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Apr 1st, 6:00 AM

Power to the Panza: The Politics of Panza Positive Cultural Production, a Performance

Virgina Grise
California Institute of the Arts, vgrise@gmail.com

Irma Mayorga
Florida State University, historia34@yahoo.com

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Virgina Grise and Irma Mayorga, "Power to the Panza: The Politics of Panza Positive Cultural Production, a Performance" (April 1, 2008). *National Association for Chicana and Chicano Studies Annual Conference*. Paper 11.
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Virginia Grise
Writing for Performance Program, School of Theater
California Institute of the Arts

and

Irma Mayorga, Ph.D.
School of Theater
Florida State University

2008 NACCS Conference Presentation

***Power to the Panza: The Politics of Panza Positive Cultural Production,
a Performance***

The initials throughout this essay correspond to the following names:

IM: Irma Mayorga, co-writer, director, dramaturge, and designer of *The Panza Monologues*

VG: Virginia Grise, co-writer, performer of *The Panza Monologues*

IM: We, like you, have been to a number of conferences, and we want to acknowledge factors that often go unmarked. We want to thank everyone for attending this session among the many offerings at this hour. Most of us have traveled great distances: we want to thank you for your time, energy, and money. Because we are in one of what we consider our “home” communities—NACCS, we want to press on this occasion to offer counter-hegemonic practices of resistance. We want to offer a different type of paper presentation, something collaborative, artistic, feminist, alternative, interdisciplinary, and experimental. So we ask you to enjoy our departures.

VG: It all began with *cuentos*, *chisme*, *chistes* and the intimacy of *mujeres* talkin’. It was never meant to be repeated. But it was, and not only was it repeated, it was fashioned, stylized, deconstructed, dramaturged, upended, sent forth, and staged—always staged.

IM: We thought rather than discuss the work in a conference paper monologue, we would contrive a performative conversation of our performance work: *The Panza Monologues*. For many, this paper is an introduction to our work. For others, who may be more familiar, this talk serves as a genealogy to clarify the work’s origin and its driving ideas. In creating this work, we encountered many happy moments

VG: and sad facts

IM: about producing politically conscious, unapologetically Chicana-centered work. Likewise,

VG: because of our journey,

IM: we have some recommendations for the future. Because unapologetically Chicana-centered theatre work is so very rare, we have observations about our journey, art making, Chicana/o cultural production, and the future of Chicano cultural centers and theater artists who identify themselves as Chicanas and *feministas*. As co-writers of *The Panza Monologues*, we split our tasks:

VG: I performed in the piece when it toured as a solo show. It was the first time I had to hold down a stage for such a long period of time and the first time I wasn’t self-directed. Often, our training in theatre is a result of pure Chicana ingenuity—the need to tell a story that hasn’t been told on the stage, an urgency to speak, scream, laugh, heal. However, this show—over an hour long—taught me lessons about the craft of performance that challenged me to work outside of my normal rhythms and habits of speech and locate different characters and voices inside my body.

IM: Vicki and I co-wrote this piece together, and I served as the work’s dramaturg and director, which bears explanation because few in our community understand these important roles in theater. And frankly, we need to produce more Chicana dramaturges and directors. This is a conference where we want to imagine how to better our cultural production—so let us begin with these two theatre positions.

A dramaturg works with writers to develop their plays for performance by bringing a deep, historically centered, and contemporaneously conscious artistic eye to bear on a three dimensional work of theater. So, it takes a bit a training: life experience and otherwise. I also directed the piece.

And to clarify, directing in the theater is formulating the vision of the show, the nature of its actions, the texture of its moods, the style of the acting, the way an actor moves on stage and when, the music between moments, and the overall visual picture. In the best theater pieces, when a director and dramaturg have done their job well, their handprint on the work is remarkable because it becomes imperceptible. In the beginning. . .

VG: cuz every people needs a story that starts that way. . .

IM: In our beginning, there was a time when we had the good fortune to work amongst some astounding and fierce women. We were working for social justice, sisters side by side in the struggle, organizing with people, communities, and using arte to resist the "17 White Men" who control the power in the city of San Antonio just 82 miles south of here [Austin, TX] and a world away.¹

Panza *activista* María Berriozabal, who served for ten years on the San Antonio City Council, coined the exquisite phrase

VG: "17 White Men"

IM: to describe her experiences with power in San Anto.

