

CON
LA
CON
LA
CON

CAFE
CAFE
CAFE
CAFE
CAFE

PETER V. FERNÁNDEZ
69

VOLUME NO.1, MAGAZINE NO.4



REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARRIO

EDITOR IN CHIEF
MANAGING EDITOR
FICTION EDITOR
SOCIAL POLITICAL
COORDINATORS

ARTURO FLORES
RAFAEL
JOHN FIGUEROA
PANCHO SIFUENTES
RUDY SALINAS



ART COORDINATOR
ART EDITOR
ART CONSULTANT

ANTONIO GOMEZ
SERGIO HERNANDEZ
GENE FLORES

SHOWCASE EDITOR

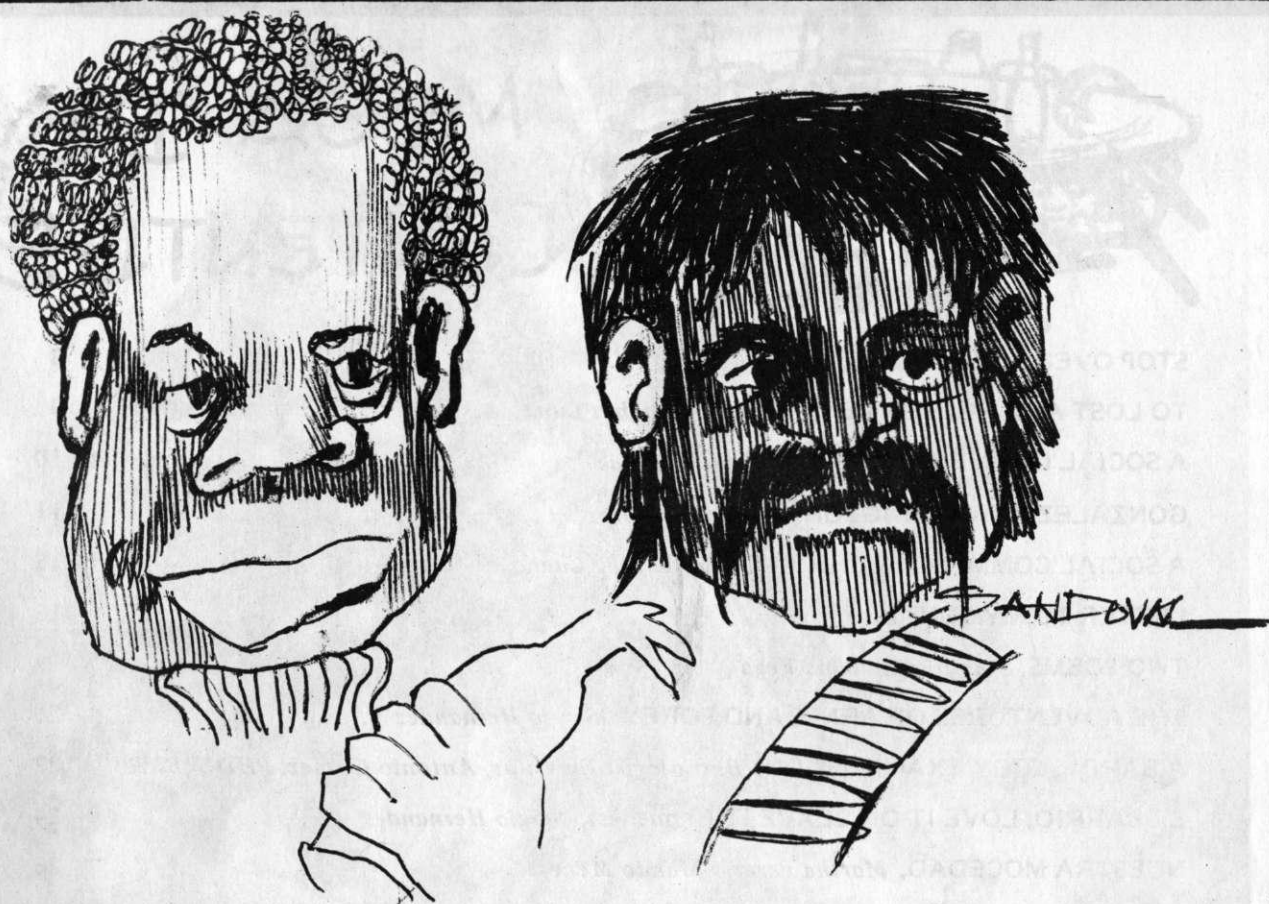
PEDRO FERNANDEZ

COMPOSITORS

GRACE HERNANDEZ
BECKY HERNANDEZ
TERESA GOMEZ

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD: Rafael Lopez (Chairman Rafas), John Figueroa (El Figi), Arturo Flores (El Tudi de Rose Hill), Antonio Gomez (de Lincoln Heights), Gil Gonzalez (El Moro de Alhambra), Rodolfo Salinas (El Rudy de Lil' Hazard), Francisco Sifuentes (Pancho de A.T.).

C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S C/S



"WACHALE ESE THEY'RE TRYING
TO STEROTYPE US."

CONSAFOS is published quarterly 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.

Copyright © Con Safos, Inc. 1969

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

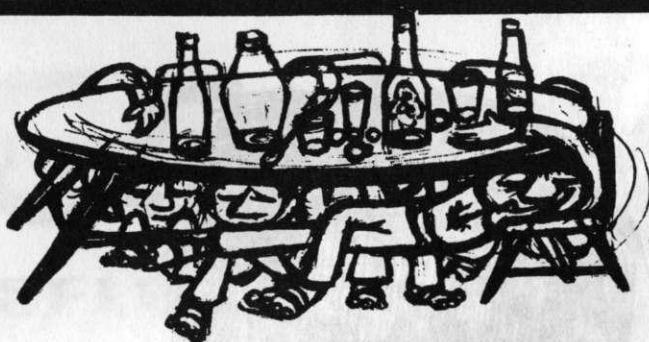
Subscribers ordering a change of address should give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses. Subscription rate is \$2.00 per year. Single issue price is .50¢.

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.





MESA DE CONTENTOS

STOP OVER AT CANACAS, <i>Joe L. Navarro</i>	3
TO LOST AND RUINED MEN, <i>Benjamin Rochin Luna</i>	9
A SOCIAL COMMENT IN CHICANO POP, <i>Rafas</i>	10
GONZALEZ IN WASHINGTON, <i>Francisca Flores</i>	11
A SOCIAL COMMENT IN CHICANO REALISM, <i>Chano</i>	15
LETTER TO MY SON, <i>Zeta</i>	16
TWO POEMS, <i>Ramon Banuelos Vega</i>	18
THE ADVENTURES OF ARNIE AND PORFY, <i>Sergio Hernandez</i>	20
A BARRIOLOGY EXAMINATION, <i>Barriologist Emeritus, Antonio Gomez, PHD'T,BRR,</i>	22
EL BARRIO, LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT (si puedes), <i>Sergio Hernandez</i>	24
NUESTRA MOCEDAD, <i>Martha Perez y Mando Meneses</i>	26
HAPPINESS IS, <i>Abel Franco</i>	27
THE CISCO KID RIDES AGAIN, <i>A. Arzate</i>	28
CON SAFOS INTERVIEWS UN TECATO, <i>Antonio Gomez</i>	30
NOTES FROM A DENVER JAIL, <i>Manuel Lopez</i>	33
NOTES FROM THE JOINT, <i>Pedro Fernandez, editor</i>	37
Big Time Operator, <i>Tacho Lopez</i>	38
Cesar, <i>Bonifacio de Maravilla</i>	38
Man In The Glass, <i>Bob Marcus, B-645</i>	39
Sugar Thighs' Trouble, <i>Marcus Duran</i>	40
EDITORIAL DE VERANO	44
DOS CARTAS PARA CON SAFOS	46
Answers to the BARRIOLOGY EXAMINATION	47
THE CON+SAFOS GLOSSARY	49

Cover design by *Pedro Fernandez*

Cartoon art by *Sandoval* on page 1

by *Sergio Hernandez* on pages 23, 32, 36

Graphic Arts by *Sergio Hernandez, Jorge Pena, & Rafas*

(Ed. note: Our thanks to Arturo Camargo for his art contributions in the last issue of C/S)
Copyright © Con Safos, Inc. 1969, and published quarterly by Con Safos, Inc., P.O.Box 31085,
Los Angeles, California 90031, a private nonprofit corporation.



When the guerrilla troops entered the village of Canacas the rain had ceased to come down. But it would have been better if it had not rained at all. The mountains were washed to mud. Risco would have preferred to continue on to Terejeta. But the rain and the wounded had held them up. The Military was close behind. It would be a matter of days, perhaps less, before they caught up with the revolutionaries. But the troops would be there only long enough to re-supply and take new recruits. At the earliest opportunity they would move on, whether the rain continued or not.

Risco walked through the cobblestone streets of Canacas, his face was drawn tight in contemplation as he watched the abled ones pitching tents and building fires. The wounded were being placed on porches and in the vestibules of shops. Coffee aromas began to fill the air and mingle with odors of blood and rotted flesh. They had left no victories behind them.

Risco came to a stop in the middle of the village square. He stood before the church looking in all directions: at the men and women of the troop, and at the wounded. The stain of blood on their worn fatigues had become a common shade to their camouflage. Risco watched them and could not help but see the women now as half men, and the men, in turn, as half animal: whatever compassion they felt for one another was coated with an insensitive concern that made their actions

STOP ^{AT} OVER CANACAS

Joe L. Navarro

for each other more mechanical than natural. Words were not commonly exchanged between them any longer. Not all of them were like this, he thought. There were some who had survived with their feelings. But their journey was not yet over. In the end, if they should make it, those who still had some empathy might end up as numb as the rest of them, just as wounded inside as those who had, at one time, felt the life that no longer existed in them.

Life had brought Risco a long way with many revolutions behind him. And now, in his forty-second year, he stood on the village square of Canacas looking at the mountains to the north, the ones they would have to cross without the slightest assurance of ever reaching them. The mountain ridges were dark, smeared with oncoming rain clouds.

He had not had much sleep for the last couple of days, and his eyes blurred momentarily. And then, suddenly, a strange feeling overcame him, an unusual feeling that told him he should not have been standing there. Something from his past had touched him.



It left him with a sensation that put him out of place with his surroundings. Then, just as suddenly a pain cramped his shoulders. It extended up to his head and spread over his skull into a numbness, and he once again remembered that he was standing on the village square of Canacas.

The ugliness of the village was much more pronounced after the rain. All villages like this were ugly, he thought, when it rains. The stone and wooden shacks, scattered randomly throughout the the cobbled streets, were dreary structures cracked and warped by the sun. The wooden portions of the shacks were damp from the rain that had showered them. Risco tried to imagine a sunny day in the village. A day when the sun glared so hot that the sheets of wood on the shacks glowed like white bones. But, he thought, the wounded are probably more comfortable in this weather. It was damp and the air was warm.

Ever since they entered the village, Risco had seen no villagers on the streets. No shops were open. Even the church was deserted.

He looked at the church's steeple towering high over the village, staring to all the four corners from its belfry windows. Strange, he thought, that it should be painted the color of dry blood. He could not recall ever seeing such a color on a church before.

Two men walked past Risco bearing a thatch and bamboo stretcher. Risco looked at the wounded man laying on the stretcher with his eyes closed. The wounded man's name was Juan. Risco beheld Juan's face. It was almost unbearable to look at. His head was nearly twice the size of a normal man's head. His eyes, when they were open, were wide blood-shot eyes sunk deep into his forehead. Risco, somewhat shamed, recognized Juan as a monkey without hair. Whenever he saw Juan, from the first time they had met, Risco remembered the hunchback of some novel he had read as a boy. The events of the novel were not very clear to him, but he could not help but associate Juan with the book. He was a strange one, Risco thought. Juan was one of the best fighting men he had. He was the most disliked person in the troop and yet he fought twice as hard as the average man. He stayed mostly to himself when they were not in combat. Whenever anyone greeted him he acknowledged only with a grunt. Risco could not figure him out, and he considered himself a good judge of men. Yes, he was a strange one. And now he was wounded. Risco did not think that Juan would make it to

Terejeta. He was a good man, Risco thought. One of the best fighting guerrillas he had ever seen in action.

The two men placed the stretcher on some crates that were set on the porch of a village store. The men looked at Juan and then walked away.

"Lieutenant Mera!" Risco called.

A stout man with broad lips and small eyes came over to Risco from a group of men who were drinking coffee.

"Si, jefe?"

"Get the wounded in the church. See if there's anything there that might help them."

Mera returned a dotage salute and left. The stale odor that lingered behind the lieutenant made Risco conscious of his own bad smell. The dry sweat that incased his body made him feel like a twisted, tense piece of rotten meat.

He took a cigar stub from his pocket, lit it, and then walked over to the men who were drinking coffee and poured himself a cup.

"Ey, Capitan," said one man. "I hear there are some very pretty women in this village."

"With no dirt on their necks," said another.

"There will be no time for that," said Risco.

He drank the hot brew down, burning his throat and bringing water to his eyes. But it relieved the pain in his shoulders and the numbness that spread over his skull.

He looked at the two men who had suggested taking women and then he went over to some nearby steps and sat down, wondering if perhaps there was anything he had not thought of to better their situation.

But no. There was nothing. All they could do was to continue and hope that they would make it to Terejeta. Once there, if they should make it, he would join forces with Alarcon and his men--if they had survived their mission.

Risco wanted to forget for a while.

He recalled having been in this same region over twenty years ago in the village of El Lobo. He had been a young man then, but already a seasoned guerrilla. There had been a short uprising at the time that had not lasted long. Yes, and there had been a woman then. He had met her the first night they had entered El Lobo. She had been a big, fleshy raven haired woman with strong black eyes and golden skin. At the time he had imagined himself falling in love with her, which, thinking about it now, had not been such a bad idea. But it never happened. Just as it never happened that he stayed



too long in any one place. And of all the women he had been with in the past, it was always her he thought of at times like these. Perhaps it was because he had come closest to loving her than he had any other woman. What was she doing now? Had she married? What, in fact, had her name been? Nothing was more lucid in his mind than the form of her nude body, outstretched, her long thick hair covering her nipples. He could see this like a photograph. But for the life of him, he could not recall her name. What was her name? . . . Ah, yes. Alicia. Of course. How could I ever forget? he thought. He chuckled, remembering the wine he had washed her breasts with. Sweet tasting melons, he thought. They had truly bathed themselves that night. It had been his last night with her.

"Capitan!"

Lieutenant Mera was coming rapidly from the church, lifting his boots high to clear the mud, oozing out from the cobblestones.

"There are some men in the church," said Mera. "They say we cannot keep the wounded there."

Risco went past Mera and made his way to the church.

He heard the buzzing sound of flies the moment he opened the church's door and his nostrils twitched at the stench of lingering death. Every candle in the church was lit and a thin stream of black smoke rose from each flame. Sagged flowers in vases were set next to each figure saint in the church. Every flower was pale and wilted.

