

My name is Nora Chapa Mendoza. I was born in Weslaco, Texas. It's on the American side of the border in the Rio Grande Valley. I'm very fortunate to have been born an artist. I don't believe that I had a choice, but that it chose me. For some reason or other I always had to do it, I always had to create. We lived in a one room house it was dirt floors, and it was just like a kitchen in one corner... actually, it wasn't really a kitchen. It was a wooden stove, I and a crib where my brother slept... I don't know why, because he was the oldest. My sister... I don't know where she slept, but I slept on the floor in blankets. When I got to be, I guess maybe 18, 19... women at that time married quite early. I like being alone and by myself and all of that. But I was already dating... and then after we married, he came to work in Detroit and he came first and then he sent for me later. So he put me on the train, every so often... "are we there yet? Are we there yet?" It took forever to get out of Texas. Finally, I fell asleep, I guess, and I woke up in Detroit.