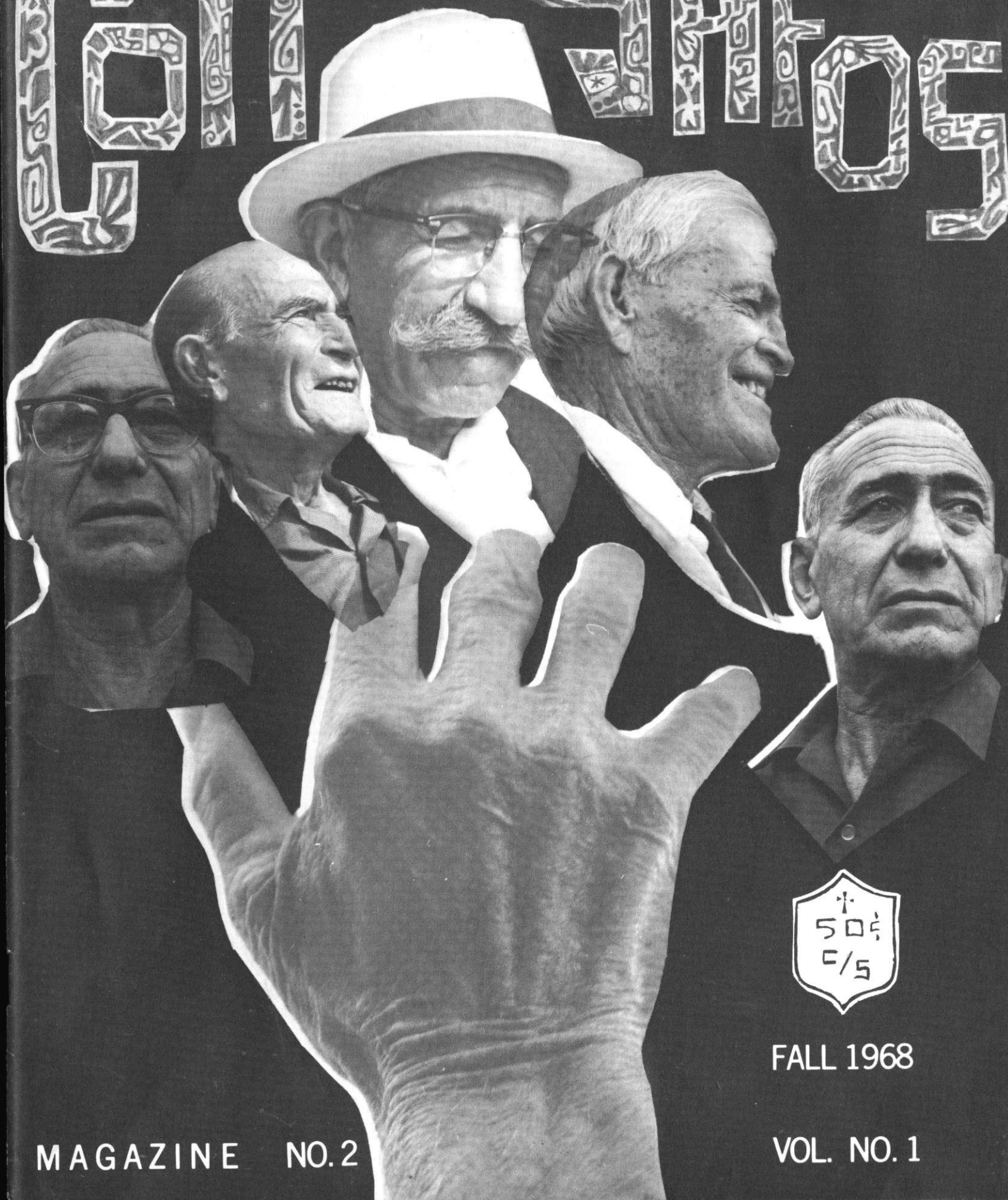


CONTRAFOS



FALL 1968

MAGAZINE NO.2

VOL. NO.1

CON SABIOS

REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARRIO

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY: P.O. BOX 31085
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA 90031

50¢ PER ISSUE

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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editorial

It should come as no surprise, at a moment in history, when Chicano barrios are asserting themselves, and understanding the positive value of their own ethnic identity that an aesthetic should arise to compliment this movement, this causa de la Raza.

CON SAFOS magazine is a part of that aesthetic outgrowth, an aesthetic outgrowth which is ultimately the soul of a movement, the soul of any movement, the soul of history. It is the ingredient that not only reflects, but captures the heart and mind of man.

The CON SAFOS, title of the magazine, is a symbol adopted from the CON SAFOS of "Calo." Chicano walls in every barrio of the great Southwest, with their graffiti dress of Cholo-print, are protected by this symbol of CON SAFOS

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It is a part of the experience in the development of the bato loco. It is a gesture of defiance, and an overt rejection of the cold and indifferent gabacho imposition. It is an expression, and a reflection of a reality. It is the experience of a belief.

Thus, CON SAFOS symbolizes for the magazine the rejection of the "American identity;" and the beginning of a Chicano literary genre, a definition of the Chicano identity, and an assertion of the moral and aesthetic values of the barrio experience.

The cover — by Nettie Pena.

Other symbols
Other times,
Hands of the artisan
Clutching to now,
Grasping the past,
Unfolding tomorrow.

Otros simbolos,
Tiempos otros,
Manos del artesano
Aferrando el ahora,
Asiende el pasado,
Desenvolviendo el manana.

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1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00, FOREIGN \$3

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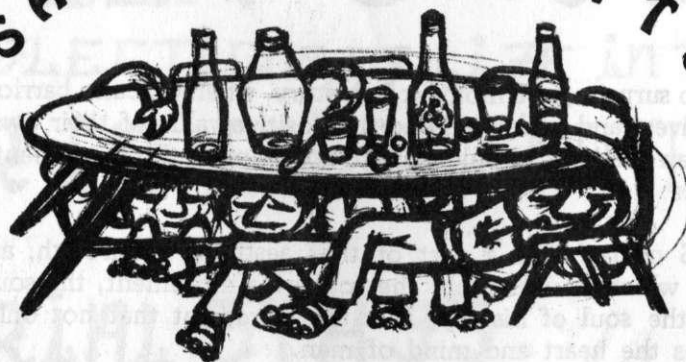
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Cover lettering by Sergio Hernandez

Cover photo by Nettie Pena

Cartoons pp. 10, 14, 19, 32 by Arturo Camargo

Art Work by Sergio Hernandez on pages 7, 12, 23, 25, 29, 35

by Benjamin Luna on back cover

by John Parsons on page 16

Graphic Arts by Cuca

CON SAFOS is published quarterly by CON SAFOS, Inc.

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

a private nonprofit corporation dedicated to
expression and reflection of life in the barrios
of the U. S.

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NIEVE and CORRUGATED ALUMINUM

(Editor's note: this is a chapter from the novel-in-progress,
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RAFAS.)

by Rafas

My name is Rafas. I was born on September 30, 1934 at home in Dog Town U.S.A. Dog Town was a Chicano barrio in the northeast section of Los Angeles about one mile from the City Hall. My Jefita was the second born child in a family of eight children and was named Elena. The others were my tios Fernando, Meno, Neto, and Rudy; and my tias Olga, Tichi, and Irma who died of diptheria before I was born. The people in the vecindad called my abuelito Don Fernando, and my abuelita, who was loved and respected because of her warm generosity, Manuelita.

We lived in a vecindad on Naud street. The homes in the vecindad included a grand old two-story, wooden apartment house with four apartments. The second floor had a porch supported by four massive wood columns, overlooking Naud street below and the homes and vecinos al otro lado de la calle. In the short distance across Spring street and the Southern Pacific railroad yards, we could see the traffic on North Broadway street, Elysian Park where the old Portola Trail begins, and Cathedral High School. In the background rose the soft hills that were once the playground of the Palo Verde and Loma barrios in the Chavez Ravine area. Chisme tells me that Crispin Martin, now deceased and formerly one of the few Chicano actors from the local barrios ever to achieve a measure of success and recognition in the film industry, used to make chorizos as a hobby and hung strings of them from the clothes lines in his backyard and of how the chavalos in Palo Verde would climb into his backyard and steal his prized, home-made chorizos. Pobre Crispin, que Dios lo bendiga, le robaron su chorizo.

Completing the layout of the vecindad was an L-shaped set of single floor apartments that lined the left side of the big apartment house to the backyard and ended with three apartments stretching out on a right angle. To the right of the big apartment house stood an old grey house with a backyard picket fence that ended where a weathered, slightly cracked, grey cement wall rose strongly to separate us from Santa Rita House that for three generations, which included my grandparents, my parents, and myself, had at once served the barrio as a church, and a school for religious instruction. I remember Miss McKenna, the patient and kindly old Irish lady who would come to the vecindad and with her cane try to flush us kids out of the cellar so that we would go to Santa Rita House for our catechism lessons. It was also a place for play, where hardy priests would play baseball and box with the tough guys. From our backyard porch we could see the bomberos playing handball in the court behind the fire station; I remember when my sister swallowed some poison they climbed over the wall and saved her life by pumping out her stomach.

We could also see our vecinos wheeling out their lines as they hung up their clothes to dry, or as they worked on their jardines in the backyards of their homes, that like Chung's Market next door fronted North Main street which was lined with trolley tracks that marked the course for the old L.A. Transit yellow streetcar that ran from downtown Los Angeles to Lincoln Park. The People in the barrio affectionately called it el carrito de la O. From anyplace in the barrio, people could hear el carrito de la O as it rumbled along its tracks. The singing of its wheels accented by the rhythmic sounding of its bell made beautiful music, especially during the nighttime when we sat on the front porch looking at the big star-studded pearl necklace hanging from the cool shoulders of the night sky. Que suave todo eso.

My grandparents, la Uribe familia lived in one of the second floor apartments. The Molina family lived next door. They were Senor Molina, his wife Concha, and their children Chelo, Vikkie, Ruben, and Raul who was un amigo muy de aquellas.

My friend Raul was killed by a truck that struck him down while he was just learning to ride a bike he had borrowed without permission from another of my good amigos Marzo Garay. Eddie Molina was the baby of the family, but I remember him fondly because he was once given an 8 millimeter movie projector, and we had lots of fun with it. He had reels of old Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck cartoons, and a Charlie Chaplin movie. Charlie Chaplin cracked us up so much that we used to roll on the floor with laughter; then, I would imitate him. I really enjoyed doing that, and we laughed even more.

In the apartment below ours lived Don Jesus, his wife Camerena, and their children Manuel, Maria, Miguel, Chuy, Estela, and Rebecca. Don Jesus was a skillful and accomplished carpenter and an excellent wood carver. I remember that during the depression he always had a job. He also built his own workshop in the cellar of his apartment. His son Manuel, who left the barrio before I was born, became photographer, married a gringa, and was rarely seen after that. He came back one day with his gringo children, they were really his step-children, but we had lots of fun laughing

and playing together. Manuel had his own movie-making gear and for a while all the show-offs got a chance to be actors, mostly in comedies. I remember Chuy because of Maclovía, a married woman with three children who were all amigos mios. I especially remember the daughter Dolores, who was the youngest and the only girl in the family, because on one Halloween night her mother fixed her up like a princess and she looked beautiful. The moment I saw her that night I suddenly felt like I was in a nice warm bath, completely relaxed, and feeling good all over; I fell in love with her that moment, but it only lasted a few days. Her mother, who was madly in love with Chuy, made me her confidante, entrusting me with her love notes that, like Cupid, I would carry to Chuy's heart with heartwarming accuracy. I liked doing Maclovía's favors because she was bussomy, and her hugs and kisses always felt good.

Next door to the Camerena family lived the Meza family, the largest in the vecindad. They included: Don Jesus, Julia his wife, and 13 children. There was Cenaida sometimes called Sydney who was the oldest and who I didn't meet until I was four years old, because she had been away at a sanitarium recuperating from TB. I remember when she came back, because she brought her two daughters with her and they were both very pretty. I quickly fell in love with both of them, and although I didn't know anything about puberty at the time- "Ay como me gustaban!" Too bad I never got a chance to play doctor with them. The other members of the Meza family included Rotas, Carolina, Gata, Antagracia, Gersus, Coó Coó, Tudy, Biaches, Joey, Martin, and Kookie. Rotas was tall, good looking, and rarely spoke. He was an enigma to all who spoke of him. He died at home when he was only 19 years old. I remember Gersus, Rotas' younger brother, when he told me of his deceased brother's death. He said "pobrecito me carnal, se murio vomitando sangre, y yo lo wache." Like his older sister Cenaida, Rotas suffered from tuberculosis, as did his younger sister Carolina who also spent a lot of time at the sanitarium. Gersus was also one of my good camaradas except when a dollar got in our way. I remember once during an early summer on our way home from el rio Los Angeles (before the cold hand of civilization changed it to a cement cesspool), when the rio was alive with wildflowers, reeds, and cattail clusters, and swimming holes filled with all sorts of water creatures; insects, bugs, spiders and mosquitos, polywogs, frogs, minnows, crawdads, blackbirds, pigeons, seagulls, and ducks in for

a short stop; and people,, bums, lovers, swimmers, hunters, hookyplayers, familias on a pikiniki, barrio gangs throwing chingasos, la chota, espantos, putas, putos, adventurers and many more hijos de la chingada) Gersus and I were walking barefoot, like always, when Gersus came to a sudden stop. I turned to look at him, and he stood there looking dumb and smiling like a fool. We were standing near the rear exit of Cocon's cafe on Sotello street by the Main street intersection. I remember Jimmy Cocon because his mother, who had become a legitimate citizen, after her sons had conveniently collected a small fortune through bootlegging and gambling enterprises, donned the righteous cloak of civic responsibility and turned me in to la chota for stealing an ice cream bar. It got me two weeks in juvenile hall and notoriety as a bato muy-de-aquellas in Dog Town. I put fear in the hearts of Jefitas who predicted I would end up in San Quentin, and who worried I would corrupt their sons who admired me. Que chiste! Anyway, Gersus stood there looking puzzled and indecisive when in a single motion he moved his left foot, that like mine was dirty, well spread out, and calloused from countless travels and adventures; he reached to the sidewalk, and grabbed a crumpled dollar bill. All I saw was a blur. He took off running like he was shittin' in his pants. When I got to his house, he was cool. The dollar was safely hidden away. I complained about sharing. I got nothing. The adventure ended. A funny thing about Gersus' name, originally it was cara sucia (dirty face), but as the sounds of the English language embraced our own home-spun Chicano Spanish the result was the curious hybrid Gersus. The Meza family were the only people from our vecindad who travelled to the piscas, to work in the fields in Oxnard, Corcoran, and many other places. I always envied them. Their travels excited my endless hunger for adventure, but I had to settle for a heart filled with longing and a mind full of fantastic impossibilities; because beg as I did, my abuelita wouldn't let me go.