Beyond the wooden rail that divided the pulpit from the pews, Antonia, a woman from the troop, was on her knees before the life-size crucifix that was suspended from three wires fixed into the ceiling. Antonia's hands were folded and her eyes were lifted to the figure on the cross. The cross itself was thin and made of round logs. The figure upon it was equally thin. It appeared to have the body

of a small boy with the large head of an old man. The very size of the head made its anguished features inescapable of attention. The half-drawn, near to death look about the eyes, the open mouth hanging agape allowed the strangled tongue to be seen; and the face with its sunken cheeks evoked a feeling of abhorrence rather than one of pity. The figure's hands were swollen and appeared as if to claw, wanting to rip themselves free from the nails that were driven into its palms. As Risco studied the figure on the cross, he thought of Juan. The figure on the cross had a striking resemblance to him.

Three men were standing in front of the pulpit. They had not moved or said a word since Risco entered the church. One of them was a priest. The

other two were old men. One fat, the other thin, in peasant dress with long beards.

Risco advanced toward them "I am informed that you gentlemen would like to speak to me."

"Yes," said the priest. "It is about these men." The priest looked at the wounded on the pews.

"They cannot stay here," the fat man said. "We do not want to be unreasonable, sir, you must under-

stand. But if your men stay here they will bring much danger to us."

"The Military has already been here," said the thin one. "They told us that you might pass through Canacas, and if so to offer no assistance."

"How long ago were they here?" asked Risco.

"They have been gone for two days now," said the priest, "and they assured us that they would be back within the week."

"Then there is no need to worry. My men and I will be out of here before then."

"But there is no telling," said the fat one. "They may have spies lurking about, sir. And, my God, if they should find this," he indicated the wounded with a sweep of his hand, "they will surely take revenge."

"These men are wounded, gentlemen. Some are dying. And, I assumed, the church was the only place I could find shelter for them without disturbing the rest of the village."

"But you do not seem to understand, sir," said the thin one. "If the Military should return now, we will be at their mercy."

"I can sympathize with you," said Risco. "But my men are staying here. I am sure we have no more to say, gentlemen."

Risco turned from the three men and went to look at the wounded. Eight of the twelve pews supported a body. He knew that they were no longer anything more than living corpses. But they were alive nonetheless, and so as long as they had a breath in their body he would not desert them.

The haphazard dressings of the past four days were now being replaced with clean rags. Members of the troop were bringing the rags and boiled water from a back room to the left of the altar. Risco assumed this to be the rectory, for some men were bringing in torn strips of priest's clothing.

The flies that swarmed around were landing on the bandages. Risco had never seen flies quite as large as these this far north of the equator. They were no smaller than an inch. A size that allowed one to see their tongues sap into the gell of clotting blood.

Risco went around examining the wounds with curiosity.

Ramon Palma sat on the front pew beside his father, wiping the fever sweat from the old man's brow with a damp cloth. Five months before they had both joined the troop with the utmost enthusiasm for La Causa. And now Ramon appeared to be waiting. For what? Risco did not know. For the death of his father possibly. On the next pew lay Enrique, the fifteen year old. His stomach was bound in a blood soaked sheet. He was one of the few who had survived the burning of his village when the Military discovered that they had helped a stray band of guerrillas. Both his parents has been shot. One could escape death so often, Risco thought, and then, puff, it was over. There was Vera and her brother Tomas. They had both been injured by the same grenade. This is what their last battle had led to. And not a single victory.

Risco moved down the file of benches looking at the wounded. There was Pepe, forty years old,

a guerrilla who had fought in many countries. The man had saved Risco's life at one time. Now he looked at Pepe on the bench, his cheeks twitching, his eyes shut; and Risco wondered if Pepe would ever wake. In the next pew was the slender body of Donita, eighteen, a girl who had run away from a convent to join the troop after discovering that her father had been executed by the State. A shell was lodged just beneath her heart. And then there was Manuel, a raw recruit who was injured for the first time in battle. His skull was shattered and half gone at the front. And finally there was Juan who had joined, because no village could stand the sight of his face. They thought him to be an idiot because of the size of his head, and a monster of the devil's creation because of the hideousness that was his face. Now, with his left leg ripped to the bone and badly infected, he waited like the others for the final silence to rest them.

"Sir, I must tell you once again. We cannot have your men in this village one moment longer."

It was the fat man with the beard. The priest and the thin peasant were behind him.

"I am really very sorry," said the fat man, "but for our own safety it is out of the question that you stay here."

"You must understand," said the priest, "we have no ill-will against you, but the life of the village is in your hands."

"What I have said is final," said Risco. "If you see it any other way you will be confined until we leave."

"Sir, we cannot be any more emphatic about this than we have been," said the fat man. "The Military has not only threatened us with our lives. They have also taken the youth from our village. Male and female alike. Only God knows what they're going through now. They, as well as ourselves, will be slaughtered if the Military finds out we assisted you."

"I could not be sorrier," Risco said. "But my men will remain here. That is all. Good evening, gentlemen."

As he was leaving the church, he took one last look at the wounded. He saw Juan and then he looked at the figure on the cross. They look so much alike, thought Risco, they could have been brothers.

When he stepped outside, evening had arrived. Camp fires were lit here and there throughout the village square of Canacas. Risco buttoned his jacket and decided to walk the back streets of the village. As he walked he thought of the troops condition, of

their morale. It would not take much to defeat them now. He was a reasonable man. He knew the odds. He had learned to appraise situations like these long ago. And it is getting worse, he thought. One of his objectives had already collapsed. He had hoped to take raw troops from the village. But by the recent information, this did not look likely. And perhaps it is for the best, he thought. It would probably be another mistake of the countless number Risco had seen and committed in his years. No, he thought, it would be best if they went on by themselves.

Some of the shack windows were lighted now. Risco walked, listening to the echo of his footsteps on the cobblestones. He wondered what the peasants were doing inside their shacks. Praying? There was no telling. He thought of them huddled behind their doors, shaking on their knees. Stupid ignorant people, he thought. They know nothing but fear. And then Antonia's image flashed in his mind, praying on her knees, mumbling under her breath. Her husband had died of his wounds on their way to Canacas. Since his death she had withdrawn herself into her own silent world. She no longer spoke to anyone. All she did was mumble all day to herself. Risco had the idea that she was no longer right in the head. He had seen others like her before.

He wondered what the rest of his men were thinking. What were they looking forward to? He blanked out the present and thought of the woman in El Lobo. He tried to recall the touch and feel of her skin and the aromas of her perfumes. She had been a most delicious woman to have. He wished for her to be there with him then. The past was a much more stable place to think of. It was unfortunate, he thought, that he could not live it again.

When Risco arrived back at the village square the camp was made for the night, and pots of beans were hung over fires. The smell of fresh tortillas baking in the moist air comforted him.

Lieutenant Mera approached him and scooped himself a tin of beans from one of the pots, and then he rolled some dry meat in a tortilla. Risco poured himself a cup of coffee.

"Maria says that Juan wants to die in the church, Capitan," said the lieutenant. "He says he does not want to go on with the rest. She wants to know if you wish him to have a gun."

"A gun? What for?"

The lieutenant spooned some food into his mouth. "So he can shoot himself. Maria says this is where he wants to die."

Risco watched Mera eat, chewing with fat, stretched cheeks, slowly working his teeth into the food.

A gun?

Juan wants to die?

"What should I tell Maria?"

A fly landed on the corner of Mera's mouth. A stream of juice dripped over to his chin. Risco watched the fly eat. It stood on the stubbles of Mera's beard, putting its tongue into the bean juice that was dripping down Mera's chin.

"Have the wounded been fed?"

"Plates have been taken to them," Mera said. The fly took off and circled Mera's head, and then it came back and landed on his chin to continue eating. ■

"Does anyone else know of this? About Juan?"

Mera waved the fly away and it came back almost immediately.

Mera said, "No, Capitan. I do not think anyone else knows of this."

"Then tell Maria to keep it quiet. It would be unwise to let something like this happen before tomorrow."

That night Risco slept with one of the women of the troop. Her name was Rosa. Risco liked her. She had a huge behind and she was a very warm woman.

The night hours were slipping by and Risco found it difficult to sleep. He was thinking of Juan. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. Suicides are to be excused on personal grounds, naturally. To kill oneself in a church meant nothing to Risco. He was not a religious man. La Causa allowed no room for God. God to him was whatever kept him alive: his weapon, food, the air he breathed. He could not violate a man's desire to die where and when he chose. But to commit suicide? Risco would have never thought Juan to do such a thing. He was remembering the night Juan had come walking into their camp, shouting to those on guard not to shoot, because he wished to join. One of the women had screamed when she saw his face. Juan had simply laughed it off. He was used to those reactions. The troop had resented him from the very start. Many thought that he would bring a curse

on them. He has the evil eye, some said. Yes, and he is the son of the devil, said others. But Juan had proven himself as a brave guerrilla more than once, standing in battle as if defying death itself, never wavering his courage. And now this? Risco could not believe that a man such as Juan would want to commit suicide. But a man's death is his own business, he thought.

Risco fell asleep for a few short hours, and in the morning before the sun came up, he awoke. The rain clouds had passed over during the night. He strapped on his holster and pinched Rosa's behind to wake her up. Today it will be clear, he thought, with sun and blue skies.

Mera and some of the other men were waiting for him outside the tent.

"Two of the wounded have died," Mera reported.

"Who were they?"

"Enrique and Tomas."

"Where are they now?"

"In the rectory."

"Are the supplies gathered?"

"We took what was left, Capitan. There wasn't much."

"Very well. Pull up camp and prepare to move out."

Risco called some men to assist in moving the wounded out of the church. He told them to leave Juan where he was, that he was not to be moved. Risco stood outside the church watching the wounded being carried out. He waited for the last man to leave before he went to see Juan. They were the only ones in the church.

Juan lay on the bench with his eyes open, staring at the ceiling of the church. His gargoyl features were drained of color, and his breath was coming in short rasps. There was a faraway look in his eyes, as if he were on a long journey in his mind.

"Juan," Risco said.

The man's eyes angled over until they met Risco's.

"Si, Capitan?"

"We're moving out."

"Well, sir, you have my good luck. I hope you make it."

For the first time since he met Juan, Risco looked into his face without averting his eyes.

"Juan, do you still wish--? Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"I have not changed my mind, sir. I know I am going to die. I do not want to be a bother to the rest of them."

"Juan, I want you to know that I will not leave a man who does not wish to stay."

"I have no desire to go. This is where I will meet

mine, Capitan. I have no desire to go." Juan turned his eyes away to look at the ceiling.

Risco knew that his life was flashing before him at that moment. Juan's eyes were glistening, but no tears were escaping.

Risco found it hard to speak. No words came to mind that had any meaning at that moment for him.

At last, he said, "But why, Juan? Why in such a manner? I would have never thought that a man with your courage--"

"Look at my face, sir. For the first time in my life, at this moment, you are the only man who has ever been able to look me in the eyes without turning away. And even you, in the past, have not been able to see me for what I am. Like the rest of them, you looked away when you spoke to me. I do not blame you, Capitan. I have seen myself in mirrors before, and I do not blame anyone who has turned away from my face. I know what it is to be ugly. I have lived in hell all of my life, and I have no regrets in spending my eternity there. When I was a boy they would never let me in church, because they thought I was a demon. Well, if that is true, I will feel at home where I am going."

Risco looked away and was silent. He was looking at the cross and at the figure upon it. It is impossible, he thought, that one can suffer for so many. Some suffer because it is their destiny.

"Very well," he said. "If this is your way, I cannot prevent it. You were a brave guerrilla, Juan. I want you to know that."

The man smiled faintly.

"Capitan."

"Yes?"

"Your gun. I will need it."

Risco looked down at his .45 and felt it. Then he looked at Juan and then at the gun. He unsnapped the holster strap and took the gun out.

"My arms are weak, Capitan. You will cock it for me?"

Risco felt the cool weight of the gun in his hand. He was like a man who was in doubt about what he was doing.

"I would do it myself, sir. But I haven't the strength."

Risco pulled the hammer back and then placed the gun on Juan's chest.

Juan smiled and said, "Thank you, sir. And, again, good luck."

"Good by," Risco said.

He turned and walked away. Before shutting the door he swept the church with one last glance. Then he closed it and went to lead his troops out of the village.



TO LOST AND RUINED MEN:

am brown understone

earth rebel

words do not appease

my brown earth spirit

gnawing dead men's murders

in my gut!

I SIT EMPTY

in your cities

bloody headed empty

in your cities

I sit dreaming

in your cities

wearily dreaming

in your cities

I sit dying

in your cities

Each Day Closer To Death . . .

REMEMBER ME TO FLOWERS

WHEN IN UNHOLY CLAY AM DEAD

remember me to pretty girls

remember me to friends

remember me to lovers

remember me

remember me

remember me

WHEN IN UNHOLY CLAY AM DEAD . . .

ON SAVAGE AFTERNOONS

along grey streets

sing me sad songs

whisper sweet nothings

write me thin epithets

on the walls of factories . . .

WHEN SHIPS

put to seas

Sing my farewell

to sailors

And someday

mad with my hurt

recall my sullen name

IN FIRE !

benjamin rochin luna

CON+SAFOS



BARRIO SOUL

A*TM*

ON

A FOS

MUERA LA TIRANIA
VIVAN LOS CHICANOS EN VIETNAM
CHALE
KURO PEDO
HONEST ABE DE.
EL INDIO
CARNALES

TU JEFITA CON
COMBAT BOOTS
LIBERTAD

BENITO JUAREZ RIFA
AL BATIO
POR MI RAZA HABLA WIK NOT!

EL HURCO EL ESPIRITU EL INDIO
LOS CHICANOS CHIN TU MAH
IF NOSE RAJAN LA TUYA EN PATINES
WHEN RESPECTO AL DERECHO BUENO ES LA PAZ
LOS CARNALES

ORGANISENSE RAZA

QUIEN ERES

MI VIDA LOCA
WIL MAN
LA BLA EK WIDOW

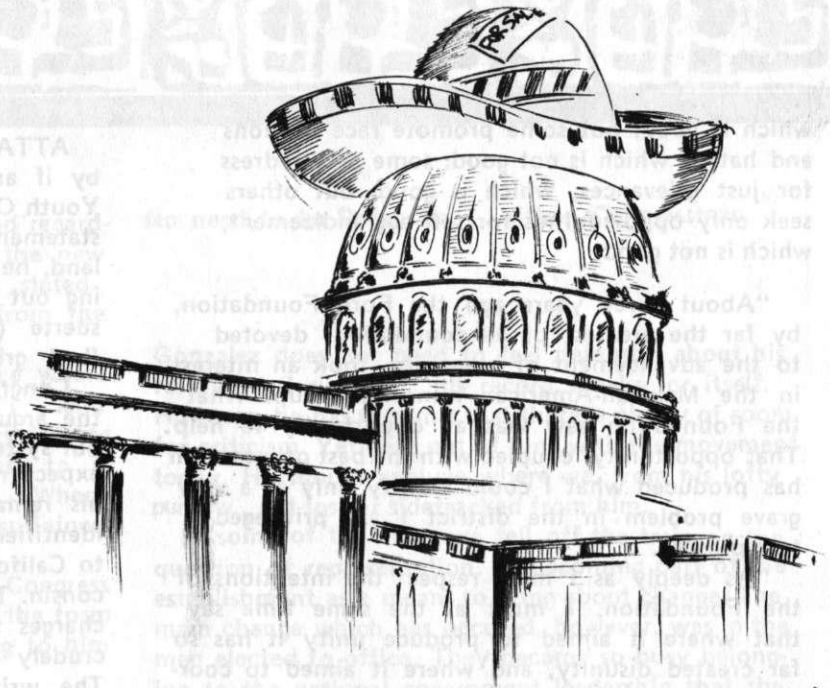
DIGNIDAD

NALGA POWER
C/5
C/5
C/5

HALF MAN
CS
MI BARRIO SIEMPRE
A TODA MAQUINA

LUZ DEL PASADO

LOFAS
C/5



GONZALEZ IN WASHINGTON

(Ed : : C/S Thanks Francisca Flores, Editor of " Carta Editorial," for this contribution from her fine newsletter)

Two curious and possibly interrelated reactions regarding minority youth have been aired in the last month or two from within the minority community itself. In Texas, Congressman Gonzalez is leading a charge against what he calls "reverse racism". His main target is MAYO, a Mexican American Youth Organization which has chapters in Texas and which is very outspoken regarding the poverty and the discrimination against the Mexican people. This attack by Gonzalez bounces off to strike at others especially the newly created voice which is now being heard from one end of the country to the other...the "Chicano" press. The people who produce these periodicals and newspapers work hard utilizing their resources to inform the people about what is going on in the Mexican communities across the country, and in this manner are overcoming the censorship which has prevented one community from knowing what the others are doing.

