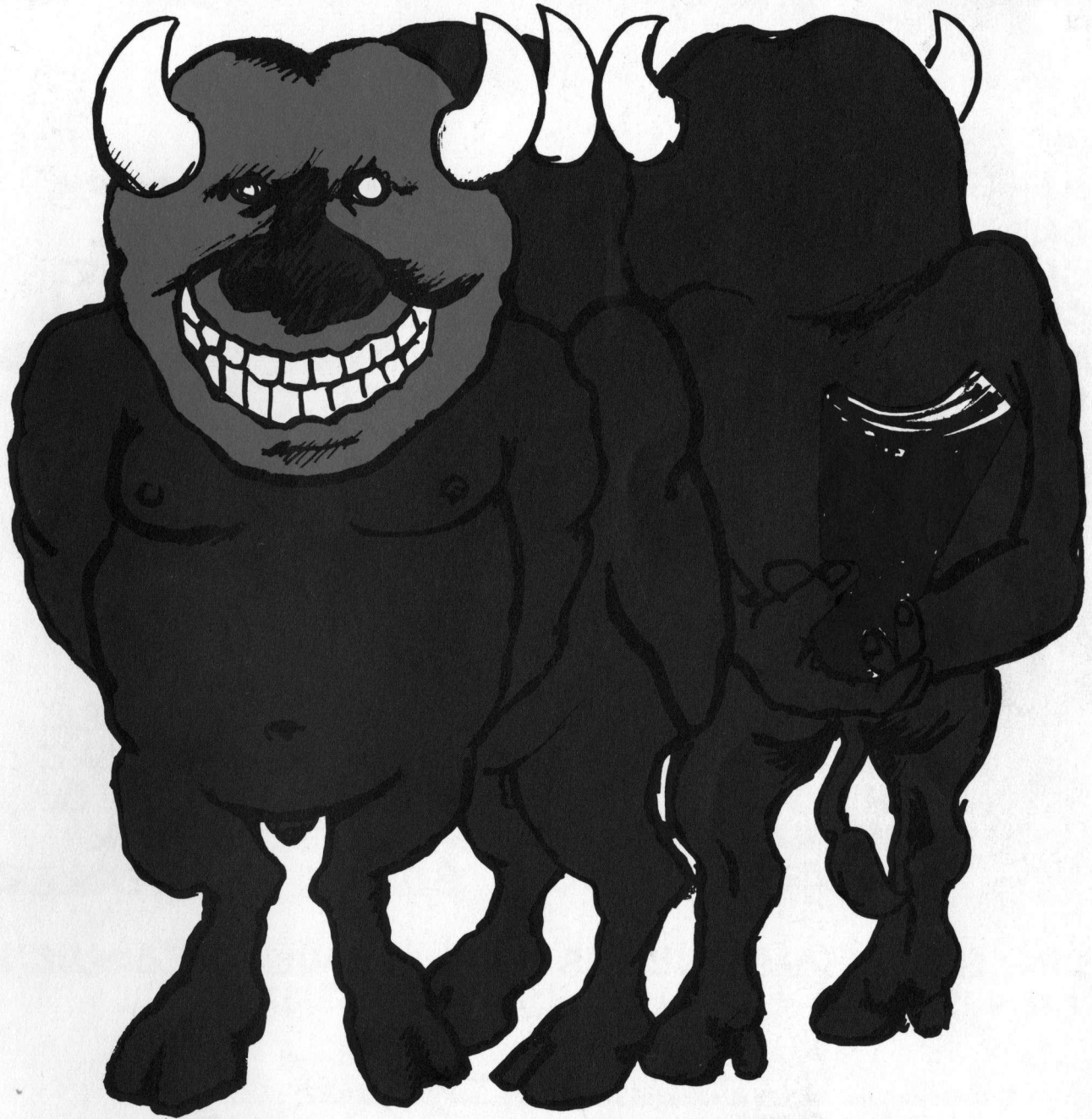


CON SAFOS



THE BROWN BUFFALO
MAGAZINE NUMBER 7



CONSAFOS

EI MEPO CHINSON	ARTURO	TUDI	FLORES
EI CHINSONSOTE	RALPH	RAFAEL	LOPEZ
EI CHINGASO	ANTONIO	TONY	GOMEZ
EI CHINGASO MAMAQ	JUAN	FIGGY	FIGUEROA
EI MAÑIACO	SERGIO	SERIO	HERNANDEZ
EI CHINGORILA	GEORGE	CHAD	MENESES
EI CHINGOO	GILBERTO	MASO	LUJAN
EI CHINGO	RICHARD	RICHIE	LUJAN
LA CHINGADERA	ADALBERTA	BERTA	FLORES

GRAPHIC CONTRIBUTORS :

RICK REYES	RONALDO RAMIREZ
BETO ROCHA	CHARLES ALMAZAZ
CHITO GOMEZ	THANK ROMERO
MARTHA VILLEGAS	BOB GRONK
OSCAR CASTILLO	BOB GUTIERREZ

CON SAFOS ALSO WISHES TO THANK MICKEL LORENZANA FOR HIS 1948 CHEVY IN C/S MAG. NO. 6

Copyright © Con Safos, Inc. 1971, and published as often as possible by Con Safos, Inc., P. O. Box 31085, Los Angeles, California 90031, a private non profit corporation.

LA MESA DIRECTIVA DE C/S: Rafael Lopez (Chairman Rafas), John Figueroa (El Figi de P.R.), Arturo Flores (El Tudi de Rose Hill), Antonio Gómez (de Lincoln Heights), Sergio Hernandez (de Florencia), Gilberto Sanchez Luján (el Magoo de LACGH), George Meneses (el Chapo de S.B.), Francisco Sifuentes (el Pancho de A.T.).

REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARRIO



CON SAFOS is the only quarterly published twice or maybe thrice a year. We don't publish until we have material that "says it," and money to pay the printer. But in all events

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION WILL GET OUR READERS FOUR MEMORABLE ISSUES IF IT TAKES A HUNDRED YEARS.

Aguántense. — Ed.

LIBRARIANS: the following is a listing of CON SAFOS issues to date.

- | | | |
|-------------|---|-----------------|
| 1 | Volume 1, Number 1, summer, 1968 | (out of print) |
| 2 | Volume 1, Number 2, fall, 1968 | (out of print) |
| 3 | Volume 1, Number 3, March, 1969 | (out of print) |
| 4 | Volume 1, Number 4,, 1969 | (out of print) |
| 5 | Volume 2, Number 5,, 1970 | |
| 6 | Number 6, summer, 1970 | |
| 7 | Number 7, winter, 1971 | (current issue) |

CON/SAFOS is published by CON SAFOS, Inc.

P. O. Box 31085, Los Angeles, California 90031

a private nonprofit corporation dedicated to expression and reflection of life *en los barrios de los estados unidos del norte, Aztlán.*

Copyright © Con Safos, Inc. 1971 number 7

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers ordering a change of address should give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses. Subscription rate is \$2.50 for 4 issues. Single issue price is 75¢.

CONTRIBUTORS TO CON SAFOS

keep all rights to their material, and we respectfully request interested parties not to pirate from the magazine until written permission is obtained from the particular author concerned.

CON SAFOS entertains and welcomes submissions from any and all free-lance contributors.

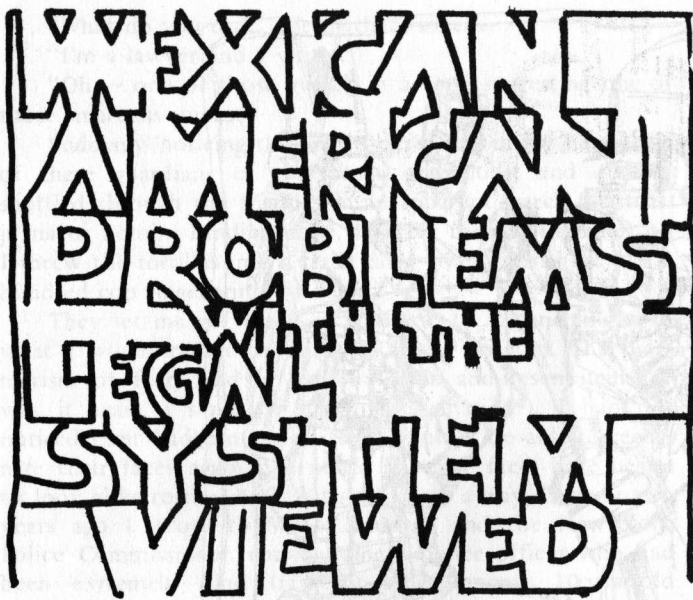
Payment will be made in copies of C/S. Material will be returned to the author only when a return, stamped & addressed envelope is included with submission.

OUR READERS are reminded that the material published in C/S does not necessarily represent the opinion of the staff. The fiction in C/S is nothing more than fiction, and should not be interpreted otherwise.

C/S

MESA de CONTENTOS

MEXICAN AMERICANS' PROBLEMS WITH THE LEGAL SYSTEM VIEWED, <i>Rubén Salazar</i>	3
OVERKILL AT "THE SILVER DOLLAR," <i>Enrique Hank Lopez</i>	4
<i>Miguel de León, traductor al español</i>	4
CHICANO ART, <i>Gilberto Sanchez Luján</i>	11
<i>Woodcuts by Roberto de la Rocha</i>	
NIGHT VOICES, <i>John Figueroa</i>	14
BARRIOLOGY EXAMINATION #4, <i>Adalberto V. Flores,</i> <i>Barriologista Emeritada C/S, BA, PhDu, Etc., C.S.</i>	17
C/S CRUCIGRAMA TRILINGUE CHICANO, <i>Adalberto V. Flores</i>	19
REDONDILLAS <i>de Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz</i> <i>translated into the english by Bernice Rincón</i>	20
SOCIAL COMMENT IN BARRIO POP, <i>Rafas</i>	22
NUESTRA MOCEDAD, <i>Poem by Valentino Escatiola</i>	23
SE TRATA DE PERRO, <i>Antonio Gómez</i>	24
SIQUEIROS	26
CHAVALO ENCANICADO, <i>El Chapo</i>	28
SOMETHING ETHNIC, <i>D. Saenz</i>	30
RAZA, <i>Oscar Castillo</i>	31
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROWN BUFFALO, <i>Zeta</i>	34
ARNIE AND PORFI, <i>Sergio Hernandez</i>	47
LOS CHICANOS: A Bibliographic Essay, <i>Roberto P. Haro</i>	50
MITOTE C/S	60
EDITORIAL	62
ANSWERS TO THE BARRIOLOGY EXAMINATION #4	63
ANSWERS TO THE CRUCIGRAMA TRILINGUE CHICANO	64
Subscription information	64
THE CON SAFOS GLOSSARY	65



(Reprinted from the *Los Angeles Times* of Friday, May 1, 1970)

by Rubén Salazar

Fri. May 1, 1970

Justice is the most important word in race relations. Yet too many Mexican-Americans in the Southwest feel with David Sanchez, Los Angeles Brown Beret leader, that "to Anglos justice means just us."

A report issued Wednesday by the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights helps explain why Sanchez can successfully exploit his bitter theory. Called "Mexican-Americans and the Administration of Justice in the Southwest," the 135-page study concludes:

"This report paints a bleak picture of the relationship between Mexican-Americans in the Southwest and the agencies which administer justice in those states. The attitude of Mexican-Americans toward the institutions responsible for the administration of justice — the police, the courts and related agencies — is distrustful, fearful and hostile. Police departments, courts, the law itself are viewed as Anglo institutions in which Mexican-Americans have no stake and from which they do not expect fair treatment."

La Ley or **The Law**, as Mexican-Americans call the administration of justice, takes forms that Anglos — and even blacks — never have to experience.

A Mexican-American, though a third generation American, for instance, may have to prove with documents that he is an American citizen at border crossings while a blue-eyed blond German immigrant, for example, can cross by merely saying "American."

*

Besides the usual complaints made by racial minorities about police brutality and harassment, Mexican-Americans have an added problem: sometimes they literally cannot communicate with the police.

The commission report tells of a young Mexican-

American who, while trying to quell a potentially explosive situation, was arrested because the police officers, who did not understand Spanish, thought that he was trying to incite the crowd to riot.

In another case, the report tells of a Mexican-American in Arizona who was held in jail for two months on a charge of sexually molesting his daughter. As it turned out, he had been mistakenly charged with the offense, but he did not voice any objections at the time because he did not understand the proceedings and no interpreter was provided for him.

A probation officer, who spoke Spanish, later talked to the defendant, and upon learning the facts, explained the situation to the head magistrate, who dismissed the case.

Among the most startling conclusions made by the commission, which is chaired by Notre Dame president Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, concerns California grand juries. A commission study of the grand jury system of 22 California counties concluded that discrimination against Mexican-Americans in juror selection is as severe as — sometimes more than — discrimination against Negroes in grand juries in the South.

"In California," the commission points out, "grand jurors have the authority both to indict persons for crimes and to investigate and evaluate the administration of local government. Because of this broad authority, exclusion of Mexican-Americans from grand juries not only may affect their ability to receive fair and impartial criminal justice but also is likely to render grand juries less vigorous in inquiring into and exposing governmental deficiencies — in police departments and school systems, for example — adversely affecting Mexican-Americans."

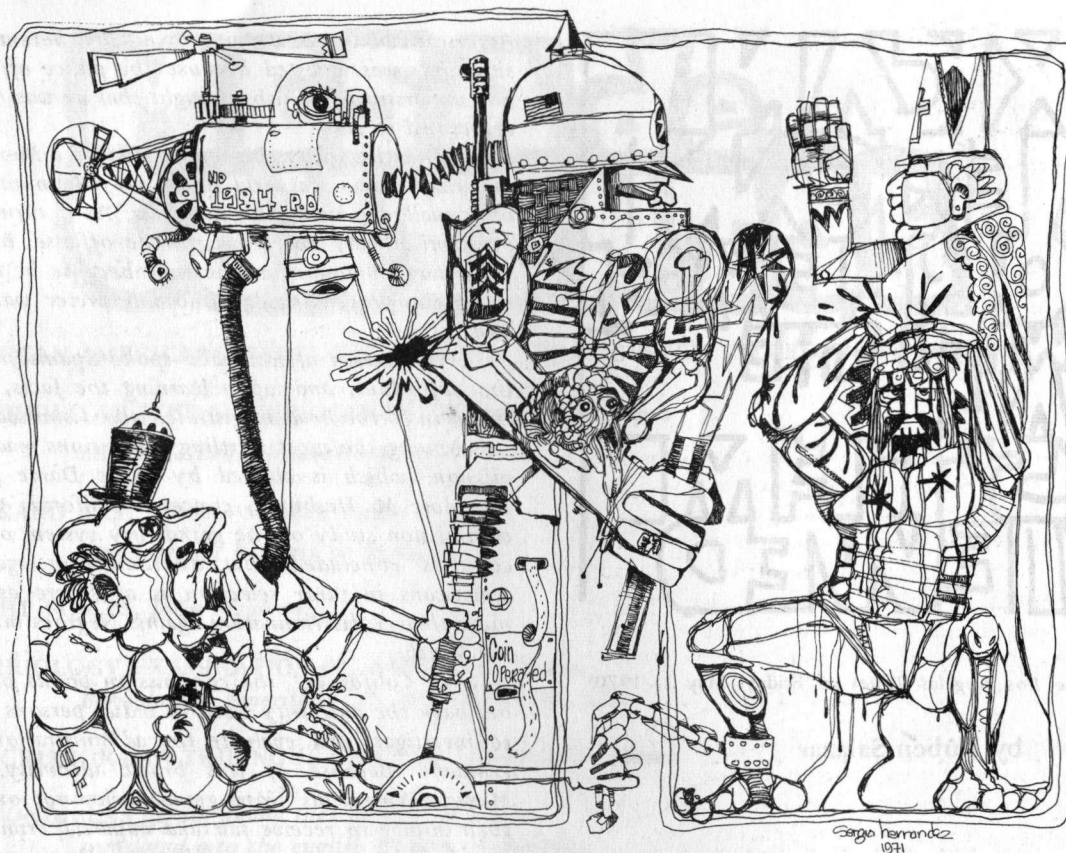
"In Los Angeles County, with almost 500,000 eligible Spanish surnamed residents, only four served as grand jurors during the 12 years studied," reports the commission, "while Orange County, California's fifth largest (eligible Spanish surnamed population estimated at 44,000) has only one Spanish surnamed person on its grand jury lists in the 12-year period."

Among the many other "findings" listed in the commission's report are that "there is evidence of wide-spread patterns of police misconduct against Mexican-Americans in the Southwest," and that "in several instances law enforcement officers interfered with Mexican-American organizational efforts aimed at improving the conditions of Mexican-Americans in the Southwest," and that "local officials in the Southwest abuse their discretion in setting excessive bail to punish Mexican-Americans rather than to guarantee their appearance for trial."

As if to warn that continuing such practices will only win new converts to Sanchez' philosophy that "to Anglos justice means just us," the commission concludes:

"The commission recognizes that individual law enforcement officers and court officers have made positive efforts to improve the administration of justice in their communities. The fact, however, that Mexican-Americans see justice being administered unevenly throughout the Southwest tends to weaken their confidence in an otherwise fair system. In addition, the absence of impartial tribunals in which claims of mistreatment can be litigated to a conclusion accepted by all sides tends to breed further distrust and cynicism."

C/S



OVERKILL AT "THE SILVER DOLLAR"

ENRIQUE HANK LOPEZ

Mr. Lopez is an international lawyer, with a degree from Harvard Law School. He is also the author of a novel, *Afro-6*

It was nearly midnight, and the barrio strangely quiet, quiet with fear. I had just left the Carioca restaurant with a dozen *tortillas de maíz* in a paper bag. I was spending the night before the funeral at my mother's house, and she'd promised to cook my favorite breakfast of *menudo con chile*. The tortillas, naturally, were essential.

Suddenly a police car screeched to a stop at the curb. Two cops jumped out and pushed me against the wall, frisking me from top to bottom with rough insolent hands. They said not a word, and neither did I. I was simply not *macho* enough to protest. A cop like these had blasted the skull of my friend Rubén Salazar, the Chicano columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, in the Silver Dollar café, and I was frankly afraid to cross them.

They have also arrested about 300 Chicanos since the police riot that erupted during the East Los Angeles peace rally that Rubén was covering on the afternoon he was killed. I didn't want to be "prisoner 301" — and, having flown all the way from New York, I certainly didn't want to miss Ruben's funeral. So I accepted the indignity of their frisk with a gut-souring meekness. This is all familiar stuff to anyone who has lived in a Chicano barrio. And when they yanked off my shoes and shook them upside-down, I clamped my mouth to hold back the sour saliva that I'd like to spit in their faces.

(Dell Publishing), did the actual writing of Sam Houston Johnson's *My Brother Lyndon* (Cowles Book Co.), and contributes to a number of national magazines.

(*Reprinted with permission from *The Nation*, October 19, 1970.—Ed.)

Era casi medianoche y el barrio estaba extrañamente silencioso y paralizado, paralizado de miedo. Yo acababa de salir del restaurant Carioca con una docena de tortillas de maíz en una bolsa de papel. Iba a pasar la noche anterior a los funerales en casa de mi madre, y ella había prometido prepararme mi desayuno favorito de *menudo con chile*. Las tortillas, naturalmente, eran esenciales.

Súbitamente un carro policiaco frenó chirriando contra el contén. Dos policías saltaron fuera y me empujaron contra la pared esculcándome de pies a cabeza con manos ásperas e insolentes. No dijeron una sola palabra ni yo tampoco. Yo no era lo suficientemente "macho" para protestar. Un polizonte igual a estos le había volado la tapa de los sesos a mi amigo Rubén Salazar, el columnista Chicano del *Los Angeles Times* en el café Silver Dollar y yo temía de veras hacerle frente a su violencia. También ellos habían arrestado a unos 300 Chicanos desde los motines policiacos que surgieron durante la concentración de paz en East Los Ángeles que Rubén cubría para su periódico la tarde en que fue muerto. No quería ser el prisionero 301, y habiendo volado directamente desde New York hasta Los Ángeles, no quería faltar a los funerales de Rubén. Así pues, acepté la indignidad de un

"What do you do?" one of them asked.

"I'm a lawyer and a writer."

"Oh — one of those guys," in a tone suggesting one of those smart-ass spicks.

Suddenly noticing the brown paper bag in my hand, one of these guardians of the peace grabbed it and quickly shuffled through the tortillas in an apparent search for marijuana or heroin. Finding none, he gave them back. Later on I threw the tortillas into a trash can — they must have had a hundred cop fingerprints on them.

They let me go finally — a tribute to my meekness, to what I would rather call my old barrio wisdom. The pragmatism of fear. And in my confusion and resentment (or was it again a sense of prudent resignation?), I had not noticed their badge numbers. Nor would I be able to recognize their faces again. I'm afraid all cops' faces have begun to look alike to me. And that's tragic, in a way, because two years ago I wrote to Mayor Lindsay and the New York Police Commissioner, commending a police officer who had been extremely kind (fatherly kind) to my 10-year-old daughter when she was injured near our apartment while we were away, the baby sitter having gone astray. He had taken her to a hospital and stayed by her side for five hours. So it's not in me to be a cop hater.

Just below Soto and Brooklyn Avenue, while searching vainly for a cab on those deserted streets, I saw a police helicopter swishing over me like a giant insect, its bright, harsh searchlights probing the dark alleys and back yards of the barrio.

I wondered then if the police regard us Mexican-Americans as a community of barricaded criminals. The phrase came easily at that moment because that very afternoon the *Times* had quoted an expert as saying that the kind of missile that killed Rubén "should be used only against a barricaded criminal." Gene Pember, a consultant for the Peace Officers Standards and Training Commission, had told newsmen that the high-velocity tear-gas projectile that pierced Rubén's skull should never be used for crowd control, that "the thing is like a young cannon, really." Such missiles, he said, could go through a thick stucco wall. "That's what they are for — to penetrate a house or an object behind which a dangerous suspect has barricaded himself. But even then they should never be fired at a person."



esculcamiento con amarga mansedumbre. Esta es una situación familiar a cualquiera que haya vivido en el barrio Chicano. Y cuando los polizontes casi me arrancaron los zapatos y los sacudieron contra el piso, me mordí los labios y aguanté la amarga saliva que hubiera querido escupirles en el rostro.

—¿Qué hace Ud.? —preguntó uno de ellos.

—Soy abogado y escritor.

—Ah, uno de esos tipos... —dijo con un dejillo como si quisiera decir: uno de esos flamantes asnos cultivados.

Súbitamente, notando la bolsa de papel que llevaba en la mano, uno de estos guardianes del orden y de la paz, la agarró y comenzó a manosear las tortillas en una aparente búsqueda de marihuana o heroína. No habiendo encontrado mas que tortillas, me devolvió la bolsa. Más tarde arrojé las tortillas en un depósito de basura. Todas estaban, seguramente, impregnadas de las huellas digitales del polizonte.

Finalmente me dejaron ir como un tributo a mi sumisión o a la que yo preferiría llamar, mi vieja sabiduría del barrio: el pragmatismo del miedo. Pero en mi estado de confusión o agravio (¿sería acaso otra vez un sentido de prudente resignación?) no pude anotar los números de su insignia. Tampoco podría reconocerles las caras otra vez. Me temo que las caras de todos los policías me parecen iguales. Y esto es para mí una tragedia en más de un sentido porque hace dos años le escribí una carta al Alcalde Lindsay de New York y al Comisionado de Policía de esa ciudad alabando a un miembro de la policía que había sido extremadamente bondadoso (paternalmente bondadoso) con mi hijita de diez años, cuando ésta resultó herida cerca de nuestro apartamento, estando nosotros ausentes, por un extravío de la "Baby sitter." Este policía había llevado a mi hija al hospital y había permanecido a su lado durante cinco largas horas. De manera que no está en mí el ser un enemigo gratuito de la Policía. NO, yo no odio a la policía.

Justamente más abajo de Soto y Brooklyn, mientras buscaba en vano un taxi por esas calles desiertas, vi un helicóptero de la policía zumbando sobre mí como un insecto gigantesco, sus brillantes y potentes reflectores sondeando los oscuros callejones y patios del barrio. Me pregunté entonces si la policía nos considera a nosotros los mexicano-americanos una comunidad de criminales atrincherados. Esta frase me vino fácilmente en ese momento porque aquella misma tarde el *Los Angeles Times* había publicado las declaraciones de un experto el cual decía que el tipo de proyectil que mató a Rubén Salazar "debía emplearse solamente contra criminales atrincherados." Gene Pember, un asesor del *Peace Officers Standards and Training Commission*, había declarado a los periodistas que la alta velocidad del proyectil de gas lacrimógeno que perforó el cráneo de Rubén no debía usarse nunca para controlar a las multitudes porque el arma arrojadiza es, en verdad, como un "pequeño cañón." —Tales proyectiles —dijo— pueden perforar una pared de estuco de gran espesor. Para eso existen, para penetrar una casa o un objeto detrás del cual se haya atrincherado un individuo peligroso. Y aun entonces esos proyectiles no debieran dispararse nunca contra las personas."

El proyectil de diez pulgadas que mató a Rubén Salazar fue disparado por un Sheriff delegado, A TRAVÉS DE UNA PUERTA ABIERTA, a quema-ropa, a una distancia de quince pies. El sheriff que disparó el proyectil puede no

The 10-inch missile that killed Salazar was fired by a sheriff's deputy *through an open doorway* at a point-blank range of 15 feet. The deputy who fired that missile may not have known it was Rubén Salazar he was shooting, but he certainly knew it was a Chicano.

Yet, not once during the entire week following this obvious example of heedless slaughter would Sheriff Pitchess admit that his men might have been even slightly negligent. Sam Houston Johnson once told me that his brother LBJ suffered from a profound inability to say "I'm sorry" — to admit any error, however inconsequential. Certainly a tragic flaw in a human being, and I wonder if the Los Angeles sheriff shares that affliction. Far from blaming any of his men, he keeps talking about "outside agitators."

Small wonder that my fellow Chicanos are willing to believe almost any accusation against the police. When the *Times* subsequently devoted its entire front page to blown-up photos from a community newspaper called *La Raza* quoting at length from an article titled "The Murder of Rubén Salazar" — they may have begun to entertain even that suspicion.

Earlier that evening (several hours before the cops frisked me) I had attended a rally of Chicanos at the All Nations auditorium, where I heard their collective rage and frustration — my own as well — burst from the throats of one speaker after another, the packed listeners periodically stamping their feet and raising clenched fists as a symbol of "Chicano Power." The speeches were mostly in English, but occasionally resorted to a schizolingual amalgam of English and Spanish to stress a vital point. ("Let's show *los pinchis* placas that we're men — *que no bastard cop nos puede chingar!*") Tough barrio language, most of it spoken with the bitterness of long years of resentment, some of it with a hushed, melancholy sense of bitter resignation.

When Corky Gonzalez was introduced, a thunder of shoes stomped the floor and a chorus of "viva Chicano power" echoed from the walls, throbbing in my head, sending an expectant chill up my spine. But there was no flaming rhetoric from the much loved leader of the Crusade for Justice — no call to arms, no threat of violence. There was instead an urgent plea for Chicano unity, for a grass-roots drive for political power, for a reclaiming of "the occupied territory of Aztlán," that portion of the United States that once belonged to Mexico. It sounded more like a psychic take-back than a real one. The muted anger in his voice was



haber sabido que estaba disparando contra Ruben Salazar, pero sí sabía ciertamente que lo disparaba contra un Chicano. Y con todo, ni una sola vez durante la semana que siguió a este clásico ejemplo de matanza por descuido criminal, el *shériff* Pitchess admitió que sus hombres pudieron haber sido ligeramente negligentes.

Sam Houston Johnson me dijo una vez que su hermano LBJ padecía una profunda incapacidad para decir "Lo siento," para admitir cualquier error por muy poco importante que fuera. Esta es, ciertamente una trágica flaqueza del ser humano y yo me pregunto si el *Shériff* de Los Ángeles está también afligido por la misma debilidad. Lejos de culpar a ninguno de esos hombres, él sigue hablando de "agitadores venidos de otro lugar."

Poco debe extrañarnos que mis compañeros chicanos estén dispuestos a creer cualquier acusación que se haga a la policía. Cuando el *Times* dedicó subsecuentemente toda su primera página a las fotos ampliadas de un periódico de la comunidad llamado *La Raza*, y citó y reprodujo en toda su extensión un artículo titulado: *El Asesinato de Rubén Salazar*, es probable que ellos allá en el *Times* hayan abrigado también las mismas sospechas.

En las primeras horas de aquella tarde (varias horas antes de que los polizontes me esculcaran), yo había asistido a una concentración de Chicanos que se celebró en el auditorium "All Nations" donde escuché la voz colectiva de ira y frustración — la mía entre ellas — estallando en las gargantas de uno tras otro orador, el público apiñado y escuchando con gran atención, haciendo sonar sus pies en el suelo periódicamente y levantando el puño cerrado como símbolo del "Poder Chicano." Los discursos se pronunciaban en inglés en su mayor parte, pero ocasionalmente los oradores apelaban a una amalgama esquizo-lingual de inglés y español para hacer incapié en algún punto de vista ("Mostrémosle a los pinches placas que nosotros somos muy hombres, que ningún polizonte bastardo nos puede chingar") Duro lenguaje del barrio expresado casi siempre con la amargura de largos años de agravios, humillaciones, sufrimientos, y a veces con un sentido callado, melancólico, de amarga resignación.

Cuando Corky González fue presentado al público, un trueno de zapatas sacudió el salón y un potente coro de voces que exclamaba "Viva el Poder Chicano" retumbó de las paredes y vibró en mis sienes, produciéndome un escalofrío en la columna vertebral. *Pero no había ninguna retórica inflamada en el líder amado de la Cruzada por la Justicia, ninguna llamada a las armas, ninguna amenaza de violencia. Había en su lugar una urgente apelación a la unidad Chicana, un ansia arraigada de poder político, una "reclamación" del "territorio ocupado de Aztlán," esa porción de los Estados Unidos que una vez perteneció a México. Aquello sonaba más a una revolución psíquica que a una verdadera revolución. La muda ira que vibraba en su voz, estaba sazónada con una ironía llena de humor cuando dijo:*

—Yo fui torcido en la concentración de paz y acusado de sospechoso de robo porque tenía \$325 dólares en mi billetera. Para los polizontes gabachos parece que es un horrible acto sospechoso el que un Chicano tenga esa cantidad de lana encima.

Evidentemente conmovidos por la hipnotizante garra de Corky sobre la audiencia, René Anselmo (un millonario

spiced with humorous irony when he told the crowd, "I was busted at the peace rally and charged with suspicion of robbery because I had \$325 in my billfold. To the *gabacho* cops, I guess it's awful damned suspicious for a Chicano to have that much bread."

Clearly moved by Corky's mesmeric hold on the audience, Rene Anselmo (an Anglo millionaire who owns three TV stations) instantly donated \$100 to the bail-bond fund for the 300 Chicanos who had been arrested since the riot. By coincidence, Captain Ernest Medina — defendant in the My Lai massacre case — was in Los Angeles during that same period, seeking donations for his defense from fellow Mexican-Americans. I doubt that he could have raised 2¢ from the people who heard Corky, though I'm told that American Legionnaires in his home town think him a hero.

After the rally I went to the Carioca bar-restaurant to eat Mexican food. It was also a sentimental gesture. The last time I had seen Rubén Salazar we had come to this restaurant, mostly to hear the mariachi trio that entertains here. They had played our favorite *Adelita* and *Siete Leguas*, songs of the Mexican Revolution that led us into a pleasant nostalgic mood. I had once written that my father was the only private in Pancho Villa's army, and he was now claiming that *his* father was the only private, smiling in that gentle way he had, his eyes shining with impish enjoyment. What better basis for a deep and abiding friendship than our mutual conviction that *each* of our fathers was the only private in that famous rebel *División del norte*?

Our conversation became serious after a while. Rubén was deeply concerned about the laggard pace of bilingual education programs for Chicano children in the early grades. Most educators know that everyone's greatest, most intense period of learning is from birth to the age of 5. For a Chicano that fast-paced, crucial learning is acquired in Spanish or in a "pocho" combination of Spanish and English. But the day he enters kindergarten — a day of intense anxiety even for a child from the most secure Anglo environment — that learning tool is snatched away. He's not permitted to speak the only language he knows. So he sits in frustration, confusion and fright as the teacher and the "more advantaged" kids talk in alien sounds, making him feel dumb and lost. The experience is repeated hour after hour, day after day, until he's ultimately defeated. There is



anglo que posee tres estaciones de TV, donó inmediatamente cien dólares para el fondo de fianza de los 300 chicanos que habían sido arrestados desde el estallido del motín. Por una curiosa coincidencia, el Capitán Ernest Medina, acusado de la massacre de My Lai, Indochina, estaba en Los Angeles por aquellos días buscando donaciones para su defensa entre los compañeros méxico-americanos. Yo dudo que él hubiera podido levantar dos centavos entre las personas que escucharon a Corky, aunque se me ha dicho que los Legionarios Americanos de su pueblo natal lo consideran un héroe.

