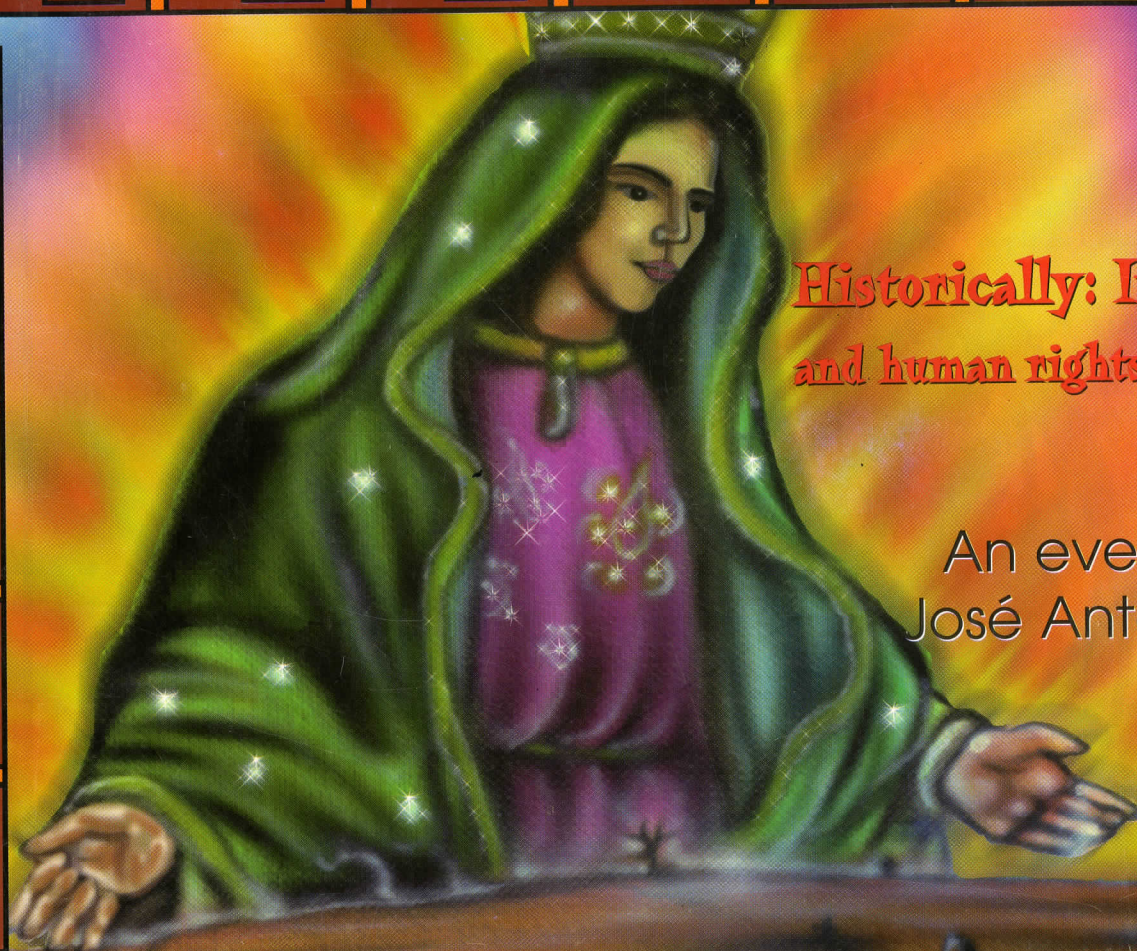


November/ December 1996 \$3.00

RAZATECA

*Historically: Indigenous civil
and human rights march together*

An evening honoring
José Antonio Burciaga



Special Report: Where is the justice

MADRES DEL ESTE LOS ANGELES

SANTA ISABEL



CELEBRATING 12 YEARS

OF COMMUNITY EMPOWERMENT
THROUGH EDUCATION AND AWARENESS
OF POLITICAL, SOCIAL, ENVIRONMENTAL,
AND ECONOMIC ISSUES.

RAZATECA

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A Letter from the Editor

To: La Raza, La Mujer, the activist, the Indigenous peoples, and people of all colors.

As we come to a closing of the year 1996, we have witnessed events that have brought major changes within our Local, State, National and Global perspectives. With the November elections nearing and anticipation of possible repercussion, we wait in hope. In particular, we guage reactions to the potential passage of Proposition 209. Also, there will be those to question themselves as to whether or not they should participate. And there will be those that cannot participate at all. We at RT believe that our only position would be to say that the MAJORITY RULES!.....RAZA!..

With this in mind, we bring to our readers a long over due event, "A Day of Indigenous Unity in the Americas." RAZATECA evolves simultaneously to a National and International position with cover stories from Washington DC to Mexico City (Tenochtitlan). In an effort to increase cultural awareness, we bring "Dia de los Muertos," (Day of the Dead), to "La Vergin de Guadalupe." We dedicate our fourth (4th) issue to Jose Antinio Bucga. ("This is for you Carnalito.)

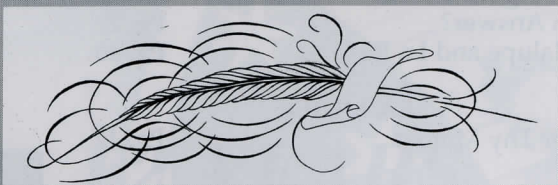
In closing we would like to remind you, we need your support to bring forth our issues to come.

— GRACIAS RAZA !

MISSION STATEMENT

RAZATECA is an Indigenous publication for the enhancement of our Raza and for the advancement of our native causes. RAZATECA is a political magazine of critical thinking on political, intellectual, cultural, social, and economic life in AZTLAN and beyond. WE are progressive and bring forth social activism towards our human struggle in the XICANO-MEXICANO self-determination. Essential to this process is to educate, work, and inform our youth, La Mujer, the students—La Gente — the Indigenous peoples.

RAZATECA PUBLICATIONS was created through a grass-roots mobilization that has established a professional staff who are ready, willing, and able. Also, RAZATECA, is guided by a counsel of RAZA Elders. For the record, RAZATECA is a Xicano owned and operated organization.



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Is a Freelance Artist

The Images of
Life and Death

Letters to the Editor

RazaTeca:

Saludos, our familia would like to congratulate you on the wonderful magazine. We all enjoy reading it. Your magazine's direction and content is an asset to the literary world and exemplifies the diversity and beauty of our indigenous culture. We are proud that finally someone has had the vision, courage, and sense to produce a worthy product that really does tell the truth about who we are and where we're going.

Muchisimas gracias y respeto.
Familia Cervantes,
Calmil Teoyotica en Sacra

.....

Dear RazaTeca:

My name is Ocelotl (Jaguar) and I am a student at Avenal High School, which is about 60 miles South West of Fresno. I am writing to you about your fantastic magazine and how with the help of my Vice-Principal a fellow Xicano, I'd like to have RazaTeca as a regular magazine that is put in to our high school's library. Our library has never had any books or magazines that a Xicano or Latino could relate with, even though our high school is 98% Xicana/o. Our Vice-Principal says that we need to educate our Raza if we plan to make a difference. In our community the majority of the young Gente do not realize the importance that Emiliano Zapata, Pancho Villa, and Cesar Chavez had on our cultura. That is why I'm writing on behalf of the Raza here.

Que Viva La Gente,
Francisco "Ocelotl" Lopez

.....

Dear RazaTeca:

I recently received a copy of RT and I just wanted to write to thank you for your article on our organization in La Mujer section of your publication. It was well written and we were very proud to have been included in the issue.

I am very pleased and excited with what RT has been doing so far and I hope that you will keep us posted as you continue to develop. You are doing a great job promoting unity and dignity within the Latino community and I am looking forward to hearing many more good things about RT. I wish you much success.

Sincerely,
Juana B. Gutierrez, President
Madres Del Estes De Los Angeles-
Santa Isabel

.....

RazaTeca:

I purchased the August/ September '96 issue at "Both Sides of the Equator" bookstore in Whittier and was happy there is finally a magazine that talks about our native traditions and future in this country. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Ana Maria Cardona

RazaTeca Staff:

Hola fellow Latino brothers and sisters. I just wanted to say, muchisimas gracias for publishing this great magazine. This type of magazine is really needed en esta sociedad where percentage wise Latinos are the majority, but politically we are still the minority. RT really knows the importance of Latino activism en nuestra sociedad. Once again muchas gracias y buena suerte en todo.

P.S. Not only are we intelligent, but we are Latinos too!!! **Chicana Power!!!**

A proud Latina,
Maria Ruiz

.....

RazaTeca:

I'm very interested in subscribing to your publication. I have only been in the Bay Area for a little more than 2 years and have found La Raza a lot more involved and together, than where I moved from. Keep up the good work!

Thank You,
Michael Martínez Sr.

.....

¡Que tal Hermanos y Hermanas!

Un profesor de Cal State Los Angeles me ha dicho que ustedes tienen una revista muy importante en la deseminacion de informacion del movimiento indigenista alla en San José. Yo soy una profesora de español en una escuela indigena (Southwestern Indian Polytechnic Institute-Community College). Vengo de la Tribu Sioux (Dakota) de SD. Siempre estoy tratando de informarles a mis alumnos acerca de la sitacion nacional e internacional indigenista. Me podrian dar informacion en como conseguir su revista?

¡Muchas Gracias!
Katalina Zetina

.....

RazaTeca:

I have recently had the extreme pleasure of reading your magazine for the first time and would like to compliment you on a very fine publication. It is often a struggle to find truly professional Raza publications that are aimed to enlighten and educate the youth of Aztlan without debasing themselves with sensationalized media blitz information designed to stir negative emotions. The style of your magazine brings positive educational material in a productive manner which shows nuestra gente that we have a proud wealth of cultural heritage that is neglected in the classrooms of America. I hope that your efforts to build a fine magazine continue for many years to come.

Sincerely,
John D. Muzquiz

Dear RazaTeca:

Thank you very much for the great magazine you sent. This really "made my day!" It is so good to see educated young people doing such a positive thing for Raza. You should all be very proud and highly commended for such an outstanding job. It is evident that a lot of hard work and research went into this issue.

Keep up the good work. I wish you lots of success in the future.

With lots of admiration
and respect,
Teen Angel

.....

Dear RazaTeca:

I am writing to congratulate on your magazine. It is excellent. This is the first magazine that I have read from cover to cover. The articles are excellent and easy to relate to.

In your July/August issue you published an article about the "Bear Flag Protest". There was a picture taken of me which is on the bottom of page 30. It is the one with a quote from Zapata. You can imagine how surprised I was to see myself in a magazine from San Jose. On page 29 & 31 there are also pictures of some posters my cousin helped me make. He is a good artist. The posters are of Zapata and Che.

Gracias,
Cupertina Roman

.....

Dear Razateca Publishers:

It is my pleasure to be able to contribute my artistic efforts towards uniting my gente.

RAZATECA is a great way to express our pride towards our Indigenous background. I as a freshman in high school feel very proud of publications such as RAZATECA. I wish it could be known to more people my age (14).

Thank you for acknowledging my drawing and congratulations on your work.

Yours truly,
Karla Manzanares

.....

Dear RT:

I have reviewed your magazine and I think that it only addresses the Hispanic population. You should consider including all Peoples of Color! That way you can cover a variety of other topics, such as a Global perspective.

Your topics address Local, State, and National issues, but nothing from the world. I believe it is important to have a global information from other parts of the world, so that we can begin to understand all Peoples of Color.

Very truly yours,
A Colored Friend

Send all editorial comments/opinions to:

Razateca Publications
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San Jose, CA 95161

Poetry
Poemas
Thoughts
of
the
Heart
Soul
and
Mind

Peace Corpse

A Chicano activist is called a troublemaker
a racist principal, a competent administrator

a Palestinian with a gun is a terrorist
an Israeli with a gun is a soldier

a welfare mother taking from the rich to fatten
her poor is a chiseler
a president taking from the poor to fatten his rich
is a good economist

when a conservative speaks up she is expressing her opinions
when a progressive speaks up she is spreading
propaganda

a civilian choking someone is a murderer
a policeman choking someone is a peace officer

Russians with the bomb are warmongers
Americans with the bomb are peacemakers

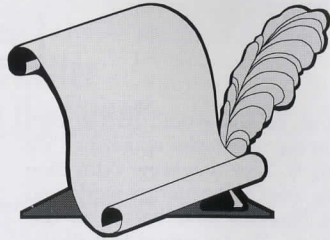
peace peace peace
everywhere
peace
corpses

(The final decree of our Gran Tlatoani
Cuauhtémoc, to the people of Mexico)

ORAL TRADITION:

Our sun has concealed itself
Our sun has hidden itself
and has left us
in complete obscurity.
We know that it will return
to illuminate us again.
But until it remains over there
in the silence, we should unite
concealing in our hearts
everything that we love.
Let us destroy our temples,
our, Schools of Higher Learning,
our Ball Fields,
our Schools for the Youth,
our Houses of Song
and let us desert the streets
and confine ourselves in our homes.
From this day forward, they,
our homes, shall become our Temples,
our Schools of Higher Learning,
our Ball Fields,
our Schools for the Youth
and our Houses of song
From this day forward until
the Nuevo Sol, the New Sun appears.
The fathers and the mothers
shall be the teachers and the guides
who take their children by the hand
while they live.
Let the father and the mothers not forget
to tell their children
of what has been to this day, Anahuac,
sheltered by our gods
results of our customs
and of the education that our
elders instilled in our fathers
and with such determination
they, our fathers instilled in us.
May they not forget to tell their children
of what, one day, Anahuac should be:
A COUNTRY OF THE NEW SUN.

-Cuauhtemotzin
Mexico, Tenochtitlan



Chicano...
Living on this land of turbulence
Landmarks... Symbols left by the conquerors
Everything felt the same
When I was growing up

Mejicano...
Awakening to the fragrance
Of early morning tortillas
My lunch... Break from picking
Not grapes... Confusion
When I was surviving

Mexican-American...
House... Wife... Kids
Jack-In-The-Box... Tacos
We eat out... No more raza
When I was older

Hispanic...
Changed the color green for blue
They released the eagle... Discarded the cac-
tus
Spoke perfect english
Voted for border patrol
When they became naive

Chicano...
Stride into the future
Replace the ignorance
That enslaves us into becoming
Modern day hispanics
Protectors of the wrong flag.....

-A. Sanchez

Golden People

There is something you know, but can't remember.
Such is the paradox we've lived under.
We lost our culture. We lost our land.
Is that really so? For here we stand.
Our hearts are strong with magnificent stride.
It's manifest in our stubborn pride.
A mixture of two-we're one of a kind.
An ancient knowledge lives in our mind.
And though it seems to all be gone.
It lives in our stories and it lives in our song.
For through our veins there runs the blood,
of all the ancestors who once here stood.
This is how it has always been...
And this is how it will begin.
And so, to this paradox we've been rendered.
Through stories told will be remembered.
We're the Golden People of the Sun,
A mixture of two that has remained one.

-Maryann Valenzuela

Summer of Resistance '96

At a time when La Raza is poised before the 21st century
with numbers sufficient to change the political landscape as we know it;
our movimiento is at an impasse.

The voices of the past do not speak of Aztlán
as a third world land with representatives
of every ethnic group, but rather, point the finger of condemnation
at those who do not agree with their vision,
condemning as traitors, the heart of our future
as it lives in the student resistencia.

And the students, in turn, in their lack of experience
would lead those that followed, into the cage
where "free speech" was bordered
at the site of the San Diego Republican Convention.
A cage into which the past had wisdom
not to enter.

This picture of our division, if not altered
by a national dialog, will follow us when we assemble
in Washington on October 12th.

It is necessary to hold a national dialog
at this time in our history
a dialog which will enable our leadership to emerge
as it must
out of the will of the people, freed from the
blind will of the force of disunity.

-G Man

Thoughts

As the sun rises over the eastern horizon,
The light breaks the cold,
Doors facing east the people raised their hands,
Thanks and praise were given for it was truly a new day.
The sounds of music from my clock radio awakens me,
The schedule begins,
Class, work, and homework.
I emerge from my door facing west,
The sun at my back,
Jump in my iron horse,
And begin my day that revolves around times, places, and people.
Once we walked on leather soles with the softness of mother earth under our feet,
Now rubber on top of concrete with that awkward sound that shoes make,
Once we lived surrounded by circles,
Now we eat, sleep, drink, and pray in square structures with four walls.
Old teaching the young,
Now young abusing the old,
Television, books, and computers are the teachers,
No time in the schedule to sit and listen to the grandparents tell us stories of their experiences and
of those before them,
True teaching takes time.
I know I am awake physically,
But I know there is more I can do to be even more awake culturally,
Love, honor, respect, and remember your parents, grandparents, and ancestors,
Learn, not only from the things teachers tell us, the things you see on television, or the things you
read,
Take advantage of the knowledge that is within your own family, Ask questions,
Respect and honor the traditions you have,
But make an effort to learn and practice the ones your people have lost.
Thoughts, fill my mind with the loss, struggle, and injustice our people face,
Thoughts, fill my mind as I get out of my iron horse and walk up to the door of my house,
I feel the setting sun on my back, as it was when I left this morning,
As I stop for a moment fearing deviance from the schedule,
I turn and feel the warmth of the setting sun in the west,
I look around and see trees, plants, birds, life,
As I thank the sun for giving me another day of light and warmth,
I have thoughts,
Thoughts of who I truly am,
An Indigenous person in a progressive technological world,
Still, I am here, Still, we are here
Here as we were, and here as we are,
Remaining forever in our land, in our circle of life.

-Alex A. Villa

To Be or Not To Be ...?

by RAQUEL ROJAS

Enrique Iglesias or Chris Isaak? Rodolfo F. Acuña or F. Scott Fitzgerald? Che Guevara or FDR? Menudo or Chicken Caesar salad? Every person in the second category is a person that I enjoy listening to, reading or admire. Okay...so you might think of me as an American, Yankee, gavacha, or whatever other term you use to call us Latino(a)s who listens to Modern Rock music, or enjoys reading a Fitzgerald book, or slobbers over a Chicken Caesar Salad. I have not become Americanized...I think I didn't.

Don't get me wrong. I have not turned

a full 360 and denied my cultura. Sure I listen to Enrique (and his father), I try to read all the literature by Latinos, and I do have respect to our revolutionary leaders.

However, it seems I am an outcast because I simply "enjoy" the arts of what people call Americano.

I don't mean to harm anyone, but what do I have to do to convince you that I am morena, india, 100% pura Latina? I am often mistaken for being Filipino, Cambodian, or Palestinian. Can't they see my round, bronze Indian face with Tapatio eyes given by my mother?

Do you not see me as Latina because I am not at the rallies protesting against the idiot-hypocrite-looking for a scapegoat-Wilson? I don't fit to be a Latina because I take English literature rather than

a Chicano Studies course?

Here's my response: I make the effort to put 110% of my time to educate others about the senseless actions Wilson is doing to those have no clue why we Latinos are infuriated with me. I know it takes more to get him out of office, but I am trying. Second response: I read all the Latino(a) books I can aside from school. I don't necessarily need to take a course to educate myself on La Raza. Grant it those courses are beneficial, but I do my own education on my own time. So please, just because I listen to Pearl Jam and read Hemingway doesn't make me part of the Raza. And please, don't call me Yankee. I wouldn't to you.

by EDDIE RAMIREZ

I'm a man of a social, political, and economic system. More like a number than a respected man. Not important to those who are different than me.

The name is Ramirez, but I'm more Indian than Spanish. My skin is brown not white. Unfortunately, Ramirez was probably a slave name from way back when the Spanish ruled and enslaved Mexico. I'm a MAN! I'm a man that comes from great ancient civilizations. The Aztec, the Toltec

and the Maya. I am "Mexicano", but forget about looking over my struggles being in America, to hell with the stripping of my dignity and pride by hurtful names and acts. Racist values allowed the words Wetback, Spic and Greaser to live strong. Racist values and stupidity have allowed the passage of "187" and threats to the abolishment of Affirmative Action. Derogatory names like Hispanic and Latino inflict dejection. I am "CHICANO". I'm Chicano because it gives me pride and identity. It gives me pride because I am fixing myself this name. The name gives me identity because it did not come from a WASP origin.

Los gueros didn't make it up. It comes from my people the "Mexicano." "Chicano" may sound radical to your conditioned ears. This is what the system has accomplished to do to many of you. Especially you, Latino Republicans! I am Chicano! So be proud and substantiate our position. Again, it shall be a fast growing revolution of ideas and a sincere conviction that the Chicanos must better themselves in a society that stacks the odds against them.

Inspired by Gregorio Rois's 1970 *Call Me Chicano*.

by CARMEN ROJAS

Screaming. Shouting. Ranting. Raving. I really do not understand. Why? What am I? A person, a lover, a hater, a mover? After thinking about this for awhile I always seem to come up with the same conclusion. I AM INDIAN BLOOD SLAUGHTERED BY SPANISH WORDS.

What am I not? I am not a Chicana, a Tejana, or even a full blooded White girl. I am absolutely positively none of the above. I do not say this in a way to demean these people, but I am just not Nicaragua, a small country in the middle of Central America, this is where my mother was born, this is where she is from, this is what she is. Not I.

Margarita, a small island off the coast of Venezuela, this is where my father was born and raised, where he was educated about his land. Not I.

America. Earth. This is where I am proud to say that I am from. Not white, not yellow, not black, just flesh. We all have it. We are all human beings. I hate titles given to me. Doesn't everyone? But we all must understand that titles are real, real as ever now. We are living in a melting pot, where everyone is something and nobody is nothing. Feel me (understand)? If you ask me, I'll tell you what I am. I am Central and South American. Proud as hell? I question myself often about what I have to be proud of, because the reputations of places are evil. Then I realize that I have only one thing to be proud of. Me. My power, my achievements, and my beliefs. Me. My faith, my trust, my loves and admirations. Me.

My life, my choices, my fingers and toes. All me. All good. I am one among many Small and fragile... No. I am here now. And until the day of my death, will this world ever realize that I am great? I am great as ever now.

I am attempting to achieve a goal. My goal, which is to fill my head with so much knowledge that I feel nauseous. At this point, at my climax, will I realize who I am? Will I have the same conclusion? Yes. I am and always will be big and bad, cry baby, mommy loving, bean eating, finger snapping, and toe tapping...

"...it is necessary to educate people, to teach them the real causes of their misery and slavery, ...

This is why our hands, instead of being armed with muskets are armed with pens; a weapon more formidable and far more feared by tyrants and exploiters."
Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon
Federal Court Los Angeles, 1916

Nacho Interviews Pee Wee Wilson

by LUIS "NACHO" QUINONES

On an imaginary trip to Sacramento, California, Nacho interviews the governor of Califas, Pete "Pee Wee" Wilson-

Nacho: Hey, what's happening, carnal?

Wilson: (ANGRILY) Don't you know you're talking to the Governor of the state of California? Where's your respect?

Nacho: Oh, sorry Mr. Vato Governor Carnal of California.

Wilson: That's better.

Nacho: Mr. Vato Governor Carnal, I'm here to talk to you about all the bashing you've been directing at Raza.

Wilson: Hey, It's a cheap way to get votes. All I have to do is say the word "Mexican" and blame them for the economy and I get 90 percent of the Republican votes and 35 percent of the Democratic votes in California.

Nacho: But you realize that you're promoting lies.

Wilson: Yeah, I know it. But racial hatred in California is stronger than the truth. Besides I want to be President of the United States.

Nacho: You know that immigrants contribute more to the economy than they utilize.

Wilson: Yeah, I know that, too. Hey Nacho, I had to have some excuses as to why my programs haven't been working. So, in order to get people's minds away from my mediocrity as a governor, I pushed for Proposition 187. I started bashing children and women on welfare. I started praising the Border Patrol and using our racial hatred against brown people. I started blasting affirmative action programs. Why I even pushed to keep children out of school. And guess what? I don't believe it... But it's been working. Man, people are crazier than I thought.

Nacho: Don't you think that eventually all these measures will hurt California and the United States?

Wilson: Yes, I know that, but I need to buy time. I need help as a politician. Why you know I'm not very good looking... And I'm not eloquent... And I'm not particularly intelligent.

Nacho: Orale, Vato Governor, quit feeling sorry for yourself. Although in reality you are pretty ugly (y te levantas tarde), your speech could use a lot of work, and actually you are pretty much of a menso. But your brain... Well, is this why they call you Pee Wee—because of the size of your brain?

Wilson: Well, not that I know of, Nacho. Actually I'm not sure why they call me Pee Wee. Hey, have you been questioning my girlfriends in high school?

Nacho: No, why do you ask?

Wilson: Er, uh, well, uh... Never mind. They started calling me Pee Wee in grade school when we used to play marbles. My favorite was a little marble- a pee wee.

Nacho: Is this when you started losing your marbles?

Wilson: Hey, did you insult me? Where are my advisors when I need them?

Nacho: Has bashing people of color been a rewarding experience for you?

Wilson: You got it! I've been getting increased contributions from my constituents.

Nacho: Who are your constituents?

Wilson: The Klu Klux Klan, the skinheads, the Movement of Concerned Oddballs (M.O.C.O.), the Committee Against Cooperatives Approaches (C.A.C.A.), and P.E.N.D.E.J.O.- a governmental group comprised of my cabinet.

Nacho: Are you the leader of the P.E.N.D.E.J.O.'s?

Wilson: Well, now that you mention it, yes. Thank you, Nacho, for considering me a leader.

Nacho: Oh, you are very welcome, Mr. Vato Governor Carnal Pendejo. Anyway, you were defeated miserably in your quest to be President of the United States—and by your own party!

Wilson: I don't know what happened! I did all the right things. I bashed children, women, immigrants, welfare, affirmative action, and in general, brown people. I don't get it. My mediocrity works in California. But even my own party couldn't recognize my talents. They nominated someone just as mediocre as me. What does Bob Dole have that I don't have? And what about Clinton?

Nacho: You know, if you gave me a chance, I could help you get elected as President of the United States.

Wilson: Really, you would do that for me? Oh, please tell me what I need to do!

Nacho: Well, first of all you have to stop making up lies to get votes.

Wilson: Gosh, that's going to be hard. I don't have a lot of practice in telling the truth. Are you sure this will get me elected?

Nacho: In the United States politics is a crazy idea... But it just might work! The voters are looking for innovative presidential candidates. Telling the truth would just be a new thing.

Wilson: Hmmm, you just might have something there!

Nacho: And you've got to stop bashing people who don't have a lot of political and economic power. Bash the real things and people screwing up this country- like greedy corporations, dishonest executives, anti-union politicians, racist movements, minimum wage mentalities, and more. Start promoting true education, jobs

with dignified wages, housing for the homeless, etc.

Wilson: You are not going to believe this, but once.. A long time ago, I thought about doing this. But I figured I'd get nowhere in this country if I did that.

Nacho: Don't worry about a thing, Mr. Pee Wee Governor, I'll take care of everything. Stick with me and you'll get to the top. I'll help you.

Wilson: You will? Maybe you're right. So you say to stop telling lies and I'll be elected President?

Nacho: Of course. But we've got to do something about that long wooden nose of yours. You're giving Pinocchio a bad name.

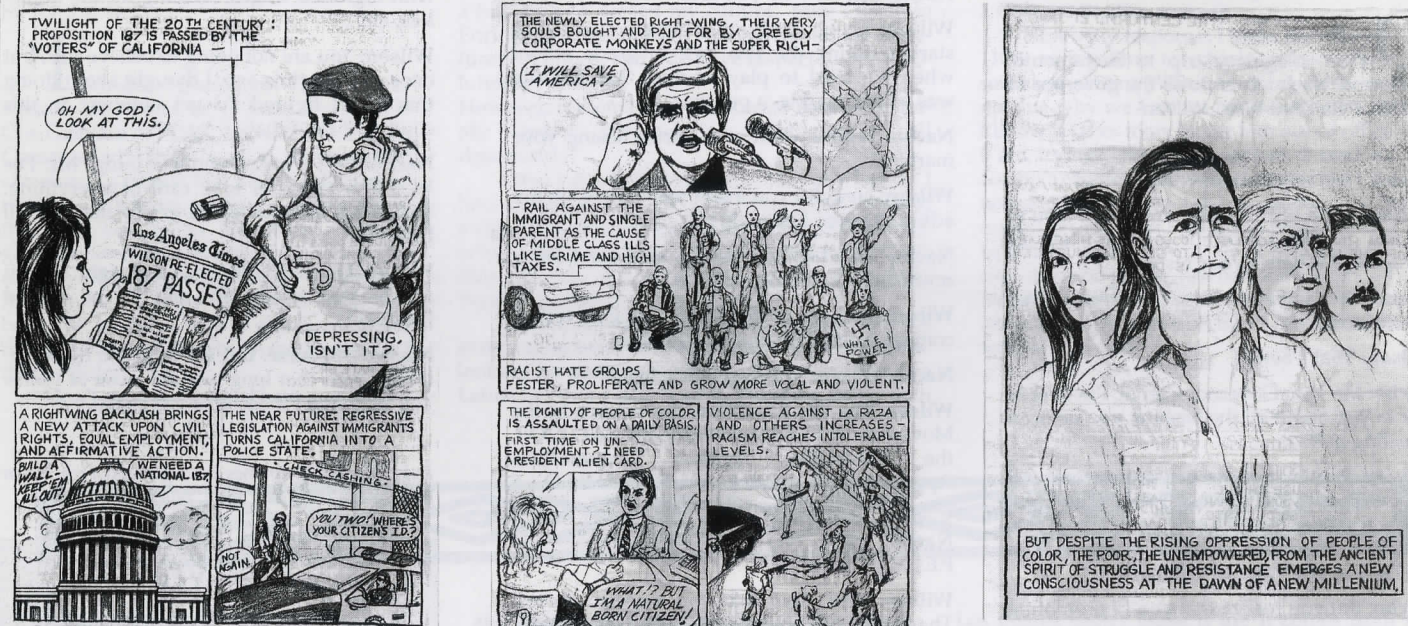
Luis "Nacho" Quinones is a high school teacher in Bayard (El Valle de Cobre), Nuevo Mexico.

