Lucero would like to thank our UC—Berkeley sponsors for their generous support in producing this issue: the Graduate Assembly, the Department of Spanish and Portuguese, the Townsend Center, the Center for Latin American Studies, and the Associated Students of the University of California.

Lucero is not an official publication of the Associated Students of the University of California, the Graduate Assembly, the Townsend Center, the Center for Latin American Studies or the Department of Spanish and Portuguese. The views expressed herein are the views of the writers and not necessarily the views of any of these institutions or the University of California, Berkeley.
The pieces published here approach our theme, "Guerra, fronteras y exilio," from diverse interpretations of the terms. "War" denotes everything from armed combat to interpersonal disagreements to romantic love; "borders" divide states or even ideas, and also constitute a critical space of in-betweenness that itself merits examination; "exile" can be from one's home, or from a negotiated, invented-yet-real center that binds a diasporatic web, or even from an esthetic mode. This diversity in approach and object should not be interpreted as dispute or as diffusion of focus: like the pieces it contains, the journal itself is an effort towards the interconnectedness that aims to overcome and prevent the rupture of war, both real and metaphorical.

Lucero, like all creative projects, is produced in a context of profound discord. The United States is at war but won't admit it; women and other underrepresented groups are still not equally respected in political and professional spheres; cultural work suffers increasing censorship and economic pressures that limit its vitality and effectiveness in civic dialogue as well as in broader conversations. What a journal run by a
group of graduate students can do about this is perhaps small, yet significant: it can provide a forum for critical thinking across borders of all kinds. It can create and celebrate a community. And it can remember the history of its own space, Berkeley, California, as the source of the free speech movement, and work to preserve and strengthen that fragile achievement.

My spell-check wants to correct “frontera” with “front era”, a clash of space and time that stops me cold. What happens when language is pushed beyond decorum and overcharged with meaning, when it becomes new, critical, or simply wrong? What happens when we throw together these differing definitions and launch them as a single unit into the world? My hope for Lucero 16 is that it be a “front era” itself, a productive collision of space and time that puts us at the vanguard of something incompletely known but urgently needed. I hope you enjoy this issue. I hope that it helps us to reconsider a pressing theme from new positions and with new questions.

Sarah Moody