



el mero chingon.....arturo flores
 Editor-in-Chief
 el mavordomo.....ralph lopez
 managing Editor
 el teoricon.....antonio gomez
 Social-Political Editor
 el mamáo de linguista....juan figueroa
 Fiction Editor
 el pelíto de la brocha.....Sergio Hernandez
 associate art Editor
 el hueso de yeso.....gilberto sanchez, luján
 art Editor



el business manager.....richard luján
 la delivery bag.....adalberto flores

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD: Rafael Lopez (Chairman Rafas), John Figueroa (El Figi de P.R.), Arturo Flores (El Tudi de Rose Hill), Antonio Gomez (de Lincoln Heights), Sergio Hernandez (de Florencia), Francisco Sifuentes (Pancho de A.T.).

CON SAFOS

REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARRIO

"We started *Explorations* when we felt we had something to say. We stopped it when we felt that we had said it. We decided to write books and free ourselves from the kind of slavery involved in a repetitive operation like publishing a journal. We did discover that readers like a journal that appears on an irregular basis. Most readers of most journals are very unhappy about their regular appearance."

— Marshall McLuhan

Accordingly, CON SAFOS is the only quarterly published twice or maybe thrice a year. We don't publish until we have material that "says it," and money to pay the printer. We refuse to enslave ourselves to the repetitiveness of a regular and ordinary journal, and we struggle to keep our readers happy by appearing when least expected. A year's subscription will get our readers four memorable issues if it takes a hundred years. Hang on. — Ed.

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

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

CON†SAFOS is published by CON SAFOS, Inc.

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

a private nonprofit corporation dedicated to
expression and reflection of life in los barrios
de los estados unidos del norte.

Copyright © Con Safos, Inc. 1970 — summer, number 6

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

CONTRIBUTORS TO CON SAFOS

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

CON SAFOS entertains and welcomes submissions from any and all free-lance contributors. Payment will be made in copies of C/S. Material will be returned to the author only when a return, stamped & addressed envelope is included with submission.

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





DOG TOWN RIFA, <i>Rafas</i>	3
PAN DULCE, <i>Daniel C. Garcia</i>	11
POLICE STATE, <i>Gilbert Gonzalez</i>	12
NUESTRA MOCEDAD, Two Poems by <i>Maria Rocha</i>	16
HAWK, <i>Rex Gallegos</i>	17
BARRIOLOGY EXAM #3, <i>Antonio Gomez, Barriologist Emeritus, PhK., M.J., C/S</i>	18
ARNIE AND PORFI, <i>Sergio Hernandez</i>	20
UPON SUBMITTING PROPOSALS FOR FEDERALLY FUNDED	
SUMMER PROGRAMS, <i>M. Junge</i>	23
RANFLA SCULPTURE, '48 Chevy, <i>Magoo y Castillo</i>	24
LIBRO REVIEW, <i>La Raza</i> , <i>Robert P. Haro</i>	26
TRES CARTAS DE ZETA, <i>Zeta</i>	29
LITHOGRAPHS, <i>Jose Luis Cuevas</i>	32
THE INVISIBLE SOLDIER, <i>J. L. Navarro</i>	33
A BLUE BIKE BRINGS A BLUE DAY, <i>Jeronimo G. Ortega</i>	36
A TRIP THROUGH THE MIND JAIL, <i>Raul Salinas</i>	39
SOCIAL COMMENTARY IN CHICANO POP ART	43
EDITORIAL	45
MITOTE C/S	46
ANSWERS TO THE BARRIOLOGY EXAM #3	47
THE CON SAFOS GLOSSARY	48

Cover design by C/S staff with photography by Oscar Castillo.

Graphics by Oscar Castillo, Daniel C. Garzia

Sergio Hernandez, Magoo & Rafas

C/S

Our thanks to William Bejarano for his art work in C/S #5.

Copyright © Con Safos, Inc. 1970, and published as often as possible by Con Safos, Inc.,
P. O. Box 31085, Los Angeles, California 90031, a private non profit corporation.



DOPEY de DOGTOWN RIFA

by... RAFAAS

"Rafaas!"

Dopey yelled muy loco from the banqueta below. "Rafaas ... vengase pa' bajo ese! Vamos ha jugar un game!"

Estaba maderiando. He really wanted to tell me a secret.

Running through the dark pasadiso I broke out into the flood of daylight on the porch scanning instantly a clear late afternoon blue sky silhouetting early summer green hills budding clumps of dark green trees the silver-painted roof of the California Brass Company the stark white wall supporting it and from the wall glaring brilliantly for all to know in the angry aesthetic of pachuco graffiti ...

DOPEY de DOGTOWN

then Dopey just as he cupped his hand around his mouth ...

"Raa" ...

he interrupted as he caught sight of me leaning out from the porch above ...

"Andele!"

he continued ...

"Come down here *DE VOLADA!* I got something to tell you."

I climbed over the porch rail and working my way down I wrapped my arms and legs around one of the columns supporting the porch and slid easily to the escalones leading to the yarda below.

"Ven. Ha sentarnos"

Dopey instructed, motioning me toward the curb where putting his arm around my shoulders he sat down pulling me along with him. I liked Dopey. I thought he was great. I

always felt embarrassed when he noticed me but inside I felt a warm feeling, I guess I really wanted him to like me. He was a very unusual Chicano. He had a head of thick straight bright red hair that was always mussed-up and seemed to be supported by his two unusually large ears, that's why the batos called him Dopey like Disney's Dopey of Seven Dwarf's fame. He had strikingly brilliant hazel eyes with a power to see clear to your weaknesses. His eyes could penetrate your defenses, disarm you, and leave you completely at his mercy. He looked skinny but he was deceptively quick and strong. He was un bato chingon. He was EL DOPEY DE DOG TOWN.

"Mira Rafas."

He told me persuasively . . .

"You remember when you told me you wanted to join my ganga? Well I thought about it and I'm gonna give you a quebrada."

I tried to control the warmth flashing wildly inside of me. I wanted him to know that I was a big chingon too.

"How would you like to be my lookout man ese."

He offered warmly a lo Chicano . . .

"Cirol compa. Me cay ha toda madre."

I answered coolly, feigning indifference, yet nodding my head in quiet approval while popping my forefinger against my index finger which was the customary way of showing approval en la ganga. It must have been one of the biggest thrills of my life. I remember it like it happened a moment ago. I was just a chavalito mocosito; only eight years old.

"¿Cuando jamboneamos Dopey?"

My voice had the shrill of a little boy's excitement; for a moment I forgot my maton affectations.

"Calmesete batito!"

Dopey blurted, extending his left hand signalling me to cool it.

"We're gonna hit the boxcars on the tracks by Spring street."

Dopey started explaining . . .

"What are we stealing?"

I interrupted . . .

"Cigarettes?"

I blushed foolishly when I saw the look of disappointment contorting Dopey's face.

"No . . . not cigarettes, pendejo! Quien necesita frajos. They're easy to get. La gente tiene poquito que comer and the chavalos don't have roller skates to make their scooters with. Anyway, killer told me that some trenes full of juguetes pulled into the Spring Street Yards yesterday." My mind was excited by the idea of a robbery and offered up many different postures of myself in the role of the lookout-man. "What kind of juguetes Dopey? Biklas, patines . . . que nos vamos ha jambar ese?"

Once again Dopey's face twisted with anger.

"Look Rafas" . . .

he said with authority . . .

"I know it's your first robbery and I know you're just a CHAVALITO pero calmesete ese. You'll know what to do when the time comes, just be sure you don't chicken-out loco!"

I don't know what Dopey intended when he told me what he did but I felt both hurt and challenged. I guess I didn't like being called a chavalito.

"Listen Rafas" . . .

he said, affecting a more serious attitude . . .

"go tell Killer and Creeper to meet me in the subterraneo. Yo le digo al Hendry and meet you there."

He hesitated, as if caught in the whirl of an unexpected thought, then added . . .

"be there at three."

I wondered what time it was and remembered seeing Gersus going back to school after lunchtime. I remember taunting him . . .

"¿Honde va tan de volada lambion? ¿Porque no se queda aqui con los batos ese?"

But he kept running. I could hear his bare feet thumping and flapping on the banqueta until he disappeared around Ann street. Gersus was a good camarada. He never stopped being my friend when I became a pachuco. Actually none of my childhood friends disliked me, even after their jefitas warned them not to hang around with me. I can still hear their voices echoing in the hollow of my memories . . .

"No se junten con Rafas! Ese muchacho no sirve para nada! Algun dia va llegar ha San Quintin!"

Whatever happened we were all bound by experience just like the fruit of the big plum tree we used to climb when we were six and seven years old. We were bound by the wonder and excitement of the free imaginative spirit of boys. I remember the day that Rudy Garay, Gersus, Raul Murga, and myself went to the movie-show downtown to see Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. It was one of the most thrilling movies we had ever seen. Like always, we had walked from Dog Town, located on North Main street near the Los Angeles River, to the Paramount theatre on Sixth street between Hill and Broadway and back to the barrio. On the way home we spontaneously acted out some of the scenes from the movie-picture. Like Ali Baba had done to show his ultimate loyalty and affection for the one he loved, we too decided without hesitation to become blood brothers.

Rudy picked up a razor blade and we all swore loyalty to each other for the rest of our lives; first Rudy, then the rest of us cut ourselves slightly on the inside of our right wrist, then we all joined our cut wrists and our blood mingled in the ultimate act of brotherhood. Truly it had been a great day. A great moment in each of our wonderful lives. Like so many other great moments it took place in front of the vecindad at the sidewalk's edge where we sat with our bare feet plopped in the gutter. The scent of Camerena's jardin and the aroma gliding out from the cocinas in the vecindad were drawn into the currents of our excitement, ripening our appetites even more . . .

"mmmm . . . que suave huelen los frijoles de Julia"

Rudy blurted suddenly as he stood up. Looking skyward he spotted the first star in the twilight of the eastern sky . . .

"Wachen la estrellita!" . . .

he called out, feeling pleased all over. We saw it twinkle in

his eyes as he headed for his chante. Each of us made a private wish as we started for our own chante, savoring Julia's frijolitos; yellow lightbulb light slashed at the dark as doors swung shut behind us. We still liked each other, Gersus and I and the rest of the carnales. I only called him a lambion because that was the pachuco thing to do. I mean the lambiones had to understand that if we wanted it, we could kick their asses. That had to be because los batos de Dog Town rifa. "DOG TOWN RIFA!" For me that's the way it was gonna be from then on because Dopey me dio chansa to be in his ganga. And I had quickly decided that I was gonna do my best not to let him down. Anyway, it was 12:30, I had 2½ hours to think it over.

I had been to the trakes before but usually to pick up grain that had spilled from the boxcars that I fed to the pichones I raised in a cage I built that stood on el porche de atras. The same cage that held Bambi the most sought over pichon in the barrio. Bambi with the grayish beige head studded with reddish-brown eyes a sensitive finely curved beak growing from delicate white speckled nostrils set in a neck of soft greys the sheen of which sparkled the exciting colors of the rainbow a wing span rippled with beige and grey contrasted by reddish-brown and a greyish-beige fantail tipped in white ... estaba rete-bonito and I was foolish enough to believe he was mine merely because I had captured him. I was angry and sad when I discovered he was missing one day. I was sure someone had stolen him. Still why should I have claimed that he was mine. From the day I captured him something had changed inside me; I guess seeing him with his wings clipped and having him locked inside the cage had something to do with it. But I loved Bambi; it felt good to hold him and kiss him. I was very happy the day I saw him for the last time; he flew over the vecindad in full splendor and disappeared into a glorious sunrise. Anyhow those of us who had ventured out to the trakes for pigeon feed or whatever had learned to avoid the gringo garroteros who would unbutton their flies and waving their choras at us would holler ...

"Hey Mexican look what I got for you and your sister!" Then angered by the rokas we threw at them they would holler ...

"Stay outa these yards ya Mexican sons-a'biches!" frustrated because they couldn't catch us.

"Chinge su madre ... gringo, puto!"

we yelled back feeling victorious because they didn't catch us.

We had learned many different ways to get in and out of the trakes. We knew the trakes better than the garroteros who worked there. Anyhow after I had rolled up a couple of tacos con tortillas de harina y frijolitos del hoyo I spent most of my time sitting on the back porch stairway imagining myself in many different ways as the lookout-man. I felt the same excitement I did whenever I was about to experience something new, or something unknown. Except it was more intense, like hopping a slow-moving train and gradually growing more and more excited as it moves faster and faster until pleasure becomes fear and the decision to get off balances between confidence and doubt and you decide to stay on no matter what. Perhaps because unconsciously I felt

it was wrong? I find it hard to get at the real meaning of my motives by second-guessing. Somehow I feel that my experiences as an eight year old boy transcend the shifting moods, of good and evil. I am sure that as a boy in innocence I naturally sought the warmth of friendly hearts. To me the robber and the cop were human beings and if they were friendly I instinctively liked them. When the day came that I rejected them because one was a crook and the other a cop, that day I was no longer a boy.

"One, two, three ... ready or not here I come!"

shouted the boy who was IT in the game of kick the can that was being played in the yard below. I snapped out of my day-dream and ran inside the house to check the time. It was about 2:45 p.m. I ran down the stairs that led out to the front of the house, leaping over two or three stairs at a time then I hit the lower porch I took one step came down together on both feet and hurdled into the air gliding across six stairs leading from the porch to the courtyard pavement I buckled slightly at the knees (I wished I could fly) as I came down on the pavement, springing up I kept running my legs spanning widely with each step, I hit the sidewalk with my left foot leaning right, I bolted out giving it all I had heading north on Naud street to Creeper's chante only three houses away.

"Milio."

I called as I loped to a stop in front of his chante. His real name was Emilio Bocanada. The batos called him Creeper because he had a big hook-nose, a big adam's apple, and big hands and big feet. When he walked down the street he held his head high and slightly cocked to the rear so that his adam's apple stuck out in all its glory for everyone to see taking long and slow deliberate steps as he ambled along the familiar streets of Dog Town.

"Milio."

I called him again remembering that his Jefita didn't like us to call him Creeper.

"Orale Rafas."

He greeted as he emerged on the front porch.

"¿Que teargas ese?"

His adam's apple seemed to gulp down the question.

"Muy alivianado ese."

I quipped teasingly. Nodding my head I signaled him to come closer.

"¿Todo abajo de ala, entiendes?"

I whispered, dramatizing the secrecy of my message.

"Orale, ay te wacho en el subterráneo al rekle ese,"

Creeper answered coolly as he turned away.

"Al rekle carnal,"

I returned as I started running to Killer's chante.

"De volada,"

I called out in a trembling voice, my words shaken loose by the thumping of my feet.

I turned left on Sotello street running wide so that I could brush past the buenotas sitting on their porches "mmmmm" ... I hummed as I passed them. I spotted Killer playing

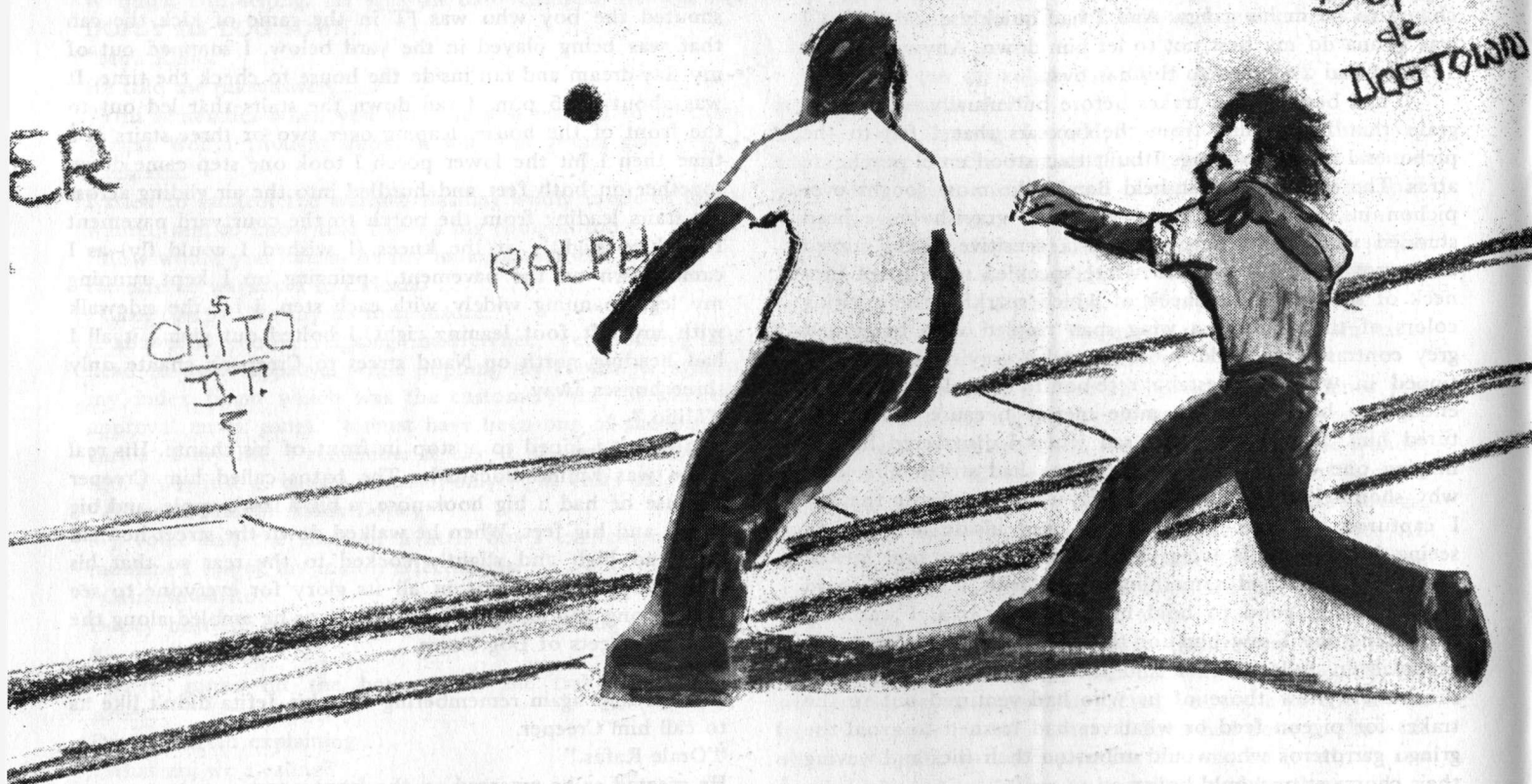
DRAMA

ER

DOPEY
de
DOGTOWN

RALPH

CHITO
J.T.



handball off the wall of the Western Brass Company. Handball was the only ball game in Dog Town in 1943. It was a time in the barrio when games were spontaneously played. Institutional recreation had not yet gotten to the barrio. The fresh two-month-old-wall was perfect for handball and Killer was playing hard against Nab who was the Sotello street slick. Actually Nab was just fooling around with Killer. It's interesting how Ralph Ramos got nicknamed Killer. He really should have been named Payaso. It would have been more like the way he was. He got nicknamed Killer because he had one of the loudest and most terrifying shrieks in Dog Town. Whenever someone from a different calle approached Sotello street, Killer would chase after them and let out a blood-curdling yell that started them scrambling for the safety of their own territory. So by the time we realized that he was just a big clown, it was too late; Killer had become a legend.