Después de la concentración fuí al bar-restaurant Carioca a comer platos mexicanos. Fue aquel también un gesto sentimental. La última vez que vi a Rubén Salazar habíamos venido juntos a este restaurant, más que nada para escuchar a un trío de Mariachis que deleitaba a los parroquianos habían ejecutado nuestras favoritas *Adelita* y *Siete Leguas*, viejas canciones de la Revolución Mexicana que nos pusieron en cierto estado de nostalgia. Yo había escrito una vez que mi padre había sido el único soldado raso del ejército de Pancho Villa, y él estaba ahora diciéndome que su padre había sido el único soldado raso de aquel ejército, sonriendo de esa manera tan gentil que él solía tener, con los ojos fulgurantes de travesura. ¿Qué mejor base para una honda y cumplida amistad que nuestra convicción de que cada uno de nuestros padres había sido el único soldado raso de la famosa División del Norte?

Nuestra conversación se tornó más seria después. Rubén estaba profundamente preocupado por el ritmo moroso y tan lento de los programas de educación bilingüe para los niños Chicanos de los primeros grados.

La mayor parte de los educadores sabe que el periodo de mayor y más intenso aprendizaje es el que va del nacimiento a la edad de cinco años. Para un Chicano ese rápido y crucial periodo de aprendizaje, se desarrolla en español o en la combinación "Pocho" de inglés y español. Pero el día en que el niño entra en el Kindergarten — día de intensa ansiedad hasta para un niño del más seguro ambiente anglo — ese precioso instrumento de aprendizaje que es la lengua en que él se expresa, le es arrebatado drásticamente. Y no se le permite hablar en el único idioma que él conoce. Así el niño comienza a sufrir una completa frustración y cae en un estado de confusión y temor cuando el maestro y los chicos mas adelantados le hablan en sonidos extranjeros que lo hacen sentirse como un mudo completamente extraviado. La experiencia se repite hora tras hora, día tras día hasta que el niño es finalmente derrotado. No hay nada más tierno, delicado y frágil que una criatura de cinco años en un ambiente extraño.

El Chicano llega a la escuela con una sensación de fracaso; no tiene oportunidades de triunfar ni posibilidades de obtener recompensas y refuerzos que los fríos educadores consideran indispensables. La alta proporción de mexicano americanos que abandonan los estudios (*Drop-outs*) en la segunda enseñanza (58 por ciento en algunos barrios Chicanos, una proporción más alta que la de los estudiantes negros) es un síntoma algo retardado del rechazo por la escuela que comienza el primer día de Kindergarten.

—¿Porqué no enseñan a nuestros chicos Chicanos en ambos idiomas, español e inglés? —preguntó Rubén tambor-

no one more fragile than a 5-year-old child on alien turf.

The Chicano brings failure to school with him; he has no chance of success, no possibility of the "reward and reinforcement" that child educators feel is indispensable. The high school dropout rate for Mexican-Americans (58 per cent in some Chicano ghettos — higher than the rate for black students) is a belated symptom of the dropping out that begins on the first day of kindergarten.

"Why can't they teach our Chicano kids in both Spanish and English?" asked Rubén, fingering an empty glass. "If they could have genuine bilingual classes — Spanish in the morning and English in the afternoon — there would be some trace of comforting familiarity between school and their home. They could feel successful in Spanish, capable of learning. They wouldn't feel dumb, they wouldn't quit trying as they do now. With a gradual transition in kindergarten and the first two grades, English would be easier.

His convictions were an echo of educational theories developed by Dr. Jerome Bruner, director of Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, who has said that ghetto youngsters often face insuperable linguistic and environmental obstacles.

Ordering another round of margaritas that evening, we talked of other problems that bedevil Chicano kids. Thinking of the kid-glove treatment used on the Kennedy-Shriver cousins when they were arrested for possession of marijuana, we were both sure that a Chicano or black teen-ager would have been summarily convicted and sent to a reformatory for at least six months.

I told Rubén of my first encounter with the juvenile court system as a lawyer (I'd had several as a child). A Mexican-American woman had called my office in a state verging on hysteria. Her 13-year-old son — let's call him Ramón Gómez — had been picked up by the police and whisked off in a squad car, but no one at the local precinct station would tell her where he was. Within half an hour we were at the Hollenbeck station in East Los Angeles, and were informed that Ramon wasn't there. No record of his arrest. Then we hurried to the Juvenile Detention Home, where the desk captain said there was no booking on a Ramón Gómez. But as we were leaving, a young Chicano trustee told us that a boy answering Ramón's description had been taken from the detention home to the Los Angeles General Hospital. "He had a bloody bandage on his face." Checking the prison ward at the hospital, we learned two hours later that he'd received treatment for a fractured nose and then been returned to the detention home.

When we tried to see him at the so-called home, we were told he couldn't have visitors — nor could I see him in my capacity as his attorney. Angered by this refusal (any adult prisoner can see a lawyer), I went to a bail bondsman, who told me that kids weren't entitled to release on bail. Then I called several judges, who told me that they couldn't order his release on a writ of *habeas corpus* because children weren't entitled to that constitutional right.

When I finally saw the boy, he told me that he'd been accused of trying to break into a bubble-gum machine. "I put a penny in there and the gum didn't come out, so I was shaking it when the police came by. And when I tried to

ileando con los dedos en el vaso.— Si los chicos pudieran tener verdaderas clases bilingües — español por la mañana y inglés por la tarde — tendrían entonces alguna muestra de reconfortante familiaridad que aproximaría sus hogares a la escuela. Podrían sentirse llenos de confianza en el idioma español y con capacidad de aprender. No estarían en el aula como mudos ni desistirían de sus esfuerzos como hacen ahora. Con una transición gradual en el Kindergarten y en los primeros grados, el inglés les resultaría mucho más fácil.

Las convicciones de Rubén eran un eco de las teorías educacionales desarrolladas por el Dr. Jerome Bruner, director del Centro de Harvard para el Estudio de la Ciencia del Conocimiento, quien ha dicho que los muchachos de los ghettos enfrentan con frecuencia insuperables obstáculos lingüísticos y ambientales.

Ordenando una segunda tanda de margaritas, aquella tarde conversamos sobre otros problemas que atormentan a los niños chicanos. Contemplando el tratamiento con guantes de seda que se le dió a los sobrinos de Kennedy-Shriver cuando fueron arrestados por poseer marihuana, ambos estuvimos de acuerdo en que si se hubiera tratado de adolescentes Chicanos o negros, éstos habrían sido convictos rápidamente y enviados a un reformatory durante seis meses por lo menos.

Le conté entonces a Rubén mi primera experiencia con el sistema de cortes juveniles como abogado. (Tuve varias experiencias cuando era niño). Una pobre mujer México-americana había llamado a mi oficina en un estado que lindaba casi con la histeria. Su hijo de trece años — llamémosle Ramón Gómez — había sido cogido por la policía y metido en un carro patrullero, pero nadie en el precinto local le decía donde se hallaba el muchacho. A la media hora estábamos nosotros en la estación de Hollenbeck, en East Los Angeles, y fuimos informados de que Ramón no estaba allí. No había ninguna constancia de su arresto. Corrimos entonces al Hogar de Detención Juvenil, donde el capitán de carpeta nos dijo que no había ningún preso registrado con el nombre de Ramón Gómez. Pero cuando salíamos de la estación un joven fiador Chicano nos dijo que un muchacho cuyas señas correspondían con la descripción que le hacíamos de Ramón, había sido llevado del Hogar de Detenidos al Hospital General de Los Ángeles. —Tenía un vendaje en la cara llena de sangre.— Al revisar la lista de detenidos en el hospital supimos dos horas después que el muchacho había recibido tratamiento médico por fractura de la nariz y que había sido devuelto al Hogar de Detención Juvenil.

Cuando tratamos de verlo en aquel llamado Hogar, se nos dijo que el chico no podía recibir visitas ni que yo podría verlo en mi condición de abogado. Molesto ante esta negativa (cualquier preso adulto puede ver a un abogado), fui directamente donde un fiancista quién me dijo que los muchachos no tenían derecho de gozar de libertad provisional bajo fianza. Después llamé a varios jueces quienes me dijeron que ellos no podían ordenar la libertad del muchacho en ningún recurso de Habeas Corpus porque los niños no tienen ese derecho constitucional.

Cuando finalmente pude ver al chico, éste me dijo que lo habían acusado de tratar de asaltar una maquinita de *Buble-Gum* (goma de mascar). —Yo puse un penny en la ranura de la maquinita, pero la goma no salió. De manera

explain what happened, one of them slapped me. Then when I protested, they got me in the car, and one of them started punching my face with his closed fist, calling me a smart-aleck spick. That's how my nose got busted."

The Kafkaesque nightmare continued the next day at Ramón's hearing in juvenile court. The judge immediately informed me that I couldn't act as his lawyer "because this is not a criminal proceeding."

"Then why are you treating him like a criminal?" I asked. "Why has he been detained in that jail?"

"That's not a jail," he said rather testily. "It's only a detention home."

Paraphrasing Gertrude Stein, I said: "It has barred cells like a jail and barred gates to keep those kids inside, and a jail is a jail is a jail — no matter what name you give it."

But he still wouldn't let me appear as Ramón's lawyer, so his mother and I just sat there watching the nightmare proceedings of that quick-justice cafeteria called a "court." Not only were the juvenile defendants (almost all of them black or Chicano) denied lawyers; they couldn't face their accusers, they couldn't cross-examine witnesses against them, they couldn't object to rank hearsay testimony, they weren't protected by any of the normal rules of evidence. They were, in fact, unable to invoke any of the constitutional safeguards that are available to known gangsters.

And when I asked the judge for a transcript of the hearing after he had sentenced Ramón to six months in a reformatory, his mother pleaded with me not to appeal the case. "If we raise a big fuss," she said, "they'll only make it tougher on Ramón when he gets out. He'll be a marked man. We Chicanos don't have a chance."

Rubén had a film of tears in his eyes when I told him about Ramón. "*Cómo son pinchis*," he said. "How can they be such bastards with little kids? And think of all the other Ramóns who've been in the same bag."

Ramón Gómez must be 20 years old by now. He may have been one of the tight-mouthed militants in the angry crowd at the All Nations auditorium on the night before Rubén's funeral, listening to one speaker comment on the tear-gassing of children at the peace rally, listening to the

que comencé a sacudir la maquinita para que me devolviera el penny o me sirviera la goma de mascar, y en eso llegó la policía. Cuando traté de explicarles lo que pasaba, uno de ellos me dió una bofetada. Y cuando protesté me llevaron dentro del carro y uno de ellos comenzó a golpear me en la cara con el puño cerrado diciéndome que yo era un descarado y un presumido. Así fue como me reventaron la nariz.

Esta pesadilla Kafkiana continuó el día siguiente durante el juicio de Ramón en la corte juvenil. El juez me informó inmediatamente que yo no podía actuar como abogado del chico porque —éste no era un proceso criminal.

—¿Y por qué lo está tratando Ud. a él como a un criminal? —le pregunté— ¿Por qué ha sido metido en una cárcel?

—Esa no es una cárcel —me dijo el juez no muy seguro— Es solo un Hogar de Detención.

Parafraseando a Gertrude Stein le dije:

—Pero tiene celdas con barras de hierro como una cárcel y tiene rejas de hierro para mantener a los chicos dentro. Y una cárcel es una cárcel, no importa el nombre que Ud. le dé.

Pero aun así no me permitió personarme como abogado de Ramón. Su madre y yo nos sentamos y observamos, como en una pesadilla, el procedimiento de "justicia de cafetería" de aquella llamada "Corte." No solamente se les negaba el derecho de tener abogados a los jovencitos acusados (casi todos ellos negros o Chicanos); sino que los chicos no podían encarar a sus acusadores ni tener un careo con los testigos que declaraban contra ellos; no podían siquiera objetar los rumores y habladurías que se traían a la corte como testimonios. No estaban protegidos, por ninguna de las normas de la prueba legal. No podían de hecho invocar ninguna de las salvaguardas constitucionales que están a la disposición de gangsters conocidos.

Y cuando le pedí al juez la transcripción de la vista después de haber él sentenciado a Ramón a seis meses en un reformatory, su pobre madre me rogó llena de miedo que no hiciera ninguna apelación contra la sentencia.

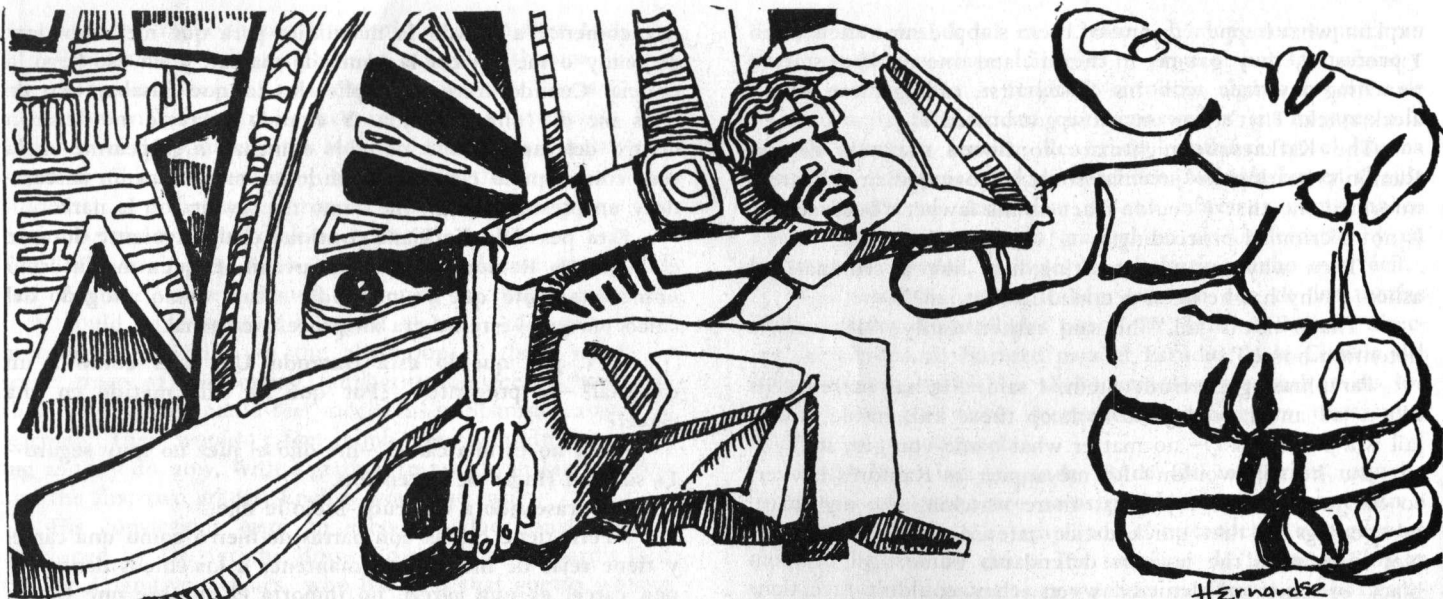
—Si hacemos alguna agitación —me dijo— perjudicaremos a Ramón y le haremos la vida imposible cuando salga. Será un hombre marcado, Nosotros los chicanos no tenemos el menor chance.

A Rubén se le humedecieron los ojos cuando le conté el caso de Ramón.

—Como son pinches —dijo— ¿Cómo pueden ser tan bastards con los chicos? Y pensar en todos los otros Ramones que han estado, con nosotros, en la misma bolsa.

Ramón Gómez debe ser ya un joven de 20 años. Puede haber sido uno de esos militantes de labios apretados que formaban parte de la multitud airada que se congregó en el auditorium All Nations la noche anterior al funeral de Rubén. Allí habrá escuchado el comentario de uno de los oradores sobre el asalto con bombas de gas lacrimógeno contra los muchachos en la concentración por paz, la amarga ironía de Corky González. También sabrá, como casi todos los chicanos, que Corky es un hombre marcado, que el FBI probablemente lo sigue de uno a otro estado cuando él se mueve de uno a otro campo universitario, de barrio en barrio, pidiendo a sus hermanos de bronce que se unan en la causa común. Ramón sabe por propia experiencia personal





bitter irony in Corky Gonzalez's voice. He's heard, as most Chicanos have, that Corky is a marked man, that the FBI probably shadows him from one state to another as he goes from campus to campus, from barrio to barrio, asking his brown brothers to join in common cause. Ramón knows from personal experience (as do too many Chicanos who have been brutalized by certain cops, by the juvenile court system, by those crime-breeding reformatories), knows with a sickening fear that the police may some day crowd in on Corky, and that tragic violence may result.

But quite aside from his own not likely to be forgotten experience with the law, Ramón knows about inferior ghetto schools with indifferent teachers, about poor substandard housing, about high unemployment in the barrio, about radio and television shows that demean and insult his fellow *paisanos*. And he must be aware that local and federal government agencies largely ignore the plight of 8 million invisible Mexican-Americans. And he certainly knows that the television networks, national magazines and news syndicates are generally deaf to the despairing voices of the barrio, although the more strident voices from black ghettos get ample notice.

Those same news media have been outraged by the alarming increase of cop killers — and it is well they should be, for any killing is abhorrent. But they should also know that the phrase is sometimes reversed in the ghetto — that Chicanos and blacks and poor whites often talk about killer cops with equal abhorrence.

Ramón and the rest of us Chicanos have been urged to turn a deaf ear to the dangerous cry of the militant, to listen instead to the voices of reason, to the voices of the people like Rubén Salazar. And though I myself felt slightly less than reasonable when those two cops shoved me against the wall on a dark lonely street, I would certainly agree that our only hope is reason and good will.

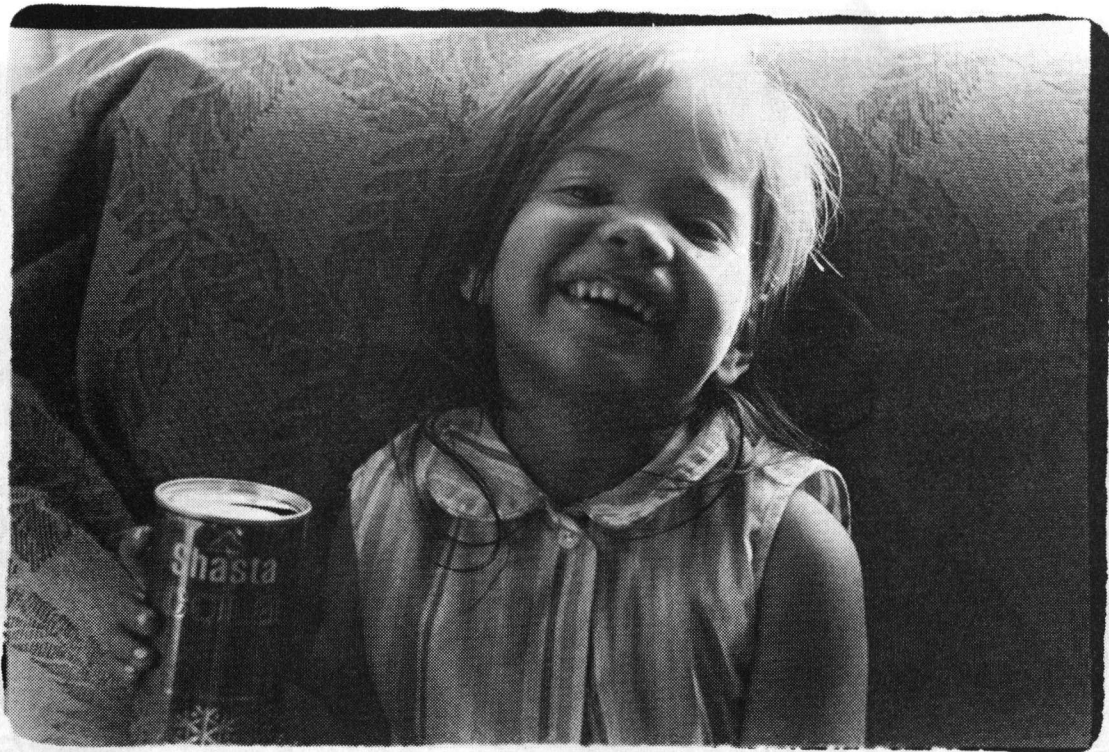
One must also hope that the police and other authorities will come to realize that reason flows both ways, that this fragile society can ill afford the frightening consequences of the kind of overkill that silenced the most reasonable voice of Rubén Salazar.

(como tantos otros Chicanos ignominiosamente maltratados por la policía y por el sistema de las cortes juveniles y por esos reformatorios generadores del crimen, que la policía podrá algún día agolparse sobre Corky y que una trágica violencia podrá surgir allí. Pero aparte de su propia y seguramente nunca olvidable experiencia con la ley, Ramón sabe más de las escuelas inferiores de los ghettos con maestros indiferentes; del pobre nivel sanitario y poco confort de las casas en que radican esas escuelas, del alto índice de desempleo en el barrio, de los espectáculos de radio y televisión que menoscaban e insultan a sus compañeros paisanos. Y él debe seguramente saber que las agencias del gobierno local y federal ignoran los apuros y las angustias de ocho millones de invisibles Méxicoamericanos. Y él ciertamente sabe que las cadenas de televisión, los magazines nacionales y los sindicatos noticieros, prestan generalmente oídos sordos a las voces desesperadas del barrio, aunque las voces más estridentes de los ghettos negros tienen mayor acogida.

Esos mismos medios noticieros se han sentido ultrajados ante el crecimiento alarmante de policías asesinados — y es lógico que así sea porque todo crimen es aborrecible; pero esos medios debieran saber también que los hechos algunas veces se invierten en el ghetto, que los Chicanos y los negros y los blancos pobres hablan a menudo de los policías que matan con igual aborrecimiento.

Ramón y todos nosotros, Chicanos, hemos sido urgidos a poner oídos sordos al grito peligroso de los militantes y a escuchar, en su lugar, otras voces razonables, las voces de hombres como Rubén Salazar. Y aunque yo mismo me sentí algo menos que razonable cuando esos dos policías me sacudieron y lanzaron contra la pared en una oscura y solitaria calle del barrio, convengo en que nuestra única esperanza es la razón y la buena voluntad. Debemos esperar también que la policía y otras autoridades acaben de darse cuenta que la razón debe fluir en ambos sentidos, que esta frágil sociedad no puede soportar las aterradoras consecuencias de la clase de muerte con armas excesivas, de la ultramanza que silenció la muy razonable voz de Rubén Salazar.

(Versión de Miguel de León)



EL ARTE DEL CHICANO

"The Spirit of the Experience"

By Gilberto Sanchez Luján

The public has had difficulties in grasping the essence of Chicano Art as have artists who have their roots in the Chicano experience. Chicano Art is a label for an art concept with a common culture.

People have been unable to accept that Chicano Art is the reflection of the entire Chicano experience, because they have projected certain stereotyped notions into the concept, and in so doing, denied it intrinsic value and validity.

The problems inherent in the development of Chicano Art and the Chicano Artist are largely that of overcoming (1) the destruction process that the U.S.A. institutions have placed on the Chicano identity, (2) the inability to affirm a unique culture as is manifest in the great reluctance of most Chicanos to say "Soy Chicano" with pride and with conviction.

Very few Chicanos who have grown up in the barrios and disciplined themselves as artists have used their Chicano experience to make personal or universal visual statements. They have been taught to mistrust and to place no value on the unique life style of the barrio, and have instead modeled their art expression after other world art concepts that institutions, schools and critics consider to be within the accepted code. What is overlooked is that Chicano Art only substantiates universal art principles via the particular Chicano world-view.

The development of Chicano Art has been additionally hampered by the notion that the life experiences of Chicanos are either Mexican or U.S.A. anglo. It is not perceived

that the actual Chicano experience has its own distinct vitality and dynamics. This polarity that people have assigned to the Chicano identity also has caused the public incorrectly to perceive Chicano Art as being either Mexican influenced or anglo influenced and have thus negated the cultural diversity that the Chicano is experiencing. The Chicano and his visual order has historical roots and does not exist encapsulated from the influence of the mass media that reaches deeply into the lives of all those who live in any industrialized society.

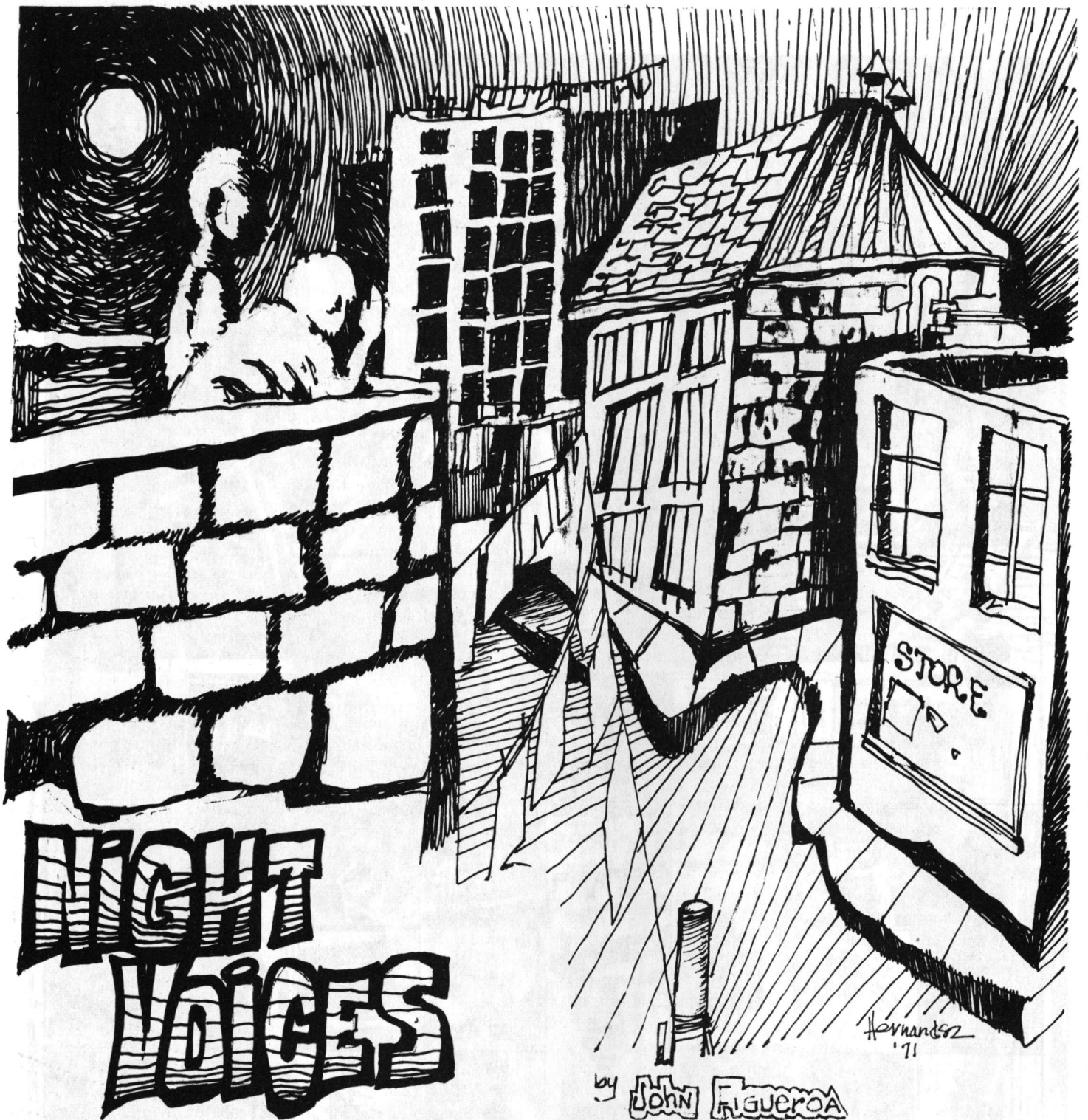
There are some who would say that the Chicano experience is lacking in those elements that lend themselves to universal artistic expressions. This is a narrow and short-sighted view. One only has to examine the barrio to see that the elements to choose from are as infinite as any culture allows.

The Chicano has always been involved in a cultural process that can be properly looked upon as art. Some Chicano artists are already reevaluating these common cultural elements and transforming them into visible and tangible images and art forms. Examine Chicano folk art such as sculptured ranflas, the calligraphy of wall writings (grafitti), the gardens of our *abuelos*. More refined examples of Chicano Art would be sculptured *menudo* bones, drawings on *tortillas*, *vato loco* portraits, woodcuts of famous Chicanos, etc.

The opposite page depicts some examples of the Chicano visual experience. These may be considered valid artistic sources on which the Chicano Artist should elaborate.

C/S





Pedro stood at a corner beneath a tree where he couldn't be seen easily. He was becoming chilled. He moved nearer the tree to shield himself from the night breeze, then looked down the dark street, watching for Seferino. A figure darted from one of the projects in the middle of the block. It trotted toward him, running close to the shadow of the buildings.

"Where you been, man?" Pedro asked irritably as Sef came up. Sef was taller than Pedro, but thinner and younger. He was fifteen.

"Had to wait 'til David left. He wanted ta come, but I tol' him no. I had a hard time getting rid of him. Y'know how he is."

"Yeah. Goddamn little pest." There was a hint of envy in Pedro's voice. David had once let him in on a good plan. They'd burglarized the corner grocery together. "Sometimes he's all right, though. Where we gonna meet her?"

Sef pointed behind him.

"Last buildin'. I just saw her goin' up. Tol' me she got them to let her spend the weekend with her auntie. Her

auntie thinks she's goin' to the movies."

"Great, man. Let's go."

They hurried down the block. Reaching the last project tenement, they ran inside and quietly climbed the stairs to the roof. They looked around for Sylvia. Sef whistled softly and she stepped from behind a sheet on a cluttered clothesline. Without a word they walked over to her. The three tiptoed over to a corner of the roof and sat, Sylvia in the middle.

"You got it?" Sylvia whispered to Pedro when they were settled. He pointed to Sef. Sef unzipped his jacket, reached in, and removed a folded plastic bag tied to a tube of model airplane glue. He carefully unfolded the plastic, removed the cap from the tube, and squeezed a quarter of the contents into the bag.

Pedro turned to Sylvia.

"Y'never really done it before, Sylvia?"

"No. But I been high before, don't think I ain't. I got stoned on whiskey with Mike Ramirez and the guys a couple a weeks ago."

"It ain't hard to do — here, I'll show ya."

He grabbed the bag from Sef. She watched closely. Pedro took a deep breath, blew the air into the bag, then sucked it all back into his lungs.

"Say, that ain't so hard," she said. "I thought you had to chew the glue or somethin'!"

Pedro handed the bag to Sef, who imitated the inhaling process.

"Hey," Sylvia said, nudging Sef as he sucked in glue, "look at him already, willya!"

Pedro's eyes had changed. The sharp fumes had shot to his brain and his eyes were dulled, the lids closing. His head was heavy, and he felt that the cars and trucks passing in the street below were riding in his skull. He lay back on the parapet, letting the weird feelings take hold.

Sef handed the bag to Sylvia.

"Squeeze the glue at the bottom as you suck in," he said. "We get more out of it that way."

She did as he said, gagging as the acrid fumes coursed in her throat. She offered the bag to Pedro; he pushed it away.

"Take some more," he said.

She took two more pulls. Pedro took another round and pushed it over to Sef, who squeezed more glue into the plastic. Pedro sat suddenly erect.

"Shhh," he said. "quiet!" Somebody's coming. Hide it!"

They heard soft footsteps coming toward them.

"Hey! What the hell's goin' on around here, goddammit?" It was David, Sef's thirteen-year-old brother.

"Damn, Sef." Pedro admonished, "why'd ya tell him where we were goin'?"

"I didn't . . . but you know David!"

David squatted in front of them, eyeing Sylvia.

"You guys aren't as smart as you think you are. I was watchin' from behind a car across the street. I saw youse come up."

He smiled at Sylvia.

"But I sure didn't think you'd have Sylvia up here. If I'd a known, I would 'a been here sooner!"

