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CON SAFOS

REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARRIO

CON SAFOS

Reflections of Life in the Barrio

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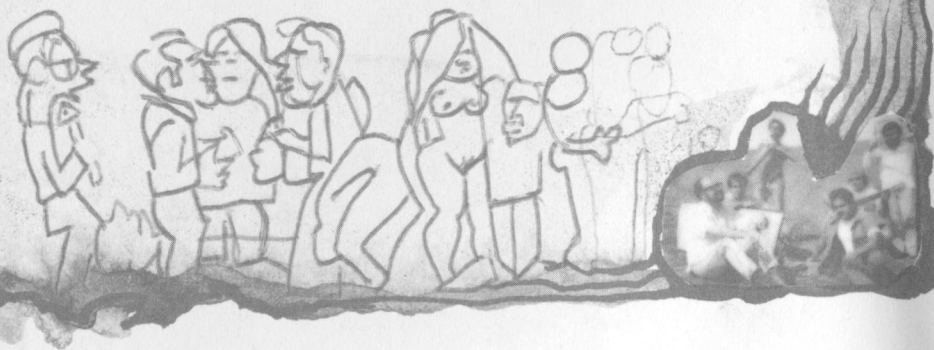
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THE COVER:

The CON SAFOS Editorial Staff with typical blank expressions at typical C/S meeting by Sergio Hernandez, who failed to include himself in drawing.

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Muddling in your own dilemma
 Somewhat like a fever
 Eroding like a rock
 The only certainty now
 Time is lapsing by
 This all could become
 A layer, or it could
 Become Metamorphic?
 But what ever happens
 Now! Will effect
 What is often factual
 And what is factual
 is disbelieved
 What is believed is questioned?

— Roy Camarena

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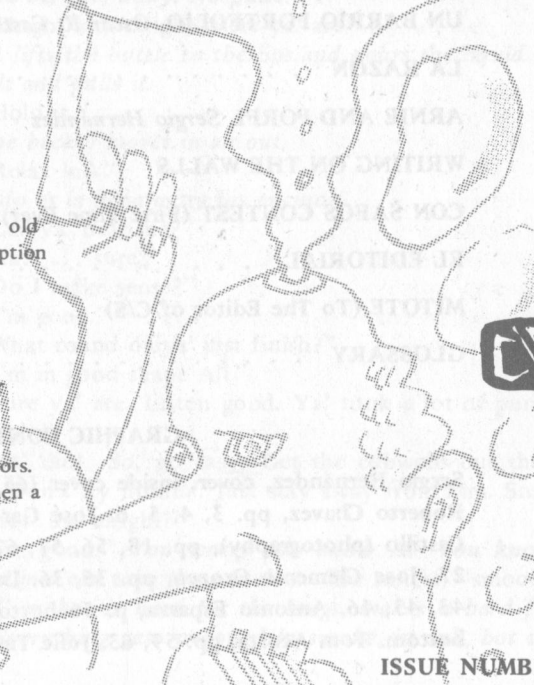
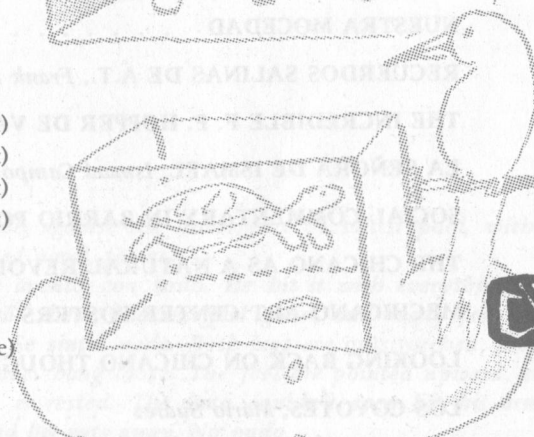
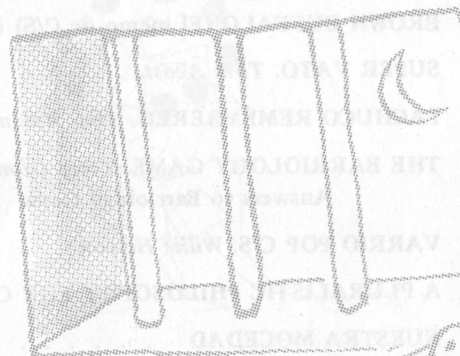
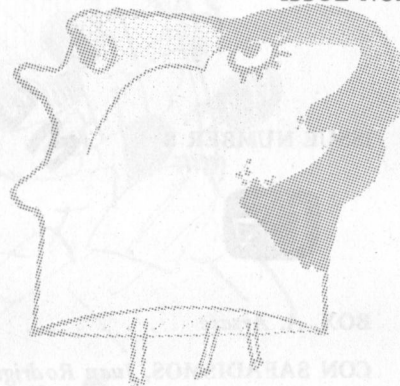
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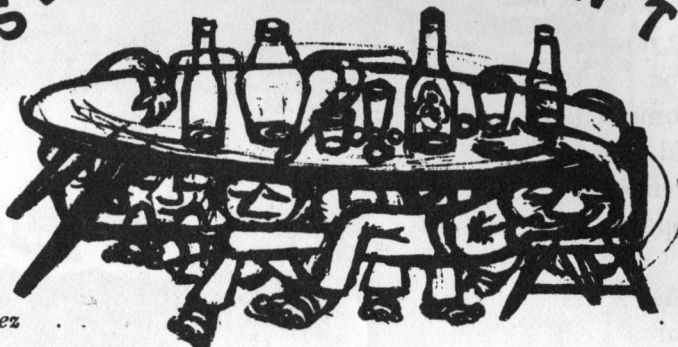
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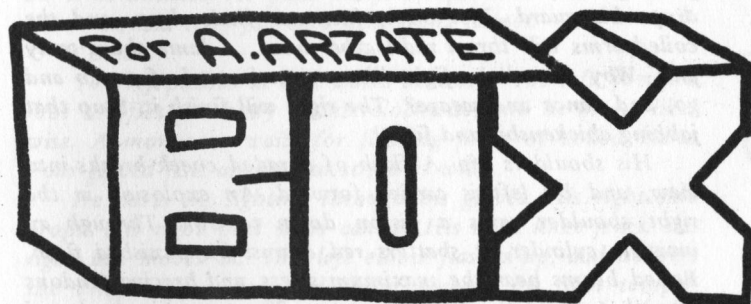
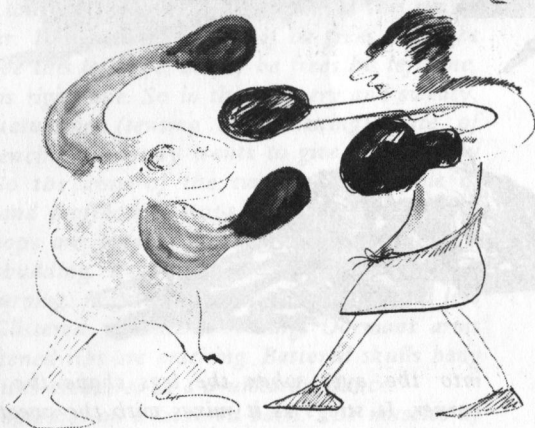
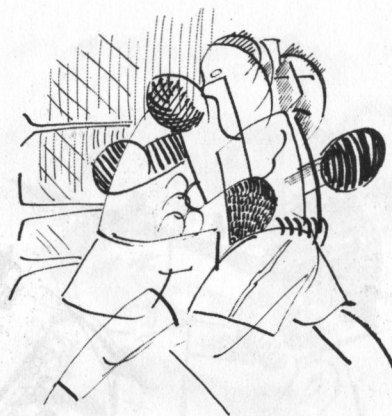
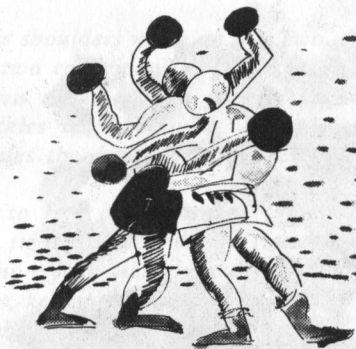
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HRIVIMIF

... ungh." He felt that one alright. He sure felt that one. The bell. The legs spin on the beel of the right

foot, and push off toward the corner. Water is thrown on the shoulders, and the face winces from the sudden cold drops that shatter on the smooth skin, rolling and mixing their way with salted sweat toward the belt. The trunks and jock are soaked. They keep the groin and hips in cool condition. Salt crystallizes on the fabric, and the moisture makes the body shine underneath the screaming lights. "Where's the stool?" ¡Al siguiente roun', me lo desmadro! "The next round, I'll finish him."

The legs spin again, and the rippling body slumps back into the corner. The corner pad of the middle rope is a good headrest. The neck arches up and drops the head back into the corner pad, as the jaw falls open. The arms raise and drape themselves over the middle rope. To the right and to the left, a red glove hangs, from each forearm as though on well oiled wrist pins, from a clothesline. The chest raises and falls with each deep breath, and the sucking stomach tight-

ens flesh against the lower ribs. A salted pool, within the punished navel, forms.

Se aventó con todo. He bit it with everything he had, and still these muscles feel good, and ready for the next round. Se sintió nada. Both legs are outstretched; the thighs and calves hang loose. The feet are pointed upward, and the weight is rested. The bato couldn't even lift his arms. He threw his guts away. No pudo.

"Alright kid, alright. Here ya' are."

Al lifts the bottle to the lips and pours the liquid. Grabs the belt and pulls it.

"Hold it."

The breath moves in an out,

"Relax kid."

todo es la brisa entre los encinos.

"Can ya' hear me?"

"Hu? ... sure."

"Do I make sense?"

"I'm good."

"What round didya' just finish?"

"I'm in good shape Al!"

"Sure ya' are. Listen good. Ya' took a lot of punches."

"Nah."

"Ya' did! So, go easy. Get the cobwebs out the next round. Don't try nothin'. Just stay away from him. Snap out of it kid! Ya' alright?"

"I'm good." You worry too much Al. You know the gut and jaw can take the punches. The smoke, "smooooarf-fough," makes it hard for the lungs, makes it hard for the eyes. Everything gets wrapped in smoke, in dull, hot smoke.



It makes the lights glare yellow and purple, a funny yellow and purple. It makes the voices sound yellow and purple. They cannot be seen in the smoke. Nothing in the smoke. It is easier to fight when they make themselves visible. All of them out there, making all that lighted noise, biding in that smoked out darkness.

"Don't let him hit you, ya' hear? Stay away from him."

"It's alright. I'm good." *Maybe the noise has nobody. With so much noise, the fight must be a todo dar, but it could be better, if the noise came out and showed itself.*

"Don't fight him. Give him the round kid."

Chickenshit Al thinks everybody is chickenshit like him too. Pobre bato, no es mucho. That's probably why he never put the gloves on himself. He's probably alright though, but he should stop smoking those bad cigars. All there is of him is a big cigar blowing smoke. His big round face is puffing and sweating through the smoke, and his dirty, yellow teeth are gritting and grinning behind that cigar. "There's something wrong with my wraps. They're too tight."

"Good god, kid, whyn't you say something before. What do ya' feel?"

"Not much, Sorta numb, like my hands are asleep."

"Like how?"

"My fists is too tight. I can't relax them."

"How'd ya' wrap them, Frank?"

"I wrapped them like always. You sure you're alright, Art? You want me to stop the fight?"

"What the hell Frank? The kid's alright. He'll still win this one."

"Yeh Frank, I'm good. No sweat."

"Yeah, yeh sure you are Art. No sweat, but do what Al tells you ... There's the bell."

Abhbaa solid, leather flattens underneath the feet, and the heels are planted on the canvass, ready to lay the full force of the entire body into him before he can even set himself. He won't expect a thing, and that's all it'll take, one hard and well aimed punch. Water, cold water always trickles

into the eyes when the legs shove the weight from the corner. It stings as it mixes with the sweat on his body. His guard goes up. Too late. The fists will have to wait until he drops his guard. Just once, just one little drop, and the coiled arms will thrust red leather into ... damn those puny jabs. Why doesn't he fight like a man instead of touch and go, and dance and weave? The right will finish it. Stop that jabbing chickenshit and fight!

His shoulders dip. A flash of abraded cheek breaks into view, and his left is carried forward. An explosion in the right shoulder rams a piston down to him. Through an invisible cylinder, it shatters red against his punished flesh. Boned beams bear the maximum stress, and bracing tendons screech to hold the frame together. The torso jars back and rests its weight on the right heel. The weapon recoils. The weight is shifted slightly to the left foot, and the left arm moves up, bent like a pointless scythe. The left shoulder dips inward and swings the arm around in a slashing circle toward his head, as the right shoulder pulls back and snaps the right into firing position. The twisting torso is jerked to a stop. His right thuds into the abdomen, bending the body forward. The hooking left drops, aimlessly and silently from its circled path, onto his dripping back, that heaves with a loud grunt and shoves, another unseen blow into the pain-killed gut. The throat and mouth are filled with pblegm, of acid with strawberry juice and rotten bananas. The lungs are on fire, and the nasal passage is plugged at the sinus cavity with cornflakes. The mouthpiece holds the teeth, the tongue, the guts, the muck, the brains, the eye-balls all from barfing out onto the rosin-gleaming canvas. Grass, dry grass grows inside the skull and burns. There is no wind, just noise, and everything is still. Everything is still inside the noise.

Abruptly, with a waking jerk, his right is trapped between the ribs and elbow. The right fist chops into his ribs, and his entire body crashes in and up. Uncombed hair scrubs the nose and eyes. The right fist hooks into the back of his head. He moves his weight to the other side, and his skull grinds the lips like liver rubbed on granite. Nose is crammed

into the skull. His shoulders move on up. Two cheeks abrade each other, and two ears ripen like a scarlet fruit. Lips are smashed against his shoulder, and fire creeps around them. Salted blood trickles in the mouth, and a sharp smell of tanning leather bites the dulled olfactories. Four arms are in a clinch.