With respect to the press . . . it is interesting to note that the Negro "traditional leaders" are also alarmed over the growth of community press in their areas. According to the National Hotline "black publishers around the country are expected to start

asking questions about the presence of community-grass-root-newspapers springing up around the country and being financed by government money through poverty programs. Federal law forbids financing any type of media. Look for fireworks on this score."

Congressman Gonzalez, in addition to attacking MAYO, has lent himself for an attack on the community press and has raised the question of inspection of tax free Foundations in relation to funds provided for community action programs.

First a look at the charges Gonzalez is making and then a brief look at MAYO and what is happening in Texas.

"Issues of Hate". . . in the April 18 newsletter, Congressman Gonzalez stated: "For some time now I have been concerned about the Ford Foundation's funding of certain militant types among my ethnic group in San Antonio - - namely, Americans of spanish surname and of Mexican descent, and during this week have brought this situation to the attention of Congress through speeches in the Congressional Record.

"As most of you receiving this newsletter realize, there are all over the Southwest new organizations springing up: some promote pride in heritage,

which is good; but some promote race tensions and hatred which is not good; some seek redress for just grievances, which is good, but others seek only opportunities for self aggrandizement, which is not good.

"About three years ago the Ford Foundation, by far the greatest of all foundations devoted to the advancement of humanity, took an interest in the Mexican-American minority group. What the Foundation saw was an opportunity to help. That opportunity, coupled with the best of intention has produced what I could classify only as a very grave problem in the district I am privileged to represent.

"As deeply as I must respect the intentions of the Foundation, I must at the same time say that where it aimed to produce unity it has so far created disunity, and where it aimed to coordinate it has only further unloosened the conflicting aims and desires of various groups and individuals.

(Since my first public statements regarding this matter week before last, people from all over the Southwest have added to my samples of "Hate Gringo" literature, and the founder of a youth organization has gone so far as to say in a televised press conference that it might be necessary to "kill some gringos" in order to bring about their objectives.

"If you would be interested in the full texts of my speeches on this cause for concern which have appeared in the RECORD this week, please write to me at 116 Cannon House Office Building, Washington,

"I also contacted Congressman Wilbur Mills, Chairman of House Ways and Means Committee, this week in respect to the Ford Foundation's role. The Chairman of the Committee on which I serve (Congressman Wright Patman, House Banking and Currency) has for several weeks been investigating tax-exempt foundations."

A SERIES OF SPEECHES . . . In the first of the series, Congressman Gonzalez denounced "race hate", inferiority, second class citizenship because of race or color. He reiterated his long standing position against discriminatory attacks he has received from the right for the position he has always taken. It does not matter, he says, "what I am, or what I am called, as long as I make an honest effort to be an honest representative." However, he points out "Ironically I now find myself assaulted from the left as well as from the right. Evil is evil. . . and it is just as wrong for a member of an ethnic minority to succumb to hate and fear as it is for anyone else to do so."

ATTACK ON MAYO . . . "I cannot stand silently by if an organization like the Mexican American Youth Organization publishes hate sheets containing statements like 'the gringo took your grandfather's land, he took your father's job and now he is sucking out your soul. There is no such thing as mala suerte (bad luck); there is only malos gringos (bad gringos)."

Congressman Gonzalez says, "I cannot accept the argument that this is an evil country or that our system does not work, or that it is foolish to expect redress of a just grievance. "At the end of his remarks he inserted a newspaper story (not identified) attacking all CPA papers from Texas to California and as far away as Chicago and Wisconsin. The writer of the article (also not identified) charges that the newspapers are "cheaply printed, crudely illustrated but (that) they pack a wallop. The writer quotes Gonzalez calling these papers "hate sheets." Among those named, El Deguello, Hoy, La Revolucion . . . all Mayo publications. Other Texas papers named are La Justicia Mayorista, El Malcriado (McAllen), El Yaqui and El Compass. Outside of Texas; La Raza, Inside Eastside, Carta Editorial and Bronze from California; El Gallo from Colorado; El Papel from New Mexico; El Paisano from Arizona, LADO from Chicago and La Voz Mexicana from Wisconsin. The writer of the article admits that the "objective is unity for Mexican Americans to gain economic, education and fair treatment. But we must assume this is not altogether acceptable because, the language of the papers is bellicose."

AND MORE SPEECHES inserted into the congressional Record by the loquacious Congressman from San Antonio. . . speeches were made on the 15, 16, 22, 28, 29 of April and May 1st. He continued talking about MAYO, its leadership and its activities. On the 15th he appended another newspaper article written by Kemper Diehl which was based on a press interview given by the Chairman of MAYO, Angel Gutierrez. It goes without saying that most of the article focused on questions and answers regarding his attitude on "gringos" although when Gutierrez granted the interview he gave the press a copy of the organization's goals which they were committed to print in exchange for the interview. On the 16th Gonzalez raised the question of the tax free Foundations. . . specifically the Ford Foundation and the grant of \$650,00 it gave to the Southwest Council of La Raza.

On the 22nd he made a speech on our nation's immigrants, mentioning the Mexicans and his distress



with "hate". . . he reaffirmed his own stand regarding racism and continued his attack on the new "militant" forces and activists and again stated his opinion of what results the money from the Ford Foundation was creating.

On the 28th he held a press conference where he delivered a paper on "reverse racism". . . and a policy of hard line, confrontation policies leaving no area open for negotiation in contrast to a policy of hope, good will, justice, etc. . . When he addressed Congress on this day he was joined by other Congressmen who also spoke out.

April 29 and May 1st the speeches in Congress were continued. They are now available in the form of a booklet which can be had by writing to him at his Washington office.

LOSS OF PERSPECTIVE. . . the overall reaction to Congressman Gonzalez' behavior is mixed. The over-riding feeling, however, is that of sorrow to witness his public exhibition of insecurity and lack of understanding of his own people and his role in relation to them. The youth are angry - that is for sure. They are not only angry at the "gringo" they are also angry at their parents, at Congressman Gonzales' generation, who they feel let them down. In this respect they are not totally justified, but Congressman Gonzalez should understand the reason, the cause of their frustration. In the 24 years since WWII ended and years of relatively high degree of prosperity. . . things have not changed too much for the Mexican or for the poor. Yet the poor and the Mexican have paid with their lives (at a higher ratio) so that this country could remain free to prosper and so that a great majority might enjoy relative security and affluence.

The Mexican youth are no longer willing to sit quietly while a decent living for their family passes them by. This is the point which appears to have been lost on Congressman Gonzalez. His rejection of "Unjust tactics" which he says will not produce justice should not blind him. He should be able to rise above the loud talk, the verbage and "vilification" of the majority society. After all, the society which they are attacking has used "unjust tactics" toward them in all aspects of life, from a higher percentage sent to Vietnam to no education, and only menial labor and no recourse to change the situation. And all of the speeches Gonzalez makes to Congress will not change the situation nor will there be justice just because Gonzalez proclaims it.

No need to be Defensive. . . either. Congressman

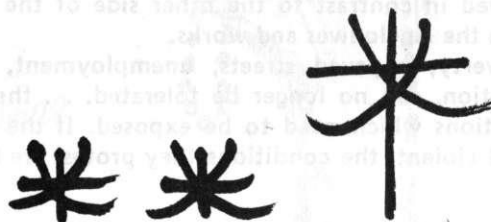
Gonzalez does not need to feel defensive about his role in civil rights. . . his record speaks for itself. However, he has to admit that there is plenty of room for criticism. Yet he is out of tune with the movement today. He should analyze where we, from his lofty purview, got lost or sidetracked from him.

In some of the areas we fell off the train on the question of representation. . . becoming part of the establishment as a means to bring about change. The main change which has occurred, however, was in the men elected to office. They became so busy belonging to the national government leadership that the day to day struggle for existence by the people back home became secondary in terms of priority. They became participants in the general life stream of national concerns at the expense of the problems back home.

The children in the high schools are right when they say it took their activist methods to shake up the question of education, and they have not yet begun to fight for a decent education. Where was Gonzalez and other national and local representatives on issues such as these? Where are they on the question of the farm workers, the poor, etc? It is not enough for them to endorse a struggle; they must become part of it. By staying out, Gonzalez is denying the people he represents his leadership at a time when they need it the most.

The youth are moving and insertions into the Congressional Record will not stop them. . . they will be heard. . . even if their language sounds uncouth to our ears, their demands for a better life are not unjustified.

Some of the issues which precipitated the whole commotion and brought on the attack on MAYO. Three Mexican American Vista Volunteers working with MAYO in the community were removed by the





Governor of the State - naturally the Vista Director in Washington was very concerned. They were charged with violating Vista policy, although Joe Bernal points out that if these three volunteers were ordered removed for having participated in community activities, which is seen as beneficial by "many people including myself," then he feels they have been complimented. He says that MAYO has been charged with preaching hate," but that is simply to accuse. . . to prove such a charge is the responsibility of the judicial system. To "level accusations and then regard them as proof is to inject (Joe) McCarthyism and guilt by association which has been totally rejected by our American society." He points out that what always gets lost in charges of political "irresponsibility" are the needs of the poor, which the Vista volunteers were seeking to assist. He lists eight areas in social reform where Texas is still low on the list including areas where the state government still has not moved. Texas is 39 on the list of state programs on welfare, Texas has no Labor Relations Act, Workman's Compensation is voluntary. . . and there are 100,000 poor migrant workers in Texas. As far as vocational rehabilitation, Texas is 44th on the list, etc.

The people are not stopped. . . they are lifting the cactus curtain, as Commissioner Albert Pena put it. They held a mass meeting to defend the Vista Volunteers and the youth organization. 2000 met in Del Rio. People from over the state arrived to join them in their three mile march to the County Courthouse where they posted their manifesto demanding reinstatement for the Vista workers.

Del Rio has a population of 26,000, a Mexican Mayor and 5 out of the 7 Councilmen are of Mexican origin. In spite of this high degree of representation, the Mexican part of the town remains with streets unpaved in contrast to the other side of the creek where the Anglo lives and works.

Poverty, unpaved streets, unemployment, poor education, can no longer be tolerated. . . these are conditions which need to be exposed. If the youth sound violent, the conditions they protest are brutal.

And that is why Congressman Gonzalez should not lose his perspective. The main enemy is poverty in the midst of plenty, discrimination and illiteracy in the bosom of affluence. Degradation comes from those who are willing to let matters stand as they are and from those who grind the people down by fighting off the attempts to change the conditions.

The inevitable has happened and not as a surprise. As a result of all of the hullabaloo by Gonzalez in Congress and in the press, the House Committee on Internal Security (Unamerican committee) is now demanding an investigation of MAYO and Vista. Although Congressman Gonzalez does not agree that a house investigation will serve any purpose other than to "grope for facts," nevertheless he must shoulder responsibility for encouraging them to witch hunt. Now they have an opportunity to hit at the Mexicans and attack their efforts to rid themselves of the oppressive inequality and discrimination which prevails throughout the Southwest and which is particularly raw in Texas.

Congressman Gonzalez spoke of responsibility. . . he too must assume his share to assist the people to improve their conditions. It may be hard to get into the swing of things today. . . but with a little effort he will find that he belongs, truly belongs to his people.



*Dice la juventud
egoísta de hoy,*

*"Vieja pasada
con cara arrugada,
a la muerte en seguida,
haga lugar para otra semilla."*



by Chono

C/5 CLASSIC

TO MY SON, THE REVOLUTIONARY
BARRIOS OF AN EAST L.A.
OCCUPIED CALIFA 131313

May 5, 1919

MI ESTIMADO HIJO,

TWO YEARS OF SUMMER SUNS WINTER MOONS CROSSED THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF JOAQUIN SINCE YOU LEFT THE BARRIO OF YOUR YOUTH WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND FOR THE LAST REVOLUTION AND STILL I HEAR NOT A WORD OF YOUR EXISTENCE EXCEPT ON PAGE THIRTEEN OF THE RIVERBANK NEWS WHICH TELLS OF YOUR DISTURBING ACTIVITIES IN THAT CONCRETE INFESTED SMOG LADEN MAZE OF IRON AND PLASTIC AND PLASTIC AND IRON COVERING CHINCHIS AND CHILDREN AND MEN WOMEN FAT BABIES SKINNY WHORES OF DISPOSABLE ICE COLD NEEDLES TO BEAT THE TRAFFIC.

ALL THE TOWN HAS HEARD OF YOUR COMPADRES ASSOCIATES WHO DONT LIKE GRAPES AND WHO DONT LIKE SCHOOLS HARD WORK OR COPS WHO ARE PIGS AS THEY SAY AT THE PICKET BLOW OUT SIT IN AND WHERE EVER TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TO PRAY AS EVEN GUELITA AND LAURA PETERSON WHO TAUGHT YOU TO READ NOT TOO WELL HAVE ASKED IF ITS TRUE THE COURTS SIT IN OBSCENE JUDGEMENT FORBIDDING YOUR BROWN BERET ON YOUR HEAD AND THE BROWN POWER BUTTON ON YOUR FIELD JACKET FOR CHE WHICH THE PAPER SAID YOU REMOVED AND REPLACED WITH A MOD COAT AND TIE AS YOUR DUES FOR A REASONABLE JUDGEMENT OF COMPROMISE BECAUSE IN ANY EVENT THE LAWYERS COST SO MUCH AND BECAUSE YOU WERE MORE IMPORTANT OUT ON THE STREETS THAN IN AN UNCOMFORTABLE JAIL.

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF LA RAZA TELL US OF YOUR SKILLS IN NEGOTIATING AGREEMENTS WITH POWER STRUCTURES AND OF THE INCESSANT RAPPING TO YOUR PEOPLE AND OF YOUR BRILLIANTLY STRUCTURED VAGUE PROPOSALS FOR GRANTS FROM FORD ROCKEFELLER IN FRONT OF TELEVISION CAMERAS AND SMARTASSED NEWSPAPERMEN WHILE YOU WALK STREETS OF SPIT WITH A SAINT AND A TEAR ON A VERY NICELY PAINTED PRINTED POSTER SHOUTING GRITOS AND DISTURBING THE PEACE IN BROKEN ENGLISH AND ILLITERATE SPANISH WHICH NO ONE CAN HEAR FROM THE NOISE OF IT ALL.