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Profile

Roseanne "Rocky" Olguin de Rodriguez

by Arturo Popos Rodriguez

I stopped by to see my tia the other day. To many Raza throughout Aztlán, she is considered a woman of wisdom and respected for her leadership. Her name is Roseanne, but everybody calls her Rocky. Her life experience within the Chicano Movement has taken her around the world and on an inner journey. She was the first Chicana to Sun Dance in 1973 and has been at the forefront of the movement for Xicano Indigenous understanding ever since. She, along with others from the International Xicano Human Rights Council and Peace and Dignity Journeys Confederation of the Eagle and Condor are a group of Movement activists who find their strength and understanding within the ceremonies of our



indigenous ancestors.

Rocky was born 1954 in Denver, Colorado. Her parents were migrant workers from New Mexico, but she was raised in the North side barrio of Denver.

She came from a close family that demanded all children to do the same work, whether you were a girl or a boy.

"There were no boys to do this and girls to do that, I'm grateful for having had parents like that," says Rocky. Perhaps it was this upbringing that instilled her drive to obtain dignity and respect from all those who would cross her path.

She began getting involved in the Chicano Movement through her social rebellion. Her and two friends decided to buck the Denver Public Schools dress code in 1969 by wearing jeans instead of a dress. She was kicked out of school and eventually the whole Denver Public School system, but the dress code was changed. Thus was the beginning of her life as an activist and organizer.

Getting kicked out of school proved to be a turn of fate. Rocky ended up at La

Escuela Tlatelolco, the totally private independent Chicano school K-12, and graduated as the Valedictorian of her class in 1972.

It was at the Escuela that she began her training under Rodolfo Corky Gonzales.

As Rocky states at the beginning of our interview, "I have been a human rights activist, the majority of my life. I was trained and schooled, by the very first mentor that I ever had named Rodolfo Corky Gonzales. And I was brought up so to speak, in the Chicano Movement, within an organization called the Crusade for Justice in Denver, CO." It was at the Escuela and the Crusade that she honed her abilities to analyze, organize and found her identity.

It was also through the Crusade that she became one of the first Chicanos to be actively involved and supportive of the American Indian Movement (AIM) and the Indigenous struggles of this hemisphere.

It was a tragic event that brought the Crusade and AIM even closer during the 1973 Wounded Knee liberation. On March 17th, 1973 Luis Junior Martínez, a young teacher at the Escuela of Ballet Folkloriko and leader of the Black Berets, was murdered by the Denver Police Department.

The police claim they were breaking up a party at the apartments on the Crusade property. In reality, it was a planned attack by the DPD, the Colorado Bureau of Investigations, the FBI and ATF to break the Crusade support of AIM and Wounded Knee.

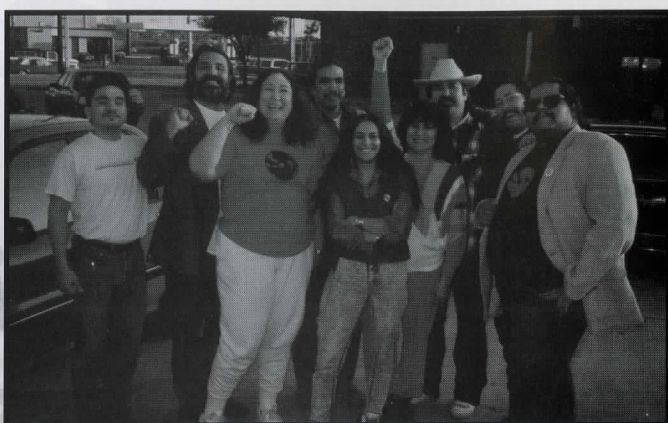
It was then that she became involved with in the Indigenous Spiritual Movement at the Sun Dance on Crow Dog's Paradise in South Dakota.

"I began my spiritual development. I've Sun Danced my whole life at Crow Dog's Paradise in Rosebud," said Rocky. In this development she has traveled the World taking part and organizing ceremonies to strengthen our people and our struggle.

Since her introduction to the Indigenous Movement, Rocky has helped organize and form numerous organizations like the National Chicano Human Rights Council (NCHRC) in 1985, Peace and Dignity Journeys 1991, The Troy Chavez Foundation/Peace Garden and others.

But it is how she stands for her principles and the strength of her character, and not the numerous councils or boards that matters.

Her perspective on La Mujer: "I am not a



She began getting involved in the Chicano Movement through her social rebellion.

feminist. I do not adhere to any ideologies that are imported here or not Indigenous to this hemisphere or that are not based on original instruction...All religions and government took out the woman, when she had always been central because the woman is knowledge. Today, the woman walks in front. That is not meant to say that the men are not leaders, it means that the women have to move forward and our brothers could help this struggle by letting us move rather than holding us back. Because it is the duality. When we understand the

complimentary of masculine and feminine we will move our people."

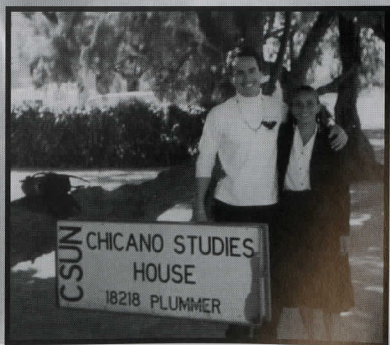
Her perspective on Chicano Indigenous understanding: "Human rights is arrogant because it only

applies to two legged...We are going to teach the world that there can be nothing without the spirit. Today, I see many people with inferiority complexes because we are not "Indian enough! Our people have to know and recognize themselves as Indigenous people because they are native to this continent. We have to recognize ourselves as Indigenous. Aside from struggling for Self-Determination we have to also struggle to recuperate our memory."

Rocky doesn't want leadership and pegged roles, but is content with the humbleness of knowing herself.

"It is important to know my place, where I stand in the Universe."

Rocky is married to Ron Rodriguez and has a daughter named Mina.



by Carlos Perez

I believe we are at a critical juncture with respect to borders in our midst.

As a people here locally and globally, we must put to action those things that not only benefit all of us from all walks of life. These things include respecting ourselves and caring for our world, redefining, and breaking the boundaries of our humanity. As a person I'm committed to this. If you were to ask me how much time do I devote to this, I would have to say all of my time. We as artists have a great responsibility to you and the world to examine critical issues that confront us all is the now. Sometimes with a high price and persecution by a society that would rather look the other way or by those to seek selfish and divisive solutions. La Frontera / The Border exhibition is the result of artists being committed to open dialogue about an issue that historically has been a thorn in our side between Mexico and the United States.

The border, as it now exists, all 1,952 miles is very new, less than 150 years old. We as the United States are still shaping our national identity and culture next to Mexico, a nation that is also negotiating its own past, present and future. Land is and always has been the struggle between people around the world. Most wars are a result of land disputes. (I.e. The middle East crisis, Kuwait, Ireland, Bosnia), and of course the war of 1846 between the United States and Mexico that resulted in Mexico giving up all lands north of the Rio Grande. A forced treaty that left deep, deep wounds among Mexican people on both sides of the border. Wounds not yet healed that have created a history of resistance among our two nations.

CHICANO LOWERIDERS, LOW RIDE AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!

by Eddie Ramirez

"Hey Eddie, don't you think you are a little old to be lowriding?", said a conformed idiot. Like if there's an age limit to lowride. I replied to that person, "why are guys with hot rods excluded from this type of questioning?" They're car enthusiasts like us Chicanos. Oh yea, I know why, they're mostly white, so it's racist thing. Why is it that it's Ok for a middle age white man to love cars, but if you are Chicano it's a different story. Lowriding is a Chicano creation. It deserves respect from all walks of life, including white hot rod enthusiasts. Lowriding is no longer restricted to the barrio. It's become national and international. So in my eyes, a Chicano can be a 100 years old rolling a Low Rider as long as it makes him happy, proud, and respected.

First of all, it has come clear to me that a racist attitude is the only reason why lowriders are not accepted by other car enthusiasts. I constantly hear white hot rod car enthusiasts making fun of lowriders. I hear stuff like, "Are you going to put dingle balls hanging in your car with the little doggy in the back moving its head up and down?", "A small chain steering wheel so you can drive with handcuffs on.", "Do you drive sitting real low in your car so we could

Perspective

The sixties resurrected a new awareness about civil rights, an awakening that gave birth to the contemporary Chicano movement, to Cesar Chavez and the United Farmworkers strikes, and the re-establishment of the concept of Aztlan - the ancient Nahuatl name for the mythical home of the gods (now northern Mexico and southwestern United States). The Vietnam war was waged and lost over ideological differences. Lives were sacrificed and thousands perished many of them Mexican and Chicanos.

In the last twenty years around the world we have seen a continuing commitment by students, artists and activists to change the old models that no longer work of our social, political, and economic boundaries. The peoples of South Africa have realized their struggle towards their independence. The Peoples Republic of China in Tiananmen Square showed their opposition to the status quo. In the Soviet Union the total system has been redrawn and is still being shaped. In Germany, the Berlin Wall has been reduced to rubble. In Chiapas there is a new hunger for redefinition, and here in the United States a cultural pluralistic society is being shaped. The disappearance of boundaries has been exhilarating and sometimes terrifying in realizing our true potential. However. The last decade has been an especially hostile time for our pluralistic society because the extreme Right's most vocal representatives have declared that there is a "cultural war" taking place in the U.S., and that the attack on Gays and Lesbians, the poor, immigrants, progressive thought, the rise of racism, bigotry, and intolerance are all part of a larger battle being waged by the extreme Right's strategy - "friendly fascism," - all under the guise of God and Country. These assaults are all about the extreme Right's quest for domination, power, and control over our lives.

1992 represented a paradigm shift, a turning point in the consciousness of people the world over. Columbus no longer benignly "discovered" America. He invaded a world already populated

by highly developed cultures. Through these awakened post-Columbian eyes, the Mexico / United States border, seen in the global context of border redefinitions, represent a prism through which we have the opportunity to analyze honestly the spectrum of our contemporary reality. History can begin to mean something to all of us as we shed the states of personal, institutional, and historical denial.

Presently, anti - Mexican sentiment in the border region is rising dramatically, a thirteen - mile steel fence has been installed from the Pacific Coast inland by the U.S. Military and the U.S. Border Patrol. This fence is made of Desert Strom landing materials - is this another Berlin Wall? The vote is now in on Proposition 187 and the painful consequences are yet to be felt and faced by all of us, on either side of the fence. Salt is not what one puts on an open wound. We as a country have professed to the rest of the world to change the dynamics that eventually lead towards antagonistic adverse behavior. If we as a nation have not learned what history has shown us then we are not only blind to our future but also ignorant of our past. People of color no longer want the recipe changed. They want fundamental and profound changes in the fabric and foundation of our society so that true equity, acceptance, and celebration of our differences can occur.

Finally, I would like to close with a challenge to you that in your lives at school, in your neighborhoods, with your families and friends, that you seek out the spirit of collaboration and to implement process of working jointly with others, of channeling a dialogue that will lead to true equity among you. Remember, it is not about the erasure of difference, rather it is about the articulation of difference and working with differences themselves that ultimately determines your true character and intentions.

It was my own way to defend the negative connotation inflicted on lowriders. I get praise from a lot of people for doing a good job on it and that makes me feel good. Feeling good goes a long way. When you feel good inside you are more likely to see things around you a lot different, usually for the better.

Lowriders are all over the U.S. And even international these days. Before Lowriders were mostly in the Southwest, but now you can find them from Kentucky to Japan. The fact that others have accepted the lowrider as a prized possession makes me feel good again because we invented them. Our contributions in this American society are always overlooked but this time they (gueros) are going to be forced to look again and recognize our contributions. When I heard Japanese were importing Impala's, I knew lowriders were being recognized for their achievements. The Japanese unlike the hot rod anglos didn't care who created them, they just wanted to be part of the lowrider sensation that we as Chicanos been feeling for a long time.

"Hey Eddie, don't you think your a little too old for lowriding?"... "Heck no! Lowriders are my avenue for creative expression, they instill pride for Chicanos and are respected all over the country and the world these days. I'm not worried what hot rod anglos think, because their way of fixing up a car is not as popular as the way Chicanos fix them up. That's what they get for being arrogant and not accepting lowriding as a honorable hobby and way of life.

El Dia de los Muertos

by Jorge Sánchez, Anthropology Instructor,
Hartnell College, Salinas, California

El Dia de los Muertos: It's not Halloween...Not!



On November 2, Mexicans will celebrate *El Dia de los Muertos*, the Day of the Dead. Unfortunately, many Chicanos grew up thinking that this celebration is like Halloween, when in reality it represents one of Mexico's oldest traditions.

El Dia de los Muertos, reflects our special character of Mexicans and Chicanos alike. It is a day in which we free ourselves from pain and suffering and express our feelings with a strange flavor that integrates both joy and sarcasm. It represents an occasion in which we take Death by the arm and tenderly tease it like a family member, personifying it as the people we love or those that we despise. This ritual is a process we inherited from our ancestors in their attempt to familiarize children with death, a very natural fate all of us will ultimately face. In pre-Columbian times, death was a symbol representing life and order to sustain it, death was essential.

Even though the date of *El Dia de los Muertos*, was a European introduction, this gen-

eral belief probably existed since the beginning of civilization on this continent. In virtually every major archaeological site the remains of individuals have been excavated beneath the foundations of their homes, therefore, for over three thousand years the societies of mesoamerica, which today encompasses most of central and southern Mexico and the central American countries extending to Nicaragua, believed that the souls of the dead people were everywhere and could be with us at all times.

Today, the belief that our ancestors' soul can visit us prevails in *El Dia de los Muertos* celebration. It is an important day in which festivals and parties are organized to welcome the visiting soul: tables are set with some of the deceased favorite foods, his/her picture is adorned with flowers, and the altars are lit with fragrant candles so that the soul does not get lost. If the unfortunate was a child, then the *muertito* (little dead) or *angelito* (little angel) will come to an altar filled with candies and toys and just in case they forgot the way to the village or town, the church bells ring every minute to guide their way. Finally, if you were lucky enough to have a dead person who liked to drink *Tequila*, *charanda*, or other type of strong liquor, you would toast with him until dawn.

As a child my mother and my grandparents took me and my cousins to the cemetery to visit my uncle. We put candies and his favorite *pan dulce* or sweet bread, along with a hot cup of chocolate over his grave. Although this seems strange in our western society today, it was and still is very normal ritual to many Mexicans. To use *El Dia de los Muertos*, meant that we could

buy small toys on the way to the cemetery for the uncle that has passed away at a young age many years before any of us were born, but it was also an occasion for us to share with him some *pan de muerto* (a bread made especially for the dead) and many of the sugar skulls and chocolate coffins; it was a real celebration of life and death.

The very night at the cemetery was spectacular. Now, that I reflect, I can still see the joy on my grand parent's faces as all of us children played on my uncle's tomb. It was as if they were seeing their own child's spirit playing with us.

I remember seeing entire families like ours gathering with joy around their loved one, placing the offerings and toasting to the visiting soul. All of us looked forward to this occasion and waited for any type of indication of the soul's arrival: a candle being blown off, a petal of a flower falling off, or a piece of paper being carried by the wind. When it happened, we all felt happy that my uncle's spirit had made his presence—it was now time to go home.

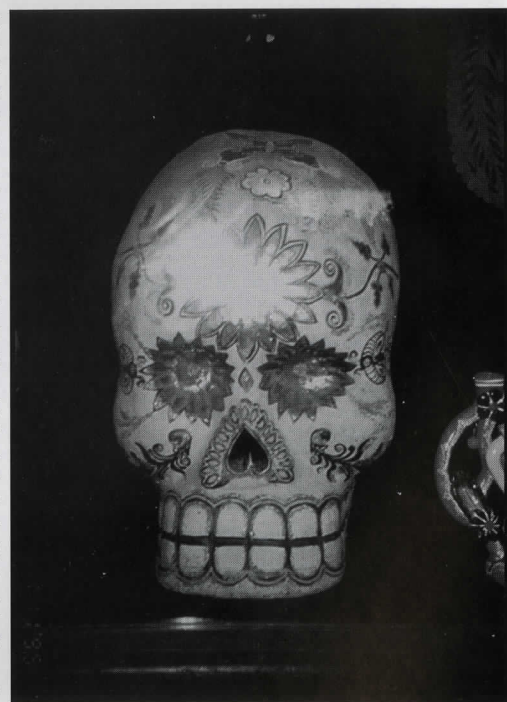
Sometimes my parents also took us to

other pueblos in Michoacan, where *El Dia de los Muertos*, would be celebrated. Our Favorite places to visit were: Patzcuaro, Tzintzuntzan, and Janitzio, an island in the middle of lake Patzcuaro. These communities, still conserving their native heritage to a significant degree, celebrated and continue to celebrate the occasion with great enthusiasm. This reassures them that the soul of their ancestors are still a vital part of them, thus reaffirming their deep roots in the region. At dusk we would arrive in

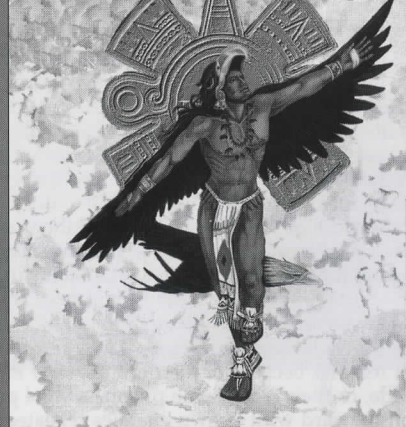
Patzcuaro to eat enchiladas in the main plaza. Afterwards, we would buy all of the different regalia of the dead unique of

that town, such as wooden skeletons and scenes made of clay. Once it got dark we would drive to Tzintzuntzan's main cemetery where tombs were transformed into altars, covered with lit candles and many flowers. The flickering of the candle flames, the strong scent of the melted wax and the perfume of the flowers filled the cemetery. Later, upon landing on the island of Janitzio, we climbed to the top with large candles lit up, where mass was held at the foot of the statue of the Mexican hero Jose Maria Morelos y Pavon.

Today, as Chicanos reaffirm themselves, it is important to sustain and reinforce this important cultural link. Although the people living on this side of the border, have experienced different realities, *El Dia de los Muertos*, is a ritual that can provide powerful ideological forces that can be used to redefine their history and express their reality; it is a unique venue that, unlike Halloween's expression of evil and its characterization of demons, it is a direct connection to their Indigenous heritage.



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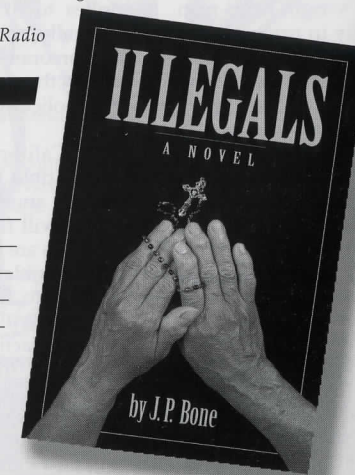
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SPECIAL REPORT

by Catherine Campbell

The Department of Corrections permits each prison to have its own rules and own culture. More than another state-wide agency, the CDC grants autonomy to its branches. Each warden governs his or her own institution differently from all others and each prison takes on a cultural identity distinct from all others.

Corcoran opened in 1988. From its beginnings, it was known within the system of the Department as a rogue and exceptional institution. Within a year after it opened, it was known to prisoners as the harshest and most violent of all California prisons.

The Pelican Bay Information Project learned in 1990 that prisoners in the Corcoran Security Housing Unit (SHU) were being compelled to engage in fights with other prisoners. The policy which dictated this violence was formed in Sacramento and was called the integrated yard policy. Some background is necessary.

Security Housing Units are high-confinement units designed to house prisoners who have either committed disciplinary violations or who are validated members of prison gangs. The only prisons in California which have SHUs are Corcoran and Pelican Bay. At Pelican Bay, SHU prisoners live in almost complete isolation and go to a small, enclosed sunless yard by themselves or, if they have one, with their cellmate. Prisoners are always celled with someone of like race and faction. There is little prisoner-upon-prisoner violence in the SHU at Pelican Bay.

In Corcoran, however, SHU inmates are sent to the yard by tier, and the yard can accommodate up to 20 prisoners at a time. According to a policy dictated by Sacramento, all prison yards in California are supposed to be "integrated" .. meaning they were to include members of all races and factions. However, this policy was assumed as to general population yards; for the SHUs it became explicit at about the time that Corcoran opened. It is believed the policy was authorized by David Tristan, the head of the institutions Division in Sacramento and Gomez's right-hand-man. It applies to SHUs generally in principle, although actually it only applies to Corcoran because only Corcoran has SHU yards where prisoners are sent in the yards in groups. Thus it appears the policy was designed for Corcoran.

It is known throughout the California prison system that there are incompatible factions. Blacks and whites will fight one another, as will blacks and Northern Mexicans will fight with Southern Mexicans. These conflicts are historically complex and profoundly unavoidable. A member of one faction who refuses to fight with a member of a traditional enemy will be vulnerable to violence from his own faction. Like conflicts in Bosnia, in Africa, in Israel, these historic animosities are as irrational as they are intractable. They are well known throughout the Department of Corrections by prisoners, administrators, and line staff. They simply exist, and there is little that can be done to ame-

liorate them.

The integrated yard policy is workable on large, open yards within the prison system, where prisoners would stake out their territory and avoid one another. The policy was not workable in the Corcoran SHU, where the yard was the size of a handball court. Prison gangs and factions are territorial, and the size of a SHU yard is insufficient to allow each faction to have its own territory. As a consequence, when one or two members of one faction went to the yard and were met by members of another faction, a fight over territory would inevitably result.

When policy was followed, prisoners would be sent to the yard by tier, all the men on one tier going together, one cell at a time. Who was on any particular tier, and who would go to the yard with whom, was totally under the control of correctional officers. Transfers of particular prisoners from one tier to another were frequently requested by officers and routinely approved by sergeants. The power to move prisoners around was one way fights would be set up deliberately, escalating the violence beyond that naturally caused by the integrated yard policy itself.

The power to move prisoners around was one way fights would be set up deliberately, escalating the violence beyond that naturally caused by the integrated yard policy itself.

A prisoner who refused to participate in yard would either never be allowed out of his cell or would be vulnerable to reprisal from his own faction when released from the SHU, or both. A refusal to go to the yard was therefore virtually impossible for most prisoners.

The system is patiently subject to abuse by prison guards. Their vantage was the gun tower overlooking both yards in the SHU. Guards would gather there to watch for conflicts between prisoners. One guard would be armed with a .37 mm. gas gun which would spew violent wooden bullets when fired, and a 9 mm. rifle.

The guards were authorized to decide who went to the yard at any one time, so any given shift could arrange the tiers in a way that would either decrease or increase the likelihood of prisoner-upon-prisoner violence. Because of the integrated yard policy, the guards had a mandate to put conflicting factions on the yard. This resulted in fights on the yard on an almost daily basis, and almost daily firings of the .37 mm. gas gun and, often, the 9 mm. rifle.

When prisoners fought on the yard, they would be disciplined by having good times taken from them, and most would end up with lengthened terms in SHU. As a matter of routine, they would be sent to the Pelican Bay SHU after they had been involved in 3 or more fights. There, they would confront longer SHU terms and total isolation. Some were even labeled gang members as a result of fights in the Corcoran SHU and were told they would spend the rest of their terms in isolation. Some of these men have life terms. There are several men in their 20s in the SHU at Pelican Bay who are confronted with spending the rest of their lives in isolation as result

of having to fight in Corcoran.

Others were injured physically by being shot. One man lost his teeth from a wooden bullet, another his eye, Six men died. About 30 were shot by the rifle but lived. An unknown number of prisoners were left with permanent scars and disabilities.

Most of the victims of this policy are young Latinos. More than 60% of the prisoners in the Pelican Bay SHU are Latino.

The integrated yard policy was also used on occasion to set up fights targeting prisoners the guards did not like for a variety of reasons, because of their crimes, their attitude, or their race. Some prisoners were put on the yard with known enemies repeatedly because they were good fighters and would put on a show worth watching. Prisoners who already had an indeterminate SHU term because they had previously been gang validated were put on the yard with rival determinate SHU term men because the indeterminate had nothing to lose by fighting. Corcoran became known among prisoners as a gladiator ring.

Fights between prisoners were videotaped, in part to record accurately incident reports that had occurred, but also for entertainment after the event. Guards were known to place bets and particularly good fighters were rewarded for their physical prowess. The guards would invite other people, oftentimes women, in to watch the fight and its consequences.

On April 2, 1994, Preston Tate, a black man from Los Angeles, was sent to the yard for the first time. It was known there was going to be a fight. A prisoner clerk was sent to the office to type up the reports before the yard was even released.

Tate and his cellmate, another black man, walked into the yard first and prepared for the battle they knew was inevitable. Two southern Mexicans were then released into the yard, and within seconds the four men were fighting one another. They rolled into a ball, the wooden bullets were fired, and four seconds later, a 9 mm. was fired into the fight and all was still. The three uninjured men rolled away from the dying Preston Tate, who was immediately removed by about 12 officers who were so quickly present they must have been watching the fight.

This event set into motion a series of actions by several correctional officers sergeants and lieutenants who have become witnesses before the federal grand jury. An FBI investigation was launched because they came forward. This investigation may result in indictments.

The administrative actions against the officers involved in the Calipatria incident and the indictments of the officers involved in Tate's death overlook the numerous prisoners who are living out their sentences in the Pelican Bay Security Housing Unit as a result of the integrated yard policy. Because of the fights they were in, these men, most Hispanic, have longer terms, SHU terms and indeterminate SHU terms as a consequence of fights they were unable to avoid.

VISITAS DE LA FAMILIA



by Joseph Trevino

Aproximadamente unas 150 personas protestaron ayer frente al edificio Ronald Reagan contra el gobernador Pete Wilson y el Departamento de Correcciones de California (CDC), por, según ellos, "querer despojar de sus privilegios a las familias que tiene seres queridos en las prisiones del estado".

Unidos bajo el nombre de Pro Family Advocates (Activistas en Favor de la Familia), los manifestantes se quejaban de los malos tratos que reciben cuando visitan a sus seres queridos en las prisiones del estado.

"El gobernador de California y el Departamento de Correcciones estan destruyendo a las familias de California", dijo Sandra George, una portavoz de Pro Family Advocates, quien tiene a un hermano y su marido en prisiones del estado de California.

"Los politicos dicen estar a favor de los valores familiares, pero cuando se trata de los nuestros, desean apabullarnos y quitarnos nuestros privilegios de verlos y ayudar a rehabilitarlos", prosiguió George por un altavoz.

De lo que los familiares de los prisioneros se quejaban era de las enmiendas sobre las secciones 3044 y 3174, del código penal de California, el que les quitaría los privilegios de visitas conyugales nocturnas sin supervisión a los prisioneros que hayan sido convictos por crímenes violentos, o por abuso sexual menores.

Conflict That Must End

by Angelica Carrasco

Years ago, I found myself caught in a war where two colors dominated the scene, red and blue. These sacred colors determined who your friends were and where you lived. Clashing, they greatly inflicted pain and sometimes death when they met. Funny thing is, underneath all the red and the blue, lie the common color, brown.

Those from the red separated themselves from their brothers the blue. Instead of uniting for a common purpose these Gangsters, so called "Warriors", were fighting a battle among themselves. In the end, the blood that painted the barrios, ran the same color. The faces and distinct features, those paralyzed and claimed by death, accumulated into a collection of vatos blinded by the bandannas covering their brown eyes. They were killing their own brothers, Did they not know this? Did they not know that like the white supremacist, they were creating the same borders within their own barrios? Were they trying to imitate the system that caused so much anger and prejudice or "minority" status to their own familias? Those that resort to gangs, as a means of acceptance or status, do they not realize that they can achieve greater acceptance, status, and self-fulfillment through education? Those who resort to gangs or violence by blaming the hard life, violence they endured, do they not realize that they have even more care to give and teach because of their misfortune? And those who claim Chicano Pride, then harm their brothers, sisters, or community. Who are they fooling? The true Chicano Warriors invest their time and energy in helping others, educating themselves, learning their from ancestors and disproving those false theories attributed to our people by racists that claim we are immune to hard work, intelligence, success, and most of all peace. Don't let a color determine your fate ... Viva La Raza Unida!