He struggles to free his arms, but these two arms, on either side, hold tight. They will not free his arms. These two grasping arms try to quickly pull away, but his arms push against them, keeping them in compromised and locked position. The limbs of the two bodies are thrust, and tossed, and clapped in a tangled struggle. A free arm, at this range, has striking power. It can damage, but if he frees his right arm, he has to free this left one, and if he frees his left one, he has to free this right one. So in this slippery and sweaty, power-testing, fluctuating (tensing and relaxing) state of clashing and unclenching, nobody wants to give and nobody wants to take. So the arms of the two bodies grapple in quick, but small and ineffective, stops and jerks, shoves and pushes. Quick chops are landed. Heated lungs are sucking. Fast hearts are thudding. Roaring pores are spewing. Reddened eyes are burning. Raging ears are tearing. Mangled lips are splintering. Glistened shoulders heaving. Dormant arms are snapping. Softened ribs are cracking. Battered skulls hang heavy. Two St. Vitus creatures in a drunkards' dance.

A bare hand splashes on a lathered back. The muscles of his arms untense. He pulls away. No pressure rests on these hot arms, and they fall with dissipating flames.

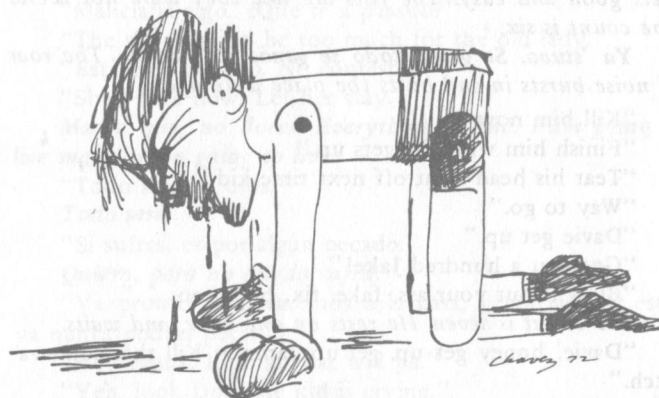
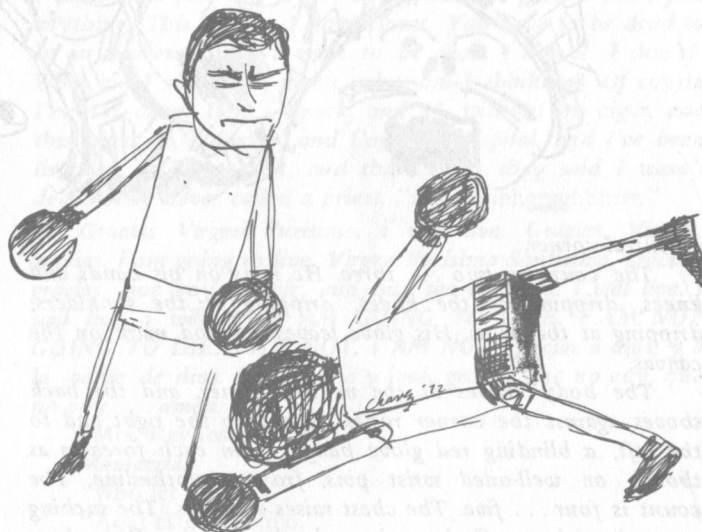
"Break."

The ref pushes in and walks between. The left, forward foot shuffles the body counterclockwise, and he moves likewise. A mongoose waits for flashing fangs of coiled habu. Four gloved fists are free to strike at will.

He darts in, sighting through his gloves. His right side drops. His right heel slaps canvas. His right knee jerks. His right hip moves in. This left elbow flashes up, and delivers the arm, with a downward force, toward his right temple. **Damn arm should have stayed right here in front to block his blow. Pull back left arm, pull back,** but his wild screaming glove becomes the shattering world, splattering and splintering in purple-reddened, crystallizing glazes. In this skull two marbled eyes observe a frenzied silence, and the top rope presses hard against the shoulder blades. The sky pointed jaw twists downward and to the right. The left fist reaches its target, halting solidly against his temple, and the contra force of this blow regains the body's balance. His jaw is twisted into his left shoulder, as this right moves into the line of vision. His left comes spinning in, riding on a grunt with bulging eyes and a curled forehead. It's deflected by this glove onto the right shoulder. His bulging eyes and curled forehead disappear behind this hard, right fist. Tension, pressure, tension and a cracking snap moves through the right heel, the ankle, the thigh, the hip, the shoulder. The right shoulder rips its arm back. The left foot moves forward quickly, plants itself flatly on the canvas, and the right shoulder moves its curled fist, in gloved silence, in an upward arc. The right leg jerks upward. The hips thrust upward. The back straightens. The right shoulder heaves with the motion. The right bicep is recoiling, and his head bounces off the end of the arm.

He drops.

The count is one. The legs move the body back toward





a neutral corner.

The count is two . . . three. He rests on his hands and knees, dripping at the knees, dripping at the shoulders, dripping at the brow. His glove leaves a blood mark on the canvas.

The body arrives at the neutral corner, and the back shoves against the corner ropes. Again, to the right and to the left, a blinding red glove hangs, from each forearm as though on well-oiled wrist pins, from a clothesline. The count is four . . . five. The chest raises and falls. The sucking stomach tightens flesh against the lower ribs. Everything feels good and easy. The fists are like they were not there. The count is six.

Ya 'stuvo. Se ganó, todo se ganó. He's down. The roar of noise bursts in and busts the place wide open.

"Kill him now."

"Finish him when he gets up."

"Tear his head right off next time kid."

"Way to go."

"Davie get up."

"Got you a hundred Jake!"

"Blow it out your ass, fake, fix, boooooo . . ."

The count is seven. He rests on one knee, and waits.

"Davie, honey get up, get up dammit. Kill that sonnavabitch."

"Sit down lady."

"Hey Jake, you want another hundred on the next one, haaa?"

"You're on."

"Davie is getting up."

"Way to fight him kid, way to go."

The count is eight, nine. The ref is cleaning off his gloves. Move in quickly legs, before he clears. Everything is too light, too easy. Fists won't loosen up, won't unclench. Wraps never did that before. Something's wrong. Move in more quickly legs, move in. They're not doing it. Cabrones, muévanse, a todo dar. ¿Que chingados? Nada pasa. Nothing's right. There is nothing . . .

"Five."

"Fake, fix."

"Where's your hundred now A.Z.?"

"Six."

"Ahhh shut up Jake. It's a fix."

"Seven."

"Davie honey, you did it, you did it. You killed the sonnavabitch."

"Eight."

"Sit down lady."

"Nine."

The arms and legs have got to pick the body up. The feet must've slipped, or maybe he bit. Maybe he bit. The legs and arms don't move too good. Those lights are glaring down too hard. The yellows, the purples. Everything is light, without feeling. Fists still don't look as though they want to loosen up. Wraps never did that before. Too much noise, too much noise is going to burst the skull apart. Shut-up, shut-up! Turn off the lights. Turn off those screaming lights. Turn them off and make the noise visible. This body wants to see what it's fighting for. The marbled eyes, within this shattered skull, want to see. Let them see the noise.

"Ten. You're out."

NO. NO. The body's good. It feels nice. Is something

wrong? Nothing feels. Nothing feels at all. The purple is spinning into grays. Frank and Al are running all around in the ring. The noise is fading. Al is cutting off a pair of gloves, and Frank is picking up a pair of legs. Someone takes the mouthpiece out. Everybody blurs. Girls are kissing that other fighter in the ring. There is only silence. The legs that Frank picks up, are draped on his arms like wet towels. It's getting darker, and darker. Spikes of yellow pierce the vision. Nothing feels. There is no sense. There is . . .

The fight. The fight. White, white all over, canvas? No, no it's a bed. Someone in it. Doesn't move. Must be asleep or dead. White all over, not glaring or laughing, just smiling. Me lo mando en la next round. Pero, me lleva la, the fight, THE FIGHT. Frank? The fists need to be wrapped good. All in white. The hips, the waist, the shoulders and her black, black hair are all in white. She holds a lifeless band. She looks this way. She smiles, and drops the lifeless band.

"You're awake."

Que voz.

"Do you hear me?"

She talks. She asks questions. She leans over the bed, and tucks in the sheets. Nice tits. Too bad, it looks as though she is going to leave.

"I'll be back. I'm going for the doctor."

She's gone. Strange, she looked this way when she talked. She walked out nice, so very nice in that tight white dress, but that's not nice at all. It's good to see a woman walk that way, but why? But why? There is no feeling . . . feeling? Feeling is such a senseless thing. Feeling, what is feeling? It is good to feel. It is good to feel a woman. It is good to feel passionate. It is good to feel a man's body drop at the end of your fist. It is good to feel drunk. It is good to feel a good meal in your stomach. It is good to feel warm. It is good to feel alive. It is good to have feelings, but that has no meaning. It makes no sense. There is no feeling for the meaning. There is no feeling . . . No, no . . . Yes, that's it, there is no feeling, nothing, absolutely nothing. All the feeling is gone. There is no suffering here. There is no pain. There is no nothing. No nada hay. This must be heaven, but Virgen Maria! only the dead go to heaven.

Frank! come in. Al! come in. Almost didn't recognize you without your cigar. Gracias Virgen. Estoy en la tierra, este es el mundo, y Al trae flores. ¡Que raro!

"He's conscious, Mr. Frankony."

Who the hell's this guy, with a stethoscope?

"Hello Artie, hello kid. How are ya?"

I'm good Frank.

"I should've stopped the fight kid, when you started acting funny and complaining about your bandages. But you're going to be alright boy, we'll see to that."

Sure Frank, no sweat. What the fuck is this?

"Now that he has opened his eyes, he will be alright, won't he doc?"

"Sorry, Mr. DeLaRocha."

Sure. What is this? Everything is good. Everything is . . .

"What do you mean doc?"

"It's like I told the press, there's no hope, only that he's not dead."

I'm not dead!

"Can we expect anymore at all?"

Hell yes! I'm alive and good.

"No. He will breathe, and his heart will pump blood. He

will probably see. He may be observing us right now, but he may not be at all aware that he is seeing. He may not know what he is seeing or even that he is seeing."

To see, there must be sight.

"Best fighter I ever had, Doc. He was in top shape."

There is sight.

"Would've fought the champ next. All heart, that boy, all heart, Doc."

El corazón es la fe.

"I can believe that, Mr. Frankony. Most men would not have survived that beating."

"Isn't there anything more that we can expect?"

"He may hear something, but again, there's no way of telling how meaningful it is to him. Other than this, there is nothing."

¿Que es? ¿Que hay? ¿Porqué estoy? ¿Que busco?

"He will be fed through tubes the rest of his years. He has no conscious control of his body. He will never again move a finger, or utter a single word."

That's it! That's it! No sound is coming from MY mouth. There is no connection, and the person in that bed, that's MY body. I have been separated from MYSELF, and I can't even pity ME. I can't even feel the sorrow or the pain. I can't even feel the joy of living without pain. I can't feel anything. This heaven I don't want. You have to be dead to be in heaven. I don't want to be dead. I don't! I don't! What am I saying? I mean, what am I thinking? Of course I'm not dead. Here's Frank, and Al, without his cigar, and this must be a doctor, and I'm in a hospital, and I've been listening to them talk, and that's right they said I wasn't dead. They never called a priest. "aaaahhhhhgggghhrrr."

Gracias Virgen Purísima. i will live. Gracias, Virgen, gracias. i am going to live. Virgen Purísima Santísima, gracias, gracias, que voy a vivir, aun que sea en nada. i will live. i will live. i will live i AM GOING TO LIVE. i AM NOT GOING TO DIE. i AM NOT. i AM NOT. gracias a dios, y a la madre de dios. jesus maria y josé, gracias que no voy, que no voy . . . amen.

"Mrs. Reynosa!"

Mamacita.

"Who let her in?"

"Aquí estoy mi hijo."

"She doesn't speak English."

"Maliciaba algo. ¿Que te a pasado?"

"The shock could be too much for the old lady."

"Está bien mi hijo. No contestes."

"She's here now. Let her stay."

Madre mia, no llores. Everything is fine. i am going to live mama. i am going to live.

"Todo será en dios."

Todo será.

"Si sufres, es por algún pecado."

Quiero, pero no puedo sufrir.

"Ya pronto te llevaremos a la casa, y gracias por esto, ya nunca podrás pecar."

"Hey Frank, look at that will ya."

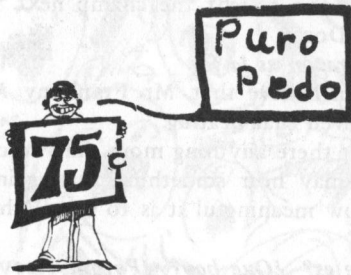
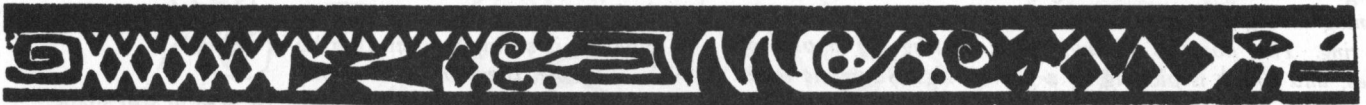
"Yeh, look Doc, the kid is crying."

"His eyes are filled with tears."

"Will ya look at that."

Todo pasa como la brisa entre los encinos.





CON SAFADISMOS

Ya sé de dónde sacaron estos miserables gringos eso de llamarnos "greasers". En la antigüedad mi madre preparaba la masa un lunes por la mañana, cuando para callar las quejas de sus hijos porque la brillantina se había acabado, a su buen corazón se le ocurrió ponernos un poquito de manteca con agua en el pelo. En ese momento nadie se daba cuenta de las consecuencias.

Realmente mi gente tiene sus rarezas. Al referirse a cualquier negro, aun al más gigantesco de ellos, siempre hablan del "negrito".

Punto de vista: Mendigo es el que pide;
Méndigo el que no da.

Qué pendejos son los gabas, toman píldoras
contra el hábito de tomar píldoras.

