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H.S. boys basketball; Cowboys inch past Indians; Quintero's 28 sets the tone

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Harlandale did not expect Jon Quintero to be McCollum's most dangerous offensive weapon Friday night, because he usually is not.

Not even Quintero, the shortest player on the court at 5-foot-5, expected to stand so tall.

The Cowboys' senior point guard poured in a game-and career-high 28 points, going 15 of 16 from the free-throw line, to lead them to a 55-47 win at home against the rival Indians.

"I surprised myself in this game," said Quintero, who came in averaging 6.9 points for the season.

It was a pleasant surprise for McCollum (14-12, 5-0 District 29-5A), which took sole possession of first place with its fifth consecutive win. Harlandale (15-10, 4-1) had its six-game winning streak snapped and also lost its leading scorer early in the fourth quarter.

Caleb Garcia, a sophomore who scored nine points Friday and averages 21.7 for the season, took a hard fall while trying to defend a fast break for McCollum. Garcia had to be helped to the bench and left the gym with his parents before the end of the game.

"He hit the back of his head," Harlandale coach Chris Adamek said. "It's a big loss."

The Indians fell behind by 13 points on the play in which Garcia got hurt, with Quintero making two free throws, but twice got to within five during the final two minutes. Senior guard Daniel Trejo led the comeback bid by draining four 3-point goals in the fourth quarter. He finished with a team-high 16 points. Jeremy **Ramon** and Adam Salazar also made fourth-quarter 3s for Harlandale, but Roger Martinez and Santiago **Vasquez** hit 3s of their own to keep McCollum ahead.

"It's a pretty tough loss," Trejo said. "We wanted to get first place, but now we've got to wait until we have them at home (Feb. 14) and maybe tie for first place."

The Indians never trailed in the first half as the Cowboys settled for long-range shots and made only one. McCollum made only one other field goal in the opening half but trailed just 20-18 because it went 13 of 17 from the free-throw line.

The Cowboys worked the ball inside to Martinez and Juan Guajardo to start the third quarter, and the result was a 14-1 run that put them in control. Guajardo scored eight points in the third period and 10 for the game.

Quintero capped the half-opening run by swishing a pair of 3-pointers less than one minute apart. He later sealed the win by sinking 6 of 6 free throws during the final 90 seconds.

"I usually miss like five a game," Quintero said. "So that was good."

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Another view ; The late, great ViAztlan journal

Rafael Castillo

This year marks the 30th anniversary of the founding of San Antonio's own literary journal, ViAztlan, an international publication of arts and ideas, on the West Side. Its reach extended nationwide, and it was the brainchild of **Ramon Vasquez** y Sanchez, a local artist with Native American roots and a penchant for painting Spanish colonial missions and calaveras in the tradition of Mexican illustrator José Guadalupe Posada.

I joined the staff after being contacted by Carlos A. Gonzalez, the director of Centro Cultural Aztlan, and board President Jose Patterson. They wanted to introduce literary journalism and encourage a wider participation than the coterie of scribes, and amateur painters and sketch artists whose work adorned its pages.

The first thing I did was change the format to follow the template of The Nation, a strong grass-roots magazine, and The Texas Observer. Although I had long admired The New York Review of Books and The New Republic and wanted to emulate their style and format, I was gently rebuked that the former mostly reviewed books while the latter was "too slick and political." Besides, San Antonio had Caracol, another West Side magazine, exposing fledgling writers to print journalism. I had published my first ruminations in their pages and a couple of terrible, sentimental musings mistaken for poetry.

I assembled writers from Texas and across the nation through my associations with nascent writer groups in California, New Mexico and New York. Soon we had regional editors from different states and international ones from Nicaragua, Germany and France. The international status quickly bought us attention when Express-News critic Mike Greenberg wrote a laudatory column noting that ViAztlan was gaining traction here and abroad.

Next, I traveled to Paris and dined at Papa Maya, restaurateur Mario Cantu's experiment that took Tex-Mex food to the land of crepes and foie gras and mingled them with chicharrones and barbacoa tacos.

The Texas State Historical Association website pays tribute to ViAztlan as the only Texas literary journal to have crossed the Atlantic, reaching the famous Sylvia Beach bookstore Shakespeare and Co. on Paris' Left Bank. Before joining the ranks of the Paris Review, 2 Plus 2, Frank and other international journals, I was invited by David Applefield, editor of Frank, to speak at the Sorbonne before expatriates and writers who formed the nucleus of Frank. I was its San Antonio correspondent.

Yet the apex of ViAztlan's short life was neither the fiction by Rudolfo Anaya nor the poetry of Angela De Hoyos but the irascible musings of Jose Luis Montalvo.

ViAztlan, which translates to "I've seen Aztlan," the mythical land of the Aztecs, was targeted by Councilwoman Helen Dutmer, a South Side representative who took umbrage at Jose Montalvo's satirical, irreverent poem "What the Sasquash-Centennial Means to Me," in response to the Texas Sesquicentennial celebration. The journal was receiving city funds, and some saw ViAztlan as a lightning rod.

I had been cautioned against publishing anything as incendiary as Montalvo's confrontational pieces, which took aim at other literary venues and local artists. But Montalvo was a satirist at heart, and as his editor, I did not want to stand down. I tempered his material.

Nevertheless, when Montalvo saw his final piece, I had to endure his tirades until he saw I had made his poem tighter. But ViAztlan's crowning achievement also signaled its end because without strong City Council support, the journal died a slow death when funds stop coming.

Those heady days are long gone, and the *bête noire* Jose Luis Montalvo is not around anymore to pen a satirical sequel to San Antonio's tricentennial celebrations already underway.

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