"Ese Killer," ...

He appeared irritated because I distracted him.

"Calmese ... un ratito."

He panted ...

"Con tres puntos se acaba el game."

He continued panting heavily ...

"A las tres el Dopey nos espera en el subterráneo,"

I mentioned Dopey's name to make urgent the fact that the meeting time was now.

"Te voy a tener que chingar a la vuelta Nab,"

Killer kidded as he excused himself.

"Aliviáñese chavalo bavoso!"

Nab retorted angrily.

"Chale Nab! No se aguiste bato. Nomas andava cabuliando ese,"

Killer appealed, as he stuck out his hand in a gesture of friendship. Nab shook his hand while never changing the

look of displeasure on his face. Then the two of us raced to the subterráneo. We got there at the same time. Neither of us felt like losing face so we gave up the race, pulling up just short of the entrada to the subterráneo. Creeper who had already gotten there was out looking for some frajo butts so that we could have tobacco for our pipe. We ran into him near the entrada.

"Are all the batos here already ese?"

I asked anxiously.

"Yeah. Cirol ese. Everybody's here. Let's go down."

Inside Dopey was toking-up on some yeska. I got scared. My mind immediately conjured up memories of a trip I once took to the Long Beach Pike. There I saw a display on narcotics and the effect it had on the user. Included in the display were some pictures of a man sitting on an old wood frame chair and a dead man inside a white silk-lined casket. Both of them looked as though the life had been sapped out of them. They were wrinkled and shrivelled like prunes. The sight of them had frightened me and impressed me permanently. I vowed never to use drugs.

"Chale, yo no me quiero secar," I would respond emotionally whenever anybody offered me the tokes. Now I was caught in a dilemma. I wanted to make a good impression on Dopey. This was my first meeting as a member of la ganga. While I struggled to solve this problem and conceal my feelings Dopey offered Creeper the leño.

"Las tres ese."

He utterly brokenly trying hard not to exhale the smoke in his lungs, then, unable to hold his breath any longer ... "Whooooosh" ... He exhaled ... "mmmm ... mmmm." He muttered deliriously, "Sta buti suave esta grifa." He shouted with joy. "Se va secar," ... I thought to myself.

I think it interesting that this significant event took place in the subterráneo. The subterráneo and the memories that hung from its rafters was another order of experience from what went on outside. Most of us Dog Towners had memories there. They were carved on its walls, buried in its ground, or caught in disintegrating cobwebs of time. Outside, the subterráneo was a mere physical presence to us. We lived oblivious to the events that happened there. Yet, like the moon is bound to the earth, similarly the memories of the subterráneo stayed with us wherever we were.

I remember one day in the subterráneo, I pretended I was sick with an affliction on my berga while Coo Coo and Biaches giggling all the while were trying to nurse me to good health which was supposed to happen the moment I got a hard-on. I didn't even have pubic hair. I saw Cachi screwing Cuca. One day Creeper and I slipped into the subterráneo to hide, we were playing hide-and-go-seek and we surprised Benny and Fito jacking each other off. It was strange. Sometimes a whole bunch of us would get together and have communal masturbation rites. Those of us who spouted signs of orgasm won prestige in the group. We called it love-juice. I dug up my uncle Meño's treasure one day and stole some money from it. During the Second World War some of us drew faces of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito on

the ground of the subterráneo with big, wide-opened mouths, then we would drop our pants, sit on a cross-beam spanning directly over the drawings, suspend our butts slightly, then ...

"Whirrmmmm ... Pilot to bombardier ... Pilot to bombardier ... hmmm ... Bombs awaaaaay ..."

Anyway here we were in the subterráneo about to hang a fresh memory from its dusty rafters.

"Chale!"

I blurted when Creeper offered me the tokes,

"No me quiero secar."

The subterráneo was about to absorb Dopey's plan for a train robbery in its dust of memories.

"Trucha!"

Dopey scowled suddenly.

"Cierren los hocicos! ¿No me oye bavoso?"

He screamed furiously as he stepped menacingly toward Creeper.

"Orale Dopey,"

Creeper responded coolly under the ferocity of Dopey's stare. He understood him perfectly. Dopey had an unbending will and there was no way to challenge him except a puros chingasos, but even if you beat him he wouldn't give up. Even if he got beat to a pulp he would pick himself up and peering through swollen blackened slits, blood soaked words would issue from his torn lips ...

"Pongale hijo 'ela chingada ... Le doy en la madre puto ... You fucken punk!"

I saw him get beat up real bad one night. What happened was that three bad looking batos from El Paso drifted into the barrio one night and started talking to a couple of hynas named Chole and Gata. The hynas were having a good time flirting with these batos because according to chisme the pachuco originated in El Paso, the Texas border town the batos call "chuco." Anyhow they were legendary types and the hynas thought they were on to something special. Dopey and I were walking north on Naud Street headed for the hangout on the corner of Naud and Sotello Streets when we spotted the batos from Chuco muy encanizados con la Chole y la Gata. Dopey nudged me.

"Wache me. Les voy a buscar pedo a esos putos,"

he said confidently, completely oblivious of the odds.

"Sabe que? ..."

he issued viciously, his face paled by the hardlines of anger, "Ustedes batos de Chuco son PUTOS." ...

and landed a crunching chingaso on one of the batos cachetes. The bato's camaradas caught him; if he hadn't, the punch would have knocked him down.

"No se scamen putos ... Me los hecho a todos juntos."

The batos from Chuco tried to discourage Dopey but their pleas were scattered by the buzz-saw of his anger. Suddenly six different fists came at him from all directions pumping, punching, and pummeling him until he slumped helplessly to the banquetta battered, bruised, and badly beaten. But not vanquished. For Dopey there were beatings but never losses. "Les vaa ... llegaa-ar su ti-emp-oo ... putos."

Those were the last words the batos from Chuco heard as they hurriedly shuffled away from Dog Town escaping the inevitable vengeance of Dopey's gang.

The subterráneo was quiet now. At this precise moment Dopey was the center of the universe. Eyes, ears, feelings, thoughts, everything seemed to revolve around him.

"The first thing I want you batos to know is that Rafas is now in my ganga."

I was ready to bust with pride when he said that.

"Lo a 'stado wachando and he's a slick little bato."

I stared blankly at the ground to avoid showing how good I felt.

"Tiene muchos huevos, y tambien es muy payaso el guy. No se tiene que suenar, ya 'sta bien loco el batito."

The batos punched me and welcomed me to the ganga but told me they would keep an eye on me to see if I was as good as Dopey said I was.

"Lo voy a 'star wachando mocoso!"

Hendry challenged skeptically. He didn't impress me. I was too delirious with happiness because I was accepted in the ganga.

"TRUCHA!" ...

Dopey commanded ...

"Here's my plan."

"Orale," ... they both responded in agreement.

I don't know how the other batos felt but the mood generated by our meeting seemed like the infusion of fear with the urge for adventure in the face of the unknown. Anyhow it was my turn and my heart was pounding with excitement.

"Rafas, I want you on the top of the bridge. You'll be able to see more than anyone else from there. I want you to keep moving up and down the bridge but be trucha about it. Don't look suspicious. Si wachas a un garrotero give the code shiflo to Creeper and Killer. Me and Hendry will break into the boxcar and take todo lo que podamos cargar."

Dopey stopped momentarily, his eyes glazed by his thoughts. He was wearing a long sleeved, wine colored shirt that was all buttoned up, and starched, neatly pressed khaki pants that he had ironed himself. That was the 'stilo with batos at the time. It was started by the Chicanos in the Army who when they came home on furlough wearing their khaki uniforms would take off their shirts and walk around in immaculately clean, white, form fitting T-shirts, neatly pressed khaki pants, and spit-shined, cordovan self dyed Price's shoes. The style caught on and soon all the batos distinguished themselves by wearing T-shirts and khaki pants like the veteranos did. Some batos started wearing wine colored shirts all buttoned up and soon all the batos had



His face softened when he started explaining. He was always at his best when he led. At another time in another circumstance he could have been a great leader.

"Creeper I want you and Killer to hide yourselves two lanes away on both sides of the boxcar we're hitting tonight."

The lanes were formed between the boxcars stationed on the tracks.

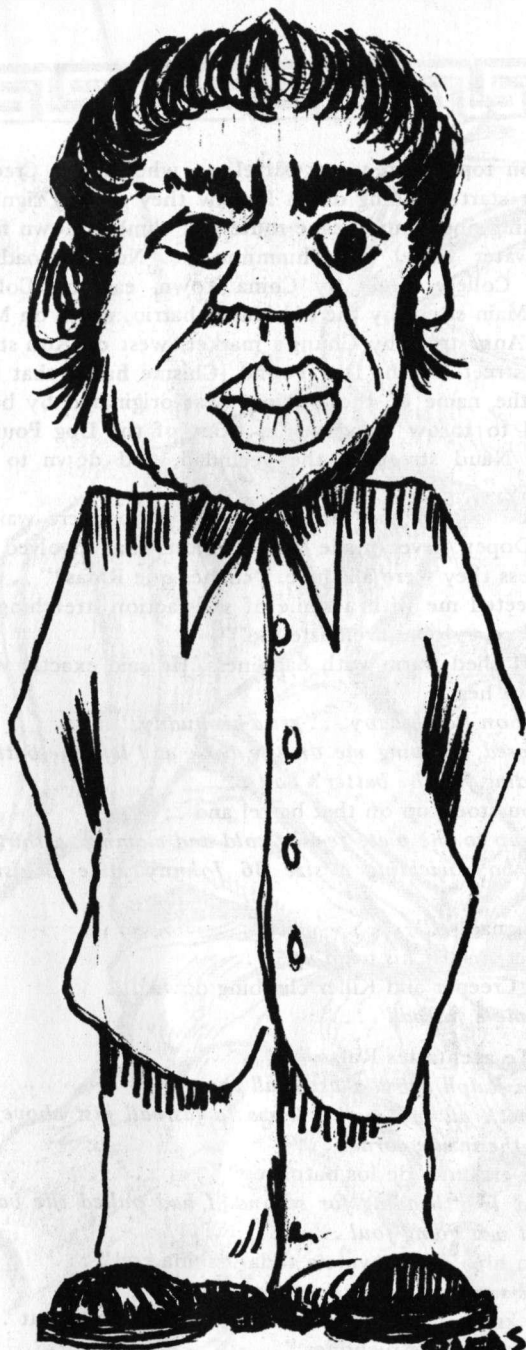
"Killer, you take the left side. Climb on top of a boxcar; that way you can check out two lanes at the same time. Creeper you do the same on your side."

wine colored shirts hanging in the ropero. For some reason the batos didn't go for loud colors. Some of the batos thought only putos wore loud fancy colors. Wine was as loud as they were willing to go. The other colors were somber maroons, blues, and black.

"Oigan bofos!"

Dopey commanded suddenly, his thoughts breaking through with clarity from his determined eyes.

"Here's the escape plan. We're cutting across between boxcars until we get to the second-to-last lane before Spring



street; we go left . . .,"

Dopey pointed east . . .,

"until we're in line with Mesnager street, across from Gordo's chante."

His fiery eyes knowingly shifted to Creeper.

"Creeper you go ahead and make sure Spring street is clear . . . 'sta suave?"

"Ha toda madre,"

Creeper answered with cool determination.

"When it's clear," . . .

Dopey went on,

"nos das dos shiflados, then we'll all make a run for it on Naud street until we're back here."

I had been listening intensely hoping that Dopey would give me a few words of encouragement. I was starting to get scared.

"Rafas!"

My thoughts were shattered by Dopey's sudden recognition.

"Orale,"



I blurted clumsily. The mingling of fear and embarrassment sent hot and cold flashes short-circuiting all over my body. "Mire carnalito. You got a very important jale as the look-out man. Tienes que ser trucha. When we're ready to cut across Spring street I want you to stand on top of the fire-water barrel that's in the middle of the bridge, that'll be

the signal that it's clear behind us. Killer will spot your signal. When you see us disappear on Mesnager street take the long way home and meet us here. 'Sta suave carnalito?" "A toda madre ese,"

I replied with confianza. Un chavalito feeling like a big chingon. Just as it appeared that Dopey was through explaining his plan he roared . . .

"I don't want any of you pendejos to get torcidos. Si wachan la jura borrense de volada. Si los tuercen, no relajen . . . remember there isn't a place in the barrio where a relajon can hide."

His words echoed through the subterráneo as he disappeared through the exit. Then he peered back in and said:

"Los wacho a las 7:30 en la esquina de la Naud y la Sotello."

My heart was pounding unusually, I could hear and feel it with my ears. My body felt cold and clammy, and my mouth tasted like cotton. I didn't know then that I would experience the same emotion many times over. I think it's particularly curious that I felt exactly the same way five years later as I knelt in the batter's circle waiting for my ups. But for now I was up as the lookout-man and Dopey and Hendry and Creeper and Killer were all looking at me wondering, perhaps, if I could make it.

They stood there just looking at me, saying nothing as I started walking north on Sotello street headed for Spring street where I disappeared from their view going east on Spring street. I felt kind of relieved, I guess because now that I was alone I only had to cope with my own feelings. But I still felt cold and clammy. I wiped the sudor off my brow as I turned up the escalones of the wooden puente where taking giant-steps I reached the boardwalk at the top just as I wiped my hand clean on the seat of my pants. I immediately started scanning the trakes for garroteros remembering Dopey's words about being "trucha." I ran a zig-zag pattern across the bridge just short of North Broadway and back, the area was clear, I gave the signal. Dopey and the other batos could see me from Sotello street across from Killer's chante. One by one, first Dopey, then Hendry, then Creeper, and finally Killer ran hard and fast across Spring street until they all disappeared underneath the boxcars. I didn't feel as tense now. My mind suddenly slipped into a memory: whirrmmmm . . . "Tu vas a ser el mas grande de todos hijito," my grandma said to me one day . . . whirrmmmm . . . her warm hand steadying my face as she combed me before we left for the California Theatre to see Jorge Negrete and Gloria Marin . . . whirrmmmm . . . "¿Algun dia me vas a comprar una casa verdad mijito?" she would say con mucho cariño . . . whirrmmmm . . . The carrucha zoomed under the bridge. My thoughts had locked in with a star sparkling from the headlights of a carrucha traveling north on Spring street. Anyhow I slipped out of my memory in time to spot Creeper and Killer climbing to their positions on top of the boxcars. Everything was coming off exactly as planned. Me sentia mas aliviado. Still my eyes scanned the trakes below. Then I spotted Creeper's signal. I zig-zagged across the bridge one more time. Still no garroteros. I

climbed on top of fire-water barrel . . . when I saw Creeper and Killer start climbing down I knew they got my signal. I was thinking about my escape route as I climbed down from the fire-water barrel . . . "hmmmm . . . North Broadway south to College street by China Town, east on College street to Main street by the old Macey barrio, north on Main street to Ann street by Chung's market, west on Ann street to Naud street by the Dog Pound (Chisme has it that Dog Town — the name of the barrio — was originated by batos who used to throw chingasos in front of the Dog Pound), north on Naud street to the vecindad, and down to the subterráneo."

When I got to the subterraneo the batos were waiting for me. Dopey never made any decisions that involved the batos unless they were all there. "¿Sabes que Rafas?" . . . Dopey greeted me with a smile of satisfaction stretching his amusing face, . . . "te aventaste ese!" My face flushed warm with happiness. He said exactly what I wanted to hear.

. . . "Come on Ralph baby . . . get a hit buddy!" . . .

Nick hollered, slapping me on the back as I left the batter's circle heading for the batter's box . . .

"When you stood up on that barrel and . . .

I stepped up to the plate feeling cold and clammy, a thirteen year old boy wielding a size 36 Johnny Mize Louisville Slugger . . .

gave the signal . . .

The pitcher started his wind-up . . .

and I saw Creeper and Killer climbing down . . . he threw me a fastball . . .

"Hijola! Te aventastes Rafas." . . .

"Come on Ralph baby! Blast it all the way!"

I hit it with all my might. It was a fastball just above the knees on the inside corner . . .

"Ahora si eres uno de los batos, ese!" . . .

I rounded first heading for second. I had pulled the ball, I thought it was going foul . . .

"El batito hizo una movida a toda makina ese!" . . .

I rounded second heading for third . . .

"I don't know what you locos are cabuliando about . . . I was just looking for pichones." . . .

"Come on Ralph baby! Kick it home buddy!" . . .

I rounded third and headed for home. I could see the coach and my team-mates huddled around home plate smiling and cheering me home . . .