THEY TELL US YOU WRITE ANGRY LETTERS TO EDITORS OF VERY IMPORTANT JOURNALS AND COMMITTEES THAT YOU MAKE DEMANDS FOR REPARATION FROM THE CHURCH OF CHRIST WITH THE EXCEPTION OF COURSE OF THE POPE WHOM YOUR MOTHER TAUGHT YOU TO RESPECT AND THAT YOU LOBBY FOR OEO OF THE GOVERNMENT YOU SEEK TO DESTROY WITH A GUN ON YOUR KNEES A PEN IN YOUR HAND AND THE PATHETIC GESTURE OF A CLENCHED FIST DEMANDING THEIR HELP FOR THE FIGHT OR EVEN THEIR PITY OF PATERNALISM.



WE UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTHER AND I THAT THE GOVERNMENT YOU SEEK TO DESTROY HAS NOW SENT YOU TO A SCHOOL FOR AN UMAS TO TEACH YOU THE INTRICACIES OF ADMINISTRATIVE TECHNIQUES IN THE WELFARE SOCIAL SECURITY MEDICARE OLDAGEPENSION UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE FOR THOSE IN THE POCKETS OF POVERTY WHERE LIVES LA RAZA UNIDA.

THEY SAY YOUVE GOTTEN A JOB AND A CAR FOR A GO GO WITH BREAD IN YOUR POCKET ALL FOR COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION WHATEVER THAT IS BUT ESPECIALLY FOR NOT MUTILATING BENDING DESTROYING THE CARD WITH THE HOLES WHICH ONLY YOUR JEFE PATRON OF THE BUREAU FOR INDIAN AFFAIRS MAY NOW DO WHILE HE OCCASIONALLY HUNTS BUFFALO.

THESE THINGS WE UNDERSTAND APART FROM THE RHETORIC SINCE YOU ARE THE SON OF THE BROWN AND THE WHITE AND THE XMAS TOY GUNS DO NOT SHOOT VERY FAR OR STRAIGHT... BUT

WE CHOSE NOT TO BELIEVE RUMORS OF A GIRL CALLED BONNIE OF PEACHES AND CREAM WHO SPEAKS UN POQUITO DE SPANISH OVER CANNED BEANS COLD TORTILLAS FOR ETHNIC PARTIES EVEN THOUGH SHES WHAT THEY CALL A TERRIFIC FUNDRAISER FOR YOUR TRIP TO THE DENVER CONVENTION IN PARIS NO DOUBT WHERE POETS AND ACTORS OF A TEATRO CHICANO WILL PREACH QUE MI RAZA PRIMERO DRINKING WHITE MILK AND SMOKING EXPENSIVE CIGARS FROM COMMUNIST CUBA ALL UNAWARE... AND

WE ARE CONVINCED QUE EL CHISME MITOTE SPREADS THROUGH THE LAND FOR WHO CAN BELIEVE OF BATTLES BETWEEN CAMARADAS WHERE A JUNTA A FENCE A MACHETE RESULTED IN DEATH NEAR THE RING WHERE LA RAZA BERETS AND LA LUCHA STRUGGLE TO HATE AND TO STEAL FROM ANOTHER EVEN AS PUNKS AND TECATOS... NO NUNCA NEVER!

HIJO WE KNOW THAT IT IS ALL RUMORS OF WARS OF REVOLUTION AND LIBERATION AND WE UNDERSTAND FOR ARE YOU NOT THE HEIR OF A JOTO KING WHO SOLD YOU TO THE ANGLO WHITE CATHOLIC MAN AND ARE YOU NOT THE HEIR OF AN ALCOHOLIC GENERAL WHO MADE YOU A CITIZEN YANKEE WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT AND ARE YOU NOT THE HEIR OF THOSE REVOLUTIONARY MARIJUANOS WHO PREFERRED TO FARM WITH VIEJAS ON EITHER SIDE OF THEIR GUNS THAN TO FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT???????

WRITE TO US AND TELL US HOW IT REALLY GOES BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH WE UNDERSTAND THE TACTICS OF DELIBERATE DELAY AND INFILTRATION ORGANIZATION VAN GUARD PREPARATION STILL I WINCE AND YOUR MOTHER CRYs FOR THE LAND THAT IS OURS NO MORE...

WHILE THE BLOOD WAS ALL BROWN
AND THE LAUGHTER ALL WHITE!

zeta





TWO BY

TWO

*Birth obliges me to struggle against inequity
and inhumanity
because I harness the flesh and marrow and solidarity
of laborers who gather
deadly images of memories reaped in battles
of the past.*

*Monstrous tongues, intranquil and depraved
twisting life and imprisoning it
within simple lessons
of decency and of respect.*

*It is the time of rejection.
It is the hour of the seed that undoes
the habitual police brutality that preserves gentlemen
and gentlewomen
who gorge
and sleep.*

*It is the culture of death
that dies.
The movement drives me forward
toward the cast that will be broken
by bare hands.*

*Ramon Banuelos Vega
CON+SAFOS*

≡ KHALANGE * 69 ≡

by the obligated confusion of order
it is error to believe
that life will be as it should,
that changes will be done
without doing them.

it is the time of youth and protest,
strident voices
and cries of blood,
violence and justice in a single breath,
converting the confidences of initiates,
protesting love.

the elders of today, satisfied with conformed inhumanity
remember their moments
fired for reform,
and turn away.

Gentlemen who hang from ties,
white shirts stained with the blood
of others;
the old men remember memories,
choke their cries,
and die of dreams broken in two.

madness. rejection. oppression.
despair of living for life.
there is still time to desecrate
a cause
with death.

East against West.
Nation against Nation.
race against race.
man against himself.
There is still time to die for nothing.

Lives
surrendered
for stirring words,
for empty promises,
for handfuls of mud.

spreading shadows darken my land
bloody hands,
dismembered,
cover the sun.

Action,
reaction,
in the end compelled inaction,
by the obligated confusion of order.

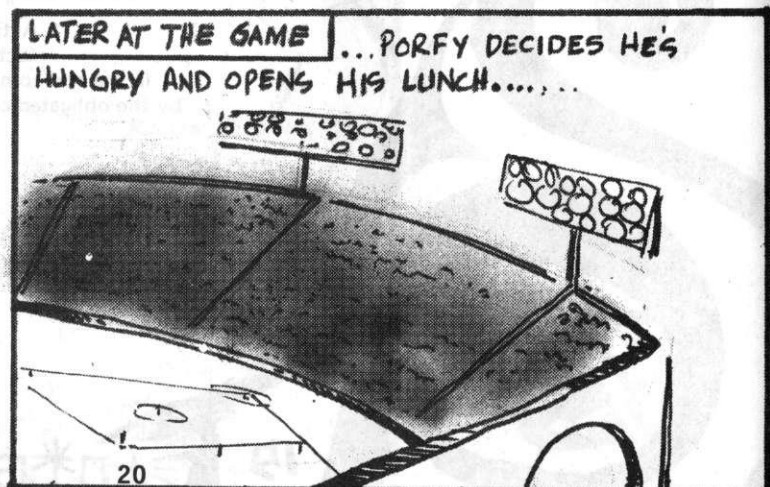
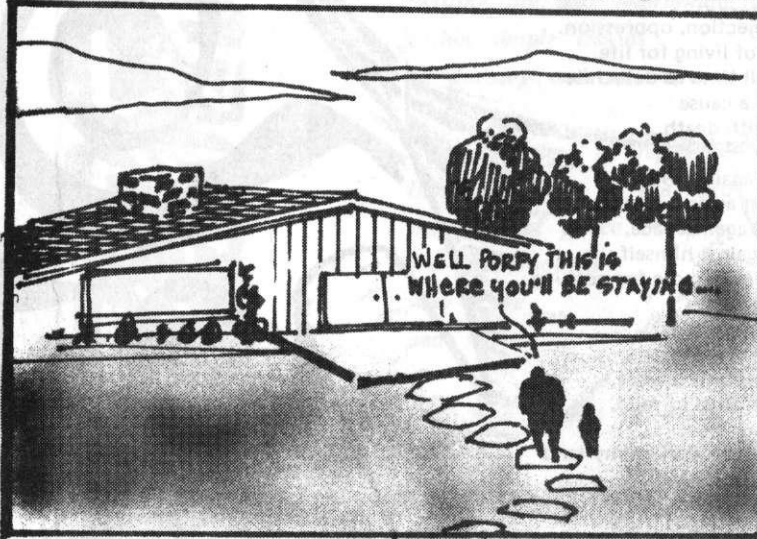
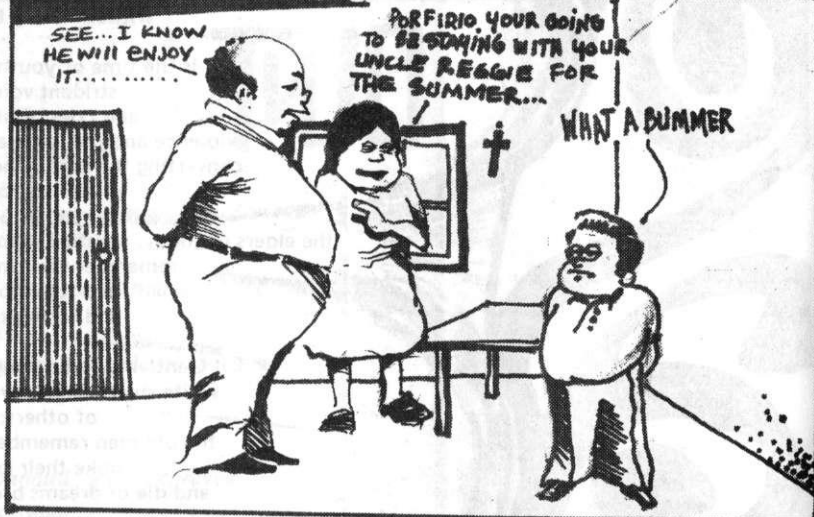
Ramon Banuelos Vega

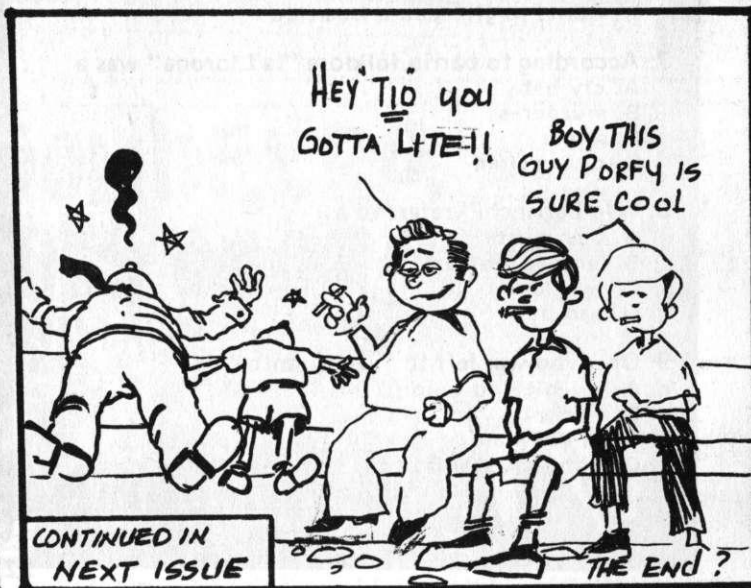
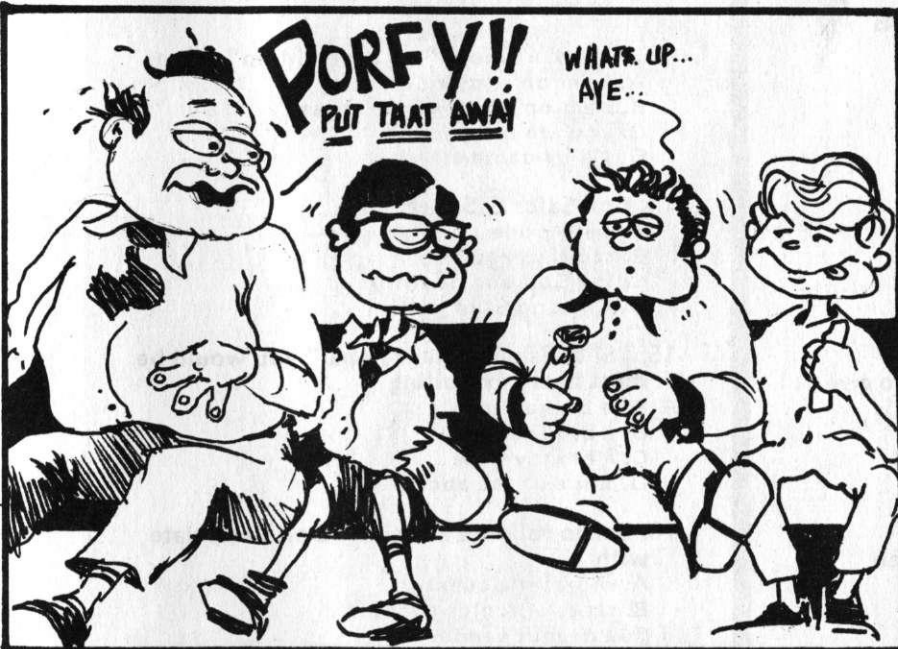
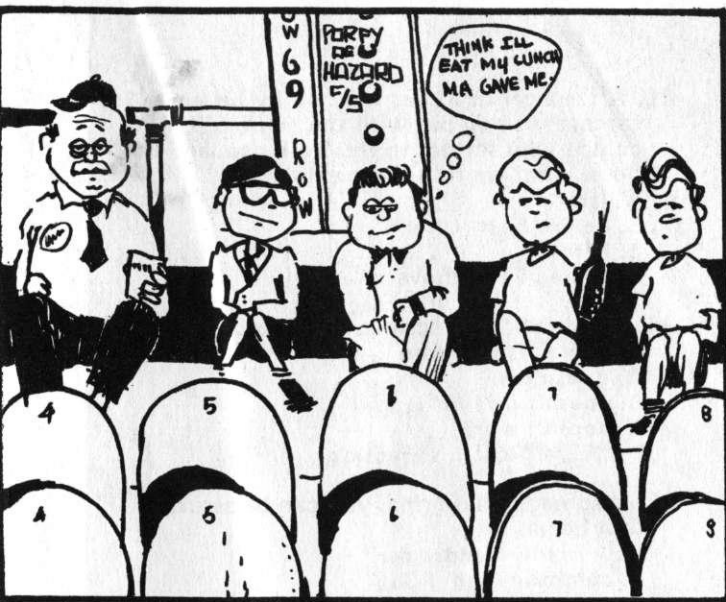
CON+SAFOS

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNIE and PORFY

by SERGIO HERNANDEZ

OUR STORY STARTS IN THE HOME OF PORFY UNCLE REGGIE WANTS TO TAKE PORFY FOR THE SUMMER.....





Take the Con Safos BARRIOLOGY EXAMINATION to see how sharp you really are.
Score one point for every correct answer.
You will find the answers on page 47.