My aunt who got her kicks by being in and out of other people's homes in the vecindad, and who spent most of her time at Julia's in the Meza home, because Julia fascinated her with her fantastic ghost stories, told me of how once when she was with her, Julia appeared extremely terrified; and woefully complained about a death apparition she saw sitting opposite her in her squeaky old rocking chair. My aunt, who had witnessed the eerie episode, didn't see a thing; however, the cold hand of fear touched her and sent a terri-

fying chill to her heart, causing it to burst in heavy, heaving throbs that forced her legs into action, as she took off running upstairs seeking my abuelita's bosom. When my aunt told us of this frightening experience, we laughed at her, but none of us were really that sure. I think we all believed in ghosts.

In the vecindad everything was shared; births, deaths, marriages, baptisms, first communions, confirmations, sicknesses, food, clothing, love and hate. We all knew each other personally. We loved and hated each other, but when tragedy struck amongst us, differences softened and we all cried together and helped each other. Las puertas siempre estaban abiertas, and they always busily swung both ways. Any home at any time was always good for at least a taco and a cup of coffee. A familia was not complete without a padrino, and a madrina, or a compadre and a comadre; all the relationships, within the familia and amongst familias, from the familia to the vecindad to the barrio, I enjoyed very much because they were all different and still quite personal.

I remember once, cuando yo estaba comiendo un "con de nieve" con mucho gusto on a clear winter day, as I leaned loosely with my arms propped up on the porch rail watching my amigos play canicas in the dirt below, my abuelita, who had been sitting on her rocking chair besides me enjoying the first day of sunshine following two weeks of rain and hail, called my attention, and smiling warmly said, as she pointed her finger toward the distant mountains, "mira mijito, las montanas tambien tienen nieve." I didn't know that besides being ice cream, nieve was also snow, so I didn't bother to ask any questions; instead, I fantasied going to the mountains with a big spoon to romp and roll in it and spoon it up until I was filled with happiness.

The following spring I started school in the kindergarten, full of energy, dreams and curiosity, and as always, ready for adventure. I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I wanted to dance and play. The teacher spoke a foreign tongue. When I realized I was in a cage, I tried to climb out of it. I didn't understand the strange mutterings of the pale looking woman, who apparently was talking to

me as I scrambled up the fence to get out of the cage, until she pulled me down and I saw her twisted and contorted face. I understood her anger immediately, and remembering my abuelita's words, "tienes que ser hombrecito mijito," I cast my eyes away from the pale stranger, checked the tears that were welling in my eyes, and gulped down the sobs that were heaving in my chest. I think I never liked fences, probably because they stood in the way of my unfettered curiosity, but then again I really didn't mind fences because like other obstacles they were a challenge to me, like crossing a river, climbing a hill, or hopping a train. These things I did ordinarily. Anyway, I didn't like a cage that I wasn't permitted to climb out of, but I remembered my abuelita's words and obeyed. The pale looking stranger was called Miss McCalla. She led me inside the classroom. Inside, Miss McCalla commanded our obedience and proceeded to organize us into a cricle, ordering us to hold hands because we were going to sing and dance to a strange tune called ring-around-the-roses. I only learned one phrase that day, it was the last one, "all fall down!" I didn't like school. I didn't like strangers pulling my pants down and spanking me.

The following year the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Suddenly my abuelita was sad. My tios Fernando, Meno, and Neto were all drafted. My uncle Fernando who was given the tag Marro by his friends in the barrio, because he was intelligent and graduated from Lincoln High School at the top of his class, went into the Army as a foot soldier. His heart was broken because my abuelito couldn't afford to pay his way through college. Later on, he transferred to the Army Air Corps Cadet School and became a flyer. My uncle Meno joined the Marines and fought in Saipan and Tarawa with the 3rd Marines. My uncle Neto distinguished himself in the Navy. I remember the red, white, and blue banner with three stars on it that my abuelita proudly but tearfully hung from our front window for all to see. All the men in the barrio left for the war. All my heroes were gone. I was sad, and it hurt me to see my abuelita suffer. I loved her very much.

Soon strangers came into the barrio and began to tear down the houses across the street. The men were away fighting and dying in the

War, and at home their parents were being forced from their homes. I didn't understand. My amigos were leaving Dog Town reluctantly. They didn't want to leave the barrio. Indio, a scrappy little bato who I liked very much, and his carnala who we tagged Moco Verde because she always had greenish snots hanging from her nose were both gone. Sikio the champion kite flyer on the block was gone. They all had to move away. Everybody was sad.

They were quickly followed by bulldozers, lumber trucks, cement mixers, and lots of unfriendly palefaced strangers who had come from Oklahoma and other points east to man the War industries. When they were finished, instead of hearing the friendly voices of our warm vecinos and seeing and smelling the beautifully colored and fragrant flowers tended to by the affectionate hands of saint-like mothers always ready to greet you and offer you a taco and cup of coffee, our view from the porch was interrupted by the harsh impersonal lines formed by the cement walls and corrugated aluminum of the California Brass Company.

Then one early morning I was rudely awakened by unfamiliar noises; screeching car wheels, honking horns, and hillbilly babbling. I had seen cars before, but never on my street.

Nobody in Dog Town owned a car. Yet from that day on, the street on both sides was efficiently lined with cars from 8 a.m. till 3 p.m. After 3 p.m. there wasn't a car in sight, and the street was ours again, for a while. In the day, the foundry rumbled like a sick stomach belching out its filth all over our homes, making invisible the view from the porch.

The men are fighting in the War, getting unlimbed in the War, getting medals in the War. And at home, Jefitas are hungry and crying a lot. The children are hungry. The vecinos are hungry. The barrio is hungry. The teachers spank us. The social workers want to take us away. The honky cop drives around cooling it, and the cops drive by sneering at us. The men are fighting in the War, getting unlimbed in the War, getting medals in the War. Still that barrio is where once a little boy could fantasize about un viaje a la montana con mucha nieve para todo mundo.

5/5



what i am about

by Antonio Gomez

i want to write about me, and in so doing i want to write about you, or at least stimulate some neurons within your system.

i first would like to speak of love, and about my acceptance of life in all its forms and manifestations. We first love and then accept, or we first accept and then love. And it really doesn't matter which comes first, as long as they take place.

There are many things in life that are evil and destructive, and these i fight. There are many things in life that are good and productive, and these i seek. But there are also many things in life that are grey and formless, and these i investigate.

My commitment is to mankind, to societies that seek alternatives, and i need the freedom to choose amongst them. Ethnic groups or nation states i support not as ends in themselves, but only as an integral part in the wholeness of life. i know that there are many people such as i in thinking. And i know that there are many others who differ greatly. This is O.K., as long as we accept each other's role and are willing to discuss the thoughts which circulate in our heads, and the emotions which arise therefrom.

i am truly modern in the sense that I dig technology, machines and science; and i see no necessary conflict between science and human values, if society is willing to change in thought as it has in form. Computers and machines are here to stay, and they will only be our masters if we do not take the opportunity to plan their role in our society, instead of leaving their functional existence to depend solely on the profits that they bring.

i love to think and to meditate. i love to read and to intellectualize with friends. i dig modern and electronic music, and i think that Fuller and McLuhan are a gas. But i also like Mejia, El Teatro Campesino, and the Chicano kids who are my neighbors. And i really don't like to work, but i have a family to support. i know that because i think, i am, in the minority not only amongst Anglos, but amongst Chicanos, both of whom are more interested in pursuing non-thinking activities. And this is O.K., as long as we have the opportunity to choose. T.V., as an example, provides no choice other than to turn it off. This is not a choice.

The Catholic Church in America

i believe that there is such a thing as emotional development, and such a thing as the arresting of this development. i also believe that one cannot love humanity nor life, if one does not have a love for self; and i believe that it is more than possible to hate others, when one has hatred for one's self.

And my involvement in the Chicano movement is an expression of the beliefs that i have stated; for i am committed to the development of man to his fullest extent; and the Chicano's development, as a complete and potent individual, has been hampered both by the Anglo and by himself. And this i would like to help correct.

School is where it starts, and school can be a frightful experience for most Chicano children. It was for me. The subtle prejudice, and the not so subtle arrogance of anglos came at me at a very early age, although it took many years to realize and comprehend what took place. The SPEAK ENGLISH signs in every hall and doorway, and the unmitigated efforts of the anglo teachers to eradicate the Spanish language, coupled with their demands for behavioral changes, clearly pointed out to me that what i was was not acceptable. i noted that the fathers of this country, with their fair looks and powdered wigs, were not at all related to my past nor to my present. i thought, "if i am not of them, then i am different. And if i am different, am i therefore inferior?" The association between being different and being inferior was quite difficult to resist, and it tortured me for many years. i developed a dual personality. At school i was the mild mannered, likeable, brown-skinned boy who played the game with teachers as they liked it played. At home i was someone else. i was Antonio, who ate beans with tortillas and went shoeless in the streets. But more than this, i was Antonio who didn't have to trip over his own feet to please, as he did in school. As i grew older i realized how contrived and false my school role was, and i became bitter and angry at myself for what i was and what i was doing to be acceptable. Later i redirected my anger at anglos and authority.

Today as i look back, i see how ridiculous and tragic it was that anglo society could not accept me as i was, and also that my family and community could not support me in the struggle for identity which took place. This struggle is still taking place in the schools. Chicanos are still being told, both implicitly and explicitly, to "purify" themselves, to purge their Mexican identity, and to receive salvation by acquiring the mass media's brand of americanism. What happens most often is that the Chicano rebels. The baptismal process is not wholly successful. When the Chicano rebels, society gets its school drop outs, juvenile delinquents, criminals, drug addicts, and welfare recipients. When the process is partially successful, society gets the uninspired, apathetic factory hand. This is not to say that the Chicano never "makes it," but rather that (statistics show) there is a high percentage of anti-social behavior, and a low percentage of high achievement among Chicanos, in comparison with the anglo group. These facts i take to indicate a direct expression of Chicanos negative self image, as well as a direct expression of their refusal to accept the grafted American identity.

Ultimately what we are, as a group or as individuals, is our responsibility, and the importance of the anglo society as a factor should not over-shadow this reality.

5/5



Cambridge

The Catholic Church in America

Much has been written lately concerning the attitudes and rationale guiding major institutions in their avowed commitments to the struggle of peoples for their place in the fabric of society. Hopefully, through the medium of the printed word, certain facts will emerge which will crystallize some of the more complex but grossly hypocritical postures that institutions prefer to call "prudent appraisals."

With regard to the volumes of verbiage which have accumulated over the years with reference to the purportedly Catholic roots of the Mexican people, one who has been a part of the inner workings of the machinery (i.e., the vast and expensive machinery of Chanceries in facing the socio-economic and political struggle of this minority group) cannot but sense deeply two unavoidable facts. The one is the poignant sincerity of Catholic clergymen, particularly of those in the hierarchy, to address themselves in a meaningful way to the children who makeup such a long and sacred heritage of Catholic Spain, Mexico and sound Indian stock. The other is the harsh reality that the very values guiding the Church as an institution in this area essentially forbid any true and honest, bold and convincing commitment from the start.

Bound to perpetuate itself, the Catholic Church as an institution has lost all sense of itself as a pilgrim institution, or better, simply as a Christian experience. Particularly, the shackles that have bound Catholic Spain to the political vagaries of a traditionally power-weaving relationship with Rome has left its negative effects on a subjugated and basically humble people. Touching upon the very nerve of conscience itself, the static and death-wish philosophy and theology of a Thomas Aquinas has deeply impressed the already naturally eternal soul of the Mexican in forms that are too "otherworldly." Thus the clergy has drawn from his parishioner nothing more than an affiliation of fear and at most an extremely questionable reliance on the trappings of religion.