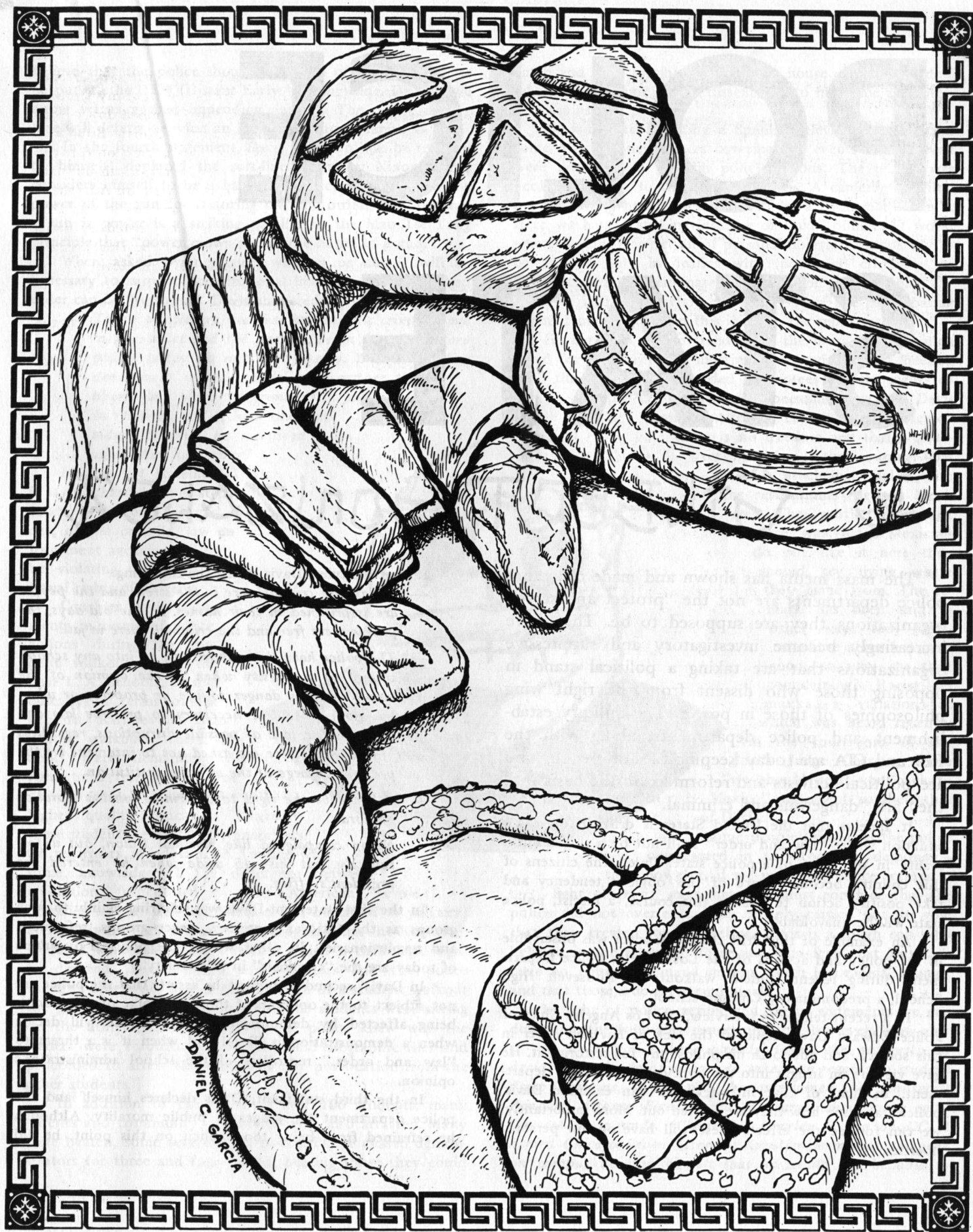
"Tell us about your excape route ese. Which way did you come back to the vecindad?" . . . I slid into home plate like a dust storm . . . when the dust cleared my team-mates were carrying me on their shoulders . . .

"Te aventastes Rafas!"

Dopey repeated. Once again my face flushed warm with happiness. The batos all congratulated me by throwing some hard chingasos on my arms. The pain mingled with the pleasure I felt. That night in bed, in the dark, the tingle of joy mingled with fear as I wondered when I would be the lookout-man again.

ESTUFAS
C/S

L/5



POLICE STATE

by GILBERT GONZALEZ

The mass media has shown and made clear that police departments are not the "protect and serve" organizations they are supposed to be. They have increasingly become investigatory and suppressive organizations that are taking a political stand in opposing those who dissent from the right wing philosophies of those in power. The military establishment and police departments, along with the FBI and CIA are today keeping files on people who are political activists and reformers on the basis that they are "dangerous and criminal."

It appears that the United States is drifting towards a situation where "law and order" shall not be a slogan but a reality in the form of a police state. Unless the citizens of this country become aware of this obvious tendency and take positive action to change this course, a fascist, police state will be unavoidable.

An example of this drift toward fascism was observable in the policy and actions of the Los Angeles Police Department during recent student walkouts at Roosevelt High School, a predominantly Chicano school.

In a recent television interview, the Los Angeles Chief of Police Edward Davis deplored the lack of law and order in this society, and put forth his philosophy for restoring it. He gave viewers an insight into the policies of the police department. In light of that interview, we can examine Davis' policies and see how they are carried out. More importantly, we can foresee the effects these will have on our personal liberties.

In that interview Davis stated the following:

- *Today the criminals are in the street and the people are imprisoned in their homes. In the old days, the people were free and the criminals were in jail.*
- *The police have the authority to go into any school, college or university when in the opinion of the police there is danger to life or property or when the police deem it necessary to preserve law and order in the face of possible disruptions, regardless of whether police are asked not to intervene by the person in charge of the affected institution.*
- *Police have the right to determine what is moral or immoral.*
- *Nixon campaigned like Marshall Dillon, but unfortunately put his .45 aside when he entered the president's office.*

In the first statement Davis was referring mainly to such groups as the anti-war protesters, peace groups, reformers, and revolutionaries. In other words, the political dissenters of today are the "criminals" in this society.

In Davis' second statement he asserts that the police are not subject to the opinions of those in charge of the schools being affected by demonstrations. The police will decide when a demonstration is illegal and when it is a threat to "law and order," regardless of the school administrator's opinion.

In the third statement, Davis declares himself and the police department the judges of public morality. Although he refrained from being too explicit on this point, he did

believe that the police should be a sort of watchdog or, as he put it, the DEW (Distant Early Warning) line. DEW as we know warns against impending dangers. The police in any case will determine what an impending moral danger is.

In the fourth statement, Davis the "cop" (as he referred to himself) deplored the soft-line taken by Nixon. Davis considers himself to be a hard-liner, a "cop" who values the power of the gun for restoring law and order. The idea that a gun is power is a striking parallel to the Mao Tse Tung principle that "power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

When asked by newsmen whether or not it will be necessary to suspend constitutional liberties so that law and order can be "restored," Davis answered:

— *Today people are not free because the criminals are in the street and the people live in fear. Therefore people today do not have liberty. What the police department intends to do is to restore their liberty and place the criminals in jails.*

In restoring order, how can individual liberties be sacrificed when they have none?

In this last statement Davis is saying that whatever steps are taken to restore law and order, drastic or mild, law enforcement agencies will not be violating the constitutional rights of citizens.

Consider Davis' statements in terms of police actions during the student walkouts from the East L. A. schools, or specifically in terms of the recent Roosevelt High School walkouts where students were demanding the right to a free speech area (a constitutional guarantee) and higher quality education. Where these students revolutionary anarchists? Or reformers in education? Anyone with some knowledge of the difference between revolution (sanctioned by the American Revolutionaries and in the Constitution but outlawed in practice) and reform, which is legal, will recognize that the Roosevelt students were asking for a reform which is their legal right to demand. The school's administrators and the police thought otherwise, and at the first sign of a student walkout the police came onto the campus. The students were sitting on the athletic field bleachers. The police knew who the leaders were through photographic and biographic files and proceeded to arrest them without any provocation from the other students.

In addition to the arrest of over 100 students, many parents and community supporters were also arrested. Many were beaten, some severely, by police. Police chased demonstrators for three and four blocks, beating those they could

catch and even forcibly entering the house of one individual who allowed some of the dissenters into his home as protection against the police.

Newsmen representing a Spanish television station and some Mexican newspapers covering the events at Roosevelt were not allowed to film police actions. The public was denied entrance to the school grounds. A cameraman, filming a beating, had his lens covered by a policeman's hands. Here we have a striking instance of Davis' policies at work, where actions (restriction of personal liberties) supposedly to be applied only in dealing with (potential) criminals are being applied indiscriminately to limit the constitutional liberties of individuals who very clearly were not participating in the demonstration (in this instance the reporters).

Having been denied freedom of the press, the newsmen asked for and received a meeting with Davis. At this meeting the newsmen demanded guarantees for the rights of

the press. Both sides became angry and Davis

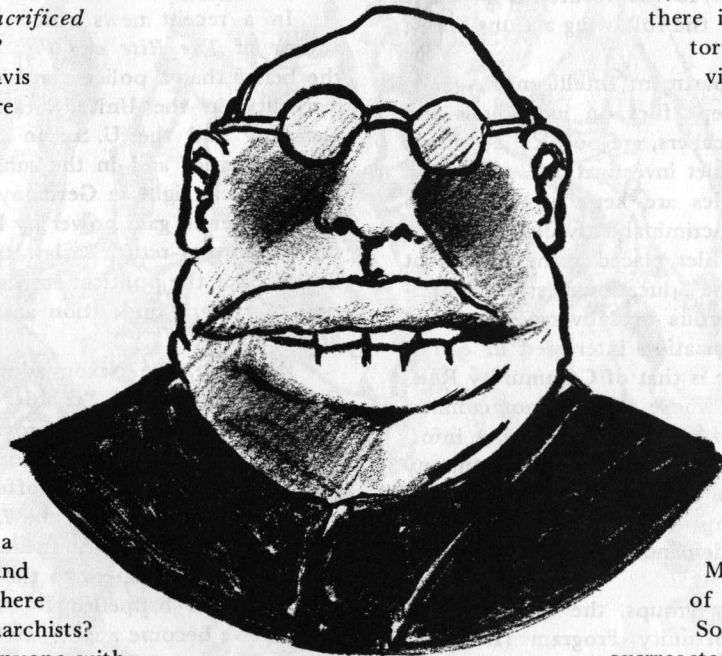
finally reacted by charging that in Mexico there is no freedom and that a dictatorship exists in that country. (Davis here unwittingly sided with the revolutionary left in Mexico.) The subtle intent, of

course, was that if Mexicans do not like it here they should try living where they came from. The remark has been said in other ways too: Mexicans have never had it so good, so why are they complaining? Racist remarks—a variation of which was heard recently in the courtroom of San Jose's Judge Chargin whose "we should send you back to Mexico" statement parallels that of Davis.

Some people think that the police overreacted in the Roosevelt demonstration; however, if we judge the police actions in light of Davis' statements, we must conclude that the police did not overreact. They merely carried out the role that they created for themselves. Davis is a tough cop who believes in the power of force and who feels that Mexicans have no right to demand reform, much less radical change, and that those who do are criminals.

In light of police action and Davis' statements we can determine the following concerning the Roosevelt blow-out:

— *Since police have already taken the authority to decide what kinds of actions to take with regards to student demonstrations, it can only be ascertained that Roosevelt Principal Alfonso Perez is not in charge when police enter the school grounds. (Chancellor Charles Young of UCLA denied Chicago Seven Attorney Kunstler permission to speak on campus because he felt that he would not be able to*



control police once they came in. The actual fact is that he has no control at all over whether police come onto the campus or not.) The on-going negotiations that the community has undertaken with Principal Perez regarding the granting of amnesty to those arrested are bound to fail because Perez is controlled by the police. It would appear that Perez is a buffer between the police and the community.

— The police and Perez have determined that there are no grounds for student dissent and that free speech and Chicano Studies are not issues to be taken up by students. Furthermore that once these students dissented and walked out they became threats to law and order and are therefore criminals.

— The police and the Roosevelt administration feel that a hard line must be taken to put down threats to "law and order" even though these threats might only be a student walkout demanding better education.

— Police feel that news media should not be allowed to film freely or to observe freely the actions of the police.

Davis' statements and police action at Roosevelt form a grim picture of what will occur in the future. It becomes even grimmer when we consider the following actions taking place today:

The Los Angeles Police Department Intelligence Agency in its investigative capacity keeps files on individuals and groups who, although not lawbreakers, are political activists and are therefore subject to "quiet investigation," or spying. Photographic and biographic files are kept on those who take part in a wide range of non-criminal activities.

For example, the L.A.P.D. files placed such non-violent and moderate organizations as the Educational Issues Coordinating Committee on its dangerous or subversive activities list. This is a community organization interested in educational reforms. Another instance is that of Community Relations Officer, Sergeant Thoms, whose job was not community relations per se, but that of gathering intelligence information on groups in the barrio. He offered his testimony before a U. S. Senate sub-committee regarding what he considers subversive and violent organizations in Los Angeles. Almost every minority group demanding reform is considered subversive in his report.

Along with the community groups, the Thoms report indicted the Educational Opportunity Program (EOP) of California State College at Los Angeles for giving scholarships and loans to minority students some of whom belong to "militant organizations." The report implied that the EOP program was seeking out as scholarship recipients only those students who were "militant," but it only made an innuendo, a guilt by association smear (where no guilt exists). By so doing, it indicted a program that brings Chicanos into college and gives high school graduates a hope that never existed before.

The local spy agencies, namely the police, are working in a complementary manner with the Army and FBI. Everyone who takes part in anti-war rallies, peace demonstrations, reform activity and radical groups is labeled subversive. Extensive files are kept on thousands, perhaps millions of

individuals. The Army has received criticism from some politicians for its involvement in civilian espionage work, yet it continues to do its spying. The newspaper reporting on the subject conveys the definite impression that the Army, like the police, is not without political beliefs. It is now apparent that these spy agencies are out to investigate the reformers and radicals for the purpose of destroying them if possible. The basis for the incrimination and the persecution is no more than the police state's arbitrary political notions of what constitutes subversive activity.

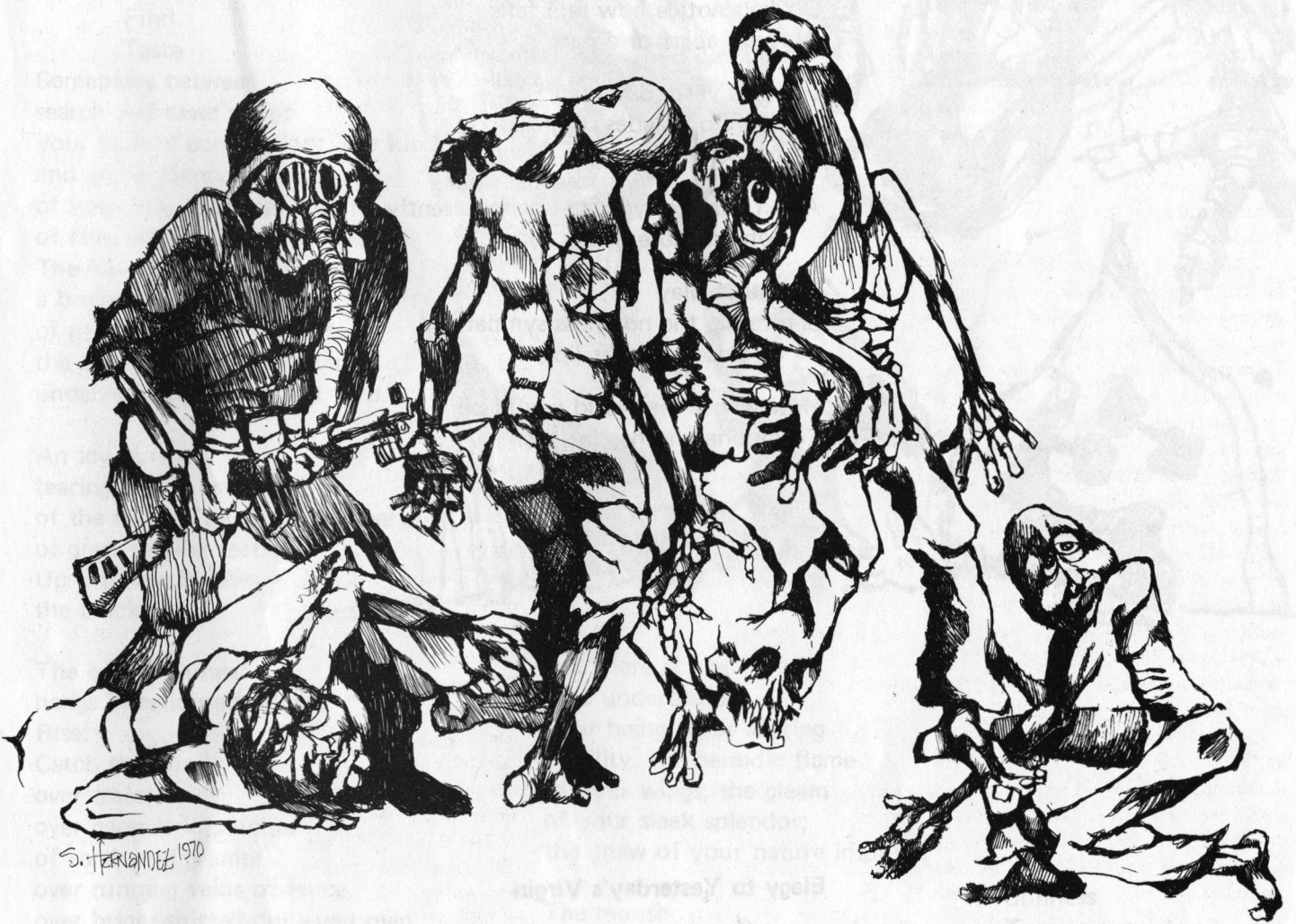
The FBI, under the directorship of J. Edgar Hoover, claims to be out of politics, but in fact the FBI represents the right-wing anti-communist crusading element in government. Hoover finds a communist at the root of every rally and every community demonstration. Hoover rarely goes deeper into analyzing causes of dissent. If he were to exercise his intellect more often and with greater perception he might see that communists are not at the root of all "evil," but that perhaps poverty, discrimination, police violence and a host of other "evils" might be at the root of the discontent of the reformers and revolutionaries of this society.

In a recent news article, William Shirer, historian and author of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, expressed the belief that a police state is becoming more and more of a reality in the United States. He saw parallels between Germany and the U. S.: in the actions of reformers and revolutionaries and in the subsequent reaction by the right. The political right in Germany feared change just enough to allow Hitler to gain power by less than 35% of the vote with the promise of return to law and order and the restriction of liberties for the political activists. The result was the destruction of Hitler's opposition and the abolition of all individual liberties.

Presently, the Nixon administration is pushing a bill in Congress that would "enable federal law enforcement officers to obtain judicial approval for requiring individuals to submit to certain identification tests, even though they have not been charged with any offense." Even the usually middle of the road editorials of the *L. A. Times* recognized this bill as "a serious threat to individual liberties" and a violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution.

What has happened to this society? Simply this, the police have become a state within the state. They are becoming the judges of "acceptable dissent," and of public morals. They determine what political activists are criminals before a court of law has convicted them. The federal government is pushing a bill that would bring these "political criminals" legally under police control even though they have not violated any law. What is most threatening is that the police and other military agencies, FBI, CIA or Army believe in the power of a gun to bring about law and order. This policy is not new to poor people in barrios and ghettos: it has always been the policy of the police to deal violently with the poor — the threat however will be intensified to cover the middle classes as well. For the military, police and spy organizations, law and order is equated with democracy at the point of a gun.

L/5



S. HERNANDEZ 1970

C/S

NUESTRA MOCEDAD

A Whole in the World

Do you notice how rain falls
Are you apart or a part

I am Us yesterday then
I can fly on blades of grass
tossed into the air

And I can feel you whisper reverently
behind those glassy eyes

Eyes that play
Shattering the noiseless sympathies
of close penitent lips

How whole the world would be
To be one another in love

Elegy to Yesterday's Virgin

The sweetness that on sadness
pleases
On sadness dwells
in
age

— Maria Rocha

4/5

Hawk

The last look
at the dawn star,
the crack of sunlight
splitting dark from
the earth. Hunger moves:
A gnawing worms its way
from viscera to eyes;
again prods the hunt.

Flight
Search
Find
Taste

Someplace between
search and taste sleeps
your beaked compassion: The kind
and quick mercy
of your kill, that snapping
of claw and muscle into meat.
The easing of hunger,
a bright instance
of peace and appeasement,
the hook of nature, a fixed
understanding of fed and feed.