1. If someone referred to you as a metichi, what would be your bag?

- A. gang activity
- B. gossip
- C. meddling
- D. sports

2. If you went to a borlote and someone started capping on you, would you be

- A. offended
- B. dead
- C. pleased
- D. drunk

3. Si un vato te ofrece chiva, most likely he is selling

- A. carnitas
- B. heroin
- C. pot
- D. hashish

4. A movida usually refers to

- A. a party
- B. change of address
- C. illegal activity
- D. film

5. If the owner of the corner store offered to give your sister "pilon," would you be

- A. concerned
- B. angry
- C. unaffected
- D. pleased

6. Si alguien te esta dando carria does it mean that he

- A. is out to harrass you
- B. wants to sell you something
- C. wants to give you pot
- D. wants to give you a free ride

7. According to barrio folklore "la Llorona" was a

- A. cry baby
- B. murderess
- C. singer
- D. police siren

8. "Un berrinchi" refers to a

- A. beer bust
- B. temper tantrum
- C. vendido
- D. bed bug

9. One who was left to "vestir santos" is

- A. a dedicated tailor
- B. a priest
- C. an old maid
- D. a church's janitor

10. A teenager in a class is asked by his anglo teachers to cop out with the name of the culprit who set fire to the trash can, and he does. What would this be called?

- A. lambe
- B. dedo
- C. heroe
- D. none of the above

11. A guy who is described as a "vato que no se dobla" is one who

- A. doesn't fix
- B. doesn't give in
- C. doesn't work
- D. doesn't lose his erection

12. If someone has gripa, you can be assured that he has

- A. A manly handshake
- B. common cold
- C. flu
- D. none of the above

13. The expression, "me llevo el tren" means

- A. I am on a joy ride
- B. I am on a wild goose chase
- C. you are lying to me
- D. I'll be damned!

14. Con Safos C/S means

- A. with pride
- B. same to you
- C. for God and country
- D. Chicano Stud

15. "Si te daban en la trompa," you would be most likely exhibiting

- A. a broken top
- B. a bruised lip
- C. a bloody nose
- D. none of the above

16. Barrio folklore associates Don Cacahuete with

- A. moralistic cuentos
- B. racy, off color cuentos
- C. a peanut vendor
- D. Richard Nixon

17. Barrio medical lore has it that yerba buena is good for

- A. gripa
- B. constipation
- C. bad breath
- D. A, B & C

18. The term "alcahuete" refers to a person who is

- A. of Indian descent
- B. a devil's advocate
- C. encouraging someone to do something wrong
- D. one who protects or comforts a wrong doer

19. Pano is associated with

- A. drinking
- B. child birth
- C. old age
- D. friend

Continued on page 47.



**THE MACHO'S SOMBRERO....
SOMETIMES HIDES MORE
THAN HIS HEAD.**



EL BARRIO *LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT (SI PUEDES)



NUESTRA

MOJEDAD

DON'T GET CLOSE

*Don't get close
you might make me pause
Interrupt my pose?
If you want to stay
to watch, you may.
But don't contrive
to get inside*

*Inside my world where conscience hide
You'll break the chain
that holds out pain?
You can stand aside
and watch my act
But, stay outside;*

*If you want to love
Please go away
There is no room for love inside
Inside my world, there's only pride
and walls to keep the pain outside;
If you want to watch, you may
But you'll have to keep your love away.*

*Stand back a bit
just close enough to see & hear
But not quite close enough to feel
the life inside the soul that's real;
Stand Back & watch
But don't annoy*

*My beauty's here to be enjoyed
But not too much
I can't be touched
Your life is built on chance & hope
But I prefer to stay remote
from all the insecurity
Outside the wall that shelters me;
Just don't get close
and you can stay
But keep your love & pain away*

Children playing
in the sunshine.
No worries
in the world.
Birds flying
in the blue sky.
No worries
in the world.
Bombs falling
in the land.
No worries
in the world;
NO WORLD

*El Mando Meneses
de Mara †
edad 13*

CON+SAFOS

*Martha Perez
Age 13
CON+SAFOS*





HAPPINESS IS
A WARM BURRITO
WHEN YOUR FINGERS ARE FREEZING,
AND YOU'RE SELLING NEWSPAPERS.
WHEN YOUR FATHER COMES HOME PAYDAY,
AND HE'S NOT DRUNK.
WHEN YOUR TEACHER TOUCHES YOU AND YOU KNOW
SHE LIKES YOU.
WHEN YOUR NEW FRIEND SPEAKS SPANISH TOO!
WHEN YOU SAY THE WORD "CHICANO", AND
IT GLOWS INSIDE.

ABEL FRANCO
CON+SAFOS



THE CISCO KID RIDES AGAIN

(i.e. the movement doesn't like my heroes)

And suddenly I'm supposed to turn against
the Cisco Kid?
because he was vendido? and
represented the gabacho establecimiento?
chale ese!
that's like flipping La Virgen a bone,
and there's hardly no one
gonna do that kind of thing;
you know,
I really liked the Cisco Kid
when he crackled on the radio every week,
and I liked the way he'd put the make
on gringas every week;
that was power structure man,
he never missed, because
his bag was full of treasured
rings like those we grabbed
from dizzied horses on the merry
go 'rounding chase,
he led them all,
and left them stunned and clamoring for more
chile with its most invective spice;
and every week he either killed or maimed
or caught or hauled
to justice, one at least,
very bad gabacho bad guy;
then there was the hombre with the star
right behind the Cisco Kid
with loyal Pancho at his side;
nel, I didn't forget,
'cause I liked Pancho too,
though I always wondered what he did
while he was peeping in at Cisco making love;
and then remember
just before,
or maybe after,
I don't remember which,
came Holmes;
I liked him too,
a real Saxon tryst,
when there was foul play afoot,
and Moriarti (a Latin name please note)
was foiling the master dick,
and things were elementary for no one,
but our Sherlock,
with Watson calmly sitting at 221-B Baker Street
telling stories,
and pouring Petri Wine
of hand picked
Chicano crushed
badly bruised
and ruptured
grapes
of hungry growers
and little old winemakers





in a built-in-commercial
that was far more digestible
than anything the vidiot boxes
now
though the wine is just as bitter
as it was then;

but does it matter
if Watson and the sleuth were homosexuals?
I liked them then;
should I destroy them now
in my gross maturity?

I can't destroy
the misadventures
in my cloudworld
of all vicarious boys
who know inside that one day
they will have to know
that Batman is a pedoerist
(without resistance from the wonder)
that Santa is a queer
(even for his deer)
that Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a finger fucking ass
that Lois Lane is after all a virgin still
(cause Clark Kent has no balls)
that Nero Wolf is jacking off,
and that Lamont Cranston is a fagot voyeur
and . . .

I could go on and on,
but what I simply want to say
is power structure, mother structure,
call it what you want,
the establishment and the movement
can go to hell;

because I cannot crush the part of me that is
a boy
and live
contento
in the revelling of my ungrooved imagination;

so I must happily depart,
like my friend the Cisco Kid,
and laugh it off,
no Cisco?
si Pancho!
ay los wachare!

A. Arzate

CON†SAFOS



CON SAFOS

INTERVIEWS

UN

TECATO

Con Safos: What's a tecato?

Answer: Un Chicano vicioso que se filarea.

Con Safos: How did you become a tecato?

Answer: Sabes que, esa es la pregunta que todo el publico pregunta. La jura y psychos andan con sus theories que no mamaste chichi, que odias a tu Jefe; todo eso es puro pedo. Yo y otros hypos hemos hablado tocante a esa pregunta y hemos llegado a creer que nos fileríamos porque eso era la cosa que hacer en nuestra generacion. Por ejemplo yo cuando era chavalon miraba que los que la llevaban mas fria, que traian jando y que andaban mejor vestidos, eran los que llevaban carga. Natural que los hypos que andaban lidiando iban a ofrecerle jale a esos chavalones que eran mas abusados.

Con Safos: Is that how you started?

Answer: Simon. Cuando tenia 14 anos me catie a un gringo en la escuela, tu sabes eso era el pedo entonces, catiar a los gabas, y era facil porque los chicanos estaban unidos y ellos no. Bueno me hecharon de la

escuela y me dijeron que mis jefitos tenian que presentarse si queria volver. Tu sabes que a los jefitos no les importa si va uno a la escuela y mejor si te pueden poner a camellar. Pues el counselor de la escuela hizo una movida y me paso un work permit y me fui a jalar en los rosales. Me pagaban 95¢ la hora. Yo ya sabia que podia ganar mas jando si me compraba un bote y rolaba unos cuantos lenos. Entonces era un group effort porque nueve o diez vatós se juntaban para vender yesca y habia profit para todos. Pero ya de 17 anos cuando empeze a lidiar carga ya era cada uno por su camino.

Con Safos: When were you first busted?

Answer: Cuando tenia 17 anos me torcieron a Tracy pero ya habia bailado dos o tres veces al campo antes. Tu sabes yo queria ser vato regular y tenia el image de los chicanos no se rajan. Pero eso del image uno se le olvida despues de tres o cuatro torzones. Ya cuando llegue a Soledad, le dicen Gladiator school, ya habia dejado todo eso atras.

Con Safos: What were you busted for?

Answer: Posesiones, siempre posesiones y tambien por ventas.

Con Safos: What's prison life like?

Answer: It's a small society. Alli en la pinta encuentras a todo. Yesca, carga, loan sharks, putos, a todo y todo lo controla el chicano. Sabes que hay tres grupos, los mayates, los gringos y los chicanos. Los chicanos son los mas unidos y por eso controlan. Los gringos son los mas desorganizados y por eso los chingan. Yo he visto muchas veces que a un gabacho lo agarran y lo catean, lo voltean y otros gabas nomas

POR

ANTONIO GOMEZ

se quedan mirando. A un chicano no le pasa eso porque la raza siempre defiende a sus carnales. Que suave si fuera asi afuera de la pinta.

Con Safos: How does pot, heroin and so forth get smuggled in?

Answer: Los caballos, un school teacher. No falta quien porque el jando esta suave. Un papel te cuesta \$10 adentro, y afuera te cuesta \$5. There's a big mark up.

Con Safos: How do the blacks and Chicanos get along in prison?

Answer: Todos los chicanos odian a los negros porque tienen que vivir con ellos. Los gabas siempre andan tratando de comenzar pedo entre la raza y los negros y nunca falta violencia entre los dos grupos. Sabes que Soledad averages una muerte cada mes y casi todas son interracial.

Con Safos: Is prison life difficult?

Answer: Bueno, para mi yo hago mi sopa sin dificultad porque mi talon adentro es de pintor. Yo pinto portraits y los vendo y no falto de jando para mi carga. La ultima vez ni me queria salir porque andaba medio prendido y tenia que limpiarme una semana antes de que me soltaran. A muchos vatos se les aclara mucho la cabeza cuando estan en la pinta. Se hacen personas muy diferentes, estudian, cooperan en el movimiento, trabajan bien, pero nomas salen y regresan a lo mismo.

Con Safos: Do you think that the prisons do a good job of rehabilitating?

Answer: Eso de rehabilitating es puro pedo porque todo eso esta orientado para el gaba. Todo eso de grouping es contra el machismo del Chicano. El Chicano no se va a "reveal", a doblar y por eso dicen que tiene a negative attitude. A mi no me gusta ese pedo de rehabilitating. Mejor estabamos cuando nos encerraban en celda porque uno a lo menos tenia privacy. Sabes lo que es mejor para los chicanos en la pinta es todo esto del movimiento. Todo este jale es la teorica de los pintos y les esta dando mucha esperanza porque saben que al salir pueden juntarse con LUCHA o otras organizaciones chicanas y pelear para los derechos de la raza.

Con Safos: What happens after someone leaves prison?

Answer: En la pinta uno no tiene que pensar porque todo esta structured. Hay campanas para comer, para surrar, para rolar, para todo hay campanas y uno se hace como maquina. Afuera no hay campanas y el pinto esta en una situacion donde tiene mucha presion. Tiene que jalar, pagar biles, comprar comida y la cabeza que la tenia muy aclarada se le desclara. Pintos siempre se juntan con otros pintos porque se comprenden. Tienen el mismo punto de vista y pueden hablar de las mismas cosas. Yo por ejemplo casi nunca hablo con la gente y es muy raro cuando encuentro a alguien con que puedo comunicarme. Hay muchos pintos que quieren hacerla pero no pueden conformarse al paquete de ir al jale, jalar como perro,

tomarse unas frias y regresar al chante a wachar T.V. Muchos vatos tienen familia y las viejas, al estilo gaba quieren tener esto o lo otro y son muy "possessive" con ellos. Quieren saber a donde vas, con quien, a que hora regresas. Todo esto le pone mucha presion a uno.

Con Safos: Do you feel that pintos should not return immediately to their family?

Answer: Yes I think so.

Con Safos: What about the attitudes of the community towards pintos and tecatos?

Answer: Ese es otro pedo. La comunidad siempre quiere a alguien que esta mas bajo, quieren ver que alguien se caiga en su mierda. A nosotros no nos quieren y nos dicen esto y lo otro. Muchas veces a mi me han cerrado la puerta en la cara. Pero esas mismas gentes con mucho gusto aceptan los T.V.'s, los tape recorders y cualesquier otra cosa que nos jamamos en el barrio de los gabas, y que traemos a nuestro barrio a vender por \$25 o \$50 bolas. Pero esas attitudes de hipocresia es influencia del gabacho. Todos estamos involved. Yo contigo y tu conmigo. Con Safos? What about the police? Do they keep a close watch on you?

Answer: Los perros siempre nos dan mucha carria aunque estemos limpios. Fijate el otro dia yo iba con mi ruca y mis chavalos en el carro y me paran los narcos. Ya me conocen y saben bien que estoy limpio pero nomas para hacerme la vida pesada me hacen vascula. Alli en frente de todo el barrio. Con suerte les llaman en el radio que tiene un call y me sueltan. Despues ese mismo dia ibamos otra vez en el carro, me ven los mismos narcos y me pitan para saludarme. Al estilo Chicano les paro el dedo y dan la vuelta y otra vez la rutina. Me dan vascula a mi y al carro. No me tienen nada pero la licencia de manejar se le fue a a mi ruca en la maquina de lavar y estaba arrugada. Pues le llamaron a otra jura que viniera para que me diera un fickete for a mutilated license.

Con Safos: Are you still clean?

Answer: Simon. Ahora si me las amarre.

Con Safos: How were you able to kick the habit?

Answer: Hay un lugar que se llama el Proyecto del Barrio donde viven 13 vatos que eran tecatos y que se han ayudado a kikiar. Todos son Chicanos y alli viven como familia. Con ellos me limpie.

Con Safos: Who supports El Proyecto?

Answer: Ellos mismos le talonean para conseguir donations, y hay unos que tienen un small income.

Con Safos: Are you no longer at El Proyecto?

Answer: No, ahora ando en mi barrio en Chino donde estoy jalando con LUCHA, ALMA y EMPLEO para hacer cambios en el sistema de prisiones. Pero tambien estoy metido en todo esto del movimiento porque todo esta related, que no?

Con Safos: Thank you very much for your time

Answer: Que viva la Raza!



...AND THE SUPPRESSION OF
OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE
HAS CREATED IN US
TREMENDOUS PSYCHOLOGICAL
PRESSURES WHICH BECOME
MANIFEST AS BEHAVIORAL
DEPRESSIONS OTHERWISE
KNOWN.....



NOTES FROM A DENIED



MANUEL LOPEZ



It's 4:00 a.m., Friday, March 18, 1969. I have only had about three or four hours of sleep. But I woke up. My arm, almost numb with pain, reminds me that I'm really awake. I lay in bed and I think. I think of yesterday, and faces and names and clubs and fists flash across my mind. These are some of the things that happened to me, and to the people with me.