VG: "17 White Men"

IM: control and manipulate San Antonio's entire economic and socio-political structures. These good 'ol boys are rich beyond measure, racist, misogynistic, and homophobic.

VG: They do everything within their means to make sure that they retain the power to shape what happens to and within the city.

IM: Working for social change is hard: it's gut wrenching, eat-at-your-soul, scar up your psyche work.

VG: And in the midst of this work, we began to tell each other our *cuentos*.

IM: *Tu sabes, cuentos* to ease the day along. And inevitably, those *cuentos* came back to stories about the *panza*—usually at the exact same moments when we were smacking Bill Miller's² french fry grease off of our fingers and thinking of our ourselves twenty, thirty, forty pounds ago.

*[music rises—Marissa starts music on boom box]*³

Placard: **FROM CHA-CHA TO PANZA**⁴

VG IN PERFORMANCE:

(seductively) I wasn't always big. I use to be cha-cha thin, tall and skinny like my gringo daddy. I would wear tacones - black with straps that reached across my ankles, boots that stopped short of my knees, diamonds across my feet. Tacones - upper leather, suede, alligator, snake, all leather and in different colors- brown, red, cork, biege, gold, green, black, blue even. Tacones that matched the dresses I wore, dresses that always fit my body, showed shape, whether they were long with slit on the side, in the front, in the back / seperating my piernas, or short, showing my thighs. Me and my tacones.

Vicki pulls her tacones out of a shopping bag.

And they weren't puta shoes / girl, they were classy. Tacones made me feel taller. Somehow tacones made me feel stronger, more sure of myself. Not submissive or anti-feminist but like the virgen in a yolanda lopez painting, karate kicking out of her blue veil with gold stars, stepping on the head of an angel with her tacones. Pues yo tambien. I throw punches for my raza and I can do it with my tacones on too just like the old school cholas use to do.

Vicki begins to put her tacones on.

And the men, the men were scared of me when I walked into the cantina made up / hair swept, red lipstick and tacones. You see, men like fuckin but they don't like bein fucked and when I walked in I wuz the one doin the choosin. I didn't sit back in dark corners waitin for someone to ask me to dance. I asked you. Locked eyes and said "You will dance this polka with me," sometimes without even sayin nuthin. Other times I'd say, "Fuck all of ya'll" and take the dance floor at Daddy O's all by myself

Music erupts into full blown conjunto.

¹ NACCS 2008 convened in Austin, TX.

² A popular and local Texas barbeque restaurant chain.

³ In our presentation at NACCS 2008, our *comadre* Marisa Ramirez helped during our presentation by serving as technical coordinator: running music and placing title cards at times indicated in the paper above.

⁴ Vicki performs a monologue from *The Panza Monologues*.

Vicki rises, dances across the presentation area, swirls, turns.

They all watched / old school vatos, young cholos, graduate students. . . trying to remember their hometown barrios in a bar east of the freeway, forgetting in between too many beers. Hell even the cholas were lookin. Some worried I'd take away their man. Others, shit others just wanted to dance wid me. Be free. Be free like me.

They say a bar is a man's space but I owned that motha fucker. I walked in with my own go-go juice in blue bottle cuz my dad once told me, "Beer makes you fat Virginia," so I drank vodka on the rocks, learned how to play pool "Call your shots. Cuz I'm not fuckin around." And I learned more about community politics/who owns who, who runs what than I could of ever learned workin at a cultural center.

I claimed power through my pussy, and I didn't even have to let any one in. I just had to let em all know I knew I had one and that I controlled my own cho-cha. Ya, I owned that motha / fuckin bar / 'till the city tore it down after li'l Danny got cut.

Vicki sits.

I use to be cha-cha thin. Proud of my calves, well-defined. Calves that did not look like my mother's calves. My mom's calves were more like tree trunks. Her whole body was like one huge bloque. My mother gave us everything, everything but I never remember her having anything. Instead of tacones, she wore chancas. She use to threaten us with her chancla, and it didn't matter if she were big and old, she could still bend over, take off her chancla, grab us by the arm, and meternos un chingaso, real quick like/good ol' fashion chancla discipline. My mother use to say that my father wanted boys. We were three girls. My mother never said what it was she wanted. That was her way I guess. I'm not sure if my mom ever loved my dad but I grew up thinkin that women that fell in love were weak.