"Shaddup!" Pedro yelled. "Don't talk so loud. Nobody invited you here!"

"Well I'm here, ain't I? And I'm not leaving!"

"Ah, let 'im stay," Sef said. "But be quiet, willya!" He began inhaling again. David watched him, now and then shifting his eyes to Sylvia, looking at her legs.

"Hey!"

"Shhh, David, goddamit!" Pedro said. "Don't shout."

David lowered his voice.

"I was only gonna say that you guys are doin' it wrong. It's better, more kick, if you blow in and out fast. Don't take deep breaths. Here, lemme show ya!" He took the bag from Sef, who was too dizzy to protest. He demonstrated, his eyes over the bag staring at Sylvia. She noticed the look, but the glue had made her thoughts scattered and confused, and she didn't care. She seemed to herself to be dreaming. The place and scene seemed unreal.

They finished the rest of the glue — using David's method — in silence, the quiet interrupted only by the rustle of the plastic as it passed from hand to hand — four now, for David had assumed a regular turn. Sef crushed the bag and threw it over the edge of the roof. He twisted the empty tube into a ball and tossed it into a corner. No one spoke. Pedro, Sylvia and Sef lay back and stared at the sky. David was sprawled on his stomach in front of them, positioned so he could look up Sylvia's dress.

"Say, Sylvia," he said abruptly. "Mike Ramirez says he and the other guys had you and your cousin Mercedes drunk a coupl' a weeks ago. H-e tol' me you were the only one who wouldn't put out. That true?"

Sylvia stiffened and glared at David.

"Whaddyou care, punk? Even if it was true, I wouldn't tell you!"

"Keep it down, Sylvia! Somebody'll hear us up here if you keep yellin' like that!" Pedro said to her; then to David, "And you, you take it easy. This is her first time. So cool it!"

"I just asked, that's all! Nothin' to get mad about. I just thought livin' in that home an' all, she'd be like all them other girls."

"Whaddyou mean?" Sylvia shouted, ignoring Pedro's warning. "Just because I live in that place don't mean I'm a whore, you know? I don't live there 'cause I like it! I wouldn't be there at all if my auntie didn't have so many kids. So cut out that nasty stuff!"

"Awright, awright! I did'n mean anything. I asked a simple question, that's all, and you could've answered yes or no. I wasn't callin' you a whore either. It's just that all the girls there put out, and you don't, that's all. So relax, willya?"

"Don't call me a whore, that's all I got to say."

She lay back and looked up at the moon. David resumed looking up her dress. He knew why Pedro and Sef had brought her up here. But she was a tough one. Mike said she had drunk half a pint of whiskey and was practically out on her feet, but still knew what was happening. They'd gotten to Mercedes all right — she was stupid. Sylvia was different, interesting. He stood up, stretched and walked over to the far edge of the roof. There were few stars in the sky and only one cloud, sitting atop the half moon like a hat. He stared a long time at the wisp of cloud, enjoying the way the glue twisted it into eerie shapes. The other three sat with their eyes closed, each lost in his own thoughts. After a

time, David came back from the edge and stood before Sylvia.

"Sylvia! Hey, wake up! I wanna ask you somethin'."

Her eyes opened slowly.

"Now, don' get mad. I'm serious this time. I've been thinkin'. Y'know, me'n Sef, we got a family, and I kinda think it must be pretty bad for someone to stay where you live. How'd you happen to wind up there?"

"Dont you dare start that stuff again, goddammit!" Sylvia said, coming upright.

"Now wait a minute! I don't mean any harm. I mean, here we are — me, you, Sef and Pedro sniffin' glue together. That makes us friends, right?"

"Wrong!"

"Aw, c'mon, I'm only tryin' ta be nice. Anyway, here we are. Well, the way I see it we gotta talk to each other — that's what friends are for, to talk to and trust each other."

Sef eyed David stupidly, wondering what he was up to. He decided to come to his aid.

"He doesn't mean nothin' by it, Sylvia," he said. "I mean, he's my kid brother and a goddam pest, but he's all right. What he means is, most friends talk about each other — they trust each other. That's what makes them friends. You never tol' me how you came to be in the home. Willy tell me about it?"

Sylvia thought a moment then spoke directly to Sef.

"We-ell, o.k. But not because I wanna be *David's* friend!"

The full effect of the glue was noticeable in Sylvia's voice as she spoke. She slurred her words and spoke very slowly. David knelt down before her, listening.

"My auntie says my father and mother used to fight all the time. I guess I was too much for them because when they had me they split up and took off. They left me on my auntie's lawn. Nobody's ever heard of 'em since. Auntie thinks they're dead. She's always saying my mother was a whore and slept with everybody. Auntie had too many kids to take care of me, so she put me in the home. I've been there ever since and 'til I'm eighteen. There! Now you know." She leaned back against the parapet. "Wow, am I dizzy! That damn glue's pretty powerful stuff, ain't it?"

Sef took off his jacket and placed it behind her.

"Here, lean back. Looks like it's gonna hit you hard."

"Damn, that's sad," he said. "I hate to hear things like that. But you know, that reminds me of something my mother keeps telling Sef and me. It's a legend from back home. She's always usin' it to show us how lucky we are to have her for our mother.

"It seems like a long time ago — someplace in Mexico — there was a woman who gave her kid away because she didn't want it. They say when she died she went to heaven — all dressed in white — but God wouldn't let her in. He told her she'd have to walk the earth forever and ever until she found her kid, then He'd let her in. My mother says the woman can be seen wandering around sometimes. She always comes out on clear nights, something like tonight, and my old lady says you can hear her calling for her baby. The point is my mother uses this to make us 'preciate her because she ain't left us like the woman in white. Isn't that stupid? Kinda scary, though, if you believe it. Maybe you're lucky after all, Sylvia. If you'd a had a mother, you

would've been forced to listen to all that off the wall bullshit!"

Sylvia was silent. A vague terror stirred within her as she thought of the woman in white.

"Well, later for that," David said. "Let's enjoy the glue, o.k.? Listen, Sylvia, did you know that with the glue you can dream? Man, you c'n go on some beautiful trips. Here, I'll show ya. Just watch me."

He got up, looked at the sky and pointed to the cloud over the moon. Sylvia felt numb, but she forced herself to watch, if only to erase the image of the woman in white from her mind. David began to wave his arm around in a small circle, talking to the cloud.

"Cloud, cloud, cloud," he chanted, "around and around I see you, down and down I want you. Moon, moon, moon, turn your cloud loose so we can dream." He repeated this several times, then resumed his position in front of the other three.

"Now we can dream," he said, looking intently at Sylvia.

Sylvia stared, transfixed, at the moon. As she looked, her mind was illuminated by a great white light. There were no thoughts, but she felt that her whole being was directed at the sky through a bright mask that was her eyes. The dizziness within her saw the cloud detach itself from the moon and float slowly in the black sky overhead. She moved closer to Pedro, hoping the touch of him would push the cloud back to the moon. The cloud hovered a moment above her, a shapeless piece of dark cotton, then it began to take form. It seemed to brighten and turn itself upright. Now it was a white gown, ankle length, full flowing and bodiless.

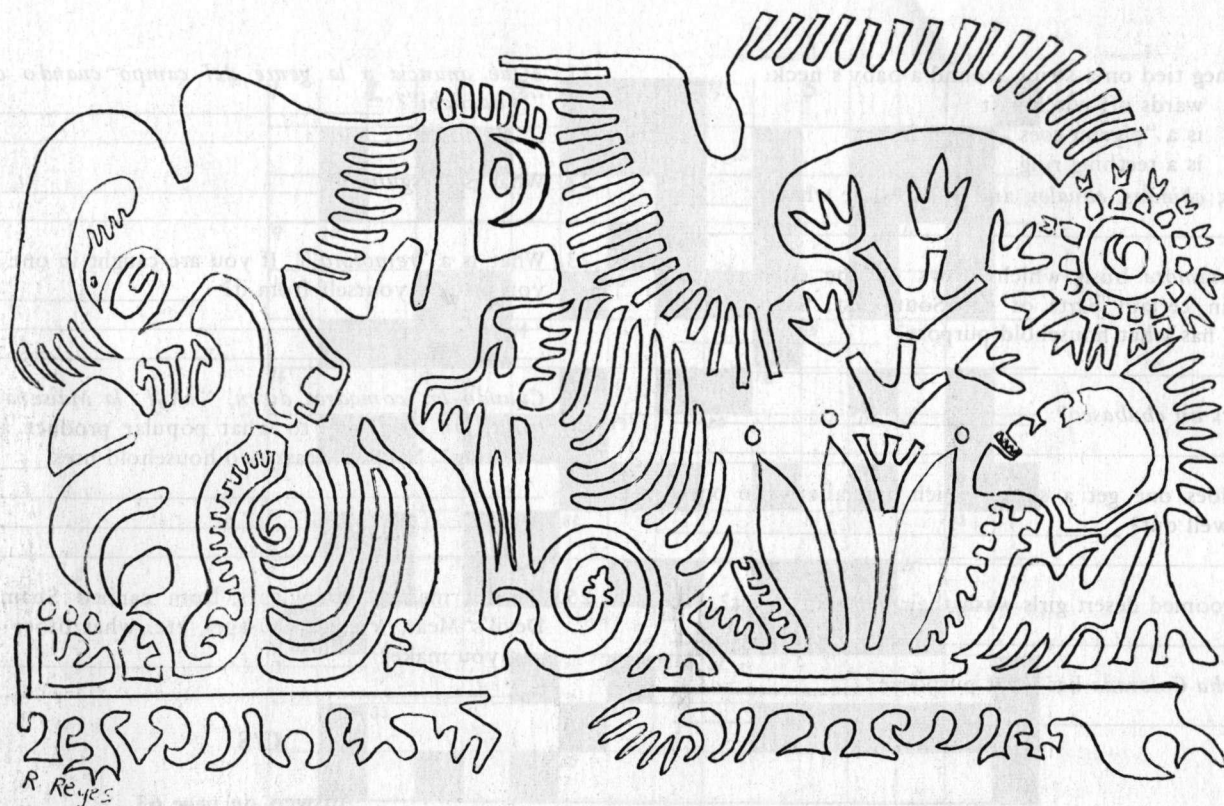
Sylvia didn't feel the three boys moving nearer to her. She felt only that she was very cold. She drew up her legs and locked her arms around them, searching for warmth, still looking at the apparition in the sky. The cloud had suddenly grown a face and head. A terribly old and withered face with long, white, stringy hair had formed over the gown as she watched, and the figure was walking toward her. She heard a voice, high-pitched and at a great distance, calling her name.

"SYL-VIA, SYL-VI-A," the voice called hollowly. "COME SYL-VI-AAA. SYL-VI-A, COME!"

The voice was close now; arms were wrapping around her shoulders, tugging, pulling her. She heard herself screaming and crying, but it was in a dream, a dream in which someone was trying to take her away. She heard other voices, too, but they were muffled by the woman's terrible lament. She felt arms around her, moving her body and legs and back, and she felt she was traveling, never again to return to the earth, going to a place on top of the moon. She screamed one last time and felt she died, resigned to be the child of the woman in white . . .

In the dark night where the only sight in the sky was the half moon wearing a cloud for a hat, the three boys staggered dizzily toward the roof door without a glance backward at the sprawled, violated girl. As they began their descent through the building, Pedro put an affectionate arm around the youngest of the three.

"I couldn't figure it out at first, David," he said, "but man, you're the greatest!"



BARRIOLOGY EXAM 4

by Adalberto V. Flores
Barriologista Emeritada C/S, PhDu.

1. What do Chicanitos in the Southwest use covered wagon wheels for? _____
2. Candy made out of Barrel Cactus by some Chicano mothers (in the desert in Arizona, for example) is called _____ (3 wds.)
3. "Vamos con los broncos a bailar con el arrugado" translated in Aztlanese means? _____
4. "Mira, está haciendo pininis" in reference to a tiny baby means?
 - a. he crapped in his diaper
 - b. the pee is running down his legs
 - c. he's standing up all by himself
5. Las mamás de Aztlán juegan este juego con sus niños. Complete the missing words.

Ai viene la _____,
 Comiendo la tuna,
 Tirando las _____ en la _____,
 Ai viene el _____,
 Comiendo posol,
 Hecho de _____,
 y sabroso _____.
6. El "árbol de la vida" for some Chicanos in Aztlán is? _____
7. Can you name at least three contributions the "tree of life" makes towards Chicano survival in the Southwest? _____
8. If a child "está cuichi" what contagious disease does he have? _____
9. When a mother serves her children "moiz" for breakfast what is it? _____
10. If someone "se levantó con la luna" what does this mean? _____
11. Translate: "Hécbale los cunques a las matas." _____
12. If you are sporting a sty in your eye what will people most likely say when they see you? _____
13. What ails a baby if he has "hipo"? How does mama cure him? _____

14. A nutmeg tied on a string around a baby's neck:

- a. wards off witchcraft
- b. is a "pigeon toes" preventive
- c. is a teething ring

15. *Acelgas*, *chinitas*, *chuales*, and *quelites* are what? _____

16. The *batamote* bush which grows on the edge of the rivers in certain parts of the Southwest, Sinaloa, and Sonora has what household purpose? _____

17. *¿Qué es un chubasco?* _____

18. How does one get a snake which has fallen into one's water well out? _____

19. Well groomed desert girls wash their hair with what? _____

20. *La Yerba Colorada* has what purpose? _____

21. *¿Qué anuncia a la gente del campo cuando canta la "cuitacochi"?* _____

22. What is "*tesguin*"? _____

23. What is a "*remolino*"? If you are caught in one how do you protect yourself from it? _____

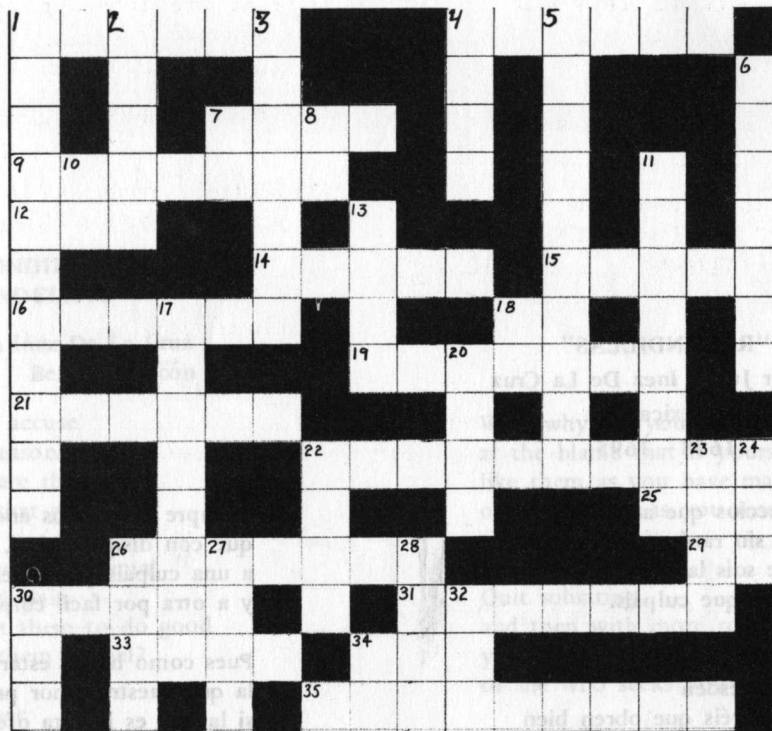
24. *Cuando las comadres dicen, "¡Ay! la Maisena es una bendición de Dios"* to what popular product are they referring? Name at least two household uses. _____

25. Besides making sandwiches from canned Spam, Prem, Devil's Meat, Vienna Sausages, etc., what other product can you make? _____

C/S

Answers on page 63





CRUCIGRAMA TRILINGUE

CHICANO

por

Adalberto V. Flores

ACROSS

CRUCIGRAMA

1. *La Harina de la Familia* (trade name – 2 words)
4. a spice used as a teething ring (english)
7. a cigarette covered with the finest husk of corn (spanish)
9. an irrigation ditch (spanish)
12. thirst (spanish)
14. corn gruel (spanish)
15. rural slang for “I am” (spanish – 2 words)
16. rural slang for movies (spanish)
18. already (spanish)
19. homemade barrio yogurt (spanish, with English phonetics, i.e. Pocho)
21. to break in pieces (spanish)
22. rural slang, I use Argo Corn Starch (spanish)
25. sun (spanish)
26. barrel cactus (spanish)
29. Beware! Take care! Stay! (spanish – interjection)
30. a tender ear of corn (spanish)
31. the spike or cob of corn (spanish)
33. mad, crackbrained (spanish)
34. evil, harm, hurt (spanish)
35. measles, an eruptive disease (spanish)

DOWN

CRUCIGRAMA

1. Rural name for institution for the insane (3 words, spanish)
2. wall (spanish)
3. St. Thomas _____ (Catholic theologian)
4. turnip (spanish)
5. rural expression for hard liquor (spanish)
6. acorn (spanish)
7. You (familiar – spanish)
8. *Sociedad Anónima* (mexican equivalent of Inc.) (abbrev.)
10. third letter of the alphabet (spanish)
11. rural name for a kind of wild spinach (spanish)
13. *mariposa nocturna* (English) 1 word
17. head covering worn by older women in rural communities, slang (spanish)
18. me or I (spanish)
20. bed (spanish)
22. Initials of first Chicano college student organization
23. slang for “note” (spanish)
24. wing (spanish)
26. what godfather gives after baptismal ceremony (spanish)
27. dry (spanish)
28. to love (spanish)
30. slang for “hey you” – “him” – “greeting” (Caló)
32. *vete mucho* _____ *tisnada* (2 words – spanish)
34. short for mother (spanish)

"REDONDILLAS"

De Sor Juana Inez De La Cruz

(Mexicana)

1648 - 1695

Hombres necios que acusáis
a la mujer sin razón
sin ver que sois la ocasión
de lo mismo que culpáis.

Si con ansia sin igual
solicitáis su desdén
¿Por qué queréis que obren bien
si las incitáis al mal?

Combatís la resistencia
y luego con gravedad
decís que fúe liviandad
lo que hizo la diligencia.

Parecer quiere el denuedo
de vuestro parecer loco,
el niño que pone el coco,
y le tiene luego miedo.

Queréis con presunción necia
hallar a la que buscáis,
para pretendida, Thais
y en la poseción, Lucrecia.

¿Qué humor puede ser más raro
que el que falto de consejo,
el mismo empaña el espejo
y siente que no esté claro?

Con el favor y el desdén
tenéis condición igual,
quejándoos si os tratan mal
burlándoos si os quieren bien.

Opinión ninguna gana,
pues la que más se recata,
si no os admite es ingrata
y si os admite es liviana.

Siempre tan necios andáis,
que con desigual nivel,
a una culpáis por cruel,
y a otra por facil culpáis.

Pues como ha de estar templada
la que vuestro amor pretende
si la que es ingrata ofende,
y la que es facil enfada?

Mas entre el enfado y pena
que vuestro gusto prefiere,
bien haya la que no os quiere
y quejaos, enhorabuena.

Dan vuestras amantes penas
a sus libertades alas
y después de hacerlas malas
las queréis hallar muy buenas.

¿Cual mayor culpa ha tenido
en una pasión errada,
la que cae de rogada,
o el que ruega de caído?

¿O cuál es más de culpar,
aunque cualquiera mal haga:
la que peca por la paga
o el que pagó por pecar?

¿Pues papa qué os espantáis
de la culpa que tenéis?
queredlas cual las hacéis
o hacedlas cual las buscáis.

Dejad de solicitar,
y después con más razón,
acusaréis la afición
de la que os fuere a rogar.

C/S

**"REDONDILLAS"
"ROUNDELAYS"**

De Sor Juana Inez De La Cruz
Translation: Bernice Rincón

Foolish men who accuse
women without reason
without being aware that you
are the cause of that guilt.

If with eagerness without equal
you solicit their disdain
Why do you want them to do good
when you incite them to evil?

You fight resistance
and then with gravity
you say it was lasciviousness
that which was done by diligence.

It seems you want boldness
from your like for dementedness
the child who makes a mask
and then is afraid of it.

You want with foolish haste
to find the one you look for
to pretend with, Thais
and in possession, Lucretia.

What manner of being can be more rare
than he that, without counsel
breathes on a mirror and fogs it
and then is sad because it is not clear.

In favor or in disdain
you are the same
Complaining if you are treated badly
Mocking us if we really love you.

None wins your favor,
She that is most prudent,
If she does not open up to you
is ungrateful
and if she does she is lascivious.

Or who is more to blame
No matter what wrong has been done
She who sins for pay
or he who pays to sin?

Well, why are you surprised
at the blame that is yours
like them as you have made them,
or make them as you would like
to find them.

Quit soliciting
and then with more reason
you might accuse the inclination
of she who seeks you out to court you.

Good, I have such ammunition
to fight your arrogance:
Well in promise and with persistence
you have gathered the devil, flesh
and the world.

You are always so foolish,
with your unequal measures,
this one you blame for being cruel
and the other you blame for being easy.

Well, how should she be made
that one that your love looks for
if the one who is prudent offends,
and the one who is easy is a bore?

Moreover between the boredom and
pain that your favor incurs
Good will come to her who does
not love you
And you may complain, as you wish.

Do your lovers give you pain
to your liberties take wings,
and after making them bad,
you want to find them (virtuous)
very good.

Who has been most to blame in
a passion that has erred
she who falls upon being courted,
or he who courts for the fall?

C/S

C O N T E N T S



EL CHISME

MERCADO
La Mardi de Pacas

EL JUAN
de
San Juan

MENUDO DOMINGOS

CARNITAS

CABEZA DE REZ

TRIPITAS DE LECHE

LENGUA

Forfi lives
LOST
FLORENCIA

FERTILIZED
DE
DURA CACA
U YU YUI
SE TE CAI
LA MEDIA
PANTY HOSE

IMATASI
TATI
LIANA
THOE UIDA

HUELE A TRASTE
O
ATRAS TE HUELE
EL SACO
TATAT



MARSA
de
BASSETT

PELITOSISSY
DEL
HOLLO

Abraham
CAR
DEE-4885

RIFA BLVD

LOCO AVE

TOWN
G 4/5

ELUCUY
-PV-

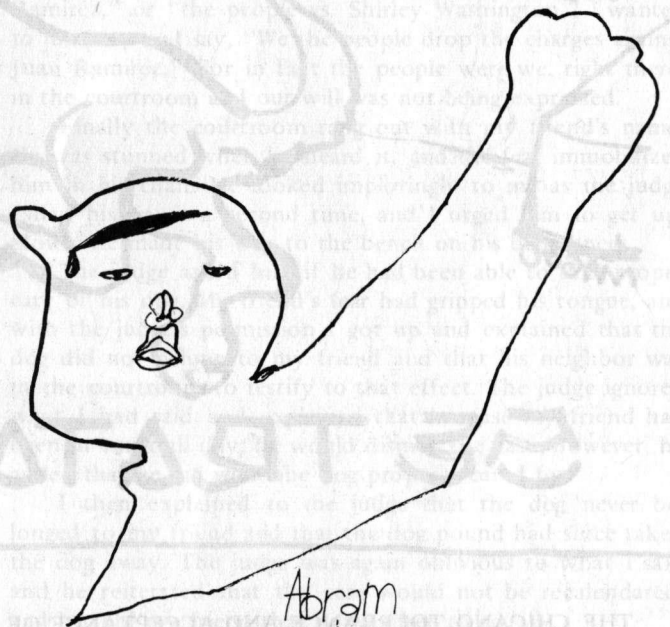


Like the sun
 she begins to rise
 with radiant hair
 like a moon lit sky
 with smooth brown skin
 (like a dark dead end
 she is lonely
 eyes like a rain cloud
 I know she is proud
 to be a mestizo
 just like me
 with love
 that flowers
 like winter
 showers
 by a cold windy day
 trapped by the burdens
 of a worn down shack
 only to find a baby
 on her back
 she is worried
 not for herself
 but her new born child
 involved in this sickness
 of a society that's wild
 imprisoned
 by a hopeless dream
 sentenced
 to a helpless scheme
 she ventures
 weary and downtrodden
 to the welfare department
 she exists
 only to persist
 in a cycle of subsistancy
 poverty in affluence
 such a deadly game
 why is she set to suffer
 when she is not to blame
 integrated
 constipated
 even manipulated
 degraded
 through the hands of a god
 a white god
 who worships hate
 in the form of mexicans

C/S

Valentino Escatiola

Nuestra Macedad



Abram
 C.de
 C.P.
 PeeWees



THE CHICANO TOLERANCE AND ACCEPTANCE OF MISTREATMENT IS RELATED TO HIS LOW SELF ESTEEM WHICH HE HAS COME TO ACCEPT AS A CONSEQUENCE OF THE YEARS THAT HE HAS BEEN DISCRIMINATED AGAINST AND SPAT UPON BY THE ANGLO.

Walking into the glare of the early afternoon sun, I thought of the long morning and I wondered how the afternoon session would turn out. As we walked, my companion and I were forced to walk single file due to the narrowness of the sidewalk, he ahead of me. I began to study him closely. I felt drawn by his humbleness and his almost childlike sense of humor and I wanted to experience him as much as possible. I saw that he walked with his knees slightly bent and his shoulders hunched over. His head was small and fragile and his hair was turning gray where it met

the brown wrinkled skin of his neck. His clothing was old and baggy on his slight frame and I could detect his human odor. I was looking intensely at his unshaven wrinkled profile when he turned and looked deeply into my eyes. I held his uncertain look for an instant and then I realized that he had felt my stare. I turned away. I focused ahead on the box-like concrete structure that was the L. A. County Hall of Justice, our destination.

We were returning from lunch to the same courtroom where we had sat since 8:15 a.m., along with 75 others who also had 8:15 appointments to stand trial before the Honorable Judge Wilbur C. Dettmar. My companion was the accused. It had been a long walk from my car and I could feel perspiration running from my armpits as we entered the air cooled building and made our way to the escalator. The mechanical staircase climbed effortlessly to the seventh floor

and we were soon seated in the fluorescent lit courtroom.

Many of the same Chicano and black faces that were present during the morning session were again present and awaiting the appearance of "his honor" for their trial. The new faces in the room were also faces that belonged in the barrios and ghettos, and it impressed me that law is a tool wielded by those who have power upon those who have none.

My contemplations were interrupted by the harsh voice of the bailiff calling the *Ladies and Gentlemen* to come to order, followed by the appearance of His Honor.

My companion, age 65, Chicano veterano of the Arizona Mines, ex-house-painter and now unemployed, was visibly tense as he again made an effort to understand the liturgy of the courtroom and the comings and goings of the various people who went up to the bench. This was his third court appearance and he was no more relaxed now than when he was first given the traffic citation for permitting a dog, which he didn't own, to obstruct traffic. The policeman who issued the citation did not care that my friend denied owning the dog. The policeman was interested only in the fact that the dog which was blocking traffic, and which he chased, had run between the legs of my friend. The policeman therefore assumed that my friend was the dog's owner.

Because he was awed by the situation's complexity and having no money for legal counsel, I and some friends decided to assist my ex-miner friend in fighting the traffic citation. We knew that harrassment of this type is faced daily by many Chicanos who are unable to defend themselves, and we wanted to get the satisfaction of helping him receive an apology from the legal system that has on so many other occasions sneered at our people.

My friend, accompanied by a Chicano student, first went to traffic court August 20th, armed with a letter from a neighbor which stated that the dog in question was a neighborhood stray dog that belonged to no one. We had envisioned the judge lashing out at the policeman for being so stupid and for causing my friend a great inconvenience. Instead, we heard the judge uphold the policeman's stupidity. The Judge's words to my friend were, "Even though you do not claim ownership of this dog it seems to have adopted you as its owner and therefore I must impose a \$15.00 fine."

The only conclusion that I could reach regarding the judge's decision was that in a court of law a dog has more credibility than a Chicano. The racism inherent in the legal structure of this country was never more apparent.

On September 1st, my friend, not having fifteen dollars for the fine, returned to court for the calendaring of his trial. He was quite happy with himself after the judge told him that his trial was scheduled for September 22nd; because, as he put it, "I was only there for a traffic ticket and everyone else was there for serious crimes."

So my friend and I sat today, September 22nd, in courtroom 723 awaiting our chance to clarify the policeman's mistake to Judge Dettmar and to receive from him the obvious dismissal and apology. I had earlier attempted to obtain a public defender for my friend but it was explained that in the matter of traffic citations public defenders were not assigned. I explained this to my friend. "*Señor, dicen que la corte no le puede conseguir licenciado publico porque*

su asunto se trata de transito."

"*¿Como que de transito? ¡Este asunto se trata de perro!*"

According to Judge Dettmar, the paperwork involved in each case before him cost the taxpayers \$500. I consulted two public defenders and the city attorney, and they all assured me that the judge would dismiss the case at the end of the day because it was an absurd situation.

As the end of the day neared, my companion's aged face began to show visible signs of anxiety and he began to fidget. I had been observing closely the difference between the behavior of the legal profession and that of the people who were there for trial. The people were mostly unschooled working people with colorful and unique personalities. Their speech intonation was different from one another, and their speech patterns were varied and unpredictable. The professionals on the other hand were all similarly dressed, and their monotone voices uttered, with regularity and precision, the same legal jargon. There was an unbridgeable gap in communication in the courtroom that was based on the differences of life experiences and yet the standards of conduct were rigidly defined and controlled by the lawyers and judges, and they made no effort to understand. Everytime that the judge called out, "The people vs. Juan Ramirez," or "the people vs. Shirley Washington," I wanted to jump up and say, "We the people drop the charges against Juan Ramirez." For in fact the people were we, right there, in the courtroom and our will was not being expressed.

Finally the courtroom rang out with my friend's name. He was stunned when he heard it, and the fear immobilized him in his chair. He looked imploringly to me as the judge called his name a second time, and I urged him to get up. Slowly he made his way to the bench on his bent knees.

The judge asked him if he had been able to take proper care of his dog. My friend's fear had gripped his tongue, and with the judge's permission I got up and explained that the dog did not belong to my friend and that his neighbor was in the courtroom to testify to that effect. The judge ignored what I had said and explained that because my friend had been in court all day, he would dismiss the case; however, he added that he did want the dog properly cared for.

I then explained to the judge that the dog never belonged to my friend and that the dog pound had since taken the dog away. The judge was again oblivious to what I said and he reiterated that the case would not be recalendared, and he told my friend that he was free to go.

Outside the courtroom, my friend was jubilant. He was grateful to his neighbor who came along to testify and he was grateful to me. When the policeman who had given him the citation encountered us and apologized for all the trouble he had caused, my friend laughed with him and gladly accepted his apology. I watched them walk away; I still felt the same frustration and anger that I had felt inside the courtroom and I wanted to strike the marble walls and give vent to the impotence that I felt.

And so I parted with my friend, contemplating the past events knowing that Chicanos everyday encounter the laughter of the enemy and must laugh along with them. They, the humble and the innocent, whose spirits have been broken by years of belittlement and who hide their rage behind contented masks will one day learn to **SCREAM**.

X VIVA X

SIQUEIROS

David Alfaro Siqueiros, renowned Mexican muralist who was recently invited by the Pope to paint a Christ figure for the Vatican, again becomes the subject of controversy due to his ideological position. Siqueiros, whose life has been a series of revolutionary actions against tyranny and oppression, who fought both in the 1910 Mexican Revolution and in Spain against Franco, who has served several jail sentences for his Communist beliefs and whose paintings reflect his passion for justice and human values, feels that painting a Christ for the Vatican is not at all extraordinary for a man with his particular philosophy. The famous muralist in a recent interview declared that Christ's attacks on the basic tenets of Roman Society were as revolutionary in that day as were the revolutionary activities of Engels, Lenin and Che and therefore he sees no contradiction between his own values and those values that Christ stood for.

Controversy has followed Siqueiros throughout his career but few Chicanos are aware that one of those controversies involved a painting that he dedicated to the Chicano Community of Los Angeles that was subsequently covered with white wash by the racist Angelenos. The story of Siqueiros' 1932 visit to Los Angeles, during which he painted two murals, is recollected in his book *Mi Repuesta* wherein he explains that the political atmosphere forced him to leave Mexico and come to the City of the Angels to teach a mural painting class at the Chouinard School of Art. It was while at Chouinard that Siqueiros painted, on request from Mrs. Chouinard, a mural on an exterior wall of one of the school's buildings which he titled *Mitín en la calle* (street meeting) and which portrayed black and white people having a meeting. The painting brought forth much public criticism due to its interracial theme and Mrs. Chouinard was forced to first erect a wall in front of it to block it from public view and later to demolish the mural wall altogether.