The wealth of this institution, and the expression of this wealth in underdeveloped Latin American countries, is the best testimony of the aspirations the church has managed to elicit from its membership. Expensive and extremely ornate Cathedrals, Shrines and Chancery apparatus neighbor the hovels that house the faithful. In terms of the basically Christian appeal made in Judea-Christian literature to the values inherent in true and nascent orthodox religions, it has proved disastrous that subjugated peoples have been taught to see no major affront in these material expressions of institutional religion today. The millions of

by Eduardo Quevedo

dollars spent in "Catholic welfare and social services" that serve more to perpetuate this "otherworldly" philosophy is another testimony to the fatuity of the commitment of the Church to the betterment of the poor man's lot in this social order. Tokenism has been literally rife in Papal Encyclicals that have addressed themselves to this area of man's contemporary concern. Apart from those dissident and alienated voices who have howled protest over the stench of this hypocrisy, there continues in evidence major Papal pronouncements that candidly pat the child on the head, paternalistically coddle the frightened even if embattled youngster, and proceed to look to the reward for one's ills in some order other than that into which he was born. The vestibule to heaven, and therefore the very path to mature responsibility (man better in some other world as a result of bettering himself in this world) does not, in essence, pervade the basis for Church policy and philosophy. Moral betterment and religious goodness, the child has been told, is all that matters. The basic and essential connection between that and the social and economic betterment of man is not only not espoused, it is fervently and adamantly rejected as unchristian. It is a further indictment of the Catholic institutional system that this, along with other basic philosophical postures, is a reaction to the emergence of the Protestant revolt. It is a reaction which has taken the path of least resistance and succumbed to the pabulum of resignation and conformity i.e. "to God's Will."

With reference to the Mexican-American, the problem is highlighted by more recent developments within that group, and which I would hope might be detailed in subsequent discussions or descriptions of this important topic. It is totally possible that a Christian people has suddenly emerged more Christian than the Mother that brought it forth, and that the reaction of the Mother at the sight of this "monster" is to go back on herself and remain astonished at the revolt on her hands. Baptism has suddenly become shorn of its trappings and external gropings. It has now come into the world that has for too long been unknown to the parent institution. Certain facts should follow on these thoughts, and with these will follow certain unavoidable challenges and evaluations that should make not only the Catholic Church, but all organized religious bodies pause in their path and ponder deeply the reason for their own existence.

Editor's note: Mr. Quevedo is an ex-priest, and during his service as a priest, he gained many insights that are of particular interest to the Mexican-American, some of which he will impart to the readers of C/S in the following, and in two future articles to be published in subsequent issues

The Catholic Church in America



The Kern Bus

is Never Late

Behind what carefully
Turned table —
Ashwood, blond,
The color
Always at my neck,
Do they call me
With my hair
No longer black?

I cannot care
While on corners
They stand
Dressed in khakies,
And suede jackets,
Like I did;
The game is played
Along Brooklyn and Whittier,¹
Beneath old signs
Left in haste
By the tinselled merchants
With bald heads bobbing,
On their way
To Montebello
And other places east.

They left to make way
For other things:
Fat mothers
Walking along
Surrounded by the sea
Of their Saturday night making,
"Madre de Dios! Shut your mouth!
The Kern Bus is never late!"

To bring home
From construction sites
And mexi-food plants, and
E.L.A.J.C.,² the better ones,
Sitting next to those
With a gram of stuff
Held tight
Against teeth no longer white.

The dream of a better life
They learned at school
When not battling
For Maravilla, The Flats,
Temple Street, Dogtown³ —
Good names to die for?

And think about,
With the old language loud,
On C-119s⁴ waiting to jump.
For some the office,
Politics, the black and White
Ball, and "smile, brother,
Our friends are looking
for Moctezuma, Arizona,
California, Texas, New Mexico,
And an old man
Drunk enough to take
To Lincoln Heights."⁵

Is he anyone's father?
Let him stay
Where he can play
Another chord
In the Mariachi rhapsody;
And jazz,
We listen to
With our dark-eyed girls
Who follow the ads
And store fronts
On their way
From packing meat and other things.

They know what to wear
On visiting days,
Freshly combed,
Where we wait
With bitter songs and handball
For the Kern Bus
To take us home.

Javier Alva

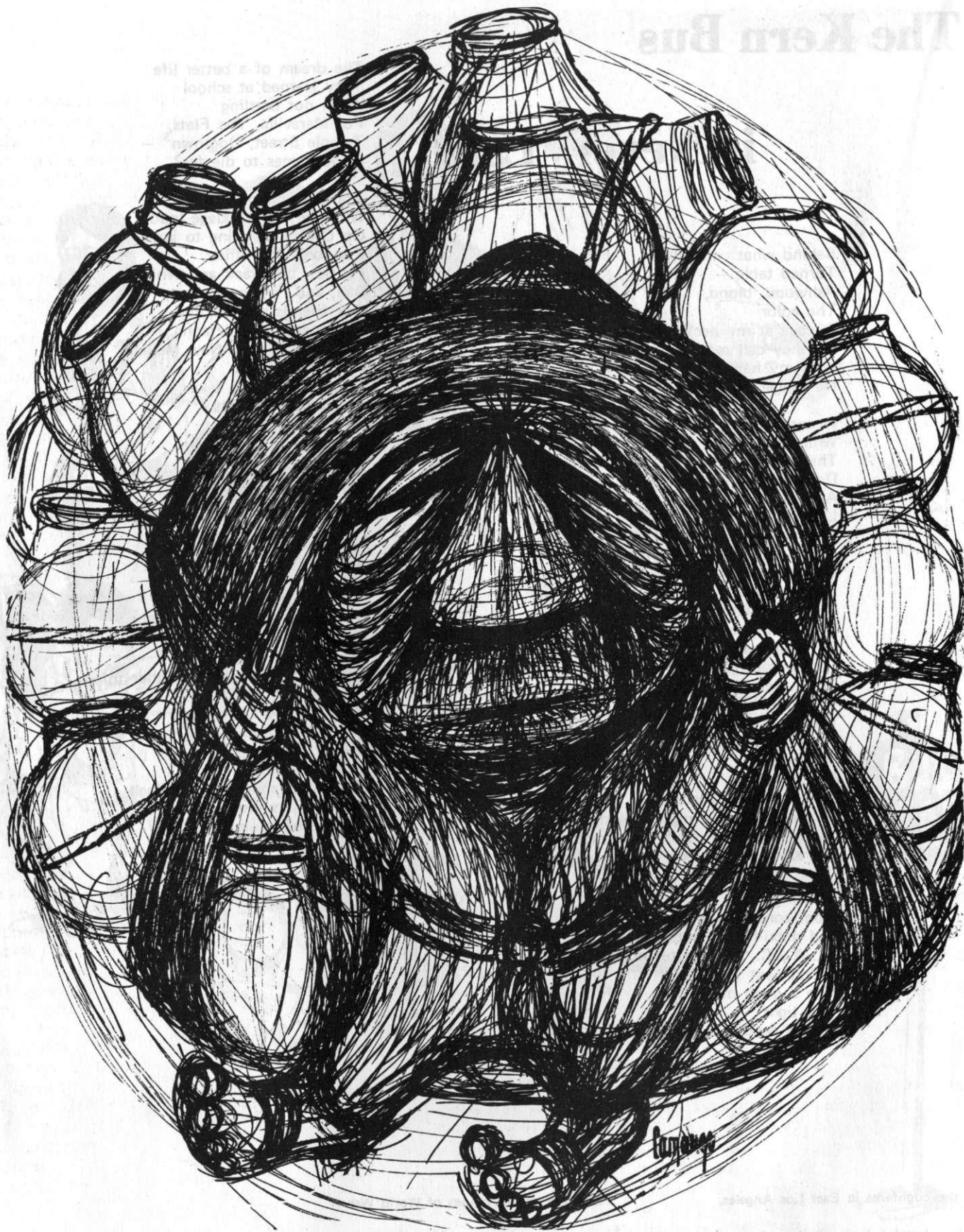
¹ Main thoroughfares in East Los Angeles.

² East Los Angeles Junior College.

³ Barrios, and one time gangs, of East Los Angeles.

⁴ Paratroop carrier planes of World War II.

⁵ One of the major Chicano communities which coincidentally contained the Los Angeles City Jail and drunk tank. Reference to "Lincoln Heights" was always a reference to the jail.



IT'S ONLY A POT TIME JOB.....



THE EL PASO CONFERENCE

and LA RAZA NUEVA

by Frank Moreno Sifuentes

Late in October of '67, it appeared that LBJ was asking the Mexican American to talk turkey, to break bread and tortilla. Over a thousand leaders and spokesmen of our people had been invited to El Paso, Texas to present testimony to the great and powerful cabinets of this rich and powerful nation on our most pressing and urgent social and educational problems. Not only were they to tell what the needs were, but they were strongly urged to present solutions. Supposedly, once this took place, the government would get itself into gear and convert these stated needs and offered solutions into creative, rational and intelligent social action. Implied was the promise that these new programs would be planned and implemented by Mexican American expertise and leadership. Except for what was already in the governmental mill, very little happened.

Lyndon B. Johnson through this conference not only promised to relieve us of our many social and economic problems, but also used this occasion to give Mexico back the Chamizal. . . that long disputed territory between El Paso and Juarez that had been a symbol that reminded us that the entire Southwest had been forcibly taken by the Anglo 120 years ago.

Many of us doubted the intentions of this historic conference. We felt the weight of broken promises of the past, of the Vietnam war, of the miserable failure of the war on poverty (which had come to be viewed as a war against the poor), of rampant racism and an Anglo monomania that seemed intent on, systematically and relentlessly, crushing and destroying the Mexican culture of the Chicano.

Many who attended wanted to believe the promises made in El Paso. Some were quite ready to forgive the Anglo for taking our land, but were skeptical because it was hard to forget that we were at the same time kept weak, poor and completely controlled by powerful Anglo interests. Many more, I'm sure, were even ready to forgive the Anglo for keeping us oppressed and poor, if some dramatic change would start taking place. All of us knew that this country was certainly rich enough to fulfill our needs.

There are, I'm sure, many reasons behind what turned out to be the failure of the Johnson administration to implement what seemed to be the good intentions of the El Paso Conference. I leave this for the historians who were there to fully analyze the conference.

Of importance was the fact that mejicanos and latinos from all over the country journeyed to El Paso with the hope of affording solutions to some of our serious problems. As it turned out, two conferences were held in El Paso. One was the formal conference, organized and highly

structured by government officials. Seemingly it was designed to discourage unity. But while these hearings and meetings were being held in four of the larger hotels in downtown El Paso, the true leaders of our people were meeting with hundreds of other members of La Raza to confront and lay bare the real issues facing us. This independent and inspiring meeting was held in South El Paso in the Sacred Heart Church. It was there that the issue of the Vietnam war was brought out, with the emphasis on the facts that not only were we suffering many social and economic casualties at home, but that we were also being asked and forced to disproportionately, suffer almost twice as many deaths and wounds in Vietnam as members of the dominant Anglo group. It was there that La Raza expressed its true feelings and concerns when it resolved not to assimilate and surrender our language and culture. It was in El Paso that La Raza polarized, focusing on a positive Chicano consciousness. It was in El Paso where La Raza Nueva was given form.

I believe that in the Sacred Heart church in South El Paso, despair was in a true sense replaced by hope, and bitterness by resolution. And much has been achieved since then. We have confronted the educational system, and pointed out that totalitarian school practices are the most abusive. We have made a statement and taken a stand, serving notice that the schools must make bold and revolutionary changes if they are to meet our needs.

Since the El Paso conference, Chicano consciousness has expanded, and La Raza Nueva is in motion everywhere in the Southwest, and everywhere that Mejicanos and Latinos gather to seek justice and equality. La Raza Nueva is the hope of the future.

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AMEN

by Pedro V. Fernandez



A Chicano War on the Hard Core Poor

Mr. Porfirio Diaz (member of the board which oversees all training programs and who is responsible for adherence to personnel policies, along with interpreting government guidelines) opens the black doors leading into the agency called Federal Opportunity for Neighborhood Youth, known popularly throughout the chicano community as FONY. At that moment he is approached by Chucho Gonzalez who was released recently from a YA camp and whose parole officer is on his back to get a job.

Chucho, slightly hunched over, his shirt neatly folded across his left arm, looks at Porfirio and asks, "Is this place FONY?"

Somewhat amused, Porfirio stares at Chucho, then replies, "Yes, so what?"

"Oh well, 'ese', Is this where you can get a 'jale'?"

Porfirio, not accustomed to being addressed as "ese", retorts in an icy tone of voice, "My name is Mr. Diaz to you!"

"O.K. Fatsol! How or who do I see about the 'jales'?" answers Chucho.

Porfirio's face begins to redden. Pointing

the index finger of his right hand at Chucho, he threatens, "Look, punk. You come back next week sometime. Maybe you'll remember to bring your manners!"

"Bring your mother?" laughs Chucho, "Yo no conozco tu jefal!"

Porfirio's body trembles exposing his nervousness. Clenching his fist, he menacingly waves it in Chucho's face. "Get, get, geeet, out of here before I call the cops!" he shouts.

Chucho, who's a "vato loco" from Varrio Nuevo Estrada, clenches his fists--exposing in the process, firm, well-toned forearm muscles, which appear to be strenuously attempting to burst from their cartilages. His dark brown eyes, radiating contempt and hatred, focus on Porfirio's face. Chucho's stare forces a contraction of Porfirio's buttocks, which trap the seat of his trousers, prompting him to use his left hand to free the portion of fabric held captive.

Chucho steps towards Porfirio and says, "Pinche Puto," then walks away.