I never thought my mom was pretty, even when she was younger and I never wanted to look like her but slowly the image of my mother crept into my own body. Slowly after too many two o'clock after closin time tacos, candy bars and coke for breakfast. They startin callin me dis—short for gordis—instead of la vicki. Cha-cha became panza and not little panzita even. The whole body grew and you know, it's not easy balancin this much woman on an ity, bitty heel. I no longer walked real straight and tall. Hell, I looked more like a weeble, wobble. All my weight on a heel as wide as my pointing finger with my foot arched in the middle. I feel the weight of my panza all the way in the ball of my foot. When your panza gets bigger so do your feet and those thin sexy straps that use to hold your feet well they aint that sexy no more. You've got these little lonjitas hangin off the side of your shoe and it causes your feet to swell. It's like they're chokin, pulsatin, gaspin for air as they struggle to balance all of you on a tacon. And to tell you the truth, I don't really feel so strong, so sure of myself anymore. Shit I'm scared I'll fall when I'm dancin and the people that are lookin at me now are starin because they're scared if I go too low I might not be able to get back up. They're worried I'll hurt someone out there.

There's somethin classy about cha-cha/medias and tacones but when cha-cha becomes panza, and you think you can still pull the same shit you could when you were 21, you just look kinda silly. You lose your tacon super powers, and your magic slippers really are just puta shoes. Your dress clings tightly to lonjas and you can't lock eyes with anyone anymore and talk to them without speaking cuz now they only look at your huge chi-chis, and well chi-chis just aren't as powerful as cho-cha. I don't know why. Who makes these rules?

[Marisa fades music out]

IM: Looking around our small office, this fact was more than evident. At the time, we worked in a cultural center environment of 90% women, and of those women, all of us were Chicana. And, only two of our fellow workers had body weights that could be classified as "healthy." The rest of us ranged in weight dimensions between slightly overweight to full scale *panzonas*. And it didn't matter if we had college degrees or were laid off blue-collar workers—we were all *unhealthy*.

VG: Along the street where we worked in San Anto you could find almost as many fast food joints as in South Central, Los Angeles—not a fresh vegetable in sight that wasn't deep fried. We quickly began drawing the parallels between obesity related illnesses such as heart disease and diabetes to poverty.

IM: From the get go, creating *The Panza Monologues* worked off two basic ideas:

[music rises—Marissa starts music on boom box]

Placard: **"PROLOGUE" FROM THE PANZA MONOLOGUES**

VG IN PERFORMANCE:

There once was this play. This really quite interesting play. It was this play about women. Well, not just anything about women, but about them in a specific way.

IM: *uno — cuentos* about our panzas were important: literally, culturally, and metaphorically. Second, everyone, almost without provocation, has a panza story.

VG IN PERFORMANCE:

It described all these women from different places, different groups, different races, different ages, with different boyfriends and girlfriends and lovers who were both boys and girls. And it told stories. Stories about these women that united them through one particular thing.

The play was about (beat) their vaginas.

But vagina is not what I call it. I call it my cho-cha.

Translation. Recoding.

Sometimes translation makes all the difference in the world. Listen:

Vagina. Cho-cha.

Vagina. Cho-Cha.

One has music. One sounds like sandpaper.

But what this woman’s play said once again—as so many great women have said over and over—is that we are in a war. A war for our own bodies. And, in the war of our bodies, it became clear to me that for us before you can get to the battle of the cho-cha, we have another score to settle, another place on our beautiful bodies to baptize, actualize,

a place that has been

demonized sterilized starved stuffed covered over.

In fact, we’ve been encouraged or commanded or scared into actually getting rid of it.

Before I can talk about cho-cha, I need to tell the story of us—Whose us? We are the ones who carry the sun in our skin, brown like almonds or café con leche, color de la tierra.

Tu sabes, the “us” that uses the word cho-cha, panocha!

But you see - the story of us in not just cho-cha it’s. . .panza!

Raise your hand if you’ve thought about your panza today! [People gathered raise their hands in response.] Cuz I know that when I talked to my homegirls, they weren’t spilling stories about their cho-cha. iNo! There we would be with big plates of fideo or pan dulce or menudo or tripas or pasta or Sea Island or Las Manitas, Sol y Luna, or. . .Luby’s, and we’d all be telling the stories of our panzas.⁵

And I thought, we gots to hear the stories of the panzas. And so I listened, with my heart in my hands, I listened as women told me about the life of their panzas. Panzas were crying out everywhere: “Tell my story!”