The publicity received from this first mural brought forth an offer for a second Siqueiros mural from an individual who owned an art gallery in the old plaza of Los Angeles and who hoped to profit from the publicity attached to Siqueiros. However, the American businessman also wanted

to avoid any negative repercussions and therefore the contract called for the preselection by him of the theme *Tropical America*. Siqueiros mentions in passing that the businessman's conception of Tropical America differed markedly from that portrayed in the mural, which was a man on a double crucifix with the American eagle proudly perched on top.*

This second mural, which is the one dedicated to the Chicano Community, again brought forth a torrent of public criticism and resulted in the expulsion of Siqueiros from the country. After his expulsion arrangements were made to cover the mural with white wash and thus erase from memory the 1932 visit of the muralist.

Fortunately the gentleman who white washed the painting was sympathetic to the work of Siqueiros and he did it in such a way as to not damage the painting. Today the white wash has weathered and the original mural is beginning to surface, probably in better condition than if it had been exposed to the elements for all these years.

Siqueiros views his work in Los Angeles as marking a departure in traditional mural painting because of technical innovations, but also because for the first time painting was visible to the common man.†

The white washed mural, *Tropical Americana* of Los Angeles, is still the only public Siqueiros mural in the U.S.A. It is a shame that society has chosen to shield such a fine work not only from La Raza, but from the eyes of the world as well.

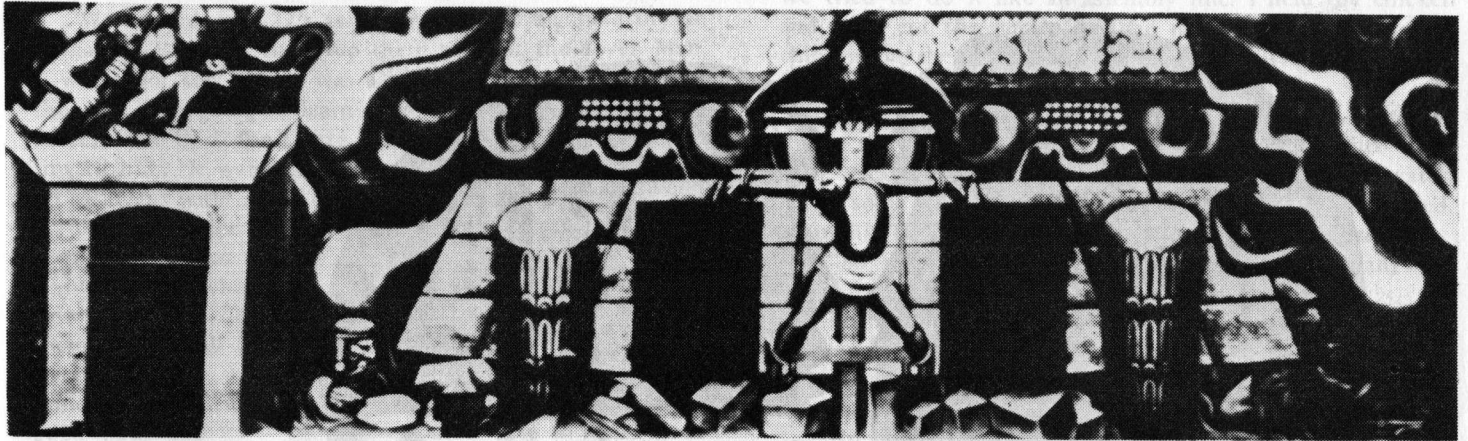
C/S

*"El señor como buen Yanqui capitalista, se había pasado la noche pensando en el tema. Como es facil comprender para el America Tropical significaba un continente de hombres felices rodeados de palmeras y papagayos..."

†"El mural exterior era sin lugar a duda el segundo paso de nuestro movimiento muralista en Mexico: pintar en el transito de los multitudes bajo el sol, bajo la lluvia."

Bad Joe Garza" for nothing. I ain't no fool see Todd

my father's batchet. It was very sharp for killing chickens. We had to be like in a mob line I held my



when you get a chance to see the battle. It's a

My cousin, who is a boxer, and a lot of other people who are interested in boxing. I keep them in the gym.

went in to see the fight. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.

CHADO. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.

CHADO. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.

CHADO. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.

CHADO. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.

CHADO. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.

CHADO. I was there for a while. I saw the fight. I saw the fight. I saw the fight.



my father's batchet. It was very sharp for killing chickens. We had to be like in a mob line I held my



"EL CHAPO"

CHAVALO ENCANICADO

Mira Rafas, I start telling you about my cousin Tudi the last time I was in Los. Since I didn't finish the story, I'll just write you a short letter. I'll tell you how it was *en nuestros tiempos, ese*.

The cold lights of Los seen from my house in the barrio were not warm like my house and my family, *ese*. We always were taught to love life — in the way we laughed, in the way we danced, and in the way we enjoyed everything. But one kind of life we always had, more than any other kind, was chickens. *¡Hijo!* Sometimes the other kids couldn't play tag in my yard for tripping on the chickens. Sure there was a dog, a goat, some rabbits, but always we had more chickens than anything.

Nicky Porras had a poultry shop, and every month I had to kill and pluck about thirty chickens for my mother who sold them to Nicky. Life was good for me then except for all them chickens. Those chickens almost messed up my love life for good, *ese*.

Rachel and Virgie were sisters, and man were they fine. They weren't really, but they looked like twins. They had eyes that were black and bright like the buttons on my mother's blue dress. Rachel always had little gold earrings that looked like crosses and Virgie always had ribbons in her hair. Red ribbons, blue ribbons, or green ribbons. And al-

ways the *vatos* would wait everyday to see what color ribbons Virgie would wear that day. It was a guessing game about Virgie's ribbons, and about if her older sister Cuca had already done it.

My cousin Tudi and me had tried to move on those chicks, but always it was the same. They couldn't go out, or the mother was sick, or they were going to their aunt's house in T.J. When I saw Rachel my heart would beat fast, and my mouth would get dry. My sister Lucía would call me *sinverguenza*. I guess Lucía was right. I was the roughest *vato* in the barrio, except maybe for Half-Man, and I was so *encanicado* with Rachel that it would hurt inside my heart when I saw her going to the store or hanging clothes in the back yard. Tudi dug on Virgie but it wasn't the same. *Era muy cold-blooded mi primo* Tudi.

One Saturday we was hunting doves out of season in San Fernando and me and Tudi were feeling all warm inside. The little bit of Red Mountain wine that old Alfredo had bought us was working good. Really fine. But the warm thing was not only in the wine. Warmness came too because me and Tudi had finally made a date with Rachel and Virgie, and man, we couldn't think of nothing else.

We couldn't go to their house to pick them up 'cause their old man didn't dig on *vatos* scheming on his daughters. Me and Tudi didn't argue. Their father wasn't called "Big

Bad Joe Garza" for nothing. I ain't no fool *ese*. Tudi neither.

We carried our .22's as we crossed the big field in San Fernando. We liked to go up there to hunt the doves. Man, it was a hot sun. But it was a good hot sun. "Someday," I thought, "I'm going to learn to whistle like that bird on the fence. That bird don't care that me and Tudi are walking toward him. He wants to sing, and he don't give a shit about no Mexicans with .22's."

We sat under a bush to rest. We listen to the small animal noises that was all around us. *¡Qué vida!* We talked about tonight when we would be at Lourdes' Hall doing a slow rock with Rachel and Virgie. The date was to meet them at the hall in back of Our Lady of Lourdes Church. Everything was set. Tudi was going to borrow his *tío* Poncho's car. When we got back to Los, we would take a good bath and make it to the dance. Life is really good when you got a little wine, a good day for hunting doves, a chance to use a car, and a date with the two finest chicks in the barrio. *¡Hay, que si estaban buenas!*

My cousin Tudi lived across the street from my house. Besides Tudi, my *tía* Chelo had my cousins Neto and Fina, and a big white dog named Chico what bites tin cans and rocks for to keep his teeth sharp. And man, did that dog keep them sharp! Ask old Alfredo with his *nalgas razgadas*.

Later that afternoon, *cuando llegamos bien prendidos*, I went in my house knowing that Tudi would call me when it was time for the dance. I had only two doves, and I gave them to my mother. I didn't tell her that Tudi had shot both of them. So what if I was a lousy shot. Tonight I was going to show the *vatos* how to rock out, and Rachel how to make out. *¡Hijola!* My heart began to beat really fast. I made myself lighten up. Time for that later. Right now I was hungry, so I rolled myself some cold beans in a *tortilla* and sat outside on the old car seat under the fig tree, *contemplando las moscas* that gather because of the chickens.

Having finished my *refin*, I went to take my bath to get ready. And then was when my mother let all of the roof of the world fall on my head. She told me that Nicky Porras was coming for the chickens at seven o'clock. Me with a date in less than two hours and thirty-two chickens to clean and pluck! *Me lleva á la . . . wait! . . . Tudi!* Man, I went running out of the house yelling, "Tudi! . . . the chickens . . . Tudi!"

My *tía* Chelo came running out of the house, *muy apurada*, like when I fell and broke my arm. "*¿Qué pasa?*" she asked me.

"What happened?" *Me lleva á la . . .* "I got thirty-two chickens to kill, that's what happened!"

My *tía* then said, *con aquella paciencia*, "*¡Hay Chapito, cómo eres escandaloso!*"

"*¿Escandaloso?*" Me, with the chance of a lifetime vanishing in a bad dream of chickenshit, blood, and feathers; and she says *que soy escandaloso*. Trouble is some people don't really know what gots to be important in a growing *vato's* life.

Anyways, Tudi comes running out pulling up his counties. "Relax, *ese*," he said, "we'll get it done in time. *¡Pinchis pollos!*"

When I think back to that time, it almost makes me sick because of what happened after that. First Tudi said to use

my father's hatchet. It was very sharp for killing chickens. We tried to do it like an assembly line. I held the chicken and Tudi cut the neck. Only he missed. Man, he cut that chicken on the chest and it went running, squirting blood, and screaming like it was dying or something.

After that, we put a big *bote* to boil with water to soften the feathers for plucking. We put it on a fire made with sticks. Then we put the dead chickens in the water. Only some of the chickens wasn't dead. I complained, "Dammit Tudi, some of those chickens ain't dead, *ese!*"

"So what?" Tudi said, "they're going to die anyway, *ese!*" *Mi primo Tudi es muy gacho*.

Then there was smoke and fire and scared chickens; chickenshit on my shoes, blood on my hair, feathers in my mouth, and Tudi screaming at me, "Dammit Chapo! Hold that fucking chicken! I almost cut my hand, *loco!*"

Then we gave up with the dangerous hatchet. Next we were pulling their heads off by giving them the big twist in the air. The chickens would go flip-flopping all over the yard. Even the goat was covered with blood! I yelled at Tudi, "*Horale, loco*, you threw that chicken on the clothes line. You got my sister's *chones* full of blood, *ese!*"

But Tudi don't listen. His eyes were shiny and wide open. His face is sweating and he keeps on saying, "Hurry Chapo, hurry!" I ran to get another chicken. I tell you Rafas it was like the three stooges, but there was only two, me and Tudi . . .

By the time we got to chicken number thirty-two, my arms hurt like the time we mixed cement for the basement. My head hurted and I'm for throwing up from the feathers and the blood. But we got them plucked. Each one, *loco*.

Now for a good hot bath and the dance. We are wiping off the feathers when Joey, what is Rachel and Virgie's little brother, comes in the yard. Joey is maybe a little bit *chiple* but he is good for bringing us messages from his sisters. I got a bad feeling about what he was going to tell us. He stopped and looked around at the feathers and the blood, then he smiled. Man, I don't like that smile. He started to giggle. *Ob shít!* "My father," said Joey, "says that because my cousin Sophie, what ain't married, is fat from a baby, my sisters can't go to no dances."

¡Que gacho! Sophie gets *pansona* and Virgie and Rachel can't go to the dance. That ain't right, *loco*. Everything happens to me. The chickens get plucked but no dance, no Rachel, no nothing. Tudi don't care. He went to the dance anyway. I don't feel like doing nothing. That Tudi, what a *vato*. Any babe is okay for him. Me? My mother is mad 'cause we only had twenty-nine chickens for Nicky. Two looked too ugly from the cuts on the chest, and one got left in the water too long and was almost cooked.

The warmth from my heart is gone. The warmth from my house and family is gone. Only the cold lights from the city below the barrio are left; the cold lights and the cold, dead chickens.

Well Rafas, that's the way it was. That night my mother fixed *Pollo en Mole* for dinner, but I wasn't too hungry . . . *tu sabes . . . Hay te watcho vato . . .* I don't feel too good.

Tu Camarada

El Chapo

c/s

something ethnic

the leaves are brown and so are you
the autumn covers your fifteenth summer

your virgin eyes deface the streets
from their puke and spit and rot
to shame
and all this leaves me last to ask . . .

the leaves are brown
the autumn covers
this is the age that one discovers
the seed the weed
and the chemical hell
poison arrows and bell-bottom pants
and something softer
innocuous

you'll hold
you hold
you held her hand
and then she passed
o-da-leh

the leaves are brown and so are you
the seed the weed
and the . . . busted!
the dirty pigs they beat my brother
Mother

come and pull me out
mother come and pull me out
the little red wagon has made me fall

your fifteenth
fifteenth
15th

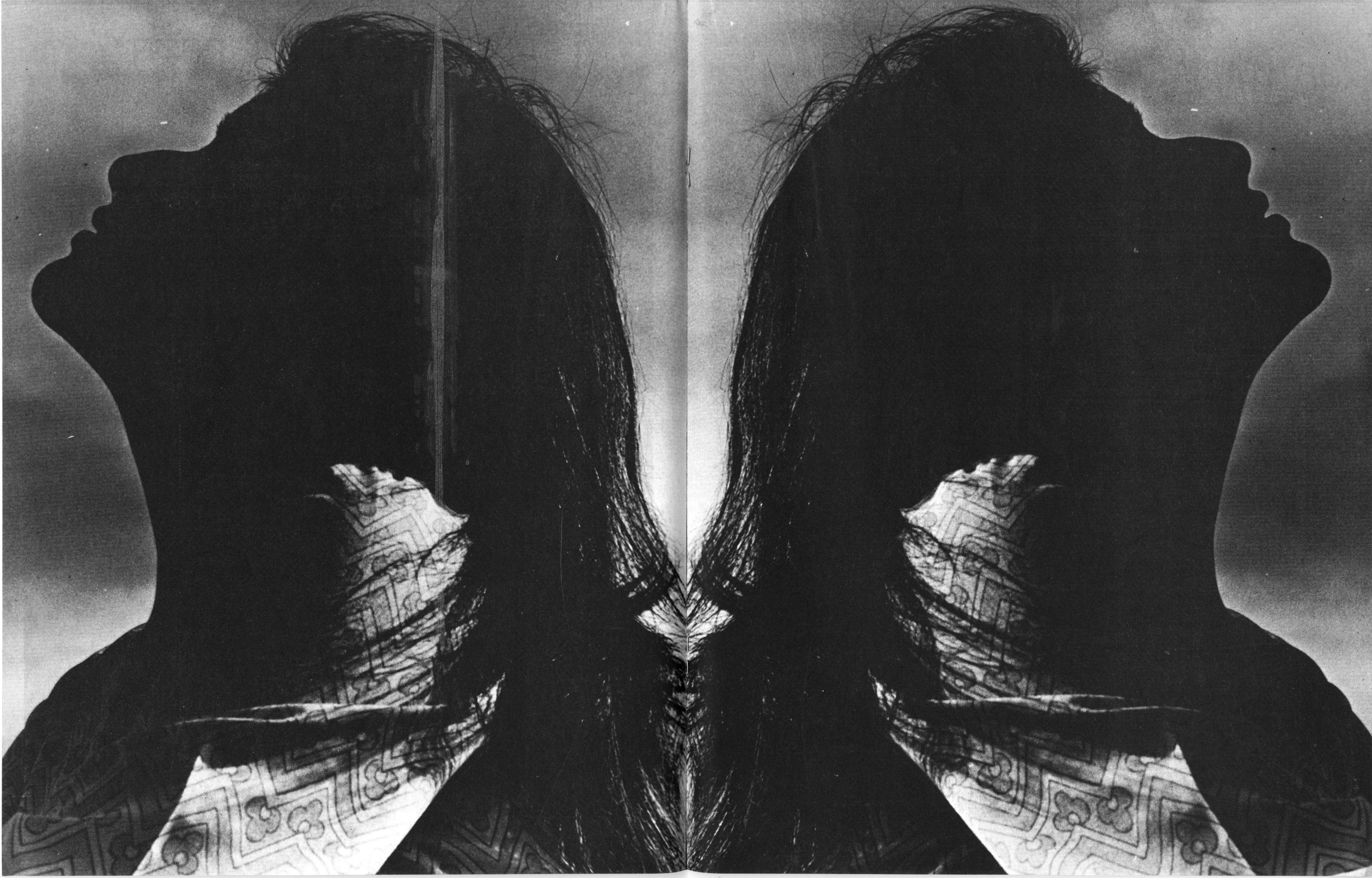
but mother's gone
in memory's bliss
enmeshed in fourteen karat golden memory's bliss
and baby's dead
you're a big boy now
or something

d. saenz
12-10-69

C/S

OSCAR CASTILLO "RAZA"





THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE BROWN BUFFALO BY

(With this issue C/S has the good fortune of beginning a serialized presentation of THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A

I stand naked before the mirror. Every morning of my life I have seen my beastly belly from all angles. It has not changed that I can remember. It has always been brown and fat. Yet when I suck it in and hold my breath I can still have hope, even after thirty-three years, for I do have a nice profile . . . one big indio from Aztlán of black hair, white teeth and perfect ears.

I lower my head over the toilet bowl . . . I struggle, but only rancid, hot air blows. The dry heaves! My heart burns with acid dripping into that stomach burnt from an excess of *chiles*, sawdusted-hamburgers, wars and rumors of wars.

"Puke, you sonofabitch!" I command. But nothing comes. Not even my body obeys me. "Jesus, maybe I am sick. Perhaps it is a physical thing," I console myself and note it for my psychiatrist. "But from what? I get twelve hours of sleep, day in, day out. Hardly drink anymore."

When I am satisfied I return to my mirror and concentrate on my rather insignificant eyes. I double my fist and strike my belly. "Could it be the fifteen cent pineapple pie? Tin poisoning in the Campbell soup? The Pepsi, the candy bars? No? Yes, it's the etcetera-diet of a kid with ulcers!

I grab the rolls of yellow lard around my waist. I sigh. I puff my chest, I suck in the belly and I recall that once I lifted iron bars and drank nothing but powdered protein, and, I did earn three stripes for varsity football . . . but that was long ago, when you were but a brown Mexican boy in the cornfields of Riverbank. Now you are a lawyer, an attorney at law, a counselor of old women who presently sit quietly watching with their tragic tales in that dingy, musty hallway of the Legal Aid Society.

I enter the shower and burn myself with pure-hot steam. I am never out of soap. I always, in all weather, in any



ZETA

BROWN BUFFALO. For the first time anywhere, C/S readers may experience the experience of Oscar Zeta Acosta, Chicano lawyer.—Ed.)

home I may happen to be in, I always clean myself, every morning of my life . . . And suddenly, without my attention, I turn on the cold water. I turn off the hot. And I smile serenely, with a mocking grin.

"If they ever catch me! Shit, I can take anything! They'd never make me talk." I fight the good fight of the spy, the soldier, the hero under freezing water or whatever torture man might devise. My face shows no pain. I am resigned, stoical, the existential man.

Only the previous week, the psychiatrist had said to me, "Did you ever stop to consider that it might simply be a form of self-love?"

"Christ, you make better excuses than I do," I replied, because I knew that wasn't the reason for the dirty things I did in the shower. But I offered no defense.

I finish my toiletry. I punctually take my pills. A blue and two yellows. The green drops are for the evening.

I drive carefully across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge unaware of the impeccable beauty of land, sea and sky. Cars, concrete and cables, these are the things that matter! I cannot distinguish the *Beatles* from the horns, from the jangled nerves, from the gas-laden belly and the voices of old, unkempt women with bloody noses from the weekend drunk crying for a divorce who are even now, before my arrival, sitting in hard chairs with tattered copies of a *Life* or a *Time* which they pretend to read.

I time it perfectly. I am never late to anything. I never miss an appointment. I who am the son of Manuel from the mountains of Durango, I did not miss one day of school in all the twelve years of my childhood education.

I enter the drab building at the corner of 14th & Fruitvale Streets in the heart of the slums of East Oakland

which the President called a "target area" and which the Poverty Program swept in to overkill. I see them from a distance. Just as I described: Five fat women, their hair still matted, their tits still hanging and their children laughing and sliding on the waxed linoleum floors. I cannot enter the waiting room. They would see me and their expectations would increase. Today, I must give no hope.

I duck into the toilet. I lock the door. I lower my head for the third time that morning. This time it comes . . . and the designs of milk and eggs with ketchup are a sight! I ponder the fluid patterns of my rejections and consider the potentials of art.

"Good, God! I didn't use any ketchup!"

I strain to puke more. I want to be certain. Sure enough, there it is again. I think of taking a specimen. But why bother? I know as sure as I know that I am sick that it is not ketchup!

"It is blood, god damn it! **Blood**, do you hear?"

I rush through the waiting room without a word, without so much as my usual greeting of teeth and smiles. The women eye me, without expression. I slam the door to my office and sit at my desk. I do not breathe. I stare and wait for the dizziness to calm. The telephone rings. I let it harass me while my heart pounds madly. It stops. The walls begin to spin. The light is fading.

I have sat here for twelve months now. Twelve months of divorces and welfare recipients; of poor people, tired, dirty and mostly lonely for attention. Twelve months of my pills and the angry voices of piggish creditors screaming about my clients. For twelve months now I have pleaded with vicious landlords to fix broken toilets, windows and gas heaters. I have begged snotty, arrogant, finely-combed social workers to overlook the rules and give them a buck, a carton of milk; anything to stop the pain in my stomach. They have taken my sincerity for weakness and laughed.

The machine rings again and I detest it; I stare at it, daring for it to continue. She gives up on me. And now, quickly whirl the cobwebs of my past in the carnival of my head.

On my paneled wall hangs my biggest trophy of them all: my license from the State Bar. Charlie, my artist friend from Trader JJ's, framed it for me without charge. A work of art. One year ago, the week after I passed the bar, I hung it on this wall. When my head burned with the fever of an impotent missionary, when I entered the jungle in white suit and black book of the law in my hand to fight for the poor, the black, the Mexican, that is when I proudly hung my professionally framed license and decided to take them on. But now the time draws near, for I have lost the bottle.

I open my drawer and take out the bottle with the orange pills for the day's work. I pour out the regular two, and I stop to think. "Today, I need four."

My stomach burns. It hurts. My body is in pain; I ache, I'm tired, sleepy, my head is splitting. I close my eyes.

My eyes open. I lift myself from my swivel-back chair and walk to the wall. I take the frame down. I drop it into the trashcan beside the bookshelf. I never think of it again. I pick up the telephone.

"Morning, Rita," I speak softly to the secretary.

"Oh, Mr Acosta? I've been . . ."

"I know . . . I'd like you to call Tom and tell him I've

left."

"Left? . . . For the day?"

Silence. And then, "Tell him I'll send a letter."

She weakens. "What'll I do with the people who are waiting?"

"Tell them I'm . . . sick. If anyone asks for me, you just tell them I'm sick." And it is done. My escape begins.

I go out the back door. This time, I race back across the bridge. I play the radio at full blast. I sing and whistle as loud as I can to drown out the noise. It is the first time in 12 months that I have crossed the bridge before 5:00 p.m. I had always returned to my small apartment, across the bay, in the Polk District where all the fags hid from the crowd in dark, nasty bars. I had always burnt my hamburgers in five minutes flat. I always gobbled them down with pepsi's. (A habit I'd picked up from my former wife, Betty, a midwesterner with roots still in the south, but ultimately the mother of my eight year old son.) For twelve months all I had done was eat, puke, take pills, stare at the idiot-box, coddle myself and watch the snakes get larger inside my head while waiting for the clock hand to turn. Time had been but a circle for this man. Only clear-headed mathematicians saw it as a straight line. And normal people did not even concern themselves with such trivia. My only conscious concern had been the pain of my body and the schedules of the television shows. I knew them all by heart. I was a living t.v. guide, that's what I was for twelve, spaced-out months.

I drive without concern for traffic to the office of Dr. Serbin, my shrink of ten years: a quietly intelligent, Jewish psychiatrist who'd listened to my sad stories ever since he interned at Mt. Zion. He is supercool. Not once in ten years have I shaken him. Not even when I cracked up. Three times in mental wards, three days each. He didn't bat an eye. But this time, I am not thinking of his reaction. I am merely burning my bridges for my escape. He has no receptionist. I know he has another patient with him. But still I bang on the door. He opens the door slightly, his thin face still a sphinx.

"I've stopped to tell you I'm leaving town."

"If you want to talk about it," he begins.

"Fuck no. I just want to tell you I'm going to quit."

"I can see you in a few minutes," he continues.

"Look, it's cold turkey from now on!"

"I'm with another patient now, why don't you sit," he kept on.

"I don't want to talk. See you later."

Quickly I raced to my apartment. I packed my books, my clothes, my paintings and records. I took the books to the bar where I had practically lived before the crackup of the year before, 1966. All through law school, I had prepared myself at a bar that had survived the earthquake; an old hideout for rumrunnersin of the 1800's. I asked Sal, the owner, if I could store them in the basement where they used to lock up the drunken sailors.

"Why, you think you're going someplace?" He always talked with sneer, a whine and a nag.

"Never mind. Just yes or no."

Sal was the only bartender I ever knew who would prefer you didn't bring him your business; a salty, fifty-year-old Italian who pretended to be super horny with every

chick that hit him up for drinks.

I borrowed a hundred bucks from him. As he handed them to me his eyes twinkled and he laughed with a dirty, long, obnoxious sneer. "Shit, you'll be back. You can't leave here."

I borrowed another hundred from Si, who was watching Sal get at me. He was the lawyer who got me into Legal Aid in the first place. "You owe it to me, you bastard!"

Si's laugh was even worse than Sal's. "Yes, Oscar. Sure . . . Have fun, and I'll see you in a couple of weeks." They laughed together as I slammed the door behind me. But never mind.

And so with a head full of speed, a beer in my hand, a soft penis and two-hundred bucks in my pocket, I said goodbye to Frisco and burned rubber across the mountains and into the desert, a mad man on the loose, a wild indian gone amok.

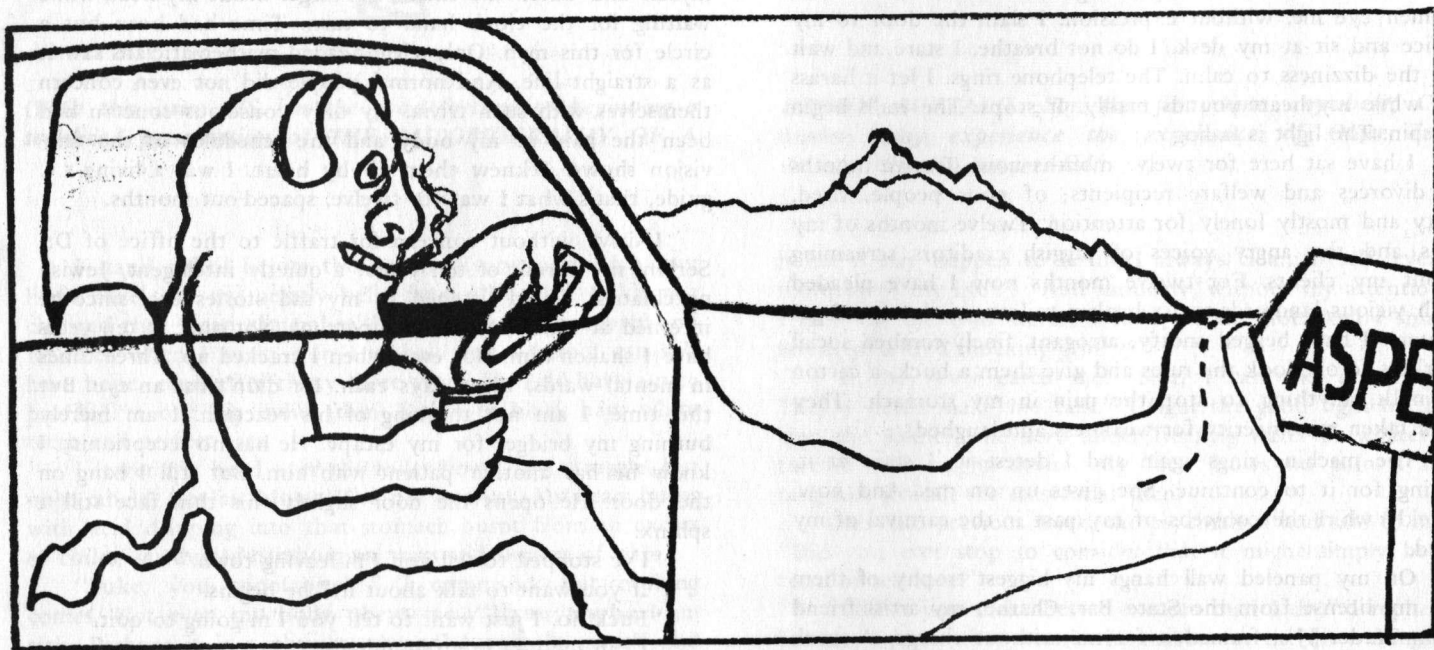
I had nowhere to go, no map to follow . . . Although I had known Leary when he was still on wine, when I was still

had heard of Chicanos except from Steinbeck and the sociologists.

It did not take much to get me drunk. The bartender told me of a monument to "the old man" at the edge of town. I drove out to the river, pulled out my sleeping bag and slept beside the slab of stone in the midst of cottonwoods giving up their summer snows. I could hear explosions and I saw fireworks lighting the moonlit skies, for it was July the Fourth, 1967. I dreamed of elephants, women and the books I would presently write, now that I was no longer a lawyer.

Two days later I drove into Aspen, Colorado. Just another name on a sign to me. I drove around the small, western town until I found a cheap motel because I'd not slept in a bed for a week. When I awoke it was dark. I went out to find a bar. My head still throbbed from the roll of the tires and the amphetamines.

Only a bartender with a goatee sat in The Daisy Duck, which was at the foot of a gigantic mountain that entered the back door. He merely nodded as he served me. Soon a



on my way out of my Jesus trip (a Baptist missionary in Panama, 1954-1956), it wasn't until that wild summer of '67 that I took his message to heart and dropped out of my own personal hell hole. With each turn of the wheel, with each empty Budweiser can thrown at signs on the road, with every hour of the constant hum-hum-hum of hot tires on burning roads I felt an easing, a lifting, a cessation of the baying of the hounds in my head.

I drove for two days straight with my head filled with bennies. When I saw a sign that said Ketchum, Idaho, it sounded as good as any other. I stopped for a cold one in some small bar and a lady told me that Ernest Hemingway used to drink there. She told me of his grave and so I went out to pay my last respects. He and Steinbeck were the only two writers I'd ever paid much attention to, and so I shed a tear. I returned to the bar for more drinks and thought of my unpublished novel which several editors had told me was "beautiful" but unsalable in those years before the world

young, lovely girl walked in. She was wearing hardly any clothes; she had long legs and sensible breasts. I pretended not to stare.

Without warning she came up to me, introduced herself as Gerri and asked if I felt like dancing. I was astounded. I am not the sort of fellow one ever speaks to first unless it is absolutely necessary. Perhaps it is my bearing. They say I scowl, that I'm overbearing, threatening in appearance. But when I speak my voice is soft, medium in tone and, unless I'm pissed, pleasant to hear. But girls and women almost never, ever speak to me first.

When we danced to *White Rabbit* I had never tried rock. But it didn't matter, I had never learned any dance steps to anything, and yet I had been dancing all my life. I seemed to be but an excuse for her dancing, an escort for the lady. In any event, I was merely warming up, waiting for my chance to score. By the time it was over, several persons had entered. She pulled my hand and took me to where two

men were sitting talking to the bartender.

She introduced me to Phil, the perch-faced bartender, to a short kid with fat boots named Fuller and to a tall, balding one by the name of Hunter Thompson. They each seemed pleasant enough during introduction, but I was more concerned with Gerri, the plastic witch of a swinging ass. The tall one ordered a round.