Debido a que el Departamento de Correcciones fue demandado por esta enmienda, el caso pas- ahora a manos de una corte estatal, entidad que esta considerando su implementación.

"Deseamos que el publico sepa que se trata solamente de visitas nocturnas, no de visitas en general", señala Christine May, una portavoz del Departamento de Correcciones.

"Creo que el problema de todo esto esta en la percepción que tiene el publico sobre los prisioneros", senalo George, y agrego: "Los republicanos han hecho mucho para crear falsedades sobre las prisiones".

"Las prisiones no les proveen estareos ni televisores a los prisioneros somos sus familias las que lo hacemos", dijo airada George.

Las prisiones del estado de California alojan a mas de 140 mil prisioneros. Un 33% de ellos son de origen latino.

Uno de ellos es Joe Ruiz, marido de Rosemary Alvarez, quien estuvo ayer en la protesta. "Yo no creo que las deberlan de quitar a los pesos las visitas de sus familiares, pues es todo lo que tienen", opinión Alvarez.

NOTA* La Suprema Corte recientemente negó al abogado Michael Satris's la petición para revisar la enmienda. Esto permite que el Departamento de Correcciones de California implemente el cambio a los Reglas.



Chicano Mexicano Prison Project

The Chicano Mexicano Prison Project was formed to deal with the question of Raza prisoners and to develop a network for the purpose of communicating with pintos, pintas, and to plug them into the struggle for Raza Liberation. The C.M.P.P. publishes a newsletter, *Las Calles Y La Torcida*, that is distributed free to pintos.



THE MAIN OBJECTIVES OF THE CMPP:

- To Raise The Political Consciousness Of Raza In La Torcida.
- To Expose To The Community, Students, And Political Activists To The True Nature Of The Prison System, Which Is To Maintain Our Gente In A State Oppression And Colonization.
- To Actively Advocate And Struggle For The Rights Of Prisoners.

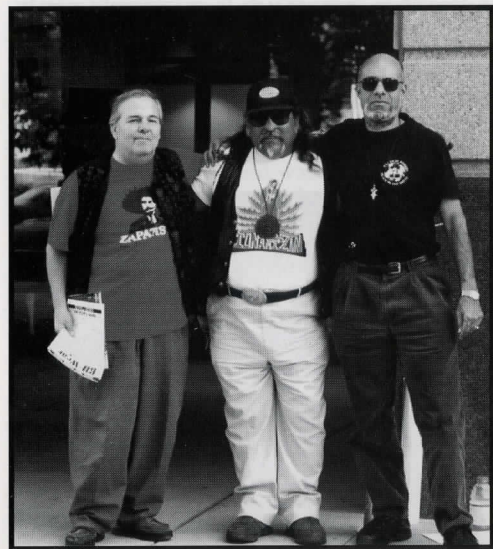
for more information write:
C.M.P.P.
P.O. Box 620095
San Diego, CA 92162

The CMPP is a project of
Union del Barrio

Special Report

WHERE'S THE JUSTICE? END TORTURE AND MURDER IN THE CALIFORNIA PRISONS

by John Childs Brown



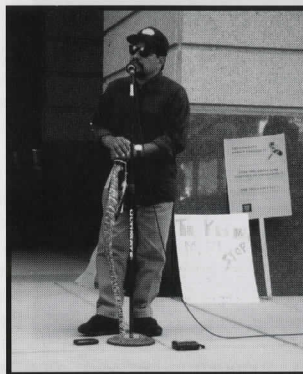
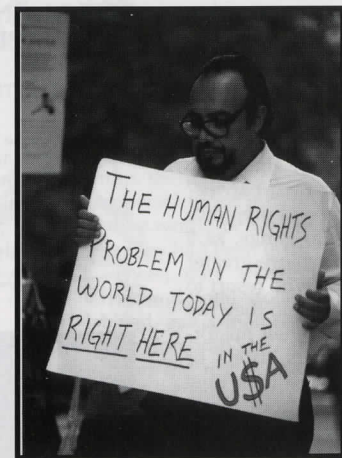
"Where's the justice? Is this America?" These are the questions Bill Tate's daughters asked him after the brutal assassination of their brother, Preston Tate on April 2, 1994 by Corcoran prison guards. Preston Tate was shot during one of the battles among prisoners organized by guards, and called "the gladiator fights." Set up by the guards, who were waging bets on who would win, these fights deliberately pitted Blacks against Browns, and Southerners against Northerners. The "Gladiator fights," which were conducted between 1988 and this year, are part of a larger system of torture, beatings, assassinations, and inflammation of racial conflict, carried out with the seal of approval from key elements among prison authorities. Bill Tate, spoke along with concerned citizens and community human rights activists, on September 19 in front of the office of Attorney General Dan Lungren. Lungren, instead of pursuing the case against the guards involved, is defending them, even while the F.B.I. Launches its own investigation of official wrongdoing. Meanwhile the "whistleblower" guards who did not go along with this system, and who helped call attention to its brutality face a dangerous and uncertain future.

Rally speakers described the numerous violations of human rights and the hijacking of the U. S. Constitution that are occurring in Corcoran, Chowchilla, Pelican Bay, and other prisons around the state and nation.

The prison guards involved in Preston Tate's killing, and in the deaths and beatings of other inmates, are violating the Constitutional guarantees of "due process" and protection from 'cruel/unusual punishment' because they are creating, on their own, illegal and brutal penalties that even the courts have not agreed to. As Bill Tate said about his son, "we were under the impression that he was going to prison to pay his debt to society, not to be executed." Similarly, rally speaker Judy Greenspan, of the California Coalition of Women Prisoners pointed out that there are women in Chowchilla prison who, for all practical purposes are on death row because "of medical neglect." Recently, said Greenspan, a woman died from kidney failure at Chowchilla. She could have been treated and saved.

These nightmares are not new. As longtime national human rights, American Indian Movement activist Enriquez "Henry" Dominguez pointed out, historically 'the oldest prisoners are the indigenous people.' Genocide, he said is with us today only now it is reaching, "all nationalities" around the country. The majority of people in prison around the nation are now people of color, from low income areas. In some areas the majority in prison are African-American, in other areas, such as in California it is majority Raza-indigenous. For example, in Santa Cruz County, which has a twenty-three percent Raza/Indigenous population, seventy-one percent of the people in county jail are Raza/indigenous. In California, eighty-two percent of those housed in the infamous Security housing Units (the 'SHU') are people of color, with fifty-nine percent of them being Raza/Indigenous.

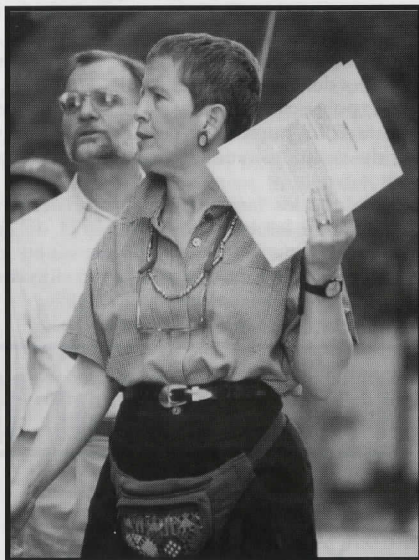
Some people may just shrug their shoulders and say "oh that's just prisoners, it doesn't involve me." But what's happening in the prisons is itself a part of the larger system of growing repression that is sweeping this country. The recent video-recording of law officers beating immigrant workers; the anti-immigrant "Prop.



187;" attacks on affirmative action, decreasing support for public education; and the undermining of welfare are all connected. Consequently, it is vital that we support the human rights of those in prison, both because it is the right thing to do, and because it is part of the broad fight for social justice in general.

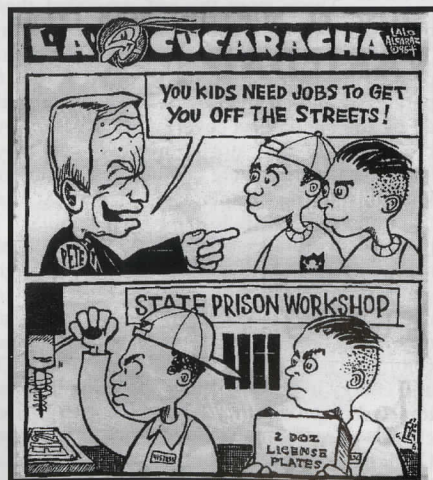
We should not let the power of those in authority discourage us. As Nane Alejandrez of Barrios Unidos said, "There is beautiful poetry, art, and culture coming out of the prisons. If they can keep on going, then we shall not give up." The answer to the question "where's the justice?" is that it is in our hearts, our communities, and our working together. In the words of rally speaker Magdelano Avilar, "nosotros venceremos, we shall overcome."

If you don't want to give up, and you want to get involved, contact California Prison Focus, 415.821.6545, at 2489 Mission St., San



Francisco, CA 94110.

John Brown Childs, Professor of sociology at the University of California, and a member of the Board of Directors of Barrios Unidos,



by Maria Luisa Alaniz, Ph.D.

"They have stolen his name from us and slapped it on a bottle of beer...we can never allow his name to be used like this...we need to uphold our traditional right to protect the names of our ancestors, our traditions, customs and everything we hold sacred."

Seth Big Crow, descendant of Tasunke Witko, also known as Crazy Horse, was a warrior and revered spiritual leader who spoke out against the use and abuse of alcohol. As a chief in the 1870's, he fought to keep the U.S. from invading the sacred birthplace of the Lakota people, the Black Hills, in their search of gold. In 1876, he led the defeat of Lt. Col. George A. Custer at the Battle of the Little Bighorn in Montana. In order to save his people from subsequent retaliations in the form of brutal attacks on women and children and ultimate starvation, he surrendered to the U.S. troops.

In March 1992 Hornel Brewing Co. of Brooklyn, New York introduced "Crazy Horse" malt liquor as a part of its celebration of the American West themes. "Crazy Horse" malt liquor is sold in 40-ounce bottles and 16-ounce cans, along with Plains beadwork and religious designs on the label. The Oglala Sioux Tribe along with other Native-American and non-Native-Americans were supported by Senator Daschle (D-SD) in opposing the use of the name. In April 1992, U.S. Surgeon General Antonia Novello joined the protest. In July 1992 Frank Wolf (R-Va) introduced an amendment to the U.S. House of Representatives to ban the use of a deceased individual of public prominence on a beer label. Congress members also urged the brewer to negotiate with the Oglala Sioux tribe. Talks between the tribe and the brewers were initiated. The talks were discontinued due to the perception that the brewers are not negotiating in good faith. Subsequently, the American Indian Movement (AIM) and Honor Our Neighbors Origins and Rights (HONOR), Inc., called for a nation-wide boycott of "Crazy Horse" malt liquor. The brewers have stated that they are honoring the memory of Crazy Horse with the product and that they are not targeting Native Americans (Fink, 1992). According to Micheal Morris, author of "The Broken Cord," a book about fetal alcohol syndrome, "Such honoring relegates Indians to the long ago and thus makes them magically disappear from public consciousness and conscience." (Star Tribune, 1992). In early October 1992, federal legislation was signed, directing the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Bureau to deny approval of the "Crazy Horse" malt liquor label. The legislation passed as an amendment to a Treasury appropriations bill. The bill allowed the government to keep alcoholic beverage companies from using the names or likenesses of deceased people in a degrading or disparaging way. The names of living people are already protected by the law. The purpose of

Target: Native-Americans

H.R. 5488 is "to prohibit the appropriation of funds for the purpose of approving a certificate of label approval which authorizes the use of the name Crazy Horse on any distilled spirit, wine, or malt beverage product." The Congressional ban was the result of much hard work and support of many people, including Micheal Her Many Horses and Randy Plume, of the Oglala Lakota Nation, and Gregg Bourland and V. True Clown, of the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe, along with political leaders from South Dakota, Colorado, Minnesota, West Virginia, and Massachusetts.

Representative Johnson (D-SD) stated that the legislation would keep corporations from exploiting prominent people's names to undermine health promotion in minority communities (Fink, 1992). In a letter to California Representative Edward Roybal, then chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee, Representative Johnson wrote, "As the congressman for the nine Indian reservations, I am concerned about the exploitation of historical symbols for the purpose of getting Native-Americans to purchase alcohol." Senator Ben Nighthorse Cambell (R-Colorado), the only Native-American serving in Congress, was a supporter of the amendment. Hornell brought suit against the government, charging that the prohibition was a violation of First Amendment free speech rights. A company spokesperson stated that the legislation "clearly is a matter of overkill and unquestionably an unconstitutional exercise." (Fink, 1992). In April 1993, a federal court in Brooklyn, New York ruled that the federal law to ban use of the label was unconstitutional and a violation of Hornell's free speech rights. Senator Nighthorse Campbell (R-Colorado) stated that the judges ruling validates the perception that Indians are "still mascots to too many people," adding "I'm sure if this was 'Broad's Beer' we were talking about, that judge would have ruled the other way" (Milwaukee Journal, 1993).

Before his death, due to fear of government reprisal, Crazy Horse imposed a silence on his descendants regarding their lineage. On August 24, 1993, Seth Big Crow, the court appointed administrator of the Crazy Horse estate, filed summons and complaint in Rosebud Sioux Tribal Court. He says he feels a "silent outrage" about seeing the name of his ancestor on the label of a 40-ounce bottle of malt liquor (Star Tribune, 1994). He proposes to take action to protect Crazy Horse from "association with a product such as alcohol which proved to have a devastating effect upon the lives and cultures of Indian people in general and of the Lakota in particular" (Reynolds, 1993). The civil court action seeks relief and damages from the brewers and bottlers of "Crazy Horse" malt liquor. The complaint is based on rights to property that include a "right to publicity" about the

deceased. The defendants in the case are accused of violating the "right to publicity" by linking Crazy Horse with liquor. In addition, the complaint charges that the depiction on the label of a Native-American in head-dress violates the Indian Arts and Crafts Act's prohibition on falsely advertising that a product is Indian made (Reynolds, 1993). Despite the federal court ruling, three states, Minnesota, Washington and Nebraska, have state-wide bans on the sale of "Crazy Horse" malt liquor (San Jose Mercury News, 1995). Clyde Bellecourt, founder and national director of the American-Indian Movement in Minneapolis, fought for the ban. He says "Crazy Horse" malt liquor is just as offensive as "Pope John Paul Pilsner" or "Martin Luther King Dark Ale" (Star Tribune, 1994). The state of Washington Liquor Control Board found that the label was "false, misleading ... undignified, obscene and in bad taste" (Gough, 1994). The Nebraska State Liquor Control Board found the product "derogatory and insulting." "Crazy Horse" malt liquor is still sold in approximately forty states. Native-American groups and the estate of Crazy Horse have implored other states to follow suit. Due to the controversy, the beverage is not sold in South Dakota, the home of Crazy Horse and his descendants.

Demonstrations to educate the public have been held by the AIM and HONOR throughout the U.S.

This pernicious use of the name of Crazy Horse is even more evident when one considers the social, political, economic and historical context of the Native-American population in the U.S. With the arrival of Columbus, Native Americans

In place of a communal lifestyle, where a reverence for nature was central to their existence, a culture of greed, individualism and a disregard for nature brought them to near extinction.

were to experience the theft of their land and the attempt to devastate their culture, including elimination of their many languages and spiritual practices. In place of a communal lifestyle, where a reverence for nature was central to their existence, a culture of greed, individualism and a disregard for nature brought them to near extinction. Alcohol has taken its physiological and spiritual toll in terms of direct alcohol mortality. In addition to deaths from alcoholism, alcohol psychoses, and cirrhosis of the liver, alcohol is thought to be a contributing factor in other high rates of death from causes such as suicide, homicide, and accidents (Duran and Duran, 1995). The rate of alcoholism in Indian Country is 634% greater than the overall U.S. rate. Other alcohol related problems and the percentage higher than the general U.S. population are as follows: accidents 259%, homicides 101% and suicides 96% (Indian Health Service; Department of Health and Human Services, 1993). Also, the high rate of fetal alcohol syndrome is devastating to the Native-American community since it is affecting Native-American children and youth and subsequently, future generations (Duran and Duran, 1995).



Prince Nezualcōyotl's hardened eyes watch the sun peak its bright, yellow face above the distant mountains. Today, he will meet the newly elected ruler of Tenochtitlan, Itzcōatl. His anger boils like a pot over a fire, he begins to recollect the murder of his father, Ixtlilxōchitl.

In that time, Ixtlilxōchitl had been surrounded and seized by Tepanec warriors. Ordered by Emperor Tezozomoc, Ixtlilxōchitl's head was hacked off! The Tepanec emperor then dragged the body by one arm and threw it over Texcoco's government building, tumbling down like a rag doll. Awaiting below, the Tepanec Infantry ripped it apart.

Shaken by the memories, Nezualcōyotl is standing alone on top of a fortress of eroded earth. He glances down at his boot-sandal clad feet. They are dusty. His bronze muscular legs are battle scarred. Clenching the painted wood handle of his jagged obsidian sword. He is dressed with a heavy multi-colored cape draped across his back. On his bright yellow cotton armored shirt is a personal embroidered battle glyph.

At twenty-eight, the young warrior prince with his face painted appears jaded from a lifetime as a fugitive of Tepanec persecution. He has lived among the eastern nations of Alcolhua, Huexotzingo and Tlaxcala, gaining support to crush the Tepanec empire once and for all.

Now, a warrior leader, it was time to act! He assembles an army of 450,000 brave men who abandon their homes and farms to join him, from all parts of the eastern kingdoms. Thus, begins again the resistance against the Tepanecs, a struggle led first by his father, Ixtlilxōchitl.

Itzcōatl arrives grinning. Meeting for the first time, they greet each other as if they are brothers. Itzcōatl's eyes are those of a fierce veteran. And the Prince stands in awe next to this mighty and highly decorated veteran warrior, who proudly displays twelve battle bands tattooed to his muscular left arm.

This meeting unites Nezualcōyotl's allied forces with Itzcōatl's Mexica (Azteca) and the forces of the city-state of Tlacopan. Standing next to each other and looking out, they scan the terrain. Both understand one another without even speaking of the harmful treatment that their people have suffered living under the oppressive Tepanec Banner. Forced tribute, starvation and brutality by the Tepanecs have brought these two popular leaders together to fight for freedom.

As they look around, this was their view from the adobe fortress. In the distance rising up from an ocean of tan corn fields, Azcapotzalco, the Tepanec Capitol sits alone. Its white-washed Temple reflects the soft red sun light.

After studying the land, Nezualcōyotl had a discerning feeling. Sensing a defeat, he is the first to speak, "Do you know what will happen here before the sun slips into the underworld?"

Itzcōatl unaware of Nezualcōyotl's predictions, answers excitedly, "One day they will carve into this year's war monument 'The brave warriors charge of the First Army'. And celebrate and sing songs in our honor."

Prince Nezualcōyotl realizing that Itzcōatl is misreading the land, tries to explain, "The ground they used for their rings around their temple came out of the channel they've dug. The channel will be their field of fire." Trying further to convince Itzcōatl he says, "Our people will be right out in the open and the Tepanec generals will have the high ground! And that'll be our brave death!"

Letting the moment get the better of him, Itzcōatl's excitement rises, "My men are ready for a fight. They'll color the east, Red!" Turning to Nezualcōyotl, he points to his left eye and says, "Keep an eagle's eye out! 'Itzcōatl's eyes ablaze as he picks up the signal banner and swings it back and fourth. Shell horns blow loudly, signaling the men to move forward. The Prince, holding back his emotions, says with red, glossy eyes, "Let them attack the south and the west. They're not ready there!" Itzcōatl angrily orders, "Nezualcōyotl - just lead them!" The Prince reaches for the handle of his sword and whips it out of its sheath, raises it up to Itzcōatl and whirls around. He runs down the earthen stair case to his awaiting captains. At the bottom of the stair case Nezualcōyotl and his captains watch the spectacle on the battlefield.

Charging across the field the main Mexica forces of the Brown Eagle, Blue Arrow and Red Jaguar divisions converge on the huge dug out channel. Thousands rush like a waterfall over the edge, filling it up. These excited warriors became confused and completely lose all organization as more poured into the channel, literally flooding it. The troops, become backed-up, creating a bottleneck trying to cross this manmade obstacle. Itzcōatl intensely watches the horror unfold from the eroded parapets, realizing what Nezualcōyotl had fore-seen: a death trap.

Once the Mexica infantry had been drawn into this compromising position, the Tepanec Javelin Core assaulted the Mexica. Driving the ones that had crossed, back into the channel. The Tepanec special infantry popped out of specially covered foxholes in the channel. The Mexica warriors were completely caught by surprise. Itzcōatl stared in utter disbelief as the remorseless jaws of the Tepanec trap closed around the channel. An enormous thick, dust cloud rose. When the Tepanec archers arrived, they became confused and could not see their targets. Thinking that the arrows whooshing out are those of the Mexica, they mercilessly let loose thousands of arrows into the dust.

There would be no lull in the war. Now Itzcōatl implemented a new form of strategy to Mesoamerican

warfare. Fighting would last all day, nonstop, everyday, until the final outcome. The land captured during that day's battle, would be held at all cost, and their camp would be made right on the line, instead of falling back behind the front to regroup. During the next two-and-a-half months, the gallant soldiers, of the Mexica Army bore the brunt of the fighting. Whole Mexica divisions vanished trying to take the 'bloody channel'.

With vengeance, Nezualcōyotl personally led his men against the southern defenses. His allied force fought their way around the wide channel, invading the south-western sector. His archers fire on the western-most suburb of the Tepanec Capital relentlessly with fire arrows for weeks, (though they still had some way to go).

Itzcōatl, realizing the 'Bloody Channel' could not be taken, decided to attack in the north. He yells out, "Form the Tortoise!" The organized Mexica Turquoise infantry quickly place their round leather shields together, forming an armored shell completely covering them. They advanced through a shower of rocks and arrows. They broke through the first outer defense ring



of earthen-box-forts and fox-holes. It is only a narrow penetration, but support was driving through to help the advance. Rock bombardments poured down on specified sectors, followed immediately by assaults through streets and trench lines by the never-ending streams of Mexica Yellow infantry. During the next month something else became evident, the Tepanec determination to fight. Not only every step of the way to the city, but every step through the city to the edge of their temple-fortress.

Whole allied and Mexica regiments are wiped out. Platoons are crushed before the leading formations break clear of the defense belts, only to run into the waiting Tepanec cotton armored soldiers.

Within the city of Azcapotzalco, the Tepanec emperor Maxtla declines into a state of fantasy. Maxtla's mind withdrew into a realm when the Tepanec army of the past still existed, and he ordered nonexistent armies about his large-scale maps as though he was still in command of a mighty force. The reality was otherwise. Outside of his temple-stronghold what remained of the Tepanec war machine shattered into a myriad of individual leaders.

By this time the allied Armies had all reached the outskirts of the city, making a complete encirclement. Itzcōatl's feared Red Brigades were fighting towards the second defensive ring in the north. While four of Nezualcōyotl's Green infantry divisions were fighting their way in from the west

The Tepanecs were now fighting for their own famous city (spurred on by a propaganda call for local patriotism, to which they responded) and in circumstances in which their own natural talents were at advantage and their lack of supplies and mobility did not matter. They fought from holes burrowed in rubble, from the blackened caverns of burned-out homes, from behind parapets of gaunt, towering blocks; they fought for every yard and every street and every alleyway within that area of bitter contest. Here, all the Mexica could do was creep into range until they could be blasted by arrow-fire, or have their eyes, nose, and throat seared by a pepper-powder throw-bomb. Itzcōatl's

Yellow infantry, at first they were mowed down by blow-gun dart-fire, pinned down behind their battery's barricades. The Tepanecs knew every yard of every path towards their temple fortress stronghold and could lay ambush after ambush. The fighting moved down streets, as warriors crawled like moles through ditches, over rubble, reaching the third defensive ring.

Both sides were so exhausted that for a few days a calm silence fell upon the area, continued only by sporadic fighting. Months of fighting left the homes of Azcapotzalco an almost surreal picture, with buildings opened up, holes through walls, any of which could conceal a hidden sniper, or from which a pepper-throw-bomb could drop. It was a cruel deadly struggle; but quite soon the battle amid the ruins begins again. Now the Tepanec temple lay close before Nezualcōyotl and when the last allied offensive was launched, its aims were to advance to the temple fortress and to annihilate all organized resistance before them, including the capture of Azcapotzalco and the reduction of its remaining army. At dawn, a tremendous bombardment of fire-arrow and stones opens all along the last defensive ring. Out of the Mexica and allied fronts, stormed the first waves of shock troops. It took Itzcōatl's army's northern thrust three days to smash through the battlements. Nezualcōyotl's allied western advance reached the outskirts of the fortified Temple gardens.

Itzcōatl fed in his Turquoise cores and met the strongest resistance. Perhaps inspired by the competition, Nezualcōyotl now personally drove his infantry and elite platoons forward with ruthless vigor. And the next day Itzcōatl's Fourteenth Jaguar Paw brigade thrust into the south-eastern temple complex. The Tepanecs began desperately to protect themselves with final dense fortifications around the Temple area.

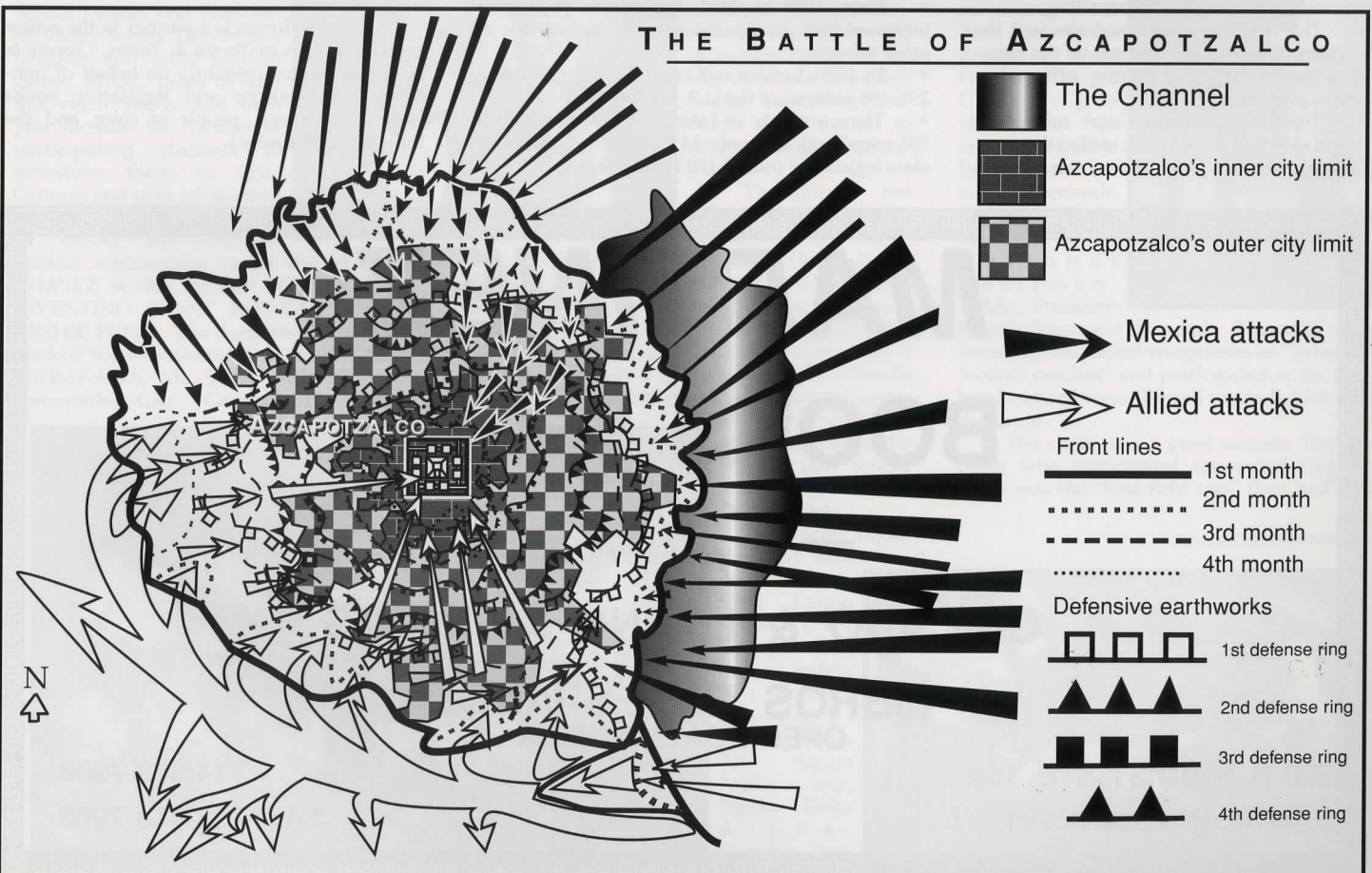
The Armies linked up with each other, and the city, its inhabitants and its 95,000-man army, were surrounded. Finally at dawn, in an act of total desperation, the Tepanec generals and their aides attempted to break out of their Temple-fortress. Nezualcōyotl, catching the Tepanecs charging down the main stair-

case, raises up his sword and shield to his men. With tears in his eyes he yells out, "All the men who have died in the past are here with you today," and fearlessly leads his army up the stairway. The Tepanec warriors mount heavy resistance. Nezualcōyotl fighting step by step, yard by yard, body to body. The Allies struggle, fight, push, strive and kill as they secure the stairway in hand to hand combat. The smoke was very thick and agonizing, Nezualcōyotl is exhausted. He moves nervously and cautiously to avoid the fighting groups. One group comes slipping in on him. He and his group fight. The other stepping in thrusting and slicing with their swords. The harder they fight, the more threatening the enemy becomes. Catching out of the corner of his eye an enemy soldier aims his bow. He whirls around to block the arrow. The impact of the arrow made his shield hit his face. Dazed, he falls, bleeding from his mouth and nose, his blood splattered on his chest. As he lands, a soldier goes down heavily beside him. The two who had knocked him down also stumbled upon him, dead. Delirious, and drifting in and out of consciousness, he lays there silently. The fighting army which had been following the Prince closely, passed on over him. Dry, crusty mud covered the noble Prince. As he raised and dragged himself to the top of the temple, he began to cry. Maxtla had committed suicide. And when Itzcōatl arrived, he too cried. For the struggle had been a horrible 114 days. And the satisfaction of revenge had been ripped away from them.