Now someone’s panza story is a sacred story and to share it with someone else is to tell them about the condition of your life. Cause the panza, it does have an ego. Every time your panza pooches out from behind that long sweater you put on or when you’re walking by a plate of glass and you turn your head and its flashing its big panza “I’m here” lonja roll back at you—that’s its ego. Cuz society has told it again and again—“You’re bad. Bad Panza. Go away!” The panza it knows, in its own way, it knows, about us, about you. But the panza also knows that it ain’t alone there in the middle of us. The panza it knows it needs the legs to walk, the arms to carry it, the mouth to feed it, the heart to excite it.

And when you listen to the panzas of all the mujeres out there, you can hear the world according to women. That’s the power of a panza story.

[Marisa fades music out]

IM: The idea of taking true-life incidents and staging testimony has deep roots in U.S. American theater—we nor Eve Ensler, who inspired our work, are not the first to do it nor will we be the last.

Our work has its legacy in documentary theater techniques honed by women like playwright/performer Anna Deavere Smith. Documentary theater forces the writer to partake in the creation of theater as part journalist, part anthropologist, and part crime scene “witness.”

VG: For me, the stories of the panza lived inside my body. They were what writer Sharon Bridgforth calls “blood memory,” acted out without a stage in an office for an audience of *comadres* and *compañeras*. They were performed before they were written, had to be remembered before they were performed.

IM: One-line riffs secretly documented on my computer later became whole pieces in the show.

⁵ “Sea Island or Las Manitas, Sol y Luna, or. . .Luby’s,”—all popular restaurants in the Austin/San Antonio area.

VG: In the winter of 2003, I went to Cuba to attend the Jose Martí Catedra de teatro hosted by El Centro Libre de Experimentación Teatral y Artística (CLETA). Cuba helped me understand the panza as part of a theatrical tradition informed by *carpas* and *teatro callejero*. Cuba was also the place that allowed me to see the specificity of the panza in a U.S. context. It was the first time that I really discovered just how big I was!

IM: It became clear that as Chicanas, we are living in a state of nePANZA. As late writer Gloria Anzaldúa says, in the inbetween/contradictions where “we can’t ignore the body, because we live in a physical world.” We are living in the wealthiest country in the world where the question of obesity largely affects poor communities of color. Coca-cola, Big Red, kool-aid, free lunch and breakfast programs, processed food force-fed to our children, diabetes, and cancer. We experience the repeated act of colonization in our food, in what we eat.

VG: And when I was in Cuba everyone on the street had a running political commentary about what that meant.

IM: As our performance “Prologue” states, we were certain that for a Latina/Chicana context, “Before you can get to the cho-cha” we had to talk about the panza. For Latinas/Chicanas, sexuality, race, and gender crosscut much differently than what we heard in Eve Ensler’s *Vagina Monologues*. When we gathered stories we asked a wide spectrum of Chicanas to help us. We sent a letter to women and asked:

VG: “How do you feel about your panza? How does your panza feel about you? How does your familia, your partner, your cultura feel about your panza? When do you control your panza? And why? When does your panza control you? Why?”

From your words, and other sources of inspiration, we will be developing our performance piece. We will treat your story with respect and honor if you give it to us, we offer you many thanks in advance.”

IM: The *mujeres* we asked were surprised that they could think about their panza, that a panza could be theatricalized, that it could SPEAK.

The first staging of *The Panza Monologues* was both compelled and interceded by two events that fundamentally changed how Vicki and I thought about our work as artists, activists, and Chicanas. In the midst of making *The Panza Monologues*, Vicki was summarily fired from her position as a collective staff member of the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center. At the time, both of us worked at the Center. The dismissal was abrupt, unparalleled in the organization’s history, and devastating to witness in a space that forwarded itself in grant language and mission ethos as a woman-centered space. Only in retrospect do we know what devastating events such as this can yield.

VG: In the midst of the turmoil, I made a conscious decision to take three months off and dedicate that time completely to writing. I had a regular schedule, waking up at 8am, spending the full day until dinner working. I learned that writing is a commitment. It is a daily practice. As Chicana artists, we often juggle so many things: our commitment to community, family, the job that often pays our bills. Many times what gets sacrificed is our own creative work. That summer taught me that I didn’t want to create art after working 50, 60 + hrs a week. Being an artist is my life practice, and I want to make a life out of doing this work.