Sighing with relief Porfirio wipes his forehead with the back of his hand and mumbles, "It's a good thing he left, or I'd be forced to kick his a--! God damn good for nothing!"

Finally, Porfirio enters FONY. Amid what appears to him as mass confusion, he attempts to thread his obese body through the busy corridor leading to the director's office. He makes his way to the office of Narciso A. Menso, director of the program.

Opening the office door, he sees Mr. Menso peering through the venetian blinds. "Narciso,"

he warns, "some pachuco tried to pick a fight with me. I hope to hell FONY doesn't allow hoods like him in the program!"

Mr. Menso still peering through the blinds is mesmerized by the sight of City Hall.

Porfirio, obviously annoyed at Menso's lack of attention, demands, "Did you hear me, Menso?"

Turning towards Porfirio, Narciso Menso absently replies, "Of course I'd like to work there!"

Porfirio grins at Narciso and says, "Narciso, can't you ever be serious? We need you here in the community to be the spokesman for the chicanos!"

Narciso looks at Porfirio with an expression similar to the RCA Victor trademark, the dog listening to his master's voice. Narciso steps towards his desk chair, grabs an arm rest and proceeds to slowly sit down. Seated, he makes badger-like movements until he is comfortable. He looks to his left office wall and admires the plaques given to him for outstanding dedication and contribution to the welfare of the community. He turns his attention to Mr. Fierro, one of many staff members in attendance for a meeting. Leaning back in his chair, Narciso inquires, "Have we neglected to inform the union of Mr. Boca's hiring, Fierro?"

Fierro, the administrative aide, smirks as he replies, "Well, not really. We've hired other personnel in the same manner."

"Anyway," interjects Narciso, "when you have time, check and see if the union contract might have been violated."

"Will do," assures Fierro.

Narciso looks up at Porfirio (who is standing at his right) and utters, "See what I mean about those 'bofos' causing trouble?"

"Yeah," agrees Porfirio as Narciso continues to speak.

"They're just a god damn bunch of communists! Instead of worrying about us violating the f---en contract, they should be grateful that they're working!"

"Imagine," interrupts Fierro, "those idiots implying that we're not capable of managing our FONY programs!"

Mr. Menso listens intently, then states emphatically, "I use that contract to wipe my. . . . Aaaaaah, what was that again, Fierro?"

"I said," repeats Fierro, "there are only a few troublemakers causing us all this grief. Give a poor bastard an education and he wants to change things!"

Mr. Menso chuckles at Fierro's pronouncements. He leans forward placing both elbows on the desk, looks towards Henrietta L. Wilson, the personnel manager, and suggests, "Henrietta, maybe if we promote the troublemakers. . . ."

"Bub, bub, bub, bub, but--" gasps Fierro as he turns pale.

"Shut up!" barks Menso. Gripping the arms of his chair, Menso jumps to his feet, stepping on Porfirio's shoes in the process. Directing

his barrage at Fierro, he fires, "Why in the hell do you think you were promoted Fierro? Your ability? Hmmmmmm! That uncle of yours on the board, that's why!" Narciso pounds his desk violently and continues, "A monkey reasons better than you!"

"Let's not quarrel amongst ourselves," pleads Humberto, the program consultant.

"Yeah, we have enough problems to solve without creating more," adds Tomas Urbina, the promising job finder.

"O.K. Let's cool down for a minute before we continue," suggests Porfirio.

Narciso, just regaining his composure and standing with hands on hips, mumbles to himself. Outside his office door, his secretary knocks. He hears the knock and shouts for whoever it is to enter. She opens the door and motions to Menso that he has a phone call.

Scurrying to his desk, he sits in his chair, depresses the line-one button, and puts the receiver to his ear. He listens for a few minutes, grins, and then laughs. "Oh yeah," he declares. "Look, just have him see me. . . . I'm sure we can create a temporary position. . . . Naa, . . . doesn't matter if he's not qualified. I can shoot him into our job finding department. The union? No sweat! How much a month? Welllll, how's \$830.00. . . ? Sure. Of course you can use him anytime! No problem!" Winking at Henrietta, he continues, "Yeah, give my best to 'Jefe'. . . . Fine. . . anytime."

He looks at Porfirio and says, "City Hall again. What would they do without me?"

"Narciso, you can't imagine how valuable you are," proclaims Porfirio.

"Thank you," returns Narciso.

Narciso glances at various reports laying on his desk. He thinks to himself, "With so many reports to read my rapport with the community could suffer. Well, I guess the board isn't concerned about that. If my staff

would do its share of the work, FONY could create more realistic programs."

Picking up a report, he seems disturbed at its contents. Page after page his attention increases. Pausing for a moment, Narciso directs a question to Humberto. "What's all this business concerning the 'hard-core' enrollment, Humberto?"

"Well Narciso, we have difficulty recruiting this element due to their negative attitude."

"For instance," insists Narciso.

Humberto reveals his misunderstanding of the underlying factors related to 'hard-core' behavior.

He confidently states, "Well, number one, belonging to a loose family structure enables a 'hard-core' chicano to do just about anything he pleases. He accepts authoritarian figures, not realizing he is rebelling against society. The vices he acquires, notably smoking marijuana, fighting, showing disrespect, and bullying others around make him prey to the older criminal element. Once he becomes a criminal and is arrested, as far as I see, there's not too much hope for him. Also, statistics prove that various 'rehabilitation' efforts fail mainly because most 'hard-core' youth aren't too bright."

As he rubs his chin with his right index finger and thumb, Narciso somewhat confused, asks, "What was that again, Humberto?"

Disregarding Menso's question, Humberto continues. "Number two, we've tried about every approach available, but working with them is very difficult. All they do, so I'm told, is disrupt classes and intimidate instructors."

"But don't the instructors have previous experience in dealing with the 'hard-core' youth?" asks Porfirio.

"I think so," replies Humberto scratching his head.

Narciso profoundly comments on the subject, "We must try to understand the 'hard-core' youth! We must continue to work with them, no matter what!"

"But Narciso, I personally feel that if they don't want to conform and abide by our FONY regulations we cannot tolerate their behavior," adds Fierro.

"Well," surmises Porfirio, "if more recreational programs were made available it would be a tremendous step forward."

"Porfirio, that's a practical approach that needs more research," confirms Menso.

Digesting Humberto's comments, Fierro offers, "Humberto, we need more of those critical observations if we're to continue serving the community in a positive and constructive manner."

"I'll go along with that analysis," mentions Henrietta. "Our next problem," she declares, "is refunding. You'll be glad to know that included in our new proposal is the providing of services for the 'hard-core'."

With a look of contentment Narciso Menso says, "I'm very gratified to know that our agency really is attempting to work with all segments of the community's problems."

At that moment, Mr. Menso's secretary enters the inner office looking bright and chipper. Strutting towards Narciso, she sings, "Oh, what a beautiful mornin' Oh, what a beautiful day . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" barks Narciso disturbed by her intrusion. "What is it!" he demands.

"Some trainees would like to speak to you," she explains while trying to regain her composure.

With the fingers of his left hand tightly together, and held against his lips, he whispers, "Tell them I'm busy."

"They insist," answers his secretary.

"O.K., show them in," consents Menso.

Apparently awed by the interior of Mr. Menso's office, the boys take hesitating steps towards Narciso's desk. Their facial expressions resemble a 'vato' getting six months county time.

"Mr. Menso," begins Pancho Ventura, "we were wondering if anything has happened regarding what FONY intends to do about the conditions in our classroom."

With a look of perplexity Narciso replies, "Why . . . didn't . . . (looking at Fierro disgustingly) well -ll -ll, Fierro, I told you yesterday to take care of that situation."

"But you told us Mr. Meno, you'd take care of that problem six months ago!" interrupts Pancho.

"Well, as you kids know, I'm very busy and little things like that slip my mind. Don't worry; I'll take care of it."

"Thanks, Mr. Menso," answers Pancho. "All the trainees in our classroom will be glad to hear that."

The trainees file out the door one by one. As the door closes, Narciso looks at his watch and states, "Well, gentlemen, I must be on my way. I've a very important luncheon date with the Eastside Rotary Club; but before leaving, I want to again encourage each one in this room to continue servicing our youth and the community as only we know we can!"

"That's right!" includes Porfirio. "With our FONY programs assured of continuing, let us dedicate ourselves to the will of the community!"

"Amen," sighs Mr. Menso.

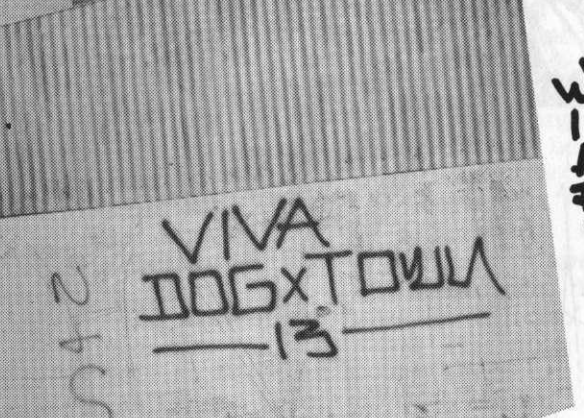
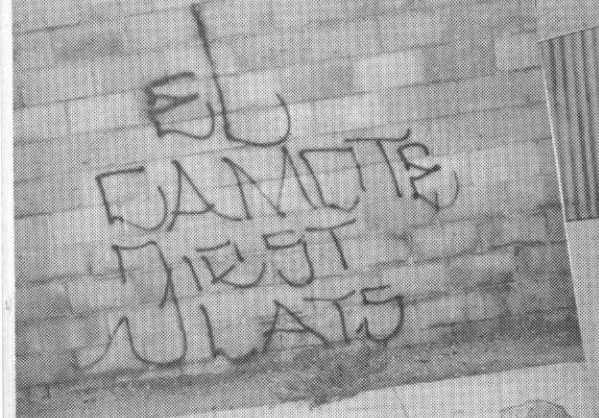
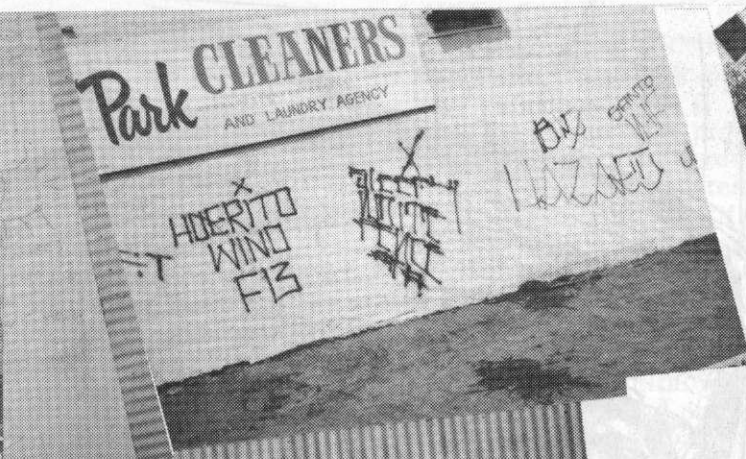
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A ver adonde esta ese guy?

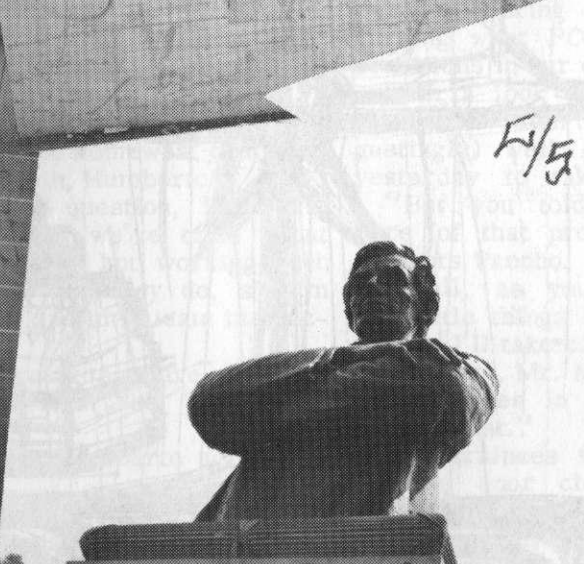
Tengo que comprar CON SAFOS,

antes de ir a mi FONY work training program.