"You're from San Francisco?" Fuller asked.

"Just got in this afternoon," I replied.

"Passing through?" the tall one asked.

"I'll sleep a couple of days first."

"You wouldn't by any chance know a Turk Tibeau?" Gerri said.

I thought for a second. "Tibeau? I know a guy, sort of . . . His name is John and I think . . ."

"Yeh, that's him: John Tibeau. A writer?" Fuller seemed excited.

My chest tightened because I did not care for John. He used to come into Trader JJ'S, read a lousy poem or two he'd just written, bum a drink off whoever happened to be there and then split.

"What's that freak up to now?" Thompson asked. "Is he still wearing a cast?"

Fuller laughed. "Is he still going to sue you, Hunter?"

And then I connected the tall one's name. Several months before, John had driven his motorcycle into the bar while still wearing a cast on his leg. He had shown me a copy of a new book very excitedly and told me that the writer, Hunter Thompson, was a friend of his. He just had time to mention that he and Thompson had been riding on his bike when they crashed. I never got the details because Sal walked in about that time and 86'd him for bringing the bike into the bar.

"So you're the guy that broke John's leg?" I said. "As a matter of fact, John spoke to me about the possibility of a suit."

Thompson's eyes widened. "Is he serious about it?"

"Well, he *did* come to my office."

"Are *you* a lawyer?" Gerri asked, in disbelief.

"Yeh," I nodded, feeling proud.

Thompson grinned. "Do you know Pierce? The lawyer?"

"I just met him once, he was with John in this bar we hang out at," I answered. "Maybe he'll defend me after he returns from Tibet."

"You been disbarred?" Thompson asked.

"Well . . . I don't have my license anymore."

Fuller asked, "You're not pulling a Pierce?"

I felt offended. To follow another's example showed a lack of breeding, a denial of one's manhood. "I hardly know him," I said coldly, with a straight face.

"He freaked out, closed his office and is studying to be a monk," Thompson said.

"A monk?" I asked. "Not me. I went through that a long time ago."

Fuller and Gerri went to the dancefloor. While Thompson and I drank, I tried to recall what John had told me about him. I only remembered that he had lived and ridden with the motorcycle outlaws while getting material for the book and that they had nearly stomped him to death — or so John said — when he refused to share in the profits of

the book. John had insisted I read the book, but I had refused. I had not read any fiction written after *The Old Man and the Sea*, which an editor for Doubleday had accused me of plagiarizing in my then-unpublished short novel, *Perla Is a Pig*. That accusation, that trauma has to this day still dictated my reading habits.

"Didn't John say you were a Hells Angel?" I took measure of his reactions.

"He might of," he grinned his thin-lipped smile, looking straight ahead.

"He says a lot of crazy things," I continued.

"What can you expect from a drunken Irishman?"

"And a bum," I added, painting the portrait of his friend, not mine.

"He claims to be a poet, too," I continued.

"Every freak from San Francisco is a poet — or something. He sends me the same stuff he probably shows you."

"Not me. I read one short thing of his and that was enough for me."

"You're lucky. He cons me into reading everything he shits."

"What for? No sense in insulting someone you know."

"Yeh, well, I guess I feel obligated, or some fucking thing."

I threw it at him evenly. "Why's that? Do *you* write?"

"It's not that. It was my fault he got his leg busted."

He didn't take the bait. Gerri and Fuller returned and we talked and drank faster because the hour was approaching.

"Were you guys with the rest of the gang when John busted his leg?" I asked Thompson in front of the other two.

"They were on a rumble," Fuller mocked.

"Did you guys really carry chains and bullwhips?" I needed.

Gerri asked seriously, unaware of the put-on, "What were you two doing when it happened? You've never told us."

"Oh, Ger, you know what Thompson does with young men," Fuller said.

Thompson looked me straight in the face and said, "We were out looking for greasers."

We all laughed the nervous spasms of strangers.

"I take it you didn't find them," I returned.

Fuller added, "Hunter wouldn't know what to do if he had. He'd probably interview them while they cut him up."

"Yeh, I probably would," he smiled, "If I had an interpreter."

"Are you a reporter?" I asked.

"Sort of," he smiled.

"He's a hack," Fuller said.

"Oh, come on, you guys! I think Hunter's a good writer," Gerri blushed.

The three of us laughed. "I thought you were an Angel?" I asked innocently. "John mentioned you rode with them."

He did until his book came out," Fuller said.

"Go ahead and laugh, you bastards," Hunter said. "I guess I'm as much of a hack as you're a lawyer," he turned to me.

Fuller changed sides, with a smile. "Hey, man, I've

heard of *shyster* lawyers, but what's a *Mexican* lawyer do?"

"They roll around in their grease," Hunter said with a straight face.

"Grease? What are you guys talking about? You three are really something else," Gerri chided us in good humor.

"That's what Mexicans use to cook gringos," I said.

By the time the bar closed we had consumed quarts of booze and smoked too many cigarettes. Every line was punctuated with laughter and boisterous camaraderie. We did not speak the language of most strangers after the initial thrusts into the things that apparently mattered to each of us. The soft spot, the tender wound was found and attacked in tandem; if the victim showed the least bit of sensitivity the other two would join forces and mount a frontal assault, a direct series of thrusts; then, without warning, one of the two would break ranks and turn upon his partner, but only to find his new ally in conspiracy with the new victim.

It is this anarchy of socialization, this willingness to strike at all self-image masking as reality that permitted me the freedom to open my own sores before these strangers. It is not that I had never been beaten over the head by others; for insult couched in smart talk was the permanent style of conversation at the bars I had frequented for years in San Francisco. And even prior to my arrival in San Francisco (in 1958 at the age of 23) I was accustomed to and accomplished in brutal conversations. At seventeen I had joined the Air Force Band during the Korean War and had lived four years with those jazz musicians who didn't want to get their ass shot off defending a country that, at best, was irrelevant to their interests. Jazz musicians were the hip, the perceptive and the rebellious men of that otherwise drab era. It is from those professional artists that I learned the ropes; learned to identify and to use sex, drugs and music. They were the dominant themes of the fighting 573rd A. F. Band at Albrook Air Force Base in Panama between 1954 and '56. The year before I had found Jesus and had been consumed with the Holy Ghost. When I preached instant salvation to the jazzmen they merely told me to practice whole tones on my clarinet or invited me to a whore house. I discovered they would not scare as easily as did the natives I was leading by the nose in the jungles. The harder I railed at them, the more kindness and humor they threw back. Ultimately, I learned humility from a fat, Jewish oboe player, who practiced alone seven hours a day in the attic of the barracks, when he told me that he respected my commitment.

There was, however, a substantive difference between the jazzmen of the fifties, the artists and beats I knew in San Francisco as contrasted with the freaks I crashed into in Aspen at the Daisy Duck. These latter did not wait until they knew you before they attacked your gods; introductions were intentionally omitted and descriptions of status were strictly forbidden. The assignment of value to an act or condition of one's self by one's self simply prompted a negative response; familiarity and/or friendship played no role whatsoever in the dialogue of freaks. The attack against irrelevancies was aimed at friend or foe alike. They slaughtered man, woman and child without regard to race, color or creed, these new barbarians.

It was, perhaps, this absurdist equal application of insult and attack that allowed me an escape from my usual rage

whenever the issue of race entered a conversation. I cannot recall ever being referred to as a greaser or a spic by a stranger without having an automatic and violent reaction. For the first time in my life, that did not happen.

I had smoked grass several times while living in San Francisco, and I had taken L.S.D. twice, but on each occasion I was merely caught up in drunken paranoia, a trip to the gutter of fear. I saw cops behind each door, under every bed. My thoughts were of a dismal nastiness of things as they were. I had, for example, seen myself as an animal, pure and simple; a carnivorous beast of prey who could no more articulate, communicate or be aware of a world of ideas than a pig . . . In a word, I did not like myself under the spell of marijuana.

It was a totally different experience with Fuller and Gerri. We elevated the conversations to the seriousness of existence, the nature of man, the relationship and status of man and woman. And we did it without corn. It was not intellectualizing. It was not phony.

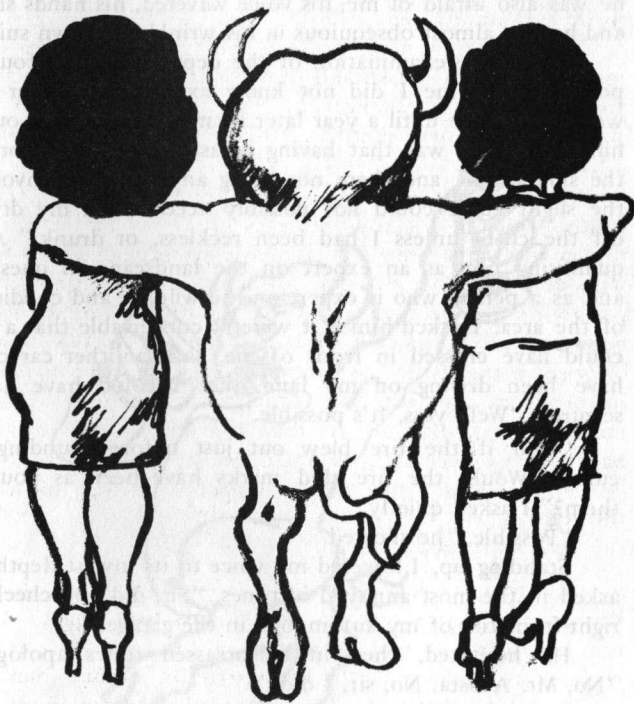
Throughout the entire weekend we smoked and talked of the things that mattered, that were of value to each of us. Where we had attacked one another in the bar with Hunter, now we spoke with sincerity and politeness, and at all times with a sense of humor and irony. We drove up the hill and into the mountains and experienced the thrill of seeing nature, the greenness of trees, the bigness of granite cliffs, the lightness of the cottonwoods' summer snow falling gently over the valley. We stood at the top of cliffs and tried to start miniature avalanches; we threw rocks at flying buzzards and enormous black crows. Fuller took his climbers' ropes and scaled the sides of sheer, slick rock while Gerri and I drank beer. Later I played my clarinet beside the rocky creek and read books given to me by Fuller, mainly books by Alan Watts on zen.

The question never arose, either in conversation or in my head, of when I should leave their cabin. I had planned to stay for the weekend only, but as it turned out I lived with them for two months in the most pleasant relationship I have ever had.

There are many reasons, some known, some hidden, for making the big decisions in one's life. I am of the opinion that most of the crucial decisions in my life have been made without my conscious participation: It is through no participation on my part that I was born the son of *Mejicanos* named Manuel y Juana on April the eighth 1935; that I enlisted in the Air Force Band at the age of seventeen at the insistence of my first love, Anita; that I became a baptist missionary at eighteen; or that I married Betty and had Marco in my twenties . . . none of these crucial matters did I personally choose; they simply happened. It was the will of the gods.

And so it was in Aspen.

My first week I scored on two, older Jewish broads. Both were English teachers and friends from Miami. I had not been to bed with any woman for over a year. The reasons are perhaps better known to Dr. Serbin than they are to me. All that I can determine is that I flunked my first bar exam on the same week that a girl from Rhode Island, a cute, funny chick, told me that she didn't want to marry me; and that for the next year-and-a-half I obeyed my



psychiatrist and was unable to have an erection. Big rejections do weird things to immature men.

And so when I scored twice in one week my first few days in Aspen, I indeed believed I'd found my place; mainly, on top of women. Fucking is potentially the highest form of acceptance that one being can show toward another. I believed it to be the best means devised by the gods to show both man and woman their rightful place. In those days I did not reason, I did not rationalize, I merely saw the simplistic side of my position and to hell with human kindness, and to hell with the needs and feelings of others, particularly women. I told these two, extremely straight women to drop acid, smoke dope and pull down their pants, if they wanted to be with me. And predictably, I never saw them again. But both Fuller and Gerri assured me that I'd have no trouble finding others; that a freak like me would have his bed full with Aspen's finest. Since I got on top of those two with such little effort — I bought them a beer — I fully expected my luck to continue.

But, of course, as the devil would have it, I never made it with another woman in Aspen. Throughout my sojourn in that town I would learn the meaning of sexual desire for a woman who is not of one's own race, and the relation of that lusting after white women to my predicament, my being and my future. It is not a story that comes out in action, for there was none. I cannot relate the awakening, the awareness in terms of people, for there were none to lead me. It is not a question of rejection in the active sense, for no woman ever denied me her bed. All the beautiful girls I met were that, but nothing more. There was no absence of swinging blondes, dope smoking chicks, intelligent broads. I got loaded with the best of the bunch. We danced and played and tripped through the mountains. But they were simply friends or playmates. It never entered our minds to become sexually involved. On several occasions I kissed one or two, and each time we simply laughed at the absurdity of buddies fondling one another. It was almost as if we were of the same sex, or rather, that we were sexless, neuter and without sensuality.

But I suffered. I hurt inside and all alone. There was no love for me. There was no love object. None to seek and, unless some miracle occurred, none to be found. While all around me there were men and women falling in love, going to bed and holding hands, I had no one to wash my clothes or cook my dinner. When the men spoke of going to the bars or to the parties to look for chicks, I only hoped there would be sufficient supply of dope and booze to keep me company. Perhaps if I'd learned the reason for the situation I would not have suffered. If I had known, while living in Aspen, that I was simply in the wrong place, the white man's turf, perhaps I would have returned to my origins, my own people much sooner. But as I said, I am not responsible for the big things that have happened to me. It would take six months for the gods to make their decisions about my place in the order of things.

The second week I rolled my car off a cliff and thus the decision to stay was made for me by another of those fortuitous circumstances that I have referred to. Phil, the bartender at the *Daisy Duck* turned me on to Ouzo with a Galliano float, which he called Yellow Lightning. After the seventh one I blacked out. I continued to drink them until

closing time when Phil found me in the toilet, crashed on the floor. Being drunk himself and in a hurry to get to his warm bed, he put me in my car and told me to make it. I woke up an hour later, standing in the middle of the road at the top of a fourteen-thousand foot mountain, urinating into the moonlight over the cliff. I blacked out again and did not regain consciousness until my car, with me in it, was just going over a cliff. It was much too late to do anything, and so I said, "Well, that's that!" and closed my eyes.

Minutes later, my eyes still closed, I heard a voice. "Hey, Oscar, what the hell you doing down there?" It was some pimply-faced kid I'd met that week. I got out and in the dazzling moonlight saw my car totally smashed, having hooked on to a tree and a boulder about thirty yards down the side of the mile-long drop. By pure coincidence he was driving by when my car went over.

The next morning I went to report the accident to the Sheriff because the garage mechanic said he couldn't tow it into town without a release. The sheriff wasn't there, but his wife was. She told me that he'd gone out to investigate an accident "where some drunk had run his car over a cliff, then disappeared." When I told her that I was the one with the car over the cliff, I believe if she had had a gun she would have put me in one of the cells. Seeing that she was upset, I gave her the phony story that I was a lawyer, a guest of a Mr. Thompson at his ranch outside of town, and that I was unfamiliar with Colorado law.

The following day they found me at the *Daisy Duck* and charged me with reckless driving.

Gerri pressed my suit and I went to trial the following week. I told the judge that I was an attorney from San Francisco on vacation and then proceeded to challenge the constitutionality of the statute. Not only was he impressed, he was also afraid of me; his voice wavered, his hands shook and he was almost obsequious in his wrinkled, brown suit.

Upon cross-examination of the deputy sheriff I found a power within me I did not know existed. (A power that would not ripen until a year later.) I made mincemeat out of him. His story was that having measured the trajectory of the skid marks, and there not being any other car involved, the slight curve could not possibly account for my driving off the cliff "unless I had been reckless, or drunk." After qualifying him as an expert on the landscape in question, and as a person who is expert on the wildlife and conditions of the area, I asked him if it weren't conceivable that a deer could have crossed in front of me, that another car could have been driving on my lane; that I could have had a seizure? "Well, yess, It's possible."

"And if the tire blew out just before rounding the curve? Would the tire skid marks have been as you saw them?" I asked quietly.

"Possible," he sneered.

Standing up, I lowered my voice to its lowest depth and asked in the most annoyed of tones, "Sir, did you check the right-front tire of my automobile in the garage?"

He hesitated, then in embarrassed tones apologized, "No, Mr. Acosta. No, sir, I didn't."

The old, country judge stopped the trial right there, told the deputy he should investigate more carefully in the future and called me to his bench and shook my hand. "Sir, as you probably know, we don't often get very experienced criminal

attornies around here." I blushed for the old coot. He continued, "I want you to know it's been a pleasure seeing you at work . . . I take it you do a lot of federal work, the way you were reading off those Supreme Court cases."

I stood proudly in my dark, blue suit and lied through my teeth. "Well, yes, your honor. The firm has quite a few clients . . . income-tax evasion and inter-state commerce violations. You know."

Despite numerous acts of vandalism which I committed throughout the summer and fall of '67, all known to the sheriff and the deputy district attornies, the law kept me at arm's length for the duration of my stay in Aspen.

My bread gone, friends and relatives refusing to send me anymore, I decided to try my hand at dishwashing. I told a gambler, mafia-type, transplant from Las Vegas, who had a Mexican restaurant in Aspen that I was both a writer and a hard worker. He hired me at a buck and a quarter an hour, plus all I could eat. Naturally, I stole him blind. But I enjoyed the job, requiring as it did only the use of my hands. I particularly liked to wash the enchilada plates and watch the cheese melt away.

One day he gave me a fatherly talk. "Oscar, you know, I've been watching you. I like the way you work." He wore dark, blue suits and white ties and no one doubted that he carried a huge bank roll and a gun.

"As you might of heard, Victor is leaving soon, going back to Mexico . . . and Jimmy is taking his job as head chef." He had a hard time expressing gratitude. "Now I know you told me you wanted to write . . . but you know, that's a tough racket . . . Now, here, you can **know** where you stand."

It was my third week on the job and I felt I'd learned all there was to learn from the enchilada plates.

He continued, very relaxed, "So what my partner and I have decided . . . we'd like to promote you to assistant cook." He waited for some reaction, but I wasn't ready. "Of course there'll be a raise." I bided my time, saying nothing. "In fact, to be honest, we even talked . . . if it works out, of course . . . We have a restaurant in Frisco and since you're from there . . . Well, let's say that if things work out and you want to return to Frisco . . . We might very well make you the head chef out there."

"That's really something," I said, getting up steam. "I've thought of going back. But you know, I haven't decided if I really want to practice law again."

"Oh, you're thinking of going to law school? Now **that** would really be something for you . . . You could work the job right into your schedule."

"Not school. Been through that already."

"What do you mean?" His eyes widened.

"I'm a lawyer. I'm trying to make up my mind if I want to practice law anymore."

"You? You're a lawyer?"

Tony never recovered from that one. He fired me three days later for being drunk and on his booze, or so he told people. The fact is he fired me because he couldn't tolerate a Mexican dishwasher also being a lawyer and a smartass.

Sometime in August the local hippies decided to mix politics and pot. Robert McNamara, the secretary of Defense, was building a summer retreat outside of Aspen. Joining forces with local liberals and immature artists, they

advertised a march to his house, to be followed by a lovein at the local park. But they compromised and publicly stated there could be no booze or drugs: Just love and rock for peace. They walked to McNamara's house and gave him a peace poster especially designed for the occasion, I think by Tom Benton, a local freak with streaks of madness. They returned grateful for his acceptance of the poster and danced wildly on the lawns with children and cookies.

Hunter and I had been at it for twenty-four hours. When I had last passed out, he had written something on my bare back without my knowledge. We purchased a bucket full of drink-size bottles of booze and decided to crash the lovein and come to the aid of the people.

Wearing but a bathing suit and a headband, people stared, gaped and laughed at me as I passed out the refreshments. When the head hippie bawled me out for being a poor sport, Hunter and I grabbed him, threw him to the ground and measured the length of his hair with a carpenter's "T" that I had brought just for the occasion. He tried to laugh it off. (In those days, it was a sin for Hippies to get up tight.) "Hey, man, what'd you want to do that for?"

"Can't you just see it, man," I replied as I measured. "Here I am in, say Frisco, and someone says, 'Ever heard of Chuck Mason?' And I say, 'Oh, you mean the cat with seventeen and a quarter inch long hair?'"

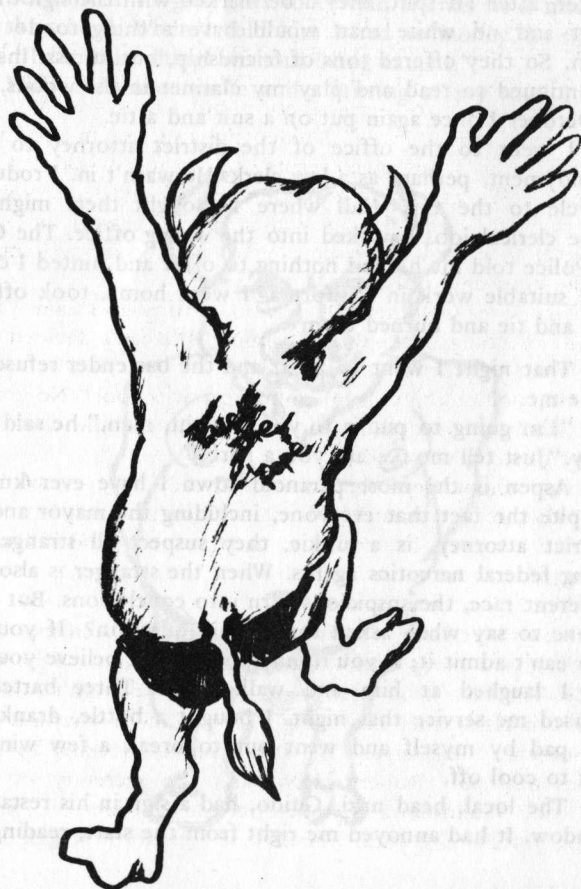
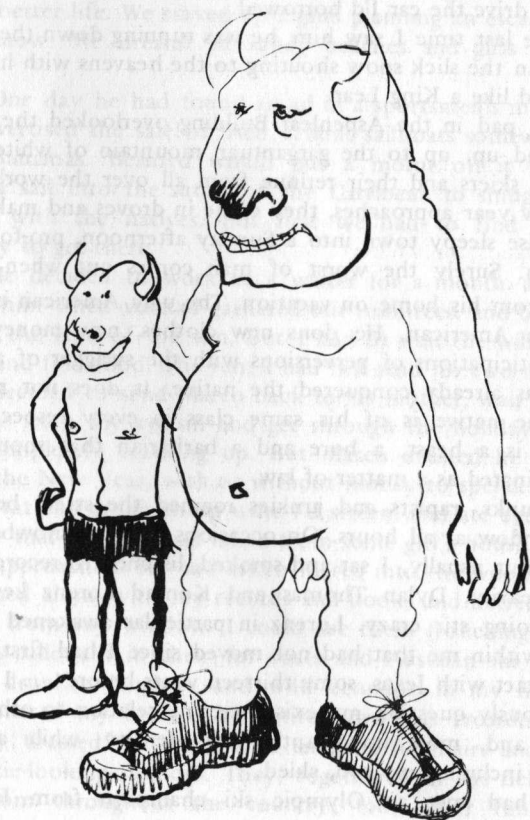
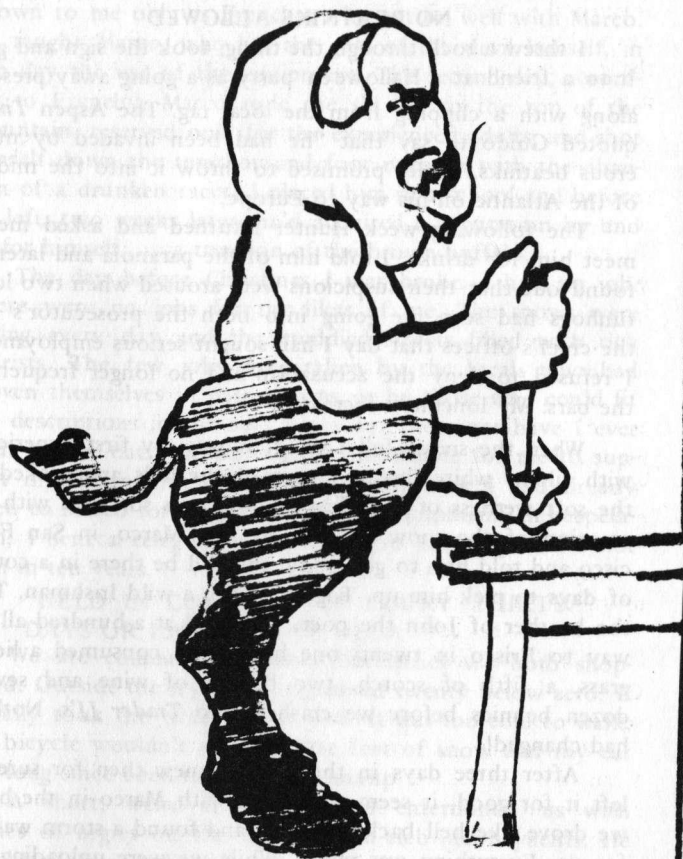
We let him go when I saw some nuns playing with kids. I ran over and asked them to dance. Neither replied. People started running up to me and taking pictures of me, usually from my back. I asked Hunter what was going on. He acted innocent. I was dancing with a tall, skinny chick when out of the blue someone struck me in the back. I swirled and saw a fat-assed broad, swing away at me. I pushed her and said, "What the fuck's got you, baby?"

"You, you . . . you beast! You dirty, filthy son of a bitch!" She swung again and I ducked. I finally got someone to tell me what it was. Hunter had written "FUCK THE POPE" on my bare back.

We drove away cussing at them. Driving downtown I kept shouting out the window, "Here come the hemmroids, here come the hemmroids!" Everytime we saw a girl, Hunter would stop, I'd run out and ask if I could measure her legs, or her hands, or whatever struck my fancy, with my ruler. We dropped more acid and decided to get serious, for the bastards had bugged us enough! We went to his house, got a teargas bomb and a six foot bow with steel arrows. We returned to town, went to the *Daisy Duck* and dared anyone to fuck with us, carefully placing the bomb and bow in front of us. When Phil started *giving* us the drinks, and no one would accept the challenge, we got bored and decided to find the apartment where Eric Severied, the newscaster, was staying. Hunter had run into him the night before and the dirty old man had asked him if he knew any chicks. "Do I look like a pimp?" Hunter kept asking me as we drove from place to place. "I'll throw the bomb and you keep watch. If anything moves, shoot it," he instructed me.

Of course we never killed him. Instead we found a couple of sisters who thought we were cute and blessed us with their company until they realized how hopelessly insane we were when we dropped our fourth cap and lugged in our second case of beer for the evening's entertainment.

The fourth day of our lost weekend, Sandy, Hunter's



wife, finally kicked us out of the house. I barely recall telling Hunter he'd be cold wearing only bermudas in New York as he walked down the gangplank leading to the airplane at the Aspen airport. Wearing a woman's hat I'd stolen earlier and carrying a small flight bag with a bottle of Old Fitzgerald and a '44 magnum, Hunter took the prize. That weekend he flew off to New York after instructing me to tell Sandy he'd gone to San Francisco. I didn't see too much of him thereafter. His wife, naturally, blamed me.

I got a job as a construction worker and cleaned windows for a couple of weeks. When they fired me, I learned another trade as a plumber's assistant which I stayed at for a month until they found out that I wasn't being too careful: The way I felt, it didn't seem like such a big thing for me to fail to connect those wires between the walls; to fail to screw on the pipe under the house; to leave a pipe out completely in the attic; after all, I only neglected to follow the instructions when it was too hard, when I bruised my knuckles or when I was in a bad mood.

When the mountains turned to an autumn of yellow and orange I knew my days were numbered. Feeling serious, one day I decided it was time to find real work, a job more commensurate with my station in life, as the ads say. I had stopped looking for chicks. It had become perfectly clear to me that the pretty blondes simply weren't going to ball me, for whatever reason. I'd meet many who thought I was super, particularly when they found out I was really a lawyer and a friend to Hunter. But they weren't dumb, they could smell my death coming. They knew, as women always know, that if they made it with me, that in the cold of winter, after I'd split, they'd be marked with the sign of the beast and no white man would have a thing to do with them. So they offered tons of friendship, but no ass. Instead I continued to read and play my clarinet in the woods, and in October I once again put on a suit and a tie.

I went to the office of the district attorney to seek employment, perhaps as a law clerk. He wasn't in. I rode my bicycle to the City Hall where I thought there might be some clerical job. I walked into the wrong office. The Chief of Police told me he had nothing to offer and hinted I could find suitable work in California. I went home, took off my suit and tie and burned them.

That night I went to a bar and the bartender refused to serve me.

"I'm going to put it to you straight, man," he said very drily. "Just tell me . . . are you a narc?"

Aspen is the most paranoid town I have ever known. Despite the fact that everyone, including the mayor and the district attorney, is a junkie, they suspect all strangers of being federal narcotics agents. When the stranger is also of a different race, the suspicions turn into conclusions. But what is one to say when asked that stupid question? If you are, you can't admit it; if you're not, they won't believe you.

I laughed at him and walked out. Three bartenders refused me service that night. I bought a bottle, drank it at my pad by myself and went out to break a few windows just to cool off.

The local, head nazi, Guido, had a sign in his restaurant window. It had annoyed me right from the start, reading:

NO BEATNIKS ALLOWED

I threw a rock through the thing, took the sign and gave it to a friend at a Halloween party as a going away present, along with a clipping from the local rag. The *Aspen Times* quoted Guido to say that "he had been invaded by numerous beatniks." Billy promised to throw it into the middle of the Atlantic on his way to Europe.

The following week Hunter returned and asked me to meet him for drinks. I told him of the paranoia and later he found out that their suspicions were aroused when two local funhogs had seen me going into both the prosecutor's and the chief's offices that day I had sought serious employment. I refused to deny the accusation and no longer frequented the bars. My loneliness increased.

When the snows fell I cried. It was my first experience with silent, white death. I roamed the hills and soaked up the soft wetness of that first snow. I was so taken with the emotion of the snow I called my son, Marco, in San Francisco and told him to get ready; that I'd be there in a couple of days to pick him up. Together with a wild Irishman, Tim, the brother of John the poet, we raced at a hundred all the way to Frisco in twenty-one hours and consumed a lid of grass, a fifth of scotch, two bottles of wine and several dozen bennies before we crashed into *Trader JJ's*. Nothing had changed!

After three days in the city, I knew then for sure I'd left it for good, it seemed so dull. With Marco in the back, we drove like hell back to Aspen and found a storm waiting for us. Everything was white. While we were unloading the trailer, a friend of Tim's came up and told him his house had burned to the ground while we were away. He went instantly amok and struck me in the face when I refused to let him drive the car I'd borrowed.

The last time I saw him, he was running down the alley falling in the slick snow shouting to the heavens with his fist clenched like a King Lear.

My pad in the Aspenleaf Building overlooked the main drag and up, up to the gargantuan mountain of white that attracts skiers and their retinue from all over the world. As the new year approaches, they come in droves and make the otherwise sleepy town into a Sunday afternoon, pro-football stadium. Surely the worst of man comes out when he is away from his home on vacation. The ugly American is ugly even in American. He dons new clothes, new money and new anticipations of perversions with the swagger of a man who has already conquered the native. It does not matter that the native is of his same class in every respect, the tourist is a beast, a bore and a barbarian that should be exterminated as a matter of law.

Drunks, rapists and junkies roamed the street beneath my window at all hours. On occasions I threw snowballs at them. But usually, I sat and smoked, listened to records and read heavily. Dylan Thomas and Konrad Lorenz kept me from going stir crazy. Lorenz in particular awakened something within me that had not moved since I had first come in contact with Jesus, some thirteen years before . . . I began to seriously question my existence, my relation to other life forms and, most importantly, my identity; while all the others, including my son, skied.

I had met an Olympic ski champion from France,

known to me only as Frenchy, who got on well with Marco. He taught Marco, who has the guts of the devil himself, in one day the use of the equipment. The second day, according to Frenchy, Marco rode the ski lift to the top of the mountain, reserved only for the experienced adults, and shot himself down the ten-thousand foot expanse with the abandon of a drunken racer. I placed him in a school and before he left, two weeks later, he'd acquired a reputation by and all for himself . . . a true son of the brown buffalo.

The day before Christmas I was broke. I had no job. There were no jobs for the likes of me. The snows were falling every day and the muddled streets filled with rich tourists. The few jobs were taken by the locals who had proven themselves in past seasons, or by those who could fit the descriptions in the ads. I was not then, nor have I ever been "clean cut." It was simply impossible for me to support myself and my son. The last paycheck I had already given to Marco for his ski lessons and equipment. In desperation, I sent a telegram to a cousin in Los Angeles I'd not seen in ten years.