Con Safos-Con Safios-Con Sabios-Con Sapos-
Con Sacos: Consafos/consafios/consapos/consacos/consabios/
consífilis.



— Juan Rodríguez

ETA



EL MEMO
de
CON SAFOS

SUBJECT: BROWN BUFFALO

The Brown Buffalo roamed the prairies long before the Europeans came across, yet the indigenous people of this hemisphere were never able to domesticate him. They were never able to make him take up his social, and economic responsibility of making him a beast of burden. So, they ate him and clothed themselves with him. The Europeans almost wiped him out. He practically became extinct. ~~#####~~

A few concerned people prevented the inevitable extinction by caring for him, protecting him and allowing him once again to roam free with the protective enclosures of society. So it is that our Brown Buffalo has been reborn. (You will remember that we promised you the next installment of the Brown Buffalo in this issue.) He was reborn so well - he had to go to Mexico to do it, that he finished his manuscript and sold it to Rolling Stones.

~~#####~~
The faithful readers of C/S who can't wait to finish the Brown Buffalo are permitted to read it in Rolling Stones without committing heresy; however, if you can wait, we will finish off the Buffalo for you in the next issue. Y despues, ya no jodan con buffalos - por favor.

SUPERVATO

Story.. **Chapo MENESES**
Art.. **Tom Acosta**

Our hero,
Lance
Martinez, is
involved in
a hot dis-
cussion...

finally Lance brings up a solution.



Lets go outside!



Later..

¡Ah hijo de la guayava,
me tumbo en el plato este guy!



No hard feelings man,
but what did you use..
to beat me up..so badly?



Este bato se cree muy Sura...
I ought to turn Super-
Vato loose on him!

ONCE outside, Lance
pulls from his pocket a
Super-Jalapeno!

Hey man, I want an-
other chance to take you
on...I'll wait outside.

Quickly he swallows the Jalapeno and utters the magical words...

¿frap?

FRAP!

And faster
than you
can repeat
the magic
words..

**Puro
Pedo!**

**its
Super
Vato!!**

mas
later.

Ar @ *

No..hard feelings
(ouch) but what...
did you...use to
beat..me up..so..
(ouch) badly?

1955 CHEVY
BLACK
TIRE IRON

CIS



¡Ese!

Within your will-to-be culture,
incisive,
aguzado,
clutching the accurate click &
fist-warm slash of your *filero*
(hardened equalizer gave you life,
opened up counter-cultures U.S.A.)

Precursor.

Vato loco alivianado— a legend in your
own time flaunting early Mod, sleazy,
but rigid,
with a message,
in a movement of your own,
in your gait sauntering,
swaying,
leaning the wrong way
in assertion.

Baroque carriage between
waving-to-the-wind ducktails &
double-sole *calcios*
buttressing street-corners as any would-be
pillar of society.

Esthetics existential:

la lisa unbuttoned,
zoot-suit with pegged *tramos*,
a thin belt holding up the
scars of your age—

a moving target for *la jura* brutality;
brown anathema of high-school principals.
Your fierce stance

vs.

starched voices:



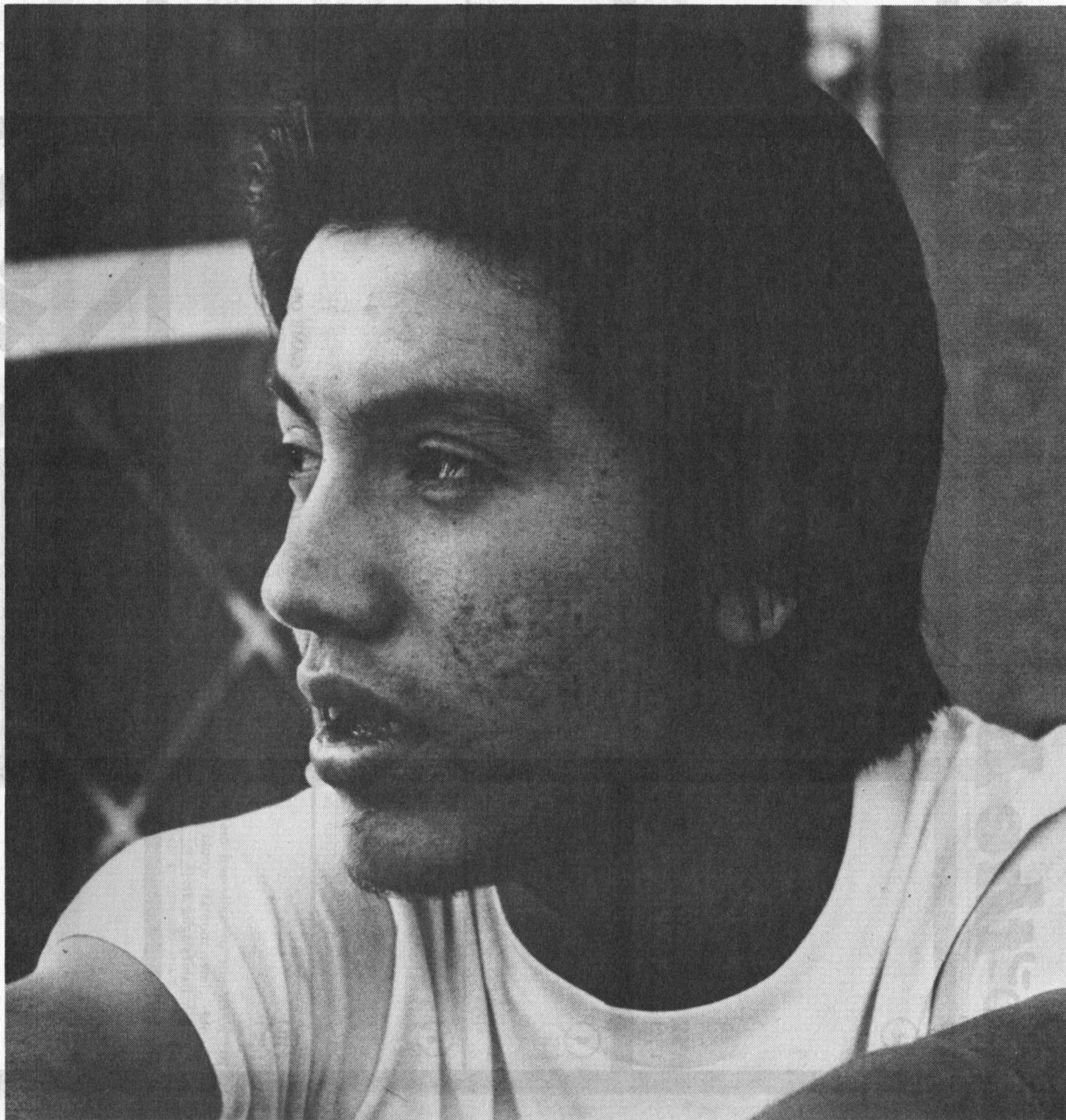
"Take those taps off!"
"Speak English damn it!"
"Button up your shirt!"
"When did you last cut your hair?"
"Coach, give this punk 25 licks!"

Emotion surging silent on your stoic tongue;
machismo-ego punished, feeling your fearful
eyes turn blue in their distant stare.

Day to day into the night, back to back grief,
and the railroad tracks a /Meskin/Dixon/line
hyphenating
the skin of your accent.
Siro!, you heard the train on time

tearing
through every map of hope SW U.S.A.,
but your poised blood, aware, in a
bitter coming-of-age: a juvenile *la causa*
in your wicked
stride . . .

— Tino Villanueva



INFO the BARRIOLOGY game

①

1. "Free show" is similar to _____

④

4. Si uno es del año, es de _____

⑧

8. Una persona grande es _____

⑩

10. When out of milk and money, old time momas would give their babies *agua de* _____

③

3. La tuya as used in the barrio vernacular signifies _____

⑭

14. If a barrio resident is called a *meistro*, he is probably a _____

⑯

16. A *bato loco* might often be seen wearing a _____

⑱

When people of means move from place to place, they are considered to be mobile, but when Chicanos move from place to place, they are considered to be _____

⑳

20. Mi abuelo used to always reach for the *tuetano*. That had to do with _____

⑦

7. If a man is playing *watchas*, he is _____

To Play

HOW TO PLAY THE BARRIOLOGY GAME.

- Each player has 24 pennies or coins.
- Take turns flipping coins into numbered squares.
- Player flips coin until a coin lands in numbered square.
- Coins that fail to land in a numbered square go to "college."
- If a flip doesn't work, try a toss.
- When a player's coin lands in a square, that player must match the question in that square with the correct answer in the center of the playing area.
- If player makes incorrect answer, his coin goes to "jail," and next player starts to flip. A player's turn is up whether he makes correct or incorrect answer.
- If player makes correct answer, that player keeps the square, and his coin remains in that square. EACH PLAYER MUST KEEP RECORD OF SQUARES BELONGING TO HIM.
- When a player captures a square by giving the correct answer, that player wins all of the coins in the "college" square that he has not himself lost to the "college" square. This rule applies to all but the first player when he starts the game off.
- The game ends when all the squares are captured. Bail money in the "jail" square is won by player holding the most squares at the end of the game. Note: a coin landing in a square that already belongs to another player, during the course of the game, goes to jail.
- In case of a tie, throw chingasos for the bail money.
- If you can't figure out these instructions, then proceed to play the game anyway you want.

C/S

ANSWERS TO BARRIOLOGY GAME ON

PAGE 17

②

2. El cucui is to _____ as *nopal* is to cactus.

⑥

6. En rebote, el que tiene "el saque" es _____

⑨

9. If a *veterano* asked you to turn him on with some good *rolas*, you would get some _____

⑪

11. Tony balony
calzón colorado
salta pa'riba
y cai _____

⑤

5. If your *abuelita* says, "bay! me tocó la muerte," you would get her _____

⑮

15. El cañon de *matacán* was famous during the period of _____

⑰

17. French toes are to *calcos* what Sir Guy is to _____

⑲

19. According to my *tia*, the best way to check the temperature of water is to use _____

⑳

21. Blacks: pigs is synonymous with police.
Chicanos: _____ is synonymous with police.

㉓

23. Un *jetón* está _____

㉕

25. Lee Trevino is to golf what Jim Plunkett is to _____

⑫

12. Tirarte con "shine" is to _____

⑬

13. Un "cola larga" has to do with _____

- A. ignore
B. football
C. throwing _____ into a hole
D. *encuerado*
E. records
F. "your moma"
G. *arroz*
H. bone marrow
I. 1910
J. fireman
K. drunk
L. tops
M. the server
N. *lisas*
O. 1810
P. *perros*
Q. 1900
R. an elbow
S. *un anciano*
T. knit, watch-cap
U. a sweater
V. *watcha caldo*
W. doors
X. transient
Y. master craftsman
Z. *trompudo*
LL. boogie man
CH. *Chingón*

㉔

22. Los *trompos* son _____

㉖

24. Un *bombo* is a _____

Jail

College

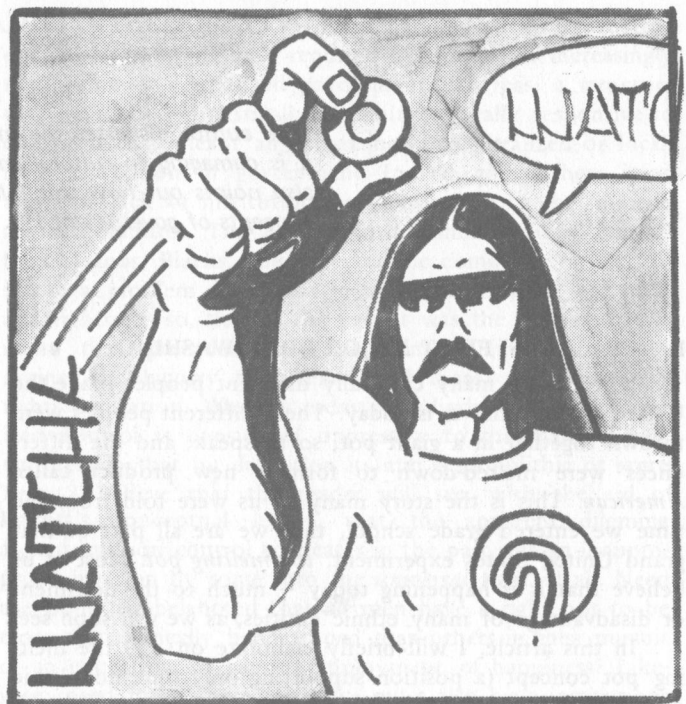


VAZZIO POP 1/5



ANSWERS TO THE BARRIOLOGY GAME

1. (V.) i.e. *watcha caldo*. In the old days, *barrio chavalos* would always be on the look out for those little exposed parts of the female body, in particular *nalga* and legs. *Watcha caldo* and "free show" were expressions to notify others of the view.
2. (LL.) i.e. boogie man.
3. (F.) i.e. "yo' moma." This is an expression used by *batos* to berate each other by slandering one another's mother.
4. (Q.) i.e. 1900. This means that the age of a person born in 1900 is always the same as the current year.
5. (U.) i.e. a sweater. The expression signifies that she felt a chill.
6. (M.) i.e. the server. This comes from the word *sacar*, meaning to serve or to put into play.
7. (C.) i.e. throwing washers into a hole. This refers to a barrio game in which three inch washers are pitched into holes in a fashion similar to the game of horseshoes.
8. (S.) i.e. *un anciano*, an elderly person.
9. (E.) i.e. phonograph records. *Rolas* signifies records, from the word "roll."
10. (G.) i.e. *arroz*. Rice is boiled. The water therefrom is sweetened with sugar.
11. (D.) i.e. *encuerado*.
12. (A.) i.e. ignore. An expression believed to come from the refusal given to shoeshine boys.
13. (W.) i.e. doors. The expression (long tail) refers to one who has failed to close the door behind him.
14. (Y.) i.e. master craftsman. Refers to a craftsman. Term is used for a master craftsman usually by those who are learning from him. Term is often used for a school teacher.
15. (L.) i.e. 1910, the Revolution of 1910.
16. (T.) i.e. knit, watch-cap as used in the U. S. Navy.
17. (N.) i.e. *lisas*, being *caló* for "shirts." Sir Guy is a brand name for a shirt company.
18. (X.) i.e. transient.
19. (R.) i.e. an elbow. The practice is to put your elbow into the water.
20. (H.) i.e. bone marrow. *Tuétano* is the bone marrow, and is usually spread on *tortillas de maíz*.
21. (P.) i.e. *perros* or dogs. This expression was popular in the barrios long before "pigs" was ever heard.
22. (L.) i.e. a *trompo* is a top. The game of *trompos* is played with the intention of splitting your opponent's top.
23. (Z.) i.e. *trompudo*, pouting. Syn.: *jetón*, *trompudo*, *cara larga*.
24. (K.) i.e. drunk.
25. (B.) i.e. football.