An icy horror
tearing at the back
of the mind. The silent whisper
of grass leaving feet.
Up into the billows —
the black flood.

The end of hunger
hangs in calloused talons.

Rise:

Catch the wind
over trees,
over geometric patches
of earth and granite,
over running veins of fence,
over bright-shirted dull-eyed men.
Circle, see the sun, seek the way;
ride the long flight home.

The silent rains of a shower:
Thirty gauge death steels
the heart and head;
eases forever the bite
of hunger, ends the hunt,
cuts loose the hooked
fur, fills an empty jar of destiny.
The falling.
The return to nestling earth.

But there is one
who understands
your being, your soaring
nobility, the heraldic flame
of your wings, the gleam
of your sleek splendor;
the gnaw of your nature impulse:

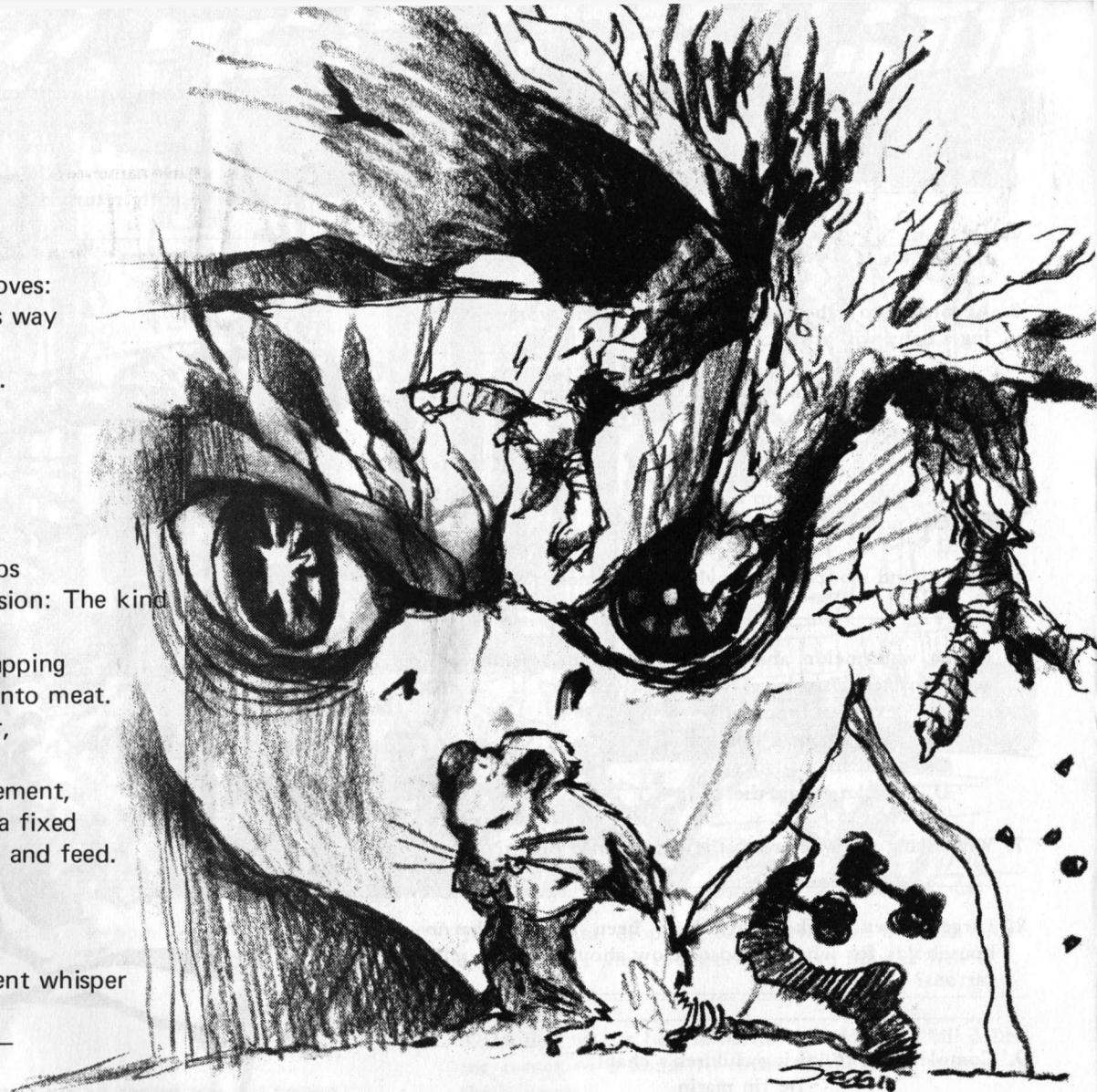
The mouse
whose ears heard death
in the streaming wind-roar
of your body — mistaking
its silky rush for the gentle song
of some green bird.

The piercing.
Black-tongued screech
ripping into the wrap
of the meat: Bone-bared,
blood-gushed, the smash
of the quick numbing wound.

Stillness
Tongue-cut
Spine-snapped
Dumbed

by Rex Gallegos

C/S



BARRIOLOGY EXAM #3

1. Laurel and Hardy were popularly known in the barrio as _____
2. Duck _____ describes a hair style worn by barrio dudes in the 50's.
3. According to baby care practices of barrio women, tickling a baby will produce what defect? _____
4. Barrio tradition among youth has often demanded that students
 - A. excel in school
 - B. do poorly in school
 - C. keep the group norm
 - D. none of the above is applicable
5. *Pedichi* and *moocher* have what in common? _____
6. Eating watermelon and drinking beer simultaneously is, according to barrio lore,
 - A. sexually stimulating
 - B. bad for one's stomach
 - C. good for hangovers
 - D. not an ethnic diet
7. What slang name refers to the older barrio dudes? _____
8. Large brown market bags have been used in barrio households for what purpose? How about ½ gallon milk cartons? _____
9. Complete the following children's chant:
 De tin marin
 de do pinque
 cucara macara

10. Lowered, channeled, chopped, primed all refer to what barrio art form? _____
11. "Chanate" refers to what two things in barrio slang? _____
12. Barrio baby care practices require what procedure when a child's *mollera* falls? _____
13. If you had to assure someone of your sincerity or truthfulness, you would be most likely to say *lo juro por* _____
14. Many young men in the barrio have traditionally wanted to go airborne. What does this mean? _____

15. Sopa made from tortillas is called _____
16. Juarez, Chihuahua is across from what USA City, and what was the name of the strip of land from this city that was recently returned to Mexico? _____



by BARRIOLOGIST EMERITUS · ANTONIO GOMEZ · PHK · MJ ·
 18 C/E



17. Someone who is described as a lechusa is a
 - A. lettuce peddler
 - B. leach
 - C. milk man
 - D. night person
18. The first chicano to have a big hit record was the person who sang DONNA, what was his name? _____
19. A green carder is a person who _____
20. Barrio myth has it that one who eats a great deal of salt will become like what kind of animal? _____
21. *Capirotada* is the traditional food during what time of year? _____
22. Those people referred to as *manitos* come from what part of the U.S.A.? _____
23. In *rebote*, when one is going to play the next game, the expression for this is _____ and that person must perform what function in the game that is in progress? _____
24. In the old barrio when a child would accidentally drop a piece of candy or food, he had to perform what ritual in order to pick it up and eat it? _____
25. The accidental dropping of silverware in a barrio household predicts what event according to popular belief? _____
26. According to the best in barrio tradition, if a bill collector comes to a house to collect money, the woman of the house will _____
27. Mini skirts were worn originally in the barrio by whom? _____
28. *Halfers* when used by the youths of the barrio refers to what practice? _____
29. Complete the following children's chant:
 Pelon Pelonete
 Cabeza de quete
 Vendiendo Tamales

30. Bicarbonate of Soda is popularly known in the barrio as _____

Answers on page 47.

L/5

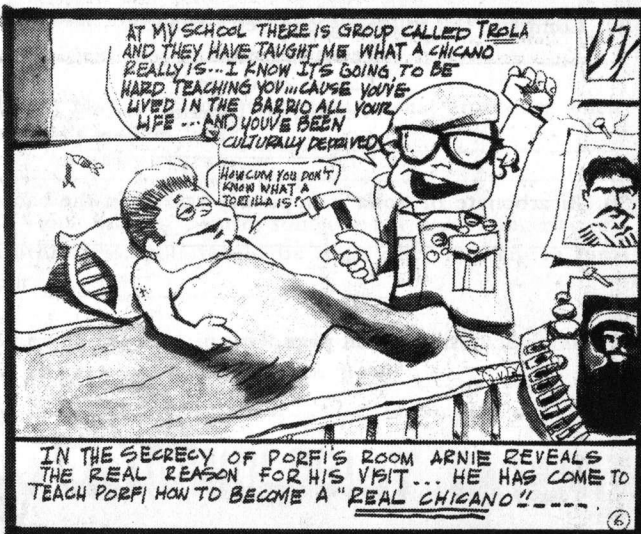
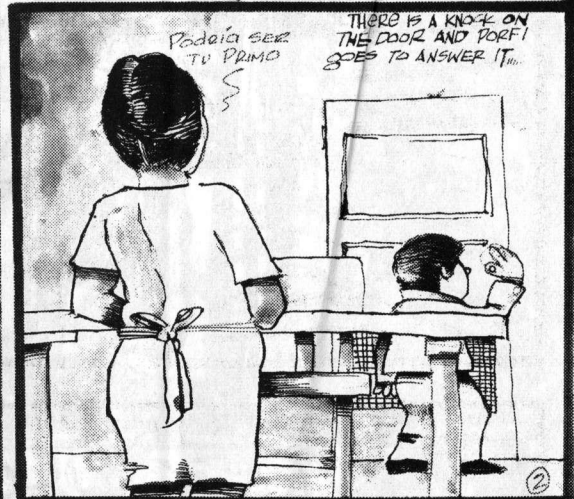
ARNIE and PORFI

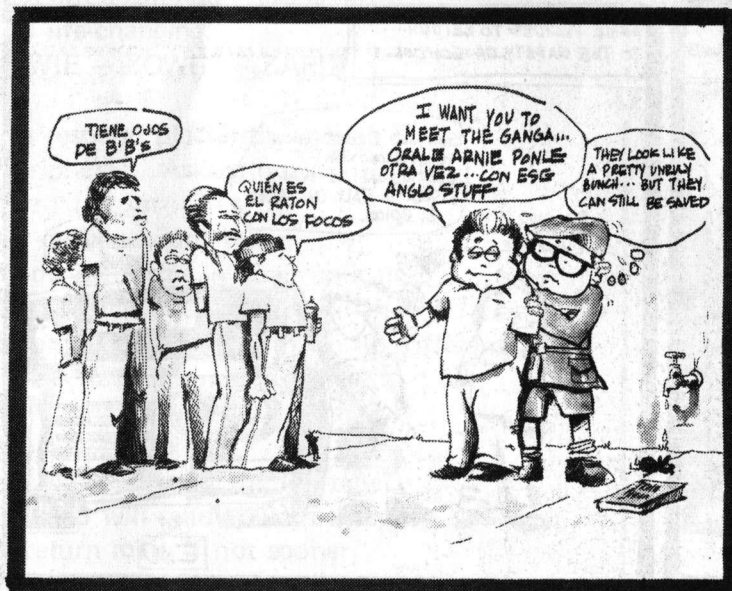


by Sergio Hernandez

PORFI'S UNCLE REGGIE IS GOING TO A FALSO CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON..... ARNIE BEGS HIS FATHER TO LET HIM STAY WITH PORFI AND HIS AUNT MALCOPIA. REGGIE IS SURPRISED HIS SON HATES THE... EASTSIDE REGGIE CALLS HIS SISTER AND ARRANGES... ARNIE'S VISIT.....

THE CON SAFOS... CONGLORATE... SYNDICATE RIFA...





BACK AT SCHOOL I'VE LEARNED A LOT
ABOUT CHICANOS!!!! AND BY WHAT I'VE
SEEN TODAY... YOU GUYS AREN'T
CHICANO ENOUGH. YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT FALSOS..



FALSOS



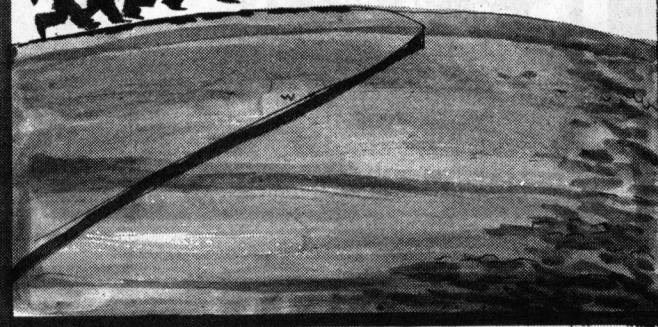
I WAS ONLY
FOOLIN....

ESSE VATO
QUERIE PEDO

IM GONNA PUT
THAT DUDES LIGHTS
OUT

YOU PUNK RATON

PLEASE GUYS
I WEAR GLASSES



ARNIE SEEMS TO HAVE ...
EXCITED THE VATOS JUST A
BIT...



ARNIE REACHES
THE SAFETY OF HIS AUNT'S
HOUSE....

WHAT DID
I DO
WRONG

ARNIE DECIDES TO RETURN...
TO THE SAFETY OF SCHOOL

READ YOUR BOOK
SOME MORE ESSE....!



Golly....! I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR
BARRIO PORFI...IT'S A LOT
EASIER TO TALK CHICANISMO
AT SCHOOL.....



COME MASTER
ARNIE



END?

FUK

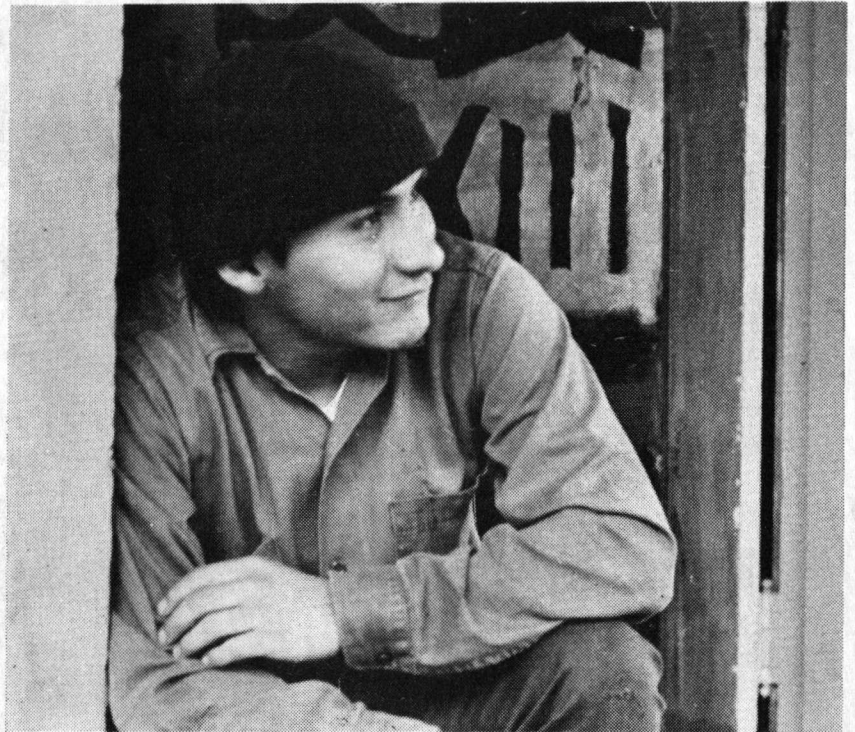
UPON SUBMITTING PROPOSALS FOR FEDERALLY FUNDED SUMMER PROGRAMS

You and I. We know
Each other well.
We are dealers
In important words.
Dabblers in heavy concepts.
We meet to flick
Our tongues deliciously
Across profound ideas.
We nod and smile.
We understand.

So spring comes again
And like a lover gone
Mad with meaning,
I send you solemnly
This year's ponderous supply
Of words.
Neatly typed
And double spaced
That you have asked me for.
And couched in poetry.

I send you a poem of poverty's wars.
I sing of jobs and work experiences
And training for disadvantaged
And deprived and disenfranchised youth
With grass or other kinds of roots
From impacted areas of inner cities
And ghettos and barrios
To help their self-images and self-concepts
And give them growth experiences
That are meaningful and creative
And life-changing.
WOWIE — ZOWIE — ZAP!!!

You respond pleasantly enough
In triplicate. Asking only
That I fill out
One-million count them
Important forms in quadruplicate
Mailing each one to fifteen different
Important persons, sitting in 63 different
Offices, taking hundreds of days
Calling themselves bureaucrats
Who as we all know
Are the keepers of the red tape.
And you will send me post haste,
By return mail, if not sooner,
The bread.



But I know
A sweet-faced young dude
In blue knit cap
With paint in his nostrils from
Sniffing and on his jacket
Who writes his name on
My house and still high
Steals the battery out of my car
Because mistakenly he thinks
It will run his stolen tape deck.
Who does not ever go to school
And thus cannot achieve the lofty
Rank of dropout.
The invisible man all too visible
By his acts
Known mostly to the guys at juvie and camp
But not to his own mother.

And one thing bothers me:
What does that young dude know
Of our important words? What does he
Care for our heavy concepts? What can even
Our bread do for the
Already too enduringly human quality
Of his all too personal
And almost-over life?

C/S

— M. Junge





Across this country, and particularly in the five Southwestern states, the Spanish speaking people's movement is stirring and growing. "La Raza," as the Mexican-Americans from the Southwest collectively label themselves, has recently demonstrated impressive growth and determination to maintain a unique cultural identity. The Spanish speaking, whether as the New Mexico "Hispano," the Los Angeles "Chicano," or the Texas "Latino," share this cultural heritage and identity, along with a growing list of grievances against the Anglo. This movement of La Raza is clearly calling out to the Anglo, "Basta," enough! The Chicano, the Hispano, and the Latino are definitely on the move; they are organizing and their leaders are quickly becoming national figures.

La Raza: the Mexican-Americans, by Stan Steiner, is a compelling documentary of key events and elements in the Mexican-American movement. Hard hitting and loaded with factual materials that relate abuses these people have suffered, the book is persuasive and difficult to put down. There are important parallels between the slavery system in the South utilizing Blacks and the callous mistreatment and misuse of Mexican Campesinos in the West that Steiner briefly discusses. The abuses, of course, are quite similar. The ignorance of incidents or the passive attitude toward the plight of La Raza by middle class America is difficult to explain.

Historically, precedent for La Raza's dependence on land in their economy and social attitudes is well documented in this book. The Mexican-American War and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo seem to be the basis for great hatred and resentment by the Mexican-Americans. Particularly well presented is the conflict between the gradually declining land ownership on the part of the New Mexico Hispanos and the land acquisition and land use policies of the federal government in that state. This last condition gave rise to one of La Raza's most dramatic and flamboyant spokesmen, Reies Lopez Tijerina.