I also learned that although I will always have a relationship with institutions both mainstream and alternative, I cannot let my activism or my art be institutionalized. Although I experienced a break from an institution that I hold high regard for—that continues to change the cultural landscape of San Antonio—my community remained intact. I believe as a queer person, we have found all sorts of creative and resourceful ways to make family and community despite the harsh circumstances of reality and that community is rooted in support and how we treat one another as people. So even when I lack institutional support to do my work, as an artist, I always have the support of my community. One of my favorite examples of this is that I literally wrote parts of *The Panza Monologues* on borrowed food stamps and in my “restaurant office” at Café Latino⁶ where the owner—Jessica Cerda, along with David Zamora Casas—fed me on many, many bowls of *fideo*.

IM: While Vicki was eating *fideo*, I was selected to develop a new play at the Eugene O’Neill Theater Center’s Annual Playwright’s Conference (Waterford, CT). My time at this apex of U.S. American Theater afforded me a view that my mentor, Cherríe Moraga articulated in her 2000 essay “Sour Grapes: The Art of Anger in América”: silence continues to be the contribution made by Chicanas and Latinas to theater production in the U.S. Watching theatre-making from this privileged vantage point, watching my play about a working-class Chicana/o family take the stage before New England elites

⁶ Café Latino—A locally owned, small restaurant in San Antonio. Now closed.

showed me how far away our stories are from that reality. As I watched the audience, I realized how intimate our Chicana/o history is—how hidden and in the stead of that, how unvoiced. And a young Chicana protagonist who's trying to articulate the currents of colonization in the Americas? Forget it! And it made me wonder—who am I making theatre for—even in the throes of this accolade?

We strongly believe that the cataclysm of these two life-altering events, in the span of three short months, uniquely imprinted *The Panza Monologues* with its Chicana-centered sense of energy, ideas, and aesthetics.

To date *The Panza Monologues* has toured to three states.⁷ ALLGO (Austin Latino/Latina Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual & Transgender Organization) invited us to hold our premiere production right here in Austin.

VG: It was picked up by ALLGO after Sharon Bridgforth⁸ heard a reading of a few of the monologues at Resistencia Bookstore, owned by poet and activist Raul Salinas who has recently passed. It's significant that this work was picked up first by a queer space and not a traditional (white or Latina/o) theatre space—again to me it's about how creative and resourceful we are with what we have.

IM: When ALLGO approached us to premiere the show, they asked us a fundamental question: "What do you need?"

VG: This was my first introduction to professional theatre, and it wasn't until I went back to graduate school that I understood that U.S. American Theatre is not run by queer women of color. I didn't know. I thought that was the norm.

IM: The show was written and then first produced and run by women of color.

VG: and I thought that's just the way it's done.

IM: In addition, the play received publication through the vision of itinerant publisher Jackie Cuevas and Jennifer Margulies. . .

VG: . . .again, queer women. . .

IM: and their publishing company Evelyn Street Press. Jackie and Jennifer's support and commitment to our work has been unwavering and magnanimous. Despite these important developmental milestones, the play has never *premiered* in San Antonio. It has played to a number of closed, invitation only events in the city, and it has even received an *homanaje* staged reading by a collectivity of UTSA students last year (2007), but it has never received a fully realized production in San Antonio, the city for which it was written. We did enter into negotiations with the Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center, but those negotiations fell apart when the organization's director felt that the project did not merit monetary allocation. We also suspect the work was too adamantly woman-centered for the organization's leadership at the time. Later, the Guadalupe's executive director was removed from office and served with a sexual harassment lawsuit by a former employee.

VG: Which is why sometimes we gotta take our work into our own hands.

IM: As a result of our experiences with making, performing, and producing *The Panza Monologues*, we have arrived at a list of recommendations that would help encourage what we term "Panza Positive Cultural Production." Our advice enumerates points integral to the task of growing, nurturing, and sustaining the next generation of Chicana cultural producers. We close with:

"Recommendations for Panza Positive Chicana/o Cultural Production"

1. *Cultural Producers and producing non-profits need to begin to think in layers and know that part of the art is process not necessarily product.* We have to move beyond only presenting work. We need to make a commitment to developing work. For theater, a multi-layered strategy among our cultural institutions would subscribe to the following tenets:
 - a. Invite artists to residencies where they only develop work—not teach, not give a show, not lead a workshop, or hold a seminar. Invite to your space/institution solely for the purpose of developing their work.
 - b. Theatre needs an audience in order to move the work forward. Create opportunities for artists to show their work at different stages of development—including workshop readings, staged readings, and full productions. This strategy makes the experience in your community truly supportive of artists accomplishing work.
 - c. Don't occupy creative time with tasks that are not about creating/developing the work. Oftentimes art needs isolation and solitude.
 - d. If you invite an outside artist into your community (someone from a different geographical location), first make sure that you are nurturing local talent. Don't spend

⁷ As of March 2008. Since then, the show has also enjoyed performances in California.