A PLURALISTIC PHILOSOPHY FOR CHICANOS

por

David Lopez Lee

(The author discusses the myth of The Melting Pot and how it is damaging to cultural and personal identities. The author also points out how this relationship has a direct bearing on concepts of government.)

I. CHICANOS' FIRST MAJOR BRAINWASHING

Historically, many culturally different peoples made the United States what it is today. These different peoples were thrown together in a giant pot, so to speak, and the differences were melted-down to form a new product called *American*. This is the story many of us were told from the time we entered grade school, that we are all part of that grand United States experiment, *the melting pot*. Most of us believe that it is happening today — much to the detriment or disadvantage of many ethnic entities, as we will soon see.

In this article, I will briefly elaborate on: (1) the melting pot concept (a position supporting only one monolithic or single culture); (2) the *cultural pluralism concept* (a position supporting a society comprised of many culturally distinct groups); (3) the current status and implications of both

positions; and (4) accommodation of both positions without the expense of compromise.

II. THE MELTING POT AND ANGLO-SAXON CONFORMITY

Actually, the "Melting Pot" and "Anglo-Saxon Conformity" arguments are both *assimilationist*¹ positions. The former position, couched in what many have believed to be unquestionably attractive terminology, is concerned with the fusion of all nationalities into a cultural mold totally different from all the initially different cultures. The "Anglo-Saxon Conformity" position is similar to the "Melting Pot" thesis or argument, the difference being that for all nationalities the new mold to be thrust upon them will be that of the Anglo-Saxon. Indeed, in terms of what is being imposed institutionally, I believe it is unquestionably the case that

the "Melting Pot" as E. Litt puts it, is operating more as a "smelting pot." In other words, all things foreign to the "Anglo-Saxon" mold are being eliminated as useless slag. To be foreign, or different, is to be indecent. Indeed, this tendency was observed very early in our history by Abraham Lincoln, who wrote:

As a nation we began by declaring that "All men are created equal." We now practically read it "All men are created equal except Negroes." When the Know-Nothings (*a euphemism for present day Republicans*) get control, it will read "All men are created equal, except Negroes, and foreigners and Catholics." When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty — to Russia for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, without the base alloy of hypocrisy. [*italics mine*]

To be sure, the "Melting Pot" concept is continually being taught at the primary and secondary school levels, as the assimilation process, while "Anglo-Saxon Conformity" is practiced, although oftentimes at an unconscious level. The underlining thrust for this mentality may be found by the reader in Merk's recent work concerning the *Manifest Destiny* of the Anglo-Saxon. Indeed, the research literature is full of evidence indicating how we are *subtly brainwashed to believe* that this society finds its best human example in the "Anglo-Saxon" mold via school textbooks, television, and even within the framework of social science research itself.

III. OUR MULTI-CULTURAL OR PLURALISTIC SOCIETY

Here is where the rub lies: although we have been preaching the Melting Pot concept (while imposing the Anglo-Saxon mold), *our society has remained pluralistic,² or multi-cultured.* To summarize Horace Kallen's position, we can emphasize the extent to which the ethnics have been swallowed by the melting pot — only by overlooking the great differences of customs, communities, and ethnic ties that still exist today. Indeed, many ethnics (e.g., Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Italian-Americans, etc.) have stubbornly clung to much of their cultural heritage and therefore each other.

To be sure, much of what has been described as a group's "clinginess" is imposed from the outside. And with just as much certainty it is known that this is also an inner tendency. People have a need for group identification and/or group security. As Fromm states, "Man must have roots."

There have been many studies which suggest or indicate this general need for group identification. It has been shown that a poor self-identity concept goes hand in hand with *correlates of mental or psychological disabilities.*³ In a consistent vein, it has been found that *the more a Mexican-American believed himself Anglicized*, the more poorly he would probably perform academically. Thus implying the opposite, that positively identifying with their own ethnic is associated more with satisfactory academic performance than unsatisfactory performance. Indeed, an emphasis on ethnic pride has also been shown to rehabilitate criminals, alcoholics, drug addicts, and depressed society drop-outs, many of whom had been previously considered beyond help.

I believe a summary of Kallen's position will sum up this paper thus far:

... American society would be enriched not by melting down group identities into an amorphous mass crushed under the standardized imprint of Americanization, but by protecting and fostering distinctive ethnic identities. In this way, the richness and variety of heritage would be retained and an ethnic sense of self-respect, rather than one of inferiority and self-hate would be propagated.

Simply stated, *diversity (or differences), like variety, is the*

spice of life, and conformity is its poison.

In *Cultural Pluralism and American Education* 1969, Itzkoff adds a unique dimension, and paradoxically probably an answer to the problem. He provides a position that is an indictment of increasing *technology*. He demonstrates *analytically*⁴ and *empirically*⁵ that technology not only leads to standardization in production, but also in human beings. And that it is eroding away not only community-held identities, but the more deeply rooted concept of one's *identity as a human being*. The following passage from Itzkoff indicates the extent to which he feels technology is presently affecting us:

A community which has nothing unique about its choice of values, has no consciousness of what it means to be a constituent member, is not a community — it is an assemblage. The tragedy of our time is that so many communities are no more than a factory, a shopping center, and a place to sleep. [p. 122]

Technology is seen as necessitating conformity or massive assimilation to one mold, Anglo-Saxon or otherwise. Think of the efficiency and savings that are gained by the technological market, if goods and services can be made more universal, more standardized. One universal mold for autos, one universal mold for clothes, one universal truth for everyone. How efficient! How dull!

I think most people will agree with Itzkoff, that we are becoming like robots in every aspect of human living and expression (witness the mass production and increasing conformity in the arts). And while Itzkoff does not give us a solution to the problem, he at least provides us with a conceptual approach which may help us in its resolution. Briefly, Itzkoff argues that man has both *universal* and *plural* needs. Or in everyday language, there is both a *commonality* and a *diversity* of experience and desire in all of us. We will now turn to parallels of universalism and pluralism — centralized and localized conceptions of power, respectively.

IV. CENTRAL VS. LOCAL CONTROLS

Historically, the increasing technological structure that our universal needs have required has meant an increasingly monolithic or centralized government. Whereas, a structure that has been pluralistically or multi-culturally responsive to our needs has meant an increasingly decentralized or localized conception of government. Indeed, today there is an apparent lack of institutional responsiveness to the immediate communities. This has led to demands for local control by Chicanos, Blacks, and other ethnic communities. Here is where a problem occurs for many. This historian will note, and rightfully so, that in the past it was the federal government that preceded local government (indeed, worked against the bigotry so often found there) in passing civil rights legislation. Whereas today, peculiarly enough, centralized control is considered oppressive to the many diverse cultures, in that by definition its aim is monolithic or sameness. I believe that the reader will see, with the aid of Itzkoff's conceptual lenses, that the apparent dilemma argued by local control advocates in the past was an inappropriate invasion by some into the *universal* right of all. Need the point be belabored that *all* men have a right not to be more systematically handicapped than others in their pursuit of an education, of gainful employment, of happiness? Likewise, need it be argued that we must also have institutions responsive to the diverse or different needs of man: that many histories be taught, not just one; and that all life styles

be respected, not just one?

There are several reasons why I believe that a more localized structure of government should not be perceived as something more dangerous than a centralized structure, even to those who fail to see that boy may go hand-in-hand and work accordingly:

1. Many local control advocates are more concerned with issues unique to their communities (e.g., multi-cultural and multilingual education programs); their concerns do not appear to be a universal infringement on the *pluralistic rights* of others.

2. Many "universal" laws have been passed (e.g., civil rights legislation), which would be difficult to change by local control advocates who do not wish to infringe on the *universal rights* of others (e.g., discriminatory practices in industry and education).

3. Most local control propositions would probably not be as prone to senseless or empty decisions, as past history would seem to suggest, because of the *greater proportion of public participation* included in such propositions. When you increase the *proportionate*⁶ number of people in areas of social behavior, there tends to be a stabilizing effect on such behaviors; accordingly, there should be less of a tendency for peculiar social actions.

Next, I will attempt to resolve a current issue in education by the simultaneous application of the universalistic and pluralistic positions.

V. INTEGRATION IN THE SCHOOLS

Current court decisions have essentially required that schools integrate. Interestingly enough, well-intentioned individuals are supporting this assimilationist position because they are aware of the negative consequences that have befallen the minority ethnics when segregated, and because they know that a way to minimize ethnic prejudice is to have people experience the different ethnics. Yet, we have the minority ethnics themselves who are now asking for cultural separation, for self-determination via local control. They do not want to lose or water down their cultural distinctiveness — a very compelling reason.

Now then, if my interpretation of Itzkoff has any merit, we should be able to resolve this problem. To do this, we must go beyond the notion that only by having all "Mexican" or all "Black" or all "Anglo" schools will we be able to ensure cultural identity, since this notion goes against the implied universal need of eliminating prejudice within each of these groups. Likewise, we must move away from the notion of taking children across town just to have at least one Chicano, one Black, one Anglo, etc., in a school, since this would deprive these children of experiencing cultural needs with children of the same ethnic. Instead, I believe that we must think in terms of a sufficiency of numbers to accomplish both ends. This approach may be translated into the distribution of children of an ethnic (Chicanos, Blacks, Anglos, etc.) to as many schools as possible with the following conditions:

1. That no children fewer than that number required to support a culturally relevant program be sent to any given school. This may mean sending, as a minimum, 40 children of an ethnic per grade level to another school — a lesser number depending on the number of other children at that school which would also support such a cultural program.

Unless this minimum number could be met, *no* children of that ethnic would be sent; and,

2. That no child be required to attend a school which is, say, more than a half-hour drive. This would minimize the negative effects of fatigue on the part of the child, and maintain parent accessibility to the school, thus supporting the notion of local control, or the "neighborhood school" concept.

We thereby ensure cultural distinctiveness, minimize prejudice, and obtain an educational advantage for the minority ethnic(s) without short-changing the majority group. This latter advantage was reported last year (1971) in the Berkeley, California integration effort, and has been reported elsewhere.

Assuming the above were implemented by driving a car from a predominantly Chicano to a predominantly Anglo community, we should be able to observe a decreasing number of Chicanos included in the schools we would encounter in our drive, along with a corresponding increase in Anglos. This would also tend to hold between Blacks and Anglos, Chicanos and Blacks, and so on. True, there would still be some all "Chicano," all "Black," and some all "Anglo" schools at the extremes.⁷ But there would no longer be the near void of ethnic mixes, mixes that the surrounding communities would seem to require.

Administrative costs were not considered in the above approach inasmuch as the indicated conditions would probably come into play long before costs would be anywhere near prohibitive. In this regard, it is interesting to note that in many school districts the rigors of segregation have been more time consuming, and more costly administratively, than if integration had been allowed its natural course.

VI. APPLICATION OF CULTURAL-EXCHANGE FORMULA IN OTHER AREAS OF SOCIETY

To be sure, the pluralistic and universalistic conceptions provided should aid one in the resolution of many problems revolving around centralized and localized controls which arise elsewhere, e.g., issues concerning the police, welfare, health care, and so on. Even a hasty consideration of such issues in the manner I suggested should reveal to many readers that the bases for many present day conflicts are unnecessary.

FOOTNOTES:

¹Assimilationist position argues that all people, regardless of race and culture, should lose their particular identities and become "Americanized."

²That is, cultural differences between ethnic groups have remained.

³Behaviors that are known to be associated with mental or psychological disorders.