"HELD IN CONTEMPT OF COURT. THIRTY DAYS OR 150 DOLLARS. HELP."

We ate coldcuts and other necessities we both shoplifted. Outside the icy winds registered twenty below zero. It literally took the wind out of you. It was too cold to walk, my bicycle wouldn't move in five feet of snow and my car had long since been towed to the dump.

A short, weird friend, Bernard entertained us with stories of orgies on the high seas in rich men's yachts. He shoplifted toys and taught Marco how to build model racers which he claimed to have driven. Bernard was a versatile man, a man for that season in Aspen; he could do anything with his hands. His mind, like mine, wandered to thoughts of a better life. We stayed up nights planning an escape from the snow. We dreamt of sandy beaches and girls without tops.

One day he had found an ad in a sportsmen's magazine. It advertised the sale of used, rebuilt sailboats somewhere in the Bahamas. Bernard would put a motor on it and we would sail into the sunset of the Caribbean to smuggle and trade with the natives. But first we had to find enough money to get there.

He decided to work as a waiter for a month. I would meet him when we had gathered our resources, and off we'd be to the land of the sun. But I had to wait the will of the gods and find food. The rent I had not paid for two months, so I decided to send Marco back to his mother, wait for the money from my cousin and get through the holidays without completely cracking up. But Marco insisted he remain until the New Year, with or without money to spend.

I sat and drank cheap wine I'd stolen, and ate bread and cheese that Bernard had taken from some girl's house, as the hour approached. He had taken Marco into the woods and I remained alone with my records and books and hatred of all I saw from my window. I could see them frolicking below on the sidewalk in their fur coats and Austrian ski parkas. Their drunken laughter and wild abandon in my hour of need stirred my brain. The entire town was crowded with smartly dressed ski bums, foul smelling longhairs and plain old okie-looking funhogs. They, together with the rich tourists from throughout the country, took their fun quite

seriously at this high-class ski resort hidden high in the Rockies. Drugs and hard rock was their total trip. They were heavily into the hip scene, an amalgam of indifference, non-pain and non-involvement. No one read newspapers; they would never catch themselves watching t.v. or listening to anything but music on the radio . . . and this was the year of the riots, when the cities began to go up in flames. There was a cool world of white acid and middle-class awareness without knowledge of confusing facts; they romped and fell and stomped and belched with a sense of completeness under powdered snow, slick skis and pretty girls snuggled in bright parkas and colored glasses. I despised them on Christmas Eve of 1967 as I never had before. And I despised myself even more for seeking their company.

But still the word from the gods did not arrive. I could make no decisions of what to do, where to go or whom to seek for comfortable companionship. Those I'd known in the summer and fall were now with their own kind on the slopes or in the bars that did not cater to me. Even those who had shown a certain friendship no longer invited me to their parties and merely waved at me if they saw me on the streets. They had simply tired of me, of my calling attention to their predicament and of my foul moods. They denied the issue was race or social class, but only with a word. None would deal with the issues that my simple presence presented. They accepted me, to the extent that they did, simply because I was interesting to have around and to a degree because their idol, the town's super freak, Hunter had, at least taken me on as one of his many competitors for the title.

When Marco returned he brought the message. He told me he wanted to give gifts to certain friends he'd made at the ski school. When I told him I had no money, he simply said, "I can take things without being caught."

With a drunken smile and a stirring of my soul, I said,



"Let's go, Chooch. Let's get rid of everything we can get. Let's give away everything we don't need."

We wrapped ourselves in the clothes we'd purchased from the Thrift Shop and went into the streets as thieves. We shoplifted jewelry, trinkets, art objects and various, sundry bits of glittering paraphernalia. We returned to the pad, wrapped the gifts and drank more wine. With the madness fully set in my swirling brain, we made the rounds to the homes of persons who had at one time or another befriended us. We gave them rich gifts without value, trips for their memories of wild indians in the snow. They were embarrassed, of course, for not having thought of us; but the drinks and the drugs calmed us. We went from house to house and the dawn's light found us with our sacks empty and my brain completely shot.

As soon as the stores opened on Christmas day, we went shopping again. Returning to the apartment to wrap the booty, we saw a delivery truck parked in the alley. Without a word, we both ran, slipped and fell, got up and just as the truck was pulling away I jumped into the rear and hauled off a case of liquor. Marco quickly covered it with his coat. We carried it to Bernard's and drank good scotch for an hour. The three of us then filled a five-gallon bucket with a dozen bottles, walked to the main drag in the center of town and stood in the corner like Salvation Army creeps. Whenever we'd see someone who caught our fancy, whether known to us or not, we'd give him a bottle of scotch. When the bottles were all gone we went to visit a girl friend who on occasion had spent some time with us.

We gave Judy a *Magical Mystery Tour* album we'd stolen. Without batting an eye she kissed me and handed me a plug of hashish someone had layed on her earlier. The four of us went to a bar-restaurant for lunch and drinks. Standing in line I saw a recent bald-headed arrival to Aspen who billed himself as a talent scout and cartoonist for *Playboy*. I walked up and handed him a boiled-egg holder, wishing him a happy, etc. We left after a few beers and walked in the now falling snow to a bar, while Marco went skiing. The waiter in *The Pub* was perhaps the ugliest okie I've seen, but an apparently decent fellow. When he brought us our drinks, I felt compelled to give him something for thinking ill of his looks. I reached in my pocket and the plug of hash came out. I slipped it to him with a hearty handshake and he couldn't answer; the hash was worth, perhaps a hundred dollars. Later he invited us to his house. We left the joint and drove in someone's car to the waiter's house. I was very loaded by this time. We stopped on the way at a liquor store where I bought two cases of short dogs, i.e. pint-sized Thunderbird wine. A party was in progress when we arrived, I gave everyone in the house a pint for Xmas. After an hour or so, we returned to Judy's apartment, and I put her to bed.

Walking out, I spotted a communal refrigerator in the hallway. I found two bottles of champagne and two frozen ducks. I took them, and with Bernard still waiting in the car, I ran up the steps to a lawyer's office next door. I had once asked him for a job as a clerk. He was the same one who had suggested I return to California and practice my trade there, if in fact I was an attorney.

I walked hurriedly beyond the secretary's desk, burst

into his office and slapped a bottle and a frozen duck in front of him. "Merry Christmas, Lenny," I shouted. His mouth simply stayed open as I ran out.

The last thing I remember is eating the breast of the second duck and talking to Bernard about how much ass we'd get in the Bahamas come Spring.

Two days later my parents arrived to take Marco home. Sometime during my drug frenzy I'd called them, and while Marco and I were playing Santa they drove from California to take the kid away from his crazy father. I felt relieved when they drove away, knowing from experience I was in the midst of another crackup. My father just shook his head, and my mother sighed when they saw the completely unkept and almost destroyed apartment.

During the following week, into the new year, I remained constantly and consistently drunk and stoned to the point that it is now impossible to recall any of the events. I search through my notes and my memory, but all I find are glimpses of strange, longhaired people wandering in and out of what became a half-way house, a crash pad for any freak, thug, runaway teenybopper or junkie. I seem to sit in the corner and observe the parade, the charade, the nightmare of strangers in your house, out of control, observing you without a word. It seems that I tolerated them only so long as they kept the drugs coming. Several hardfaced junkies with XKEs and Porsches rather moved in, bringing methadrine, needles and foul-mouthed chicks with them. It seems they wanted me to drive the stolen cars to Mexico, where I told them I could sell them to a smuggler I had met in Aspen. I simply don't remember what happened to them.

To my most humble surprise, I received a telegram with a hundred-and-fifty dollars. Quickly I checked the Greyhound and found one leaving for Glenwood Springs within the hour. I bought a ticket and called Sandy, Hunter's wife. I asked her to meet me at the station. When she came, together with their son Juan and their Doberman Pinchers, I gave her the very last of my possessions: A wooden idol, a god of the San Blas Indians of the Carribean which they'd given me in 1956 when I visited their islands as a friend and baptist missionary.

"Tell Hunter he'd better have this. He's going to need it more than me if he's to remain here."

She kissed me and the dogs barked. They were the only seriously, decent people I'd known in Aspen on that trip. All the others I condemned for one reason or another that no longer matters, since, as we shall see, I have since returned to take the cup away from him.

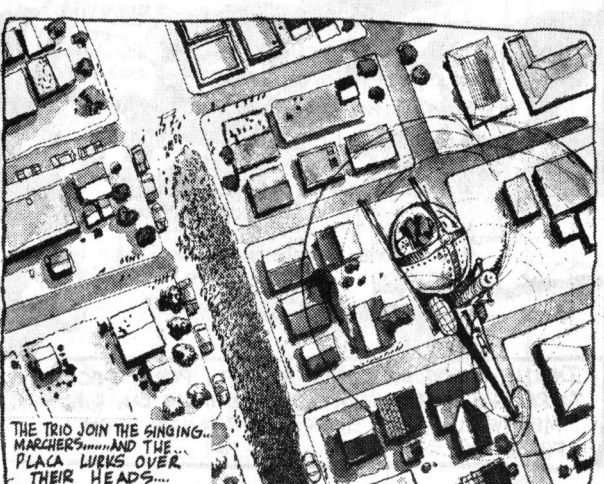
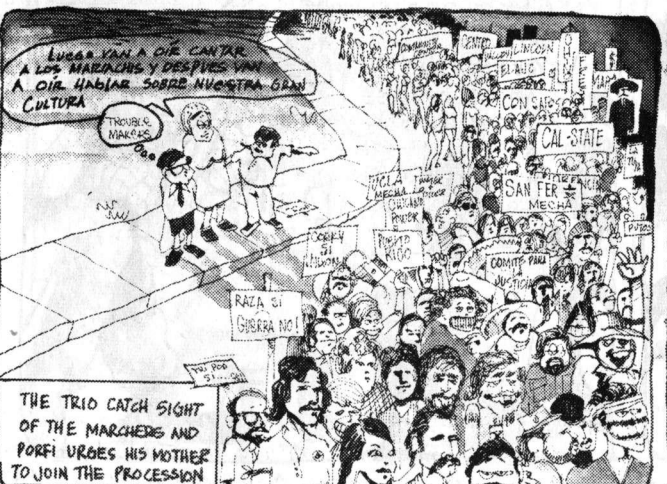
I got on the bus and fell asleep immediately. Twenty-four hours later I was in Juarez, Mexico, intent on finding Victor, the Mexican cook I'd worked with in Aspen. He had promised to teach me the smuggling business.

C/S

WATCHA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CON SAFOS: On how the brown buffalo finds god in a Mexican jail, escapes to Los Angeles, meets the East L. A. 13 and A TODA MADRE! — becomes a CHICANO LAWYER!

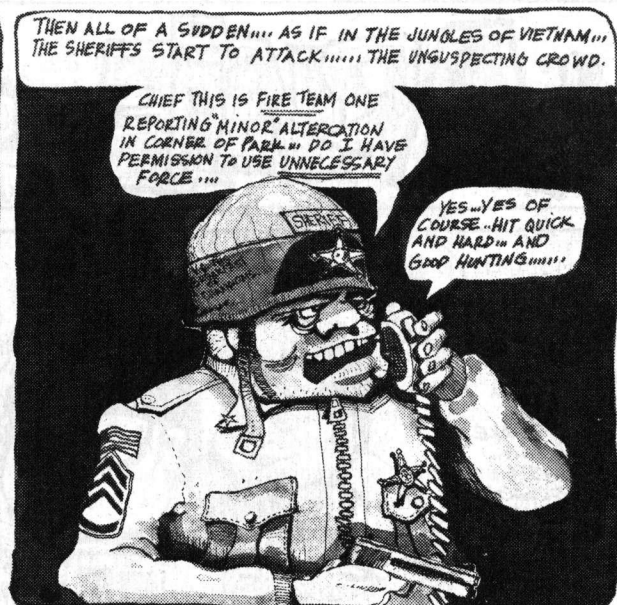
* ARNIE and PORFI *

by Sergio Hernandez





THE MOOD OF THE PEOPLE IS A HAPPY ONE
EVEN ARNIE IS FEELING A TWINGE OF PRIDE



THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN.... AS IF IN THE JUNGLES OF VIETNAM...
THE SHERIFFS START TO ATTACK..... THE UNSUSPECTING CROWD.

CHIEF THIS IS FIRE TEAM ONE
REPORTING 'MINOR' ALTERCATION
IN CORNER OF PARK... DO I HAVE
PERMISSION TO USE UNNECESSARY
FORCE

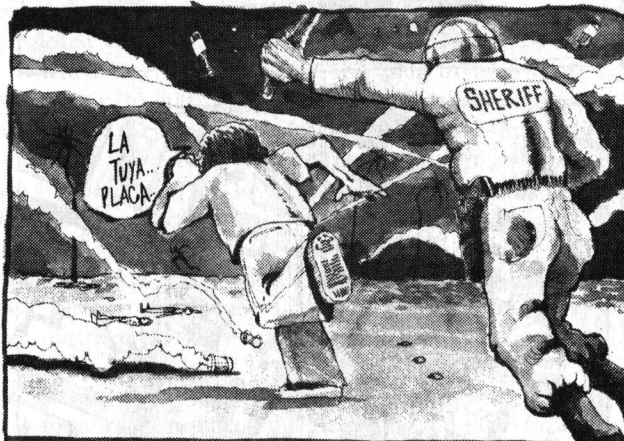
YES...YES OF
COURSE...HIT QUICK
AND HARD... AND
GOOD HUNTING.....



THE COPS MOVE IN....
GASSING, STOMPING, HITTING
AND AXTING.....



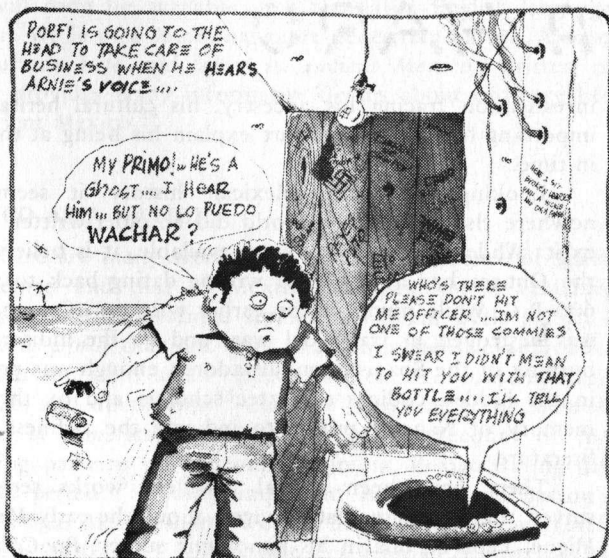
A TEARGAS CANISTER
EXPLODES NEARBY SENDING
THEM RUNNING FOR SAFETY



IN ALL THE CONFUSION ARNIE IS LOST... PORFI DECIDES
TO RETURN TO THE PARK TO SEE IF HE CAN FIND HIM....
MEANWHILE ARNIE SEEKS ASSISTANCE FROM A
FRIENDLY SHERIFF..... HA!



PARDON ME
SHERIFF, SIR...
BUT I BELIEVE I'M LOST
SAY..I DON'T KNOW IF
YOU KNOW, BUT I'M
NOT ONE OF THOSE
COMMUNISTS.....





A BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAY

ROBERT A HARO

The literature of LA RAZA, particularly that of the Mexican American, has escaped not only its rightful place in our libraries, but also its role in university studies, and as the artistic expression of a unique culture in the printed word. LA RAZA, until recently, has been neglected by scholars with the emphasis of the academic community focused on the Negro movement. Unfortunately, significant information about the Chicano movement is still found mainly in southwestern serials and newspapers with an occasional article in a few national magazines. Too many writers on the Mexican American fail to understand the culture adequately and at best present superficial views. To better understand the Mexican American, it is necessary to venture far into the past, beyond the advent of the Spanish in the New World, a period of time conveniently labeled Pre-Columbian. Therefore, the understanding of the Mexican American and his present culture demands an historical

investigation tracing his ancestry, his cultural heritage and important factors that in part explain his being at this state in time.

Looking back into Mexican history it seems that nowhere else in the New World did an older written history exist. While no exact dates are available, it is believed that the Olmecs had a system of writing dating back to at least 600 B.C. While much of the earlier writings of these people was destroyed in fratricidal wars and by the indiscriminate burning of the Spanish conquistadores, enough was preserved in the hidden codices of Aztec scholars and by the verbal memory of Nahuatl priests to indicate the richness of this literature.

There have been several excellent works seeking to survey the literature that survived about the early Mexicans. Miguel Leon-Portilla in his panoramic survey, *Pre-Columbian literatures of Mexico*, identifies much of what is available and provides a comprehensive bibliography of known

codices.¹ A companion work which stresses textual analysis and interpretation is Leon-Portilla's *Aztec thought and culture*.² His other work, *The broken spears: the Aztec account of the conquest of Mexico* is an interesting work that presents the accounts, chronicles, and poems of Nahuatl writers.³

Perhaps no work is as important in understanding and appreciating the literature of the ancient Mexicans as the magnificent, six volume work, *Colección de documentos para la historia Mexicana*, edited by Antonio Pinafiel.⁴ Along with Angel Maria Garibay's informative work, *Historia de la literatura Nahuatl*, the reader with a good command of Spanish has two important and basic works needed to trace the origins of this ancient literature.⁵

While the above works are highly important, there are some very interesting works that attempt to analyze and interpret the history of ancient Mexico and its people. George C. Vaillant's book, *The Aztecs of Mexico*, is a good popular account.⁶ Somewhat more scholarly are Alfonso Caso's *The Aztecs; people of the sun*⁷ and Charles Gibson's fine work, *The Aztecs under Spanish rule*.⁸ Along with these works belongs Laurette Sejourne's *Burning water; thought and religion in ancient Mexico*, which provides an interpretive account of religion in the life of the ancient Mexicans.⁹

The conquest of Mexico by the Spaniard was well documented by the writings of various conquistadores and monks. Most of these works should be considered carefully because of their authors' prejudices and European origins. Perhaps the best known work on the conquest is Bernal Diaz del Castillo's *The true history of the conquest of New Spain*.¹⁰ First issued as a five volume set between 1908-1916, it was later abridged by Irving A. Leonard.¹¹ While Diaz's work is considered the standard, Fray Bernardino de Sahagun's magnificent work, *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España*, surpasses it in quality.¹² Unfortunately, all available editions — there are four — are in Spanish. Another important work, and one done by a monk, is Fray Bartolome de las Casas' *Historia de las Indias*.¹³ De las Casas' work is rapidly becoming a standard and will soon be available in a translated English language version. While of a somewhat more pedestrian nature, Alonso de Zurita's *Life and labor in ancient Mexico*, written in 1590, provides many informative details about ordinary life in ancient Mexico.¹⁴

MEXICO AS A NATION

There are many works that treat the influence of Spain on Mexico and that of Mexico on Spain. Most valuable, perhaps, for the informed layman is William Lytle Schurz's *This new world* that not only is a comprehensive approach, but also functions as an eclectic reference to contemporary accounts and documents.¹⁵ Clarence H. Haring's *The Spanish empire in America* provides an excellent account of the changing patterns of life and culture in Mexico during the Spanish period.¹⁶ Equally important is Herbert E. Bolton's and Thomas M. Marshall's work, *The colonization of North America, 1492-1783*, which provides a broad perspective of Mexico's transformation as a result of the Spanish influence.¹⁷

No account of this period would be complete without Lewis Hanke's important work *The Spanish struggle for justice in the conquest of America* which treats the impact of the invader's culture and concept of justice and equity on the ancient peoples of the Americas.¹⁸ Perhaps the opinionated style of the famous Spanish philosopher and essayist Salvador de Madariaga best provides a thorough and intellectual approach to the Spanish influence in the New World. His two works, *The rise of the Spanish American empire*¹⁹ and *The fall of the Spanish American empire* deal with the subject in an incisive and thought provoking manner. Silvio Zavala's *The political philosophy of the conquest of America* provides a more analytical, provocative and interpretive approach to the Spanish conquest than Madariaga.²¹

So often readers with an interest in Mexico and its people, especially with reference to the heritage of the Mexican American in the United States, seek "one good book on the subject!" Octavio Paz's book, *The labyrinth of solitude*, should be read by anyone who would understand and appreciate the Mexicans and their American counterparts, the Chicanos.²² His work is a tremendous piece of writing that celebrates the fury, silence, brilliance and shame of the "cosmic race," a term for the uniqueness of the Mexicans. Hard on Paz's heels, expounding a similar thesis, is Samuel Ramos in his controversial book, *Profile of man and culture in Mexico*.²³ Ramos' work, in attempting to communicate a distinct and elusive image of the Mexican, is successful only up to a point. This theme started by Paz and Ramos is expanded by the essays in Stanley R. Ross' book, *Is the Mexican Revolution dead?*²⁴ Significant essays in this book are by Luis Cabrera, Jesus Silva Herzog, Gilberto Loyo, and Moises Navarro. An earlier collection of essays, *Renascent Mexico*, edited by Herbert Weinstock and Hubert Herring, first presented Luis Cabrera's emphatic plea for homogeneity in the essay "The key to the Mexican chaos," and another conflict within the Mexican's culture as perceived and articulated by Moises Saenz's defense of the indigenous Aztec mystic in "Indian Mexico."²⁵

MODERN MEXICO

It was for Leslie Byrd Simpson to present a more traditional and scholarly interpretation of modern Mexico in his work, *Many Mexicos*.²⁶ As a historian would view a chronicle of events, Simpson unemotionally depicts accurately the events and contemporary affairs of the Mexican people. Simpson's approach is sardonic, especially in his treatment of many personalities, his style is condescending and were it not for his scholarship, the work would be a cold failure. Along the same vein is the dispassionate approach of Howard Cline in his book, *The United States and Mexico*.²⁷ Cline and Simpson's works are cold and lifeless books, as are so many scholarly ones published by prestigious university presses. Strong on structured scholarship, they miss the mark by their attempted impartiality, sterility, and lack of warmth. Even Victor Alba's *The Mexicans, the making of a nation* misses much of the vitality and uniqueness that distinguish the Mexicans.²⁸ Nevertheless, his work is important and must be read.

An important work that is quite perceptive is Patrick Romanell's *Making of the Mexican mind: a study of recent Mexican thought*.²⁹ A far different approach to modern Mexico is John Reed's kaleidoscopic and journalistic work on the Pancho Villa era, *Insurgent Mexico*.³⁰ Better and definitely more sophisticated is John Womack, Jr.'s important and impressive *Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*.³¹ This last work is quickly becoming required reading for the new leftist and militant young Chicanos. Perhaps it was Frank Tannenbaum who first earned the term "simpatico" for his excellent book, *Peace by revolution: Mexico after 1910*, which treats the subject of Mexico intellectually, and with great sympathy and understanding.³²

The Mexican Revolution and its aftermath disrupted not only the socio-political order, but seriously splintered the intellectuals in Mexico. Stanley R. Ross has written several interesting pieces about the Revolution and its aftermath, especially about the search for a new future by the Mexicans. Several Mexican intellectuals, dismayed but not crushed by the bloodshed and turmoil, searched for an ideology beneath the rubble. What they found might well have been similar to that following a bloodbath such as after the French Revolution. For the Mexicans, it was as if some lesson, some purpose had to be learned to justify the deaths.

It is at this point that a reader unable to read Spanish will encounter problems. The most articulate and important writers such as José Vasconcelos and Antonio Caso have not had their significant works translated into English. José Vasconcelos' highly influential book, *La raza cosmica* (The Cosmic Race), published in 1925, is a primer that continues to influence the LA RAZA movements;³³ its ideas are reflected in the Los Angeles New Race and Brown Beret movements, in Tijerina's New Breed, in the Denver Conference of 1969 Plan Espiritual de Aztlán, and in the 1969 MECHA statement in California — "We are a Nation. We are from Aztlán." A prolific and fiery writer, Vasconcelos, a former Minister of Education, wrote dozens of books including the classic, *La cultura en Hispano-America* (Culture in Spanish America).³⁴ Typical of the kind of neglect this influential writer suffers, only one of his many books has been translated into English: *Aspects of Mexican civilization* which he wrote with the Mexican scholar Manuel Gamio.³⁵

While one of Vasconcelos' works, albeit a jointly authored one, has been translated into English, none of Antonio Caso's items have been translated at all. Caso is considered *El Maestro* of contemporary Mexican thought. His two most important and pivotal works, necessary to both trace and understand the growth of LA RAZA's philosophy, *El problema de Mexico y la ideologia nacional* (The problem of national ideology in Mexico),³⁶ and his widely read and impressive *Principios de estetica* (Esthetic principles), still remain all but unknown to the non-Spanish reader.³⁷

THE MEXICAN AMERICAN IN THE SOUTHWEST

The history of LA RAZA in the United States seems to break down as a result of "benign neglect" on the part of Anglo intellectuals and scholars of the Southwest. The

Spanish influence in the Southwest has been well documented and appropriate writings carefully preserved in our libraries. Letters and journals of conquistadores, priests and Spanish politicians fill many of our archives. Herbert E. Bolton's excellent works provide important steps in retracing the coming of the conquistadores and the Spanish church. One of the most useful works for this area and period of time is *Spanish explorers in the southern United States, 1528-1543*, by Frederick W. Hodge and T. H. Lewis.³⁸ Perhaps the most popular history, written with lucid prose and a dramatic flair, illuminating rather than confusing the events, is Paul Horgan's *Conquistadors in North American history*.³⁹

It is unfortunate that the most reliable and thorough works are the older histories: Herbert E. Bolton's *The Spanish borderlands*,⁴⁰ Hubert H. Bancroft's *History of Arizona and New Mexico*,⁴¹ and his *History of the north Mexican states and Texas*,⁴² Ralph E. Twitchell's *The leading facts of New Mexican history*,⁴³ and Charles E. Chapman's *The founding of Spanish California, 1687-1783*.⁴⁴ Impressive as these works may be, they do not delineate the formation and growth of the culture of LA RAZA.

The serious student and scholar can search in vain through an impressive array of books to attempt some identification of LA RAZA or their history in the early periods of the Southwest. Unfortunately, no important nor significant works are yet available. There have been published bits of folklore, reminiscences, and some minor documents, but traditional historians and scholars have yet to recognize LA RAZA as an historical entity. Or as an Anglo scholar at a prestigious western university put it, "there seems to be at this particular time, little demand to document and reconstruct the formative history of LA RAZA, at least on an intellectual plane." Even along the lines of biography, there is not one comprehensive biography of any of the major figures, statesmen, or thinkers of LA RAZA: such men as Father José Antonio Martinez, who published the first newspaper and opened the first free school in New Mexico, in the early 1800's; José Gonzales, the revolutionary Governor of that state; Tiburcio Vasquez the Robin Hood of California; General Mariano Vallejo also of California; and other important men of LA RAZA who pioneered the Southwest, conquered adversities, and helped write the constitutions of California and New Mexico.

Of the biographical materials available, several deal with legendary characters. The legendary figure, Joaquin Murieta, serves as the central character for two books: Walter Noble Burns, *The Robin Hood of El Dorado*,⁴⁵ and John Rollin Ridge's *The life and adventures of Joaquin Murieta*.⁴⁶ Both of these works are popular accounts and somewhat pedestrian in nature. One of the better written biographies, Americo Paredes' *With his pistol in his hand: a border ballad and its hero*, is on the little known Gregorio Cortez, a south Texas folk hero.⁴⁷ Aside from these works, very little is available.

If there are any doubts about the history of LA RAZA, its almost complete absence from our libraries and archives all too graphically attests to its thorough suppression. Even in the southwestern schools, a process of de-education has conditioned all students, Mexican-Americans, Anglos, Indians and Blacks to ignore or gloss over LA RAZA's contributions.

But some works do exist. Carlos E. Castañeda, the former Latin American librarian of the University of Texas, attempted to balance one aspect in his work *The Mexican side of the Texas Revolution*.⁴⁸ A recent work attempting to set the record straight is Antonio S. Vigil's *The coming of the Gringo*.⁴⁹ However, these works, including the emotional indictment by José Maria Tornel, were and still are largely ignored. Because of his approach, Castañeda himself had to publish most of his historical research privately.

It is only recently that scholars and researchers have re-examined the Mexican-American War and resulting peace treaty. Glenn W. Price's book, *Origins of the war with Mexico*, coupled with the Polk diaries themselves adequately document President Polk's intrigues.⁵⁰ In addition, the Texas State Historical Association's *The Republic of Texas* raises the issues about the war with Mexico as unjust and immoral.⁵¹ While there are advocates on both sides, two objective accounts continue as standards, Albert K. Weinberg's *Manifest destiny: a study in nationalist expansion*,⁵² and Otis A. Singletary's work *The Mexican War*.⁵³ So vague are the issues surrounding this war and so high are the emotions of contemporary Mexican-Americans that there may never be a middle ground. Suffice it to say that the contemporary Chicano can, perhaps with justification, claim this war and resulting terms of the Peace Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo as a travesty of justice and grounds for a legitimate grievance against the expansionistic Anglo. Fuel to feed the fire of suspicion and mistrust is readily available in the controversy surrounding the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. For some strange reason, the Treaty was almost impossible to obtain by the general public from its signing in 1848 until it was reprinted in the early 1960's. Furthermore, Article X, containing nothing too controversial,

has been conspicuously absent from all but a few scarce and scholarly works. Is it any wonder that LA RAZA looks with great concern and anger at both the Mexican-American War and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo?

POPULAR HISTORY OF LA RAZA

While scholarly and intellectual works tracing the history of LA RAZA are few, the popular histories are rich with memories and scattered details. Unfortunately, the popular histories are mainly restricted to three of the five southwestern states, California, New Mexico and Texas. Both Arizona and Colorado suffer from a lack of both popular and scholarly works dealing with historical accounts of LA RAZA in these two geographical areas. To provide a framework for historical materials dealing with LA RAZA in the Southwest, California, New Mexico, and Texas will be treated separately under this section.

CALIFORNIA. Several works present interesting accounts of LA RAZA in California. Leonard Pitt's work, *The decline of the Californios: a social history of the Spanish speaking Californians, 1846-1890*,⁵⁴ relates the circumstances leading to the decline of the Mexican American in socio-economic and political influence. As such, it provides a clear account of the developing conflicts between Mexican-Americans and Anglos. Of a more popular nature is Arnold R. Rojas' reminiscences of the cattle herds, cowboys and Indios on the ranchos of old California in *The vaquero*.⁵⁵ Joseph Jacinto Mora's book, *Californios: the saga of the hard-riding vaqueros, America's first cowboys*,⁵⁶ contains many excellent illustrations and traces a history of early California ranches and vaqueros that contributed much to the latter-day cowboy.

NEW MEXICO. Erna Fergusson is one of the better known and conventional writers on New Mexico. Her book, *New Mexico, a pageant of three peoples*,⁵⁷ emphasizes the coexistence of the Anglo, Indian and "Spanish" cultures in that state. Fabiola Cabeza de Baca's accounts and tales of the sheepherders, Texas, and Comancheros on the Llano Estacado of New Mexico in *We fed them cactus* is an interesting account of events, but it suffers from biases and lack of documentation.⁵⁸ Perhaps the most scholarly of these works is George I. Sanchez's gentle and sensitive depiction of the life of New Mexico's Taoseños, *Forgotten people* that documents unending memories from the stories of LA RAZA's people who actually lived them.⁵⁹ Even now, academia should address itself to the unwritten histories of LA RAZA. An older but interesting work that provides important insights into the conflicts between Mexicanos and Anglos is W. W. H. Davis' work, *El Gringo; or New Mexico and her people*.⁶⁰

TEXAS. There are many personal memoirs by early settlers in Texas that may be of interest to librarians. However, most of them are limited in value because they are descriptions of another culture which they fail to understand. There are, however, several general surveys that have historical significance. Harley L. Browning and S. Dale McLemore's *A statistical profile of the Spanish-surnamed population of Texas* is frequently touted as performing a valuable service by presenting census data in an easy-to-read



style and by showing various characteristics of the Texas Chicano.⁶¹ Unfortunately, both the sampling and the analysis do not stand the tests of scholarly review and investigation. Although much older, Pauline R. Kibbe's work, *Latin Americans in Texas*, is better known and contains valuable information on the civil and social inequalities of the region.⁶² However, the term Latin Americans is considered an affront by many contemporary Chicanos; and in addition, the statistical information is dated. Frequently listed in many bibliographies and now out-of-print is J. Lee and Lillian J. Stambaugh's *The lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas*.⁶³ This book really adds little to an understanding of the Chicano and reads more like a travel guide or a Chamber of Commerce account.

