvador Lavado, "Quino", with a statue of Mafalda