Steiner is at his best presenting a careful and detailed study of Tijerina, now serving a prison sentence for burning a U. S. Forest Service sign. The role Tijerina played in the June 5, 1967 "raid" on Tierra Amarilla, a rural county seat in Northern New Mexico, and the complete over-reaction on the part of New Mexico's elected and appointed officials, and the resulting animosity between Anglos and Hispanos have been sufficiently blurred by time, rumor and legend. However, this confrontation and resulting aftermath were sufficient to catapult Tijerina into the national spotlight. Whether by chance, or by accident, the abused, down-trodden, and "legally" robbed Hispanos in New Mexico had their outspoken, magnetic leader. Tijerina has now become a demigod in the minds of Hispanos and other members of La Raza in New Mexico and adjoining areas of Arizona, Colorado, and Texas. It is Tijerina's call for political, economic and social separatism that enrages or frightens not only the Anglos, but middle class Mexican-Americans as well. How important Tijerina will be in the future, especially now that he is in prison, or what impact he will have on the young elements of La Raza are unanswered questions.

There are several weaknesses in Steiner's book. He seems to regard the Spanish speaking in the Southwest as a homogeneous mass that can be conveniently labeled Mexican-Americans, or La Raza. Such, in fact, is not the case. The attitudes and pressures of the Los Angeles Chicanos and those of New Mexico's Hispanos from the northern part of that state are quite different. A close analysis of the Spanish spoken by these two groups will uncover very basic and outstanding dissimilarities. Furthermore, nothing is more insulting to a New Mexico Hispano than calling him a "Mexican," or Mexican-American. The Los Angeles Chicano, on the other hand, takes great pride in his Mexican heritage.

Steiner seems more at home in his accounts and descriptions of the Spanish speaking peoples of New Mexico, the agricultural areas of West Texas, and the grape producing regions in the Delano area of California's San Joaquin Valley. In fact, most of the book deals with New Mexico and the rise of Tijerina, the agrarian and rural movements, and their importance for La Raza. It is on these counts that Steiner is most effective.

Less effective, however, are the book's sections dealing with the urban Mexican-Americans, particularly the youth movements in Los Angeles, Denver, and Phoenix. Steiner's





treatment of the Brown Berets and the Mexican-American Youth Organization (MAYO) is very sketchy. Furthermore, a new student group rapidly incorporating such elements as the United Mexican-American Students (UMAS) and MAYO called Movimiento Estudiantil de Chicanos de Aztlan (MECHA) — which means fuse or match in Spanish — is not mentioned. This last organization is quite significant because it represents the Chicano college students' pride in their pre-Columbian Mexican cultural heritage. Pride within the Chicano youth movement revolves around a unique cultural identity and heritage that omits or plays down the Spanish influence and instead favors the Aztec. The necessary vehicle to bring the various Chicano youth groups throughout the Southwest together may be available in MECHA. What is needed as a catalyst is the emergence of a leader acceptable to Chicanos, Hispanos, and Latinos. This last statement concerning the emergence of a leader also demonstrates a weakness in Steiner's book. The chapters on the two most popular leaders aside from Tijerina, Cesar Chavez and Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzalez, only superficially inform us about these two different but magnetic individuals. In many respects, Rodolfo Gonzalez is a more virile and attractive leader for Chicano youth than Cesar Chavez. Chavez is viewed more as a father image and the leader of a populist, agrarian movement considered rural and affectionately termed "para los viejos" (for the old folk), by youthful Chicano leaders. The questions of youth movements, the demands for land, a comparison of leadership elements within La Raza are all touched upon by this excellent book. What Steiner has so successfully done is to introduce the reader to the multiplicity of attitudes and problems surrounding La Raza in the Southwest. It remains for another writer, hopefully a Chicano, to investigate in greater depth the various elements of La Raza. ■

L/5

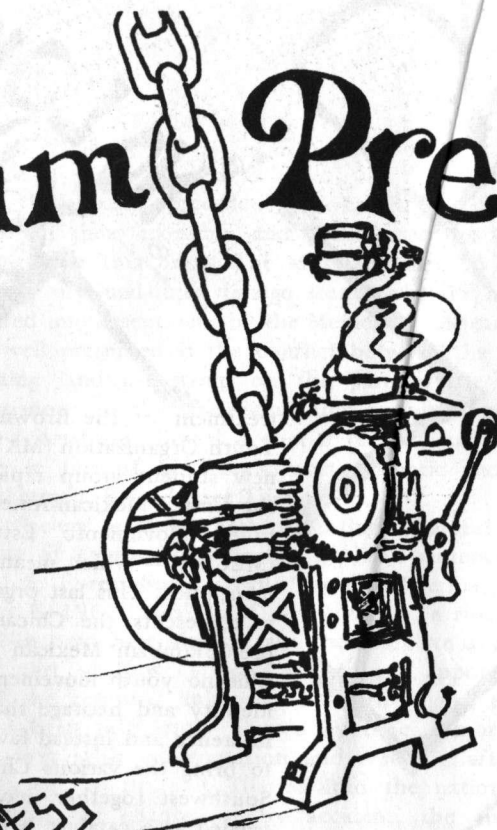
2010

Chicano Writers

Pendulum Press

Pongansen trucka
SELL YOUR STORIES,
POEMS, SHORT PLAYS,
& ESSAYS to Pendulum
PRESS. SEND ANY MAT-
ERIAL ALONG WITH STAMP-
ED & RETURN ADDRESSED
ENVELOPE TO: PENDULUM PRESS

Southwest * 1186 * East * Menlo
Altadena * California * 91001



CHE
POSTER
SPECIAL
100

INTRODUCTORY
OFFER

|



CHE
POSTER
SPECIAL
100

INTRODUCTORY
OFFER

|

THERE WILL BE MANY CHE'S

RIFA ART PRODUCTIONS • 349 SO. THIRD AVE. • LA PUENTE • CAL. 91746



A LOVE LETTER TO THE GIRLS OF AZTLAN

I never saw a girl of Aztlan that I did not love ... and yet the women I fucked and those I wanted to fuck for the most part were white lightly colored or at least spanish which is one hell of a note for a son of the revolution wouldn't you say?

When I was young and full of fire in the days of my measles toothaches tonsilitis and mumps that is when I longed for your affection attraction or at the very least your acknowledgement of my existence which you did not give.

For all you cared to do was snicker giggle and hide behind long skirts on your way to confession catechism la casa de tu tio or the sometime wedding of your very own prima of the beautiful virgin ass waving in the wind that I desired.

For example where were you when first I sang in the choir played my first game of football drank my first bottle of beer and was it you who taught me to dance to french kiss or to unbuckle a brassiere let alone do my homework? ... It was not you, dear sweet lady of Aztlan. No, it definitely was not you.

For months now if not for years we muy macho guys of the movement have longed for your involvement in the drinking of our booze smoking of our dope and most importantly the making of our brown babies who shall bear our names and not yours.

To tell you the truth we have not been having much fun without you and seriously we tire of those gabas who mock at our manhood and wink at our rage as they casually slip us a five dollar bill just as a tip for the waiter who so charmingly served us that ethnic food as they say at the dorm.

We know perfectly well that these colorless broads have not the blood of our mothers our sisters or even your cousin who is of la familia de raza which we struggle to place in history by the colorful design of our brown ancestors.

... But yet, it has not been you, mujer de Aztlan. Unfortunately, it has not yet been you!

For now among other things I hear you now wish to be my equal y mi camarada proposing an end to separation and discrimination which of late you've learned to articulate so well because among other things you've tired of cooking cleaning and waiting for the phone to ring.

And so you write poems speeches and little bits of propaganda which you've copied from some white woman's notes at the SYMPOSIUM ON THE CHICANA beginning as it did and ending as it did with an attack on my machismo ... a relic of yesterday's hangups.

And as you rehearse your speech you look for snotty quotes from Emily Post and Jacquelin Kennedy and you brush your best pepsodent teeth and color your beautiful black hair blonde in t.v.'s best image of a Monroe rather than Raquel because she's part brown.

And when I ask you what is it you want all you mention is your displeasure with cleaning cooking typing and riding the back of the bus as if you ever were a slave or for that matter a very good typist writer speechmaker or what have you ...

Let me tell you beautiful brown sweetheart de Aztlan let me tell you once and for all lest we perish forever from this land: It is only you that can love feel feed laugh structure and lift us out of history's muck and mire of a despondent-dependency and it is for you and only for you that we struggle to maintain our identity in our language tradition culture and way of life which is brown chicano raza.

BUT ALSO IT IS ONLY YOU THAT CAN RID YOURSELF OF THE SAD IDEA THAT BROWN GIRLS MUST KEEP THEIR LOVELY LEGS LOCKED AND THEIR RED LIPS SEALED.

So before we die open up your delicious mouth and give me your soft hand and take mine which since the earliest days of my fathers has wanted none other than those brown eyed ladies of the fields for as I said ... I never saw a girl of Aztlan that I did not love.

zeta

CAMARADAS

I have put off writing this letter for over a month because I didn't know how to say it without bringing more misery to you than you are presently faced with . . . but, you have a right to know: The California Supreme Court turned down our Writ without a hearing! Without an opinion! Without a key to heaven or a last long look!

In other words, they accepted as *true* every word of the Petition, since it was the only evidence before them, and said: So what?

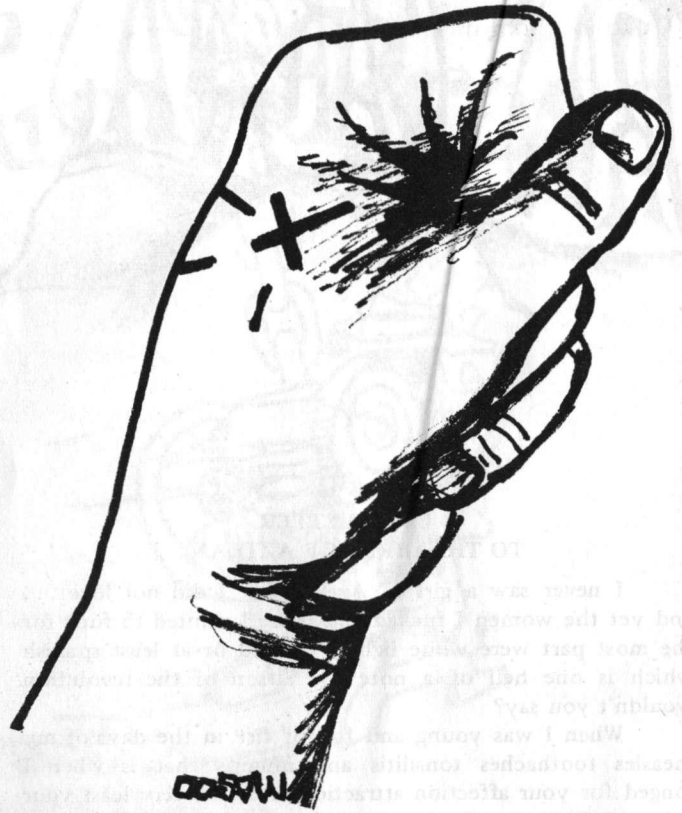
And where do we go from here? I tell you as a brother, as a camarada, as a Chicano and as a lawyer: No where! The California Supreme Court is the best court in the country, better than any Federal Court, including the U. S. Supreme Court. If they would not give us a hearing, there is no chance of getting a good decision from any other court in the world.

Sure, I could spend another two or three weeks preparing a Writ to the Federal Courts, spend days and maybe weeks for a hearing, assuming they were to give us one; but I am absolutely convinced that in the end it would be a loss . . . and in the meantime you would have a hope without foundation.

Much to my sorrow, much to my anger, I have been on this thing alone . . . at first a couple of lawyers and a couple of law students helped me, but in reality, I and my secretary did it! And now, I don't even have my secretary. The Mexican American Legal Defense Fund fired me and as a result my secretary quit. They got rid of me for being too militant, too revolutionary, for taking causes from within the Movement and for making public speeches condemning the U. S. Government and the fucking vendidos from within our own community. Some day, I swear to you, we will have our revenge!

And the war continues. 21 Chicanos from a new organization called Catolicos Por La Raza were busted for throwing chingasos with the pinchi placa at Saint Basil's Catholic Church on Christmas Eve. A kid, Ricardo Hernandez, was murdered by the Sheriffs in East Los Angeles the first week of January. I've been working on those two cases for three months now. The trial for Catolicos will last another week. Then the case of the Biltmore 6, Chicanos accused of conspiring to burn down the Biltmore Hotel while Governor Reagan was giving a speech last year; that trial will start next month and should last about four weeks . . . Then the case of the *East L. A. 13* and Sal Castro, the Chicanos who started the whole movement in East L. A. with the school walkouts in March 1968; they are going to trial this summer on felony conspiracy charges . . . So, where do I find a month to work on a *useless* Writ?

I tell you truthfully, I am getting tired. You cannot imagine how many hours and days I have spent trying to get lawyers to help us. I've spoken to hundreds of lawyers and law students, all kinds, all races, all organizations . . . and the sad fact is that we are still alone! But it does not surprise me. We have always been alone. The Chicano has never begged anything of anyone. We are what we are because we don't beg, we don't take handouts. Fuck it, if we have to suffer more for our people, we will! I will die on my feet rather than live on my knees, and if necessary I will ask my family, my camaradas and my people to do the same! *I ask you, each of you, to adopt that statement for yourselves!*



Get your head straight! Stay clean! Get the fuck out of that totally useless existence in a jail, the narcotics programs, the whole thing, and get your ass to work for La Raza. Brother, too many of you come out, stay clean for a month or two, then as soon as you get rejected by some bato, some broad, some job . . . you go right back to that old shit. Let me tell you straight, man: I ain't down on dope anymore than I am down on women. But if anything interferes with the Movement . . . anything! anyone! . . . then I say get rid of it! You guys know more about those things and people than I. Those who have gotten out shouting VIVA LA RAZA and gone back to their hell holes like the punks they are. I've said it over and over: Our best men, the real Chingones are in the joints! If our revolution is to succeed, it will only when you batos get out and get with it. You sure as fuck ain't going to do it with an arm full of holes and a head full of dreams. It will never happen so long as you are in a prison.

So take your sentence with the knowledge that it is a social, political racial punishment and make up your minds now that you are in the movida for the rest of your lives . . . and someday, carnal, we'll be together with our own viejas, our own tokes and most important, our own tierra! These are the dreams for your trips; dreams of reality.

Carnales, if we don't make it, at least history will remember us as the toughest, meanest bunch of motherfuckers that never said yes to the white man!

Tu Carnal,
Zeta

(A todo mundo)

I'M HEADED UNDERGROUND

[Eleven members of Catolicos Por La Raza, Chicanos who have been confronting the church, were accused of Disrupting A Religious Assembly on X-Mas Eve at St. Basil's Multi-Million Dollar Church . . . Cardinal James Francis McIntyre further charged that the defendants were "a professionally, organized group who plot revolution." . . . The Pope fired the archbishop the next day. After four weeks of trial, the jury returned its verdict: 8 not guilty, 2 guilty and 1 undecided.]

They used to give me golden stars and lots of A's for memorizing the Catechism and the Bill of Rights, my third grade teacher and the sister in the chapel.

They told me that like Honest Abe even a Chicano could be president or even the pope, if only he worked hard, loved God and, of course, minded his p's and q's; whatever that was!

They told me that Adam's curse was upon my people and that la pisca was divine retribution, segregated schools were ordained by God's plan, and thus I thanked them for the free milk and welfare checks as gifts of grace from both the pope and the president . . . swimming pools, the Fox Theatre and american girls I could not, of course possess until the curse was lifted.

And so throughout my youth I worked hard, loved God and sought the definition of my p's and q's.

. . . Then I became a man and took to the streets with the Bill of Rights in one hand and the Bible in the other . . . I reminded the president of the Civil Rights Act and he jailed me, then threw a bone of a Poverty Program to my less active brothers . . . I sought refuge in my church and begged the cardinal for charity and he jailed me, then threw a bone of a Mexican American Commission to my less committed brothers . . . I argued with the judge and pleaded with the jury and they jailed me, then threw the bone of Some Innocent to my more humble brothers . . . We who had not minded our p's and q's!

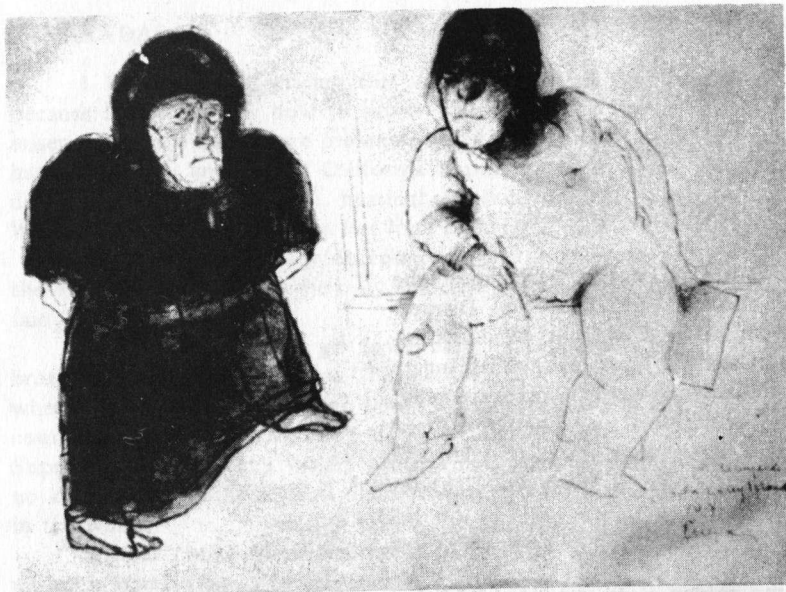
And so:

Today I'm packing . . . my bag . . . and loading my rifle.

I'm heading underground
To live with dead men's bones
In whited sepulchers
Where I'll stay until that night
When my third grade teacher
And the sister in the chapel
Fall sound asleep,
Preferring as I do
The honest stench of death
To the putrid lies of an
Undefined p and q.

zeta

L/S



JOSE LUIS CUEVAS

1. Ya dibujando en Coney Island

2. Ya dibujando en Coney Island a un contorsionista



3. Ya infantilizado en Coney Island

"Wherever death may surprise us, let it be welcome if our battle cry has reached even one receptive ear and another hand reaches out to take up our arms ..."

INVISIBLE SOLDIER

BL

J. L. NAVARRO

The region of agriculture, the San Joaquin Valley, terrain of fresh air and balmy breezes, land of incumbent revolution. The evening was slipping away and the spreading eagle of night was advancing on us from the east. The revolutionary songs of the 1910 Mexican Revolution were coming on with the vigor and spirit of another day, tinging the present with all its emotion. We were gathered in the living room. People were dispersed throughout the house, toasting drinks to their drunkenness and to their known purpose. But the element of what is in store was in the conversation that was being rapped with the heat and fire of a machine gun speaking its truth in lead.