LA RAZA COMES OF AGE

Juan Martinez in his doctoral dissertation prepared at the University of California at Berkeley traced the migration of refugees from the frustration and poverty in Mexico to the United States. Although his study is statistical and related to California, the trend was uniform and changed the complexion of the Southwest. Manuel Gamio carefully chronicled this exodus in his works: *The Mexican immigrant, his life-story*,⁶⁴ and *Mexican immigration to the United States*.⁶⁵

Anglo reaction in the face of the influx of Mexicans into the Southwest was swift and intolerant. A restrictive "Immigration Lobby" launched a political and literary counter offensive. T. Lothrop Stoddard's book, *The rising tide of color against white world-supremacy*, accused the "Mongrel-Indians" of Mexico of plotting to "invade Texas," forcibly "rejoin" the Southwest to Mexico, and massacre "the entire white population."⁶⁶ Stoddard was not alone in his prejudicial views. Madison Grant, in the work he edited, *The alien in our midst*, argued if not demanded the total exclusion of the Mexican "half breed indians" from America, by force if necessary.⁶⁷

And the stereotypes of the Mexican and Mexican-American? Perhaps their origins date farther back than the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. However, Charles C. Alexander's *The Ku Klux Klan in the Southwest*,⁶⁸ and Cecil Robinson's meticulous diagnosis of literary stereotypes, in *With the ears of strangers: the Mexican American in American literature*,⁶⁹ carefully analyze the varied forms of anti-Mexican racism and prejudices. Earlier attitudes are represented by the gentle patronizing of Edward A. Steiner in his work, *On the trail of the immigrant*,⁷⁰ and Peter Herzog's lynch-rope jokes and frontier humor in *The Gringo & Greaser*.⁷¹ Herzog's work, perhaps more than any other, infuriates Chicanos.

Not all accounts of the Mexican immigrant are unsympathetic. Paul S. Taylor considered the problems of Mexican workers who immigrated into this culturally hostile environment, sympathetically and intellectually. His pioneering books of LA RAZA's history include: *Mexican labor in the United States: Imperial Valley*,⁷² *Mexican labor in the United States: South Texas*,⁷³ *Mexican labor in the United States: Chicago and the Calumet Region*,⁷⁴ and *Mexican labor in the United States: migration statistics*,⁷⁵ all published by the University of California in its Publications in

Economics Series.

THE MEXICAN AMERICAN MIGRANT

Until the late 1930's when Carey McWilliams ventured into the field, there were few studies of migrant life and working conditions. His works: *Factories in the field*,⁷⁶ *Ill fares the land: migrants and migratory labor in the United States*,⁷⁷ and *Brothers under the skin*⁷⁸ are modern classics dealing with the plight of Mexican Americans and other people pitifully existing as migrant workers. While there was an abundance of statistical tracts available in the 1930's and 1940's, serious and academic study of migrant problems was rare during these two decades. The condition of Mexican Americans was viewed quite differently in an important pamphlet. The Mexican Government's Ministerio de Relaciones Extranjeras published a pamphlet offering some intriguing examples of how the Mexicans perceived the abuses and mistreatment of Mexican migrants in the United States. This pamphlet, *La proteccion de Mexicanos en los Estados Unidos* (the protection of Mexicans in the United States), was prepared by Ernesto Hidalgo, and remains one of the few examples of Mexican opinions about the abuses suffered by Mexicans in the United States.

The growing restlessness of the campesinos and the farm labor movement in recent years has been fairly well recorded by LA RAZA itself. It is as if the soil and the struggles fought over it finally produced the harvest of emotion and writing so desperately needed by LA RAZA. *Huelga: the first hundred days of the great Delano grape strike*,⁷⁹ by Eugene Nelson is a slight and poorly written work. Its only redeeming value is its expression of the views of Cesar Chavez's union. *Basta! (enough): the tale of our struggle*⁸⁰ is a highly evocative photographic essay prepared by George Ballis that contains the words of the *Plan of Delano*, a form of Mexican American farm workers manifesto and creed. But it was for Ernesto Galarza to prepare the definitive works on Mexican immigrants in the fields in his books: *Strangers in our fields*,⁸¹ and *Merchants of labor: the Mexican bracero story*.⁸² Galarza, a dedicated scholar, writes with great insight, is scrupulously correct in his documentation, and treats his subject with great humanity and sensitivity. José Lazaro Salinas' book, *Inmigracion de braceros* is a worthy companion to Galarza's works on Mexican immigrants in the fields.⁸³ A more popular version of this problem is presented by John G. Dunne in his book *Delano*.⁸⁴ In spite of his stylistic verve and hard reportage, Dunne's work seems lacking when compared with those of Galarza and Salinas.

THE LAND QUESTION AND THE ALIANZA

The problems of land, especially the land-grant movement in the Southwest, have just begun to produce good popular and scholarly literature. Peter Nabokov's book, *Tijerina and the courthouse raid* is one of the first major studies that treats the Alianza of Reies Lopez Tijerina.⁸⁵ Dealing more with the origins and development of the Alianza, which Tijerina organized in 1963 to challenge Anglo usurpation of Spanish land grants, is Michael Jenkinson's book, *Tijerina: land grant conflict in New Mexico*.⁸⁶ In addition to these works there are other background materials

such as: Alfred N. Chandler's *Land title origins, a tale of force and fraud*;⁸⁷ *Public domain in New Mexico: 1891-1954*,⁸⁸ by Victor Westphall; also Westphall's unpublished *Land grants of New Mexico*;⁸⁹ W. W. Robinson's *Land in California, the story of mission lands, ranchos . . .*;⁹⁰ and Elgin Williams' *The animating pursuits of speculation; land traffic in the annexation of Texas*.⁹¹ Chandler's *Land title origins* and Westphall's *Public domain* are particularly noteworthy for their bibliographies on these subjects.

The emotion and rhetoric surrounding the raid on the courthouse of Tierra Amarilla in New Mexico loses some of its immediacy and accuracy in the interpretation of writers and outside scholars. Rubio Salas, an Albuquerque schoolteacher, tape recorded interviews of eyewitnesses and participants and then issued the account under the title *Shootout at Tierra Amarilla*. This audio tape is a very impressive and important work with considerable impact.

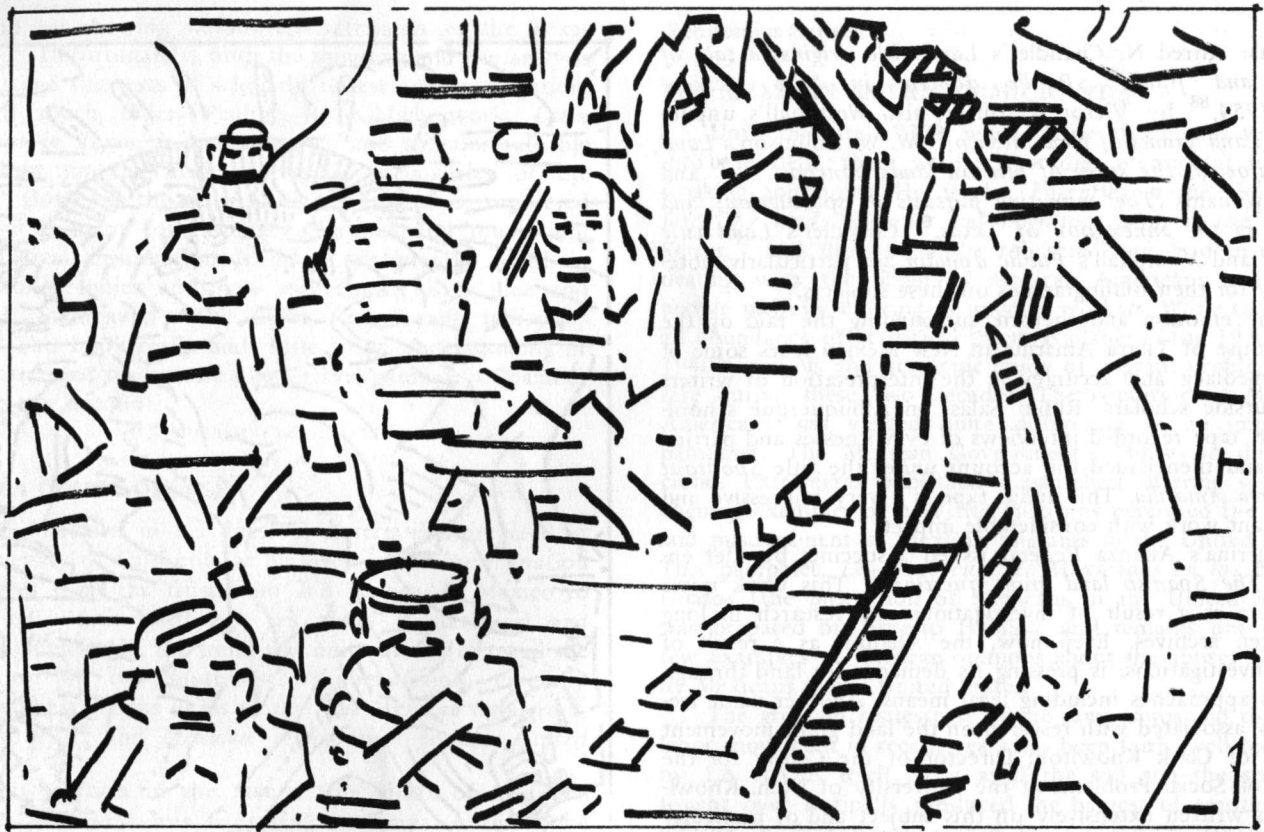
Tijerina's Alianza Federal issued a succinct booklet entitled *The Spanish land grant question*.⁹² This work raises the issue as a result of investigations and research in long forgotten archives. Even now, the Alianza, as a result of these investigations, is pressing its demands for land through various approaches including legal means. Another name frequently associated with research on the land grant movement is that of Clark Knowlton, Director of the Center for the Study of Social Problems at the University of Utah. Knowlton has written extensively on this subject and of particular interest is his "Land grant problems among the states' Spanish speaking," which appeared in *New Mexico business*⁹³ and his highly controversial "Recommendations for the solution of land tenure problems among the Spanish Americans" presented to the U. S. President's Cabinet Committee Hearings on Mexican American Affairs in 1967.⁹⁴

COMMUNITY - URBAN STUDIES

Much as the American Indian has been victimized and over-investigated by amateur and professional anthropologists, pueblo and village life in the Southwest has been studied and analyzed right into the dust. The number of books, reports and pamphlets can overwhelm the interested reader. Several bibliographies, perhaps a dozen, contain almost all important materials dealing with the social, political, cultural and anthropological aspects of pueblo and village life.

Three important bibliographies are the recent publications of Stanford University's Center for Latin American Studies' *The Mexican American: a selected and annotated bibliography*;⁹⁵ The University of California at Los Angeles, Mexican American Study Projects Advance Report 3, *Revised bibliography*; and the recent work, *Spanish speaking groups in the United States: a guide to materials* prepared by the U. S. Cabinet Committee on Opportunity for the Spanish Speaking.⁹⁶ The Stanford bibliography contains some serious errors, is basically insensitive to the attitude of the Chicanos, especially in the prolixity of its annotations that abound with social science jargon and the naïveté of the annotators. The UCLA bibliography, even though unannotated is very useful and suffers only because it is now three years out of date. The Cabinet Committee's work is highly useful and





informative but suffers from typographical errors and poor printing.

Looking closer at community and urban studies, it is truly unfortunate that the studies on village and pueblo life have been written mainly by Anglo outsiders. They can best be categorized as highly romantic or dispassionate anthropological studies. LA RAZA has yet to write about their life in the small towns and villages.

As the two states with the largest concentration of Mexican Americans, California and Texas have been the center of works dealing with urban problems and just simply survival. An excellent example of the latter is the study *Starvation in San Antonio*, done by the San Antonio Social Welfare and Fact Finding Committee in 1940.⁹⁷ A recent publication, *Hunger/USA*, is a current documentary that chronicles the continuing problems of malnutrition and starvation in San Antonio, Texas.⁹⁸ Depressing and shocking as they may be, William Madsen's book, *Mexican Americans of south Texas*,⁹⁹ and Arthur J. Rubel's *Across the tracks: Mexican Americans in a Texas city*,¹⁰⁰ painfully document the social and economic poverty of LA RAZA in Texas. Closely related to community and urban life are two studies dealing with the health problems of the Chicano. Margaret Clark's book, *Health in the Mexican-American culture*,¹⁰¹ is a highly useful study centered mainly in California. More recent and containing extensive documentation is A. Taber Moustafa and Gertrude Weiss' study, *Health status and practices of Mexican Americans*, done as part of the University of California at Los Angeles' Mexican-American Study Project.¹⁰² Two very different works and attitudes are Pauline R. Kibbe's moralistic and pedestrian *Latin Americans in Texas*,¹⁰³ and Sister Frances J. Woods' emotionally sympa-

thetic *Mexican ethnic leadership in San Antonio*.¹⁰⁴ An interesting study on the effects of cultural discrimination on the individual is Ruth D. Tuck's *Not with the first: Mexican Americans in a southwest city*.¹⁰⁵ These last three works seek to relate LA RAZA's response to poverty, economic repression, health problems and discrimination.

Unfortunately, outside writers continue to dominate the literature about LA RAZA, especially that dealing with the communities and urban barrios. Stan Steiner's recent book, *La Raza: the Mexican Americans* is a very general and episodic work that attempts to deal with the enormously complicated problems and attitudes of both Anglos and LA RAZA.¹⁰⁶ Although an Anglo whose Spanish surname results from a marriage to a Latin American, Nancie L. Gonzalez's work, *The Spanish Americans of New Mexico: a heritage of pride*, is a comprehensive study of the cultural characteristics and the regional literature in that state.¹⁰⁷ Unfortunately, the work suffers from several oversights, a lack of research in terminology employed, and an explanation for the limited influence of Mexican culture among the older Spanish speaking New Mexicans. Two popular and sympathetic works are Peter Matthiessen's *Sal si puedes* (get out if you can)¹⁰⁸ focusing on the personable and sensitive Mexican American leader Cesar Chavez and his "Causa," and John Tebbel and Ramón E. Ruiz's book, *South by southwest: the Mexican American and his heritage*, which is aimed at junior and senior high school students in an attempt to provide a clear picture of the Mexican Americans and their heritage.¹⁰⁹ One of the few works on modern, urban life in the barrios written entirely by Mexican American writers is *La Raza: forgotten Americans*, edited by Julian Samora.¹¹⁰ Eliu Carranza's *Pensamientos on los Chicanos: a cultural revolution* is

a provocative series of essays setting forth the origins, reasons and goals of the growing Chicano movement, especially in the urban setting.¹¹¹ Two other important works written by and about Mexican Americans deserve mention. The U. S. Inter-Agency Committee on Mexican-American Affairs, now the U. S. Cabinet Committee on Opportunity for the Spanish Speaking, issued *The Mexican American: a new focus on opportunity*, which contains the reports of almost fifty Mexican American leaders on a variety of issues. Dr. Ernesto Galarza's recent book, *Spiders in the house* is a telling indictment directed at governmental and political leaders who have seen fit to ignore the plight of LA RAZA or, worse yet, manipulate them for their own selfish ambitions.¹¹²

THE ARTS

Without question, the most overlooked and unstudied aspects of LA RAZA are the arts. There are few books and writers that have addressed this broad topic. Until the publication of *El espejo — the mirror* by the Chicano serial *El grito* (Berkeley, California), there was not a single anthology of Chicano stories and poetry.¹¹³ Even less is heard about or seen concerning Chicano painters, sculptors, designers and dramatists. Groups such as the Mexican American Liberation Art Front and individual artists such as Ramses Noriega, Salvador Torres and José Ernesto Montoya are all but unknown outside Chicano circles. The Teatro Campesino from Fresno, California and the Teatro Chicano from Los Angeles are but two of six viable theater groups in existence.

In addition to the Teatros, there are excellent documentary films available on the Chicanos. Two very emotional and powerful films are *La cabeza de Pancho Villa* and *I am Joaquin*, both done by the Teatro Campesino.¹¹⁴ In addition, the following films depict the Chicano as he struggles to right the many injustices he suffers: *Chicano commencement*, a documentary produced at the 1968 San Jose State College Graduation; *Decision in Delano*, a moving story about the Farmworkers' struggle for justice in the fields; *East L. A. blow-outs*, which documents the school protests during the Spring of 1968; *Invisible minority*, prepared by Indiana University to document the conditions of poverty suffered by the Mexican American; and, *Salt of the earth*, a feature length award winning film dealing with the struggle of Chicano mine workers.

Three novels by Chicano writers represent the low number of works available, and some interesting developments. The oldest and perhaps the best is José Antonio Villareal's book, *Pocho*, a sensitive work of self expression that elevates LA RAZA as a people to a place of respect and equality within the American culture.¹¹⁵ A more recent novel protesting the exploitation of Mexican American migrant farm workers is Raymond Barrio's *The Plum plum pickers*.¹¹⁶ The most recent novel by a Chicano is Richard Vasquez's *Chicano*.¹¹⁷ Although Vasquez is intensely aware of his people's problems, he tries to say too much in this book and borrows too many characters from Anglo literature that do not necessarily represent current Mexican American thought. But aside from these and a precious few other works, Chicano arts and letters remain virtually neglected.

As is usually the case with minority groups, education is the subject which contains the most material. Three basic books are: Charles B. Brussell's *Disadvantaged Mexican American children and early educational experience*,¹¹⁸ Herschel T. Manuel's *Spanish speaking children of the southwest: their education and public welfare*,¹¹⁹ and George I. Sanchez's *Concerning segregation of Spanish speaking children in the public schools*.¹²⁰ These works describe and detail educational deprivation of the school children and the resulting low scores and high dropout rates. Unfortunately, they do not deal with the process of de-education aimed at the children which in the schools seeks to replace the culture of LA RAZA with the Anglo's.

A very cogent and comprehensive study of de-education is Vera P. John and Vivian M. Horner's new work, *Bilingualism*.¹²¹ This interesting and important work surveys every major bilingual school program in the Southwest, and makes some critical and necessary indictments about them.

The tragic effects of de-education are summarized statistically in the brief booklet, *The Mexican American: quest for equality*,¹²² while educational activism and concern in the barrios is the subject of a special issue of the U. S. Office of Education's magazine *American education*, entitled "Mexican American education."¹²³ Other important works are Leo Grebler's statistical survey of educational retardation, *The schooling gap: signs of progress*,¹²⁴ and *The invisible minority: pero no vencibles*, which indicts the education "laws of the Anglos" and pleads for "bilingualism: a valid objective."¹²⁵ Of an even more caustic and militant nature are the opinions of the Chicano students themselves, presently engaged in serious studies that are published and voiced in serial publications like *Aztlan*,¹²⁶ *Con safos: reflections of life in the barrio*,¹²⁷ and *El grito: a journal of contemporary Mexican American thought*.¹²⁸

It would be a great oversight not to mention Carey McWilliams' outstanding and thorough study of the social history of the Mexican Americans. Although outdated by some twenty years, his panoramic *North from Mexico* has recently been reprinted with a new introduction.¹²⁹ In addition to McWilliams' book, Leo Grebler has edited a very important study on the Mexican Americans. Entitled *The Mexican American people*, the book is a final product of the University of California at Los Angeles' Mexican American Study Project.¹³⁰ It is a comprehensive analysis of the socioeconomic and cultural position of Mexican Americans and Hispanics. This work also includes the findings of unpublished research not made available before, as well as the results of the studies previously issued in the Study Project's Advanced Reports Series.

The reader should not be misled into thinking that all is well with LA RAZA. The Chicano's heritage and culture still eludes him, and LA RAZA writers and scholars who alone can add insight and sensitivity in these areas are just appearing. Unfortunately, the culture of the Chicano is not only foreign to most Anglos, in too many instances it is unknown. Perhaps the Mexican American journal, *El Grito* in its title (loosely translated as the outcry) demonstrates the vitality of the Chicano movement and its commitment and determination to make known the beauty and splendor of its arts and letters. Que Viva La Raza.



¹ Leon Portilla, Miguel. *Pre-Columbian literatures of Mexico*. Norman, Okla., University of Oklahoma press, 1969.

² ----- . *Aztec thought and culture*. Norman, Okla., University of Oklahoma press, 1963.

³ ----- . *The broken spears*. Boston, Beacons press, 1962.

⁴ *Coleccion de documentos para la historia Mexicana*, ed. by Antonio Piñafiel. Mexico, Oficina tip. de la Secretaria de fomento, 1897-1903. 6v.

⁵ Garibay Kintana, Angel Maria. *Historia de la literatura Nahuatl*. Mexico, Editorial Porrúa, 1953.

⁶ Vaillant, George C. *Aztecs of Mexico*. Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1941.

⁷ Caso, Alfonso. *The Aztecs; people of the sun*. Norman, Okla., University.

⁸ Gibson, Charles. *The Aztecs under Spanish rule*. Stanford, Calif., Stanford University press, 1964.

⁹ Sejourne, Laurette. *Burning water; thought and religion in ancient Mexico*. New York, Vanguard Press, 1957.

¹⁰ Diaz del Castillo, Bernal. *The true history of the conquest of New Spain*. London, the Hakluyt Society, 1908-16. 5v.

¹¹ ----- . *The discovery and conquest of Mexico, 1517-1521*. Introduction to the American edition by Irving A. Leonard. New York, Farrar, Straus, and Cadahy, 1956.

¹² Sahagun, Bernardino de. *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España*. Mexico, Imp. del ducado A. Valdes, 1829-1930. 3v.

¹³ Casas, Bartolomé de las. *Historia de las Indias*. Madrid, M. Aguilar, 1927.

¹⁴ Zurita, Alonso de. *Life and labor in ancient Mexico*. New Brunswick, N.J., Rutgers University press, 1963.

¹⁵ Schurz, William Lytle. *This new world*. New York, Dutton, 1964.

¹⁶ Haring, Clarence Henry. *The Spanish empire in America*. New York, Oxford University press, 1947.

¹⁷ Bolton, Herbert Eugene. *The colonization of North America, 1492-1783*. New York, Macmillan, 1956.

¹⁸ Hanke, Lewis. *The Spanish struggle for justice in the conquest of America*. Philadelphia, University of Pennsylvania press, 1949.

¹⁹ Madariaga, Salvador de. *The rise of the Spanish American empire*. New York, Macmillan, 1947.

²⁰ ----- . *The fall of the Spanish American empire*. New York, Macmillan, 1948.

²¹ Zavala, Silvio Arturo. *The political philosophy of the conquest of America* (translated from the spanish). Mexico, Fondo de Cultura Economica, 1953.

²² Paz, Octavio. *The labyrinth of solitude*. New York, Grove press, 1961.

²³ Ramos, Samuel. *Profile of man and culture in Mexico*. Austin, University of Texas press, 1962.

²⁴ Ross, Stanley Robert. *Is the Mexican Revolution dead?* New York, Knopf, 1966.

²⁵ Herring, Hubert. *Renasant Mexico*. New York, Covici, Friede, 1935.

²⁶ Simpson, Leslie Byrd. *Many Mexicos*. 4th ed. rev. Berkeley, University of California press, 1966.

²⁷ Cline, Howard F. *The United States and Mexico*. Cambridge, Harvard University press, 1953.

²⁸ Alba, Victor, *The Mexicans, the making of a nation*. New York, Praeger, 1967.

²⁹ Romanell, Patrick. *Making of the Mexican mind: a study of recent Mexican thought*. South Bend, Ind., University of Notre Dame press, 1967.

³⁰ Reed, John. *Insurgent Mexico*. New York, International, (1914) 1969.

³¹ Womack, John, Jr. *Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*. New York, Knopf, 1969.

³² Tannenbaum, Frank. *Peace by revolution: Mexico after 1910*. New York, Columbia University Press, 1966.

³³ Vasconcelos, José. *La raza cósmica*. Barcelona, Agencia Mundial de librería, 192-?

³⁴ ----- . *La cultura en Hispano-America*. La Plata, 1934.

³⁵ ----- . *Aspects of Mexican civilization*. Chicago, University of Chicago press, 1926.

³⁶ Caso, Antonio. *El problema de Mexico y la ideologia nacional*. Mexico, Libro-Mex., 1955.

³⁷ ----- . *Principios de estetica*. Mexico, Publicaciones de la Sria. de educacion, 1925.

³⁸ Hodge, Frederick W. *Spanish explorers in the southern United States, 1528-1543*. New York, Scribner's, 1907.

³⁹ Horgan, Paul. *Conquistadors in North American history*. New York, Farrar, Straus, 1963.

⁴⁰ Bolton, Hubert E. *The Spanish borderlands*. New Haven, Yale University press, 1921.

⁴¹ Bancroft, Hubert H. *History of Arizona and New Mexico*. San Francisco, The History company, 1889.

⁴² ----- . *History of the north Mexican states and Texas ...* San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft and company, 1884-89. 2v.

⁴³ Twitchell, Ralph E. *The leading facts of New Mexican history*. Cedar Rapids, Ia., Torch press, 1911-17. 5v.

⁴⁴ Chapman, Charles E. *The founding of Spanish California, 1687-1783*. New York, Macmillan, 1916.

⁴⁵ Burns, Walter N. *The Robin Hood of El Dorado*. New York, Coward-McCann, 1932.

⁴⁶ Ridge, John R. *The life and adventures of Joaquin Murieta*. Norman, Okla., University of Oklahoma press, 1955.

⁴⁷ Paredes, Americo. *With his pistol in his hand*. Austin, University of Texas press, 1958.

⁴⁸ Castañeda, Carlos E., translator.
Santa Ana, Antonio Lopez de, pres. Mexico, 1795-1876. *The Mexican side of the Texas Revolution*. Dallas, P. L. Turner co., 1928.

⁴⁹ Vigil, Antonio S. *The coming of the Gringo*. New York, Vantage press, 1970.

⁵⁰ Price, Glenn W. *Origins of the war with Mexico*. Austin, University of Texas Press, 1967.

⁵¹ *The Republic of Texas*, by the editors of the American West and the Texas State Historical Association. Palo Alto, Calif., American West publishing co., 1968.

⁵² Weinberg, Albert K. *Manifest destiny*. Baltimore, The John Hopkins press, 1935.

⁵³ Singletary, Otis A. *The Mexican War*. Chicago, University of Chicago press, 1960.

⁵⁴ Pitt, Leonard. *The decline of the Californios*. Berkeley, University of California press, 1966.

⁵⁵ Rojas, Arnold R. *The vaquero*. Charlotte, N.C., McNally and Loftin, 1964.

⁵⁶ Mora Joseph Jacinto. *Californios, the saga of the hard-riding vaqueros, America's first cowboys*. Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1949.

⁵⁷ Fergusson, Erna. *New Mexico, a pageant of three peoples*. New York, Knopf, 1955.

⁵⁸ Gilbert, Fabiola (Cabeza de Baca). *We fed them cactus*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1954.

⁵⁹ Sanchez, George I. *Forgotten people*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1940.

- ⁶⁰Davis, William Watts Hart. *El Gringo; or New Mexico and her people*. New York Harper, 1857.
- ⁶¹Browning, Harley L. *A statistical profile of the Spanish-surnamed population of Texas*. Austin, Bureau of Business Research, University of Texas, 1964.
- ⁶²Kibbe, Pauline R. *Latin Americans in Texas*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1946.
- ⁶³Stambaugh, J. Lee. *The lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas*. San Antonio, Naylor, 1954.
- ⁶⁴Gamio, Manuel. *The Mexican immigrant, his life-story*. Chicago, University of Chicago press, 1931.
- ⁶⁵..... *Mexican immigration to the United States*. Chicago, University of Chicago press, 1930.
- ⁶⁶Stoddard, Theodore Lothrop. *The rising tide of color against white world-supremacy*. New York, Scribner's, 1920.
- ⁶⁷Grant, Madison. *The alien in our midst*. New York, Galton Publishing co.
- ⁶⁸Alexander, Charles C. *The Ku Klux Klan in the Southwest*. Lexington, University of Kentucky press, 1965.
- ⁶⁹Robinson, Cecil. *With the ears of strangers*. Tucson, University of Arizona press, 1963.
- ⁷⁰Steiner, Edward A. *On the trail of the immigrant*. Chicago, Revell, 1906.
- ⁷¹Herzog, Peter. *The Gringo & Greaser*. Territorial press, 1964.
- ⁷²Taylor, Paul S. *Mexican labor in the United States*. Berkeley, University of California press, 1928-34. (Half-title: University of California publications in economics, 10 nos.), no. 1.
- ⁷³*Ibid.*, no. 5
- ⁷⁴*Ibid.*, no. 7
- ⁷⁵*Ibid.*, nos. 8-10
- ⁷⁶McWilliams, Carey. *Factories in the field*. Boston, Little, Brown and co., 1939.
- ⁷⁷..... *Ill fares the land: migrants and migratory labor in the United States*. Boston, Little, Brown and co., 1942.
- ⁷⁸..... *Brothers under the skin*. Boston, Little Brown and co., 1943.
- ⁷⁹Nelson, Eugene. *Huelga: the first hundred days of the great Delano grape strike*. Delano, Calif., Farm Workers press, 1966.
- ⁸⁰Ballis, George. *Basta: the tale of our struggle*. Delano, Calif., Farm Workers press, 1966.
- ⁸¹Galarza, Ernesto. *Strangers in our fields*. Washington, D.C., United States Section, Joint United States-Mexico Trade Union Committee, 1956.
- ⁸²..... *Merchants of labor: the Mexican bracero story*. San Jose, Calif., The Rosicrucian press, 1964.
- ⁸³Lazaro Salinas, José. *La inmigración de braceros*. Mexico, 1955.
- ⁸⁴Dunne, John G. *Delano: the story of a grape strike*. New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1967.
- ⁸⁵Nabokov, Peter. *Tijerina and the courtbouse raid*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1969.
- ⁸⁶Jenkinson, Michael. *Tijerina: land grant conflict in New Mexico*. Albuquerque, Paisano press, 1968.
- ⁸⁷Chandler, Alfred N. *Land title origins, a tale of force and fraud*. New York, Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, 1945.
- ⁸⁸Westphall, Victor. *Public domain in New Mexico: 1891-1954*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1966.
- ⁸⁹..... *Land grants of New Mexico*. Unpublished manuscript. Albuquerque, New Mexico (1956).
- ⁹⁰Robinson, William Wilcox. *Land in California, the story of mission lands, ranchos*. Berkeley, University of California press, 1948.
- ⁹¹Williams, Elgin. *The animating pursuits of speculation; land traffic in the annexation of Texas*. New York, Columbia University press, 1949.
- ⁹²Alianza Federal de Mercedes (also known as Alianza Federal de Los Pueblos Libres). *The Spanish land grant question*. Albuquerque (1967).
- ⁹³Knowlton, Clark. "Land grant problems among the state's Spanish speaking." *New Mexico business*, v. 20, June 1967.
- ⁹⁴..... "Recommendations for the solution of land tenure problems among the Spanish Americans," *Testimony presented at the Cabinet Committee Hearings on Mexican American Affairs*. Washington, D.C., U. S. Interagency Committee on Mexican American Affairs, 1967. p. 233-239.
- ⁹⁵Stanford University. Center for Latin American Studies. *The Mexican American: a selected and annotated bibliography*. Stanford, Calif., October 1969.
- ⁹⁶California. University. Los Angeles. Mexican American Study Project. *Revised bibliography*. Los Angeles, Division of Research, Graduate School of Business Administration, 1967. (Advance report #3)
- U. S. Cabinet Committee on Opportunity for the Spanish Speaking. *Spanish speaking groups in the United States: a guide to materials*. Washington, D.C., October 1970.
- ⁹⁷San Antonio Social Welfare and Fact Finding Committee. *Starvation in San Antonio*. San Antonio, Texas, 1940.
- ⁹⁸Citizens Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition in the United States. *Hunger, U.S.A.* Boston, Beacon press, 1968.
- ⁹⁹Madsen, William. *Mexican Americans of south Texas*. New York, Holt, 1964.
- ¹⁰⁰Rubel, Arthur J. *Across the tracks: Mexican Americans in a Texas city*. Austin, University of Texas press, 1966.
- ¹⁰¹Clark, Margaret. *Health in the Mexican-American culture*. Berkeley, University of California press, 1959.
- ¹⁰²Moustafa, A. Taber. *Health status and practices of Mexican Americans*. Los Angeles, Division of Research, Graduate School of Business Administration, University of California, 1968.
- ¹⁰³Kibbe, Pauline R. *Latin Americans in Texas*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1946.
- ¹⁰⁴Woods, Frances J., Sister. *Mexican ethnic leadership in San Antonio, Texas*. Washington, D.C., Catholic University of America press, 1949.
- ¹⁰⁵Tuck, Ruth D. *Not with the fist: Mexican Americans in a southwest city*. New York, Harcourt, Brace and co., 1946.
- ¹⁰⁶Steiner, Stanley. *La Raza: the Mexican Americans*. New York, Harper and Row, 1969.
- ¹⁰⁷Gonzalez, Nancie L. *The Spanish Americans of New Mexico: a heritage of pride*. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1969.
- ¹⁰⁸Matthiessen, Peter. *Sal si puedes*. New York, Random House, 1969.
- ¹⁰⁹Tebbel, John W. and Ruiz, R. E. *South by southwest: the Mexican American and his heritage*. New York, Doubleday, 1969.
- ¹¹⁰Samora, Julian, ed. *La Raza: forgotten Americans*. South Bend, Ind., University of Notre Dame press, 1966.
- ¹¹¹Caranza, Eliu. *Pensamientos on los Chicanos: a cultural revolution*. Berkeley, California Book co., 1969.
- ¹¹²Galarza, Ernesto. *Spiders in the house*. South Bend, Ind., University of Notre Dame press, 1970.
- ¹¹³Romano-V., Octavio I. *El espejo — the mirror*. Berkeley, Quinto Sol, 1969.
- ¹¹⁴These films are available from the University of California Mexican American Culture Center at Los Angeles. Additional information about these and other films can be secured from this writer.
- ¹¹⁵Villareal, José Antonio. *Pocho*. Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1959.
- ¹¹⁶Barrio, Raymond. *The Plum plum pickers*. Sunnyvale, Calif., Ventura press, 1969.
- ¹¹⁷Vasquez, Richard. *Chicano*. Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1970.
- ¹¹⁸Brussell, Charles B. *Disadvantaged Mexican American children and early educational experience*. Austin, Southwest Educational Development Corp., 1968.
- ¹¹⁹Manuel, Herschel T. *Spanish speaking children of the southwest*. Austin, University of Texas press, 1965.
- ¹²⁰Sanchez, George I. *Concerning segregation of Spanish speaking children in the public schools*. Austin, University of Texas press, 1951.
- ¹²¹John, Vera P. and Horner, Vivian. *Bilingualism*. New York, Modern Language Association, 1970.
- ¹²²U. S. Office of Education. *The Mexican American: quest for equality*. Washington, D.C., 1968.
- ¹²³"Mexican American education," *American education*, November 1968.
- ¹²⁴Grebler, Leo. *The schooling gap: signs of progress*. Los Angeles, Division of Research, Graduate School of Business Administration, University of California, 1967.
- ¹²⁵National Education Association. Department of Rural Education. *The invisible minority: pero no vencibles*. Washington, D.C., National Education Association, 1966.
- ¹²⁶*Aztlan: Chicano journal of the social sciences*. Los Angeles, Mexican American Cultural Center, University of California (Los Angeles, California 90024).
- ¹²⁷*Con Safos: reflections of life in the barrio*. P.O. Box 31085, Los Angeles, California 90031.
- ¹²⁸*El Grito: a journal of contemporary Mexican American thought*. P.O. Box 9275, Berkeley, California 94709.
- ¹²⁹McWilliams, Carey. *North from Mexico*. Westport, Conn., Greenwood press, 1969.
- ¹³⁰Grebler, Leo, et al. *The Mexican American people*. New York, Free press, 1970.