Prince Nezualcōyotl changed the course of history by this bloody battle and continued to do so for the rest of his life. He would rule upon Texcoco's throne and become a revered architect, poet and respected philosopher. The unification of Nezualcōyotl's Allied forces with Itzcōatl's Mexica (Azteca) and the city-state of Tlacopan, formed the invincible Triple Alliance.

The chieftain Itzcōatl went on to expand the Mexican state and rule. He would rewrite the historical origins of the Chichimeca (Mexica & Azteca) people.

Story by Morgan M. Rosales
Maps by Morgue
Illustrations by Spiff Moranti



Political Agenda

A NATIONAL CHALLENGE FOR LATINOS, PEOPLE OF COLOR, AND THE POOR

by Rodrigo Torres

During 1995-96, the 104th Congress (controlled by Republicans in both houses), a conservative U.S. Supreme Court and numerous state legislatures eradicated the nation's safety net for the poor, attacked educational and economic opportunities for minorities and women, reversed voting rights gains for people of color, and eliminated services for legal immigrants. More specifically, these policy-making institutions were responsible for the following:

- Congress and Democratic President Clinton overhauled the nation's welfare programs, making it easier for states to reduce benefits to the poor.
- Congress and the President approved immigration "reform" legislation which eliminates many services for legal immigrants.
- The U.S. Supreme Court restricted the ability of minorities to elect minority public officials.
- Congress attempted to end federal affirmative action program in public employment and public contracting.
- The U.S. Supreme Court elevated the requirements that must be met by the federal government in operating affirmative action programs.
- The U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear a case that would have settled the question of whether universities can operate

affirmative action programs for purpose of diversity.

Approximately fifteen states introduced or attempted to introduced ballot initiatives for the November 1996 election which would eliminate their state affirmative action programs.

Many contend that Republicans, Conservatives, and the religious right, after years of planning, are responsible for reversing these and other civil rights gains of the 1960's and 70's. While many do not necessarily believe in political conspiracy theories, these timely series of events should cause even the most skeptical political observer to ask whether it might be possible that a network of well-financed, politically influential, and well-connected individuals sharing the same conservative vision for a homogenous society are in fact working toward such a common goal.

Regardless of one's answer, the stark reality is that Latinos, people of color, women, and the poor are confronting a dilution of our civil rights and economic well-being. The question then becomes: How are we, as Latinos, people of color, women, and the poor going to respond? Although this challenge has been presented to us since the colonization of America, we have yet to answer it in a consistent and effective manner.

The response of many Latinos has been that the sheer growth of our numbers will inevitably translate into political power, resulting in an improvement in the quality of life for the Latino community. Population projections clearly show that Latinos are rapidly becoming the largest minority. Unfortunately, national census data demonstrates that we have far to go in transforming our population growth into improvements for the economic and educational status of our community:

- There are 27 million Latinos living in the United States, comprising approximately 10% of the U.S. population (1994);
- From 1990 to 1994, the Latino population increased 28% (compared to a 6% growth for all other groups);
- By 2050, Latinos will comprise approximately 25% (88 million) of the U.S. population;
- There are only 19 Latinos in Congress (out of 535 members), and only 14 Latinos in California's state legislature (out of 120 legislators);

- In March 1994, the unemployment rate for Latinos was 11% compared to 6% for Whites;
- Overall, the media income in 1993 for Latinos was \$23,670 as compared to \$41,110 for White households;
- 27% of Latino families lived in poverty while the rate for White families was 11% (1994);
- The high school completion rates for Latinos in 1994 was 56.6%, while it was 82.6% for Whites and 77% for African-Americans.

If the political system is to address to these and other problems of our community, then history has shown us that it is we who carry the burden for holding the process accountable. The origins of the League of United Latin American Citizens, the G.I. Forum, the United Farm Workers, the civil rights movement of the 1960's, even the Republican-Gingrich takeover of Congress, can effectively serve as models for disciplining and organizing ourselves to influence government.

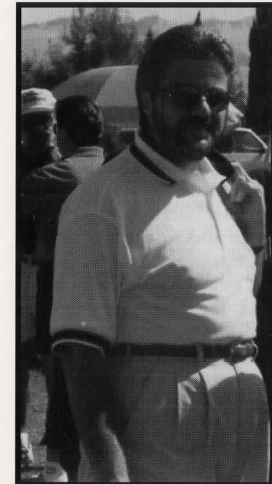
Perhaps the real challenge facing Latinos is overcoming the lack of ganas our community has for participating in the political process. Although there are a host of legitimate reasons why Latinos participate less in this process, the problems of our community (regarding health, education, income, employment, immigration, poverty, etc.) demand that we overcome these hurdles and begin making the government address our needs.

Organizing our communities to address national issues in the 21st century will require discipline and commitment that we perhaps have not engaged in before. Organizing our communities to resolve the multitude of problems that afflict not only Latinos, but other disenfranchised communities and the country as a whole, is the challenge that we must meet if America is to remain the equitable society it is supposed to be.

(Rodrigo Torres is a partner in the policy consulting firm of Torres & Torres. Torres & Torres advocates primarily on behalf of non-profit organizations and legislative issues impacting Latinos, people of color, and the Indigent community.)

Mexican American Alumni Chapter - San Jose State University

by Anecita S. Agustinez



The Mexican American Alumni Chapter (MAAC) of San Jose State University sponsored its First Annual Mexican American Alumni Day and Scholarship Drive at a pre-game tailgater and football game on September 21, 1996. The



game marked the SJSU Spartans first home Western Athletic Conference game with the Spartans victorious over "Los Tejanos de UTEP". With a season record of 1-7, this home game winner is the only game won so far by the Spartans.

Through ticket sales and corporate sponsorship, MAAC in conjunction with the SJSU Athletics Department was able to raise scholarship funds and host young students from the Eastside Union High School District, Alum Rock Union School District and Franklin-McKinley School District at a tailgater and great football game. MAAC plans to hold this event yearly and each year increase the number of participating students to introduce them to SJSU Campus and raise scholarship monies.

MAAC has provided student scholarships under the MAURO CHAVEZ SCHOLARSHIP FUND and the JUVENTINO "TINO" ESPARZA SCHOLARSHIP FUND. The September 21st event marked the establishment of the GEORGE SHIRAKAWA, SR. SCHOLARSHIP with Honorable City Councilman George

Shirakawa, Jr. being on hand to acknowledge the establishment of this memoriam in honor of one of MAAC's honored graduates of SJSU at a pre-game recognition ceremony. A beautiful rendition of the national anthem was performed by local recording artists "ANGELINA" and "RUDY MADRID". Musical entertainment at the tailgater was donated by local bands "MYSTIQUE" and "RUDY MADRID AND THE CRUISERS".

The main goal of MAAC was to introduce SJSU to young students as a college option. Through the establishment of scholarships and introduction to SJSU, MAAC hopes to benefit young deserving students who desire to attain a higher education.

Through the efforts of the MAAC executive board members and the participation of SJSU Outreach and Student Groups, approximately 354 students from local high school and middle schools were invited to this event. Prior to the tailgate, students from the following schools were given a private campus tour and orientation: Fair Middle School, Sylvandale Middle School, Joseph George Middle School, Ocala Middle School, Yerba Buena High School and Andrew Hill High School.

The student began their day with orientation by SJSU Latino Student Groups, such as Lambda Sigma Gamma, Sigma Theta Psi, Sigma Alpha Seta, Sigma Delta Alpha, Gamma Zeta

Alpha, Sigma Lambda Beta, Nu Alpha Kappa, CALMECA, SOLES, MEChA, MESA, CHE and the SJSU Outreach Department. After the campus tours and orientation, the students were hosted at the tailgater with food and musical entertainment.

At the tailgate event, the President of SJSU Robert L. Caret and the President of UTEP Diana Natalisio were both in attendance and enjoying the entertainment and food. Also in attendance were Honorable George Shirakawa, Jr. and Honorable Ron Gonzalez and Fernando Torres-Gil, MAAC's National Chairman. MAAC President Connie Vega and Fernando Torres-Gil were bestowed the added recognition as "honorary football coaches" and participated at the team breakfast and were allowed on the field during the game.

The event was a great success. The students who participated responded that the event was the "best field trip" they had ever

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



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My Barrio Reunion

by Frank Chavez



My barrio like many other barrios always celebrate special Raza days. On Saturday, September 16, 1996, the day our Raza celebrates our freedom from the Spanish colonials, there was something very special taking place at Prospect Park, in East Los Angeles, California. There was music, laughing, crying, and lots of hugs. My past came alive once again at this reunion.

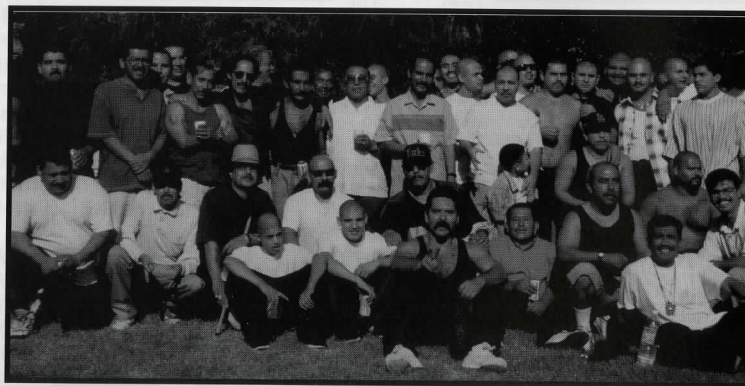
There was a barrio reunion with people young and old. Up to three generations of beautiful Raza gathered to what has become a tradition of people from the barrio Primera Flats. It was indeed great weather, combined with no violence or trouble with the law. This barrio, like many other barrios, has maintained cultural pride along with the sense of

tional barrios we are still Raza who have experienced prejudice, discrimination of many sorts; the same as what our parents experienced and their parents before them.

Our families would not want us to give up the fight against colonialism. Rebellious as many outsiders would want to believe, my barrio like many other barrios represent Raza resistance and refuse to let anyone colonize our

being Chicano/Latino. It has like every other Chicano community, experienced terrible violence, drug, alcohol, and many other forms of abuse. For the dominate Anglo society or an outsider, we have been called deviants, criminals, trouble makers, etc.. But for many of us who come from tradi-

spirits and give up the fight. The reunion reinforces upon my homeboys and homegirls that we are still leaders of our own destiny and we must not forget it. We must not forget that the Spaniards once also called our ancestors vulgar names solely because they were indios or mestizos. So we must continue to struggle and La Primera Flats, like other barrios must maintain the symbol of pride and protection of our culture and people. A reunion like that in my barrio must be held in every barrio to demonstrate Raza unity and love for our culture. Special thanks to Mike "Cubano" Garcia, Pastor Louie Samudio, the many other organizers, the veteranos, and the young included.



Raza on the Move... But Where Are We Going?

by Arturo Popos Rodriguez
Denver, Colorado

I have been traveling throughout Aztlan for the past year and a half, speaking and organizing in places like Phoenix, San Diego, Santa Cruz, Chico, Albuquerque, East L.A., Washington D.C. (we took Aztlan with us for the Barrios Unidos Peace Summit) and all over the state of Colorado from Denver to the Valley de San Luis. My observations of Raza all over the place and my time spent in different barrios and pueblos has brought me to one conclusion; whether this country likes it or not, and whether it is organized or not, Raza is coming up.

We know that the powers in this country don't like it. Proposition 187, Official English, Three Strikes, Migra, and Police attack of our Raza on a daily basis, the public schools failure and push-out rates, the Border...do I have to say more? Because there is more.

Throughout every barrio and community in Aztlan, conditions are just as bad if not worse, than in the 1960's and 70's. At that time we organized and unified into what we called El Movimiento Chicano.

Today, we still have the remnants of the Movimiento, but we are lacking. We are lacking action oriented leadership with true vision. We are lacking artists, from muralists to film, who are dedicated to the Movimiento and their people and not just their "personal artistic vision."

We lack university professors and staff who are willing to put their people's needs above their personal needs, whether they be financial or egotistical.

We lack the organization, direction, and unity of the three movements: the Peace Movement of stopping the Barrio Warfare, the Political Movement which seeks self-determination and the liberation of Aztlan and the Spiritual Movement of Azteca/Mexica Danza and a return to our Indigenous ways. A person could be involved in any of the three movements and almost be totally isolated from the other two.

The Chicano Movement opened doors to the universities, professional life for some, business for many, politics for a token few and opportunities in entertainment and Hollywood. But these were short-term gains, not long-term goals. We can't afford to take our eyes off the prize.

We have created a new upper-middle class of Chicanos who were involved in the 1960's

and 1970's. But they are not giving back. Of course there are always exceptions, but the scattered individuals here and there are like trying to fight Oscar de La Hoya with one arm. It isn't happening.

It's time to give back. For those who have benefited from the Movimiento, the time has come for them to give what they can in return for the blood, sweat, and tears that were shed to blow open the doors of opportunity.

And if they don't? Then they should no longer represent themselves as down for their Raza and their Raza will no longer be down for them.

It's a two-way street that seems to have been restructured into a one-way highway.

Many who want to support ask for tangible, positive, organized projects that have vision. There are plenty around. How about The National Coalition of Barrios Unidos, a strong program that represents the kind of work we need to do to bring peace to our barrios.

For example, Tonatierra in Phoenix, and their efforts to further our Indigenous understanding by connecting Aztlan to the rest of Itzchitalan (the Western Hemisphere for those of you that are Nahautl challenged). Also, the

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Searching for a Santo Or an Answer

by Pedro Arroyo

Several years ago I mentioned to a teacher friend of mine that I was having a tough time passing a math exam. She told me that she would pray to San Judas (Saint Jude) for me, and my math troubles would be over.

San Judas is the patron saint of those who sink into deep desperation. For my miracle to come true, my friend told me, I would have to flip over the figure of San Judas and pray to him several times.

I did so. But I didn't pass the exam.

My faith in saints hasn't been the same since, but for others, this is not always the case. In Mexican culture, saints are seriously worshipped.

A close friend of my mother confided in her recently that she was going through some difficult times with her youngest child. The boy has taken the family car without permission and crashed it while driving drunk.

My mother's friend said she believed that her son is involved in a gang and using drugs. He is only 16, but he has stopped going to school. Seeing this woman so depressed, my mother asked how she could help. The woman asked her for the ceramic figurine of San Martín Caballero—Saint Martin of Tours.

San Martín Caballero is the patron saint of the poor and needy," she explained.

"Praying to him will bring good luck and guidance to my son and my family."

Days later, I found myself driving my mother toward our home town of Mexicali, Baja California, México. We were making the four-hour trip from Los Angeles to find San Martín Caballero.

Our search took us through several neighborhoods in the sprawling, dusty, border city. First we checked out the small shops set up directly along the U.S.-Mexican border. As we were browsing through the merchandise in one of the them, an old man inquired, "Cómo les puedo ayudar?" How can I help you?

We told him of our search for search for San Martín Caballero.

I have two, one for \$49.99 and other for \$100, he said. "Estos hacen milagros," he promised. They will work miracles. They are made of the best material.

My mother and I looked at each other in disbelief. I asked her, "How can the Patron Saint of the Poor and Needy cost so much? Who can afford him and his miracles?"

She had no answer. We walked away.

Our next stop was at a botánica shop. In Mexican botánicas, you can find medicinal herbs, lotions to keep away bad spirits, soaps that can bring you good luck, and santos.

It is also a common place to find folk healers, curanderas, who can give you spiritual cleansing and guidance. These shops are perfect examples of the mixture of Catholicism and Indigenous customs that are alive in

México.

As we entered the shop, an old lady smiled and asked what we wanted. We are looking for a San Martín Caballero, I told her.

She pulled several from behind the counter. "Este cuesta \$120 y el otro \$80," she told us.

"Cuestan mucho, senora," I answered. Too much.

We drove back to Los Angeles disappointed, without a saint.

A week or so later, while shopping late one night for tortillas in East Los Angeles, I encountered a young boy selling portraits and figurines of saints on the street corner. At the side of his display table, I spotted my lost saint. I had finally found San Martín Caballero, and the best thing about it was that the price was only \$3.

The figure was not as beautiful as the others. It was a humble and simple saint for a person in need. I bought it without wasting time.

The next day my mom and I visited her friend and gave her the santo. She was happy and relieved. She gave me a tight hug and thanked us both. "Gracias a dios," she said. Thank you, God.

Our search had ended. My mother's promise was fulfilled.

That night I pondered about the woman's devotion and faith. To me the figure seemed insignificant, so simple — hardly something to believe in. But to this woman, it represented a bridge of communication between her and her troubled son.

San Martín Caballero had given her comfort and an answer when no one else in our barrio could.

Escuela Tlatelolco in its 26th year as a totally private independent Chicano Mexicano school, and its newly purchased two story Centro in Denver that houses the Crusade for Justice founded by Rodolfo Corky Gonzales (in its 31st year).

Why not build our own school system, based off of models that have been developed and tested through time like Tlatelolco, Escuela de La Raza in Blythe, CA. and others?

We have the professional expertise and the collective experience. We lack the money.

We need to create our own foundations and funding sources so that community organizations can spend time doing real work, instead of doing quarterly reports and paperwork for funders. Some of us have almost turned our organizations into agencies just trying to keep our budgets workable. The last time I checked, this was not the goal of the Chicano Movement

and El Plan Espiritual de Aztlan.

As far as the youth go, we are always down to get down. Although, we do have to work on our discipline and understand the reasons we are fighting.

It's time to go to the root of our Indigenous identity and the root of the problems facing us. We must remember that we are not in this struggle just to fight the good fight. We're in it to free Aztlan and for the love of our people.

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Dismantling Gabachismo in Contemporary Capitalist



An economic power base is essential and an appropriate vehicle, for a people who seek self-determination. It is A Foundation, the back bone, the mechanics, in economics.

by Peter McLaren and Patricia Duenas

We live in the giddy flows of transnational capitalism. Everything around us has been commodified and given a price tag. We are transforming our very identities through the politics of credit and "paying with plastic". The disparity among the rich and poor has grown so unbelievably and dangerously wide that oppressed peoples and even the middle-class no longer believe in the democratic vision of shared goals. Everyone knows that it's another joke at the expense of working people. The vast majority of Americans are out to get as much as they can, to acquire as much purchasing power as possible. We are living the devaluation of the American Dream. We witness rapists, child molesters, and wife-beaters getting as much as a slap on the hand, while women are sentenced to thirty years to life for killing their husbands or lovers in self-defence. We are overtaken by this metamorphosis of dailing living which reduces our worth as human beings to the power to consume. Economically disenfranchised communities are taught by capitalist power brokers who operate under the official sanction of bourgeois myths of 'native' inferiority, that the poor are responsible for their own plight, that it is a result of their 'culture of poverty', and that they must bare the burden of their inherited bad genes and pathological nature. We know that these myths result in a 'blaming the victim' ideology and are constructed out of the lies of the European 'settler' communities which colonized the Americas. As we bear witness to the growth of the capitalist economic domain, we need to recognize that capitalism feeds political forms of repression in the way that it informs the rituals of success used in schools, in the workplace, and in places of worship. The logic of success in our social order is premised on the accumulation of profit at any cost, and schools continue to accommodate and adapt students to this logic.

Schools largely function to serve the interests of the capitalist social order. Latino/as and African-Americans are disproportionately represented in the 'underclass' while they are under-represented in the middle-class. The upper-class are mainly white, and own 70 percent of the country's wealth, 83 percent of the country's financial assets and about 90 percent of all corporate stock. Even in light of these statistics, University of California Regent, Ward Connerly, an African-American who heads up the anti-affirmative action initiative (Proposition 209), apparently feels that the playing field is now equal and too many people of color are getting unfair breaks. Has it ever occurred to Connerly that, given the unequal distribution of economic resources in this country, to be

against affirmative action for African-Americans and Latino/as is actually to be in favor of white supremacy?

Schools reproduce existing class interests by (re) producing particular ideologies such as individualism and consumerism. Consequently, the 'underclass' has the highest dropout rate whereas the 'overclass' has the highest proportion of college graduates. Schools serving the interests of the capitalist social order are largely dedicated to increase the life-chances of the dominant Euro-American population.

Reinforcing the existing regime of economic injustice is a politics of racism. Racism and capitalism have entered a new marriage of convenience resulting from a courtship that has lasted several centuries. Consider the vehemently racist comments directed against Mexican and other immigrants of color by Patrick Buchanan, a recent Republican candidate for the U.S. Presidency: If British subjects, fleeing a depression, were pouring into this country through Canada, there would be few alarms. The central objection to the present flood of illegals is they are not English — speaking white people from Western Europe; they are Spanish-speaking brown and black people from Mexico, Latin America and the Caribbean. (Bradlee Jr., 1996: 1 & 12)

Has it ever occurred to Connerly that, given the unequal distribution of economic resources in this country, to be against affirmative action for African-Americans and Latino/as is actually to be in favor of white supremacy?

We ask you to consider Buchanan's remarks in light of United States history. We offer some comments made by Abraham Lincoln during a speech made in southern Illinois in 1858: "I am not," he told his audience, "nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races.... I will say in addition that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I suppose, will forever forbid the two races living together upon terms of social and political equality; and in as much as they cannot so live, that while they do remain together there must be a position of the superiors and the inferiors; and that I, as much as any other man, am in favor of the superior being assigned to the white man." (Zinn, 1970, p. 148)

Another United States hero, Benjamin Franklin, wrote: "Why increase the Sons of Africa, by planting them in America, where we have so fair an Opportunity, by excluding all Blacks and Tawneys, of increasing the lovely White and

Red?" (Cited in Perea, 1995, p. 973)

Or consider the views of Thomas Jefferson, who was concerned about the presence of Africans in America, and to whom he referred to as an impure "blot" on the purity of the land.

... it is impossible not to look forward to distant times, when our rapid multiplication will expand itself ... & cover the whole northern, if not the southern continent, with a people speaking the same language, governed in similar forms, by similar laws; nor can we contemplate with satisfaction either blot or mixture on that surface. (Cited in Perea, 1995, p. 974)

Not to be outdone in the racist department, we have Senator John Calhoun, speaking on the Senate floor in 1848, where he opposed annexation by the United States of land belonging to Mexico on the grounds of preserving a homogeneous white nation:

I know further, sir, that we have never dreamt of incorporating into our Union any but the Caucasian race — the free white race. To incorporate Mexico, would be the very first instance of the kind of incorporating an Indian race; ... I protest against such a union as that! Ours, sir, is the Government of a white race. (Cited in Perea, 1995, p. 976)

Compare the ideological logic behind California's Proposition 187 with the statements provided by Calhoun, Jefferson, Franklin, and Buchanan. Compare, too, Proposition 187's logic to its precursor - California's 1855 "Greaser Act." The "Greaser Act" was an antiloitering law that applied to "all persons who are commonly known as 'Greasers,' or the issue of Spanish and Indian blood ... and who go armed and are not peaceable and quiet persons" (cited in López, p. 145).

This is the same racist logic that fueled David Duke's 1992 comments: "... that immigrants 'mongrelize' our culture and dilute our values" (Cited in Lopez, p. 143). Recent comments made by Duke in California in 1996 were in support of Proposition 209. Supposedly, Proposition 209 is designed to create a colorblind society. But this would only be true if structural and institutional racism did not exist, and if all groups had equal access to resources and white privilege was eliminated. We know this not to be the case. In addition to accusing minority men of raping white women "by the thousands" and claiming black New Orleans police officers rape and kill local citizens, Duke remarked:

I don't want California to look like Mexico...I don't want to have their pollution. I don't want the corruption. I don't want their disease. I don't want their superstition. I don't want us to look like that country. If we continue this alien invasion, we will be like Mexico. (Bernstein, 1996, A14)

Duke reflects a perspective that hasn't changed since the days of the Zoot Suit massacre, Operation Wetback, and when public Los Angeles swimming pools were frequently drained by Whites after they were used by Mexican-Americans. It is a perspective also shared by the British extreme right, who sexualize racism in order to "generate fear among women and masculine protectiveness among men" in relation to the presence of black men in British inner-cities (Rattansi, 1994, p. 63). Such perspectives connote earlier ideas of the Empire as a dangerous place where white women need protection (Rattansi, p. 63). One example is a story that appeared in the National Front youth newspaper, *Bulldog*, which was titled: "Black pimps force White girls into prostitution" and which exhorted: "White Man! You have a Duty to Protect Your Race, Homeland and Family" (p. 63). Of course, this fear of the rape of the white woman is not projected solely onto the African-American male. Underwriting Duke's comments on Mexico, for instance, was the image of the Mexican as rapist and beast. In his discussion of the relationship between Dan Diegans and Tijanenses, Ramon Gutierrez describes how Tijuana - "as a place of unruly and transgressive bodies" (1996, p. 256) - has become fixed in the American Psyche. He notes that "Tijuana first developed as an escape valve for the sexually repressed and regulated American Protestant social body of San Diego" (p. 255). He writes that "the international boundary between Mexico and the United States has long been imagined as a border that separates pure from an impure body, a virtuous body from a sinful one, a monogamous conjugal body regulated by the law of marriage from a criminal body given to fornication, adultery, prostitution, bestiality and sodomy" (p. 255-256).

While the United States is constructed as a country governed by nature and the law, such codes of civility that regulate kinship and the body are thought not to exist in Mexico, where only unregulated desire and criminality exist to menace all who come into contact with Mexicans. The image of the undocumented worker as an illegal alien, as a "migrant" living in squalor, spreading disease, raping white women, extorting lunch money from white school children, creating squatter communities, hanging out in shopping centers, and forcing Anglo schools to adopt bi-lingual education programs in order to accommodate the offspring of criminals and to appease the foreigner soil living on U.S. soil, has served to identify Mexicans with dirt, filth, and unnatural acts, while symbolically constructing Euro-American citizens as pure, law-abiding, and living in harmony with God's natural law (Gutierrez, 1996).

The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion was an influential book for another American hero - Henry Ford. His newspaper ran a series of anti-semitic articles in the 1920s that were made available to the public in book form under the title, The International Jew. Of course, Ford's perspectives echo the views of contemporary

rightwing Christian movements, many whom fervently believe that white people are the true Israelites, that Blacks are sub-human and that Jews are the issue of Satan. The organization known as Christian Identity is linked to British Israelism which began as a white supremacist protestant organization in Victorian England. White Europeans were believed to be the 12 lost tribes of Israel. Like many post-millennial religions, Identity proclaims that God gave the Constitution of the United States to the white Christian Founding Fathers and only white Christian men can be true sovereign citizens of the Republic. Identity followers are set to destroy the "Beast" - the government of the United States, in order to hasten forth Armageddon (Southern Poverty Law Center, 1996). Members of Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition are aligned with the Patriot movement. This movement wants to establish God's law on earth, which in the view of some of the members of the movement, calls for the execution of homosexuals, adulterers, juvenile delinquents, and blasphemers (Southern Poverty Law Center, 1996).

Buchanan, Duke, Silber, Pete Wilson, and countless other conservative politicians currently enjoying considerable popularity among growing sectors of the United States population owe a great deal to the racist perspectives that they inherited from historical figures such as Jefferson, Franklin, and Lincoln who have been sanctified and haigographed in the larger political culture. It appears that it is as patriotic now for white people to proclaim

The Latinophobic perspective of Buchanan and other white supremacists symbolically decapitates the immigrant and ultimately works to decenter and demonize the efforts of immigrants to maintain their dignity through creating cultures of solidarity and struggle.

racist sentiments as it was 150 years ago. Today, however, one has to camouflage one's racism in deceptive and sophisticated ways by hiding it in a call for family values, a common culture of decency, and a "colorblind" society, but the racist formations underwriting such a call are clearly in evidence to the discerning cultural critic.