Wednesday night several Chicano high school students from West came to our weekly meeting, although the doors of the Crusade are open to them anytime. They tell us they have called a walkout for 9:00 a.m. tomorrow. Will we support them? Yes, we will. We'll be there. It's been a long time in coming, and we've been tempted to go in and organize, but we realized that they must do it. Now they've done it and we will support them.

It's almost 9:00 a.m. when we get there. The organizers are standing across the street from West. They have just finished handing out all the handbills they made last night. We hand Archie, the leader, a bullhorn. Students begin to trickle over. Archie starts rapping. More kids come over. Many are laughing and joking. Soon, there is a fairly large crowd. Many of the students' parents have come also. There are officials there from OEO and the neighborhood action centers. They all say, "it's about time." The students begin marching and chanting in front of the school. They walk north on the sidewalk in front of West and then turn around and walk back in the street. All the windows are open and students are looking out. Many wave, and they too are laughing and joking. The pigs are everywhere. Archie takes the crowd to the sunken gardens across the street, and begins to read the list of demands the steering committee has drawn up.

WE DEMAND:

- (1) That West include the teaching of Chicano culture and history.
- (2) That Harry Shafer, racist teacher, be dismissed.
- (3) That no student involved in the boycott be removed from school.
- (4) That bilingual education, from elementary school through college be taught in the schools.
- (5) That Chicano literature be provided in the library.
- (6) That teachers become more aware of the social and economic problems of the Chicano community.
- (7) That the counselors refrain from counseling Chicanos to join the armed forces.
- (8) That class size be reduced and team teaching methods be introduced.

Cheers after each demand is read. The marching and chanting starts again. The students then decide to march to Baker. There are pigs from the elite riot squad everywhere. Corky has arrived. We march to Baker. The students are looking out the windows.

"Come out."

"We can't, the classroom doors are locked."

Still many of them jump out windows. They decide to go back to West. Now many school officials are on the front steps. There is no possibility of negotiation. Students in ROTC will be kicked out. All others will be counted as truant. Fuck you. The kids aren't intimidated. Archie goes up. They relent. We'll talk to the steering committee, but all others must return to class. Fuck you, you will talk to all of us. No. Why not? No, no room. What about the auditorium? No. The pigs begin to move up to reinforce the ones on the steps. A short conference between the head pig and the principal. The head pig announces that everyone must move across the street.



No. We move up.

"Go across," we tell them.

The pigs begin to move in a slow, solid blue line. Corky takes the microphone and tells the kids to move. He grabs the microphone from Archie. Bam, Corky is laying flat. The pigs start maceing. Girls, boys, everybody. A pig maces me from a distance of about one foot. I'm on the street and I drop to my knees. I get up. A young girl snatches a can of mace from a pig. A fist smashes into her face and a pig picks her up by the hair. They are beating up on Corky. I see a club split a young boy's head open. The pigs are now clubbing, maceing, kicking, and punching anyone within reach. People start to fight back. Sirens, screams, blood, the thump of fists and clubs.

One pig starts screaming, "Kill those Mexican bastards, kill all of them."

A pig begins to hit a black girl, Vernon Rawlette tells him to stop. "Fuck you, nigger." And he keeps on hitting the girl. Suddenly he is on the ground, quivering like a pole-axed steer. I move up to help. They grab me. My face is smashed into the sidewalk—hard. Kicks and punches.

"Break his motherfucking arm!"

I begin screaming for help. They grab me by my hair and pull me to my feet. There is a pig car on the curb. They slam my head into the car.

"Pull all his motherfucking hair out."

Fists twist on my scalp and handfuls of hair come out. "My glasses," I scream, "I can't see without them." Pig Egan, serial number 64-17, crumples them in my face.

I am dragged by the hair to the paddy wagon. Several of my brothers are already inside. We are all handcuffed — tight. They're cutting off our circulation. We are blubbering from the mace. The door opens, a fifteen year old girl is thrown in. We catch her and comfort her. The door opens. A sixteen-year-old girl is thrown in. The door opens and

another sixteen-year-old girl is thrown in. The door slams shut on her hand. Screams of pain. The door is opened and she falls out. She is kicked back in and the ride begins. We are all handcuffed. One girl takes my hankie and begins to dab at our eyes; the wagon reeks of mace. Corky says to get out proud and singing. The girls are sobbing. One has a pencil and paper and takes down everyone's name and address. Our spirits are high. We are there. We get down singing. The pigs are laughing. We're inside.

One of the pigs comes up to me, "hey man, are you a hippie?"

I turn around, "hey man, are you a pig?"

We're all in the same room. They take Corky out. I ask them to take the handcuffs off. No answer. I ask again.

"Later." I want them off now, and I want to to rinse the mace out of my eyes."

"Okay."

They tell us to go in the head one at a time. We go in together. I puke from the mace. The pig in the head with us smiles. We are charged. I am charged with unlawful acts in or about schools, colleges or universities, disturbance, interference, and resistance. Pig Egan walks into the room and smiles at me. It is 11:00 a.m. We are taken upstairs and put in cells. First we are all together, then they take some of us to the other end. We trade stories. Our spirits are high. An eighteen year old kid comes in.

"What did you do?"

"Man, I was walking by my house when these two cops stop me and say I spit at a captain's face at West. I told them I hadn't even been near West."

"Tough shit, get in."

The sound of cells being opened was a constant thing. Our people kept coming in. Later we heard chanting. We climbed to the top bunk and craned our necks. We could see marchers coming up the street.



(NOTES FROM A DENVER JAIL continued)

The singing started again.

The pigs came in, "Shut up." The singing continued. "Shut up or we'll shut you up."

"Fuck you pigs."

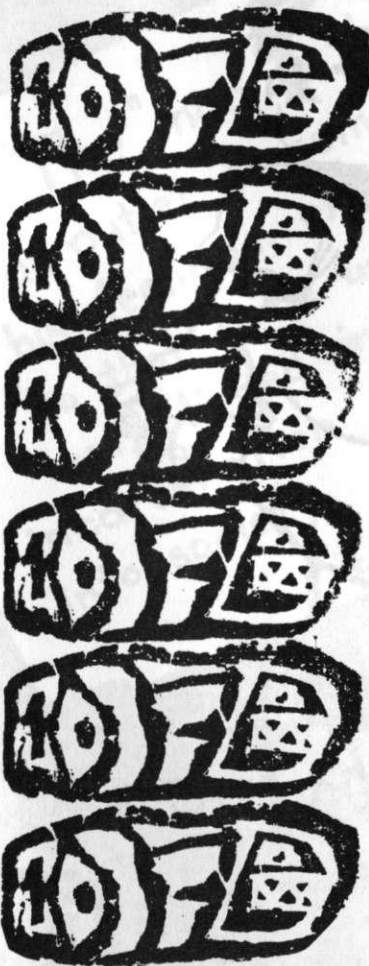
They left. Soon they came and got me. "Where are you taking me?"

"Your bond has been posted." I walked into the hallway.

"Manuel, are you getting out?"

"Yes."

"Shut up or we'll keep you longer."



I rode the elevator down and they told me to go out the back door. "I want to go out the front door."

"Go out the back."

I wanted to get out so I went. I walked around to the front. Cheers. My wife holding me, crying, asking how I am. I almost cried I was so glad to see her.

We waited until everyone but two got out. Blacks, whites, Chicanos. We waited and we donated bail money. Kids from Boulder, kids from D.U., kids from Metro. C.U. gave \$100. SDS gave \$50. Our people gave the rest. We waited and we sang. We waited and we talked. Corky's bond was posted, but he wouldn't come out until Vernon Rawlette was released. Finally everybody was out. Embracing and tears. We went to the Crusade and held a rally. It was packed. Corky spoke, Lauren Watson spoke, Buttny of SDS spoke, the leader of UMAS at CU in Boulder spoke. We all promised to be at West tomorrow. Kids from East spoke. They'll have a walkout. Manual will have a walkout. Overhead the police helicopter hovered with its lights trained on us—but it didn't intimidate us—it enraged us.

We'll be back tomorrow. And we'll be back as long as necessary. There are more people than there are pigs. We won't be brutalized and intimidated. We want to be treated with respect.

I read the papers. Nothing but lies. The people that were there saw, and they know the truth. Our numbers are ten or twenty times yesterday's numbers and so is our resolution.

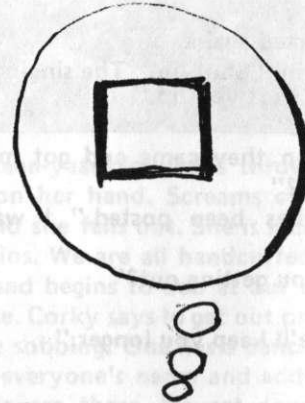
When I lay down to sleep this morning my body ached, my head was full of cuts, my eyes still burned from the mace, and my arm was worst of all. I felt good though. I think La Raza got the best of it.

Manuel Lopez

CONTSAFOS



Look at it this way Porfy, if the cops didn't use mace, billyclubs, dogs, riot guns, tear gas, tanks and fists on people; well just think of all the violence that would occur !



C/5 CLASSIC



NOTES FROM the JOINT

The "man in the joint" must have an outlet to communicate to others his feelings, experiences, and opinions so that some understanding can be established in regards to his incarceration and subsequent re-entry into society.

This section of Con Safos provides that outlet.

BIG TIME OPERATORS

*"I surely was the living end,
In that big world - outside.
Why, I couldn't count the broads I had,
And never even tried.*

*"As for wheels, well, dig this man,
I really was a gas.
I had three Cads, a Chrysler too,
And a Rolls for added class.*

*"Dad, my threads were out of sight,
I'd put most Cats to shame,
My suits were strictly tailor-made,
My kicks bore the Stacy name.*

*"My shorts were of imported silk,
I ask you, was I keen?
And man my 'scores' were really big,
Well, you know what I mean."*

*I asked him then, how could it be
That he's without a draw,
And why he smoked the ole Blue Box,
And a visit never saw.*

*I pulled his coat right then and there,
In a manner most uncouth,
And ran it down just like it was,
He stuttered at the truth.*

*For as a fact, he'd done not much,
'fore coming to Tehachapi Ridge,
Just a two-bit small time hustler,
Living life "Beneath the Bridge."*

*As for those cars, he had not one,
Nor had he ever any,
And what few rags that he could claim,
Were labeled J.C. Penney.*

*So with this I took my leave,
And continued with my walk,
He's probably still out on the yard,
Talkin' all that talk.*

*But there are many just like him,
To society paying debts,
A yard full of "BIG TIME OPERATORS,"
Bumming cigarettes*

*Tacho Lopez
CON†SAFOS*

CESAR

*When I stopped before this tree
A hot day was commencing,
As I leaned against, it began saying,
"Man, I give you my wood,
to build you a shelter,
and for fuel to warm you thereafter,
I give you fruit from my limbs,
to save you from hunger,
My shade to protect you in swelter,
All this I do and more,
For my nature is such
and all I ask is a wee bit of water."
I looked at the tree, then replied,
"Tree, I too need a little water,
(For my vines have tender grapes.)"*

*Bonifacio
de Maravilla*

CON†SAFOS



MAN IN THE GLASS

*When you get what you want in your struggle for self
and the world makes you King for a day
just go to the mirror and look at yourself
and see what that man has to say*

*For it isn't your father or mother or wife whose judgement you must pass
the one whose verdict counts most in your life
is the one staring back from the glass.*

*Some people may think you are beautiful people and call you an alright guy
but the man in the glass will put you down by saying you're only a bum
if you can't look him straight in the eye.*

*He's the one to please
never mind all the rest
for he's with you clear up to the end
and you've passed your most dangerous and difficult test.*

*You may fool the whole world with the front you hang down the pathway of years
and get the pats on the back as you pass
but your final reward will be heartaches and tears
if you cheated the man in the glass.*

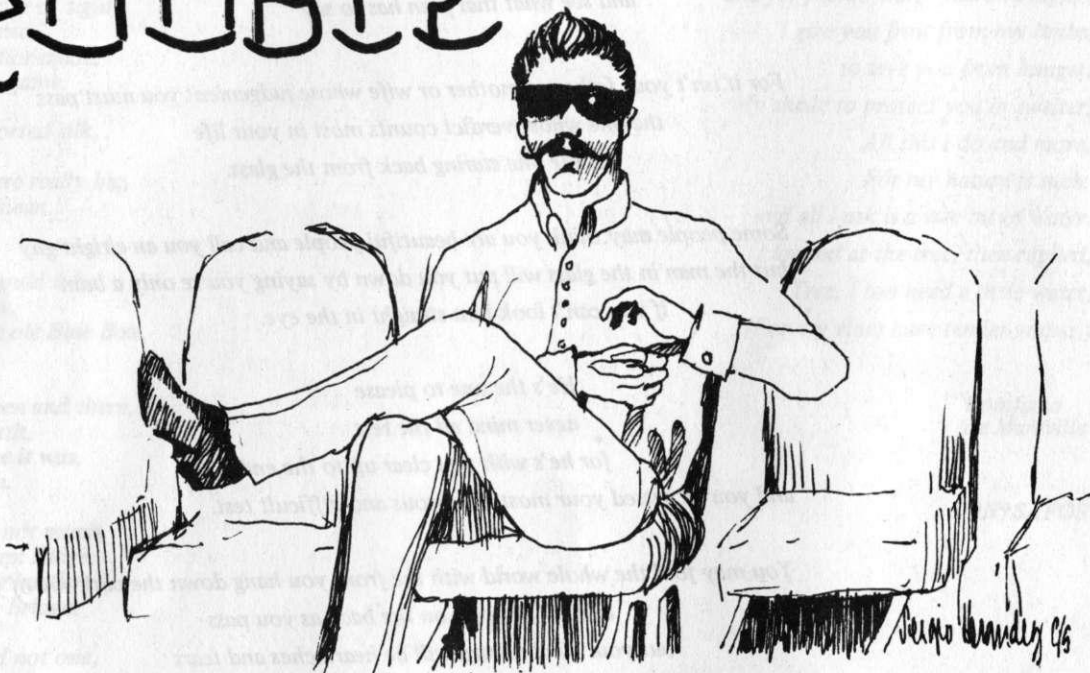
Bob Marcus
B-645

CON†SAFOS



SUGAR THIGHS' TROUBLE

by
MARCUS
DURAN



His name was Saratoga Joe. He was the sharpest-looking dude about town as characters go, always sporting a lightweight trench coat which gave him that Double 007 suave effect.

Strutting towards the seats, Saratoga Joe found one to his liking, then sat down.

Settling comfortably in the chair, he crossed his legs and brushed at the imaginary lint which rested on his tapering Ivy League shoulders, then pulled a flimsy silk handkerchief from inside his shirt's cuff and dusted his glossy black shoes.

Saratoga had KLASS written all over him.

The neatly-trimmed handle-bar moustache received silent compliments from those seated around him, reflecting upon his refined KLASS and his meticulous manner of dress.

He looked nonchalant as he observed the activities in the criminal court of the Honorable Judge San Quentin.

Judge San Quentin was a tall and stern, forbidding, iron-grey haired old man whose hard unrelenting icy-cold blue eyes never blinked. These outstanding qualities resulted in his being affectionately referred to (by convicted and laymen alike) as "Justice Penitentiary Slim."