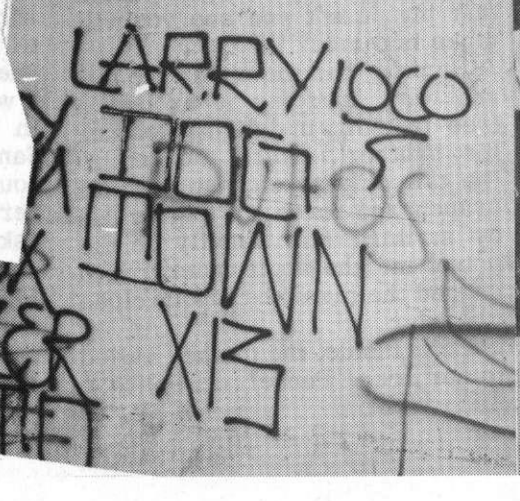
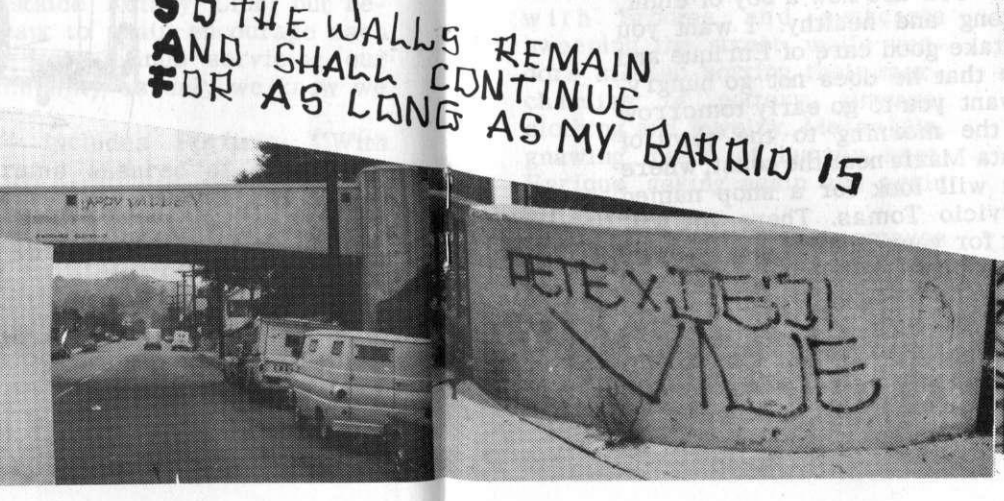
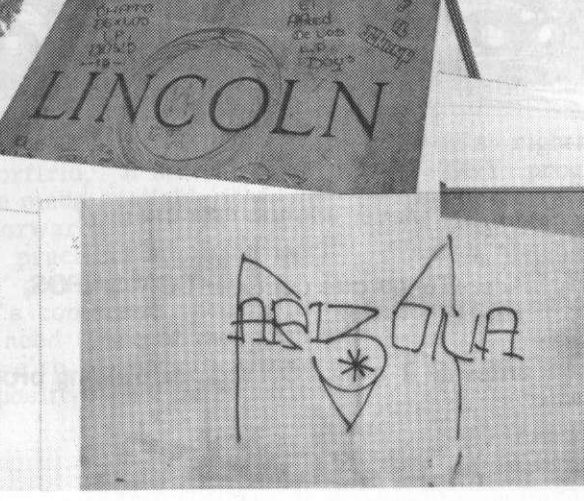
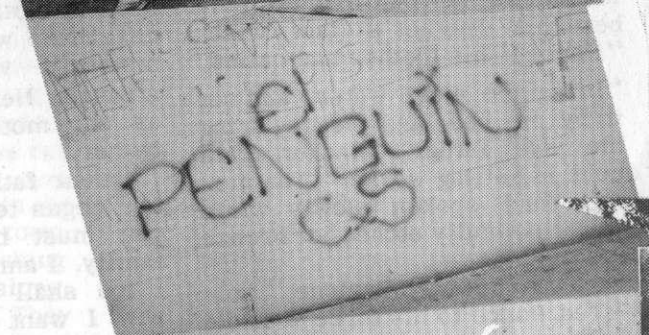
WITH SCARRED, EMBATTLED WALLS,
I HOLD WITHIN,
AND KEEP THE OTHER WORLD OUT;
REFLECTIONS OF MYSELF,
IN THE BITTER ACT
OF UNSPOKEN COMMUNICATIONS.

G/S



F/S

SPASMATIC THRUSTS
ARE THE AGONIZING GESTURES,
THOUGH NOTHING MORE THAN MIME
OF THE FRUSTRATING GRIEF,
PICTURED IN DESPERATION
OF MY IMPRISONMENT.



SO THE WALLS REMAIN
AND SHALL CONTINUE
FOR AS LONG AS MY BARRIO IS



HUNGRY FEVER

by Joe Rubio

Only the faint pacing of a policeman walking on the cobble stone street echoed through the fog, as the silent grey mist shrouded the sleeping pueblo in the dark. The edge of objects at that lonely hour created an enchanting atmosphere deep within the whirls of mists. At six in the morning the pueblo seemed at peace, then the mist began to lift, disappearing into open doorways and entrances, clinging to iron grille balconies leaving a sticky wetness. The pueblo stood up on tiptoes and then it took its first steps.

Yawning workers began their sinister passages down the streets, as servants swept away remains of the night, while policemen slept against the trees. That was the hour when Enrique woke up with a chill. His brother, who had heard him sneezing at dawn, said nothing. But all the same, deep down he had a presentiment of catastrophe. If Enrique took sick how would he look after him?

Ponce was a solemn faced boy, eight years old and already the head of a family of two

which consisted of himself and his three year old brother. He didn't know whether his parents were alive or dead. Deep in the jungle brush high in the mountains, he could only remember his mother's last wish. "Ponce," his mother had called, "bring me more water, and set it by my bed, and please, bring me your father's blanket. This cold is getting worse." The mother had spoken slowly while chills painfully etched her bronze face.

"Enrique! . . . Enrique," hollered Ponce to his three year old brother outside, "Get away from that pig! Can't you see you will make him mad?"

Enrique had the pig by the tail and was dragging it around a tree laughing in delight. Hearing his brother's voice, he let go the tail only to pick up a small branch and force the pig to run by striking him heavily on the spine. Into the jungle undergrowth dashed the pig with Enrique close behind.

Back inside, the mother called to her son. "Ponce! . . . Ponce,"

she cried weakly, "let your brother play. Can't you see he is only having a little fun? Come here, close to me. I have something to tell you."

"Yes mother," answered Ponce. There was something in his mother's voice that sounded strange. Her eyes were large, as she motioned to him to sit by her.

"Your father has gone away," she began telling him, "and now you must be the head of the family. I am very sick, and soon I too shall go away, but right now I want you to heed what I say. You are now a boy of eight, strong and healthy. I want you to take good care of Enrique and see that he does not go hungry. I want you to go early tomorrow in the morning to the town of Santa Maria near the coast, where you will look for a shop named Servicio Tomas. There you will ask for your Aunt Elena. She will know how to care for you and Enrique. I shall give you all the centavos I have; only, be careful you do not lose them. A city can be strange and lonely,

but I know I can depend on you. Now go pack your things together for tomorrow."

Ponce sat on the dirt floor, silently listening to his mother's every word. He could not understand why he must go, or why he must take Enrique on such a long trip. Enrique is such a bother, always crying. What a burden to inherit a nuisance, now that he was the head of the family. But he loved his mother and would obey her.

Days later, Ponce thought of when he waved goodbye to her. He was sitting staring at the sky in a doorway when suddenly he felt scared and alone, and he started to cry. Enrique was beside him, and he woke up whimpering and coughing. Tugging on his brother's shirt, his little voice begged, "I'm hungry, hungry."

Ponce looked at his brother and hugged him close, "Yes, I know, I'll find something for us to eat soon." Hugging the warm body of his brother, Enrique just stared at his brother's deep, dark eyes and said nothing more.

From then on, the silent, suffering hours were painful for the two. They were hours of loneliness and hunger. When the sun rose above the lowlying countryside, illuminating the red tile roofs of the pueblo, the two left the cold shelter of the deserted doorway. Having traveled through tangled undergrowth slashing thorns and jagged rocks, the two were ragged and shoeless, now rubbing their bleary eyes in the dim morning shadow of the town.

Quietly they stood watching old women walk painfully along, disappearing into churches. They noted the street cleaner armed with brooms and pushcarts sweeping the street, while vendors started sorting their merchandise of pottery, tinware, clothing and jewelry. Meanwhile, gnawing pains of hunger kept Enrique asking again and again for food.

Ponce recalled the centavos his mother had given him, but he wanted to hold on to them. He had never had money in his pockets before, and the constant jingle made him feel responsible and important. "Keep quiet En-



rique," Ponce said again to his brother who kept coughing and asking for bread, "Soon, very soon we shall eat."

As they walked along the now busy street, Ponce saw a servant putting out trash cans, and he became curious. Wanting to keep on looking for Servicio Tomas, Ponce hesitated as he looked at the large cans, full and inviting. Curious, he looked inside them, and it seemed to him a treasure chest of surprises. The two began to dig. They found sardine cans, old shoes, bits of bread, dead rats, tomatoes, rags; and a pear, almost unspoiled, which Ponce broke in half and devoured on the spot. The other half, he gave to his little brother who nearly choked as he swallowed the juice. While they were searching, a servant surprised them, and chased them away with angry shouts; but with their hunger satisfied for the moment, they walked hand in hand to a small stream near a fountain. After splashing a little water on their faces, they hurried again into the street.

All that morning and afternoon, the two boys wandered through streets and alleys, asking directions for the shop but no one had heard the name or knew the location. All afternoon Enrique had coughed and coughed, but he had ceased to complain, and then came the night with a bright full moon shining above the town. The inevitable happened. After having coughed so much, Enrique became hoarse, he was chilled, and had a high fever. Ponce's worries turned to fear. He wanted and needed help, but no one paid attention to his pleas. He halted people along the street, but they just ignored him. Now it was dark, and all the streets were deserted. Finding an abandoned shed along a dark alley, Ponce took his brother in his arms and laid him on a straw covered floor. The two of them spent the night shut up in that room, silently suffering, with but an occasional cry which could be heard like a whimper in the darkness.

Ponce tossed and turned rest-

lessly, while Enrique coughed. He looked into his little brother's eyes, and he felt a strange fear grow in his heart. He took his little brother in his arms again, and held him so tightly that he almost made him cry.

Ponce watched his little brother struggle with his breathing all night. When the sky began to lighten over the hills, he sat up, opened his mouth, and called out loud, "My Dios, please help us, please, please!" Then he sank to his knees crying loudly. Finally, tired out, he returned to his little brother's side, and fell fast asleep.

The noon day sun was unbearable to the human inhabitants of the town. The noon hour was the siesta time when everyone went indoors, into the cool quiet shadows, away from the burning heat. Streets were deserted, except for a few mongrel dogs overturning garbage cans scattering their contents, while black scavengers hovered overhead awaiting their turn to pick at the remains. Everything was silent, except! In the small shed hidden away among the network of alleys, a cough could be heard to ring again and again.

"Here my little brother, drink this cool water," whispered Ponce, lifting a tin cup to the little dry lips. The water seemed to cool Enrique's red face, but he still looked feverish.

"More," cried Enrique.

"Yes, my brother," Ponce said, emptying the tin cup in the little mouth.

"More," Enrique cried again.

"Yes, but I will have to ask the nice lady next door. Now don't get up. Just stay where you are."

Returning to the adobe building next to the shed, Ponce knocked again on the wooden door. As the door opened, revealing the old lady with the black shawl, he asked, "Please lady, could you please fill my cup again for my brother?"

"Your brother," she said, "must be very thirsty, but I'll give you another cup. Why don't you tell your brother to seek

his own water? It's a shame sending a boy into strange houses asking for water."

"You misunderstand dear lady," said Ponce, "My brother is only three years old, and his fever is getting worse every hour."

"Three years old, you say! Quickly, show me where he is."

Ponce led the old lady to the empty shed where Enrique lay coughing and tossing. Removing the shawl from around her bare shoulders the lady wrapped Enrique carefully, carrying him into her house. Quickly she alerted her servants who brought her medicines and blankets.

"How long has your brother been this way?"

"Two days," answered Ponce.

"Where are your parents?"

"Up in the mountains. My father left us when I was Enrique's age, and my mother left two days ago."

"How did you get here, and what brings you to Santa Maria?" asked the old lady who showed visible signs of being worried.

"My mother told me to look for my Aunt Elena at the Servicio Tomas, but no one seems to know where that is is."

"Pablo, Pablo," the old lady shouted. Quickly, a servant appeared.

"Si senora," he answered, "what is it you wish?"

"Do you know a shop here in Santa Maria called Servicio Tomas. It was rumored that the jungle people who lived there brought to the city a strange malady which infected everything they touched, and when the people of the town knew of it, they burned the shop down."