Of course the populist and nativist sentiments expressed by Buchanan (and reflected in the resurgence of racist groups such as The Order, Posse Comitatus, the Klu Klux Klan, White Aryan Resistance, Aryan Nations, Christian Identity, Gun Owners of America, and various militia movements) are on the rise in the United States. What he and others like him appear to be saying is that undocumented British subjects (whose countrymen invaded the North American continent and stole it from the native inhabitants) would represent a less serious immigrant problem than in the case of those groups (such as Mexicans) who had their land stolen from them by the U.S. military (whom some Mexicans still consider an "occupying force"). The real "illegal" in this case is Patrick Buchanan himself, whose repugnant white supremacist ideas prohibit him from critically examining the economic and sociocultural forces sur-

rounding recent immigration patters. The Latinophobic perspective of Buchanan and other white supremacists symbolically decapitates the immigrant and ultimately works to decenter and demonize the efforts of immigrants to maintain their dignity through creating cultures of solidarity and struggle. Shohat and Stam (1994) remark that "multicultural bellies, full of tacos, falafel, and chow mein, are sometimes accompanied by monocultural minds" (p. 21). It is the monolithic, monocultural perspective of the white Anglo majority population that is responsible, in large part, for the current state of Latinophobia and the demonization of people of color in general.

As concerned educators, we believe that the emphasis in our schools should be placed on creating a critical consciousness among our students. Of course, we need to do more than critically reflect upon ways of creating economic justice, we need to struggle for racial and gender justice as well. Realistically, we cannot sit around holding hands and pretend that the present situation doesn't exist. We believe that current efforts at multicultural education are often just a smokescreen to hide current efforts at exploiting oppressed peoples. Rather than place our efforts on creating "diversity" (which we believe is a code word for engabachamiento, or becoming "white") we believe that there should be an emphasis on understanding and challenging the logic of white supremacy and the way that it has joined forces with contemporary forms of capitalism. Only when our educational programs are dedicated to uncovering and dismantling white supremacy, will democracy in this country be able to live up to its promise.

Peter McLaren is Professor, Graduate School of Education and Information Studies, University of California, Los Angeles. Patricia Duenas is a graduate student in education at California State University, Los Angeles.

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A Tribute to Jose Antonio Burciaga 1940 - 1996



by Pedro Arroyo

Over 600 people from throughout California and the Southwest came to pay homage to the work and Legacy of Jose Antonio Burciaga Chicano writer, humorist, and visual artist. Jose Antonio Burciaga passed away after his long and brave battle with cancer on October 7, 1996. The Tribute was held at the Victoria Theater, located in the heart of San Francisco Mission District where Jose Antonio was loved and admired.

One of Burciaga's last dream was the establishment of an emergency fund for artists and cultural workers who are in need of assistance. Burciaga understood very well that few artist have very few resources to fall back on and it was his dream to establish such a fund.

All those who came together on October 13, 1996 to pay him a tribute contributed in the making of Burciaga's dream.

The four hour tribute brought together Chicano/a activists, writers, musicians, poets and visual artist from all over California. Among those who were part of the tribute included, Chicano playwright and founder of El Teatro Campesino, Luis Valdez, writer Gary Soto, poet Lorna Dee Cervantes,

poets Juan Felipe Herrera and Margarita Luna Robles, the Chicano Comedy Trio Culture Clash, and from Sacramento, Jose Montoya and Trio Casindio.

The evening began with a blessing offered by Roberto Vargas and Camilo Chavez. The blessing was followed by Danza Azteca Xitlalli. One of the highlights of the evening was listening to Jose Orozco, Chicano Folklorist and musician pay a tribute to Burciaga in the form of a corrido (ballad). The corrido was composed by Orozco.

San Jose's very own Flor Del Pueblo, offered their unique blend of Chicano folk with Afro-Cuban rhythms for a wonderful musical set dedicated to Burciaga and his family.

Juan Felipe Herrera and Margarita Luna Robles from Fresno, California offered the audience several beautiful anecdotes about their relationship with Burciaga. They shared two of Burciaga's poems, "The freeway not taken" and "Letania al Tomate," with great spiritual intensity. Burciaga's presence came alive in the readings of Juan Felipe and Margarita.

Chicano activist and Vice-President of the the United Farm Workers Union was a special guest at this tribute. Dolores said, "that Jose Antonio Burciaga was always there for us." She also told the audience, "that with Tony's passing he will be with all of the time." Dolores concluded by saying, "Burciaga was an intense visionary."

Culture Clash, the Latino Comedy Trio which Burciaga co-founded, offered their blend of socio-political locuras to remember the work and legacy of Burciaga. Richard Montoya's musical-monologue dedicated

to Burciaga was outstanding.

The evening culminated with several anecdotes that Luis Valdez shared with the audience. Valdez, remembers how Burciaga would cross the international bridge between El Paso and Ciudad Juarez because he could get cheaper hair cuts on the Mexican side. Valdez continued and said, "It occurs to me that Jose Antonio Burciaga is the International Bridge. Jose Antonio

Burciaga through his writings, through his humor and through his visual genius, is the international voice."

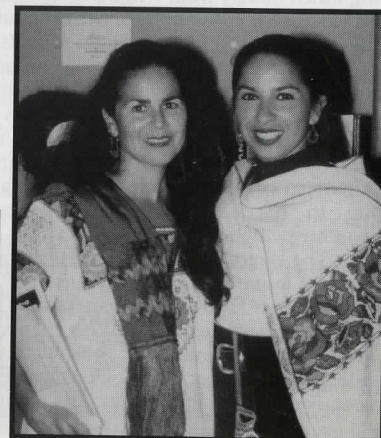
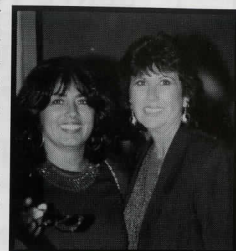
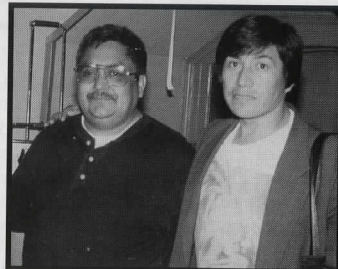
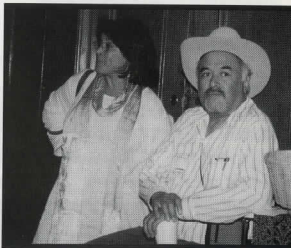
Valdez also honored Celcia Preciado Burciaga, Tony's wife.

The evening came to a powerful ending with the music and madness of Dr. Loco's Rockin Jalapeño Band headed by Jose Cuellar. Loco's band offered their intense blend of Pachuco blues and other musical styles to Burciaga. This was the music that

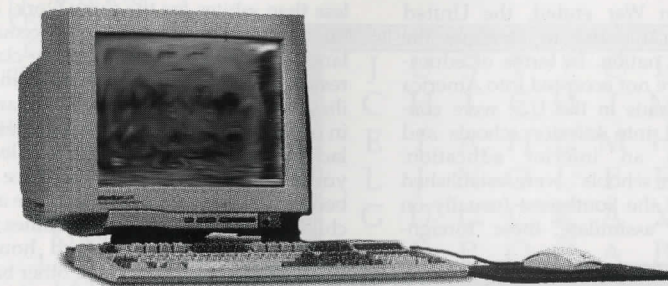
Burciaga loved listening to, since he grew up in the region where the Pachuco experience flourished. It was a beautiful was to close the evening.

Que Viva Jose Antonio Burciaga!

(Pedro Arroyo is a writer and producer for KCPR Radio in San Luis Obispo, California.)



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somewhere. Computers are just that way...

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The same goes for Macintosh operating sys-

tems(OS). System 6.0.8. differs from 7.5.5., in that it changes the entire way the information is stored, found, and used. All new features must be experimented with. There are no ways around it.

Solid interaction with your computer is what will ultimately give you what it is you need. Whether it is to be found on the World Wide Web, a Local Area Network (LAN), or on a floppy, if you aren't on the machine, get on it, and try to remember. It's supposed to be fun!

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THE UPHILL BATTLE FOR CHICANOS

by Jesus Covarrubias Jr.

Historically Chicano students have had high drop-out rates in school and have, in general, performed poorly. When compared to whites, Chicanos have always had a lower rate of success in education. The question that we must ask ourselves is why. Why is this so? Could it be because Mexican parents have failed? Could it be that Mexican culture is inferior to Anglo culture? These are explanations that we often hear in the media and by right-wing conservative politicians. It is not because of Mexican parents' failure or because of some cultural deficiency but because of broader socio-economic factors.

In many of today's public schools a euro-centric curriculum is taught. This curriculum has failed Chicanos. For

instance, when you look at a history book you will find out that, for the most part, Chicano/a history has been ignored. Occasionally we may get mentioned during the battle at the Alamo and then we're portrayed as "those treacherous, greasy, meskins". This is a major failure in the school system. Imagine looking into a mirror and not seeing yourself in it, or even worse, seeing your people sitting under a cactus wearing a large sombrero. This is the effect that the omission of the Mexican experience in the United States from the history textbooks has on Chicanos.

We are left with no voice, no identity, nothing to be proud of and no explanation for our existence in this country. For a young Chicano/a in search

of a sense of place and belonging this becomes almost a criminal act! Consequently, Chicano/a students do not have any role models to look up to besides Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, etc. American History, the way it is taught, seems irrelevant to many of our youth. Until the textbooks and public schools begin to acknowledge the contributions of the many brown faces to the building of this country, Chicano students will continue to find it difficult to connect themselves to the past as active makers of history and will also find it difficult to succeed.

Another reason for the low performance of Chicanos in school is the fact that, historically, Chicanos have received (in comparison to whites) an inferior education. After the

Mexican-American War ended, the United States used Mexican labor to continue the "building" of this nation. In terms of education, Chicanos were not accepted into America very kindly. Mexicans in the U.S. were constantly segregated into inferior schools and ultimately given an inferior education. Separate "Mexican schools" were established in certain parts of the Southwest (usually on the east side!) to "assimilate" these "foreign-

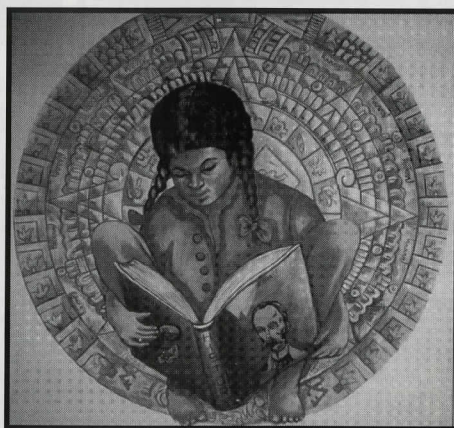
less than whites for the same work) and racial hiring practices, Chicanos soon accounted for a large percentage of the working-class. As a result of working for less money Chicano families often resorted to having both parents work in order to make ends meet. This resulted in a lack of parental supervision and leaving our youth with no proper guidance. It's not because Mexican parents don't care about their children's education but many times they work

long hard hours in the fields or other back-breaking work and can't afford to pay for someone to look after their children. Moreover, when they are at home, often times they cannot help their children with their homework, because of their lack of education, and as a result, their children fall further behind and ultimately fail.

This perpetuation, or cycle, has had an overwhelmingly negative effect on Chicano/a youth. In today's public schools we have estimated 50% drop-out rate. Chicano youth are more likely to end up in San

Quentin than Stanford. What the educational system and the system in general needs is to reprioritize the allocation of tax moneys and spend more on education and social programs and less on the military. There also needs to be a genuine effort made at leveling the playing field. Many of our schools are still separate and definitely unequal.

Giving farmworkers a more decent and respectable wage as well as funding for school migrant and tutoring programs are also a few ways to help us cope with the repercussions of past injustices. Our fight is an uphill battle for equality. With the current attacks on affirmative action, our people need to awaken to the realities of our oppression and begin demanding justice. At the same time we need to educate ourselves and others about the injustices that still exist that we have been made to ignore. Unidos Hacemos la Fuerza!



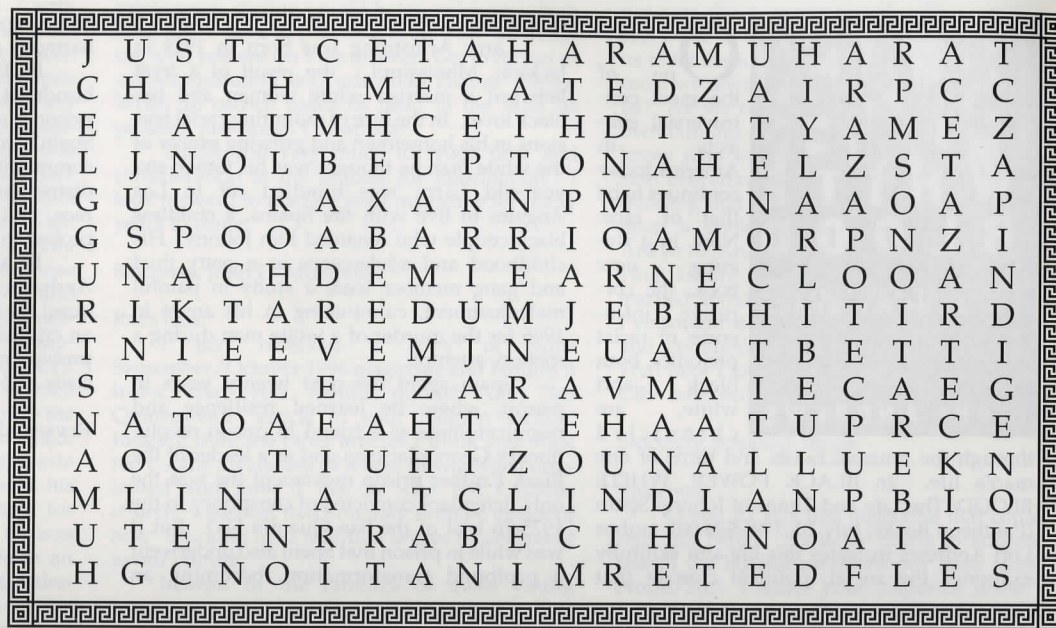
The realities of segregation/barrioization have left today's Chicano/a students still attending inferior schools and receiving an inferior education. Aside from the few Chicano students that have benefited from affirmative action working for them, the masses of Chicanos continue to suffer from the injustices of the past. Lastly, the final contributor to Chicanos' low performance in school is economic disadvantage. After Chicanos were stripped of their land beginning in 1848, they began to be manipulated and oppressed socially, culturally and also economically. Through the dual wage system (Mexicans being paid

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HUMAN STRUGGLE
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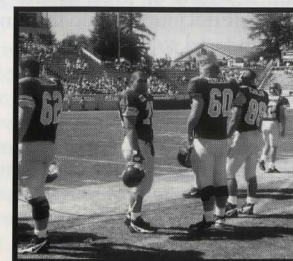
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Puzzle Page

The mind is a terrible thing to waste... exercise your mind with this word search puzzle. Words listed on the left are hidden in the puzzle: backwards, forwards, and diagonal. Good luck! (Answers are on page 47)



taken and would like to attend more football games and even attend SJSU as a student.



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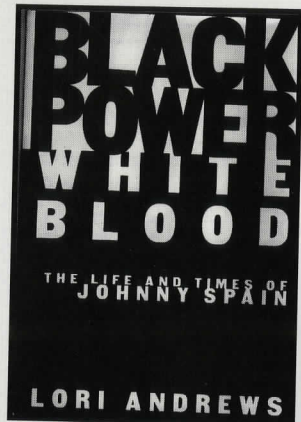
SPECIAL NOTE : SJSU Athletics have announced the homecoming game against San Diego Aztecs as "youth day". All students (17 and under) will be given free admission. If you have a student group or organization interested in attending, please call MAAC (Anecita) at (408) 292-3401 or Connie Vega



(408) 729-1214 for tickets. This game will be televised on ABC and kick-off is at 4:00 p.m. Bring your school or group banner and get on ABC TV Live!!!

Black Power White Blood: The Life and Times of Johnny Spain

Author: Lori Andrews



through the unusual twists and turns of one man's life. In **BLACK POWER, WHITE BLOOD: The Life and Times of Johnny Spain** (Pantheon Books; July 10, 1996;\$24.00), author Lori Andrews recreates this life and skillfully examines the social, political climate that

One of the most controversial subjects in America today continues to be that of race. Now, in a riveting new book, the corrosive influences of racial prejudice, both black and white, are chronicled

shaped it.

Larry Armstrong was born in 1949 in Jackson, Mississippi the result of a tryst between a married white woman and her black lover. In the face of mounting racial tensions in his hometown and growing rancor of the white man he thought was his father, six-year-old Larry was bundled off to Los Angeles to live with the Spains, a childless black couple who renamed him Johnny. His childhood and adolescence as a petty thief and gang member were a study in painful maladjustment, culminating in his arrest in 1966 for the murder of a white man during a robbery attempt.

Spain spent the next twenty years in prison, where he learned resilience and resourcefulness as a friend to prison revolutionary George Jackson and as a leader of the Black Panther prison movement (he was the only defendant convicted of conspiracy in the 1975-76 trial of the San Quentin Six). But it was while in prison that Spain also underwent a profound transformation, becoming an

ardent spokesman for prisoners rights and racial harmony among inmates.

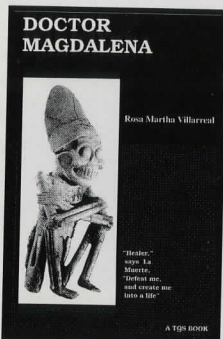
In 1988 a federal district court, deluged by hundreds of letters from supporters ranging from prison guards to the mayor of Oakland, overturned Spain's conviction. Johnny Spain, who is now a community organizer in San Francisco's Tenderloin district, and frequently lectures on criminal justice, race, and community, and conducts seminars for probation officers.

BLACK POWER, WHITE BLOOD by Lori Andrews is both powerful look at one mans life and quest for redemption and a timely reconstruction of an critical era in our social history. Its lessons can provide guidance in addressing problems of racial strife and violence today.

Reviewed & Published by:
Pantheon Books
201 East 50th Street
New York, NY 10022
(212) 572-2687

Doctor Magdalena

Author: Rosa Martha Villarreal



She is haunted by the cries of her parents who died in a fire, and the shame of discovering that they exploited those "imprisoned by the Spanish language", serving only those who could pay. The untimely death of her cousin, Consuelo, and her unborn child weigh heavily on Magdalena, as she fears she is going insane.

In a style reminiscent of Juan Rulfo's *Pedro Paramo*, Villarreal's stream-of-consciousness takes the reader through dreams, half-dreams, nightmares, and "Waking dreams", as Magdalena tries to hold onto reality, while hounded by visions where she is not only observer, but participant. She opens a door in Houston and walks into a hotel in La Zona Rosa in Mexico City. Through her suspension "between realities", "labyrinth of remembrances," "aberrations in the planes of time and being", and meaningless "mind drifts", she begins to recognize that she and her deceased cousin, Consuelo, are "dreamers", sent into the present by the ancients, and that all will make sense if she can only enact the "Ritual of Restoration."

Magdalena Ibarra, is a doctor tormented by memories of the past in Rosa Martha Villarreal's absorbing novella Doctor Magdalena. A brilliant surgeon living in the "city of glass", Houston Texas, she follows in the steps of her father, Doctor Rodolfo Ibarra.

The flashbacks to her drunken Tio Pancho, especially torment Magdalena, as he is inadvertently responsible for the death of Consuelo and her unborn child. In dreams, Consuelo cries to Magdalena, consoling her troubled soul.

At first, Magdalena despises her father as he forces her to appreciate her past. Together, they journey the back street of Mexico City: "Hija, this is your heritage." A self-righteous, dominant, man tells her, "You have the power of a healer in the world. I created you... I made [of] your body and passion a lifeless shell. Only the power of your mind and the skill of your hands I allowed you to keep." Her mother, the doctor's wife, arrogant and subservient, only acquiesces in the world of men.

Then, in one of her waking - dreams, Magdalena meets with two old women, "La Dona of Forgetfulness", a bruja, and Manuela, a curandera or "keeper of the old medicine", in a marketplace in Mexico City. From them, she learned that centuries earlier, when the horsemen of Hernan Cortez sought to annihilate the ancient world of the Fourth Sun, and the "gods" of the Fifth Sun had relegated them to "vendors of magic in the mercados of Tenochtitlan", La Dona and Manuela were the "greatest of all curanderas." "Dreamers", like Magdalena and Consuelo were sent into the future in order to preserve the gift of healing. But only through the ritual of Restoration" can she find peace and Manuela and La Dona live again, something about which Magdalena has no clue, and Consuelo can no longer reveal.

The restoration begins with their help, in a scene reminiscent of *Back to the Future*, as Magdalena is able to travel back in time to the moment of Consuelo's death, and now an expert healer, is able to stop the bleeding from a bullet intended for her Tio Pancho, until the paramedics arrive to save her and her baby's life. Now that Magdalena understands her father's gift to her, she is able to thank him for it. Next, she returns to the cemetery and forgives her mother and father, saving them from eternal damnation. Now, she needs "the song of Restoration which only La Muerte (death) can give, to restore the lives of Manuela and La Dona who lie, exhausted and dying. La Muerte complains that she will no longer have Consuelo in the land of the dead, so Magdalena strikes a deal: she will allow death into the world of men once a year on St. Jude's Day, to visit Consuelo; thus, saving the two old women. The ritual complete, one final wish is granted to Magdalena before she returns to her world of glass: memory or forgetfulness? She chooses to remember. you are a wise woman," says La Dona, for "without the memories of our fathers, we cannot find the secrets of our darkness."

Villarreal masterful, forceful, and poetic style makes reading a pleasure, but don't expect an easy go of it. Be prepared for a challenging journey into time and space, into a world of imagination, an amusing spiritual and cultural journey into the inner workings of culture, mind and soul of men.

Reviewed by Richard Rios.

Published by:
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Readers Forum . . . Sin Fronteras

RazaTeca:

I would like to respond to some opinions expressed in your "Letter to the Editor" as well as comment on your article "El Grito De Dolores..."

I would first like to address el Grito..." written by Dr. Randall Jimenez. I can say that from my point of view that the article certainly is well written and informative from the brief synopsis on the war of independence. I would like to say that I am a descended from one of Mexico's president who fought in that war. His name was Melchor Muzquiz and he was the sixth President in 1832. My point is this, Dr. Jimenez wrote that by 1815 only two revolutionary leaders were left whom kept up sporadic revolutionary activity going. This is not true. By my accounts, those that I have read, Muzquiz was still fighting and leading troops until he was defeated and captured on November 7, 1816. I was quite disappointed that Melchor Muzquiz wasn't mentioned until I noticed my mistake. Well Dr. Jimenez wrote that after Morelos was executed in 1815 the for the next five years only two leaders remained. Well even though Melchor Muzquiz fought into late 1816 he was imprisoned for a period after his capture so he couldn't continue in the field for those remaining years of war. In fact, he was involved in many aspects of political life in an independent Mexico from 1821 until his retirement in 1836. I have read some accounts on this man and am wondering if you could give me an address by which I could try to contact Dr. Jimenez, or possibly forward him a copy of this letter that he may see my interest in learning more about that period in history and more about my ancestor.

Next, I would like to say that I agree with the letter from Melissa Venegas in that it's difficult to believe that a teacher would use a magazine like *Lowrider* as an educational tool. I believe that LRM started with good intentions and turned into so much fluff that it hardly worth the paper it printed on. They use car show and other youthfully fancy gimmicks to fill their pages with so much advertisement that the message they may have started out with is lost trying to fill their pockets with what seems like dirty money. I see no educational value to LRM in a classroom other than the kids wanting to find out where the next car show is or buy any of the myriad of *Lowrider* products. That's where I hope your magazine fills in the huge gap and brings depth of cultural identity and historical background that is missing in the lives of too many of our Raza's youth today.

A point of fact would be a letter from Angel Ureno, 15, of Anaheim. Somewhere along this youngsters education was lost that cultural identity is what means to be both a part of the whole, and still maintain that individual beauty that makes everyone different. It fully understood that hate is an ugly monster that needs to be stamped out of existence but that starts in the home. We as Raza must not allow intolerance for racism to blind us of the unique cultural diversity Latinos as a whole possess. Positive thoughts are fine, but lets not let building who we are destroy what we will continue to be. It obvious from Angels' letter that the technical points of learning are there, but lets not forget that wisdom only comes with age no matter how mature a child is for his/her age. Don't forget that as individuals and as human beings racial diversity is a must in order to continue forward. It is, in finally accepting this diversity that the world will accept others beliefs and differences to finally

step into a new age of acceptance and understanding. In this country the people are the government, but it through hate mongers like Gov. Pete Wilson that feed on cultural ignorance and intolerance, stirring up old hates and fears which even allow laws to pass like Prop. 187. So denying who you are isn't the answer. Get involved in your community and school to change things. When an ostrich hides its head in the sand its problem just doesn't disappear.

Thank you very much for your time and consideration in my request for information. I look forward to reading your magazine for many years to come.

Sincerely, John D. Muzquiz

RazaTeca:

I just received a copy of your September/October 1996 magazine and I found it ironic that you would publish the "Mi Quinceañera" article in your religion section. Judging from the other articles I think you must have some awareness of where the tradition originated and how it ties in with the Catholic church. I suspect that you may even be aware of how this long held tradition serves as detriment to our culture.

Instead of the families of these young women scrimping, saving and struggling to host a coming of age party would it not be far better to spend that money and invest that time in preparing them for the future? I think that money would be better invested in a home computer where the young woman can acquire skills that might benefit her in the future, or set aside to fund a college education.

I came very close to getting caught up in that tradition without realizing it for what it was. My daughter, Sara, attended indoctrination classes for her first holy communion. At the same time she was studying the mission period in California history at her school and we visited several missions. Our visits to those missions had a profound effect on her and she decided that she did not want to be a member of the Catholic church. I respect her decision and would never force religion on her as it was forced on our culture when the Europeans brought it here.

My niece celebrated her Quinceañera about four years ago. For that day the family was riding around in Limousines, dressed in satin and lace, toasting with champagne and participating in an elaborate ritual which didn't seem enjoyable but rather tense and rehearsed. The next day they were back to reality with more bills, clothes that were expensive and useless, driving their old clunker around and having no regrets simply because they don't know any better. I felt that there was a pressure placed on them by our culture, their community and the church to have made this expenditure and I don't believe that this is a practice we should encourage.

Overall your magazine is informative and educational. Sigán adelante.

Sincerely, Celcelia Barrera

RazaTeca:

I recently read "Latino Non Representation" by Dylan Durate in the May/June issue and while his strong opinion is held by many people of color, the energy spent on it is misdirected. Yes the images of Latinos on television are usually negative and should be changed, but fighting for

recognition from multimillion dollar corporations, (since it is their money that pays for our "programming"), is not where our efforts should be spent. It a waste of time! They do not care about us as a people. The only reason we're in commercials now is to convince us to let them have more of our money! Why must we always ask someone else to portray us? All we need to do is look inside of our own families and our own communities. We know who we are! But by watching television everyday we let them program us into thinking that we don't. Turn the TV off and open a book by Denise Chavez, Rudolfo Anaya or Ana Castillo. Write a book about your family and your history. What I've learned about my heritage I've read myself. I've sought it out. I've listened to my father and grandmother tell stories of our family. That how I know who I am. ABC, NBC and CBS have only given me trash!

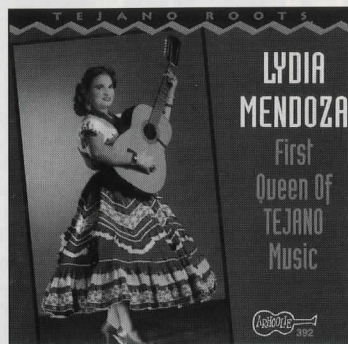
Sincerely, Suzanne Torres

RazaTeca:

Q-vo! RT is a fine magazine that could only get better. Someone needs to address one of the biggest problems our Raza faces; Norte/Sur! I notice your magazine doesn't feature much on anything south of San Jose. We need to be more inclusive, I am from the north but now live down here in Los. We feel very cut off from our Raza which only leads to feelings of separation and disunity, may I suggest that the mag expand its coverage, perhaps have an L.A. correspondent, perhaps we could lead the way in creating a dialogue between Norte/Sur that is long over due. When I say Norte/Sur, I do mean the conflict which was born out of the pinta, but I also mean Norte/Sur as a much broader, more inclusive term, a term that identifies differences in the areas of arte, politics, law and law enforcement, immigration, farmworkers rights, indigenous issues, students movement(s), our elders, U.C. info and on and on. Having lived both north and south I can tell you the differences are huge and many and not all of them are tied to the deadly prison issue. A Norte/Sur discussion must take place and it must rise above the tragic prison walls that the gava has built for us. It may be too far gone within the pinta, but we on the outside can't be in denial or be exclusive about the context of our teatros, magazines etc. L.A. is a mind blowing part Chicana(o) activity going on down here, much brutality from all the police agencies, L.A. alone keeps Califas prisons full. L.A. is home to so many artist, poets and new music movements from East Los that go way beyond Los Lobos. Groups like Rage Against the Machine, Cypress Hill and Culture Clash throw huge unity concerts called Big Top Locos. Its a festival, not a car show, nor a wet t-shirt concert sponsored by Coors beer or **Budweiser!** Expand your horizons RazaTeca, include us down here from the Sur, our Raza depends on it!