A REPLY TO ZETA'S "A LOVE LETTER TO THE GIRLS OF AZTLÁN."

Pensamientos sobre 3 Cartas de Zeta — "A Love Letter to the Girls of Aztlán," CON*
SAFOS Magazine no. 6

November 6, 1970

Dear Zeta:

Your love letter sounds more like a proposition, and not a very good one at that. Again you are bringing us down and burdening us with the responsibility for your hang-ups. Man, you are so full of *ca-ca*—it hurts me. Especially when I see you multiplied hundreds of times in the sons of the revolution. You're revolting. Right? RRIiggghht!!!

I'm a little bewildered by your logic — you love the girls of Aztlán, etc. The girls of Aztlán have always been around; in all shades and sizes, ages, degrees of sexual appetite, and intellect. If you did not find one to share your dissipation or moments of reflection, it must be that you either were not really looking, too hung up on those Anglo broads, or you want it all laid out for you so that all you have to do is climb on (very un-Chicano).

We have been charged by our society with keeping the traditions and preserving the culture. One young lady, nineteen years old, that I asked to react to your love letter wrote:

"Most of the Chicanas I know were brought up to keep their self-respect (virginity). So it seems to me it is part of our tradition. But now, even in our own Raza, girls are more loose with themselves. The decision, in my opinion, should be left up to the individual."

Mexican women for the most part have had very little to say about what the standards and mores of the group are. These decisions have traditionally been made by the men. Women then obey, enforce, and teach them to their daughters. So I say to you Zeta, *chulo*, that if you want to change all of the Chicanas so that they will drink booze, smoke dope, lay up with every appealing guy that comes along, etc. with the abandon our machos (and Anglo women) enjoy, you better talk it over with your *carnales* and don't hassle us about it until you decide collectively if this is what you really want. Then convince *los padres, los abuelos, los tíos, y los compadres* — and on that day *machismo* in its negative form will be dead. It's been a long time coming.

Sor Juana de la Cruz* lived years ago and the Mexican machos' male chauvinism hasn't been liberalized much in all these years. Zeta, *corazon*, it is you who have the key that will unlock all those lovely brown legs. Hundreds of other Chicanos have done it before you. We have a lot of babies to prove it.

The key is accept us as we are, for you have made us that way. Shy, giggly, conservative about sex and many other things, low aspirations, trying to be "White" at times, because we know that is what you really like, and of course, our yearning to be liberated because of the repression you have forced us to live with. As I said before love us for what we are. *Las prietas son bonitas y buenas compañeras y también las güeras y todas somos Raza.*

A beautiful Chicano that I still love and remember would take me to bed, make love to me and then say "Sex isn't everything, *mija*," and proceed to talk to me about life, religion, and the movement, etc. to improve my mind (that is another key).

Ya basta con los reproches y regañadas y rhetoric, what we need is *machos* who see us as something more than a body to take frustrations out on. I love *los hombres de AZTLÁN*.

Con gratos recuerdos,
Una Chicana de Pittsburg

(*Poems of Sor Juana Inez De La Cruz, translated by Srta. Bernice Rincón are printed in another portion of this issue. Ed.)

PARA "ZETA" Y PARA OTROS QUE PIENSAN COMO ÉL

Your letter addressed to the girls of Aztlán is a good example of the Chicano mentality prevalent in the movement. From the contents of it I gather that you want Chicanas to join the movement for the sole purpose of helping you booze it up, smoking pot, having brown babies, and unbuckling brassieres — techniques which big boys such as yourself should have mastered a long time ago. Is there no place for us Chicanas in your world other than in your bed or *petate*? Don't you believe that we are capable of contributing something constructive to this revolution you so fervently await?

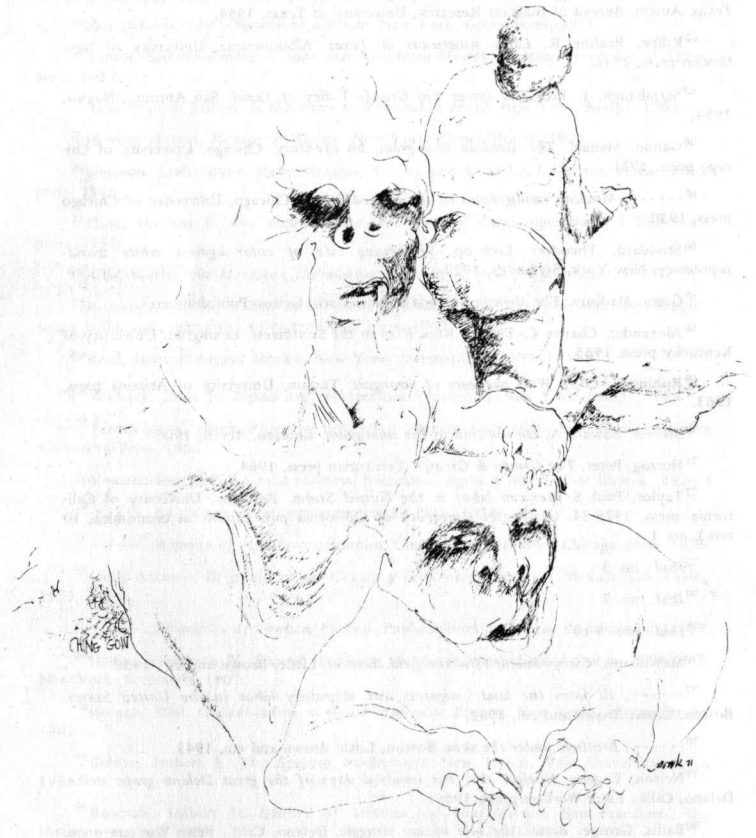
I don't attack your MACHISMO because I fail to detect any trace of it in your letter. If in the past we Chicanas failed to make our presence felt, especially during those years of adolescence, it was because we were adhering to the rules our fathers, men like yourself, had set up. If today you don't find some of us boozing it up, or smoking pot, it's because we are taking care of those brown babies which some fun-seeking young men gave us forgetting certain responsibilities attached to child rearing — *las madres abnegadas no pudieron olvidar a sus hijos*. When one plays; one pays.

Some Chicanas are tired of listening to such trite phrases as "*mi raza primero*" and "*somos Aztlán*" specially when these slogans come from Raza leaders sporting white chicks, *aunque están más desplumadas que un gallo de pelea*.

We Chicanos are a curious lot of people. I don't believe that smoking pot, fucking around, or teaching a guy how to french kiss are directly connected with the making of a people's revolution. We are crying for a revolution but at the same time, men such as yourself are humiliating and destroying the guiding force, the spirit of change by shamefully assigning us to a non-verbal, non-policy-making role.

I say to you and to other *carnales* sharing similar ideas — you either change that sex hang-up about Chicanas in or out of the movement or you'll go down before ever firing the first shot in this glorious revolution to come!!

Yolanda O. Rodriguez



IN DISAGREEMENT

November 15, 1970
Whittier, Calif.

Mr. Editor,

I would like to reply to your editorial of Magazine #5, Vol. #2. I feel you are wrong in implying that "we don't have any Art forms" that most accurately reflect our Barrios or our people in the Barrios.

In the first place our people and Barrios have been Anglo conditioned. Everything we do and say in deep honesty is a reflection of this damned situation; but more important it is a unique situation for it is ours to control and manipulate in whatever direction we want.

Our Art Form is "clearly delineated" if we would only learn to see it. We have plenty of "concrete Aesthetic values" that we can point to or say "*es nuestro*." There have been many artists that have come from the Barrios whose art lived and died and no one ever took notice. Even more are those whose work has been adopted as influential American Art but never the less very Chicano and unrecognized as such.

You are wrong in saying that we don't have our own "Aesthetic experience" and implying that *nuestra gente* are incapable of "Artistic creation," because they are not experienced in universal values. I don't know of a single particular human experience that is not part of the universal human experience in one form or another.

If you fail to see the "spiritual dimension" in any Chicano Art don't forget that spiritual value also is in the eye of the beholder.

We have it all now and we have always had it, but we don't see it. It is "crystallized" and "formalized" now and always has been but we fail to look at it. Also, Mr. Editor, who are you to dictate to an artist what he should do and what he shouldn't. How can you know a people that do not express their "political, social and moral" values?

Anyone who would follow your advice in my estimation would not be a free man. An artist is a free agent that works as he wishes, free to preach, free to propagandize with good, evil, right, wrong, black or white, or as I say, "*iComo le de su chingada gana!*" The quality of his aesthetic judgment is only limited by his own experience and desires to either make a profound short particular statement or a profound universal statement.

We don't have a "doubtful culture" that has led us to a "doubtful identity," as I understand you to believe. What we have is a rich culture that has led us to a *Real Identity* subdued temporarily by the foreign standards (foreign to us) set by the influential white power structure.

Ours is to change these standards, this oppressive influence, cleanse ourselves of this conditioning, prevent our sons from contracting this potentially serious illness so that we may continue in our own direction with a stronger self admiration and in turn become a strong force to help produce a more human America where the individual may yet be king.

Let me reassure you of our future in America, Mr. Editor. Don't be so pessimistic about us being pushed into "assimilative oblivion."

Our future has never been so bright (brown). What we have to do is first eliminate the last trickle of "Tio Taco" blood in our veins and for once begin to recognize "*el chaparro, pobre, prieto y cacarizo*" as a man deserving "*todo nuestro respeto y admiración*." If we can't eliminate it at least understand it. Then all other problems will fall in line by themselves in the order of their importance. Believe me.

I find your magazine very stimulating. Enclosed please find \$2.50 for a subscription. If possible I would like information on your back issues. This volume is the first one I have read and I am curious about the others.

Sincerely,

Armando M. Baeza

(See page 1, this issue for information regarding back issues of C/S, Ed.)



editorial

Creative literature is the violent core of revolution, or rather it is, as with all the major creative arts, at the core of the eternal revolution.

For what is the creative effort if it is not the human burst, the creative revolt from established norms and traditional forms? That is exactly what it is, but no iconoclastic creation occurs, as is too often assumed by the conservative mentality, in isolation from the human condition. On the contrary, the artist is more deeply involved in the human condition than normal human beings — that is the reason why an artist is an artist. He is a madman of expression, crazed with getting to the soul of human existence, frustrated to the breaking point with the available forms, intolerant with the gross imperfections of established communication.

Reformation, as opposed to revolution, is seldom a satisfactory solution for the artist, because to reform is to accept the limitations of the existing structures, it necessitates acceptance of the decadent institutional hull of a society for the purpose of reordering the same fossilized parts within that hull.

The true artist will eventually find a reformation more impossible than the previous schemata, because reformation can only serve to confuse the inadequacies of communication, to destroy the definition of the existing inadequacies of human relations. It does not serve to clarify or to bring into focus the liabilities of a system, but serves to impede the inevitable change. It serves to divert and regress the coming of the new order. Reformation is not the new order, but simply a reordering of the ineffective old.

And the true artist must be fully cognizant of these institutional liabilities, for therein lies his motivation and his purpose, not to create a perfect society, but to remake, to redefine, to recreate human existence out of what tends to be a reaction to human imperfection as is manifest in the inadequacies of society's prevailing systems. The artist then revitalizes and gives new birth by breathing aesthetic life into the new order, and in so doing can prevent a society from arriving at a premature, though stagnant death.

By this definition then, the artist is an anarchist. He is a law unto himself, and as such cannot be depended on to establish a new system, to create a new society, for the true artist will react just as violently to the new system with its new imperfections and inadequacies as soon as that new system is put into motion. He will react to the new system as he did to the previous system — even though the new system may have been patterned after his own writings.

Like the revolutionist, the artist must confront the established forms and destroy them in order to build anew on the same ground, or he must separate himself from the oppressive limitations imposed by the existing structures for the purpose of creating a new order elsewhere, away from the tyranny of established society.

This is where the artist finds his social responsibility which is to keep the dynamic wheels of a culture turning through the creation of "living" aesthetic works, which, we

must always keep in mind, are nothing more than reflective creations of the existing society. And because art, by its very nature, is created out of the conflicts of society, and because it is alive, must always portend death. It's as basic as the fact that all that lives must die.

An established society finds this threatening, because it cannot accept the truth of life and death and somehow subscribes to itself (historical contradiction notwithstanding) a place of immortality.

A system entrenches itself, and rather than make a graceful change to the inevitable takeover by a new system, it stubbornly resists until it is overthrown, usually by violence or revolution. A system will not give up the reins of power, and thus forces revolution upon the people.

The basic truth that is usually (and purposefully) overlooked is that the changing of a system does not in fact change anything. A culture of people will persist regardless of the system imposed on them. Though admittedly some systems facilitate the expression of a culture better than others.

There are many fine C/S supporters who have wondered why we place so much emphasis on creative literature such as the short story and poetry. Their feeling is that in a time of so much social turmoil, a movement journal like C/S is obligated to emphasize the didactic tale ("which is so much more popular anyway") and the socio-political essay.

But the problem with this kind of analytical literature that socio-political activists are wont to emphasize is that it addresses itself to the necessary social change of the moment. This is a very temporal kind of focus that neglects universal truths and that will likely be meaningless before a decade is out.

Further, analytical literature does not come alive, as does its creative counterpart, i.e. fiction and poetry. Analytical literature tells you about the revolution. Creative literature BECOMES, it IS the revolution.

Compare this to the political theoretician writing about the revolution. He is telling you about it, explaining it, analyzing it. This is in obvious contrast with the revolutionary himself who is carrying it out. He is the revolution.

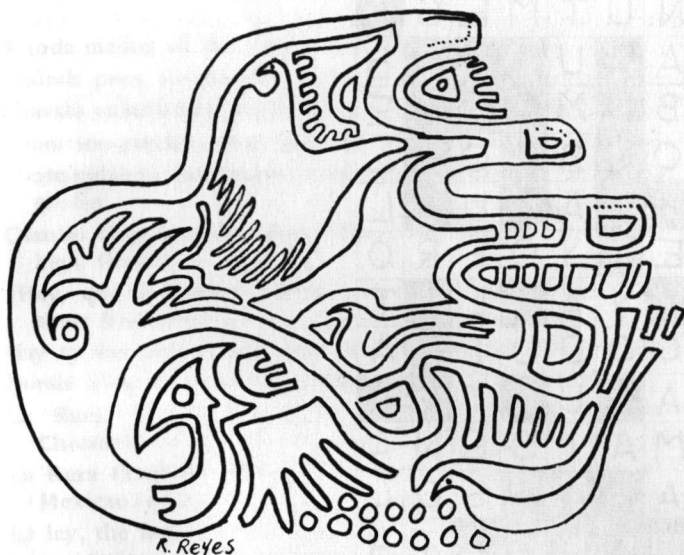
And although the temptations are great to publish with emphasis on analytical, journalistic, didactic literature because of the immediacy of very real and pressing social problems, C/S must resist. The emphasis will remain on the living, creative literature that in the final historical analysis carries the most profound and lasting truths.

Art, or creative literature, is the recreation of human feelings and the innermost soul of man. It becomes the meaning of mankind. It is the essence of all that is human.

With this in mind, C/S prefers to be the lover, rather than to tell you how to love. Can you really tell anyone how to love? And likewise, C/S prefers to BE the revolutionary, with all those terrible and confused energies of love for mankind that every true revolutionary must have. We cannot tell you how to be a revolutionary, it must come from your heart, no more than we can tell you how to love.

And thus with violent aesthetic thrusts, C/S BECOMES what all our *mestisaje* of Aztlán now IS, and together force and forge and usher in the new and inevitable order.

C/S



ANSWERS TO THE BARRIOLOGY EXAMINATION

1. To make merry-go-rounds

2. *Cubierto de Bisnaga*

A large piece of Barrel Cactus is cut off with an axe. The skin along with the stickers is removed and the remaining pulp is cut into small pieces which are cooked in a mixture of white Karo Syrup, granulated sugar, and a little water until thoroughly saturated. Then they are removed from the pot, placed on a cookie sheet and allowed to cool. As the candy cools the surface turns into a hard, shiny glaze.

3. Let's go dance with the hillbillies and dance to the sound of the accordion.

4. C.

5. *Ai viene la Luna*

*Comiendo la tuna,
Tirando las cáscaras en la laguna.*

*Ai viene el Sol,
Comiendo posol,
Hecho de maíz,
y sabroso frijol.*

6. *El Mezquite*

7. a. provides firewood

b. bears a stringbean-like fruit called "*péchita*" which when ripe turns golden yellow and is chewed. It has a sweet and sour taste. It can also be cooked and made into a pudding called *Atole de Péchita*.

c. The gum from the *Mezquite* called *Chúcata* can be chewed and eaten like candy. It is also used as a cough medicine because of its throat coating quality; wads of *chúcata* are dissolved in a little bit of water and sugar or honey and given to any member of the family that has a bad cough.

Mezquite (del Azteca Mexquitl) LLámase también *Chúcata* (Voz de origen Tarabumara) nombre vulgar. En Aztlan, la goma del Mezquite. *Péchita* (Voz Tarabumala) En algunas partes, también se refiere al Mezquite. En Aztlán es la fruta del Mezquite.

8. Pink eye

9. Corn flakes in particular, or in its absence any other dry cereal.

10. He or she got up on the wrong side of the bed or in a bad mood.

11. "Sprinkle the coffee grinds on the plants." (Actually *cunques* are small particles of ground corn which are fed to baby chicks.)

12. *Vio a un perro cagando.*

13. Hiccups. With a teaspoon, she gives him cool fresh water sweetened with a little granulated sugar or white Karo Syrup.

14. C.

15. Wild spinach

16. Brooms

17. A squall, or violent gust of wind and rain

18. Lower the bucket and allow it to remain at the bottom of the well. In due time the snake weaves itself through the links of the chain that holds the bucket.

19. Rain water

20. When chewed it cleans the teeth and tightens the gums.

21. "Company's coming," and a quick look at the tail of the bird will indicate from which direction. Proper name for this bird is *Cuicacoché* (del Azteca *cuicatl*, *cánto y cochi*, *dormir: que canta para dormir*).

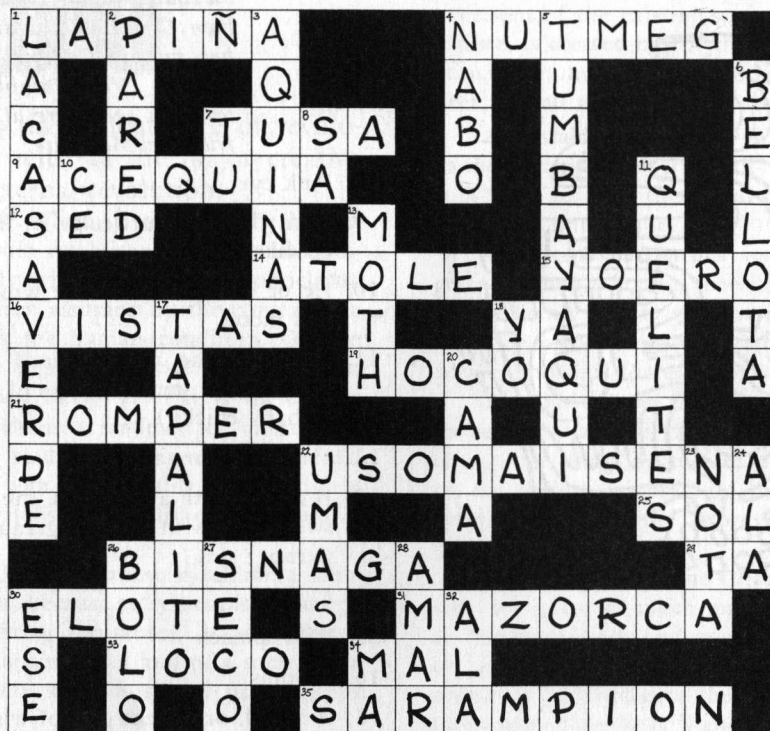
22. Home fermented grains of corn which become an intoxicating drink and is consumed during festive times.

Tesguin (Voz Aztlanese or *pocho*); *Tesgüino* (Voz Tarabumara); *Tecuin* (Voz Azteca)

23. Whirlwind. You form a cross with your thumb and pointer of both hands and chant, "*Que se vaya el diablo, que venga Jesus*," repeat until danger passes. Results guaranteed if you "keep the faith, baby."

24. Argo Corn Starch. (1) Used for starching clothes. (2) Baby powder to prevent diaper rash and heat rash.

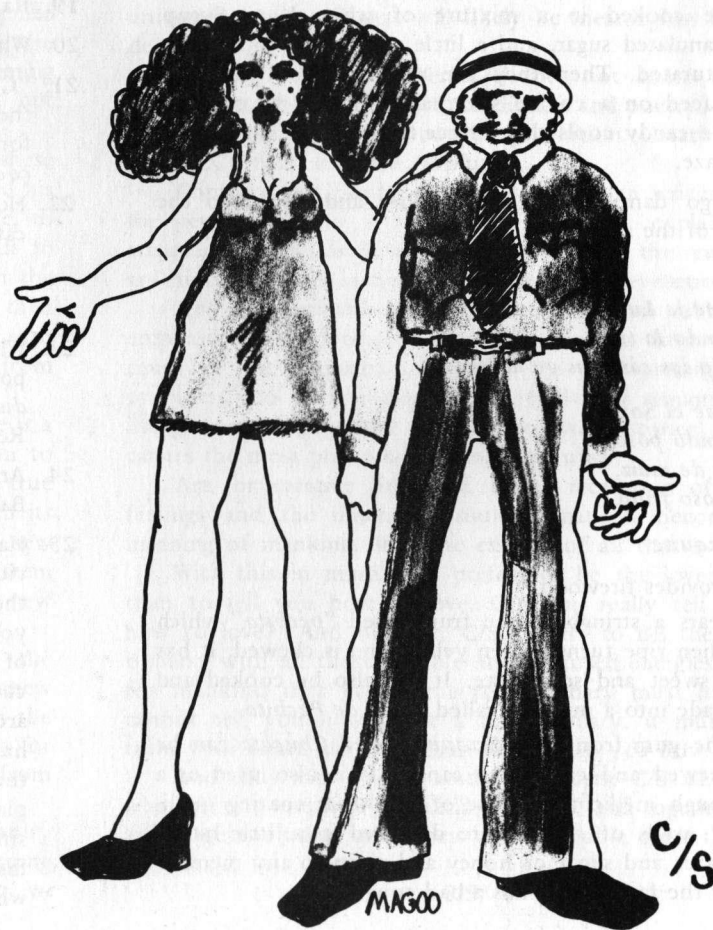
25. Hair curlers. After opening the can with the key provided you unwind the piece of metal that's attached to the key and stretch it out as straight as possible. Then you wash it with soap and water, dry with a soft piece of cloth and cut it into the desired length for your curlers. Next you wrap pieces of paper cut to size around the piece of metal as a cover to protect your hair. Next you take a strand of hair and wind it around the curler. Fold up the edges and press down to hold in place. These curlers are precious, especially for poor girls since they have to collect the pieces of metal only as fast as the family can afford to buy the canned products which can be opened with keys.



SUBSCRIBE TO CON SAFOS
MAGAZINE NOW...
\$ 2.50 GETS YOU FOUR MEMORABLE
ISSUES IF IT TAKES A LIFETIME
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
CON SAFOS, INC.
P.O. BOX 31085
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
90031

ORALE LOCOS!

AVIENTENSEN CON
SU CRAZY-LOCUDA...
SEND US
SUS...
POEMS,
SHORT STORIES,
SOCIAL POLITICAL ESSAYS
CHISTES
TUENTOS
RELAJES
TONTERIAS
DIBUJOS
Y...
TODAS LAS COCHINADAS
DEL BARRIO...



Idiomatic expressions

A toda madre, all the way, full force, all heart.
 Ahórale pues, alright now, exclamation.
 Chavalito encanizado, moonstruck youth; boy in love.
 Como son pinchis, what bastards; what chickenshit dudes.
 Contemplando las moscas, contemplating flies; sittin' aroun' goofin'.
 Cuando llegamos bien prendidos, when we get there feelin' high, floatin'.
 ¡Hay, que si estaban buenas! oooweeee those chicks were some fine foxes.
 Hay te wacho vato, see you around dude; see you later guy.
 Horale loco, okay. freak; cool baby; crazy man.
 La Raza, the Mexican race; people of Mexican ancestry; Chicanos.
 La Raza Cosmica, the cosmic race; people of European and Mexican origin.
 La ley, the fuz; the pigs; the cops; fascists; subhuman racists.
 Los Chicanos, people of Mexican ancestry; La Raza.
 Los pinchis placas, the fuckin' pigs, fuz, cops.
 Me lleva a' la . . . , well I'll be a . . .
 Mi primo Tudi es muy gacho, my cousin Tudi is a cold dude.
 Nalgas razgadas, bruised buttocks; scratched-up ass.
 Nos puede chingar, he can screw us up.
 Pinchis pollos, damn chickens.
 Pollo en mole, chicken cooked in red chili sauce.
 ¡Que gacho! what a bummer.
 Sal si puedes, get out if you can.
 Tu camarada, your comrade; friend; buddy; sidekick.

CON SAFOS GLOSSARY

arrugado, *n. caló*, accordion, derived from wrinkle, the wrinkled one.
 aztlán, *n.*, mythological land of origin of the Aztecs, occupied Mexico, more commonly known as the southwestern U.S.A.
 broncos, *n. pl. caló*, wild horse; connotation: hillbilly.
 cacariza, *n.*, a woman with pock-marks on her face.
 camarada, *n.f.*, comrade; buddy; pal; one of the boys.
 carnales, *n.m. pl. caló*, from *carne*, meaning flesh; brothers; blood brothers.
 chavalito, *n.*, boy; kid; youth.
 chicano, *n.*, a person of Mexican ancestry.
 chiple, *n.*, cry baby; spoiled brat.
 chones, *n.m.*, contraction of *pichones*, meaning pigeons; contraction of *calzones*, women's drawers.
 chulo, *n.*, endearment, meaning sweet one; goodlooking, sexy man.
 Con Safos, *n. caló*, protective symbolism used by Chicano graffiti artists appearing usually by a person's name or the name of his barrio, meaning the same to you; ditto; likewise.
 counties, *n.*, for trousers, derived from county trousers issued at juvenile hall.

crucigrama, *n.*, crossword puzzle.
 cunques, *n. p. caló*, coffee grounds.
 encanizados, *adj. caló*, for a state of being in love; moonstruck.
 ese, *n. caló*, form of address used mostly by *cholos*; literally, that one or you.
 gabacho, *n. caló*, white man; it should be noted that the term, as used by Mexicans, is less insulting in its implications than "greaser."
 gacho, *adj. caló*, bummer; bad scene; unfortunate experience.
 greaser, *n. slang*, derogatory racist slur, connoting or characterizing a Mexican as a depraved, amoral, and unscrupulous person.
 gringo, *n. caló*, white man; a corruption of Griego or Greek, a nick-name applied to foreigners. To talk in gringo is to talk gibberish; much as Americans would say, "It's all Greek to me." It should be noted that the term, as used by Mexicans, is less insulting in its implications than "greaser."
 hijo, *n.*, son; *caló*, sometimes used as an exclamation as in wow! or gee!
 hijola, *exc. caló*, derives from hijo de la chingada meaning son-of-a-bitch; currently used as an exclamation as in wow! or gee!
 hipo, *n.*, hiccups.
 huevos, *n. pl.*, eggs; *caló*, balls; e.g., "that man has a lotta balls"; guts; courage.
 loco, *n.*, crazy or insane; *caló*, for hip, far-out, pachuco or cholo.
 moiz, *n. slang*, corn flakes.
 oh-dah-leh, *v. caló*, phonetic spelling of *orale* that derives from *ahora* meaning today or right now, and *le* from *le digo* meaning I'll tell you; in contemporary *caló* it means be cool, what's up, or knock it off.
 pansona, *n.f.*, fat woman, *colloq.*, pregnant woman.
 petate, *n.*, mat; straw mat.
 pininis, *adj., colloq.*, a child's first steps.
 placa, *n. f. caló*, police.
 pocho, *n.*, a term used by Mexican nationals to characterize a person of Mexican ancestry born in the U.S.A.; also expresses the bicultural character of the Chicano experience.
 prendido, *n. caló*, hooked on heroin.
 putas, *n. f. pl.*, prostitutes, whores.
 ranfla, *n. f. caló*, a customized carrucha with a design unique to the life style of the bato loco.
 refin, *n. caló*, chow; scarf; eats; food.
 tapalito, *n. colloq.*, head covering.
 torcido, *n.*, twisted, *v. caló*, to be arrested, to be busted.
 vatos, *n. pl. caló*, guys, dudes; derives from the word *batido*, a dirty, sloppy person.
 vato loco, *n. caló*, one who may be described by Cholo or Pachuco life style.
 veterano, *n., veterano; caló*, an older, experienced pachuco or cholo.
 watcha, *v. caló*, look here, or look at that, derived from the english "to watch."

n. m. is noun masculine

n. f. is noun feminine

CON+SAFOS, Inc.
P.O. Box 31085
Los Angeles, California
90031



Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 27994