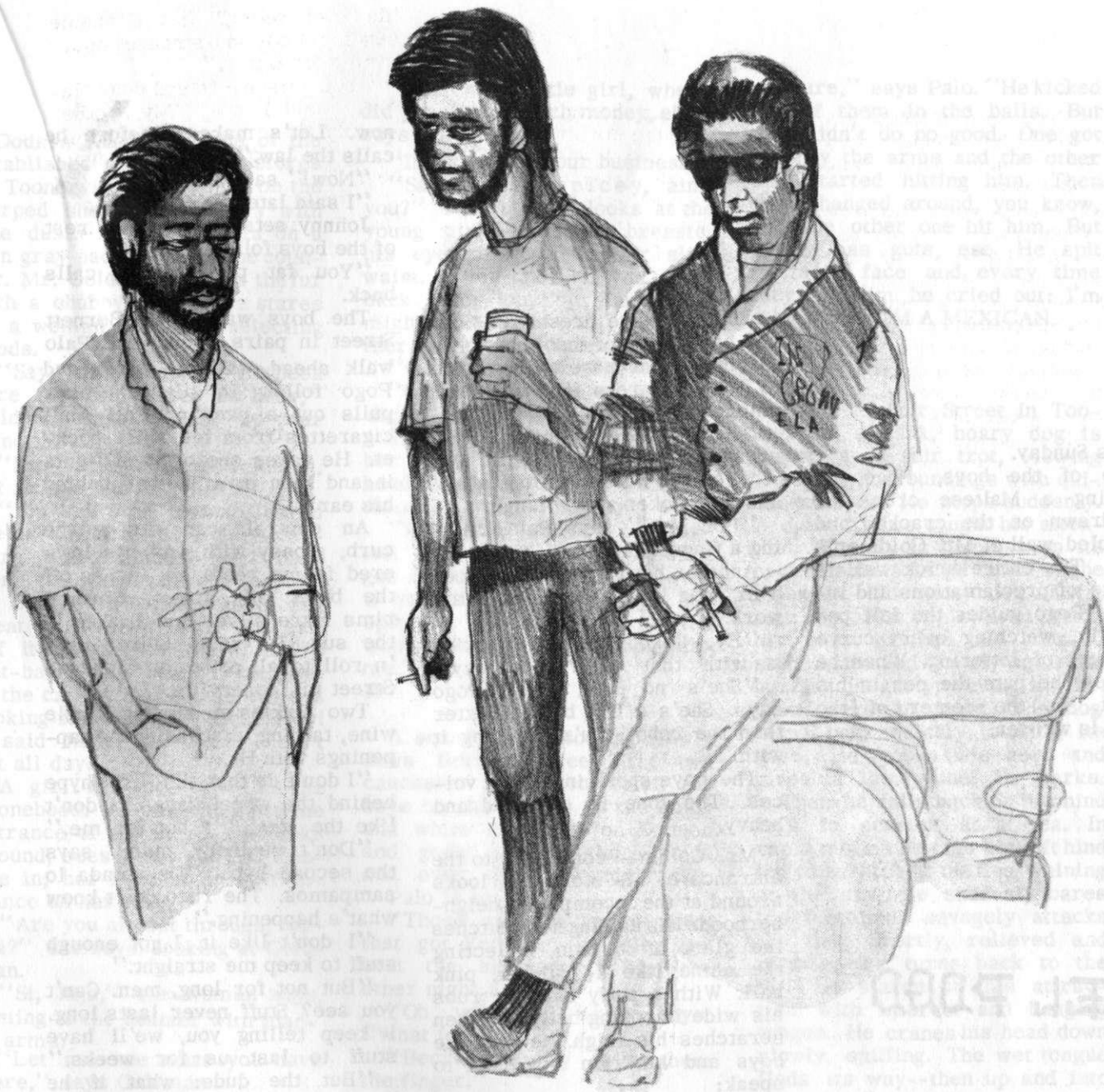
"Yes I remember now," said the old lady. "It was something about a fever."

Suddenly everyone turned and stared at Ponce and Enrique.

"The fever, the FEVER!"

Enrique, burning red and coughing, began to laugh an eerie laugh, as all eyes stared at his large eyes which were now swollen, and were growing red, very red. Ponce just smiled, as he too began to cough.

5/5



TOONERVILLE

by J.L. Navarro

The sun stares down on the streets and alleys of the neighborhood that is called Toonerville. Within its boundaries, dilapidated houses shake and shiver in the breeze. Clumps of grass grow in scattered patches and malnourished lots, coming up through cracked walks. The afternoon is clear of cloud and scud.

The air is warm and a thin haze of smog hangs in the summer air.

Some neighborhood boys are on the corner of Dodson and Bernett. The blazing sun exposes all, hiding nothing outside of shade. Nothing much is going on.

It is Sunday.

One of the boys, Pogo, is finishing a Maltese cross he has drawn on the cracked and crumbled wall of Mr. Goldman's store. The entire brick wall is a slate of proclamations and initials. Pogo guides the felt pen expertly, watching every curve and curl of lettering. When he finishes, he puts the pen in his pocket. At the center of the cross is written:

EL POGO

CON

LA SANJA

T/S

The boys are dressed in Sunday best. None of them have gone to church and none of them plan to. They share a fifth of T-bird among themselves.

"I wish I had a joint," Palo says.

"You can have my joint, ese," answers Joker with a laugh.

"For you," says Palo, raising a finger.

Another boy named Johnny goes over and looks at Pogo's art work.

"Ey, Pogo, you still making it with that puta?" he says.

"She's no puts, ese," Pogo says. She's a fine broad. Better than the robot you're making it with."

The boys speak in shoddy voices. The tone is stressed and heavy.

Mr. Goldman comes out to the entrance of his store and looks around at the decomposing neighborhood. His balding head catches the glare of the sun, reflecting the shine like a polished pink ball. With a puffy hand he rubs his wide imposing belly and then scratches his thigh. He sees the boys and his thin lips part to speak:

"Whaddaya punks want? Get outa here, will ya, before I call the cops."

"Tu mama, puto!" Pogo says.

"Get outa here I said. Go on, get outa here. I told you punks I didn't want you around my store no more."

"We ain't doing nothing," Johnny says.

"I don't give a damn what you're doing. I just don't want you around my store. Now get outa here."

Palo reaches in his pocket for his knife and says to Johnny, "Let's jump him, ese. The ruco makes me sick."

"Easy," Johnny says. "Not

now. Let's make it before he calls the law."

"Now!" says Palo.

"I said later."

Johnny sets pace and the rest of the boys follow.

"You fat pig!" Joker calls back.

The boys walk down Burnett Street in pairs. Johnny and Palo walk ahead, talking. Joker and Pogo follow in silence. Joker pulls out a pack of Pall Mall cigarettes from his shirt pocket. He takes one out and lights it and then puts another behind his ear.

An emerald car sits at the curb, glossy with wax, its lowered frame rests six inches off the black oily street. Chrome rims flare silver and flicker in the sun. Its radio blares rock 'n roll to all points on Glendora Street in Toonerville.

Two junkies sit sipping Ripple wine, talking, discussing the happenings with H.

"I don't do that shit," the hype behind the wheel says. "I don't like the idea. It's not for me."

"Don't be leery, man," says the second hype. "De volada lo sampamos. The ruco don't know what's happening."

"I don't like it. I got enough stuff to keep me straight."

"But not for long, man. Can't you see? Stuff never lasts long. I keep telling you, we'll have stuff to last us for weeks."

"But the dude: what if he remembers? I get busted again and I strike out. I can't afford to bust, you know what I mean?"

"The old man don't know nothing, man. I got this piece that will make him forget everything."

"Are you sure there's no chance of a bust? Are you really sure?"

"I tell you no. We just walk in, knock him off and make it."

"What's the vato's name, ese?"

"His name is Goldman."

"I don't know. I'm going to have to think about it."

"But I keep telling you, it's no big thing. . ."

Dodson Market is one of the established neighborhood stores in Toonerville. The goods on the warped shelves are heavy with fine dust. A fat cat rests on a thin gray pad placed on the counter. Mr. Goldman strokes the fur with a chubby hand as he stares at a woman customer selecting goods.

"Say, hurry up there. You been here for damn near an hour," Goldman says. "Make up your mind."

"I'm trying, Senor Goldman, but I can't find da beans."

"I'm all outa them. Cleared me out during the Sale. Try something else. Change your diet. Don't tell me you people just live on beans?" He takes some dry meat and feeds it to the cat. "If it's niggers it's fish, if it's wet-backs it's beans," he says to the cat. "Cheap people. Always looking for something cheap. Hey! I said hurry up there I ain't got all day."

A girl who had been in the phonebooth outside comes to the entrance of the store. She looks around, sees the woman and prances in, her head high, with defiance on her face.

"Are you almost through, mama?" she says, looking at Goldman.

"Si, hija," the woman says, coming to the counter with loaded arms.

"Let me see what you have there," says Goldman.

"Can you please put it on my credit, Senor Gold--"

"Credit? Ha! You crazy? Last time I gave you credit you didn't pay me the five for six months."

"I could not, senor. My husband, he--"

"Yeah. I know all about it. He layed off, or got layed off. Listen, that ain't my problem, lady. I got to make a living, too, you know."

"But I pay, I pay. My husband, he is paid tomorrow. I pay."

"Yal!" protests the girl. "Yo tengo dinero." She reaches in her purse and hands the money to the woman.

"Well now, little girl, where did you get so much money, eh?" says Goldman.

"It's none of your business."

"Say, you're spicy, ain't you?" The fat man looks at the young girl's swelling breasts, his eyes trace down her slim waist. "You know, if you come back later on, by yourself, I might be able to give your mother all the credit she wants."

"Que dice," asks the woman.

"Nada," the girl says. "No dice nada."

The girl puts her hands on her large hips and tosses her head back, looking at Goldman through brown arrogant eyes.

"What you see ain't old mister. Look good, 'cause you ain't got enough to buy it. And even if you did. . ." She turns and spits on the floor, and to the woman she says, Vamonos, mama."

IV

A squad car is coming slowly down Bennett Street. The two caucasian policemen watch the boys on the corner as the black and white car turns on Dodson and goes on past the Church and over the railroad tracks.

Palo is saying:

"Those are the paddy punks that got Ferny in the alley and beat the shit out of him the other night."

"Oh yeah," Johnny says. "What for?"

"Because Ferny gave them the finger."

"You swear to God? They beat the shit out of him for that?"

"I ain't jivin'. He gave them finger and called them culeros."

"The mothers. You swear?"

"I ain't lyin', ese. They turned the car and came after him. Ferny tried to run, you know. But man, they were on him before he could move. They pulled him in the car and ran a make on him. You know, the bit. Ferny thought they were going to let him go. But instead they took him by the tracks--by the warehouse, you know--and that's where they jacked him up."

"What did he do? Didn't he fight or anything?"

"Sure," says Palo. "He kicked one of them in the balls. But that didn't do no good. One got him by the arms and the other one started hitting him. Then they changed around, you know, and the other one hit him. But Ferny has guts, ese. He spit in their face and every time they hit him he cried out: I'm a Mexican. I'M A MEXICAN."

V

Along Fickett Street in Toonerville a lank, hoary dog is pacing at a fair trot, viewing his seedy surroundings with quiescent eyes. He stops suddenly. A dying fly has caught his attention. The fly is helpless on its back inside a large crack of the sidewalk. The gray dog sniffs; then he rears his head back, his ears pricked. He goes to sniff again and the fly squirms, buzzing insanely, waving its thin black legs in panic. The dog steps back quickly, licking its nose. He cocks his head and gives a low whine. He barks.

Then he falls back on his hind legs to scratch at a flea. In rapid motion he fans his left hind leg to scratch at the flea, whining at the sky. He suddenly bares his teeth and savagely attacks the flea. Shortly, relieved and panting, he turns back to the fly. He stares at this attraction with interest and hanging tongue. He cranes his head down slowly, sniffing. The wet tongue finds its way--then up and into the animal's mouth.

The dog continues down the Toonerville street. A boy riding an orange crate scooter comes and stops by the dog.

"Hi boy. Come 'ere, come 'ere boy. Good boy. Good boy."

The boy pets the dog lightly on the head. The dog blinks his eyes lazily and yawns.

"Bye," the boy says. "Good bye, boy." Then he pushes past the dog, roller skate wheels sounding down the street.

The dog looks after the boy in bewilderment. He turns his head this way and that way, wondering. Finally the dog de-

cides to trail in the direction he was originally going. Then he stops. He sees a shiny car turning off Glendora Street onto Fickett. The car is coming slow in his direction. The gray dog readies himself at the curb. When he sees the glitter of the chrome rims he charges after the car, running as fast as his old legs will carry him, barking as loud as his parched throat will permit. The animal looks up at the driver. The driver is wearing dark sunglasses. He smiles and looks down at the dog. In an active moment of confusion, the car suddenly veers over, hitting the dog. The animal goes under the wheels with a high cry of pain.

The emerald car continues down the grimey asphalt. The old dog watches it. Before he dies, he sees the car turn the corner, going toward Dodson Street.

VI

Perfume is thick in the air. The scent hangs like fog, invisible and heavy, in the middle of Verbensten Avenue in Tooner-ville. The sweet, lavish aromas are rising from the young girls that sit on the faded red steps of an old rickety white house. Their tight skirts are seven inches above the knees; their hair is ratted and teased high. They wear heavy make-up and high arched brows. Their smiles are inviting; their attitude is coarse, wild and roguish.

"And what did you tell his ugly face?" asks Vera.

"I told him where to get off, esa. Shit. He told me to come back--alone. Woooooooow! And, and he would give my old lady all the credit she wanted. Dig! All the credit she wanted. What a tripl!" Sonya says, lighting a cigarette.

"I bet you could get a lot of money off him," says Tina.

"Check her," says Sonya. "That old dude stinks. I bet all he can do is look and feel."

"Maybe," says Tina. "But he has money. I could get lost in all the money he has."

"So why don't you make it with him?" Vera asks.

"What do you think I am? I'm no whore."

"Yeah?"

"That's right. I talk funny sometimes, but I'm not like that."

"I heard Fat Tesey made it with old man Goldman," says Sonya.

"Yeah, but she's a big you-know-what," says Tina.

"That's how she got that new coat and dress. You know, the ones she had on at the party."

"Did youse' people go to Martha's party?" Vera asks.

"Yeah," says Tina. "And you know who was there? Yeah, that real cute guy that was at the Union when the Midnitters were there."

"You swear to God? He was there? Yeah? What happened?"

"Well, he came up and asked me if I wanted to go outside with him and. . ."

VII

The boys walk past Bernett Street School. The red-brick building stands on a fenced off lot. Ferns and drying weeds creep up the walls of the deserted institution. It stands among waste and gang writings. Its windows are hollowed and boarded up. Joker turns and spits on the school steps.

"Look," Palo says. "Some one got some. Eeeeeeyyyyyyiii! Something else. Something else!"

The boys look at the blood stained sanitary pad and used prophylactic laying by the rusty trash can next to the school steps.

The boys laugh.

"I wonder who it was?" says Joker.