Gracias and keep up the firme work!
R. Montoya
Culture Clash/RCAF

Lydia Mendoza: The First Queen of Tejano Music



by Pedro Arroyo

Long before Selena Quintanilla, the slain Tejana superstar singer had been named The Queen of Tejano Music in the 1990's: Lydia Mendoza, a female singer, folklorist and guitarist from Texas had held this unofficial title for 60 years.

Lydia Mendoza is one of the most well known and respected Mexican-American singers in this country. Her life story embodies the history of Mexican-American border music. Lydia was born to Mexican parents who fled Mexico and headed north to escape the ravages of the Mexican Revolution. The Mendoza's came to Texas and settled here.

Lydia was constantly surrounded by music since birth. At the tender age of seven, she became a prolific singer and guitar player. In 1928, at the age of 12, she sang background vocals and played mandolin with her sister and family on some early recordings that were made under the name of Cuarteto Carta Blanca.

In 1934, Lydia began her solo recording career when she recorded "Mal Hombre" (Bad Man), which became an instant hit for her. The beauty and passion of her voice and her ability to skillfully accompany herself on a 12-string guitar made her a sensation. She became popular in Mexican-American communities in the Southwest and in Mexico. Lydia Mendoza and her music became a household name.

Arhoolie Productions, a record label based in the Bay Area recently released another outstanding collection of Lydia's music. The album is titled Lydia Mendoza: The First Queen of Tejano Music, containing 26 tracks of Lydia's work from 1950 to 1964.

These recordings were originally made for the Ideal Record label and were produced by Armando Marroquin. Arhoolie Productions, following in their tradition of preserving and documenting folkloric music in the United States, recently re-issued the album. Arhoolie has played a crucial role in the history of Mexican-American music by re-issuing many volumes of border music that would have otherwise been lost. One important example is, The First Queen of Tejano Music.

These recordings showcase Lydia's powerful singing abilities accompanied by some of the best Mexican-American musicians of her era. Included in this collection are accordion greats Tony de La Rosa and Narciso Martinez and Beto Villa's Orquesta. On several songs, Lydia is also accompanied by Mariachi Ideal.

These recordings show us how versatile Lydia Mendoza's singing abilities are. Lydia can gracefully sing her way through boleros like "Te quieres ir" and "Porque pensar en ti" and then sing an amazing fox-trot cancion titled "El deber de los dos" backed by Beto Villa's Orchestra. She does the same with songs like "Amor Bonito" and a tango called

"Carino ciego." The Ranchera songs on this album tell us a story; they speak of the happiness and sadness that often faced so many Mexican and Mexican-American people of that period. Some of the best rancheras on this collection are "Pa' que me dices cosas" and "Enredaste mi vida." In these songs you can hear and feel the raw energy of Lydia's voice as she sings about a lost love or about a misfortune.

The power and energy that is captured on these recordings are wonderful. They take us back to a time when Mexican-American music in Texas projected an original and innovative sound that so many of today's Tejano superstars lack.

After listening to this album you will immediately discover the mastery and beauty of Lydia's voice. She sings the way very few Mexican-American singers have done. Her passion for music comes from the bottom of her heart.

Lydia will always be the Queen of Tejano music. Pedro Arroyo, is the host of Aztlan, Babylon, Rhythm and Blues, a radio program focusing on Chicano/ Mexicano music, culture and politics. The program airs Monday Nights from 11:00-1:00 AM on KCPR 91.3 FM.



Diez Discos That Mattered in 96

by Chuy Varela

As consumers Raza ranks high in the purchase of CD's, cassettes, and other recorded material. Yet in both the english and spanish music industries many obstacles still exist against latino artists. The corporate run enterprises are rooted in commercial culture and are largely driven by profit motive. Major labels like Sony, Polygram, BMG, WEA, and EMI dominate sales through mass market saturation which usually ignores the most artistically viable music in the barrio going with what sells. But a long established spirit of entrepreneurship in the latino music scene has given rise to vibrant regional labels. From the days when Don Armando Marroquin started Ideal Records (the first Chicano-owned record co.) in the thirties in San Antonio, Tejas; to the Caribbean culture of Ansonia Records

in NYC; to today's raza rappers hawking their tapes out of the trunks of their cars, the music always gets out to the people. The following recordings are a sampling of some of the top efforts for this year by local and national raza 'artistas.' Some known some not.

1. Los Lobos: "Colossal Head" (Warner Bros.) For me the 'lobos' are a nineties continuation of the Chicano rock stylings set down by Richie Valens back in the late fifties. Here they dig deeper into the blues and show a superb studio chops as well throwing in a nice Puerto



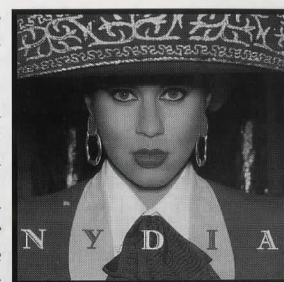
2. Various: "The Eastside Sound" (Dionysus)



A flashback to the early sixties, these East L.A. barrio classics feature bands like Cannibal & The Headhunters, The Blendells, The Premiers, and others. A forgotten gener-

Rican 'plena' for us to groove to. What really makes it is "Mas Y Mas," their tribute to pioneer Lalo Guerrero done with a cool Pachuco Boogie beat. The album shows how far the group has come and its all good!

3. Nydia Rojas: (Arista Latin) This sixteen year old made her sterling



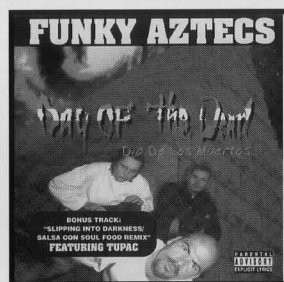
debut this year with this fine mariachi-pop effort. Accompanied by the Los Angeles based El Mariachi Sol De Mexico De Jose L. Hernandez, she's been a pro since age ten and tackles a variety of material including her own composition "Si Sabes Agradecer." With a flexible range and a gutsy falsetto to reach those high notes, she displays amazing control and maturity on the bolero "Desden." A talent to be reckoned with, just imagine in a couple of years. Lola Beltran may have left us but Nydia Rojas has arrived!

4. Cielo y Tierra: "Heaven and Earth" (EAST-WEST World) Mixing world music influences

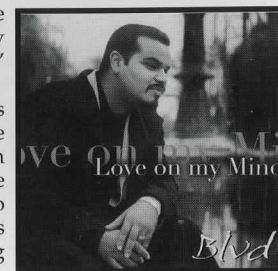


with both Mexican and North American Indijena chants, this talented quintet paint musical murals in a variety of colors. With pieces like "La Tierra Es Nuestra Madre" and "Ayahuasca" its superb technically capturing the subtle nuances of a variety of ancient instruments. But it's their voices that much like world music divas Zap Mama create this larger that life presence. Some would call it new age but its deeper than that. "Cantamos las promesas de un nuevo amanecer con el recuerdo de un sueno perdido," is how the youthful ensemble from DF describes its creative vision.

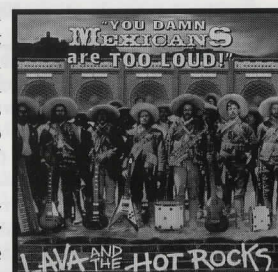
5. The Funky Aztecs: "Day of the Dead" (Raging Bull) The Vallejo-based hip hop 'tribo' of



6. BLVD: "Love On My Mind" (I.T.P.) Now this is PG ('pinche good')! I'm glad we finally get to hear this vato sing because he's blessed with a mellow set of pipes that melts your heart with his renditions of barrio classics like "Make It With You" or "The Party's Over." Known mainly as a rapper he includes a tribute to Cesar Chavez ("Si Se Puede") that drops with a cool Funkadelic tinge. There's also "Give Me Your Love," a duet with 'Are U Ready' Barbra Mason and his Sal-Soul slam "Oye Morena" to tap those toes to. I like his style. It's smooth, sweet, and sincere. This is the Lil Willie "G" of the nineties!



7. Lava and the Hot Rocks: "You Damn Mexicans Are Too Loud" (Ramparts) Lava is a talented singer with a huge voice that can do just about anything. With a great back up band that's led musically by bassist Hector Gonzalez, she belts out screaming R&B and then coos you with nuggets like "Volver, Volver." Musically it's challenging with jazz, rock, salsa all mixed into one and has one the best covers of the year with Pancho Villa and his revolutionaries holding electric guitars instead guns. Dedicated to Cantinflas, there's also snippets as interludes of classic lines from vintage Chicano cinema (i.e. 'The Boxer'). You'll probably have to order this one.



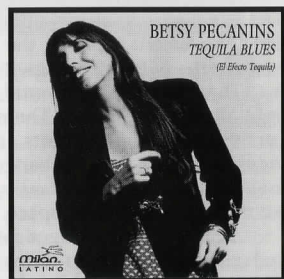
8. Flaco Jimenez: "Buena Suerte Senorita" (Arista Texas) It's always hard to figure out what to do next after you've had a huge hit. Last year Flaco won the



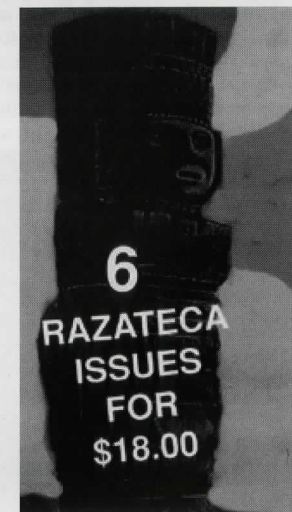
Grammy for "Seguro Que Hell Yes" but this year instead of following the commercial route of the country rock-a-billy scene he took a left turn and headed for the Westside for some straight-ahead conjunto. It's great to hear his working band that includes his long time 'bajo sexteto' player Oscar Tellez and son David on drums. "El Gallo Copeton," "En Avion Hasta Acapulco," and eight more will have you raising the rug with one of the living legends of Chicano music.

9. Orixas: "Latino Culturizate" (Aztlan) This talented Bay Area Spanish language rock band finally busted out with its debut release and its hella 'firme!' Impressive originals, blistering musicianship, and a Caribbean tinge give the group a variety of textures to work with for a metallic cruise that has alot of 'consciencia' raising. Led by drummer Juan Manuel Caipo and their dynamic lead vocals Rowan Jimenez, this group almost single-handedly created the 'rock-en-espanol' scene here and now prove why they've been able to garner a following that now numbers into the thousands!

10. Betsy Pecanins: "Tequila Blues (El Efecto Tequila)" (Milan Latino) With a voice that twists and turns with vocal



ease, this Mexico City diva dedicates a passionate tribute to pioneer Mariachi singer Lucha Reyes in her first release in this country. Using cello and piano to embroider her multi-range renditions of classic 'rancheras' like "No Me Amenaces," "La Chancla," "Los Tarzanes," and others she brings a new expressive sound to these traditional vehicles that's jazzy, down-to-earth, and gutsy.



Health and Medicine

by Cuervo Azul

Introduction

Traditional aboriginal people make decisions based on how they will impact on the seventh generation into the future. If decisions will create a healthy life through time for all of our relations, then the decision is good. Today, however, many decisions are made based on how they create a favorable economic climate **NOW**. The future or the past is not considered in terms of health and safety.

Prayer, if used correctly, is a very positive and powerful freeing force. We are connected in a prayerful way to this continent, this earth, to all of Creation. We share the Universe with all life forms. Rejecting war, violence, oppression, racism, sexism, homophobia, food waste, water waste, alcohol & drug abuse and all of the other behaviors inconsistent with safe and healthy living requires that we replace them with something. There is no such thing as a void. In prayer, when we speak of people, we speak of all beings.

Prayer

Movement (ollin) is the most significant concept in traditional healing, thought and culture. Movement effects change. Movement is life. Movement exists at the molecular level, it exists verbally for all beings, it exists in our thinking. The Earth moves. Sound, water, music and light all move in waves. There is stellar and universal movement, plants move, everything moves. We can create, change, effect, and affect movement. We are constantly doing all of this as we move through time, space, and light.

Prayer acknowledges some things different and greater than us, in terms of energy storage, usage, and movement. Prayer also acknowledges other beings different than us. Prayer acknowledges our relationship and connectedness to all beings, to all things. Prayer acknowledges our own beauty and potential. Prayer acknowledges the form and function we have been born into and all other possibilities. Prayer can function as communicative movement to give thanks, to ask for blessings, to ask for healing or safety. Prayer can take many forms and functions. It can come in many different movements.

Every ceremony has, at its core, the full expression of and belief in prayer. The form of the prayer is subject to the reason for the ceremony and the parameters of any given groups of traditional forms of expression. There are various ways of participating in a ceremony for a group or individual. The most important aspect for anyone is the acceptance of and belief in prayer and our inherent connectedness to all life. All participants in a ceremony offer their full support by conceptualizing and effecting a spiritual serenity through the act of praying. We cannot justify actions that destroy the spiritual connectedness that each of us has to everything within Creation. Alcohol, other drug use and violence destroy that connection, for example.

Barriers to Healing

Oftentimes, something is blocking the movement towards peaceful balance and fluidity. This can be something that exists in the seen or unseen world. It can be a lack of connectedness to aboriginal institutions (archetypes); a lack of belief in healing; low self esteem; cultural traits or nationalism (classism, racism, sexism, homophobia, etc.); or, something else.

Identifying the barrier(s) is very important because from there flows the movement(s) to effect healing. One can use the person desiring healing, his/her family, other beings (naguales), dreaming, etc. in the identification of the barrier(s). Usually behind the barrier is a causal agent and once the barrier has been healed the causal agent can then be worked on. For example, many times alcohol and other drug use masks underlying imbalances.

Methods of Healing

The most important and significant concept in aboriginal healing is OLLIN. Why? Because movement effects change. In healing we want to effect change! We want to initiate movement that heals. Therefore, healing methods involve moving prayer, moving prayer is ceremonial expression. Healing movement involves ordered and directed actions to effect change that respects the natural forces and our connectedness to all beings. Healing movement is aboriginal healing determined by geography, culture, patient request, flora and/or fauna, dreams, visions, aboriginal institutions, nature of illness, etc.

Healing movement involves effecting change through prayerful movement (medicine), some forms of which are singing, music, visualization therapy, hypnosis, aromatherapy, smudging, sweating, dancing, psychic surgery, surgery, sucking surgery, aural manipulation, massage, acupuncture, herbal therapy, color therapy, gardening, hunting, art, counseling, past life transformation, etc. Many of these healing movements sound

nowadays some call them "new age". But they are really all aboriginal healing modalities. We must also remember that Aboriginal healing does not exclude patient or family participation. It does not imply separation from life or death, it is holistic.

An important aspect that defines healing are traditional institutions which have educated us. These may include family, clans, women's societies, men's societies, tribal or national identity. Today, many of us lack institutions that define ordered and disordered behavior. Many people have chaos in their lives, disorder and misdirection. We have the destruction of the environment (ecocide) and of spirituality. Aboriginal institutions do not teach these things. The movement taught by aboriginal institutions begins with the self. Aboriginal institutions teach group movement as well. A ceremony can be an individual or group event.

Aboriginal institutions also teach social interaction skills: how and when a person speaks to her/his in-laws, the identification and protocol involved with speaking to unmarried and married people, communication between children and their parents as well as other adults and vice versa are all examples of social interaction skills. These skills maintain community health. Social interaction skills define protocol in a ceremony also. Social interaction skills also define the protocol in inter-species communication. Because we are connected to everything, we can and need to know how to communicate with all beings. A breakdown in aboriginal institutions can severely limit our ability to learn social interaction skills. Reconnecting to aboriginal institutions many times effects the healing movement.

Qualifying as a Healer

How does one choose a traditional healer? Experience counts, western credentials are not necessary. We need to understand that healing movement is initiated within oneself. If one does not believe in healing one cannot heal or be healed. Simple. Healers are responsible first of all for their own health. How does a healer handle her/his own sickness? By substance abuse? By angry outbursts? By any other destructive unbalanced means? If so, I would question their ability to heal someone else. Healers are responsible for the health of their immediate surroundings such as family, land, buildings, animals, plants, and the environment. Through behavior, a healer ensures, as much as possible, that in walking through, time, space and light, contacts made within and outside of our species are healthful. For some people this may mean no cussing and of course no physical, sexual or verbal abuse towards others, no sexism, ageism, racism or homophobia. Values and ethics are forces that we learn, from aboriginal institutions, to use in guiding us. A traditional healers healing is not apart from his/her life, but rather an integral part of her/his life. Values spiritualize the healing process, create a peaceful and nurturing environment free from abusive and exploitative behavior and lead to effective open honest communication which facilitates decision making and the healing that results. Of utmost importance is trust. Someone who

claims to heal and yet is dishonest, disrespectful, irresponsible, and unreliable cannot be trusted. The patient (and her/his family) need to agree on what values are important for them. They need to agree on a healer(s) that holds these values dearly. Both parties need to clearly define the consequences of unethical behavior. If a healer does not agree to open honest communication (and this can be on a non-verbal level), I would be suspicious. This applies unless one is absolutely sure of an unknown person. Oftentimes a healer has been known in the community for years and has an established reputation. In this case there are years of honest communication about this persons abilities even though this person is privately unknown to the patient and/or family.

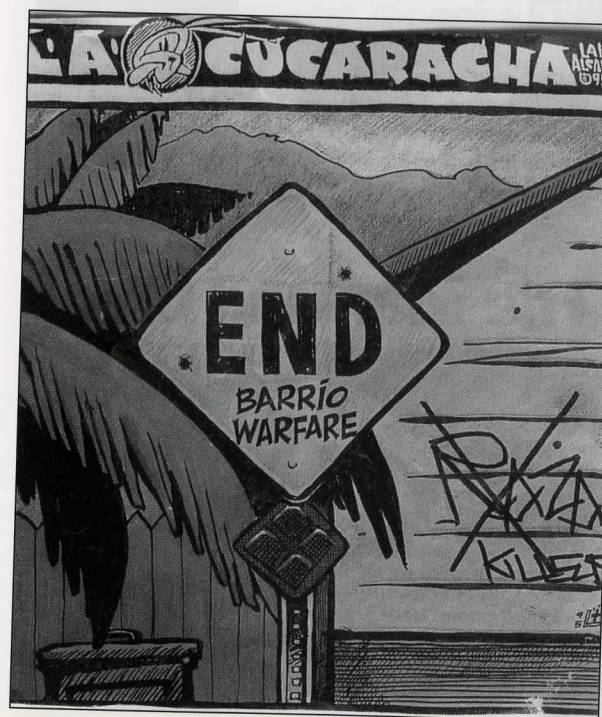
The healers role is to facilitate movement towards healing. If the patient or family is not willing to be healed there is nothing or very little a healer can do. In seeking to achieve healing we must not allow other abuses or unbalanced behaviors to take the place of the original illness. We always need to be vigilant and speak out against abusive behavior in any form. We must define ourselves so that our aboriginal institutions grow as fomenters of creative beautiful peacefull movement. We must not allow traditional healing or any traditional movement to become abusive unbalanced customs which are justified because they are traditional.

by Luis Angel Alejo

As Rosa De Ramirez left her house early Sunday morning, she looked at the altar she had set up for her 19 year old son, Antonio Ramirez Valdivia. Even though Antonio was killed nearly three years ago in a drive by shooting, the pain in his mother's heart remains strong. On this altar lay many of his personal belongings: his weights, his pictures, his necklace, even his childhood toys. On the way out the door, she grabbed his photo, embracing it in her arms.

She drove to the plaza, where she would be among approximately 150 people at the Watsonville Peace & Unity March. The first March was held three years ago when De Ramirez's son, Jessica Cortez, age 9, and Jorge Cortez, age 16, lost their lives to the violence in our streets. The March is an event sponsored by various community organizations and parents. Yet the core of the organizers are local youth, mostly high school students. Organizers say that the goal of the march is to bring an awareness to our community that we are in crisis. Too many of our youth are losing their lives to the madness of the streets and the ones who continue to suffer the most are the family members especially the mothers such as Rosa De Ramirez. However, many young Xicanos are also being lost to state prisons and other state institutions.

On August 5, 1996, many community members, children, family members, and friends gathered to remember the many who have died over the last three years. Some of the other names remembered were Victor Simental, 23, Mike Echeverria, 22, Mariana Zavala, 14, Servando Renteria, 21, Andres



Peace & Unity March Calls For End to Violence



Rodriguez, 43, Edgar Chacon, 16, Augustin Jacobo, 16, Jose Hernandez, 16, Gloria Hassemer, 42, and Jose Torrez, 19. The names and ages tell the importance of such an event.

The residents of the community of Watsonville were willing to take the message of Raza peace and unity to the streets where they feel it needs to be heard not only by the youth, but by entire families as well. For that purpose, the March goes into various neighborhoods throughout Watsonville. For the last two years, Classic Memories Car Club has supported the March and that Sunday, they brought out their fabulous looking cars to lead. Behind them were the White Hawk (IZTATUTLI) Aztec Dancers, who would bless each of the barrios with their dances. Some of the other groups present were Barrios Unidos, Watsonville Voter Registration Project, and the Ohlone Dancers.

The primary organizations involved in putting the March together this year included a spectrum of various community organizations including the Watsonville Brown Berets, Fenix Services, PVPISA, Youth Services, Hope Ministries, and G.A.N.A.S. Working together, they believe they could begin to bring about changes in our community.

As the March proceeded throughout the various barrios, residents of those neighborhoods would join in. Some of Augustin Jacobo's friends and his parents Marched passed through the very place where Augustin was murdered only a few months before. "We thank you all for remembering our son. He was so young," said Augustin's father in Spanish. "When will this (violence) end?"

The March ended back at

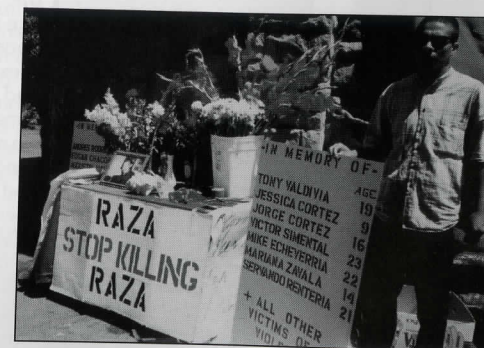
plaza, where a rally was held which featured teatro, danza folklorico, DJ's (Posse In Effect-P.I.E.), poetry, and various speakers including Mike Chavez, Nane Alejandrez & Liz Ayala, Councilman Oscar Rios, and Rosa De Ramirez.

"For me it seems like it happened yesterday...I feel pain, a pain that I can't forget," Rosa said. "He is in a better place than we are...Yet I have to do something." Since his death, Rosa has supported the youth who have organized the March. She plans to start a mothers' support group that will aim at educating other parents to get involved in ending barrio warfare.

"We won't let these names be forgotten. We will keep reminding this community that we all have to be involved in uniting our people," said Felipe Hernandez, a member of the Brown Berets. "It's time that the young Xicanos of this community realize that we are the same people."

The Brown Berets realize that this event alone will not stop violence, but that it is a step towards bringing peace into our barrios and uniting our Raza. "Our struggle for peace won't end with this March, but will continue until our people are united," said another Brown Beret.

In memory of all those who have lost their lives to violence especially our young children: Jessica Cortez of Pajaro, age 9. R.I.P.



Día de la Raza en Washington, D.C.



by Roberto Rodriguez
New Mexico

At sunrise on the 12th of October, the beat of the sacred drum in front of the statue of Benito Juarez sounded a new and historic day, a day in which the people of the Americas walked together historically in their first ever civil and human rights march and rally to the nation's capital.

While it was billed as a Latino and immigrant event, it was more than that; it was a prayer and pilgrimage of realities from all directions. It was a day

which celebrated the fruits and labor of those men and women who pick the crops, place food on our tables, clean the offices, tend to other people's children and who literally help sustain our nation's infrastructure and economy.

Our society calls them immigrants. Yet, the sea of mostly brown, indigenous faces came bearing flags of all the Americas — including the flag of the United States.

In the sacred pipe ceremony, Nathan Phillips, warrior of the Omaha nation, sent a message in four directions — to California Gov. Pete Wilson and fellow anti-immigrationist, Pat Buchanan, as well as to Bob Dole and to Bill Clinton — that despite what the current political rhetoric would have us believe, the people of the Americas are native, not immigrants. They are living in their ancestral lands, and they are not the ones who created our nation's borders.

It is appropriate that a Native American spoke those words. He spoke of the irony that is the people of European extraction who question the loudest the right of those who are clearly of this continent to remain in these lands.

Phillips' message and the symbolism of the drum were not mentioned in the national media. Instead, the media simply reported the surface-level story of the immigration debate. Yet the beat of the drum was heard loudly and clearly, resonating amount the marchers and throughout the Americas. Deep down, every US citizen who truly understands history knows that Latinos are not foreigners. Most can trace their ancestry to this continent back for thousands of years.

That was the message of the thousands of feet that walked through the streets of the nation's capital — streets that Latinos have rarely ever claimed as their own. In this way, the march was like many indigenous marches in Mexico, Central and South America in which communities send their envoys and elders. With their feet they march for many.

But the media didn't see that. It did not report on the thousands of people who lent

their support; so it didn't see the amazing efforts by mostly small organizations, unions or families and communities who chipped in to send representatives. It did not report the stories of high school and college students who organized buses and plane trips of thousands of miles. It also did not speak of the exiles from the war-torn countries of Central America who joined the march and who now call this land their home.

On this day, people voted with their feet. At its peak, the march was estimated to have snaked for three miles, over two hills. As the archer's walked through Washington's Latino and Central American barrio, you could see the surge in pride in the eyes of its residents. No longer would Latinos, locally or nationally, remain silent, and no longer would they see the capital as foreign soil.

The speakers, as expected, delivered denunciations of anti-immigrant legislation and the war against Latinos. yet the real message did not come from the stage or those with the microphone. The message came from the marchers.

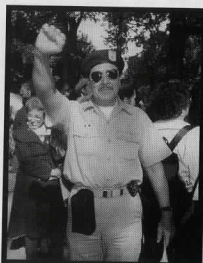
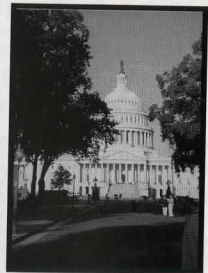
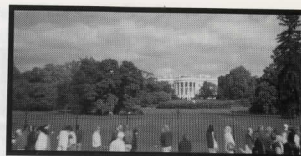
As the late farm labor leader Cesar Chavez used to say, a march is a prayer in motion, one in which families can participate. He believed that a people in march can appeal to the conscience of the nation.

Without question, people were defiant, yet, they were dignified. If anything, the mood was jubilant, the crowd teeming with youthful energy. In the eyes and faces of the younger marchers, you could

see the seat and blood of their parents — of the sacrifices they made to come to this country. But we also saw something else; this generation of youths is not content with doing the jobs nobody else wants and they will not allow anyone, particularly President Clinton or Bob Dole, to ride the road to the White House on the backs or hunger of immigrant children. For many of the younger people, this was their day of liberation.

Yet nothing captured the sentiment of the march more than the words of Father Ribero, who delivered the invocation at Georgetown's East Coast Chicano Student Forum conference the following day. He lauded the students for "having the courage to speak the taught — in love."

At the end of the day, as a Georgetown student, Itzel Salazar, remarked: "It was march of solidarity and reaffirmation. It was spiritual and it touched people's hearts."



Solidarity and Reaffirmation

Andrea J. Serrano
18 years old
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Yo soy Chicana, tengo color...

My first "Raza" awakening occurred when I was nine years old. The song "La Raza" by Kid Frost debuted and made a big impression on a lot of young Raza, including myself. I remember asking my mother, "what is La Raza?" My mother, a little surprised that I had asked this question, said, "It is who we are". This thought has stayed in my soul ever since.

My cultivation of Raza studies began when I was 14. I then began to learn about who I am and where I came from, and also that there are a lot of struggles that people of color have gone through - and still are - that need to be changed.

In the 1970's, there was a strong Chicano movement to change the treatment of Raza. There were countless marches,

walkouts and protests, all around the country. My generation didn't get to do that. We didn't get the chance to be part of that awakening.

Then the chance arose to be part of history. To stand up and have one voice against racism.

The Latino March on Washington D.C.

Pura Chicana, siempre

con amor...

Being a Chicana isn't just self proclamation. It is more than saying you have been oppressed. It means you are going to help your people and educate yourself. It means you are going to stand up for yourself.

The Latino March was a chance to unite our voices and say "Aquí estamos, y no nos vamos". It was amazing to see so many faces of colors there together. The masses were peaceful and did not riot or fight amongst each other.

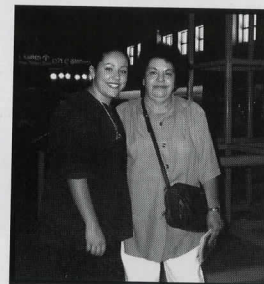
Many people say that Latino March is evidence that the Latino community is finally organizing itself. What many do not realize is that the community has been organized, but the world is finally beginning to realize it.

Flags from Mexico, Puerto Rico, El Salvador, and even my home state (Nuevo Mexico, Aztlan) decorated the crowd. I realized that it is not only Chicanos who are struggling for equality. The government may classify us all as the same (by using the word "Hispanic"), but it is true that we all have the same struggle and the same root cause.