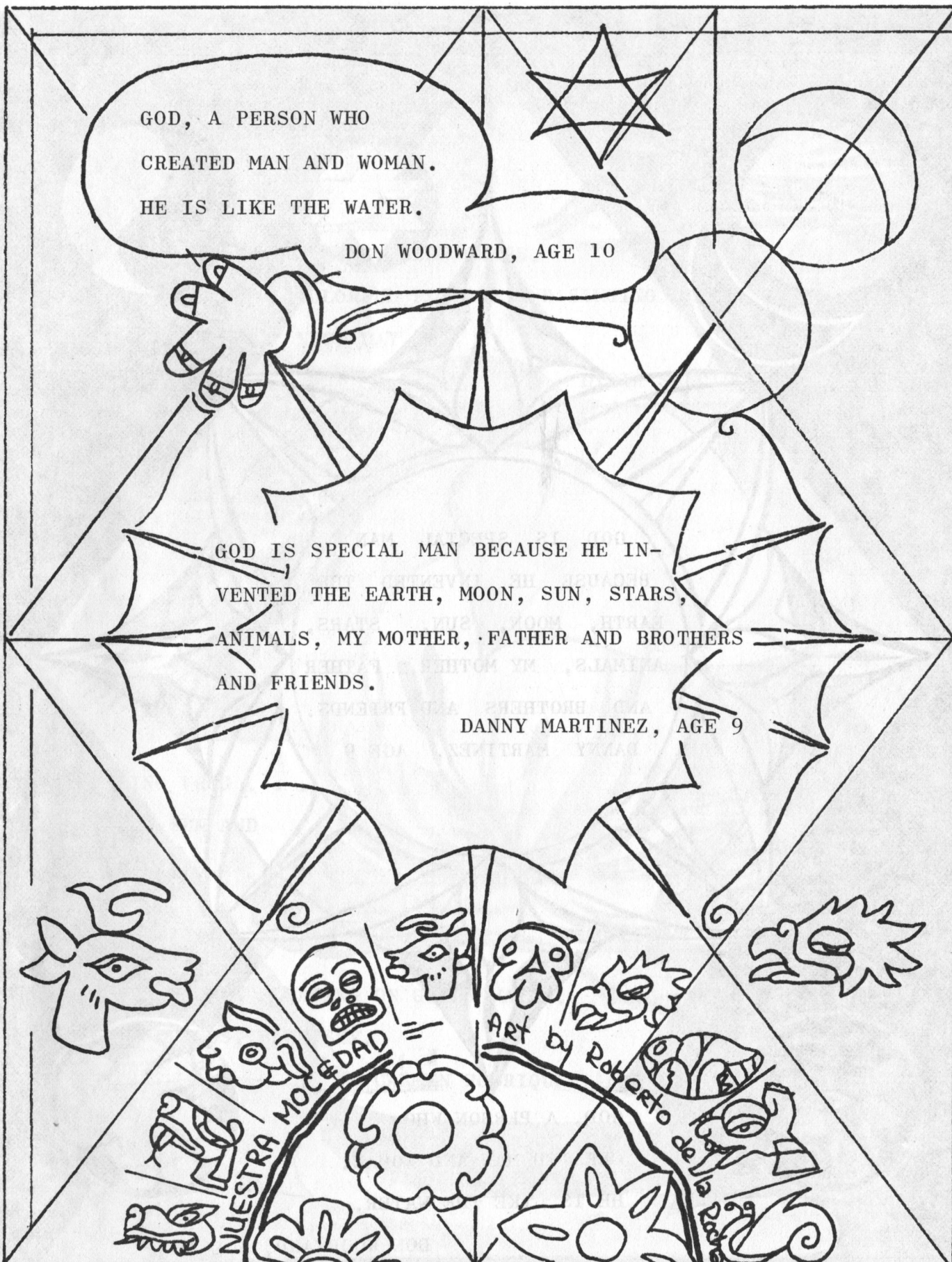
⁴Scientific or logical method.

⁵Observation or practical experience apart from scientific knowledge.

⁶Means percentage increase.

⁷Units regarding the cultural and historical contributions of the various ethnics (correctly portrayed) would be provided in such schools.





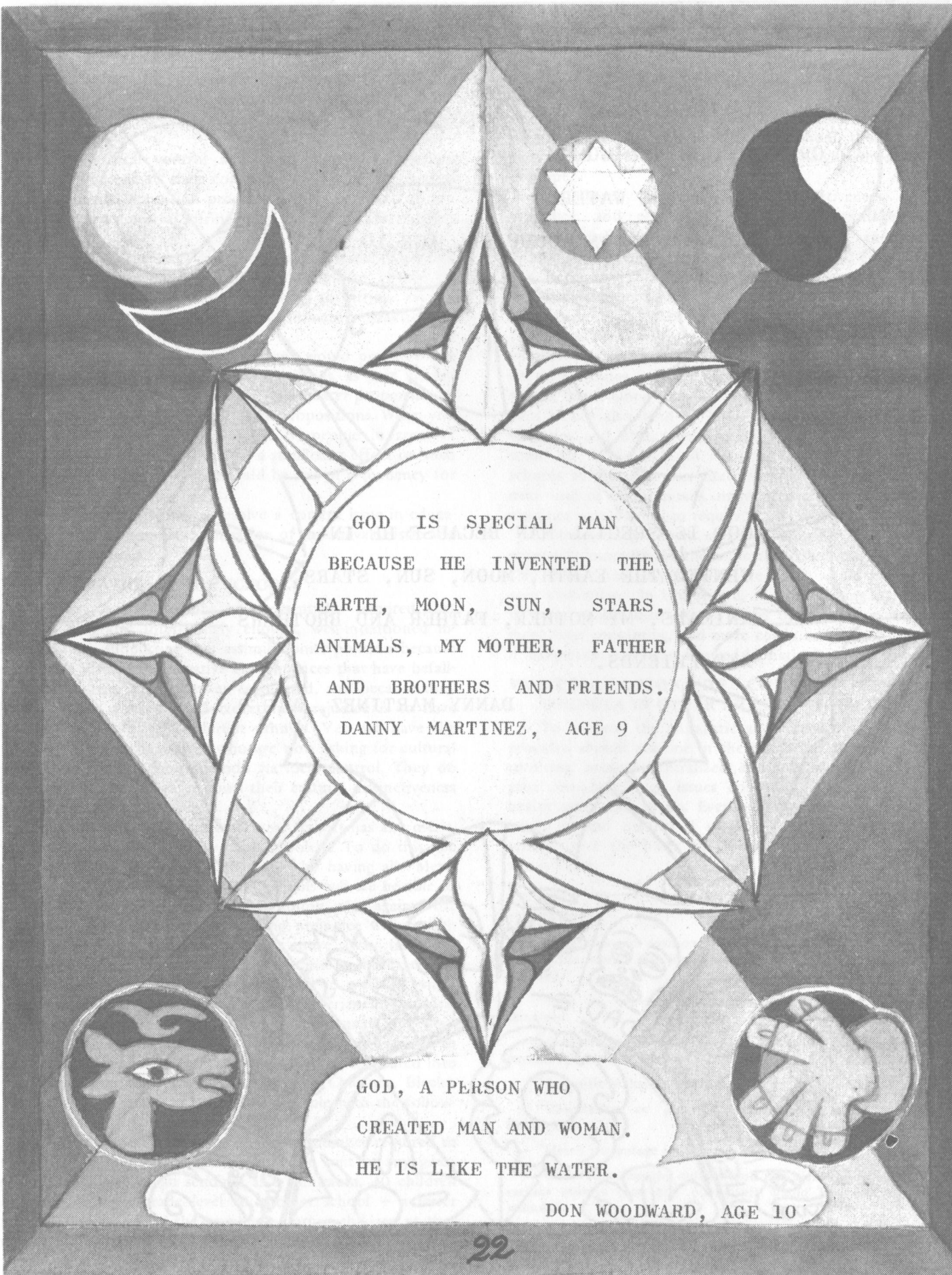
GOD, A PERSON WHO
CREATED MAN AND WOMAN.
HE IS LIKE THE WATER.

DON WOODWARD, AGE 10

GOD IS SPECIAL MAN BECAUSE HE IN-
VENTED THE EARTH, MOON, SUN, STARS,
ANIMALS, MY MOTHER, FATHER AND BROTHERS
AND FRIENDS.

DANNY MARTINEZ, AGE 9

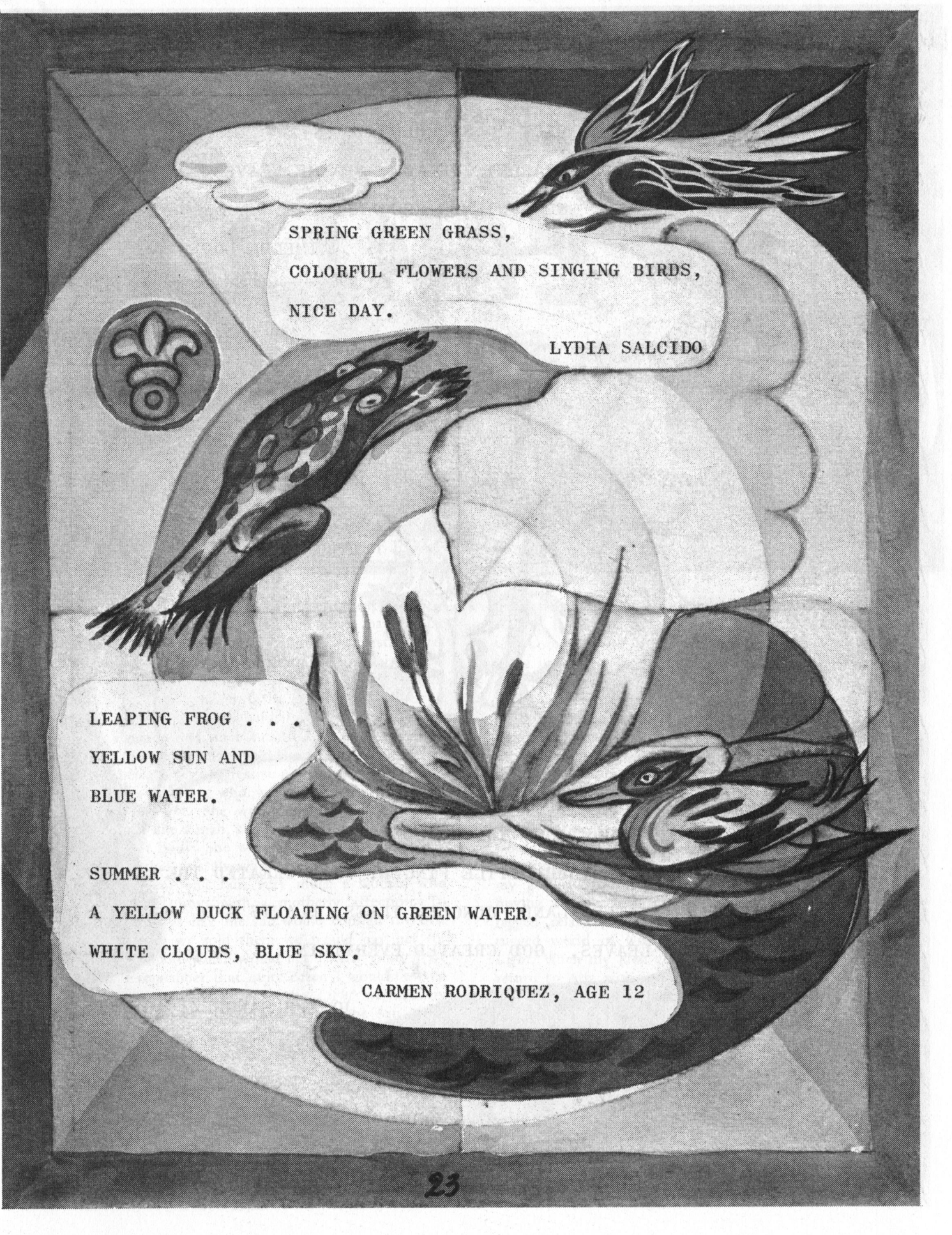




GOD IS SPECIAL MAN
BECAUSE HE INVENTED THE
EARTH, MOON, SUN, STARS,
ANIMALS, MY MOTHER, FATHER
AND BROTHERS AND FRIENDS.
DANNY MARTINEZ, AGE 9

GOD, A PERSON WHO
CREATED MAN AND WOMAN.
HE IS LIKE THE WATER.

DON WOODWARD, AGE 10



SPRING GREEN GRASS,
COLORFUL FLOWERS AND SINGING BIRDS,
NICE DAY.

LYDIA SALCIDO

LEAPING FROG . . .
YELLOW SUN AND
BLUE WATER.

SUMMER . . .
A YELLOW DUCK FLOATING ON GREEN WATER.
WHITE CLOUDS, BLUE SKY.

CARMEN RODRIQUEZ, AGE 12

BACK TO SCHOOL.

SCARLET, YELLOW, ORANGE LEAVES,
NEW FRIENDS, COOL BREEZE.

IMELDA LOPEZ

WINTER . . .

ICE COLD, WHITE SNOW,
SKY DARK BLUE AND PLAIN.

JOSEPH SANCHEZ

YOU LOVE GOD, AND GOD LOVES YOU.
WITHOUT GOD YOU COULD NOT EVEN
MOVE YOUR LITTLE FINGER. GOD CREATED THE
WATER, LAND, JUNGLE, TREES, PLANTS AND
LEAVES. GOD CREATED EVERYTHING.

JOSEPH SANCHEZ, AGE 11

RECUERDOS SALINAS de A.T.

por Frank Sifuentes

my

career as a street newspaper boy was brief, sporadic, marked by fear and failure. At first, I was afraid of being out in the streets because my Uncle Kiko had gotten killed by a car on the corner of Sixth and Congress crossing the street to sell a paper; and since I had been named after him I thought sure the same thing would happen to me. This fear kept me from being a very aggressive newspaper boy.

I sold papers for Alfa who was Austin's distributor of the San Antonio *Light*. She was a middle-aged lady who talked and walked like a man, and had warts and big reddish bumps all over her body. She wore pants and a change bag around her waist that was always bulging with small change. She was very patient and fair, very much a woman who treated the younger boys with a motherly affection. To rookie newspaper boys like me she would consign the first ten papers and once we sold them we would pay her for them and buy ten more which would net us fifty cents if we sold them all. I remember that quite often I wouldn't even sell the first ten, mostly because the *Light* wasn't very popular compared to the Austin *Statesman*. The San Antonio *Light* was a low key paper, with small headlines. It was much thicker than the Austin *Statesman*, but filled with news from San Antonio which to many Austinites at the time seemed a few light years away. Besides I would never master the art of selling papers. You had to shout, dramatize the headlines and shove the papers at the people causing them to automatically reach into their pockets for a coin. You also had to have a good corner and the instincts of a

businessman. I would often forget I was selling papers, absorbing myself in day-dreams. Other times I couldn't stand the boredom and the loneliness of standing on a corner being ignored and rejected by humanity, and I would abandon my corner to wander around the city.

I used to love to go to the tall buildings to ride the elevators or go to the downtown theaters to look at the pictures of what was showing. First I would go to the Capital, then to the Queen, then to the Paramount and to the State. Seeing all of them was almost as enjoyable as seeing a show. Sometimes as soon as I sold enough papers for the price of a show, I couldn't resist going to a movie instead of selling the rest of my papers. Once in a while, I would even spend Alfa's cut, making it urgent that I sell the remaining papers. When this happened I'd look for some of my grown cousins, uncles, or aunts and shame them into buying a paper from me since they could see I was a poor ragged relative, a fatherless boy making his way in the rugged world of work, selling the unpopular San Antonio *Light*. When my luck completely failed me, I would have to return to Alfa with a lie about either losing the money or a story about how a big bully had taken it away from me. Alfa must have loved me because she never questioned me even though she must have known I was lying.