"It was Sonya," Johnny says, looking at Pogo. "I heard her crying like a bitch while some dude was putting it to her."

"Ese, I ain't going to tell you again," Pogo says. "Stop capping on her. I'm getting pissed off."

"Don't come undone, man. I'm just jivin'."

"The stud must have been hard up," says Palo.

"Dirty pussy is the best pussy there is," Joker says.

Except for Joker, the boys laugh at the thought. Joker listens to them and smiles. Then he looks down the street and sees the boy on the orange crate scooter coming down the walk.

"OUT OF MY WAY!" the boy cries, moving full-speed.

"Wait a minute, Bobby," says Pogo, halting the boy. "Where you going, man?"

"Over to get Gibby," the boy says, winded. "...Some one got old. . ."

"Is your sister home?" asks Palo.

"Tina? Yeah, she's home--I guess. Hey, but you know what?"

"Somebody knocked off old man Goldman."

"How do you know?" Johnny says.

"I just came from his store. The cops are there and everything."

"Who did it?"

"...I don't know. . ."

"Is he dead?"

"...Yeah. He got a bullet in his head. . ."

"What happened?"

"...I don't know. I just know he's dead," says the boy. "I'll see youse guys. I'm going to get Gibby. I want to show him the blood on the street." And he pushes away.

"I wonder who did it?" Palo says.

"I don't know Johnny."

"I bet it was Fat Tesey's boy friend," Joker says. "Maybe he heard that Goldman got into her."

"Maybe," Johnny says.

The news of Goldman's death fades in their conversation.

"What are you guys going to do?" says Joker.

"I'm making it to the pad," says Palo.

"I think I'll make it to my broad's house," says Pogo. "And you, Johnny? You making it?"

"Yeah. Go watch T.V. or something. Nothing else to do."

"All right," Joker says. "I'll see you guys later. I'm hungry."

The boys walk off in their separate directions.

C/S

LINCOLN PARK WINO

*Wrinkled shoes, unglossed and old;
Wrinkled face deep brown by
The sun.*

*Sing the joy of living with each
Respired breath, and disregard
Tomorrow as your day, old man.*

Think only of the past.

*Tip the blood-red wine to your
Lips and contemplate the grass
On which you lay. Taste your wine
And wink at passers-by.*

*Pat your swelling gut, old man, and
Belch a good one for the birds.*

*Feel the bristles on your chin
And think no more of the patches on
Your clothes.*

Disregard tomorrow as your day, old man.

Think only of the past.

*Of years gone by when youth had you
In splendor.*

*Smell the smell of you as you have come
To know it. Drink your wine and feel
The ache of having lost those years.*

*But for the moment spin in jolly
Merriment as you smile and wink
At passers-by. Tip your hat, drink
Your wine, and disregard tomorrow
As your day, old man.*

Think only of the past.



J. L. Navarro

MY THING, THAT IS

The flowers, the fruit, no scene
The planted, nowhere to be gleaned
The voices, the bootleg beer, guitars
The fires, the — where have I been?

Sing it again, they said
Say it in Spanish, then I'll be glad
Son, don't tell me I drink too much
Savor this life — we'll soon be out of touch

Barren the streets, the houses
Barren the people, now gone, now left
Barren life, hope, despair and wrath
Barren my early home — in aftermath

The houses, soiled colors of dirt
The soil, splintered, crying with hurt
Lemon trees, happy trees, long gone
Like baby — don't lead me on and on!

Nate P. Cisneros

drum song

flowers for the fallen kings.

Sweet flowers

fair flowers

flowers for the kings of Mexico

for the fallen kings of Mexico

dead forgotten kings of Mexico

sleeping in the haunting brown earth

weeping in the haunting brown earth

dreaming in the haunting brown earth

sleeping

weeping

dreaming

flowers

for the fallen kings of Mexico

AAAAAAAAAAAAAY!

war chants and broken arrows

for the fallen Gods of Mexico

for the broken gods of mexico

once triumphant gods of Mexico

Quetzal feathers for the high gods

for the vanquished gods of mexico

weeping for the man of Mexico

for the broken men of mexico

for the fallen men of mexico

for the vanquished men of mexico

Benjamin Luna



"y subscripciones a CON SAFOS,"

no mas dos dolares por año

P.O. Box 31085 Los Angeles 90031

A View of the Mexican Education System

by Gil Gonzalez

A year ago last summer I traveled through much of Mexico to research the educational problems of that country. Some of my notions and feelings about the existing situation have recently been reinforced during this summer's government massacres against the Mexico City students.

There is, no doubt, a growing educational problem in Mexico, in spite of increasing agriculture and industry. Forty-three percent of the Mexican population, largely rural, is illiterate today. The percentage remains at a constant, but in terms of absolute numbers the illiterate population continues to grow. When forty percent of the population is illiterate it means that that proportion of the population is living in a kind of social, economic and political atmosphere which can only serve to stifle a total national development. In addition, there is little hope within this group for individual human progress and achievement of a satisfactory life in a 20th Century World.

The problem can be traced back to secondary sources, such as a lack of resources (e.g. budget allotments from the government, man-

power such as trained administrators, teachers, training teachers, and the problem must also be traced to the primary causes which are endemic to the nation's economic organization (or system) that inhibits development through a corrupt political system that lives off the support of a populace who believe that their own well-being is synonymous with the party in power. In reality, the power groups rule from a context of self interest first, the voiceless masses being a secondary consideration.

The primary causes are the agents that cause conditions (such as illiteracy and rural poverty) to remain at a constant. It is my contention that whatever education is available to the Mexican nation, it is primarily an education which reinforces the national system and the social conditions as they exist, rather than offering possible avenues for improving the general social condition. If it is viewed in this manner then, the educational system of Mexico can be viewed as a major obstacle toward progress in eradication negative social conditions.

Not all Mexicans, however, remain without the benefits that an education affords. The middle class orientation of the urban schools benefit those who have the privileges that go with being middle or upper class. Nevertheless, they do not see their privileges as privileges. The fact that they do not have the same obstacles placed in front of them that a campesino does is of no immediate concern to the upper classes. The upper classes see the schools as a means of achieving success within the system. The outgrowth is an attitude of the upper classes that equates their privileged position with success; the culture and background of the lower class is considered to be backward oriented. Another manner of conceptualizing this attitude would be in terms of "paternalism." The existing paternalism stems from the colonial era and is still very much a part of a society that in fact manifests obvious internal colonialism.

However, a growing minority within the upper classes is beginning to sense a responsibility in the lack of so called privileges for the large majority of lower class Mexicans (70% of the total population). They are no longer complacent with the privileges of their fortunate positions in the upper classes. This minority is willing to acknowledge the injustice of a system that creates a large class of underpaid workers and a small comfortable middle class; and it is well aware that both classes are dependent upon a ruling upper class. (Note: The Mexican student demonstrations prior to the Olympics is an example of a middle class minority that is aware of the shortcomings of the social, political and economic system.

If one is to believe the newspaper reports, the students' demands for the reform of the educational system included reforms in the political and economic systems. The threat posed by the students focused on the foundations of the present system. This is why the government went to such extremes to put down the peaceful demonstrations.)

Nevertheless, the majority of the urban upper classes are removed from the feelings and needs of the lower classes, and a seemingly natural resentment by the lower classes for this ruling group remains hidden below the facade of the "colourful Mexico" image. Rural and urban poor sense their dependence upon the urban political and economic control centers, but are frustrated in their seeming inability to act effectively in a direction that would give them some measure of control.

II

Schools foster a nationalism and consciousness of achievement. Their "nationalism" is basically respect and allegiance towards the national political and economic institutions. Patriotism is the same thing in this context. The schools foster the patriotic attitude, and through this process reinforce the status quo. This is because instead of teaching change, the schools simply strengthen the existing paralyzing system.

Add to the above the bureaucratic impediments preventing the Mexican educational system from successfully reaching out to carry out the social revolution of "equality" for all; a task which, if successfully implemented, would transfer power from the urban centers to the underdeveloped and changeless rural and urban poor. Few are willing or capable at this time of carrying out such a revolutionary task.

Mexico is caught in the contradiction of a changing urban nation and a stagnating but growing rural population. The education that reaches the rural folk does not significantly add to their well being because of the limited economic resources at their disposal. Of significance is the fact that the nationalism inculcated into both the urban and rural Mexican has not made them homogeneous. The psychological barrier created by the great social and economic gulf is far too real and immediate to be erased through appeals to "nationalism." The gulf that divides the two groups is this created by concentrating the benefits of the nation in the cities leaving few in the rural areas.

III

The following are some limited observations I made in Mexico. They are at best, conclusions I have drawn rather than arguments about the

reality of the Mexican educational system.

I visited a training school for students from rural areas who would presupposedly return to teach in their native area. There I had the feeling that much less than a total effort was being made to create outstanding teachers for the most pressing problems of Mexico. The headmaster of the center was quite defensive about the school and himself. The classrooms were in need of repairs. Most of the facilities were in need of cleaning and the atmosphere was one of old paint and dust. These of course are superficial areas for discussion but the fact remains that schools like this are preparing students who will eventually teach in areas of vital concern for the nation, areas which are drastically low in educational standards.

The headmaster's attitude concerned me also. It seems that his opinions harbored continuing problems for Mexico. He said that today's rural teachers are not what they used to be. Implying of course, that neither are the students "what they used to be:" dedicated, intelligent, etc. His negative attitude undoubtedly only aggravated the school's problems.

It is, however, important to realize that many Mexicans are deeply concerned about the betterment of their educational system. UN MEXICANO MAS, effectively put forth that concern. The book argues that Mexican education is much more concerned with who you know and where you are from, than with actual needs. Principals are assigned to schools because of political alliances or political favors rather than on the basis of individual ability. A teacher attempting to teach objectively will find his position threatened. A non-conforming student (not in the sense of a disciplinary problem) will find equal treatment difficult to come by. The effect, the author states, is to reinforce aspects of the Mexican reality that need to be changed. And it is only this needed change that will liberate the spirit for leading a fuller life.

To go further, while speaking with three professors from a secondary school in Mexico City, I felt that they were conscious of the need and in complete favor for changing the entire system. Their opinions were revolutionary. They felt their efforts were being strangled by an overwhelming economic and political system. The candidness and friendliness of these teachers indicated a certain dedication on their part to help develop the Mexican nation. I feel there must be thousands more like them (they did say that their opinions were widespread). And so I would conjecture that the future does have men who will effect the necessary changes.

On another occasion I spoke at length with a small-town mechanic near Oaxaca. In Mexico he had been a peasant until taken into the

army where he learned the rudiments of engine repairs. Soon after his discharge he came to the United States as a bracero. While in the United States he saved enough to buy some tools, he then returned to Mexico and set up a small shop next to his shack in Nochistlan, Oaxaca. He is married, and is the father of four children, for whom he seems to provide adequately. It would appear that he was attempting to achieve some degree of economic security.

Anthropologists have argued that the lower economic class is under the control of a dominant political and economic system. My friend, the garage mechanic, came to this conclusion as countless peasants and laborers have come to that conclusion, without inquiries. They know their position in society. They are the poorest and they receive the least amount of benefits from the nation's wealth. They labor for and are under the control of a distant and unresponsive government. In other words, they form an isolated colony within the nation.

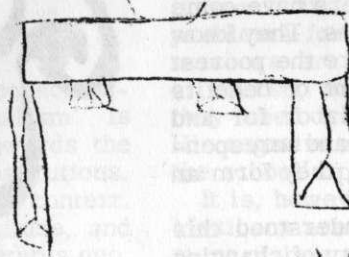
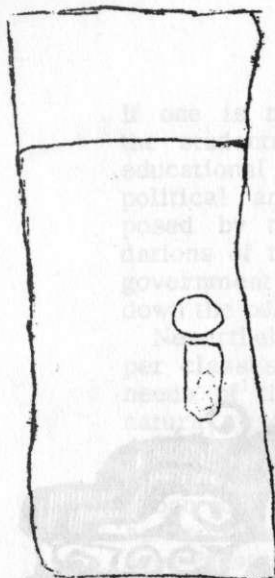
The mechanic instinctively understood this and he also sensed the desirability of changing the system. I asked him why he and the lower class did not try. His answer was that they would be murderously repressed. Their lack of arms would make them easy prey for a government that uses force if necessary in order to keep the system intact. (Note: We now know this has to be true. The accurateness of the mechanic's observation was borne out when the federal troops opened fire on the Mexican students).

I also asked the mechanic about the education his children receive. He became emotional at this point, it seems that his experience with government schools was most unsatisfactory. He spoke of the low grade of teachers sent to the school from the big cities, the contempt that the teachers have for the poor and about the geographic inaccessability of the school. The school was far from their homes and the children hitchhiked to school. This sort of thing only adds to the economic problems that keep the poor children close to home, and keeps them working at home. The people in the cities, the mechanic surmised, do not have to suffer the indignities that "we" Mexicans must.

His home spun radicalism is characteristic of the poorer classes who individually come to the conclusion that their condition is not the result of their delinquent behavior but is much more the result of situations completely outside their control. Their individual consciousness awaits a catalyst to transform them into a group. When a group consciousness manifests itself, conditions "right" for revolution will emerge.



E/S



SOMETIMES
MY HOUSE
IS EMPTIE WHEN
I COME
HOME

The following four
pages are from

OPERATION ADVENTURE,

A creative educational
program, conducted in
East Los Angeles
for children and teenagers.