The march certainly was a family affair. Children held the hands of their parents, and elders chanted with the teens. I was very honored that my mother went and experienced her first Raza march at the age of 56. As my carnala put it, the march was not only for those who attended, it was for our families and our gente who helped us to get there.

There isn't an official count of how many people attended the march. But even if only 100 people had attended, as long as their spirits and hearts were there for the cause, they would have made just as much of a joyful noise as the thousands of people who attended.

Quando me dicen, que hay revolucion...



Upon hearing about the march last October, the first thought that came to mind was "I have to go". But at the time, it seemed impossible that I would go.

On October 10th, however, I found myself at the Albuquerque International Sunport with 30 other youth, waiting to leave.

I was attending with El Puente Raza Youth Leadership Institute, an Albuquerque based Raza empowerment group. We each raised our own airfare and we were planning to sleep on the floor of a church in Washington, but we were thankful to be going.

I had mixed feelings about going to the march. On one hand, I was excited. On the other, I was scared. Would there be a large turnout? Would the police or other racist groups be on hand to cause problems? Once I got to Washington, my feelings were resolved.

There were many people who let us use their showers at their homes, and who fed us. They were adults who saw the future in us and wanted to share their knowledge with us. At the

march, people were friendly and introduced themselves and we taught each other chants and songs, such as, "Yo soy Chicana". There was a high energy level at the march, and explosions of "Que viva La Raza!" and "We didn't cross the border, the border crossed us!" could be heard throughout the three miles of people.

Seeing my gente made me confident that anti-Raza legislation will not survive. Proposition 187 will not kill us off. We will never speak English only, and we will not go back to where we came from.

Defiendo a mi gente, palabra de honor.

Many things come of the march. People went home inspired

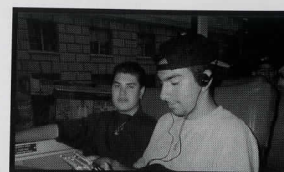
and ready to take action. Others went home with stronger urge to fight. Most of us went home with an unforgettable feeling that says "Hey, we did this. We will be back in Washington to run it".

But along with memories and fire, we must remember that we have responsibility. The march did not end on Saturday. We have to teach our children about the struggle. We must help our sisters who are having

babies and we must help our brothers who are dying. We have to remember that no matter what side of the border you were born on, we have to help each other.

A women asked me what should be done about immigration. Honestly, I do not know. What I do know is that aliens are from outer space, not foreign land.

Raza, pull together and stop the laws that are committing legal genocide. Raza, educate your brothers and sisters. Raza, unite, and we will never be conquered.



La Jornada Continúa

by Jennie Marie Luna



The following article is a follow up from the last issue RazaTeca entitled, "Peace and Dignity."

The journey for Peace and Dignity 1996 has brought a sense of hope and serenity in the confusion and uncertainty of this world. The run, which began in May came to closure on October 12th. The groups of runners from the North and South joined after having the entire continent for approximately six months. Because of this great offering of strong prayer, it is necessary to take the time to reflect upon this year and the prophecy which has been fulfilled once again by our people.

The runners of the Eagle and Condor nations (North and South), came together on October 9th for a four day ceremony to be held in Teotihuacán. On October 10th, many people involved in the run and supporters gathered in the Zacaló in el Distrito Federal and waited for the runners to arrive. When representatives arrived from the *Confederación del Aguila y Condor* and core runners from Canada, California, Alaska, and other states, the people gathered in a circle to welcome our brothers and sisters from the north. *Danzantes* from el Zacaló, were gathered by Señora Angelberta



Cobb, a Mexika Elder. With a prayer and blessing of copal, the *danzantes* invited the runners and supporters to participate in an *ofrenda de danza*. Each runner was invited to share a palabra of song within the circle. As the ceremony came to close, Señora Cobb gave a beaded necklace as a gift of unity to thank the *danzantes* for allowing the circle to be open for the Peace and Dignity runners.

At the end of this ceremony, most of the runners and supporters headed out for a pueblito called San Francisco in Teotihuacán. Most people camped out there and prepared for the following day's events.

In the early morning while the *temezcal* (sweat lodge) was being held, the people gathered to eat *pan* and warm *café*. The many staffs, which had been carried throughout the continent from several different nations, lay to rest upon the earth and waited for the day of ceremony which would take place in the sacred city of Teotihuacán. The many people who had traveled from afar to be at this event gathered outside the camp site. In the circle, messengers and elders representing Peace and Dignity spoke to the people and reminded us about the reason we were coming together. Other representatives from throughout came forward to offer *palabras*, as well. At the closure of *palabra*, the people gathered for the procession to our ancestors with an overwhelming sense of pride and anticipation. When the procession finally reached its destination within the sacred city, a circle of young school children waited patiently for our arrival. All the people were invited to climb one of the *tzakualis* (*Tzakuali* is Nahuatl word given by our ancestors and



proper term that is used instead of the word "pyramid." Another word that is used is *Teokalli*, which translates into "house of energy." An altar was placed on top of the *tzakulli*

where anyone could place offerings or prayers. As we passed by the altar and proceeded down the *tzakuali*, we entered the large circle that was in formation below. Many *danzantes* welcomed by the drum, began to offer their prayers through the *Danza*. *La fuerza de la danza* could be felt by all in the circle, even those not dancing. The drums, *sonajas* (hand-held gourds) and rattle of the *ayoyotes* (ankle wraps worn by *danzantes* sent good energy and vibrations straight to mother earth letting her know that we had arrived in unity and in the spirit of our ancestors. When the *danza* offerings were completed all the people continued the procession to the *tzakuali de Quetzalcoatl*. We arrived at the foot of the *tzakuali*, formed a circle, and honored the staffs and those that made the journey with the staffs.

As Mexican flags were waved by a few, Gustavo Gutiérrez pointed out that those flag were not ours. "They do not belong in our ceremony because, these feathers I hold, this is our flag." He pointed out the *federales y policia* that were on guard at each corner and how it was a shame that we need to ask permission to pray in our home, our place of origin. He held his feathers high



and once again said, "That flag belongs to them, but this one (feathers) belong to us. This is the one we need to focus on. This is the one that will bring unity to our

people." With those powerful words and many like them, the people stayed and watched over the staffs and runners and prayed during this closure of ceremony.

In the evening, a *velación* was held by Huichol elders and medicine men to pray again with the staffs the night before *Día de la Raza*. The following morning brought sunlight and warmth on the last day of the Peace and Dignity ceremony. On this day, the staffs from the North and South were joined and bundled together to form a union and thus fulfill the prophesy that the peoples of the North and South would become one. This final ceremony brought closure to the run for 1996, but at the same time marked the beginning of the new journey in preparation for the year 2000. *Teotihuacán*, being the



hear of the continent, was the perfect place to bring Indigenous people together to honor the intelligence, morals, and principles of our ancestors. It was a reminder that the bones of our ancestors run deep beneath the soil of this earth and we, being people of the earth, will not be displaced from our home and our spiritual centers that bring us closer and more intertwined with all creation.

Peace and Dignity is only one step towards bringing our people together. It must begin with each one of us and the realization that we need each other to survive. When we realize that we can stop trying to hurt or put each other down, we can finally realize that the borders we place between *Mexicanos y Xicanos* or *Norteños y*



Sureños are imaginary and created in our mind. The truth is that we are the same people. There are no divisions. We must live up to the concept of being "one earth, one people" and come together. The *fronteras* we place between each other simply do not exist. If a ran can bring people of this continent together, certainly we can bring our families and our communities together as well. If we can learn to treat each other with basic respect and human dignity, than we have learned something from this run. This run may be complete for 1996, but the journey continues and may we go forward to wherever the journey takes us. Mexika Tiahui! c/s

Art

THE INDIGENOUS ART AND VOICES OF OUR CHILDREN

Compiled / Edited by Margarita Maestas-Flores

Jesse Razo, RAZATECA publisher, and Adam Gonzales recently provided presentations for two sessions of sixth graders at San Jose's Fischer Middle School. Through a variety of visual arts, indigenous images, copies of RAZATECA, discussion of current issues, and sharing of personal experiences, Jesse and Adam found themselves welcomed by a diverse and captivated student group.

Following these presentations, Mrs. Margie Kensit, instructor, forwarded to Jesse and Adam several personal letters and artwork the students created as an expression of their appreciation. This artwork and personal expressions are shared as examples of the importance of educating our children and the significance of providing learning materials and experiences which provide knowledge of our culture and history.

NOTE: Mrs. Kensit was featured in the July/August issue of RAZATECA as the outstanding educator for San Jose's middle schools—El Día del Maestro Teacher of the Year Award.

Congratulations y mil gracias to Jesse and Adam for their dedication and creativeness in reaching out to the youth of our community!

EXCERPTS FROM STUDENT LETTERS

Thank you for coming to our classroom and showing all of us your nice things. I really like all of your stuff because I like the way you are trying to stop the violence and telling us how kids are getting hurt because of the gangs.—Renee Chavarria

You were great. You had wonderful pictures in your magazine RAZATECA. It's nice to see Mexicans in a magazine for a change. I also wanted to thank you for taking our picture for the magazine.—Anna R. Padilla

I want to thank you for taking your time to visit our class. We know you are busy. I also want to thank you for sharing the magazine and the big poster and the shirt. Thank you for talking about when you were a kid. RAZATECA is cool.—Jennifer Ramirez

I liked that you asked us which picture to put as the cover of your next book of RAZATECA. Also thank you for telling us about part of your life in Fischer School and what happened to you at Fischer. Would you also talk about our school in the magazine?—David Gutierrez



All the advice you gave us was good advice. I like your magazine. It talks about our people. In the future, I am going to order an annual subscription. The posters were cool too dude. Please visit us again soon.—Arthur Davis

I liked the way you did the presentation on the magazine. Mrs. Kensit told the class this was your first presentation, and everybody thought it was a good job. You should present more often. I hope the picture you took gets to be in the magazine.—Luis Chavarin

It was really nice of you to come to our class during your busy schedule. Thank you for sharing your life with us. I loved the poster paintings. They were really nice! It was nice to see a person happy in their work.—Ashley Martínez

Sr. Razo ojala y que vuelva a mi salon para que nos vaya a enseñar mas de RAZATECA. Usted dio un buen speech. Muchas gracias. Adan, usted es un buen maestro de Aztecas. Me gusto el poema que nos dijo que "We didn't cross the border, the border crossed us" porque hemos estado aqui desde 30,000 anos.—Angelica Espinoza Figueroa

I just wanted to say thank you for coming. I enjoyed it because I liked seeing the pictures and because we didn't have to do any work like geography. Also I liked it because we got to buy RAZATECA. I love RAZATECA.—Laura Hernández

You really inspired me. I am proud to be a Mexican. You really made me believe in myself and that I am not just some kid but a proud Mexican.

I am very interested in your magazine. I already read four pages. I think my dad will like it too.—Jennifer Dominguez

You guys at RAZATECA are the greatest. I really liked when Adam said we didn't cross the border and when you showed us the pictures of the gods. Before I was scared to bring out the Aztec in me, but now I am proud of it. Let's continue to fight against violence.—Lupe Viayra

You and Mr. Gonzales told us a lot of things that we should really know! I want to thank you both for taking pictures of us, and I would like both to come to tell us more. Thanks for teaching us the Nahuatl language.—Leilani Torio

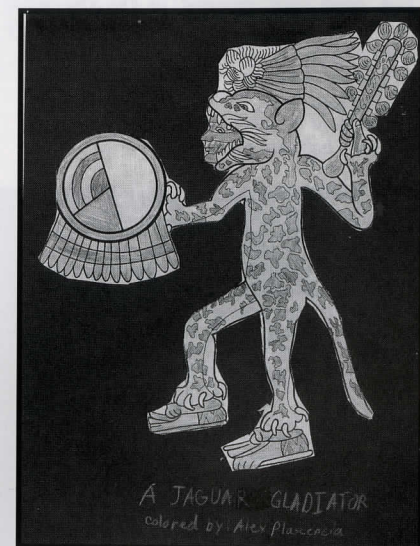
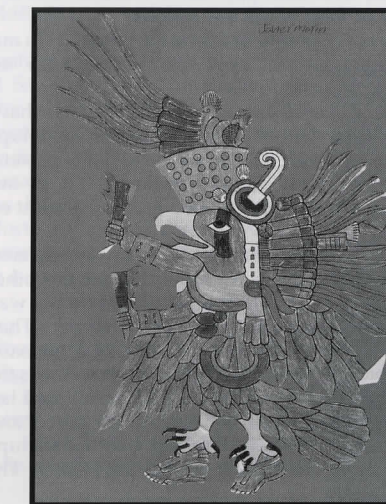
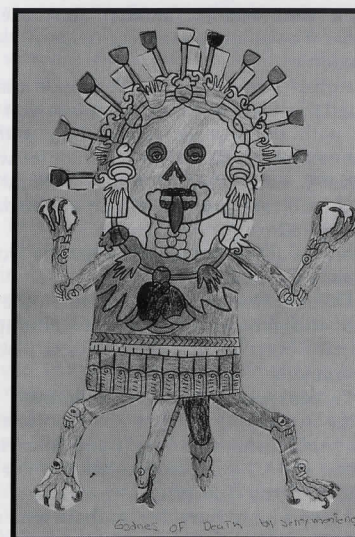
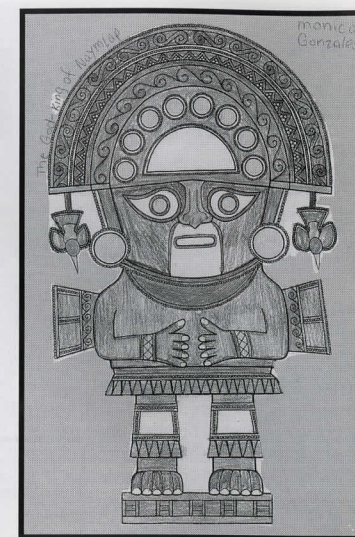
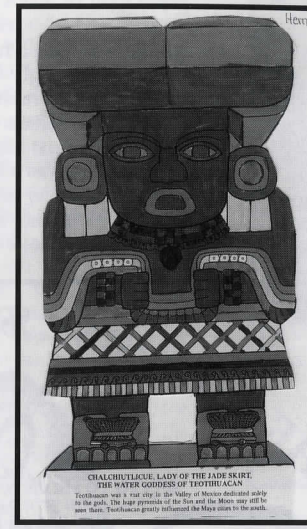
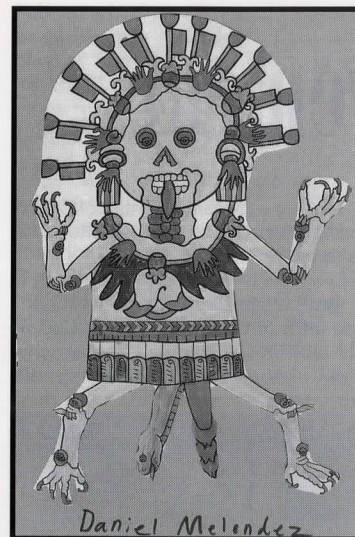
I like the way you showed us the way to speak in our language. It was fun!—Miguel Bravo

I never realized what Mexicans or Aztecs went and go through. Now I have a better understanding about Mexicans. Mrs. Kensit tells us to be proud of our dark skin or our light skin. After hearing your speech, I know that a lot of people are proud of who they are. I know I am. I think that it doesn't matter what color or race you are, what you said in your speech goes for everyone.—Amber Berleloa

I like what you told us about Mexicans and Aztecs because I am a Mexican, and I would like to know more about my culture. I like how you guys do art and make Aztec drawings into posters.—Omar Alvarado

I liked the lesson that Adam gave us about the border crossing us.—Unsigned

Art



Guadalupe and La Raza Movement

by Enrique Dominguez

always there to lend a helping hand to the poor. We Chicanos strongly identify our experience with the suffering Christ. One has only to look at the gruesome crucifixes in our Chicano churches to deduce that Christ is one of us. Hence, the concept of Guadalupe as a liberator and a mother of the oppressed is very real to us, Miguel Hidalgo de Costilla, Emiliano Zapata, Dolores Huerta, and Cesar Chavez have all symbolically advocat-

revelation to a peasant Juan Diego, (Cuatlatoczin) to an Indio, is affirmation that she belongs to us.

She is one of us. She is one of our oppressed, in that sense I think we find an alliance with her.

Chicano faith in Christ is strengthened by our personal faith in Guadalupe. She enriches our faith with Christian values. The Indigenous value systems are also intertwined with these Christian values.

Through Guadalupe, we not only retain aspects of our Native-American culture, we also adopt faith in Jesus Christ. We do not betray our ourselves and we do not assimilate completely the European model of Christianity. So on the personal basis of faith we remain true to both our worlds as mestizos. We are Spanish and we are Indigenous. Although some people on both sides find it difficult to except, they don't want to be part of the oppressor and the others don't want to be part of the oppressed.

To traditionally Protestant Chicanos, she is a symbol of identity. Tomas Atencio said, "It is not hard for me to understand the Virgen de Guadalupe even though I'm Protestant,

because I'm a Chicano." The Virgen de Guadalupe is a very important symbol because it ties us to our Indigenous past. Its manifestation ties us to our traditional past. It also creates in us a meaningful structure of resistance against that which threaten that identity, whether it be political, cultural, religious, social, or economic.

Ruben Armendarez understands the role of Guadalupe as a symbol of a culture that identifies with the mother rather than with the father. Armendariz said that when he was in the Navy what unified the protestant and Catholic Chicano was the Virgen de Guadalupe and their old country Mexico.

She is also a symbol of hope for women, especially Chicanas.

Dolores Huerta said she came in the form of an Indigenous Woman. "Guadalupe is important because she guarantees a place for womanhood.

Guadalupe is a symbol of liberation," these are the words of Andres G. Guerrero. He wrote "A Chicano Theology", and interviewed Chicano and Chicana leaders about their view on Our Lady de Guadalupe.

I owe a lot to these two authors who wrote on Our Lady de Guadalupe.

There is another Cultural Activist by the name of Felix Alvarez from El Teatro de los



ed her assistance in warding off institutions of government and capital interests that breed oppression.

Dolores Huerta said Guadalupe is a symbol of the impossible of doing the impossible to win a victory, in humility of being able to win with the faith. I mean that the important thing that she symbolizes, to the union; that with faith you can win, with faith you can overcome. She is a symbol of faith of the miraculous.

We always celebrate El día de La Virgen.... In our strikes we always have the Virgen with us. That's a important palanca.

José Angel Gutierrez said that we have abused that symbol. The Virgen de Guadalupe has found herself on our banners, flags, posters, political buttons, bumper stickers, and in our rhetoric. We have made her a political activist on our side.

I suppose that in a way it's a self-defense mechanism because it seems that all the other saints and images are against us just by the way they look. They look like the oppressors. They are all blonde and blue-eyed, including the baby Jesus, that we see in the Nativity scene. She is the only one that looks like us. We have abused her because we all make her part of our parcel and our package. I think the Virgin de Guadalupe offers hope. The miracle is attributed to her. The

Pobres, who for over twenty years has presented El Milagro de Tepeyac play. I first saw the play at Sacred Heart Church in 1978. I was inspired by this play. I always knew there was more to Guadalupe than just procession and getting up early to sing to her on Dec 12.

I had just returned from the longest walk from Sacramento to Washington D.C. from February 11, 1978 to July 15, 1978. There were many Indigenous people from Alaska to South America and we all followed the Sacred Peace Pipe that we were carrying. Most of the Indigenous people who came from south of the Mexican border expressed strong feeling for Our Lady de Guadalupe. I had also just finished my second year of the Sun Dance at D.Q.



University with Dennis Banks, one of the founders of the American-Indian Movement, who was my strong mentor in the Indigenous movement. In 1976 I enrolled at D.Q. University. I took Indian Federal Law and Indigenous Spiritual and Religion concepts.

I started to hear more about the Sun Dance and its sacred meaning. Also about the sweat-lodge, the sacred peace pipe, and the sage circles. This was new to me, and it was exciting to learn about caring for our people by trying to live in balance with our Mother Earth, and believing in God through nature. My belief in the mystery of Our Lady de Guadalupe started to be more clear to me. Especially being involved in the Chicano Movement under the Black Berets por la Justicia. The main mentor that became a focus in our strong commitment to our causa in the Berets, was Chemo Candelaria. His devotion for Our Lady de Guadalupe has kept him in the movement for over 35 years.

When I return to San José de Guadalupe, my brother Jesse Dominguez, who has also been in the Black Berets por la Justicia over 30 years,

brought to my attention that the increase of Chicano youth violence in the barrios was getting worse.

He said, "Just as we walk with the sacred peace pipe, we need to walk in our barrios with Our lady de Guadalupe, which is sacred to a lot of our Raza, to help bring our people together in peace."

So on March 24th, 1979, La Conferacion de La Raza Unida, MECHA, Brown and Black Berets, UFW, AIM, and many other organizations, as well as many of the different barrios became part it.

Father Mateo, Father Garcia, Father Moriuty, and Deacon Vicente Perez Sr. started a Barrios Mass in a field on the corner of McKee and King Road that ended with a march to the westside, the Horseshoe Barrio. It was called the first spiritual peace walk. Our statement to the barrio was that:

"We are walking for the love of our people and not the hate of our enemies."

500 to 700 Chicanos and Chicanas came together. Not one fight broke out.

On the tenth year anniversary of the August 29, 1970 Chicano Moratorium, the Black Berets por la Justicia and other organizations walked to San José de Guadalupe to Los Angeles with a banner of Our Lady de Guadalupe. But at this march of 5 thousand, there was no conflict at all between Raza or the police.

In the next year we were struggling for the refugees in Central America. In order to bring attention to the situation, we walked with the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe from August 7 to December 7, 1981 from San José de Guadalupe to Mexico City for peace in El Salvador.

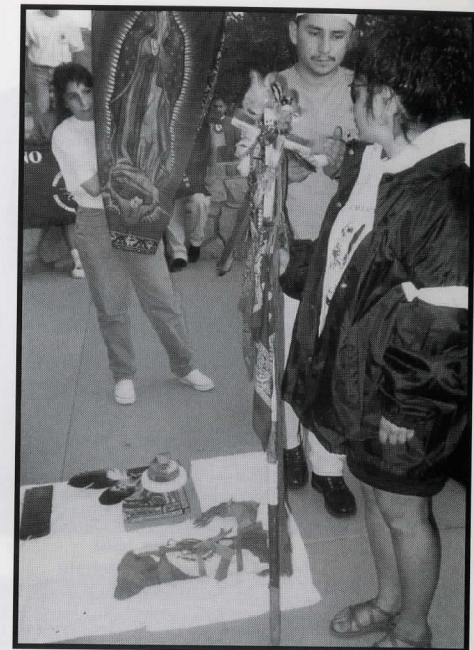
Once again we carried the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe for Barrios Unidos to bring peace in our barrios.

Since 1993, El Teatro de los Barrios Unidos have presented a play called Por El Amor de tu Madre (For the Love of Your Mother).

We our in the process of presenting this original Chicano play at San Jose State University's theater this December. The play will be sponsored by Barrios Unidos and Radio Aztlán in support for the Cesar Chavez Peace Plan. A plan we hope to bring peace between Nortenos and Surenos. We need your support to make this fundraiser a success.

I'm also in the process of writing a book about the Chicano Movement in San José and how la Virgen de Guadalupe has played an important role in this movement.

Even in the statements made today, La Virgen plays a big part in



the Indigenous movement. Such as the Peace and Dignity Run starting from Alaska to Mexico City Teotihuacan and also from Argentina to Mexico City Teotihuacan. Both began on May 2 this year and will meet this October 12 in Mexico City. Runners from the north represent the Eagle and the runners from the south represent the Condor.

Among the Indigenous people there is a belief that every 500 years for some mysterious reason, the Eagle from the north and the Condor from the south mate around Chiapas and Guatemala. Because of the union a rare bird name Quetzal is giving birth. This bird represents the heavens.

Much has been said about Quetzalcoatl, the plumed feather serpent. Quetzal: represents the heavens; coa: represents the serpent; tl: represents the water; The concept of bird, snake, and water is also illustrated in Mexico's National symbol; an eagle devouring a snake on top of a cactus in the middle of a lake symbolizes the founding of Tenochtitlan by the Aztecs after migrating south from Aztlán..

There are so many stories to write about relating to Our Lady of Guadalupe and the Chicano Mexicano movement.



La Mujer

by Maria Elena Ramirez

HONOR THY MOTHER - A Tribute to the power of female deities in Indigenous Spirituality

I am woman. I am life force. My word has great value. The Beloved Woman is one of our principal chiefs. Through her the Spirit often speaks to the people. In the Great Council at the capital, she is a powerful voice.

Concerning the fate of hostages, her word is absolute. Women share in all of life. We lead sacred dances. In the Council we debate freely with men until an agreement is reached. When the nation considers war, we have a say, for we bear the warriors. Sometimes I go into battle. I also plant and harvest.... As long as I am treated with dignity, I am steadfast...excerpt from "Song of the Grandmothers" in Selu: Seeking the Corn Mother's Wisdom.

The role of powerful female deities of the magnitude of the Christian god was a common feature among numerous Indigenous societies, not only in the past but to the present time. Our Lady of Guadalupe, also known as the Indian Virgin of Guadalupe is the most powerful and prevalent religious female symbol to people of Mexican descent and ancestry.

The appearance of Our Lady of Guadalupe in 1531 was the single most important factor in the conversion to Christianity of the indigenous people of Mexico. Nine million Indians of Mexico were baptized a mere 6 years after the appearance of the Brown Virgin mother to Juan Diego, a Christianized indio, who spoke only Nahuatl. In her book, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Jeanette Rodriguez, presents a Nahuatl interpretation of the apparition which helps explain the healing power La Virgen had over the Indians, who just 10 years earlier had been so thoroughly defeated, demoralized, and alienated by the Spanish conquest.

Of key importance is the location of the appearance of Our Lady. By all accounts, it was on a hill in Tepeyac, outside of Mexico City. The same hill that housed the ancient site of the temple of Nahuatl earth-mother goddess, Tonantzin. Also known as Coatlicue, Our Mother, she was the wife of Quetzalcoatl. Together they formed the heavenly pair, the Duality. The early Franciscan friars noted that huge flocks of worshippers came from a hundred leagues around to celebrate the feast days of this goddess. Today, Our Lady of Guadalupe has become the patroness of Mexico, as indeed historically, she always has been. Today, those of her worshippers who still speak Nahuatl continue to call her Tonantzin.

Coatlicue/Tonantzin represents mother earth, a concept universally held by Indigenous people. To Christians who are used to seeing their god represented as an old white man with a beard, the Aztec sculpture of Coatlicue must seem horrific. Her head is composed of two serpent heads, nose to nose, giving her a grotesque face with great fangs and pronged tongue. She wears a necklace of hearts and hands with a pendant skull; around her waist is a skirt of snakes and her feet are like lizard claws. Yet, to Aztecs, Coatlicue was not scary to behold, her reptile like body represented the planet and its regenerative power, the hearts represented human life, the hands human ability, and the skull was a reminder there is no life without death.

The similarity of qualities and attributes shared by Tonantzin with other Indigenous female deities whether one talks of Selu (corn mother) or White Buffalo Woman of the Lakota, reveals a cosmivision that has great respect for women. For example, within the Mayan world view, women are not oppressed. Similarly, in the spiritual aspect there is no discrimination against women. Indeed, there are Mayan women who continue to be priests to the present time. The Lakota myth of White Buffalo woman conveys very strongly the idea that woman is possessed of great medicine power.

Also, many tribes thought that the primary potency in the universe was female and that understanding influenced all activities, both religious and social. That power called on the people to live in cooperative harmony with each other and within the sacred web of life, where all are connected.

Before the conquest, Indigenous women valued their vitalizing power to bring life into this world. As Paula Gunn Allen states in The Sacred Hoop, Recovering the Feminine in American Indian Tradition, "They were mothers and that word did not imply slaves, drudges, drones who are required to live only for others rather than for themselves as it does so tragically for many modern women.... They were mothers, and that word implied the highest degree of status in ritual cultures. The

status of mother was so high, in fact, that in some cultures mother or matron, was the highest office to which a man or woman could aspire. The power of mothering...is not so much the power to give birth, as we have noted, but the power to make, to create, and to transform."

Spirituality is the root and essence of one's culture. Today so many of our youth, especially students, are trying to regain and reclaim some of the best

traditions of their indigenous spirituality. Surely, a cosmivision that sees the manifestation of God in all life forms and connects us all to the sacred web of life is necessary if life on this planet is to be sustained.

The following poem by Marilou Awaikat captures this sentiment very precisely:

WHEN EARTH BECOMES AN "IT"

When the people call Earth
"Mother, they take with love
so that all may live.

When the people call Earth "it",
they use her, consume her strength,
Then the people die.

Already the sun is hot out of season.

Our Mother's breast is going dry.

She is taking all green into her heart
and will not turn back
until we call her by her name.