I suppose that if I dug deep enough I'd find a number of incidents, feelings, traumas, and disappointments to write about. After all, like most people I experienced the street life pretty profoundly. But everytime I think of my newspaper boy career the person that comes to mind is Salinas, a man who was in his fifties who sold the Austin *Statesman*.

Salinas was a sight to see rushing out of the Austin



Statesman building loaded down with three hundred papers. Two hundred of them in a bag worn like a poncho with huge pockets, and one hundred under his arm. He'd rush into the streets shouting almost hysterically the headline of the day. The ones I remember best were the war headlines.

"It's out! The latest is out! Read about it! We got the Japs on the run!!! 5,000 JAP PLANES DOWNED!!!", shouting it in such a way that no one even stopped to think that men were inside the planes, or that perhaps some of them had killed other men as they fell.

Salinas was the most disliked, feared and envied newspaper seller in the city. He was nick-named "the Goat" by some of the paper boys. Maybe it was because some thought he was a *cabron*, but I don't think so. It was because of the way he ran out into the streets pushing forward with the determination and speed of a goat. His kinky grey hair was combed straight back also giving him the aspect of a goat. He was not very tall but there was something fierce and awesome about him. He seemed to own the streets. In fact every corner of the city was his to peddle papers on. Most of the other newspaper boys didn't like this at all, but Salinas was much older and his voice commanded the respect of every one, even of the vatos who could have jumped him and made him humble for a while. But perhaps that never happened because Salinas also had the entire Austin estab-

lishment behind him. This fact made him unofficially a sheriff and he used this authority to break up fights, mediate and settle arguments that erupted among the other newspaper boys.

My first memory of Salinas was when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. As the whole world knows it was on a Sunday. I saw Salinas galloping like a desperate man through the Eastside barrio, shouting "EXTRA! EXTRA! JAPS BOMB PEARL HARBOR ... EXTRA! EXTRA!" It was strange watching Salinas selling papers in the Eastside where no one ever bought papers. I don't remember seeing anyone buy one as he passed by, either. Salinas had realized the tragic and historical significance of the event and had taken off running from the office of the *Austin Statesman*, determined to announce to the sleepy Eastside the beginning of a new era.

Salinas, like many other entrepreneurs, prospered during the war, because the sales of newspapers soared as great destructive wars raged in the Pacific and in Europe. Austin, sleepy-conservative, historical city, the seat of the Lone State's government, suddenly became a thriving city — a city of full employment — benefiting from the nearby presence of army and air force bases. Prior to Pearl Harbor the Austin schools had religiously concentrated only on legendary war stories of *Texas' glorious struggle for independence*, mainly

stories of the Alamo and San Jacinto. While in the Chicano barrios, stories and songs of the glorious Mexican Revolution were very much alive. But when World War II came, attention was drawn away from both Texas and Mexican history.

People who during the pre-Pearl Harbor days could not bring themselves to spend a hard earned nickel on a newspaper — that told a lot of lies of how local, state, and federal governments were solving the problems of the economy — now found themselves with better jobs and were anxious to read about the catastrophic events in the Pacific and in Europe. Hoards of sloop-looking soldiers from Fort Hood invaded Austin during the week-ends searching for pleasure, tasting their final days of state-side existence before going to the wars. Since there weren't too many thrills to be found in Austin, many had to settle for a few beers and for the latest news of the war.

The surge in newspaper sales forced Salinas to run even faster and to shout more hysterically, for he knew that on every corner he could find the curious, those awed by the raging wars, anxiously waiting the next issue of the *Austin Statesman* to roll off the press.

With each passing year of war Salinas's shouts grew hoarse, and the content of the headlines grew more awe-inspiring.

But in 1943, Salinas, the enterprising newspaper entrepreneur, paid a terrible price for his prosperity. His two sons were killed in the Pacific. A profound change took place in his life. No one called him "goat" anymore or resented him for being the city's most successful newspaper vendor. The other paper boys didn't complain about him claiming every corner in the city; in fact, the Austin establishment officially recognized him as a leading citizen and made it clear that the streets were his. He didn't have to run as fast anymore, and I'm sure he didn't feel like running fast anyway. People felt obligated to buy their paper from Salinas. It somehow seemed like a way to support the war effort. So they waited to buy the paper from him and to give him looks of pity and condolences. He was often seen on corners crying over the deaths of his sons — crying over the way the war was going, with so many young men dying. When he shouted the headlines, people were more moved than before. At times he had tears in his eyes as he ran down the streets selling the bad news. He began being considerate of the other newspaper boys. Whenever he'd make a sale on someone else's corner he'd buy a paper from him. At times he would just turn over the nickel to the boy without taking a paper back.

As time passed he achieved a serenity and became more of a preacher than a newspaper vendor, a preacher of peace. Small groups would gather around him to hear him tell about how terrible the war was. He would end his sermon-like talks by asking everyone to pray for peace so that parents could stop losing sons as he had, and would ask people to pray for the safe return of "our American boys." Some people found this offensive; some found it un-American to talk about peace when we had not yet thoroughly and completely licked the Japs and the Krauts. When this view was expressed he would take out the purple hearts of his sons and would begin to cry, while making it clear how proud he was to be an American, because his two sons had died for America. Soon no one dared to openly oppose Salinas's prayers and preaching for peace.

One day I saw him coming around the corner of 7th

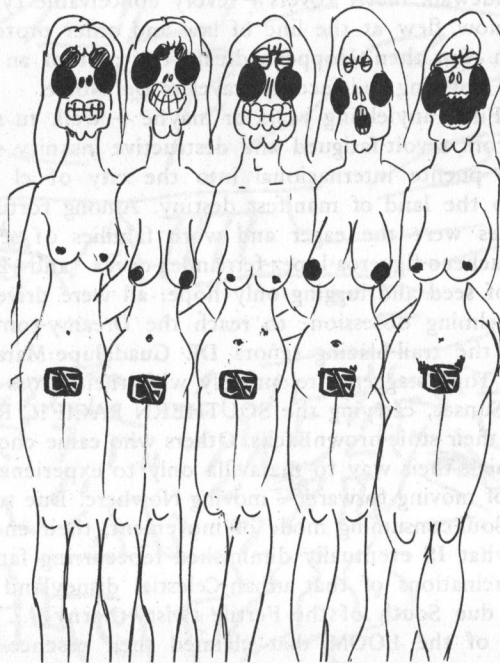
and Congress where the Stephan F. Austin Hotel is located. As he rapidly came around the corner, he accidentally bumped into a retired Anglo businessman wearing a suit, who had a permanent residence in the hotel. In a fit of anger and irritability the old man shouted: "Watch where you are going you black meskin!"

Salinas was not black but he was a pretty brown Mexican who spent most of his waking hours under the hot Texas sun. The man's words angered Salinas and he shouted back loudly, "You crazy son of a bitch, you call me a black meskin, I'm just as American as you are, more American than you are . . . my people have always been on this land," and then he choked and began to cry almost uncontrollably. When he recovered, he said with desperation in his voice, "You stupid fool, I gave my flesh and blood for this country, what have you given besides the hate you have for my people!" He held the Purple Hearts in his hands, tragically and pathetically saying, "Look, fool! if you don't believe me, this is what I have left of my two sons."

The cranky old man couldn't even bring himself to say he was sorry or anything. He just growled and mumbled and made his way into the Stephan F. Austin Hotel.

After that Salinas retired from the streets of downtown Austin to the Eastside where with his dead sons' army insurance money he bought a two-story building with rooms to rent and a small store at the bottom level. I remember seeing him as I walked by his place on Sixth Street on my way to Congress Avenue. He seemed serene sitting in front of his store, smiling and waving at everyone who saluted him. He didn't sell the *Austin Statesman* anymore. He only sold papers written in Spanish.

There was another story told about Salinas. They say that one day shortly after the war was over, he was on a train going to San Antonio to visit his daughter. There were a couple of loud-mouth gringos on the train referring to the war as the good old days and how they missed it. One of them said he was sorry the war was over because he wasn't making much money anymore. Salinas got up and threw the man off the train. I don't know if it's true.



THE INCREDIBLE F.P. HOPPER de VARRIO NUEVO

Por

Peter V. Fernandez

AT

mid-Sabbath, the leery atmosphere clinging about Belvedere Park was jolted by a flurry of enormously powerful-vocal chingasos pounding an electrically charged message to an ailing world suffering from near-deafness and to its uniformed guardians hidden from sight in barricaded towers protected by a man-made moat of stacked sand bags.

Snaking across the gloomy gray overpass that straddled indifferently over the Pomona Freeway in smoldering East Los Angeles, the marchers exiting from the winding south-end and onto the stretch of green, angled towards the sheriff's station — directly ahead on E. 3rd St. — roaring a spiritually powerful litany:

"Chicannnooooooooooooo POWER!"

"CHICANNNOOOOOOOOOO POWER!"

"CHIII . . CAAAANNNOO POWER!"

and then,

"Queremos . . . Justiccccia!"

"QUEREMOS . . . JUSTICIAaaa!"

"QUEREMOS . . . JUUSS . . TTTTHH . .

CCCC . . laaaa"

and finally,

"BROWN POWER! BROWN POWER! BROWN POWER!"

"BROWNPowERBROWNPowERBROWNPowER-BROWNPowERBROWNPowER!!!!"

It's Happening! . . . thought Hopper, it's happening! , no more backing up, pura madre! , no more backing-up! There was no more backing-up for Hopper and his spiritually united carnales rushing by him on both flanks. What he saw at the sheriff's station happened only in Hopper's wildest fantasies, in his craziest dreams!

Hurled bottles, bricks, chunks of cement, pieces of broken glass, sidewalk meter covers — every conceivable type of object — now flew at the line of law and order protecting the station. But then, Hopper's dream was part of an early journey of enduring and faceless travelers Del Norte.

Four Fifty unyielding years or maybe — well, tu sabes, refugees from revolt-fatigued and destructive insanity swept across the puente internacional into the city of el paso, toll-gate to the land of manifest destiny. Among fortunate-unfortunates were the eager and worn families of señores sifuentes-pacheco-figueroa-lopez-fernandez-cueva and Esperanza full of seed and lugging only hope: all were driven by an overwhelming obsession; to reach the Dreamy-romantic garden of the trail-blazing señora DE Guadalupe:Maravilla, east LOS. They staggered relentlessly with their Cross from sunset to Sunset, carrying the SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD on their stoic-brownBacks. Others who came chose to pick and pick their way to maravilla only to experience the sensation of moving forward — moving Nowhere. Due to this time and Soul-consuming mode of movement, their encounter with what IS eventually diminished reoccurring fantasy-laden hallucinations of that urban-Celestial disneyland only 200 miles due South of the Fertile twisty-thorny . . . Delicate fruit of the LOOM that claimed their essence. The

LOOM leaped, tangling and chaining the greasy-stopped labor gente Del Sur. Like the lushy tenacious Yucatan jungle that reclaimed the remnants of their Mayan ancestors, SAN JOAQUIN valley became their limbo, excommunicating them from the sweet fruits of produce. Likewise in Gotham city, east Los became the graveyard of broken realities and spanish-speaking espaldas but the SOUTHERN PACIFIC kept on choggl'n. Maravilla was as unreal as mickey mouse but La Señora De Los Angeles assured them that the reality of the barrio was merely temporary . . . like Purgatory. So like a pebble dropped in a still lake, Purgatory rippled outward, smoothly spreading larger and further.

Standing on E. 3rd st., five-thousand memories flashed through Hopper's head as the drama surrounding the ELA sheriff's station grew heavier. The rejects — the vatos locos were consumed by a lusty craving for vengeance . . . a desire which had laid dormant in each hard-core Soul, but today — NOW — sensed opportunity to more than satisfy their delirious rage. Minds abused and hardened by juvenile halls, junior penitentiaries operated by the California Youth Authority, arrogant social workers — who transformed the asking for bread into a ritual of humiliation, and by judges who didn't give one good F—K about justice unless you could afford to come to court with some heavyweight Judío lawyer, by foul-mouth deputies calling Your jefita a bitch and laughing while you languished in handcuffs, and by the numerous Senseless and Brutal beatings given by white gorillas in cowboy outfits. Boy-Men endured and waited and waited and waited.

Like the United States army, navy and marine corps, who on june 4, 1943 attacked in a task force of yellow cabs, black and white sedans and in captured public transportation and who raced eastward on Brooklyn Ave looking for anyone guilty of belonging to the terrified brown population, and who disembarked at the ne, sw, nw corners of the Mednik and Brooklyn intersection, then marched through maravilla laying devastating chingasos on the Zoot-suited chatos, pepes, memos and sleepys, the vatos locos at the sheriff's station tore southward — to the "Blvd" — kicking fate in the ass and screaming F—k YOU! to comfortable and horrified brothers in suburbia, with excited visions of decimating the Street of repossessions along with its brown-and gold-helmeted protectors. The cholos were driven by an inner necessity that demanded total outrage . . . one that ripped through the call for reason.

From the Sheriff station, hundreds of black-haired, brown-eyed, brown-skinned People blew furiously southward on Arizona St. until they reached Whittier Blvd. The low-riders Never forgot who had F—Ked over them. To Hopper, veterano de Varrio Nuevo, today was all days.

Chavalo when the government housing project (built by welfare recipients of the 30's) officially opened in 1939, he, his four brothers and most of the vecinos, marveling and captivated by the latest modern and sparkling kitchen appliances that came with rent, began referring to the project as el nuevo barrio — varrio nuevo. The barrio was located three miles or so west of the intersection of Arizona & Whittier



and bordered by a light-manufacturing area to the immediate south. Here f. p. experienced essence.

From childhood, Hopper's personality was overwhelming; at age six, he was considered a budding star by the older neighbors, especially the viejitos and viejitas that trusted him to complete any mandado they sent him on. Hopper always returned with the exact change and was graciously rewarded by whomever the mandado was for. His voice rang with respecto when he spoke to his elders. So legendary were Hopper's hustlings that his parents received countless daily praises from their vecinos about su hijo tan bueno.