Elena had just come back into the room with a lit joint. She is the girl who the day before came up to dispose of two M-1 rifles on her comrades of the north.

"Revolution today," she said, "in this country, rings no more on the majority's ear than does the name Santa Claus. The silent revolution of the minorities, those of the Black and Chicano Movements are viewed through unclear sights by many Anglos or Angloized individuals. They sense no danger, some look on with smug contempt. But the silent revolution of the minorities is so subtle that what will eventually come from it is yet to be seen, heard and felt. It is only in small bastions throughout the Southwest that the word Revolution is known and respected. And I don't mean the cultural revolution either. That's not where it's at. The hippies have their thing and it's okay, you know — for them. But we're at a different place in what's going on. The people who are involved are invisible soldiers among many invisible soldiers. The Brown Berets are in it. They're the ones that more or less started the whole thing. Only it's not really them I'm talking about. They're too visible to be in. The invisible soldiers are not in the Berets. In fact, they shouldn't be. They have their purpose. Let it be at that."

"What Elena means," said Raul, "is that the B B's are with us, but with what is happening and will be happening they will only be a hindrance, not to us, but to themselves. More than likely, the local authorities already know who they are individually. Besides, the Berets already know what's happening in terms of revolution. The people we're concerned with are the Chicano students, the teachers, the writers, the poets and artists and, of course, the people of the communities. They, like the Berets, are all useful. As a friend of mine told me, 'The invisible soldier can push a pencil just as easily as he can pull a trigger. He can strum a guitar just as easily as he can throw a cocktail.'"

I wasn't really sure what was being said. With an attempt of putting things in perspective, I asked, "Are you suggesting that there is going to be open confrontation with weapons?"

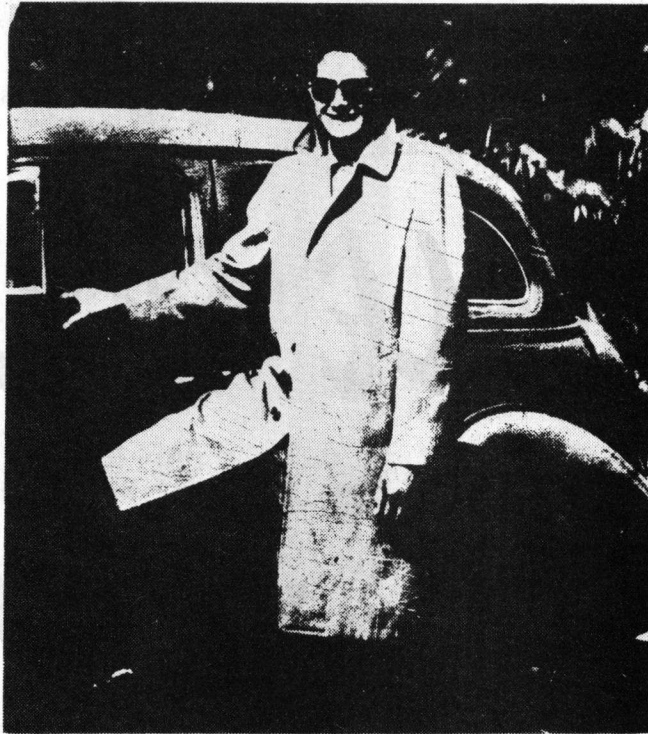
"That's not exactly what I'm talking about," said Raul. "If what you mean by open confrontation like what happened at Chicago, no. Those are tactics that have suited their purpose, on campus and off. What the Panthers have done is something else, too. This isn't what we mean. Let me put it this way, as Chicanos we have our own objectives. Some have said that our Movement is too idealistic. But hell, what movement in any part of the world hasn't been idealistic?"

"And to say that we will win in our life time might be far fetched," said Elena. "But we have to begin somewhere."

I still wasn't sure what was being said. Somehow I got the feeling that the point was being ignored.

"Where do we begin?" I said.

"Each and every Chicano, if he's going to be of worth to the Movement, must begin by becoming aware of what's really going down; with himself, in education, in the community, in politics. After he's done this he should ask himself, 'Are my people being screwed by the System?' If



his answer is yes, and if he has the machismo, he will eventually find his way to us."

Mario, a silent type who had been viewing us through analytical eyes, now joined the discussion.

"For one like me," he said, "city bred and conditioned to its ways, I have found the ecology of this land to be somewhat distant from what I'm used to. One soon discovers that if a Chicano Movement is to persist it will be propelled by the spirit and soul of the campesinos, people of the earth who have converted their strength of nature into the strength of revolution, the strength of education. They run hand in hand. Then again, I was told when I first came here that the agricultural environment breeds a Chicano spirit that cannot be found anywhere in the urban bastions of the Movement. With enthusiasm and dedication this revolution cannot help but succeed. I feel that the success of any revolution should not be seen in terms of future events or reached goals. It is enough to be aware of the objectives of the present. Let those who are to follow carry on the banner that will eventually be relinquished to them. There will be many. They will see in time that what the Chicano Movement is more than it may appear at first glimpse."

"That's right," said Steve. "On the surface the Chicano Movement seems tame. But this is only on the surface. Like Raul said we need the cultural support, the students and things. But on a different level we have something just as strong as the army. Those who will do the actual fighting. The Chicano has nothing to lose and all to gain from political liberation. We have those with the courage to lead the unconcerned masses. Small groups of combatants could be employed to strike areas that will be only targets to extend fear and respect into the community. We don't want to fuck over the U. S. Government. Only the locale of

immediate bastions. The ripples will reach city hall, if not the White House. We don't want to rule the entire country, only what is rightfully ours."

Steve's statement may have sounded somewhat exaggerated, but I didn't take it so.

"The pig thinks he has control," said Thomas. "He don't have shit. His gun, his bullets don't mean nothing. We have bullets too and we can use them; we can aim just as straight as any honkie looking down the sights of a rifle."

"Right now there are few of us," said Elena. "But there will be many that will follow. We are the seed of revolution in this land. We are the ones that will take back what belongs to us."

The name Aztlan streamed through my mind as I listened to her words. I had heard this word before but I had never understood it quite as vividly as I understood it then.

Then, too, I thought of the lowriders in L. A., the vatos locos, the pachucos. These people here were much like them, in their rowdiness, in their spirit for life and in their adventurous nature. Only the revolutionaries I sat with during those hours of conversation had one quality that the barrio lowriders of L. A. lacked: a meaningful purpose to their existence; such a purpose as the people of the San Joaquin Valley have, a frame of mind that wedged them together into a tight, friendly group with the revolutionary spirit deeply rooted in their soul. I wondered also how the East-side lowriders would be if they too had the same purpose to live for.

"Revolution," said Raul, "cannot be dealt with by those who know nothing about it. And they will never know anything about it until they get back to their roots, their cultural roots and in some sense to their land, to the fields, to the soil. Because, after all, this is where it all began."

THEND

¡OIGAN!

La barriada no es nada sin madera y cochinadas. Avienten-
sen Chickspatas mandenos sus fantasias en forma de his-
torias, poemas, ensayos, dibujos, retratos tratando de las
cosas del barrio sin dilato.

SEND MATERIAL TO:

CON SAFOS INC.✕

P.O. BOX 31085

LOS ANGELES

90031



BLUE BIKE BRINGS

A BLUE DAY

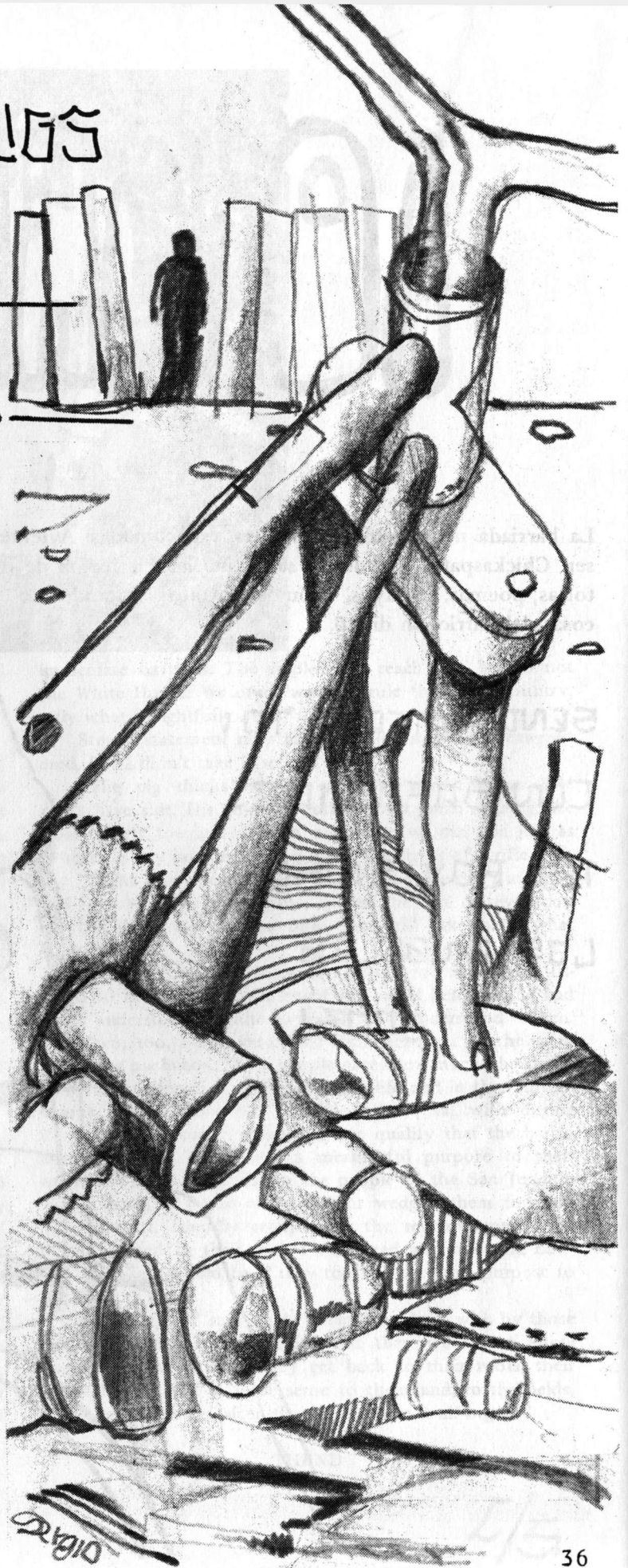
— • Jeronimo • —

— • ^{G.}ORTEGA • —

Chinto walked slowly, enjoying the afternoon as he headed home. He had been out all morning selling the *Sunday Times*. He had earned \$4.50 and was happy because the money would help keep food on the table until his Tio Chuy received the check on the first of the month. He was walking through the short cut he always took — over the hills that formed a corona around the barrio. It was easier to get home that way, easier than going around the hills and then back up the valley. The grass was golden yellow and the hillsides were trailed with slides the kids had grooved out by sliding down the dry grass with cardboard. The area at the bottom of the hill was cluttered with trash, cans and old bed frames. Chinto usually stopped and lined up cans on the bed frames and tested his aim by trying to knock them down with rocks. But now he was eager to get home to tell Tio Chuy about the money.

As he reached the bottom of the hill he walked over a pile of cans to get to the dirt road that led to Tio Chuy's house. Chinto would usually climb these piles and kick and scatter as many of the cans as he could, then bust out running for home with all his might. But now he stopped. He had noticed a two wheel bicycle frame sticking out among all the junk. He bent down to examine the bicycle. The front tire was twisted and the spokes stuck out at all angles. It didn't have a seat, one of the pedals was missing, the back tire was flat, and the bicycle chain was missing.

Chinto had never had a bike of his own, but he had learned to ride one last summer when his primo, Fernando, had taught him. His Tio Chuy couldn't afford to get him one either. So now, as he looked at this wrecked bike, an idea began to come to him. He would fix it. But he wondered how to explain the bike and the possibilities of repairing it to Tio Chuy. Then he thought of it. He'd save 50c this week and work harder next Sunday. In a few weeks he would have enough money to fix the bike. And for now, he could paint it at least. Tio Chuy kept some leftover paint under the sink. It was light blue. He had used it in the bathroom and some was left. Chinto took the bike by the handlebars and, balancing it on the flat back tire, pushed and shoved it home, thinking happily of the babyblue colored bike he would create as his own in a couple of weeks.



When he got to the house, he looked around for Tio Chuy. He saw him sitting near the side of the house, the shady side. He dragged the bike over.

"Tio Chuy," he said, "look what I found."

Tio Chuy looked up from the newspaper, *La Opinion*, and looked curiously at Chinto.

"¿Que es, Chinto?" he asked.

"A bicycle. I found it by the hill."

"¿Porque la quieres? Está descompuesta," answered Tio Chuy.

"Can I keep it?"

Tio Chuy shrugged his shoulders.

"I can fix it," Chinto pleaded. "I know it is broken, but if I sell more papers and save, in a few weeks I can have it ready."

Tio Chuy couldn't argue in the face of Chinto's excitement.

"Bueno, Chinto," he said, "Esta bien. Vamos a ver si la podemos arreglar."

Chinto wanted to get started right away.

"Tio, could we paint the bike right now? At least that? We can use the blue paint you have under the sink."

Tio Chuy nodded. "Si. Ve traímela."

While Chinto went into the house, Tio Chuy dismantled the wheels and with a wire coat hanger, attached the frame to the large avocado tree in the yard. Chinto hurried back with the paint and they set to painting the bike with the light, skyblue paint. When they had finished, the bike was still only a frame, but Chinto was pleased with the result as he sat next to the frame and waited for the glistening paint to dry. Tio Chuy sat next to him, pleased at the boy's happiness and confident that Chinto would create a good bike for himself from this dangling frame.

The weeks passed. Chinto sold more papers each week, putting aside some money for the bike. Soon he had the tires, the chain and all the missing items except for the fenders. They cost more and he would have to be patient. But the bike could be ridden and he began to ride it all around the barrio, proud of it and enjoying showing it off to his friends. All he needed were the fenders to be completely proud of it.

As luck would have it, Chinto would be able to give all the money he was saving for the fenders to Tio Chuy for food. Chinto and some of the boys from the barrio were going one day to Mr. Morgan's trees. They were going there to get some loquats. They did this often, but this day as they were heading there, Chinto spotted some boxes and a large barrel of trash in an alley. He stopped when he noticed a light blue fender with a white eagle design painted on it jutting from the large barrel. He quickly pulled it out and inspected it. It was almost new. He looked into the barrel and found the front fender and a bicycle basket. The fenders matched! The basket would fit perfectly on his bike. He forgot about the loquats and carrying the fenders and basket, ran home to put them onto his own bike. He told Tio Chuy about his lucky find and gave him the money he had been saving. Tio Chuy was pleased and examined the fenders and basket. He smilingly told Chinto to hurry and put them on.

"Ahora que tiene canasta tu bicicleta," he said, "quiero que vayas a la tienda a un mandado. Nos sirve bien tu suerte."

When he had finished assembling the bike, Chinto left the house and proudly pedaled his now whole bike through the barrio as he headed to the supermarket six blocks away. He was thinking how fortunate he was to have found those parts, almost new, how really lucky that they had been almost the same color and fit his bike perfectly. And the eagle design, it made him feel like a diving eagle as the wind swept by his face as he sped down the street. He was thinking about all of these things as he pulled up to a light a block away from the market. He was so deep in joy and thought that at first he didn't hear the woman's voice addressing him. But finally, when he noticed, he turned toward the curb and saw a tall, well dressed woman talking to him.

"Were you talking to me?" he asked.

The woman looked angry. "I asked you where you got that bike," she said, her voice harsh.

"It's mine," Chinto replied, watching the signal for the green light as he talked.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Sure, I'm sure. My Tio bought it for me." As soon as he said it, he felt he should have told the truth. But it was out now.

"Did he buy it for you with that eagle painted on the fender?" she asked, coming closer and looking at the design.

Chinto was beginning to feel uneasy. The way the women questioned and looked at him, he was starting to worry about having taken the fenders out of the barrel. Maybe they belonged to her or someone she knew. The woman finally straightened, just as Chinto noticed the light turn to green.

"This isn't your bike, little boy," she said. But he didn't hear, for he had pulled away from her and was speeding toward the market, leaving her yelling behind him.

In the market he hurried with Tio Chuy's mandado and trotted from the store to his bike. He had parked it behind the market, out of sight. But as he was running towards it, he saw the woman. She was standing by the bike, her hand on top of the seat.

"You stole this bike," she said, as he came up.

"No, I didn't. It's mine."

He put his package in the basket and tried to wrestle the bike away from her. "It's mine, it's mine," he kept yelling.

"You give me this bike, you thieving Mexican," the lady screamed. "It belongs to my son. That's his eagle painted on the fender."

Chinto tried the truth.

"Lady, I didn't steal your son's bike," he pleaded. "I found it and fixed it, so it belongs to me. It's mine. I found it at the dump." He felt tears forming. The lady wasn't believing him and held onto the bike.

"You're a liar!" she screamed. "Nobody would throw a bike like this away."

A group of people had gathered around. The lady yelled at them to call the cops. Chinto, really afraid and confused now, began to drag the bike away from the woman. She

wouldn't let go. Suddenly a strong arm grabbed Chinto from behind and held him tight.

"He's a thief, he stole my son's bike," the woman yelled. The man had Chinto by the back of the neck.

"You'd better stay still, punk," the man was saying as he squeezed, "or I'm gonna break your Mexican neck." Chinto was terrified and stayed still. He tried to plead with the tall white man.

"She don't know what she's talking about, mister. It's my bike. I found it and fixed it. You can ask my Tio Chuy ... he knows."

"Shaddup you thieving little ..." the man didn't finish for a patrol car had pulled up. A big redfaced policeman got out on one side, a younger one on the other. The young one came over and took a hold of Chinto, thanking the tall white man for holding him, while the redfaced one spoke to the woman. Chinto could hear her telling him about the bike.

"It's a lie," he yelled. "It's my bike!" The policeman holding him slapped him across the face.

"Don't you talk to people like that. Learn how to respect," he said, tightening his grip on Chinto's arm.

The blow hurt and Chinto covered his face with his hands and swore softly into his hands. He was furious and bewildered. He felt like breaking the bike, every last spoke and piece of metal of it over the heads of the cops and the woman and the tall man. But all he could finally do was cry.

The older policeman came over. The lady stood behind him and glared at Chinto.

"Let's take him in," he said to the policeman holding Chinto.

Chinto tried desperately to convince them they were wrong. "I found it," he cried. "I didn't steal it. Ask my Uncle Chuy. He'll tell you."

The older policeman spoke to him. "This guy, your uncle, you live with him?"

Chinto nodded. "He knows the true story. He helped me fix the bike."

The big cop turned toward the woman. "We're going to check it out. It's routine. We'll get you your bike."