Today was the final date of sentencing for Danny Q. Larson, Saratoga's best friend, who was locked inside the iron cage behind the courtroom of the Honorable Judge, Penitentiary Slim.

Saratoga glanced at the nifty broad who sat to his right. His head became saturated with thoughts of her. "How enjoyable this Indian summer day could be if he and she...", he thought to himself.

As the bailiff arranged documents for Judge San Quentin's convenience, Saratoga readied himself for his Honor's entrance.

Saratoga tried to be respectful in court. He

removed the short-brimmed hat from his pomade plastered hair; then the cool-looking fifty-cent Italian shades came off, improving his vision somewhat.

His thoughts returned to the various possible judgements that awaited his best friend.

Nudging the fine broad with his elbow, Saratoga asked, "Sugar Thighs, how long is it going to take before Danny Q. Larson gets the full treatment?"

The brunette's smile was slightly pained as she shook her head. Turning towards Saratoga she said, "Be cool, Honey. He'll get his issue in a few minutes. Danny's got it coming to him! Penitentiary Slim isn't missing any tricks. That crummy Judge had a spot for me on the Corona Jail Chain." She continued, "You know, I got a break though. Probation was my pardon. All I can say, Honey, is that the Judge is heavy when giving out time. Crazy, you know?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean, Sugar Thighs. Penitentiary Slim's cold people alright!"

Saratoga Joe's eyes were glassy like he'd taken a fix of junk, as he nervously awaited the moment that Danny would come for his stuff; and despite his blase front, the people in the court had him pegged as a prominent prospect for Penitentiary Slim's justice.

He watched the bailiff stand up stiffly and announce, "The people will now rise. The court of Honorable Judge San Quentin is in session."

Judge San Quentin came in sat down, and read from his file. "People versus Danny Q. Larson. Is the defendant ready?"

Public Defender was written all over counsel's face when he answered, "We are ready to proceed and await the court's mercy and final disposition of the case against Danny Q. Larson."

Saratoga winced when Danny, despite his ragged and worn-out condition, looking like a shaggy lion ready to re-enter a gladiator's pit.

Danny Q. Larson had had a tough go while being busted in County Jail, and was doing his jolt dirty, just like Saratoga had done his last jolt up the river

Saratoga knew it was going to hurt Danny even worse, blowing his soul behind the green walls, inside the thousand-man, Southside cell block.

"Well, Sugar Thighs, it's coming!" remarked Saratoga as he slouched in the chair. "I hope Danny doesn't see me with you. Whacha think, eh? Think he'll hold his mud?"

"He ain't got no choice, Honey. He's got to hold on for us. You know how it is, times are tough out here." She smiled. "Sh-sh-sh, Saratoga Penitentiary Slim is ready to sentence Danny."

"...I have no alternative but to give you what the law prescribes," stated Judge San Quentin. His pursed

mouth sent a chill down Saratoga's spine. Danny had had it.

Danny gasped, then staggered back, and almost fainted.

"What does that mean, your Honor?" Danny asked innocently.

"Life, Son. That's what I mean . . . forever and a day!"

Saratoga Joe stood up and wrapped his arm around the beautiful brunette. He let out a deep sigh of relief as a smile covered his moustached mouth. The remote possibility of Danny Larson getting probation no longer lingered in his mind. That distasteful idea was dismissed with a shrug. Danny had gotten the full treatment.

"Sugar Thigh, Baby, I'm glad Danny got stuff stuck to him. I'm your man now! Big daddy, Saratoga Joe, that's who I am. Let's get on home and get to the nitty-gritty. Know what I mean, eh? Kiss me, Sugar Thighs. . ."

He then waved to Danny Larson with a smile as wide as the Joker in a hot deck of cards exposing a bright row of toothpaste brushed teeth. Saratoga was game, I'll see you, Danny Boy, he said to himself, on the thirty-third day of July or on the rebound when you come around town. My deepest regards to the dudes in the Big Yard. Don't weaken, 'cause the pressure gets real heavy in S.Q.

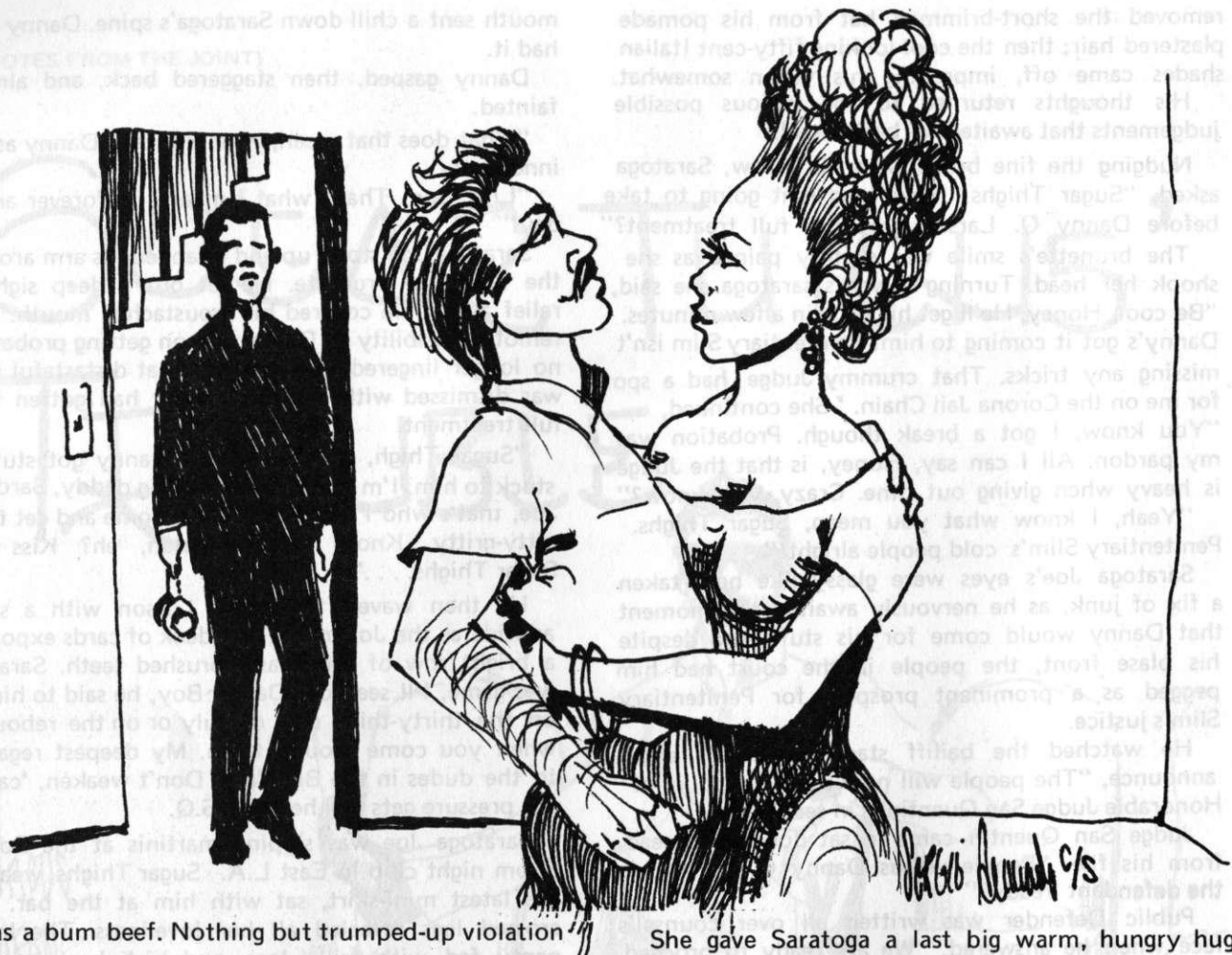
Saratoga Joe was sipping martinis at the Boom-Boom night club in East L.A. Sugar Thighs, wearing the latest mini-skirt, sat with him at the bar. Her crossed legs revealed all her loveliness. The latest panty fad with frilly lace, and high heels on her shapely legs did her justice.

Later in the evening while they were doing some fancy Cha-Cha Chas, Saratoga's parole officer cut in. Pushing nifty Sugar Thighs aside, he declared, "Alright Saratoga, put your soiled hands out. I've got a pair of steel bracelets for you. They ain't made out of Junk. I've heard all about what you've been doing."

Pulling out his official State of California notebook pad, he commenced rapping the parole conditions violated. Violations:

1. Shacking up with a broad.
2. Failure to report to the Man from U.N.C.L.E.'s parole agents upon release from S.Q.
3. Not slaving at a proper place of employment.
4. Steady on the fugitive trail with other half-way house types.

Saratoga cried, "Bum beef!" He knew he was right.



It was a bum beef. Nothing but trumped-up violation charges.

"Shut your mouth, Saratoga!" the parole agent warned him. "I'm liable to add a few more charges that'll make you spin like a top."

"But, Mr. Parole Agent," said Sugar Thighs, "Saratoga loves me."

"You shut up too, Hussy! You'll hear from the Probation Department," snapped the agent.

Saratoga shrugged. The game was up. He willingly accompanied his parole agent to Sugar Thigh's home. He had sweet-talked the agent into letting him pick up his unreplaceable Double 007 hustling trench coat. Then he piled his wardrobe into Danny Larson's alligator suitcase.

"Well, Motherhood, Baby, I've got to go too. They're ripping me off to visit Danny. Anything you wanna tell him? Danny's going to wanna know what's happening, as much as I dread to even see him."

Sugar Thigh's smile was something Danny would've blown his top about.

"Tell Danny, I'm holding love and affection only for him." She patted Saratoga's cheek while winking her long eyelashes and added, "Try and make him understand, Lover. You know how emotional he gets. He's kind of screwy about those things. Loses self-control real easy-like. He doesn't understand the desires of motherhood."

She gave Saratoga a last big warm, hungry hug, wrapping her arms on Saratoga's shoulders. "Now, Lover, kiss me!"

Saratoga took a quick look around the living room. "Ye gads," he yelled, "I'm glad I'm blowing outa this place. I'm getting rescued. The Man from U.N.C.L.E.'s doing me a favor!"

"Don't be so mean, Saratoga. You know I'm going to miss you," replied Sugar Thighs.

"Yeah, you're right," sighed Saratoga. "It's just that they busted me. You know that! I'm a dog, but krist sakes . . .," he smiled. "Sugar Thighs?"

"Lover?"

He smacked his kisser against her lips.

"Send a ten spot when you write, huh, Sugar Thighs? Remember I was out on parole for a year blowing hard earned loot on you."

"Alright, Saratoga Joe. I've had enough of your bull shit!" interrupted the parole agent.

U.N.C.L.E.'s agent clamped his hand on Saratoga's arm. "I ain't got time worrying about you no more. San Quentin's waiting for you, Klassy stuff. Come on . . ."

"Hey, Big Double 007, lighten up," pleaded Saratoga. "Keep your James Bond tricks to yourself, Trick!"

Saratoga Joe was up—tight in the County Jail waiting. One of the dudes, a close friend of his, back from S.Q. on an appellate court reversal floated into the two-man cell. "Saratoga!"

"Hiya, Chicago Mike." Saratoga looked at him from his jail bunk, his sleepy eyes nodding boredly.

Chicago Mike flopped on the top bunk. "What'd you do, man? Sell some dope to the heat? You ain't got yourself a ten-fifteen to death sales, eh, Daddo?"

"You've got big soul talking," jumped Saratoga. "Don't strap big time on me. You and I from the same Eastside scene too."

Saratoga added, "U.N.C.L.E.'s agent dusted my Klassy stuff. Tech violation. Shacking with Sugar Thighs an' things."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh," replied Saratoga.

"I ain't hit the bricks yet," boasted Chicago Mike. "They've got me dead and stinking. Seven calendar years racked up. I'm hurting, man."

"Yeh?" said Saratoga. "Ronnie, the Actor, must want them 365 days a year. Ain't going for programing, but the full treatment."

Suddenly Saratoga sprung up from his bunk as he heard his name over the speaker. "I've got a visit, Chicago Mike. Cut me loose. Sugar Thighs running like a filly. Got to talk soul sense to her. I don't want her blowing my scene to Danny Larson about what's happening. Hey, you see Danny at the South Block?"

"Sure, Saratoga! He's blowing soul all over the tiers and out into the Big Yard. Putting his business on the streets," said, Chicago Mike. "He ain't heard from Sugar Thigh. Hurting, man."

"Heh? Well, I had Sugar Thighs up-tight. She loves me, Holmes. I've got to split. Sugar Thigh's probably burning the visiting screen waiting for me. She's sticking dough to my bank account. Loves me. Hum-m-m!"

After the visit, Saratoga Joe cheerfully gazed into the mirror. His smile, plus the pomade-plastered hair parted in the middle gave him that breath taking Mod look. He then flopped on the bed, rolled over, and slept.

The following morning at the crack of dawn, the cell bars parted for Saratoga Joe. Later, he was on the bus trip up the river past the Golden Gate Bridge, all the while thinking of Sugar Thighs. He knew from the bottom of his heart that he'd program to get back to her action.

The Domino gambler's scene in the Big Yard was out. The last jolt had been too heavy. He'd flattened a narcotic possession at the domino tables. Now he had a parole he hadn't been able to handle. Programing was the way.

Saratoga was cut loose inside the Green Wall of S.Q., after he'd been processed through the Fish Line and through the classification committee assignment routine.

The late afternoon sun found him walking up and down the asphalt Big Yard, blasting with the clique, while a few sea gulls flew overhead in the blue sky.

Hatchet Hank, Scarface Louie, Queenie Jones, Dope-fiend Leo, Sloppy Al, and Bulldog George warned him, "Saratoga, you'd better be cool. We got a wire from Big Knife. Says Danny's working at the sewing machine factory, making left hand pockets, stitching them straight as an arrow. Know what we mean? long cigarette money is getting stuck to him outta Ronnie, the Actor's, syndicate."

"Is that so?" said Saratoga real cool. "Sugar Thighs is going to send me nothing but twenty-five, full-draw money each month. She ain't going to let me hurt, not canteen lootwise."

Then as if to prove his point, Saratoga Joe spread goodies from the canteen to the dudes, laying ice cream on them and a row of Corina Lark cigars. But, he had a feeling he wouldn't see Sugar Thighs for a long while. He'd found out that one of the parole board members, Hard Time Maloney, was scheduled for his parole violator's board hearing.

The plumbing shop was his best shot for programing and getting the full treatment stuck to him on his Sugar Thigh problem, especially since there were plenty of cast iron pipes laying about. He might need help with Danny Q. Larson's lack of understanding

The lockup whistle blew like the end of the world for Saratoga Joe. He'd been dumped into the Southside thousand-man cellblock where Danny Q. lived. He went up the fourth tier to section A, Cell 4-A-49.

The Turnkey, a husky, short Mexican, banged the cell door open, and told him, "Hey, Big Money, . . . Big Saratoga! You back again?"

"Yeh, they got me, Holmes. Couldn't break that sugar habit. Weak nowadays. Killing me," said Saratoga shoving his bedroll inside the cell. "Main-lined two Buick Riviera's. I'll get one yet though. Hey, bring me some Greenies, Holmes, I'm hurting. Put 'em on the cuff, eh?"

