

Resources:

This is a reprint of a pamphlet that Antena originally wrote in 2014. We would not have been able to develop our analysis and practice of language justice if it weren't for the amazing work of others who have experimented and innovated in this field. Specifically, we draw heavily on the work of a small but expanding network of social justice interpreters and organizers in the U.S. and in other countries, who are committed to language justice and to building multilingual spaces. Some of our most fundamental learning around language justice has occurred through conversations and shared work with Pancho Argüelles Paz y Puente (Houston), Andrea Arias (Medellín, Colombia), Colectivo Caracol (New York), Sara Koopman (Bogotá and Vancouver), Tony Macías (Austin and Oaxaca), and Catalina Nieto (Washington, D.C.), along with the foundational work of Alice Johnson and Roberto Tijerina, both of whom were instrumental in developing workshops, trainings, and practices around language justice in their work with the legendary Highlander Research and Education Center. All of these individuals, like us, are committed to the open-source sharing of materials. We've borrowed freely from some of their language in creating this pamphlet, and encourage you, in turn, to use our language to further your own purposes.

Interpretation And Translation: Power Tools For Sharing Power In Grassroots Leadership Development, by Alice Johnson

PDF available at: http://www.intergroupresources.com/rc/Interpretation_and_Translation.pdf

Spanish for Social Change: social justice movement terminology for interpreters and translators, a blog by Sara Koopman

<http://spanishforsocialchange.blogspot.com/>

What Did They Say? A Social Change Interpreter Curriculum, by Roberto Tijerina

PDF available at: <http://www.intergroupresources.com/rc/Highlander%20curric.pdf>

LEGACY

COMPASS

My grandfather still smoked a pipe then, ensconced in his den with hi-fi, reel-to-reel, Redd Foxx records I was never allowed to play. Babygirl, he told my aunt, if you don't take care of yourself nobody else will. Nobody can. Lead laced his windowglass. Smoke spiraled past its replacement crank, through its crack, along down Fairfield Street. When my aunt's little boy was asked where his grandparents lived, he said: Fairfield, Michigan. All the kids laughed, but the years proved him right. Where else did two lovebirds sow and reap such fair as their red brick Tudor where Grandma's 30-year-old pack of ladies long cigarettes lined her freezer door in case she unquit so she'd never have to beg, where her dreamboat's paneled den, his Shanghai desk sent home by six-month ship, still suited his English tobacco, the worsted sleeves he leans to from his portrait, a reminder: If you don't take care of yourself, Babygirl, nobody will. I heard him, Aunt Gloria told me years later, her glasses perched on his sister's face. Okay, Daddy, her heels clicked tight. I got you. Watch this, Daddy, she said. Watch this:

SAMIYA BASHIR

SEE: ALTER-EGO, AUDIENCE, FIRST WORDS, GRANDPARENTS