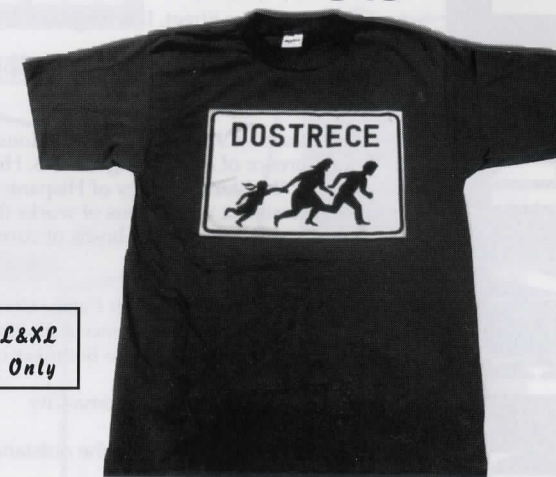
Mujer of Aztlan

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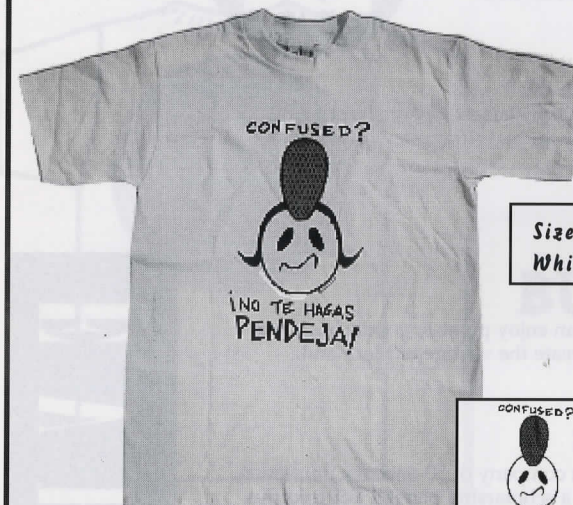
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RAZATECA NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1996

Sweet Dedications

To: Upward Bounds Capitol Internship '96
Ded: Hey guys we made it through a tough and challenging summer. I wish you all lots of luck in the years to come. It was great meeting you all, so never change and take care.
From: Your friend always and forever Maria Ruiz

To: Miguel Angel, el compañero de mi vida.
Ded: Siempre pido al Gran Espiritu que te proteja y te cuide, donde quiera que te encuentres. Te amo. Siempre a tus pies.
From: Tlacaelel

To: Lydia Castillo
Ded: Gracias for the love and friendship you have given me.
From: Juan Antuna (Grouch)

To: My baby, My love James
Ded: You've been by my side through it all, the good times and the bad. Lets stay together always-n-forever. 12/14/96
Love: Your mija Jodie

To: My bestfriend, lover & husband Felipe
Ded: Happy 4th Anniversary & many more!!! "Stay in my Corner" P/V
From: Your loving and devoted wife -Leslie

To: Mi Jefita
Ded: May you live many more years. My Love.
From: Juan Rivera

To: Michelle & Baby Kino
Ded: I love and miss you both, see you soon.
From: Kino de E.S.S.J

To: Becky Macias de San Jo
Ded: I destroyed your love.
From: You know who, S.J

To: Moms, Sandra Young
Ded: Happy Birthday!!! "Stand By Me"
From: Your son, Frank Bamba

To: Pops, Greg Bamba
Ded: Thanks for supporting me through the hard times. "On The Outside Looking In"
From: Your son, Frank Bamba

To: Rascal
Ded: "The One Who Really Loves You"
From: Lil Sad Girl

To: Esther Madrigal
Ded: You've showed me how to work and you've showed me that a mothers love "is" unconditional. I love you Mom. "I'll Always love My Mama"
From: You son, Roy Reveles

To: Kandi LoBese
Ded: Stay strong & remember you have a friend. "By Your Side"
From: Mr. Roy Reveles

To: Wesley Smith
Ded: I wish you the best of luck and success with your tapes, and I luv to V.W. and E.B.G's "Gangster Party"
From: Yours truly Oakland, Frank Bamba

To: Connie Castillo de Madera
Ded: Love Between a Boy and Girl, Take a Chance on Me, Stay in My Corner.
From: Mouse de Madera

To: Patty Diaz
Ded: I will always love you for all seasons, Baby I'm for real, and Daddy will soon be home to get you back.
From: Mr. Chango de Modesto

To: Gina "Sad Eyes" Sierras de Pittsburg
Ded: Just a few months ago you were a school graduate and now you're a college student. I love you for making my dreams for you a reality. Stay real and never stop striving to achieve your hearts desires. "I'm So Proud (Of You)"
From: Tu carnal, Smiley de Pittsburg

To: My baby girl, Jovana Ramirez
Ded: May your life be filled with lots of love and happiness. "I'm Just An Average Guy" "If I Were A Rich Man"
From: The one that really loves you, Daddy de S.J.

To: Mi Familia de Madera
Ded: Mucho que te quiero
From: Tiny de Madera

To: Flaca in Modesto
Ded: Although we are not there with you, we will not forget about you.
From: Your Homegirls in South Side Tracy

To: Mi Nana
Ded: Que en paz descanse.
From: Sandrita

To: La Sleepy Girl de S.S.T.
Ded: Thanks 4 being by my side when I needed it.
From: Lil Sad Girl

To: Jack Finch (Teddy Bear) Folsom
Ded: I miss you. I'll be waiting for you when you come home. "Till the End of the Road" "Baby I'm For Real"
From: Connie Finch (Baby Girl) de Tracy

To: Manuel
Ded: "Let's just kiss and say goodbye" Yea right! Thought you could get rid of me that easy- Never gonna give you up! 143, 143, 143, 69, 69, 69,...
From: the one who blows your pager up!!!!!!

To: Chica in Stockton
Ded: If you ever have problems with anybody or anything, I'm always here 4 you.
From: Your Homegirl, Lil Sad Girl

To: All the Homegirls de Lil S.S.T.G.
Ded: Keep you heads up.
From: Lil Sad Girl

To: Sonya Martinez (Tiny)
Ded: Hang in there and everything will be alright. I'm here for you.
From: Victoria (Toya) de Tracy

To: Stephanie Monjes (Sis) de S.S.T.
Ded: Thanks for being here for me. If you need anything I got your back. "Mi vida, mi corazón, my hopes, my dreams, y mi sister!"
From: Victoria Monjes (Toya)

To: Sara Ruiz (Dimples)
Ded: Thanks for being there for me. Love Ya Like A Sister! I got your back always! "Best Friends"
From: Victoria Monjes (Toya)

To: Margarita, Lena, Patricia, & Stephanie (Sister of Tracy)
Ded: It's good to have all of you around. Love you all! "A Familia Affair" "Lean On Me!"
From: Victoria Mae Monjes (Toya)

To: My husband Dale J. Loyola
Ded: "Lets Stay Together""I Luv You, Always & 4-ever" "We Can Accomplish Anything Together!" Love you 4-ever your wife Maria Elena Ontiveros-Loyola

To: Droopy
Ded: "If I were a Rich Girl"
From: You know who de W/S

To: RazaTeca
Ded: Thank You! "Viva La Raza"
From: Maria Elena Ontiveros Loyola

To: Doralina, Ernesto, Maritxa, & Daniel
Ded: Your a happy family
From: Lil Nanis & Esa Guera

To: Esa Nanis
Ded: Friends are forever and I'm glad your mine.
From: Manuela

To: Roman Jaquex
Ded: Toda la familia te extrana, Compadre! Stay strong you will be out pretty soon. MAY GOD BLESS YOU!
From: Tu Compadre M.J.

To: Jonathan Einer & Silvestre
Ded: Babes take care and be careful in this world.
From: Your Mom and Aunt

To: Juan F. Serrano
Ded: Just because I love you, un chingo y poquito mas. "Confessing a Feeling"
From: Manuela Jaquex

To: Einer Jaquex (Mosco)
Ded: Baby I just want to let you know that I really love you. "Me and You" "Try Me"
From: Adriana Serrano

To: Manuela (Guera)
Ded: I will always be around. "Smile Now , Cry Later"
From: Adriana (Nanis)

To: J.J. Diaz de San José
Ded: A love like ours can never be broke they've all tried, but it's too strong! Baby, be mine para siempre!! Oh Honey for life! 7/26/94 will never die.
From: your big brat, Sandra Ledesma

To: RazaTeca
Ded: Keep up the good work! Thanks!
From: Little one

To: Jason M. (Thumper)
Ded: Whatever the future brings I'll always be there 4-U and love you for eternity.
From: Little one

To: Droopy Locs in Solano
Ded: "I'm still here! Where are you silly? Don't forget the one who cares and loves you. Your always with me.
From: You know who de w/s San Jo

To: My Comadre
Ded: P.L.A.Y.
From: Your Comadre

To: Mike Ruiz
Ded: "Everything is going our way"
From Kandi de W/S

To: Marjeanne and Nicole
Ded: Look to the stars and education is forever-love you always
From: Your Mommy

To: Vivian and Ray Pena
Ded: Thanks for everything-words could never express the gratitude I owe you both.
From: Your Comadre

To: Roy Reveles Jr.
Ded: Keep those dedications coming- we appreciate your support and help stay strong and you always have a friend.
From: Kandi and the RazaTeca staff

To: Devina Pena
Ded: Always in my heart and I'm always proud of my beautiful goddaughter.
From: Love your Nina

To: Cisco Garcia
Ded: I know things didn't work out between us when we were together, but at least we are still friends, and I hope everything works out between Cruz and you.
From: Yours Truly Angelica Maldonado

To: All My Homegirls: Iysa, Deserie, Amanda, Mary, and the rest of you all.
Ded: I miss you and hope to see you again soon.
From: Your long distance homegirl Angelica (Andrea) Maldonado.

To submit your dedications or messages, you can write to:
RAZATECA Sweet Dedications
P.O. Box 611870
San Jose, CA 95161
(Please keep your messages short and sweet.)

Nezahaulcóyotl
Toltec Poet, Philosopher, King
de Texcoco and free man
(1402-1472)

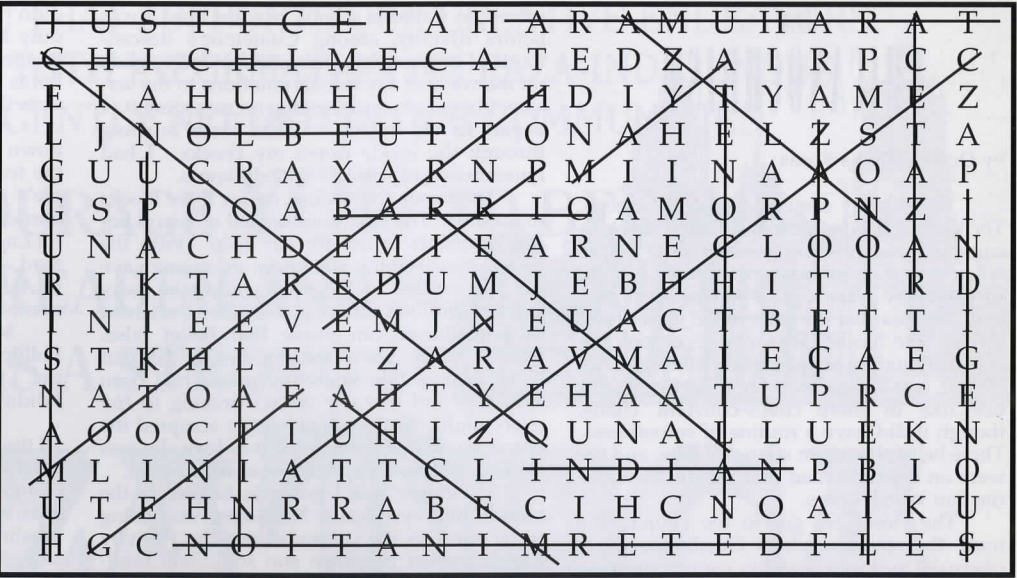
SEIZE THE MOMENT
"Banish care; if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing your songs in praise of the all powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fades away.

Rejoice in the green freshness of your spring; for the day will come when you will sigh for these joys in vain; when the scepter shall pass from your hands, your servants shall wander desolate in your courts, your sons and the sons of nobles shall drink the dregs of distress, and the pomp of your victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollections.

Yet the remembrance of the just, those who are just in their lives, shall not pass away from their nations, and the good you have done shall ever be held in your honor.

The good of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusionary shadow, and the things of today shall change on the coming of morrow. Then gather the fairest of flowers from your garden, to bind around your brow, and seize the joys of the present before they perish.

Codex Forentino Libro, VI, cap. XVII fol. 74
Bernardino Sahagún



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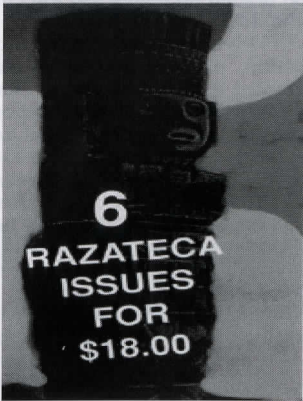
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CHICANOCHRIST

by Octavio De La Rosas

The subway came to a smooth screech. The Germans, who Rene and I were trying to communicate with in Spanish, were as lost as when they met other tourists on the Mexico City subway system. The regular set of pan handlers guarded the exits to the upper light levels. The Basilica was a large, downtown ocean of modern and colonial buildings. The people, on average, were short dark and very bee like in there chaos-constant chaos; though it did have a routine of smoothness. Three helpful random strangers later, and we were on the right road that led the Mecca of the Sun Worshipers.

The closer we got to the church, the more the street vender's Guadalupe paraphernalia multiplied, and in variety: rosaries, posters, pots, shirts, belt buckles, watches, statues, template keychains and a massive assortment of cheap jewelry. It was like seeing the different interpretations of the original, which only stood a few blocks away.

Once we were there, the Basilica looked more like Epicot Center than a holy Mecca. We played Frogger through traffic. Rene had to jump in mud to avoid being *aplastado*. The gray sky was tumbling gaps of blue balls, through which I imagined heaven's gate. The smog, the noise, the merchants, the camera men, the honks, the screeches, the gray sunlight, all melted away when I walked through cool cave door. Inside was another hustle bustle, but with a religious etiquette. Asian priests congregated around Mexican guides, while ebony nuns with ivory smiles, their fingers hooked behind their backs, patrolled the artisans woodwork.

We decided to avoid the gift shop in the building by going down through the large horn shaped hallway; we shot out the small end, which led to the massive head of the round church. The place had been twice as big as the largest cathedrals in Guadalajara. A minimum of five hundred people were in attendance to the 2 O'clock mass. I took a seat as close to the Goddess of Divinity as possible. My pace stiffened up, my fist clinched tight and my throat sank. I was reenacting my First Communion, except this time I wasn't hoping to actually "feel" God.

The moment of eternal anticipation came. I looked first with my bare eyes. It was my soul on a canvas. It was the proof of my faith. I stood in silence and imagined myself as Pocho version of Juan Diego. Afterwards, I put my glasses on and concentrated on as many details as possible. I got up; looked around, and claimed the nearest gap, of brown people kneeling, I could fit in. It was a terrible time to take out my notes. But I did. I only cared about writing down my initial thoughts. Rene, meanwhile, was clicking his camera in different angles.

I began to scribble a mass of insignificant thoughts, then I realized it would be futile to carbon copy emotions. The notebook was closed, though I kept the pen handy.

The priest was a large white headed man. His voice was strong and furious, yet tired and with monotones. They went through the boring-European style Catholic processions. It was filled with gaps of silence and standing, and kneeling and praying. As he began his sermon, I fell into the child memories of Wednesday Mass at my White

suburban Catholic school. Except now, I was before divinity, among Cuatemoc's descendants. I dropped my pen and decided to glide on the wave of my initials emotions to the service, instead of concentrating on recording it. I began to cry inside. Tears were burning through the inside down my cheeks. I had remembered my *mamá's* bloody knees.

The knees she walked on for three blocks to the alter. The alter, she crawled on warm liquid ligaments to ask for *Her* help. With the Belief of everything she knew, *mi mama* gave her pain so that *La Virgencita* could take away from *mi abuelita's* suffering. No atheist, scientist or nonbeliever can prove that Belief false. *Nuestra Madre* answered my *mamas* call that summer day. She knew my *mama* had been drinking, and that she wasn't praying to *Her* every night. But, *La Madre Santa* accepted the blood my *mama* gave, for it was love she was trading, to take away from *mi abuelita's* pain.

No longer was I going to believe in the blonde, blue eyed Jesus. No longer was I going to be stuck in the contradictions the Nativity Parish created in brown sun soul. My sentiments didn't like the idea of Gods in the image of White men. An image that showed the pain of our original sin. A sin we were born with, a sin that we should feel guilty about. But I never killed Jesus, I used to think to myself. But my aggressive questioning didn't matter anymore, for I was dressed in institutionally passive midnight blue and topped off with a white shirt.

"You know what happens to bad little boys, don't you? Now if you don't want to make Jesus feel pain, you have to tell me the truth. Why did you say a bad word?"

You witch, I thought to myself, I didn't say a bad word. Am on TV? Is this a joke? *Quien me esta castigando?*

"I didn't, say nothing," was my actual verbal response.

"I heard you say something. Now what was it?"

"Huh?" I responded with contorted forehead skin.

"You said something in Spanish. I don't know exactly what you said, but I know it was something bad."

This interaction went on sometime toward the end of the first grade, and it was also the last time I took white nuns seriously. Everything they said after that point seemed like bigger lies than the dragon tales Sister Carmel used to tell at story time.

Mi mama had the idea that if I became like white people, I'd somehow be a better person. I wish I could tell her that gringo Catholicism wasn't quite the same as ours. For one, they didn't even eat with *tortillas*. What kind of Catholics didn't eat *tortillas*?

Of all the hard years I did at that school, with rules, lies, regulations, imitations, and basic scare tactic training, I was able to keep my faith to the Brown Goddess, *La Virgen De Guadalupe*; even though *mi mama* had put cultural X-lax in the chocomil of faith.

I've seen *La Virgencita* cure people of alcoholism, depression, physical and emotional pains. She's granted wishes, given us an eternal amount of forgiveness. And most importantly, let us see our innate purity, so that we may remember the truth of our innocence. I've seen *Her* forgive, the meanest wife-beaters (Miguel's dad), the craziest junkies (*mi primo Juan*), the most ignorant racist (myself, not too long ago). *La Virgencita* is the Brown proof of our innate beauty. In fact, she's even going to forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit.

After the nun accused me of saying a bad word, she took me to the office and had the principle hand me a pink slip. (More than two of those a year meant expulsion.) My parents

didn't listen to my story. They performed their duty and spanked me. The next day I called my teacher a "---- you head." And, as for the next day, I was transferred to a new institution, where convicts there all wore red and white.

After a week of this, my mother dragged me down the hallway past the secretary's office, past the teacher's lounge and finally, where the principle's office-dungeon was. My mother tried her darrest to read the sign on the door. In her beautiful English, (with Spanish vowel pronunciation) she read MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE SACRED BLAH BLAH BLAH. When in actuality, all it meant to me was mean white lady with a bible and ruler.

My little mud colored faced looked at Sister Phillipa with fearful sockets. I sputtered an apology. I felt like a tramp for doing it, except back then I didn't have a word for the tramp-like feeling.

While I played by myself at lunch time, all the other kids made fun of me because I was the "bad one". They were making me feel guilty for being evil. I don't blame them. It was the smartest kids that usually made me feel the worst. In my loneliness, I'd find picking insects body parts apart as a great form of solace. My innocent eyes had lost all truth when I asked the nun for forgiveness. My faith in Jesus was eternally tainted by culturally ignorant missionaries.

I pondered what the Nativity nuns would say about my mother walking from la calle Allende to la calle Juarez on her knees? A crazy Mexican woman self-desecrating her body for some foolish paganist belief that the mother of Jesus will somehow cure her sick mother. The only question I asked myself when I saw my mother sacrifice was: *Y porque estas llorando mami? Que, te duele mucho?*

"No mijito. Es que ollo mi llamada." she responded with a smile.

Mi mama era Juan Diego, dandole a Tonatzin el sacrificio fisico. Le estaba hablando a La Virgen de su fe tan fuerte, que acto de dolor era una muestra de amor.

I remember *mi mama* leaving a trail of blood from the entrance steps to the alter. My *abuelitas* pain did ease up for a few days. That memory is what has stained faith into me.

The mass ended like a slowing train. The people, however didn't explode out the doors, behind the priest. Instead, they lingered, offered their prayers, their wishes to the Mother of our Savior. I looked at my notes and tore them into little pieces. I prayed like everyone else, and asked *La Madre Santa* to always help remember my Faith.

I walked outside. Admired the huge John Paul II statue. I admired the small horde of beggars and squalid foot merchants, that were desperately trying to peddle their rosaries. A desperate looking Indian lady with missing teeth, walked up to me and asked if I'd like to buy just one small thing from her.

All I did was stare at her. She smiled with some secret knowledge, and walked away. I came out of my own thoughts long enough to adore the Guadalupe tattoo on some cholo guy who was speaking Chicano English. His tight, brown skin canvas was the most beautiful interpretation I'd seen all day. A small insect bunch of short Brown business men blocked the view of the cholo's faith. The native people's chaos didn't seem so smooth anymore.

It wasn't long before I fell into the color of my own thoughts again. I pondered whether I deserved to ask *La Madre Santa* for anything as I walked in silence with Rene, back down the dark subway levels.

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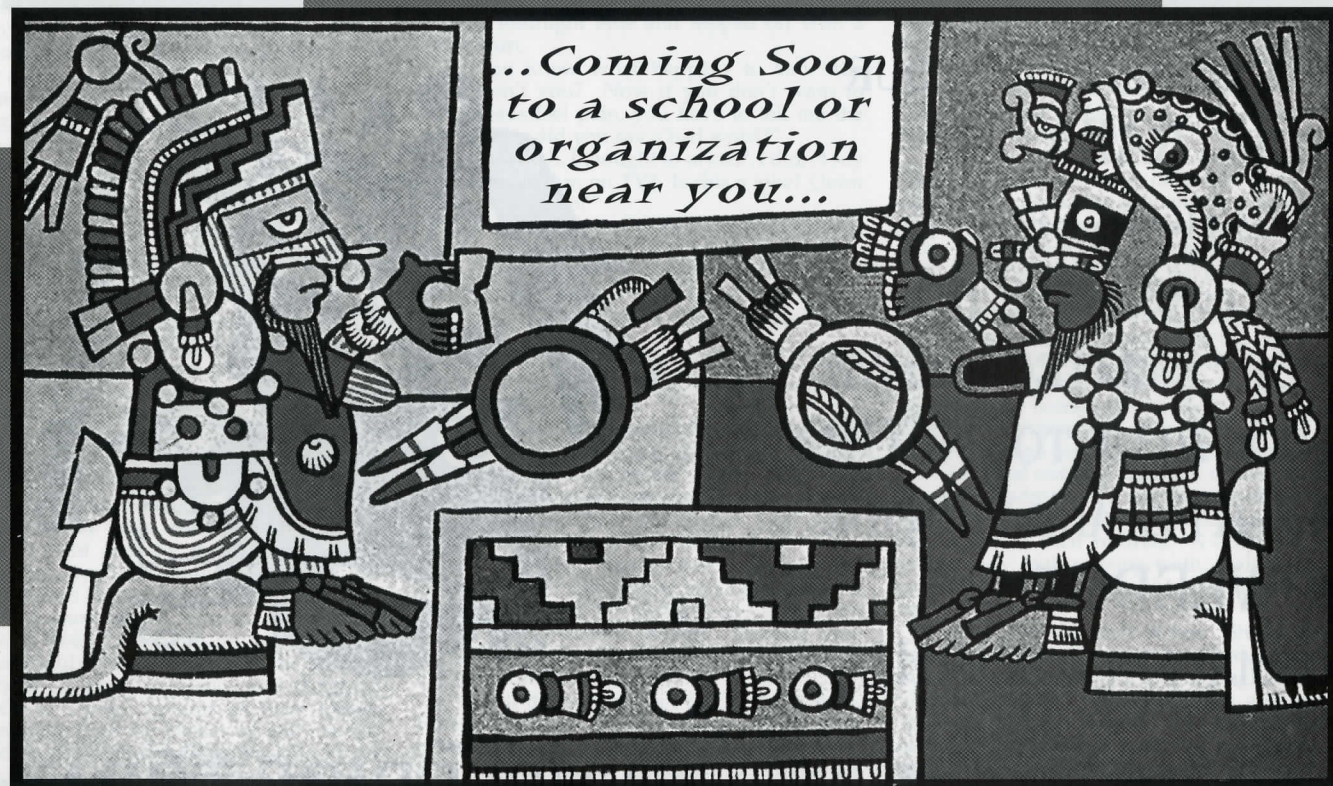
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Pizza, Spaghetti, Ravioli, Lasagna, & More

PIZZA MENU

	SMALL 10'	MEDIUM 12'	XLARGE 16'
Cheese Pizza	\$5.25	\$7.00	\$10.25
1 Item	\$6.25	\$8.75	\$11.50
2Item	\$7.25	\$9.75	\$12.50

PIZZA SPECIALS

	SMALL	MEDIUM	XLARGE
Angie's Special	\$8.50	\$11.00	\$15.50
(Pepporoni, Salami, Mushrooms, Italian Sausage, Anchovies if requested)			
Vegetarian	\$8.50	\$11.00	\$15.50
(Olive, Onion, Bellpepper, Mushrooms)			
Combination	\$9.00	\$11.75	\$16.50

LUNCH SPECIALS

(11:00 AM to 4:00 PM weekdays only)

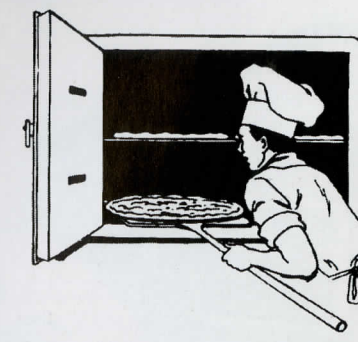
7' Mini Pizza with your choice of 2 toppings	\$3.50
Half order of Lasagna	\$3.25
Half or Order of Spaghetti	\$3.25
Half order of Ravioli	\$3.25
Half order of Cannaloni	\$3.25

Free!
Pitcher of Soda
with every XL pizza
ordered!

Angie's Pizza



1535 S. Winchester Blvd.
San Jose, CA
(408) 378-5555
(408) 378-5605



Disfrute el exquisitoso sabor de una pizza... como hecha en casa, en un ambiente agradable y familiar y disfrute la atencion de sus propietarios, totalmente en español.

Hey ése

Tú con tu alma sweet y sincera,
tú que dentro de ti hay un niño que
llora and needs to be calmed

De ti dicen varias cosas, but they
don't
know you,
you are not mean, ése, yo lo sé
tú eres especial,
disculpa si algun día te he ofendido,
pues ignoraba la sencillez que existe
en tu corazón.

You fight por tu bienestar así cómo
un águila pelea por su libertad
Eres bueno, eres romántico, y
cuando te
espresas
lo haces from the bottom of your
heart.

He descubierto que ahora te admiro,
que eres tan alto como una estrella,
y tan brillante como una de ellas.
Para mí significas ternura,
you mean peligro to me,
pero también significas dulzura.

Eres Mi cholo admirado ése,
your sweetness makes me feel
"chiquita" de corazón.
I hope one day tú me entiendas
que soy una amiga que te admira
y además te da la razón.

Leticia Orozco



Hey ése

You, with your sincere and sweet
soul, you, who carries a child
crying inside of
you
and needs to be calmed

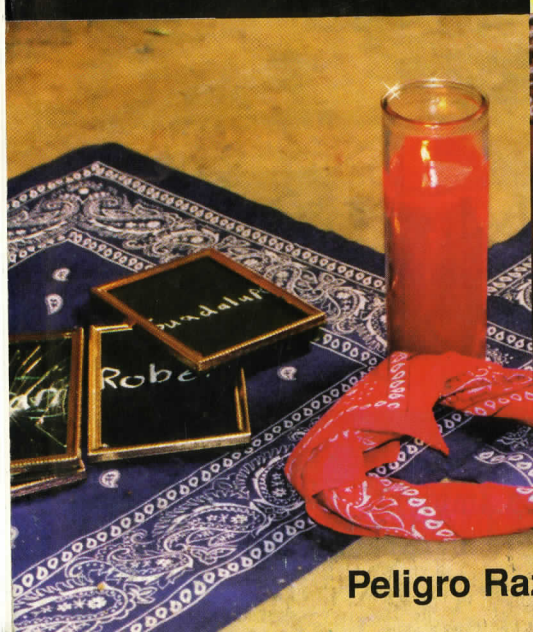
They say things about you, but
they
don't know you,
you are not mean, ése, I know
you are special,
forgive me if one day I offended
you,
I didn't know the simplicity
that exists.
in your heart.

You fight for your well-being
the way an eagle fights for its
freedom,
You are kind, romantic, and when
you
express yourself,
you do it from the bottom of your
heart.

I have found that I now admire
you, you are as tall as a star,
and as bright as one of them.
To me you signify tenderness,
you mean danger to me,
but you also mean sweetness.

You are my admired *cholo*, ése,
your sweetness makes me feel
"very small" in my heart.
I hope one day you understand
that I am a friend who admires
you and also believes in you.

Leticia Orozco



Peligro Raza (Peligro y Ternura) By Artist Carlos Pérez