They put the bike into the trunk of the patrol car and hustled Chinto in. He told them where he lived and they left the market parking lot. Through the open window Chinto had heard the woman damning all these "Mexican" punks for not letting decent people live in peace.

At Tio Chuy's house, the police pushed Chinto from the car and up the steps and knocked on the door. Tio Chuy opened the door, surprised as he saw who it was.

"Are you this kid's uncle?" the redfaced policeman asked Tio Chuy.

Tio Chuy nodded.

"He claims he found a bike. We think he stole it. What do you know about it?"

Tio Chuy picked his words carefully. "I no speak no good ingles, but my Chinto no stole no bike. He good boy, very good. He work, sell papers, fix bicicleta. No, no senor, Chinto no stole."

The younger one spoke up.

"Look, mister. A lady says it's her son's bike. She's identified it. That means that this kid is telling a lie."

Tio Chuy started to protest, but the policeman wasn't listening.

"I think you people ought to watch your kids better," he continued, "so they don't go around stealing everything that isn't nailed down. You're supposed to be responsible for them."

Tio Chuy could only utter that Chinto was a good boy, that he wouldn't steal.

"We're taking him with us," the older policeman said. "You can pick him up at Juvenile Hall where he belongs."

Tio Chuy stopped them. "No, señores. El es muy chico ... too small for jail ... Leave him, por favor. He good boy, he no stole no bike."

The younger one shook his head. "We're going to teach him not to steal."

Tio Chuy tried one last desperate plea, he would speak the lie that they waited for.

"Wait. O.k., o.k. Maybe my sobrino stole the bike. I fix him ... he will not steal again, o.k.? Por favor, no jail. I take care of him."

The policemen looked at each other.

The older one nodded. "Just make sure that you do take care of him. We have a place for kids like this so don't let him go around stealing. Comprende?"

Tio Chuy feigned gratitude. "Gracias, señor. Gracias." But there was hatred in his eyes.

Chinto had been too confused and shaken to follow the conversation between his uncle and the policemen closely. He had thought that Tio Chuy had it all settled.

"Can I get my bike now, Mr. Policeman?" he asked.

"No. You stole that bike and we're taking it to the rightful owner. I'm giving you a chance this time, but you better not steal again." As the older policeman was saying this he had Chinto by the shoulder, and he squeezed hard, hurting. "Understand?" he said.

Chinto was silent. Then began to protest. "But - - -" he began. But Tio Chuy stopped him.

"Dejalo, Chinto. No se puede hacer nada."

"Remember what we said," the young one yelled back to Tio Chuy as they headed down the steps. "Keep him out of trouble."

They got into their car and pulled away, their tires screeching as they shot out of the yard. Chinto was too stunned to speak as he watched his bike disappear with the patrol car. Then he looked up at Tio Chuy, tears streaming down his face.

"Tio Chuy. Why didn't they believe me? Why did you let them take my bike? Why didn't you tell them?"

Tio Chuy put his hand on Chinto's head. "Hijo, yo se que no te la robaste, pero no pude dejar que te llevaran a la carcel. Con ellos no se puede discutir."

Chinto's tears rolled freely as he watched the disappearing patrol car. He couldn't understand any of it. All he knew was that it was his bike and they'd taken it away from him. Next to him, Tio Chuy stared after the car with anger and hatred and frustration welling up in him. He was feeling very sorry for Chinto. For he knew that even if he could say something to Chinto, there would never be enough money in his monthly check to get Chinto another bike.

Jeronimo G. Ortega.

A TRIP THROUGH THE MIND JAIL

for ELDRIDGE

LA LOMA

Neighborhood of my youth
demolished, erased forever from
the universe.

You live on, captive, in the lonely
cellblocks of my mind.

Neighborhood of endless hills

muddied streets — all chuckhole lined —
that never drank of asphalt.

Kids barefoot/snotty-nosed
playing marbles, munching on bean tacos
(the kind you'll never find in a café)
2 peaceful generations removed from
their *abuelos'* revolution.

Neighborhood of dilapidated community hall

--- Salon Cinco de Mayo ---

yearly (May 5/Sept. 16) gathering
of the familias. Re-asserting pride
on those two significant days.

Speeches by the elders

patriarchs with evidence of oppression
distinctly etched upon *mestizo* faces.

"Sons of the Independence!"

Emphasis on allegiance to the *tri-color*
obscure names: Juárez & Hidalgo

their heroic deeds. Nostalgic tales of war
years under Villa's command. No one listened,
no one seemed to really care.

Afterwards, the dance. Modest Mexican
maidens dancing polkas together
across splintered wooden floor.

They never deigned to dance with boys!

The careful scrutiny by curbstome sex-perts
8 & 9 years old. "Minga's bow-legged,
so we know she's done it, huh?"

[A Trip Through the Mind Jail is dedicated by a Chicano poet, Raul R. Salinas, from his little room at Leavenworth, to his camarada wherever he is, El Eldridge (Leroy) Cleaver de Rose Hill, barrio de Con Safos — Ed.]

Neighborhood of Sunday night *jamaicas*
at Guadalupe Church.

Fiestas for any occasion
holidays holy days happy days
'round and 'round the promenade
eating snow-cones - - - raspas - - - & tamales
the games - bingo cake walk spin the wheel
making eyes at girls from cleaner neighborhoods
the unobtainables
who responded all giggles and excitement.

Neighborhood of forays down to Buena Vista -

Santa Rita Courts - Los projects - friendly neighborhood
cops n' robbers on the rooftops, sneaking peeks
in people's private night-time bedrooms
bearing gifts of Juicy Fruit gum for
the Projects girls/chasing them in adolescent heat
causing skinned knees & being run off for the night
disenchanted walking home affections spurned
stopping stay-out-late chicks in search of
Modern Romance lovers, who always stood them up
unable to leave their world in the magazines pages.
Angry fingers grabbing, squeezing, feeling,
french kisses imposed; close bodily contact, thigh &
belly rubbings under shadows of Cristo Rey Church.

Neighborhood that never saw a school-bus
the cross-town walks were much more fun
embarrassed when acquaintances or friends or relatives
were sent home excused from class
for having cooties in their hair!
Did only Mexicans have cooties in their hair?

Qué gacho!

Neighborhood of Zaragoza Park

where scary stories interspersed with
inherited superstitions were exchanged
waiting for midnight and the haunting
lament of La Llorona - - - the weeping lady
of our myths & folklore - - - who wept nightly,
along the banks of Boggy Creek,
for the children she'd lost or drowned
in some river (depending on the version)
i think i heard her once
and cried
out of sadness and fear
running all the way home nape hairs at attention
swallow a pinch of table salt and
make the sign of the cross
sure cure for frightened Mexican boys.



Neighborhood of Spanish Town Cafe
 first grown-up (13) hangout
 Andres,
 tolerant manager, proprietor, cook
 victim of bungling baby burglars
 your loss: Fritos n' Pepsi-Colas - - - was our gain
 you put up with us and still survived!
 You too, are granted immortality.

Neighborhood of groups and clusters
 sniffing gas, drinking muscatel
 solidarity cement hardening
 the clan the family the neighborhood the gang
Nomás!

Restless innocents tattoo'd crosses on their hands
 "just doing things different"
 "From now on, all troublemaking mex kids will
 be sent to Gatesville for 9 months."
 Henry home from *la corre*
 khakis worn too low - - - below the waist
 the stomps, the *greña* with duck-tail
 — Pachuco Yo —

Neighborhood of could-be artists
 who plied their talents on the pool's
 bath-house walls/ intricately adorned
 with esoteric symbols of their cult:

LOWER EL NUEVO CS 2-TIMER EASTSIDE



the art form of our slums
 more meaningful & significant
 than Egypt's finest hieroglyphics.

Neighborhood where purple clouds of *Yesca*
 smoke one day descended & embraced us all.
 Skulls uncapped — Rhythm n' Blues
 Chalie's 7th. St. Club

loud negro music—wine spodee—odees—barbecue—grass
 our very own connection man: big black Johnny B-----

Neighborhood of Reyes' Bar
 where Lalo shotgunned
 Pete Evans to death because of
 an unintentional stare,
 and because he was *escuadra*,
 only to end his life neatly sliced
 by a prison barber's razor.
 Durán's grocery & gas station
 Guero drunkenly stabbed Julio
 arguing over who'd drive home
 and got 55 years for his crime.
 Raton: 20 years for a matchbox of weed. Is that cold?
 No lawyer no jury no trial i'm guilty.

Aren't we all guilty?

Indian mothers, too, so unaware
 of courtroom tragi-comedies
 folded arms across their bosoms
 saying, "Sea por Dios."

Neighborhood of my childhood

neighborhood that no longer exists
some died young — fortunate — some rot in prisons
the rest drifted away to be conjured up
in minds of others like them.

For me: only the NOW of THIS journey is REAL!

Neighborhood of my adolescence

neighborhood that is no more
YOU ARE TORN PIECES OF MY FLESH!!!
Therefore, you ARE.

LA LOMA - - - AUSTIN - - - MI BARRIO - - -

i bear you no grudge

i needed you then . . . identity . . . a sense of belonging.

i need you now.

So essential to adult days of imprisonment,
you keep me away from INSANITY'S hungry jaws;

Smiling/Laughing/Crying.

i respect your having been:

My Loma of Austin
my Rose Hill of Los Angeles
my West Side of San Anto
my Quinto of Houston
my Jackson of San Jo
my Segundo of El Paso
my Barelitas of Alburque
my Westside of Denver

Flats, Los Marcos, Maravilla, Calle Guadalupe, Magnolia,
Buena Vista, Mateo, La Seis, Chiquis, El Sur and all

Chicano neighborhoods that now exist and once
existed; somewhere, someone remembers

L/E

raúlrsalinas
14, Sept. — '69



WHITTIER
KERN

EL HUNDE DE LA UNIVISION PAREN
RISE HILL
44
POR VIDA LOCA
EL BATMAN
GOTHAM CT

= ROPPO = GEOMETRO
de
FUCKTUBU EUCLED HTS.
RIFA

no te apures -- no es piano --

"TU ABUELITA
EN SKATEBOARD
-- RIFA --"

LA HARINA
LAS VISAS
TIENEN ORENAS

EL SONRISA
CON USA
LA MONA USA
POR VIDA

CHINCHI
COLCHON
EL OSCAR
PASO

El Bill
de SEARS

CHICARRO
SABSO
EL BICHO
NO ES GUSANO
lil Tumbecasas
de Modelcities
LA PALA
NO HALE
LA JURA LA
ME REDURA

"KERN"
MARA
13

Chupon
de la
TETERA

EL ROUNDMAN
de FIATS

GIVE ANYONE AN INCH
AND THEY'LL TAKE A MILE
TOMA

"ALHABES
Y JEADUEYE"
POR VIDA

ON
GATO
de
LAS BOLAS
13

CHITO
EASTSIDE
= M =
ALGE

ANITO
NORWALK
1951-55

RAFAS

MARCO



C/S CLASSIK

JOIN - WOMENS LIB.



EDITORIAL

The Chicano is hanging precariously between two cultures. This is an awkward posture because it creates an uncertain footing for cultural values. *What is moral? What is the "proper" behavior? What do I identify with?* Questions Chicanos have always asked. No people can be comfortable or have peace of mind as long as they are "hung up" in such an indecisive position.

In the case of the Chicano, it has led to ethnic insecurity which has forced him to make self-defeating decisions. *Do I accept the yankee system and assimilate away, forget I'm Mexican? Or do I clutch to my Mexicanism so that it prevents me from effectively using the yankee tools?* But the answer can never be found in this sort of grappling for a foothold to the right or to the left. Either side will always be of uncertain ground in one way or another. The only solid footing the Chicano is likely to find is not to either side, but firmly between the extremity of his reaches. He can plant himself straight down, and hold himself up. Not until he does this will he be able to take the noose from his neck and breathe deeply as a whole and balanced man on his own *tierra firme*.

In terms of today's social dynamics, this will be a difficult thing to do because of the confusion amongst Chicanos between that which is the *body politic* and *cultural evolution*. That the words "cultural" and "political" can often be interchanged in most current movement rhetoric without affecting the intended meaning is indicative of this confusion, even though "the movement" is *primarily political* and *hardly cultural*. Most Chicanos are not, however, confused about their political allegiances. They are not hanging in the schizophrenic dilemma of having to decide whether they are Mexican political nationals or U.S.A. political nationals.

When a Chicano says, "Soy Mejicano," he usually means that he is attuned to an emotional harmony, linked to a historical presence which makes him Mexican. *Su sangre y su politica tiene casi nada que ver, en actualidad, con el sentido de ser Mejicano o pertenecer a La Raza.*

Nevertheless, all the politicking, the movidas, la causa y el movimiento, as they relate to ethnic unity, are bound to fail in achieving greater ethnicity if there is no concrete culture to buttress the actions. A definitive culture would give the Chicano the security of a clear and stable identity in the U.S., and it would preclude the psychological liability of

"being Mexican," an identity that no longer serves the needs of Chicanos, nor can be used to excuse the lack of Chicano cultural evolution.

Paradoxically, it is the Mexican culture, not Mexican politics, that has brought about the social collision in the Southwest between the Mexican and the yankee. And now it is Chicano politics, not Chicano culture, that are attempting to resolve these social problems. To do so without a cultural foundation of our own is to deal with the yankee on his terms, and this can only lead to defeat by total absorption into the yankee system. A Chicano culture must correspond with any and all political movidas in order to insure ethnic survival. Only then can we deal with the yankee on our terms.

A secondary dimension of this same paradox is that it has largely been U.S. *politics and economics* which have brought about the cultural schism between Pochos and Mejicanos. And it is this divisive aspect that morally obligates us to a Chicano ethic which in turn should evolve into Chicano culture.

Our salvation rests upon our ability to set this cultural evolution into motion. It will necessitate the strength of being ourselves, and it will require the halting of the increasing current of Mexican American assimilation into yankee society. We must cease trying to be someone or something else. Our ethnic identity can only be a social force if it is manifest in our own Chicano culture.

We must stop aping Mexican art and start moulding our own stuff.

We must stop playing the U.S. "socio-political" organization and start running our own.

Both the *cultural* and the *political* must hang together if we are to survive as a dynamic force in the society.

This is no easy task. To continue hanging in such precarious balance then can either totally exhaust our ethnic relevance or promote us into a dynamic social force. This latter posture burdens us with an undeniable moral and social responsibility which can be defined as the perpetuation of our culture as an ethnic off-shoot of our Raza.

We are dangling in unfamiliar space, a very difficult position. I know, because no one in my family was ever hung — until I came along.

CON SAFOS helps to bind us together.

C/S

M*TOE

To Con Safos,

The pictures and drawings
en La Raza hablan de la revolucion . . .
carrilleras
machetes
caballos
sombreros
rifles
la mujer con el sufrimiento en la cara
strong
y con su hombre
until death
nos cuentan de los indios . . .
their culture deeply embedded shall forever remain—
even if only a little
Mexico . . .
nos acordamos de la bandera
it is everywhere — pictures of the flag
red and green in clothing
o en otras cosas
and the eagle and serpent

All of these things relate to the Chicano — Pocho, neither Mexican nor Anglo. As a group he is accepted by neither, yet he identifies himself more with the Mexican culture rather than with the Anglo culture in which he lives. Los indios were highly civilized — they are part of the Chicano identity. The Spaniards, on the other hand, are also part of the Chicano; even though he is recognized he is not so positively accepted. La revolucion keeps in mind and spirit the will for justice and a better way of life — taking up arms when necessary. Chicanos have taken the "good" from Mexican culture with which to identify, and yet they have taken nothing or very little from the Anglo culture. This art — drawings and photographs — has something of the Chicano identity. The drawings are rough in manner; they have a feeling of strength from within. This again is the Chicano — rough because of a rough life, and strength from his heritage.

Yet, this seems to be becoming but a whisper in the wind now. The Anglo's brainwashing is showing in the Chicano. Is the Chicano going to die out? Is he going to leave the country? Or is he going to follow Zapata, Villa, Hidalgo, and the many others and begin a revolution? I keep hearing "When the revolution comes . . . When the revolution comes . . ." IS there going to be a revolution?

— Carlos Arce

To Con Safos:

— I notice that you seem to call for contributions in a more outward manner than do your other contemporary publications — I think you could gain more if you asked for criticisms in the same manner from these same people. I do not want to imply there's anything wrong with your magazine — even though I personally think it's disoriented, self-serving and Anglo influenced — anyway I think that considering the kids nowadays and where they are going, your magazine does at least provide them with some gut-level reactions and some "pochismo" words if nothing else. By the way your barriology exams are not properly scored, but that's neither here nor there . . .

Unsigned

A Quien Corresponda:

Siempre he estado orgullosa de ser Mexicana, hasta que me toco leer su magazine, CON SAFOS. Me senti por primera vez de serlo pensar que hay personas que les den a los Estudiantes de el Colegio de el Este de Los Angeles lo mas bajo, sucio, el vocabulario mas abominante que en mi vida habia leído . . .

Yo no se que tratan de poner en la mente de estos jovenes ni sus intenciones, cualquier cosa que sea es lo mas vulgar y asqueroso que he leído. No podia creer lo que estaba leyendo, y darselos en un colegio; Bastante esta el mundo ahorita de envidia, odio — Comunismo — Quieren quitar a Dios! Pero sin EL, nadie puede vivir ni nadie somos. Todos nos creemos mucho cuando tenemos salud, y estamos jovenes — pero cuando llegamos a estar solos con nuestra conciencia y enfermamos, entonces, quisieramos haber hecho en nuestra vida algo constructivo. Por favor Ustedes son Personas Inteligentes, pues escriban algo bueno, por el propio bien por sus padres — por sus hijos. Por el Nombre de Todos los Latinos. Y dios los bendigara. Y saben que va a pasar? Que ustedes van a ser muy FELICES!

Sra. Carmen Jimenez

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your magazine. I laughed, I felt pride and for some moments almost cried. Reading some of the articles reminded me of my childhood and our BARRIO.

It's like reading about one's own family; Tios, Abuelos, Primos. Hot Summer nights with the crickets going full blast and the Chavalos running around in the dark late at night, laughing, running and scaring the hell out of the little ones with HAY VIENE LA LLORONA! Ending up in groups and beating the hell out of each-other. Not with hate but with love. CARNAL LOVE. In the end watching and waiting for the "Chismo" to run in and tell the Abuelito about the broken rose bushes or chile plants. And then the tall, strong, tired Abuelo stepping out on the creaky porch like a mighty giant peering out through his wrinkled brows immobilizing even the bravest of the group into complete humility, while fear for our hides filled the air.

Much of this is part of all Chicanos. We are regarded as "Deprived" but are we really? There is much Love, Pride and Determination molded together with fantastic Faith. Combining all this we can truly look forward to a complete awakening, because the Chicano has been asleep for 100 years. Despierta mi bien, despierta!

I am submitting a one year subscription to your magazine and I shall be waiting for future editions anxiously.

