



AE NEWSLETTER

"CULTURE. QUESTIONS. STORY. IDENTITY."
 ...learn more than English."

FEBRUARY 2012
 Volume II – Issue 1

Dear Tenderfeet,

5 hours into our 8-hour feat to find the hidden hot springs of San Jerónimo, our tender soles pulsed reminding us of the recent holidays spent on our tushes. Our callowed souls were also swarmed by the warmth of sharing trials and fears together with every river crossed. The shared experience of the *human nature phenomenon* of gratitude towards an extended hand. At the set-off strangers, upon return...blood.

A great outset to what will inevitably be a deep and broad year of magic and uninhibitedness.

Womb Cravings in the Studio
by Alisa Stupak

How many of you have experienced true, genuine interest in learning? This is truly something! I'm not speaking of obedience or joyful acceptance to absorb every word authoritatively spoken, thereby sacrificing personal interest out of the goodness of ones' hearts. I often wonder, can one cope with teenagers without this traditional approach?

At Amerikanoestudios, *magic* happens. Once you are outside of a school program there is space to become aware of the learners needs. The trick is to respect every kid, his or her personality, wishes and affections and creativity.

"Kid" seems to imply someone badly in need of guidance. Yet, in terms of independence, divergent thinking and creativity I feel many of them are far ahead of most adults, myself included! It's great to be surrounded by so many inner-directed, life-loving and sincere individuals, you know! So I can just give them some practical instruction in the sphere of my profession - but only in the theme of their inspiration. You'd be surprised - how swiftly they acquire knowledge, how hard-working and persistent they can be - if they are after their own goals.

I love art - that is my subject; nothing gives me more pleasure than to see it grow and bloom all around - with little to no interference on my end. But all is better understood firsthand, better come and live the art being created at Amerikanoestudios!

Belly Aches far from the Studio
by Jill Currow

My skin has faded to a pale, chalky white. It has quickly forgotten you. That is the only part of me though that has let you go. I miss you so...

Costa Rica, when I first met you I hated you. Unfortunately, I got to know you against my will. I had to leave the one I loved to be with you, and who would want to do that? It was really hard at first. Walking down your streets, I stood out. I was uncomfortable with people looking at me. I assumed they were saying bad things, making fun of me. It was awful entering a store and having the cashiers get fed up with my highly incomprehensible Spanish. I didn't have any friends to commiserate with. It was really lonely.

Somehow, in between then and now, I feel completely opposite. I love thinking back on the time we had together. Usually it makes me sad because I miss you so much.

Problem #1: You cannot be two places at one time-at least not physically (this is probably contrary to what my lunatic husband believes.)

No time for problems #2-#1,040,079.

A Tempting Treacherous Trek
by Alex Cambronero

Quite some time ago, Black Iguanas ran in abundant freedom through the dusty pastures of Esparza, their meat was sweetened by the flowers of each tree, lifelong companions always looking out for scurrying siblings.

So I decide to head down to where young females prepare to spawn at the end of February in the warm sands of Rio Playon. The instinctual smell to hunt for the day's meal still lingers there. Alongside, my pup as new to the hunt as me...but seems to be a closer link in terms of the battle between nature and man. Don Mario will guide the way and be the deciding voice as to which ones have eggs and which male iguana is the chosen one for the sacrifice. HE will assist in my re-membering, the size of the stones, the socks which carry them.

Mid-journey we are suddenly dangling from a tree in teenage defiance of any concept of measured consequences, I see how agile the old man was. Just like his prey, light as a feather waiting for this 40 year old virgin who claimed to be a hunter, pero ahora solo atrasa.

Back home now, my tick infested legs make it impossible to forget our trek into the memory of why we are Los Garroberos. Sleep tight Don Mario. Thanks for the lessons learned. Hugs from the Swift-like-the-river-breeze-warrior of Playon.

A Frighteningly Easy to Follow Stroll
by Kelsey Deaton

Back in the states, living at home with my parents, it is easy to follow a daily stroll. Comfortable, clear of debris, except for that pesky gas money I keep having to kick over. Starbucks on the left, bars on the right, where am I going again? Apparently I can't just plug "enlightened elation" into my GPS navigation.

Composting, TED watching, painting, beachy co-op housing, deliberating, but realizing I need to step ever more purposefully to make each of my days SACRED.

Before Bed
by Ron Green

that night my knees spiraled
 venom pinched my panza
 where the Night Queen kissed
 from one of her prolific gowns
 always in warning
 always desired

under pitch poked by stars
 bathed in fragancia dracaena
 in the moon's absence we talked
 of the things only mentioned in
 without light
 she cut a hole into a yiguirro's dream
 just deep enough for my mind to step in

Maiza took my hand,
 her silk tassels shooting off in happy angles
 speaking through my palm
 so that I could taste the message

Re-member: you are born of me, Maiza
 the golden virgin
 two seeds rubbed into flesh and blood
 we dance and sweat together each year
 we laugh with choriadas, casseroles, tortillas, and popcorn
 your tears I drink when the sky forgets to rain
 your brothers beat my heart and mutilate my fertility
 this is the dinner where I ask for your vengeance
 not until you live can I feed you
 upon my delight,
 shackled to the spine of my wild sorrow
 you live
 if I exist
 say my name once and one breath
 I draw, bring me deaths prizes and
 I will be the ghost that dances you through the ages
 But, sing for me,
 Ah a song
 Think of your voice resonating through the cosmos
 and that will be the length of our mortality