



PHOTO BY ADAM BAILEY, POSTER DESIGN BY ROLANDO AVILA

Learning from local leaders

Latino Network presents VOZ ALTA: Generaciones, a dramatization of the lives of Latino artists Rodolfo Serna and Jesus Torralba. This presentation is an intimate view into the formative experiences that shaped Rodolfo and Jesus as artists and youth mentors. Both in search of a home and a place in the world, they each turned to the arts for personal healing, self-discovery and creative expression.

Today, Rodolfo and Jesus give back to the community by working with at-risk and gang involved youth in Multnomah and Washington County through the Community Healing Initiative (CHI). This show highlights their personal challenges, successes and their mentor/mentee relationship.

VOZ ALTA is a storytelling project that features the personal lives of Portland's Latino community through interwoven narrative and live music. The bicultural production features narratives written in

What: VOZ ALTA: Generaciones
When: 7 p.m. doors open, 7:30 p.m. showtime Aug. 24
Where: Milagro Theatre
 525 SE Stark St.
Tickets: www.eventbrite.com
 Recommended for ages 13 and up for hard language and adult content.

English with songs performed in Spanish.

Generaciones is directed by Michael Cavazos and written by Joaquin Lopez and Cynthia Gomez. Music is by Gerardo Calderon.

VOZ ALTA is supported in part by the Multnomah County Cultural Coalition, The Collins Foundation, and The Miller Foundation. VOZ ALTA is presented in honor of Latinx Pride 2018.

The cleaning of the Occupy ICE compound

BY NETTIE JOHNSON
 STREET ROOTS VENDOR

I was watching the news in late June one night when I saw a photo of the babies being held in a holding facility in the USA. What pierced my emotions was the aluminum blankets that the kids were using to stay warm.

Being a woman of color in the U.S., overcoming addiction, homelessness and prison, I knew that the vision on the news was real. I was so upset.

Recently I moved back to affordable housing on the Southwest Waterfront. I was feeling relieved and safe. Realizing I had too much junk, I started packing up clothes, shoes and dollar tree cosmetics. I heard a lot of screaming and shouting outside my window. I went to my balcony and noticed a line of DHS officers. It's overwhelming what continued after that day.

A group of women and men formed a protest to shed light on the immigration rule that was separating children from parents at the border.

Personally, my only real understanding of protesting is from YouTube videos of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr, whom I listen to when I am depressed, which is often. I went down and tried to understand the movement, caught up in the excitement of all the cars bringing food, cigarettes, water and ice cream. I realized I was in the middle of a major demonstration.

Five weeks later Mayor Ted Wheeler declared the Occupy ICE compound unsafe. During the five weeks, DHS challenged the protesters. Several things I observed and pondered during the protest were:

- The parking enforcement of the City of Portland were never present
- The compound grew, including a garden planted by protesters
- The local news was there often.

I suffer from PTSD, and from 1992 to 1994 I was locked up in Washington state in isolation, deemed a threat to the orderly operation of the prison, so I remained in lockdown for 22 months while a building that looked like the 4310 SW Macadam building was constructed. It took two years, I sat in a 12-foot by 9-foot cell with a slot in the door and a small window while construction noise happened between 6 a.m. and 4 p.m. daily.

My PTSD was severely triggered by the Homeland Security strategy to provoke the protesters on the final day. I found a poster of the children left on the ground. I picked it up and kept it. The children were what drew me in. In the end, the protesters, the police, and Homeland Security lost that focus.

The protesters were smart, wise and diligent. They left peacefully on July 24. My prayer is for the children to be found and returned safely to their parents.

I walked down the trail with my dog and it's clean and back to normal, it's like it never physically happened. Mentally, I will never forget.



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Photo By: Joshua Meador