Con mucho Orgullo de ser Chicano Del Barrio.

Por Vida.

Guadalupe Valdez, Secretary
 San Jose State College
 Mexican American Graduate Studies

Dear Vatos Locos of Con Safos:

You pride yourselves in being Vatos Locos and you really are; but you are more than "vatos locos," you are liars and thieves. You are liars because you say you print all sides of the "Chicano reality" and yet you follow the communist line most of the time. You are thieves because you have not sent me a subscription even though I've sent you money twice. I wonder what the hell you have a distribution director for. I'm sending you one of my stories to see if given the real chance you will publish all sides. If you do not print it, you can shove it up your commy fundido . . . and you can also forget the subscription. I don't want any commy literature in my home.

Tio Tacos Are People Too

When I read that El Heraldo de La Raza, a Chicano paper run by Commies, called me a Tio Taco simply because I had said that if the people of East Los Angeles did not keep their parks clean they did not deserve them, I was stunned. They also went on to blame me because I had supported the move to trade a park in East L.A. for valuable land on the West Side. Those commy bums didn't even know what a good deal it was. But I held my temper pretty good until they started calling me Tio Chueco also, which really was dirty since I had been wounded in the leg during World War II and had won the Bronze Star. Imagine . . . I had fought in Germany to keep the Germans from making mince-meat of the Reds and now they were calling me Tio Taco and Tio Chueco. And like I said I was furious . . . so furious that I wanted to go to Chief Roddett's office to talk him into giving me a dozen of his best trained police officers to lead an attack on their headquarters and murder those foul-mouthed commies. But I held back knowing they wouldn't let me. And besides some funny things started to happen, things I never would have thought would happen. First I learned that the anger I felt was with myself and would destroy me if I didn't control it. I learned that under the Bill of Rights even the dirty radicals and communists had to be allowed to print what they felt, and that it was good to know what they were saying. And while I didn't mention it to anyone, I began to feel a newly found sense of importance; I was no longer just Alonso Saltatorres, a real estate agent attached to the Mayor's office as Commissioner of Parks and Recreations; I was no longer just a successful American of Mexican Descent . . . no, the charges of being a Tio Taco, a sell-out, a vendido, actually gave me a newly found prestige. Even the Heads of other departments began to invite me to their functions and I was invited to become a police commissioner which appealed to me more than Parks and Recreation Commissioner. I even became less self-conscious of my limp which up to this point had been nothing but a curse, even when I made people believe I had gotten it in the war when in fact I had gotten it because I had polio at an early age. Yes, I began to stop being just a cripple and was no longer terrified to speak a few words in behalf of the Mexican community during the Mayor's banquets. The truth is that for the first time I really felt like one of the good guys. I even started feeling that when people began to notice my bad leg, they somehow felt that I was a cripple because I was a one man crusade against the communists that had infiltrated our good Mexican American communities.

My real estate business began to flourish and occasionally I could even go to the City Planner's office and get information that gave me a better idea of what lots and homes to invest in. Best of all my credit at the banks improved and I could borrow almost twice as much as before even though my profit and loss statements had not grown that much better. In fact, it was only a year from the time that the communists came into the barrios that I was able to buy a five bedroom home in Monterey Park . . . which made my wife happy for the first time that I could really notice, for before that she was so unhappy having to bring up our two daughters in the barrios where narcotics were more plentiful than water and tortillas and where at least once a week one gang would kill a member of another gang.

One day while I was in the middle of transacting a minor sale of property for twice the amount I had invested, I got a call from the District Attorney's Office. At first I got terrified that they had caught up with some of the deals I had gambled on when I was younger and more desperate and the hundreds of illegal things I had been involved in visited my mind. They wouldn't tell me what the D.A. wanted, but assured me that it had something to do with a plan they had that I could help them with. Later to my great delight I found out that they were getting ready to move on the communists and that I was being asked to be a part of the plot. I even wondered if they would let me use the kind of weapon I chose and began to see myself shooting them down and shouting: "This will teach you to call me a Tio Taco hijos de la chingada!" Of course I had forgotten how much they had actually made my life better and more prosperous. Besides that I found out that there was going to be no need for shooting or anything great like that. The plan called for a raid on the headquarters of El Heraldo de La Raza where they were sure they could find evidence of what they called a conspiracy to cause school walk-outs. All they wanted to know from me was whether I thought the community would give the communists support that would prove embarrassing to the police and the D.A.'s office. I told them that Mexicans would never support commies because they had made so much trouble there during the so called revolution. I also told them that I thought they would like it better if they raided their headquarters and get rid of them once and for all. But they admonished me and told me that even to get rid of commies, we had to use the democratic process. I felt hot with embarrassment, and shot by anger I did not dare to express, for I had been brought up to believe that the good guys had a right to shoot down the bad guys. The D.A. after a while sensed I had dropped into doubt and depression and took me aside. He told me that if he could, he would give me a medal for just wanting to shoot it out with the Commies and told me that while it would be the quickest way, there would be too much doubt in the minds of the people about who these men really were, especially difficult he told me would be the troubles he would have with the socialists, the young leftists and the relatives of those involved. Besides he said, "This is the best and most thorough way to expose their ugly lies." And he assured me that it would all be done very systematically and scientifically.

I left his office still a bit depressed but more than anything confused. The next day I read the headlines of the Los Angeles papers. "Communist Plot Uncovered." Thirteen arrested for conspiracy.

The next time I met the D.A., he reminded me that while the arrest went smoothly he was disappointed in me because I had underestimated the kind of response they could expect from the community. I tried to tell him that since I had moved to Monterey Park I was not as close to the people in the barrios anymore and reminded him that the people have often been known to react against the police. And to tell the truth, I wanted to tell him that the guys he had had arrested didn't really seem to be communists after all; but I didn't say anything because all I wanted to do is leave his office.

If you were smart you would want to hear the rest of my story but as you might have already guessed I've been lying . . . my real name is not Alfonso Saltatorres. And I have never been a real estate agent or a commissioner. But I still hate commies and I still dare you to print my story. One thing for sure, the days of Con Safos are numbered. What made you guys think anyone would support "vatos locos" anyway. In fact, I really lied about sending in subscriptions. You don't think I would support a commy front that probably sends its money to Castro?

A true and loyal American,
 (which you'll never understand)

• ANSWERS TO BARRIOLOGY EXAM •

1. El gordo y el Flaco.
2. Ducktail.
3. A speech defect.
4. C. Keep the group norm.
5. Both describe one who asks for handouts.
6. B. Bad for one's stomach.
7. Veteranos—Adults who have been through barrio warfare and usually no longer take part in gang hassles.
8. Trash bags and garbage containers.
9. Titere fue — a chant used by children to select players for a game — similar to "one potato, two potato," etc.
10. A customized car.
11. Coffee and black or dark person.
12. (Mollera refers to the soft spot on a baby's head.) Pick up the child by his feet and let him hang, head down — this in order to restore the shape of the head.
13. Mi Madre — "I swear by my mother."
14. To join the paratroopers has been a sign of masculinity and courage.
15. Chilaquiles.
16. El Paso — El Chamisal.
17. Night person — literally means owl but it has been used to describe people who stay out at night and are up to "no good."
18. Richie Valens.
19. has immigrated to the U.S.A.
20. A burro with large ears.
21. During lent.
22. New Mexico.
23. *Tiene el teles* — that person must keep score and referee the game in progress.
24. He would pick it up, dust it off and kiss it towards Heaven. This act would cleanse it from contamination of the devil.
25. Guests will be arriving.
26. Hide and not answer.
27. The Cholas or pachucas in the early 1940's.
28. A demand by one to share in food, candy, etc. that his friend has.
29. De cinco y de siete — a Children's taunt.
30. Soda del Martillo — Arm and Hammer Soda.



RATE YOURSELF ON THE CON+SAFOS BARRIOLOGY QUOTIENT SCALE

Barriology Examination Questions answered correctly:

25 to 30
20 to 24
15 to 19
10 to 14
5 to 9
0 to 4

Chicano Barriologist, *o muy de aquellas.*
High Potential, *o ya casi*
Mexican-American, *o keep trying ese*
Vendido, o culturally deprived
Pobrecito
Pendejo

1/5

GLOSSARY

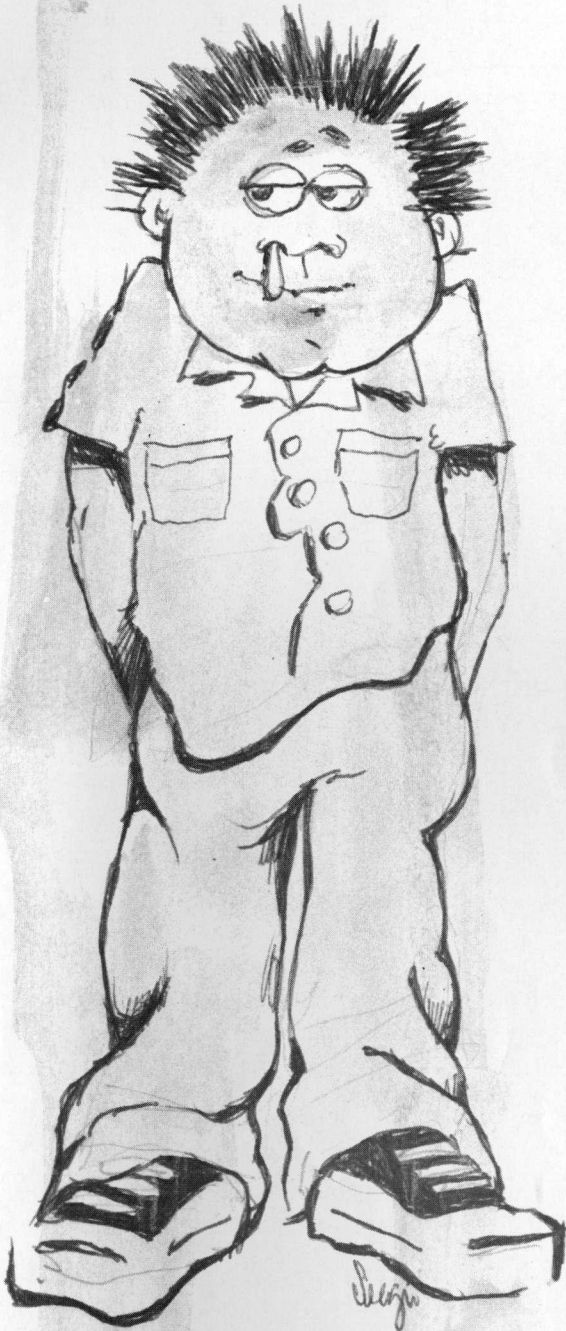
abuelos, *n.pl.*, grandparents.
ándale, *v.*, come on; hurry up.
Aztlan, *p.n.*, mythical land of origin of the Aztecs.
banqueta, *n.f.*, sidewalk.
barrio, *n.m.*, Mexican American community or neighborhood.
batos, *n.pl.caló*, guys, dudes; derives from the word *batido*, a dirty, sloppy person.
berga, *n.f. caló*, penis, prick, cock.
biklas, *n.pl.caló*, bicycles, bikes.
bofos, *n.pl.caló*, apathetic, lazy.
buenotas, *n.pl.caló*, desirable woman; sexy broad.
Caló, *n.m.caló*, argot of the Chicano.
camarada, *n.f.*, comrade; buddy, pal, one of the boys.
carnal, *n.m.caló*, from *carne*, meaning flesh; brother; blood brother.
carnalito, *n.*, diminutive of *carnal*.
carrucha, *n.f.caló*, derives from *car*, meaning *car*.
(la) corre, *n.f.caló*, contraction of correctional institution.
chale, *adv. caló*, no, negative, nix.
chante, *n.caló*, house, dwelling, pad.
chisme, *n.f.*, tattle, gossip, rumor.
choras, *n.f.pl. caló*, penis, cock, prick.
déjalo, *v.*, leave him alone; let him; allow him.
duck-tail, *n.*, hair style used by Pachucos which resembled a duck tail.
encanicados, *adj. caló*, for a state of being in love; moonstruck.
escuadra, *n.f.*, a carpenter's square; *caló*, a "square" person.
ese, *n.caló*, form of address used mostly by cholos; literally, that one or you.
estufas, *v.*, derives from *estuvo*, meaning *that's it, enough or it's over*.
frajos, *n.m.pl. caló*, cigarettes, smokes.
ganga, *n.f.caló*, derives from *gang*, meaning a number of persons acting or operating together.
garroteros, *n.m.pl. caló*, literally, club wielders; derives from *garrote* or club carried by brakemen working for the railroad.
greña, *n.f.*, matted hair, mop of hair.
gringo, *n.caló*, white man; a corruption of *griego* or *Greek*, a nickname applied to foreigners. To talk in gringo is to talk gibberish; much as Americans would say, "It's all Greek to me." It should be noted that the term, as used by Mexicans, is less insulting in its implications than "greaser."
hijola, *exc. caló*, derives from *hijo de la chingada* meaning son-of-a-bitch; currently used as an exclamation as in wow! or gee!
hynas, *n.f.pl. caló*, girls, chicks, broads, dames.
jale, *n.m.caló*, job, gig; derives from *jalar* meaning to pull.
jamaicas, *n.f.pl.*, a festival, usually a church bazaar.
jambar, *v.caló*, to steal or rob.
jamboneamos, *v.caló*, we steal.
jeffitas, *n.pl.caló*, mother; derives from *jefe* meaning head or leader.
jugetes, *n.m.pl.*, toys; also spelled *juguetes*.
lambión, *n.caló*, bootlicker, smack, kissass.

leño, *n.m.caló*, joint, reefer, marijuana cigarette.
loco, *n.*, crazy or insane; also slang for hip, far-out, pachuco or cholo.
mandado, *n.m.*, an errand; also refers to things obtained while on an errand like a shopping bag full of groceries.
matón, *n.*, literally means killer; in slang usage it means a guy who looks or is bad and tough.
mestizo, *n.m.*, of mixed blood, Indian and Spanish.
mijito, *n.*, diminutive of *mijo* a contraction of *mi hijo* meaning my son.
órale, *v.caló*, derives from *ahora* meaning today or right now, and *le* from *le digo* meaning I'll tell you; in contemporary *caló* it means *be cool*, what's up, or knock it off.
pachuco, *n.*, a gang oriented youth; cholo; generically, the Chicano zoot suiter of the early 1940's.
pa', *prep.*, contraction of *para* meaning *in order to*.
patines, *n.m.*, roller skates.
payaso, *n.m.*, clown.
pendejo, *n.*, dumb one, dummy, dum-dum.
pichones, *n.m.pl.*, pigeons.
pinta, *n.f.caló*, federal penitentiary or prison.
porche, *n.m.caló*, derives from porch meaning a covered structure forming an entrance to a building, outside and with a separate roof, or as a recess in the interior as a kind of vestibule; a veranda.
puto, *n.caló*, a male prostitute or whore; a homosexual; a sissy.
ranfla, *n.f.caló*, a customized carrucha with a design unique to the life style of the bato loco.
rifan, *v.caló*, to control because of being the toughest and the best.
rifar, *v.caló*, to control.
rokas, *n.f.pl. caló*, derives from rocks meaning any large mass of stone or stony matter; a boulder; also a stone small enough to throw; stony fragments.
ropero, *n.m.*, clothes closet.
chiflo, *v.*, whistled or he whistled.
sapo, *n.m.caló*, a serendipitous event.
'stilo, *n.m.*, contraction of *style*, *estilo*, fashion.
subterráneo, *n.m.*, cellar, underground (below ground).
sudor, *n.m.*, sweat, perspiration; toil.
trakes, *n.m.pl.*, tracks, railroad tracks.
trenes, *n.m.pl.*, railroad train.
trucha, *v.*, be cool; look out! watch it!
vecindad, *n.f.* vicinity, neighborhood, neighborliness; casa de — tenement.
wachen, *v.caló*, watch, dig, look; derives from *watch*.
yarda, *n.f.*, yard, enclosure, land adjacent to a house.
yesca, *n.f.*, tinder; anything highly inflammable; incentive (to passion). Am. *estar hecho una* — to be in great anger; in contemporary Chicano *caló* it means marijuana, grass, pot.

n.m. is noun masculine.
n.f. is noun feminine.

L/S

CON SAFOS GLOSSARY OF CALO



Aliviánese chavalito bavoso, cool it punk.
 Al rekle, later, in a while.
 A la vuelta, next time around
 A lo Chicano, feeling or soul organic to the Chicano experience.
 A puros chingasos, beating with one's fists.
 Ay te wacho, I'll be seeing you.
 Bato chingon, tough guy; bad dude or groovy cat.
 Bórrense de volada, get away as fast as you can; bug out.
 Buscar pedo, make trouble, look for a fight; beef.
 Cálmesese batito, cool it little guy.
 cálmese un ratito, wait a while; take it easy.
 Cierren los osicos, shut your mouths.
 Círol compa, sure buddy; okay pal.
 chavalito mocosito, snotty punk.
 Chinge su madre, fuck your mother.
 De volada, hurry; quickly.
 Está bien loco, he's real crazy, out-of-sight, nuts.
 Está buti suave, it's groovy, far-out, tops.
 Está grifo, high on marijuana, grass or pot.
 (Estaba) maderiando, he was bullshitting; putting on.
 Frijolitos de la hoyita, beans boiled in a pot until soupy.
 Give you a quebrada, give you a break or a chance.
 Ha toda madre, as good as mama, great, far-out.
 ¿Honde va? where are you going?
 La jura, the police, the fuz.
 Le doy en la madre, I'll beat the shit out of him.
 Les va llegar su tiempo, your time will come.
 Me cai ha toda madre, I dig it, I enjoy it the best.
 Me dio chansa, he gave me a chance, a break.
 Me los hecho a todos juntos, I'll take on all of you.
 Muy alivianado, feeling high, cool, good.
 No relajen, don't fink, squeal or cop out.
 No se aguiste, don't get bugged, pissed off, angry.
 No se escamen, don't get scared.
 No se tiene que suenar, you don't have to blow weed, smoke grass.
 Nomas andava cabuliando, I was just bullshitting you, putting you on.
 Póngale hijo de la chingada, fall out, let's fight sonofabitch.
 Que gacho, *exclamation*, that's a low-down thing to do.
 Qué teargas, who do you think you are.
 Reté bonito, very pretty.
 Sea por Diós, by the grace of God.
 (Si) los tuercen, if you get busted, arrested.
 Tan de volada, in such a hurry.
 Te aventaste, you were great, you really came through.
 Te voy ha tener que chingar, I'm gonna have to fuck you up.
 Tiene muchos huevos, he's got a lot of balls, guts, courage.
 Tienes que ser trucha, you have to be hip, you gotta know what's happening.
 Todo abajo de ala, secretly, without letting on.
 Toking up, smoking marijuana, blowing weed.
 Tortillas de harina, flour tortillas.
 Una movida a toda makina, an excellent move.

C/S