By
LEONARD

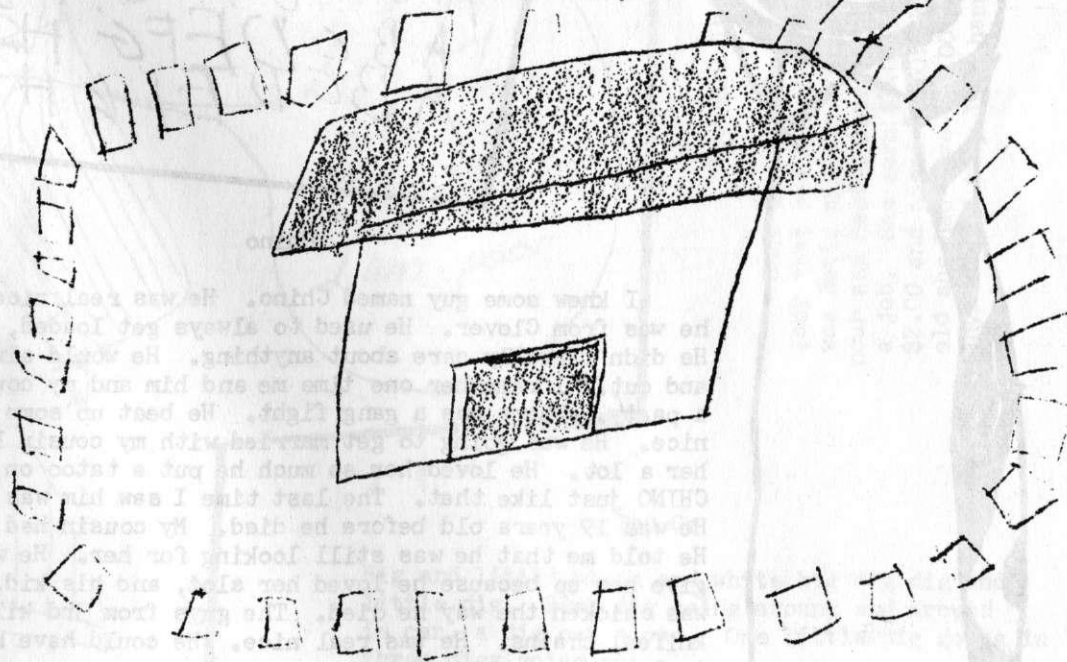
We had a discussion...

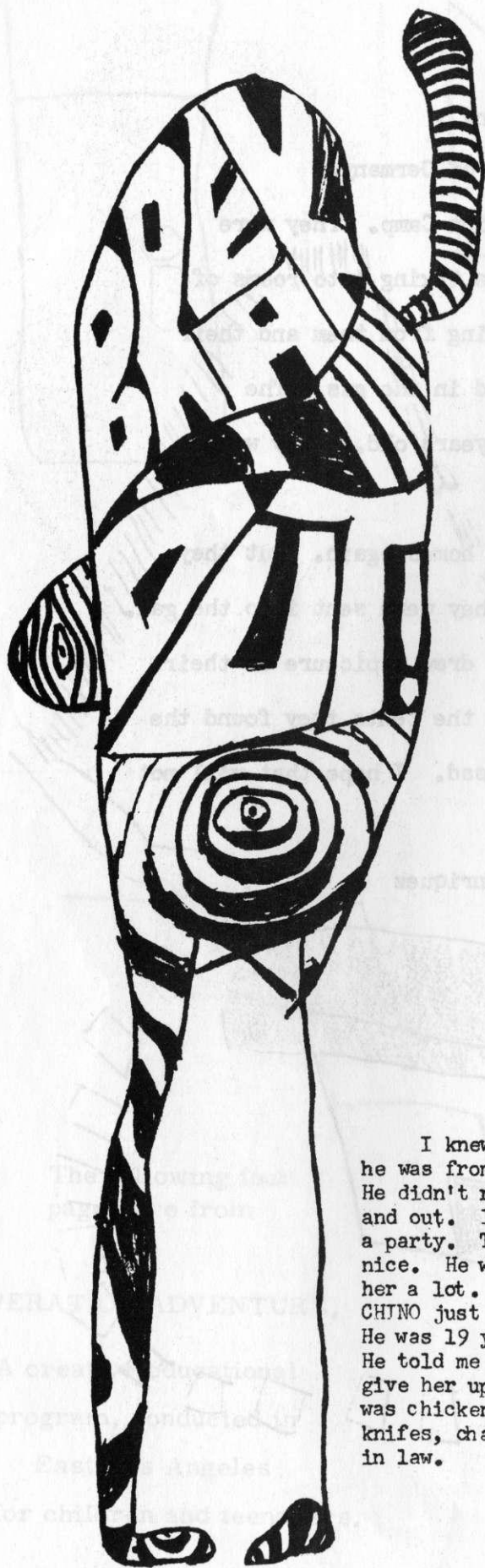
Our discussion was about children of Germany.

They were of Therisienstadt Consertration Camp. They were captured by the bad Germans. They were taking into rooms of gas and smoke. Their parents were taking from them and their uncles and aunts. They were all killed in the gas. The children were about 6 years old to 16 years old. They were killed too.

They said they'll never see their homes again. But they just prayed and prayed until at last they were sent into the gas. Before they were sent in the gas, they drew a picture of their homes. And when the men went there in the tents they found the children's bodys. I thought that was sad. I hope that will not happen to us.

-Marta Enriquez





i am
a chicano
one of that lovely race
a race bred on love but fed hate
i am

Michael Sanchez
age 15

I refuse to identify myself
with any country or race.
If I say I am from a certain
place on this earth,
people will expect me to
glorify it, and swear to die
for it. I wish to glorify
the whole earth, and die
only for the existence
of all life on earth. If
I tell that I am of a
certain race of humans,
people will again expect me
to glorify these people and
die for their existence only.
I wish to glorify the
entire human race and
die for the existence of
all men.

-Olga Ceballos
age 15

Q R S T U V W X Y
P Q R S T U V W X Y
P Q R S T U V W X Y

A B C D E F G H I J
A B C D E F G H I J
A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S
K L M N O P Q R S
K L M N O P Q R S

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

Chino

I knew some guy named Chino. He was real nice. He was a Cholo. he was from Clover. He used to always get loaded, loaded on anything. He didn't really care about anything. He would always get torcided in and out. I remember one time me and him and my cousin Dingles went to a party. There was a gang fight. He beat up some guy. He was real nice. He was going to get married with my cousin Dimples. He loved her a lot. He loved her so much he put a tatoo on her. It said CHINO just like that. The last time I saw him was at his funeral. He was 19 years old before he died. My cousin had broke up with him. He told me that he was still looking for her. He was never going to give her up because he loved her alot, and his kid, his daughter. It was chicken the way he died. The guys from 3rd killed him with guys, knives, chains. He was real nice. He could have been my cousin in law.

-Hilda Leal
age 13

The only thing you have to do is die
Baby, don't let them tell you anything else;
You don't have to lower your hems.
You don't have to pay your taxes.
They may boot you and send you to jail,
But you don't have to let them,
You can run, defend yourself, or end it all
in this wicked world...

Olga Ceballos
age 15

I am going to be a cop when I grow up.
I will shoot the bad guys and I will
send them to Jale. I will jump on
them from behind his back.

-Glen

I love a hamster because we had these
hamsters and they died. I hate my
school because there are bad people
over there. The End.

-Genevieve Diaz



I AM
A GIRL
MY MOTHER
died and
my father
died too
I am poor

By
Margaret
RAMOS

Go Dad Go

Big and little black and white big dig dig and
little dig. Some dig going around and around
in car, a dig out a car. One little dig going in
three digs going out.

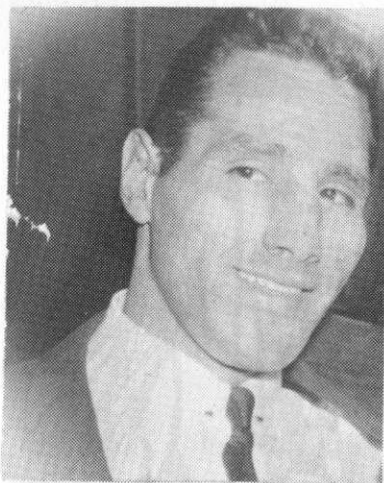
-Rachel Colon



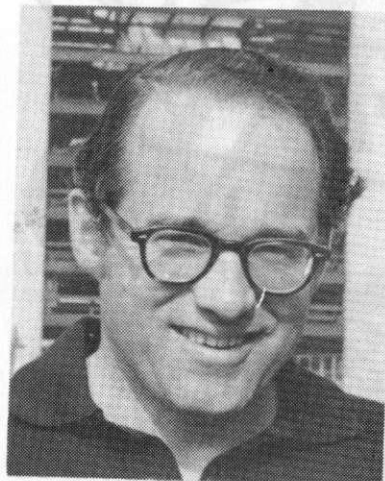
The Girl That Earn Money

Once upon a time there lived an old
lady that had one child. Her child's name
was Betty and was 10 year old. They were
poor and needed some food so Betty went to get
a job. She earn \$5.00 a week. They save
\$2.00 and spend \$3.00. When Betty was 14 year
old she had save \$85.00 and they were not poor
anymore and they live happily ever after.

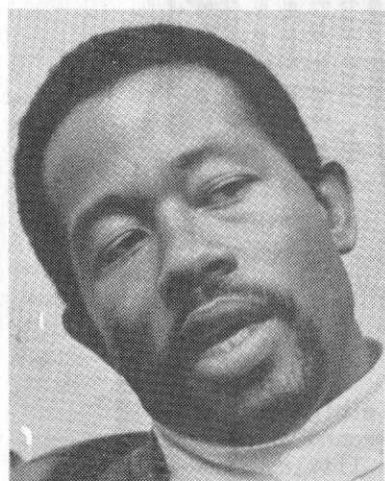
-Renee Juan



Eduardo Aguirre
LUCHA



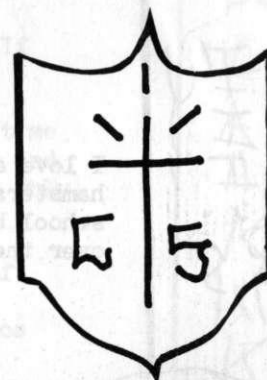
Bill Coffin
CIVIL RIGHTS



Eldridge Cleaver
BLACK POWER

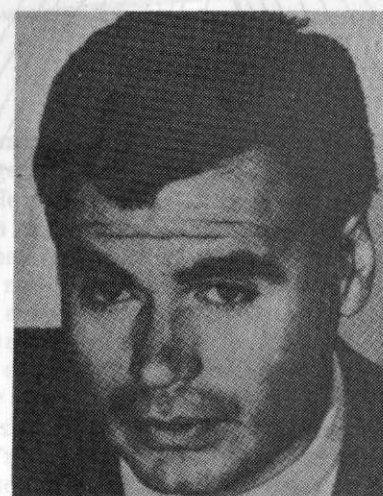


Cesar Chavez



IF I AM NOT FOR MYSELF,
THEN WHO WILL BE
IF I AM ONLY FOR MYSELF,
THEN WHAT AM I
IF NOT NOW, WHEN

talmud



Sal Castro
CHICANO EDUCATION

POR LA DIGNIDAD HUMANA

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO LOVE
MY COUNTRY AND STILL LOVE JUSTICE

camus

The only thing you have to do is die

Of the Cevallos

I am going to be a certain

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GLOSSARY

ABUELITA—Grandmother.
ALALVA—Be careful, watch out, look out.
BATO—A "Guy" from the barrio.
BATOS LOCOS—Cholo, Pachuco, Chuco, a wild one.
BOMBEROS—Firemen.
CALCOS—Shoes.
CALO—Language of the Batos Locos.
CAMARADAS—Buddies, companions, comrades.
CANICAS—Marbles.
CANTON—Home, pad. "Chante" is more common synonym.
CARLANGO—Coat.
CARNAL—Brother.
CARNALA—Sister.
CARRUCHA—Automobile.
CHALE—No, Nix, Negative.
CHOTA—Cops, police.
COMPADRE—Literally, the man that baptizes one's children. In common usage, it is applied to all close friends.
CONGAL—Night Club, Saloon, bar.
CON DE NIEVE—Ice cream cone.
ESPANTOS—Frights, fears, spooks, ghosts.
FRAJO—Cigarette.
HIJOS DE LA CHINGADA—Sons of bitches.
JALE—Work, different from JALE—Pull.
JARDINES—Gardens.
JEFE—Father.
JEFA, JEFITA—Mother.
LISA—Shirt.
MADERA—Untruth, lie, you're kidding!
MIJO, MIJITO—Son.
MUY DE AQUELLAS—Great! Real Boss!
PADRINO—Godfather.
PALANCA—Influence, juice.
PAPIRO—Newspaper, some kind of paper document.
PILOTIAR—To drive a car.
PISCAS—Fruit picking.
Q'EUBOLE, Q'EUBO—A congenial greeting; hi!
QUE CHISTE—Pointless.
QUE SUAVE—Groovy!
SIMON—Yes, all right, sure, yeah.
THROWING CHINGASOS—Throwing blows; fist fight.
TRAMPS—Trousers, pants.
TRUCHA—Be cool, look out! watch it!
WATCHE—You look here.
WATCHALE—Look out!
WATCHA—Look out! Look here.
(HAY TE) WATCHO—See you later.