Saratoga Joe forgot about Greenies when he glanced around the cell. He felt an icy-chill crawling down his spine and onto the bottom of his toes. Not out of four-thousand-nine-hundred-ninety-nine cons! Not this! No! Sugar Thigh's picture on the shelf. Her long sexy legs crossed, flashing all her action. U.N.C.L.E.'s agents out to make him suffer.

He snapped his fingers. Danny Q. Larson's sewing machine factory clerks setting up the kill! I'll get Danny first! Saratoga Joe was paranoid-like. His Double 007 Klass falling apart in panic. "Ye gads," he thought, "pipe alley won't open 'till morning."

But, Sugar Thighs was worth it, every last, tasty sweetness of her. Now, bitterness. Danny Q. Larson was his cell partner. All Sugar Thigh's letters would be delivered to the same cell.





EDITORIAL DE VERANO

El idioma de un pueblo, de una comunidad racial es el cimiento en que se basa su propia cultura y su propia existencia. Si se destruye el idioma se sofoca la cultura, porque sin idioma la cultura perece y sin ésta se marcha precipitadamente hacia la destrucción de esa comunidad. El idioma y la cultura no sólo le dan carácter y personalidad a los pueblos y las razas. sino que lo identifican.

Por eso es que experimento profunda tristeza cuando veo a diario el chorro de chamacos - los Alvarado, los González, los Figueroa y quién sabe Dios cuantos más - dirigiéndose inocente y alegremente a las escuelas compulsorias que intentan destruir eso que les da caracter y los identifica: el idioma español, las tradiciones de sus antecesores. ¡Pobres niños! Lo que más me duele es ver que muchos de estos chamaquitos apenas hablan ya el español o lo hablan muy mal por desidia de sus padres. El resultado es que al cabo no le dan ni al *ingleesh* ni al *Spanitch* porque, cogidos entre dos fuegos, acaban por no aprender bien ninguno de los

dos. Así vamos viendo con nuestros propios ojos que por ahí van estos niños, nuestros hijos adentrándose en el camino que los lleva a perderse en la megalomanía gabacha, despersonalizándose, transformándose en un producto híbrido, sin carácter ni cultura propia. Es hora de que se sepa ya que si nuestros hijos se pierden de tal modo, nosotros, los padres, quedaremos perdidos también.

¿Cómo es posible aguantar la indignidad de permitir que los educadores, para dar un ejemplo, nos digan: "Hablen inglés en sus casas para que sus hijos aprendan bien el idioma"? O que nos digan: "No debiliten a sus niños hablando solamente el español en sus casas. Enséñenles el inglés." ¿Y quién - me pregunto yo - quién les va a enseñar a nuestros hijos, a toda nuestra gente el idioma de sus padres, de sus abuelos, el dulce idioma español? Los educadores nos contestan muy sinceramente que el español se ofrece en todas las escuelas públicas secundarias para que cualquiera que lo desee lo aprenda. ¿Debemos sentirnos, por ello agradecidos? La verdad es que muy poca gente de habla española toma estas clases de español. Las clases son, principalmente, para los alumnos que van a ingresar en las universidades. ¿Y qué porcentaje de los nuestros en los barrios está en posición o tiene facilidades para ir a las universidades? Además, ¿quiénes son los maestros en estas escuelas? ¿No son acaso gringos que aprendieron la lengua española malamente en algún colegio gringo?

Resulta de todo ello que mientras existe la estructura de una sociedad con ideas de superioridad del inglés, y mientras nos dejamos zarandear como ilotas, quedamos sin defensas contra la corriente del inglés que ya nos ahoga y hasta nos lleva rodando y rebotando como monigotes, sonsiados y atontados hasta el mar gabacho donde (aunque a veces golpeando furiosamente) todo acaba por ir igualándose, ablandándose, agringándose. Digamos que hasta se les limpia lo prieto a nuestros *gringos de las colas prietas*.

Vemos así que nuestro último bastión, nuestra última defensa de la integridad radica actualmente en nuestros propios hogares. Si no queremos perecer, las paredes de nuestras casas tendrán que ser como las paredes de una fortaleza, tras las cuales hemos de atrincherarnos lo mejor posible, con tenacidad, con ternura por nuestras tradiciones culturales, contra el ataque despiadado del inglés gabacho que nos coge continuamente a garrotazos por dentro y por fuera sin misericordia.

No hay ninguna duda de que vamos a aprender el inglés, podemos aprenderlo y tenemos que aprenderlo. No es posible alegar nada contra esta realidad.

No es posible escapar de los bombardeos de la TV que atacan nuestras casas diariamente en inglés en las personas fantásticas de Batman o en los anuncios de cigarrillos que nos matan menos pronto. O con el radio zumbándonos en la cabeza con el inglés del rock-and-roll. Y éste no es mas que el inglés que nos azota dentro de casa. La situación fuera de ella es más grave. Fuera de la casa vemos como todas las materias de estudio en las escuelas son enseñadas en idioma inglés por maestros que no entienden ni la lengua ni la cultura ni la sensibilidad de nuestra gente. Además, no quieren entendernos. En los trabajos tenemos *foremen and supervisors who speak to us only in English*. Y en las tiendas, en las oficinas del gobierno, en las agencias de servicios sociales y hospitalarios, en todas nuestras actividades fuera del barrio, tenemos por fuerza que usar el inglés. Y si esta necesidad del inglés para poder funcionar en esta sociedad no fuera suficiente para demostrar que no podemos ni debemos excluir este idioma de nuestra vida fuera de la casa, bastaría solamente decir que debemos aprenderlo, además, por razones de orgullo de raza. Y en último caso, por puro coraje. Toda nuestra gente debe hacer un esfuerzo supremo, no simplemente para aprender, sino para dominar el idioma inglés a fin de llegar a usarlo con más efectividad — sin olvidar nuestro español — ante la mayoría de los gabachos que hablan un solo idioma.

La Inmigración poco a poco está cerrando las fronteras de donde nos ha venido siempre la savia vital de nuestra lengua. Pronto vamos a tener que depender de nosotros mismos para subsistir para revivificar la lengua. Los que inmigran legalmente o los que cruzan la frontera ilegalmente son menos cada día. Ahora, más que nunca, recae el deber y la responsabilidad de perpetuar nuestra cultura en nosotros mismos. Ya sabemos que en la cima de nuestra cultura está nuestra lengua. El idioma español agoniza en nuestro país. El número de los nuestros que no lo hablan o lo hablan mal sigue creciendo, y si esta tendencia continúa, dentro de dos o tres generaciones — en el espacio de tiempo que cubre la vida de los padres que viven hoy — contemplaremos desolados la muerte total del español en los Estados Unidos del Norte. Otra vez vendrá a vencernos, a dominarnos, a conquistarnos el poder anglo-sajón.

Pero si todos cantamos con orgullo en nuestra lengua, ésta no desaparecerá y tampoco desaparecerá nuestra gente de esta tierra de nuestros abuelos. ¡O avanzamos con nuestra lengua, o perecemos sin gazarate para echar un grito!

CONTSAFOS



DOS....

CARTAS • PARA CON • SAFOS

Dear Editors,

I have obtained a copy of CON SAFOS from a friend who found it in a park.

I am interested in obtaining more copies. I really enjoyed reading CON SAFOS, you really say it like it is.

You don't compromise with the Chicanos or the gabachos.

Your literature has helped me and a number of my friends, who have read CON SAFOS, to understand our faults and see more clearly where we stand without feeling self pity.

I really appreciate all your efforts in the publication of CON SAFOS.

Please continue to send out or sell your literature, which ever it might be, because many people, as well as myself, feel that CON SAFOS is worth a great deal more than what you may think.

I would be very grateful to receive another copy as soon as possible. We're very anxious to continue reading your magazine.

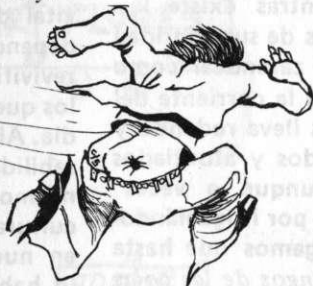
Very sincerely yours,

Carol Rodela

Age 16

• P.S.

If my age causes you to hesitate in sending me more copies, let me tell you that every kid I know, starting at the age of thirteen, would be a whole lot better off in their ways of thinking if they had the opportunity to read your literature. Things aren't going too good for the kids where I live. I don't mean money-wise. I mean as human beings or where their place is in today's society.



Dear Editor,

This letter is directed to the readers of CON SAFOS; the lowriders in particular, especially those who happen to know Little Man from Happy Valley. In the number 3 issue an excerpt from "Passing Time" appeared on these pages and a character by the name of Little Man was introduced to the readers.

I WANT TO MAKE IT CLEAR HERE AND NOW THAT THE LITTLE MAN IN THE BOOK IS NOT THE

R E A L LITTLE MAN FROM THE VALLEY. Since meeting Little Man I've discovered, to my surprise, that there are three Little Men from Happy Valley. Except for the name, none of them have any connection

with Little Man in the book. And, when writing the book, I picked the name from the air so to speak because I liked it for the character I had in mind. At the time, of course, I didn't know that Little Man actually existed, if by name only.

So those of you who have been riding Little Man, get off his case! He isn't the same one. All incidents and characters in the book are purely fictitious. THE LITTLE MAN I KNOW, WHO ALLEGEDLY HAS A BLACK WIDOW ON HIS ASS, EXISTS ONLY IN MY IMAGINATION.

J. L. Navarro

20. The saying, "de pipa y guants" refers to

- A. a person who is a plumber
- B. boxer
- C. a well dressed person
- D. a politician

21. If a woman is called "jacalera," she most enjoys

- A. cooking
- B. talking
- C. gardening
- D. visiting with neighbors

22. "El mandado" refers to

- A. a person who is sent on an errand
- B. groceries
- C. henpecked husband
- D. mandate

23. "El que hacer" refers to

- A. method or solution
- B. doubtful course
- C. what has to be done
- D. housework

24. Meistro or Maestro refers to

- A. a conductor
- B. a teacher
- C. an elderly craftsman
- D. a drinking partner

25. If someone has a "chi-chon," most likely someone has

- A. seduced him
- B. hit him on the head
- C. shot him
- D. paid him a lot of money

RATE YOURSELF ON THE CON+SAFOS BARRIOLOGY QUOTIENT SCALE

Barriology Examination
Questions answered
correctly:

20 to 25

Chicano Barriologist, o muy de aquellas

15 to 19

High Potential, o ya casi

10 to 14

Mexican-American, o keep trying ese

5 to 9

Vendido, o culturally deprived

0 to 4

Pendejo

AH QUE PENDEJO!



Answers to the Barriology Examination:

1.-C
2.-A
3.-B
4.-C
5.-D

6.-A
7.-B
8.-B
9.-C
10.-B

11.-B
12.-B
13.-D
14.-B
15.-B

16.-B
17.-D
18.-D
19.-B
20.-C

21.-D
22.-B
23.-D
24.-C
25.-B

DO YOUR THING * WELL DO
OURS ANYWAY *
SEND MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION
NOW !!!

ALÁLA

DO YOU HAVE OLD
SNAPSHOTS WITH
A HISTORY?

HOW ABOUT OLD
CUENTOS?

IF YOU HAVE AN IDEA
FOR ANYTHING IN C/S *
SEND IT IN *

SEND US YOUR
REFLECTIONS OF
YOUR BARRIO

SEND TO * CON SAFOS INC *
P.O. BOX 31085 LOS ANGELES 90031



GLOSSARY

Big Soul- A big talker, one having a lot of nerve
 Blowing My Scene- Getting exposed
 Busted- Jailed, incarcerated
 Calendar Years- A full 365 days
 Cold- Without feeling, crude
 Dig- Enjoy, pay attention
 Draw- Male homosexual (passive role) in prison
 Fish Line- Getting processed at a prison reception center
 Full Treatment- Maximum penalty as prescribed by the law
 Gas- Very suave, well rounded
 Game- Spunky, ready to do anything
 Greenies- Amphetamines, pep pills
 Half-Way-House- Community rehabilitation center for drug addicts
 Heat- The police
 Heavy- A jurist who believes in retribution
 Hit the bricks- Sentenced to San Quentin
 Holding- Possessing narcotics
 Issue- A sentence by the court
 33rd day of July- A long jail sentence, small chance for parole
 Jolt- The physical symptoms accompanying withdrawal from heroin
 Keen- A smooth operator
 Kicks- Shoes
 Klass- Sophisticated, having the proper behavior and dress
 Mainlined- Injected heroin into a vein
 Man from U.N.C.L.E.- Parole Officer
 Motherhood- A woman's sexual desire
 Mud- Excretion
 Out-of-sight- Too much, untouchable
 Programming- Rehabilitation programs in prison
 Rags- clothes
 Rapping- Talking,
 Ronnie the Actor- Ronald Reagan, Governor of California
 S.Q.- San Quentin a California State Prison
 Scored- Purchased drugs
 Sessation- Withdrawal from drugs
 Stuff- Refers to the court process of sentencing a person
 Sugar Habit- Heroin addict
 Tech. Violation- The reason a parolee's parole is rescinded
 Tricks- Someone who is clever, a smooth operator
 Turn Key- One who opens and closes cell doors in prison
 Uptight- keyed up,
 Wheels- Car

Abusado- Alert, sharp, intelligent
 Ahora si me las amarre- This time I really kicked the habit
 Bailado- Had been sentenced
 Bolas- Bucks, dollars
 Bote- Can of Marijuana
 Camellar- To work
 Carga- Smack, heroin
 Carria- Harrassment, roust
 Carro- Car
 Catie- Beat up with fists
 Chante- Pad, house
 Chavalon- Kid, youth
 Celda- Jail, cell
 Doblar- To give in, cop-out
 El Pedo- The scene, the thing to do
 Ese es otro-pedo- That's another story, thing
 Fileriar- To take a fix, to inject heroin
 Gaba- Contraction of gabacho, anglo, paddy
 Jale- Job, gig
 Jalar- To work
 Jambamos- We steal
 Jando- Bread, money
 Jefitos- Parents
 Kikiar- To kick, stop using drugs
 La teorica- The subject of conversation
 Lidiando- Selling heroin
 Llevaban-Carga- Involved with heroin
 Llevaban mas fria- Played it coolest
 Los Caballos- Prison guards
 Los Chicanos no se rajan- Chicanos have courage, never give up
 Los Chingan- Beat up, mistreat, kill
 Los Voltean- To punk, force someone to commit anal intercourse
 Mayate- Black person
 Mierda- Crap, shit
 Movida- Illegal or clandestine activity
 Movimiento- Chicano revolutionary movement
 Papel- Small quantity of heroin
 Perros- Dogs, cops
 Pinta- Joint, prison, jail
 Pinto- Prisoner or ex-convict
 Prendido- Hooked on heroin
 Rolaba unos cuantos lenos- Rolled a few Marijuana cigarettes
 Rolar- To sleep
 Rutina- Routine
 Se les aclara la cabeza- Their thinking clears up
 Simon- Yea, sure, alright
 Sopa- Jail or prison sentence
 Surrar- To shit
 Talon- Job, gig
 Taloniar- To hustle
 Tecato- Chicano heroin addict
 Tikete- Traffic citation, ticket
 Torcieron- Busted, jailed
 Tracy- California Youth Authority camp
 Vascula- Search by police
 Vato Regular- Regular Joe, Good guy
 Ventas- Heroin sales
 Yesca- Marijuana
 Wachar- To dig, look at, watch

C/S

name _____

street _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
P A I D
Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 27994