Now 5'11" and overweight at 217, double-chinned, his face browned from wear — which emphasized his inquisitive brown-light eyes that conveyed his emotion and mood to those vatos that really knew him, an ancestor's nose sprinkled with another ancestor's freckles, and a pansa that swayed-up and sideways as he walked (more so when he ran) and which hung peacefully over the black skinny real leather belt that held up his Robert Hall permapress baggy tramados, Hopper could never be mistaken for any other vato from VNE, especially when he tried sporting his chicken-shit every-other-hair mustache that looked like an old wasted toothbrush. His physical appearance often deceived people who saw him as easy prey for their "game." Usually soft-spoken, his voice would quickly rise in intensity and meaning when verbally whipping someone who tried messing with his mind. When bullshitting with tight partners, he would listen with interest, often raising his left brow, and then tilt his head to a side and slowly move it up and down or shake it quietly from side to side to express a silent "yes" or disagreement with the speaker. When he entered into the discussion, all listened and followed his animated gesturing of hands and changes of facial expressions used to emphasize a point. When there was "business" to be taken care of, Hopper nunca se rajava: he was a vato who kept his word without "maybes." He was also one of those rare-gifted individuals who could sit and listen for hours to someone's problems or personal tragedy; like the time his close partner Loco was told to get F—ked by his hyna when he went over her pad — todo encanizado — to give her a box of expensive chocolates; Pobre Loco, cause dramatically — without knocking — he swung open the front door of her pad and almost fainted when he heard moaning and groaning sounds coming from the direction of the sofa, then, ran frantically towards the middle of the darkened salon, waving his right hand back and forth — like a grocery clerk attacking vigorously — with a gray feather duster — two rows of dirty-dusty shelves when he sees the boss returning unexpectedly — searching for the elusive cordon that belonged to light located on the ceiling. When he found it, de volada he jerked it down and SaaaaS! There was his carnal Ruben inbetween Loco's hyna's juicy legs! Loco trusted — like practically all the vatos — that Hopper would find a way to soften the blow and send him on his way feeling good although, later at Home, Hopper'd get a hard-on thinking about how fine Loco's hyna was. To people in and out of the barrio who knew Hopper, he was an ha toda madre vato, blessed with a love of life and sense for people.

About twenty minutes after leaving the battered sheriff station on E 3rd St., Hopper got to the intersection of Arizona & Whittier. His mouth flopped wide open: the Blvd was thick with black smoke, as buildings, autos and merchandise went up in flames. And in the middle of the Blvd.,

not more than fifteen to twenty yards away, helmeted sheriff deputies, looking fearfully comical, danced, weaved, ducked and jumped in all directions, trying to avoid the hail of stones and bricks falling upon them like unwanted mana. From his vantage point on the sidewalk five paces east of the northeastern corner of Arizona & Whittier, his busy and alert eyes spotted and latched onto a propelled brick on its downward arc, falling rapidly on an unsuspecting deputy who lifted his faceshield to wipe the fearful dripping from his brow.

The faded-red brick, full of crusted, jagged mortar protruding from its four surfaces, with chips on three of its eight edges, soared lazily, end over end, towards the careless deputy's inviting red-white achilles heel. The cartwheeling tumble was abruptly terminated as the bottom edges of the rectangularly-shaped hunk of clay crashed directly on the menso's panting and unprotected mouth, driving his lower front teeth violently backwards, snapping and collapsing them like dry and rotten wooden fence sticks, as the top portion of the brick smashed, busting instantaneously, his upper rosey-colored lips and front upper teeth like a flimsy constructed TJ piñata, spewing in all directions, fresh-hot-red blood and ivory tinted mangled teeth. The bottom edge continued, shattering the jaw while the upper portion crushed and crunched the right cheekbone, ripping-off the flesh. Exhausted, the blood-splattered old brick slid off the deputy's half-face and crashlanded on the deep maroon-tinted pavement and suffered humpty-dumpty's fate.

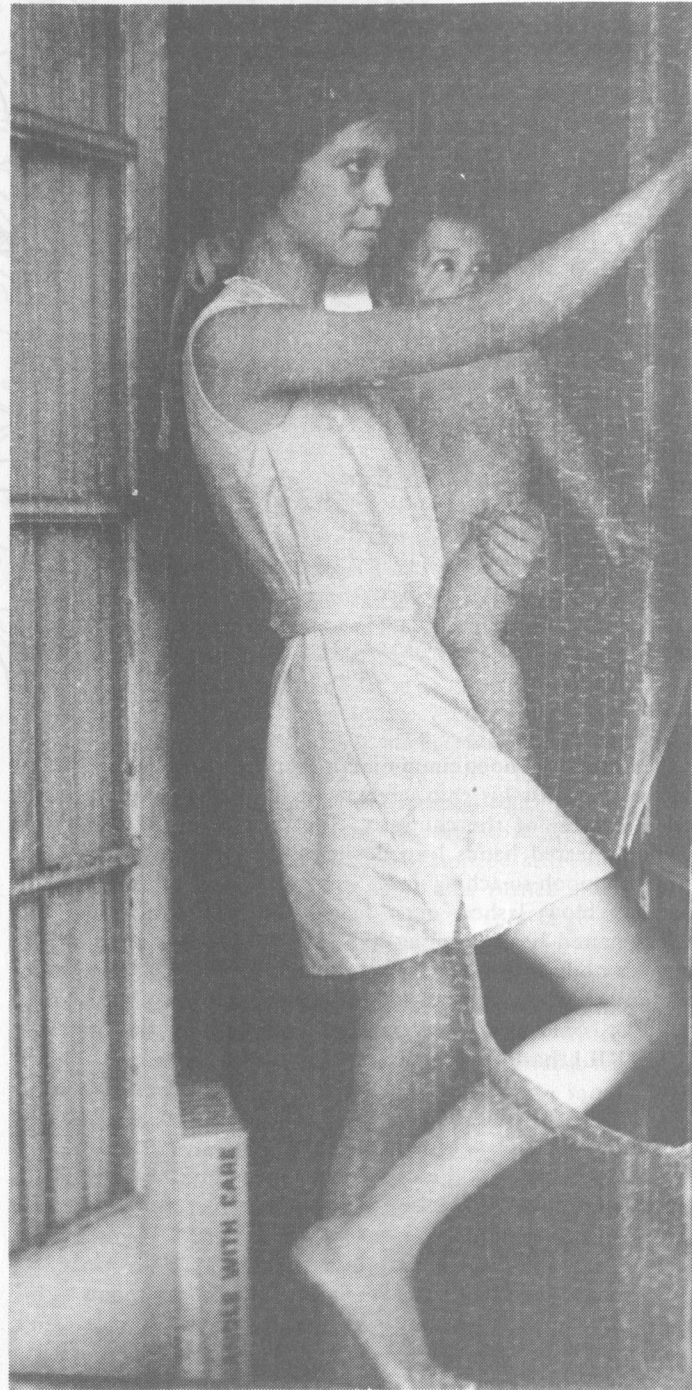
The stricken deputy tottered like a redwood sliced by the lumberjack's quick saw and undramatically fell forward, hands pasted to the strawberry area that had been part of a face only moments ago. Hitting the debris-decorated Blvd. like a heap of discarded trash, he tumbled to a halt and folded silently into the protective prenatal embrace of the womb. The despised deputy's face, bashed-in by the worthless brick, the utter helplessness of a defenseless human, the endless string of direct hits on the motionless body that lay crumpled in a puddle of terrified piss, joined Hopper and the fallen blood-soaked mortal in a strange communion: Never would the man forget this insane eternity; for as Hopper knew, the deputy would remember this longest tormented moment of his life over and over . . . and . . . more.

For on June 5th in 43', at about eight that summer evening, crossing from Orduno grocery store where he had bought a handful of jawbreakers, Hopper stopped on the southwest corner of 8th & Concord Sts, turned and glanced eastward-up and towards Lorena St. — at a large group of uniformed people who made their way down the sloping hill from Lorena St., waving and yelling and shouting like a bunch of delirious psychos. Now curious, he stood and watched innocently as the now visible horde of White-Kahki-Fawn clad Defenders of Freedom stomped towards him.

Upon arriving at where Hopper stood, like inquisadors, they formed a tight ring about him, standing with hands on hips, legs apart and stared mealy-mouthed at him. Hopper dropped the jawbreakers that were in both hands and began shaking and trembling uncontrollably as goose pimples — the size of the fallen candy — swarmed over his clammy skin. Realizing with difficulty and incomprehension, but Realizing, the nine-year old boy's fragile body shuddering violently as his brown-sugared eyes swelled with salty-fearful tears while the bitter-acidy taste of nausea ozzed into his dry-parched mouth. And then.



LA SEÑORA DE ISMAEL

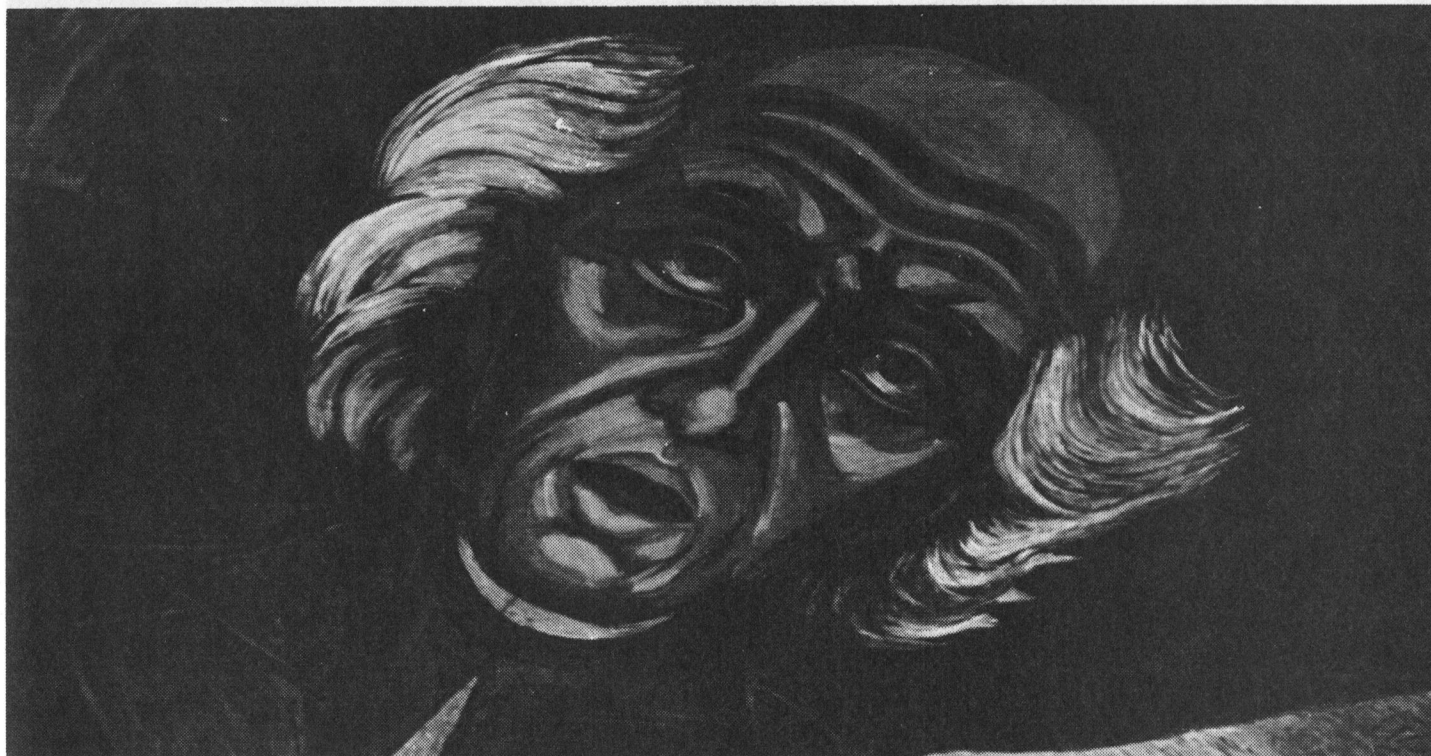




CHANGO
FLAKBOL
TERMITO
CROW
MAGOU
DAFAS
CHALECO
TOX
ATOM MAN
GORILLA
HUEBITO
WIND
CHUCU
BIRD²
CHALUPAS
CREEPER
D/E

THE CHICANO AS A NATURAL REVOLUTIONARY

POR
JORGE ALVAREZ



EVOLUTION is in our blood. That straightforward statement, that pronouncement without qualification, that guideline leading us to the twin canals of energy and promise would end it.

A rhetorical answer. Cut and dried, computerized, a tidy middle American trip to the supermarked culminating in packaged truth. But no! *Madera! Pinchi Gabachos!* There is more.

Huitzilopochtli was and is our God of War, coexisting with *Quetzalcoatl*, while the European porcine wallowed in the darkened room of inquisition and simple truth.