⁸ Nationally acclaimed writer/performer.

the entirety of your budget to bring in a big name at the expense of your local responsibility. Interrogate why you are searching for non-local artists.

2. *While we invite opportunities for conversations about our art-making process and political/creative visions, don't force artists into sessions where feedback is given—it's not always helpful.*
 - a. At the O'Neill Theatre Center they abide a creative rule where no one could offer feedback to a playwright's work—unless the playwright specifically asks—because often the feedback does more harm than help to what the artist is trying to accomplish in their time of development. We find often there is so much missing from the Chicana/o theater experience and that an audience wants a play to speak in so many ways, the play loses its own voice in its quest to satisfy the majority. This dilutes work.
3. *As women, we need to stop giving our work away for free.* We need to stop saying that it is "OK" for ourselves and for other artists to donate our creative energy. It is natural that we want to give and give and give to our community. But we should not do so to the point where we no longer validate ourselves or can sustain ourselves as working artists in this country. In the U.S. where women only earn $\frac{3}{4}$ of a dollar that a man does and most non-profit orgs are government funded—we need to stop being the accommodating, passive, "donation" tick mark for non-profit organizations. We need to teach each other that we are used as a commodity on grant reports, grant requests, and other sources of "finance seeking" documents by institutions who receive generous donations because they can list the participation of women artists.
 - a. Likewise, our Chicana/o/Latina/o/people of color Cultural Centers need to stop asking our artists, especially our female artists, to donate their work.
 - b. As well, our Chicana/o/Latina/o/people of color Cultural Centers need to become more conscious of fostering woman-centered work and queer women of color work and stop fearing it as not representative of the totality of the community and therefore unworthy of time or money.
4. *Change in any non-profit organization that desires to make itself a better home for artists needs to start from the top down.* The culture and ethos of the organization is not derived from its carefully crafted mission statement but always from the attitude and behavior of its leader. Although we admire egalitarian run orgs, we have yet to see a true, democratically run non-profit organization—especially in a Chicana/o context. So, first we need to realize that that idea has been cast aside. Second, too often we require the executive directors of our organizations to be in possession of a host of knowledges that are too far flung. We need money managers *and* artistic managers and this very rarely comes in the same package of one and the same person—our lack of success at producing theater organizations as Chicana/os bears witness to this. And even when it does come in the package of one person they are so overworked and underpaid that the work they produce is done at the expense of their own sense of self and private life.
5. We must not misinterpret critique as personal attack and learn to be more willing to listen to each other, articulating our needs and desires without tearing each other down.
6. *In Chicana/o theater, we need to create more dramaturges and directors*—and half of them need to be women who are the least likely people to perform these two specific tasks (in Chicana/o or mainstream theatre production). We need to grow these artists, nurture them, collectively raise them in Cultural Centers that foster and support new work where these types of artists can test their wings before their wings are then clipped and pruned in the laboratories of graduate schools. We need to fund them and their projects. We need to insist that new play production of any kind by any one will benefit from their deep knowledge and participation. In particular, Cultural Centers need to become more responsible about learning what these two positions can mean to theater production.
7. *One of the most valuable things that you can give theater artists of today is space and time.* A free space, unfettered, a big room without anything in it. Oftentimes, we would have given almost anything for this simple privilege. Instead, we have rehearsed this show of ours in Irma's cramped living room, in empty houses that she's rented, and in all the backyards that she has ever had the occasion to hold a lease to. Theatres should not sit dark when there is so much need for them.
8. Universities and Chicana/o Studies Centers in universities need to be more creative in opening the resources of their institutions to artists in ways that go beyond presenting work, for

example: create visiting artist positions, produce new work from page to stage, offer big areas as rehearsal space, and offer IT support.

This summer we will be filming *The Panza Monologues* in order to distribute the play on DVD. Thank you for your time and attention.

N.B. As of September 2009, our film project is complete, please visit www.panzamonologues.com to learn how to order a DVD of *The Panza Monologues* filmed before a live audience at Plaza de la Raza in Los Angeles.