



## SANDRA CISNEROS

Born into a working-class family in 1954, Sandra Cisneros, the daughter of a Mexican-American mother and a Mexican father, spent much of her childhood shuttling between Chicago and Mexico City. A lonely, bookish child, Cisneros began writing privately at a young age but only began to find her voice when she was a creative writing student at Loyola University and later at the University of Iowa Writer's Workshop. Her best-known works are *The House on Mango Street* (1983), a collection of interlocking stories set in Chicago's Mexican-American community; and another collection of stories, *Woman Hollering Creek* (1991), set in both Mexico and the United States.

Cisneros's fiction has focused on the lives of first- and second-generation Mexican Americans — more specifically, on the narrowly defined roles often assigned to women within this conservative culture. In her autobiographical essay "Only Daughter," which appeared in *Glamour* in 1990, she describes the difficulties of growing up the only daughter in a Mexican-American family of six sons.

### Only Daughter

Once, several years ago, when I was just starting out my writing career, I was asked to write my own contributor's note for an anthology I was part of. I wrote: "I am the only daughter in a family of six sons. *That explains everything.*" 1

Well, I've thought about that ever since, and yes, it explains a lot to me, but for the reader's sake I should have written: "I am the only daughter in a *Mexican* family of six sons." Or even: "I am the only daughter of a Mexican father and a Mexican-American mother." Or: "I am the only daughter of a working-class family of nine." All of these had everything to do with who I am today. 2

I was/am the only daughter and *only* a daughter. Being an only daughter in a family of six sons forced me by circumstance to spend a lot of time by myself because my brothers felt it beneath them to play with a *girl* in public. But that aloneness, that loneliness, was good for a would-be writer — it allowed me time to think and think, to imagine, to read and prepare myself. 3

Being only a daughter for my father meant my destiny would lead me to become someone's wife. That's what he believed. But when I was in the fifth grade and shared my plans for college with him, I was sure he understood. I remember my father saying, "*Que bueno, ni'ja*, that's good." That meant a lot to me, especially since my brothers thought the idea hilarious. What I didn't realize was that my father thought college was good for girls — good for finding a husband. After four years in college and two more in graduate school, and still no husband, my father shakes his head even now and says I wasted all that education. 4

In retrospect, I'm lucky my father believed daughters were meant for 5  
husbands. It meant it didn't matter if I majored in something silly like En-  
glish. After all, I'd find a nice professional eventually, right? This allowed  
me the liberty to putter about embroidering my little poems and stories  
without my father interrupting with so much as a "What's that you're  
writing?"

But the truth is, I wanted him to interrupt. I wanted my father to 6  
understand what it was I was scribbling, to introduce me as "My only  
daughter, the writer." Not as "This is only my daughter. She teaches." *Es*  
*maestra* — teacher. Not even *profesora*.

In a sense, everything I have ever written has been for him, to win his 7  
approval even though I know my father can't read English words, even  
though my father's only reading includes the brown-ink *Esto* sports mag-  
azines from Mexico City and the bloody ¡*Alarma!* magazines that feature  
yet another sighting of *La Virgen de Guadalupe* on a tortilla or a wife's re-  
venge on her philandering husband by bashing his skull in with a *molca-*  
*jete* (a kitchen mortar made of volcanic rock). Or the *fotonovelas*, the little  
picture paperbacks with tragedy and trauma erupting from the charac-  
ters' mouths in bubbles.

My father represents, then, the public majority. A public who is unin- 8  
terested in reading, and yet one whom I am writing about and for, and pri-  
vately trying to woo.

When we were growing up in Chicago, we moved a lot because of my 9  
father. He suffered bouts of nostalgia. Then we'd have to let go of our flat,  
store the furniture with mother's relatives, load the station wagon with  
baggage and bologna sandwiches, and head south. To Mexico City.

We came back, of course. To yet another Chicago flat, another Chicago 10  
neighborhood, another Catholic school. Each time, my father would seek  
out the parish priest in order to get a tuition break, and complain or boast:  
"I have seven sons."

He meant *siete hijos*, seven children, but he translated it as "sons." "I 11  
have seven sons." To anyone who would listen. The Sears Roebuck em-  
ployee who sold us the washing machine. The short-order cook where  
my father ate his ham-and-eggs breakfasts. "I have seven sons." As if he  
deserved a medal from the state.

My papa. He didn't mean anything by that mistranslation, I'm sure. 12  
But somehow I could feel myself being erased. I'd tug my father's sleeve  
and whisper: "Not seven sons. Six! and *one daughter*."

When my oldest brother graduated from medical school, he fulfilled 13  
my father's dream that we study hard and use this — our heads, instead  
of this — our hands. Even now my father's hands are thick and yellow,  
stubbed by a history of hammer and nails and twine and coils and springs.  
"Use this," my father said, tapping his head, "and not this," showing us  
those hands. He always looked tired when he said it.

Wasn't college an investment? And hadn't I spent all those years in 14  
college? And if I didn't marry, what was it all for? Why would anyone go

to college and then choose to be poor? Especially someone who had always been poor.

Last year, after ten years of writing professionally, the financial rewards started to trickle in. My second National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship. A guest professorship at the University of California, Berkeley. My book, which sold to a major New York publishing house. 15

At Christmas, I flew home to Chicago. The house was throbbing, same as always; hot *tamales* and sweet *tamales* hissing in my mother's pressure cooker, and everybody — my mother, six brothers, wives, babies, aunts, cousins — talking too loud and at the same time, like in a Fellini film, because that's just how we are. 16

I went upstairs to my father's room. One of my stories had just been translated into Spanish and published in an anthology of Chicano writing, and I wanted to show it to him. Ever since he recovered from a stroke two years ago, my father likes to spend his leisure hours horizontally. And that's how I found him, watching a Pedro Infante\* movie on Galavisión\*\* and eating rice pudding. 17

There was a glass filled with milk on the bedside table. There were several vials of pills and balled Kleenex. And on the floor, one black sock and a plastic urinal that I didn't want to look at but looked at anyway. Pedro Infante was about to burst into song, and my father was laughing. 18

I'm not sure if it was because my story was translated into Spanish, or because it was published in Mexico, or perhaps because the story dealt with Tepeyac, the *colonia* my father was raised in and the house he grew up in, but at any rate, my father punched the mute button on his remote control and read my story. 19

I sat on the bed next to my father and waited. He read it very slowly. As if he were reading each line over and over. He laughed at all the right places and read lines he liked out loud. He pointed and asked questions: "Is this So-and-so?" "Yes," I said. He kept reading. 20

When he was finally finished, after what seemed like hours, my father looked up and asked: "Where can we get more copies of this for the relatives?" 21

Of all the wonderful things that happened to me last year, that was the most wonderful. 22

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