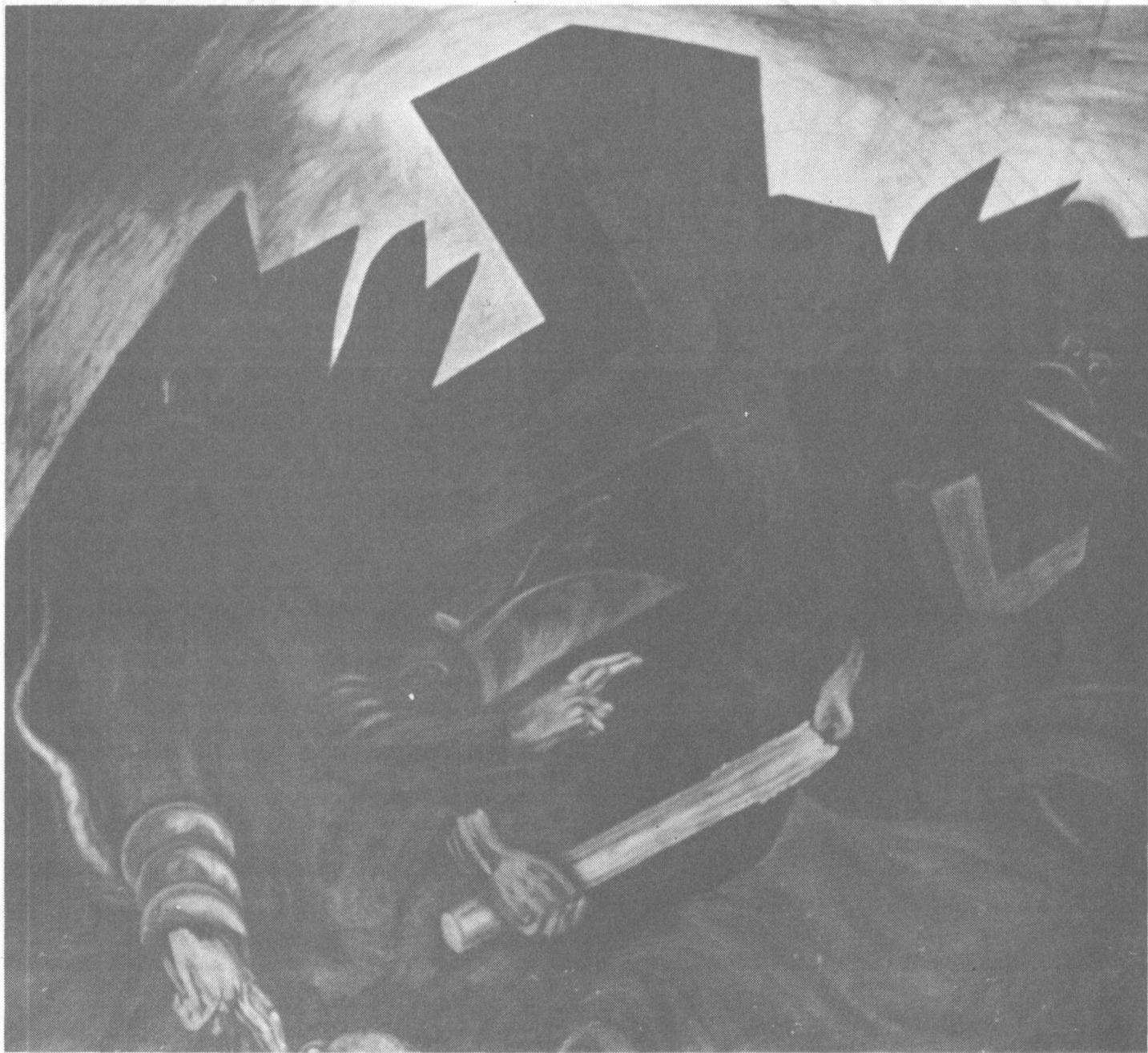
"Do you believe in the Christian God? Yes? No? Well, no matter, another turn of the screw." "He is dead, your excellency." "Ah, well, quickly then I must get on with the recital in the large salon. And Sammy, wash your hands before you bring me my violin." "Yes, excellency."

Computerized, programmed, only the IBM cards have been changed to protect the innocent. Nonetheless, the re-

cital was cut short that day. The ships were leaving that evening and there yet remained the pontifical blessing for Pizarro and Cortez. Two good Christian boys off to put a little revolution in our blood. First (after benediction), the canals surrounding *Tenochtitlan* were cleaned of feces (no flush toilets — savages!) and then, in perfect rhythm and proportion, filled with Aztec bodies. During communion, *Cuahtémoc's* feet were burned, and after the Angeles, hung by the neck until dead.

All in the course of duty, like sixteen-year-old Frank Ramirez (El Huero) running from a sweat-stained cop, and for his efforts, having his head and brains splattered evenly about Michigan Avenue by a well-aimed 357 Magnum cartridge.

It's in the blood, you see. Panzers with motorized infantry and Stuka dive bombers for ground support were mobilized and assembled along the border. Field Marshal Winfield Von Scott surveyed the unsuspecting and inferior forces disarrayed in trust (stupid, these inferiors) before his monolith. A classical envelopment was within reach — the



Schlieffen plan in its pristine state — a wheeling of the right wing under Colonel-General Von Taylor, with Von Scott holding the center and left until the propitious moment when, after full encirclement of the enemy's forces, the Panzers could converge with their full strength on the hated military school at Chapultepec. Cowardly, little fourteen-year-old cadets, they would learn! They would know the meaning of fear and death instilled by the greatest military machine in the history of civilized white men.

And so did it transpire — the perfect *Blitz Krieg*. The cadets were slaughtered; what chance did they have? (What chance does Polish cavalry have against German armor?) The last four remaining live cadets consoled their future compatriots by wrapping their bodies in the eagled flag and, leaping from the battlements, dashed their thin bodies against the sad Mexican earth. More blood for the revolution, this

time mixed with earth.

A dilution: Von Scott didn't approve of this lack of purity, the captured flag bloodying the white fingers that touched it. Happily, however, no centurions were present to cast lots, voila! No curse. No problem, change IBM cards. Programmed a bit differently, but output remains unchanged. Change scene to the back room of the Ford Boulevard Los Angeles County Sheriff's substation. Main characters: Bill Nolan, ex-marine, six years Deputy Sheriff; Jim Cline, ex-sailor, four years Deputy Sheriff, and assorted other mastiffs, totaling eight. Sub-character, Juan Diaz, ex-nothing, born in Maravilla, fourteen-year old. Having no flag to wrap himself in and unwilling to become an informer, Juan Diaz was choked to death and later stomped. His mother, not understanding English. There was no inquest or autopsy. Officially, Juan Diaz died of a coronary thrombosis.

A month later a motor round fell on his brother in Munsani so his mother was still ahead — two out of twelve. New card.

Juan's uncle, Chepe Diaz, from El Hoyo Mara has his best drapes on and is on his way home after visiting his girl who lives in White Fence, so you know *que Chepe tiene sus buevos*. Whistling the last part of Donkey serenade, Chepe gets ready to cross Whittier Boulevard when he sees the taxicabs converging on him. Having no bazooka or grenades with him, Chepe breaks out running. The cabs chase him, doors are flung open and the flood of froth-mouthed sailors converge upon him in a multi-thud, slam, stomp, salty-tasting envelope of pain.

Left sprawled on the sidewalk, naked, crumpled, half-hearing, and unseeing, one primary thought emits from Chepe's dented cortex: *They took my coat with my Marine*

César Chávez. A man is a *macho* when he suffers for others says Mr. Chávez) steps back into the cab, throws the pickup into first gear, peals out, and forty feet from the couple lights a cigarette (no, there was no dynamite under the hood set to activate at forty feet). Hey, César, what about suffering for yourself? Another card?

"Sure, Sarge. And by the way who should I send on that recon? It's going to be pretty hairy. Gooks all over the place."

"Let's see the roster. Who's this Williams J. Is that the Nigger?"

"That's right, Sarge, Williams, R. is the white one."

"All right, no problem. Send Martinez, Rodriguez, Alvarado, Chávez, Ruiz, Maldonado, Lopez, and the Nigger."

"Right on, Sarge!"

(Flustered) "What did you say?"



I.D. card and my set of orders that were in the breast pocket. What will I tell them when I get back to Pendleton from my 30-day furlough on my way back to Iwo? They'll probably cut a new set of orders with no problem, but I know I'll get K.P. for losing the I.D. card.

Chepe needn't have worried, he died in the back of the paddy wagon after the cops had picked him up ("This one looks pretty bad, Sarge, we ought to take him to the hospital." "Yeah, but we've got to book him first.") and were on their way to the County Jail to book him for indecent exposure. Same card, use the back side, save on paper.

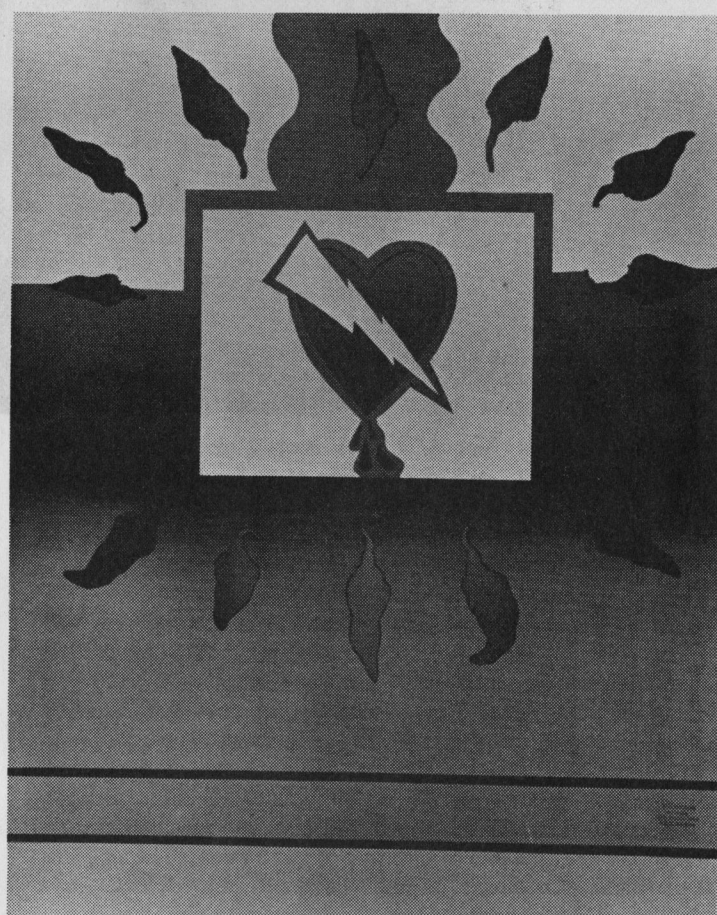
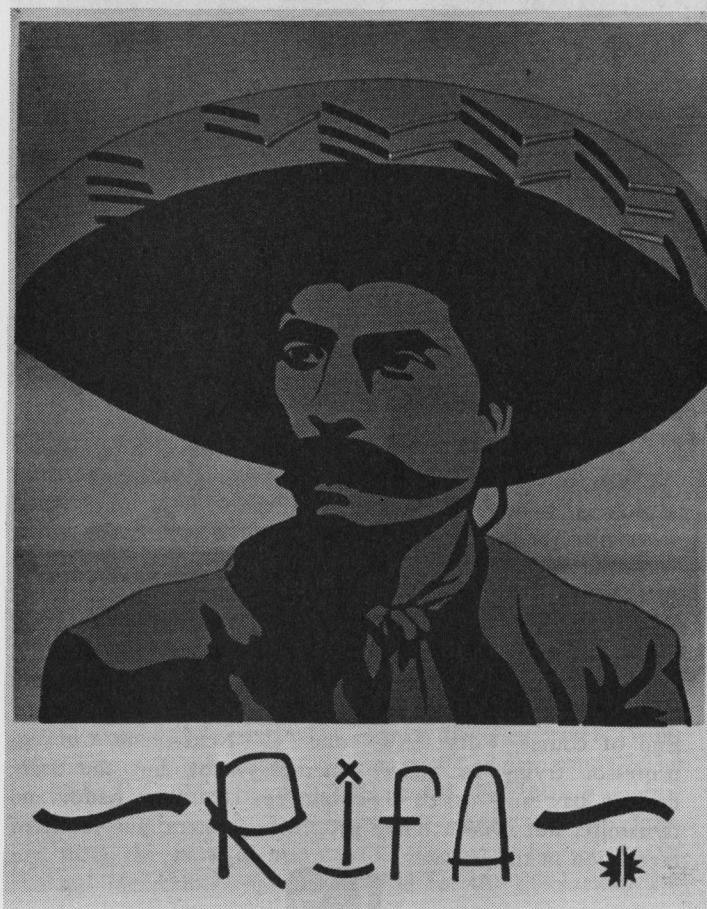
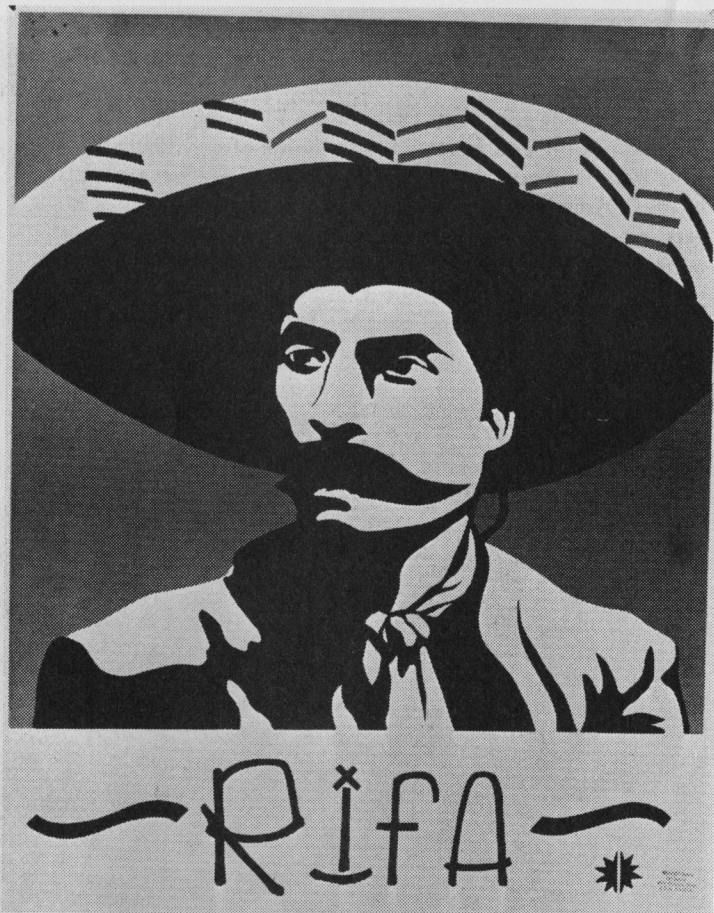
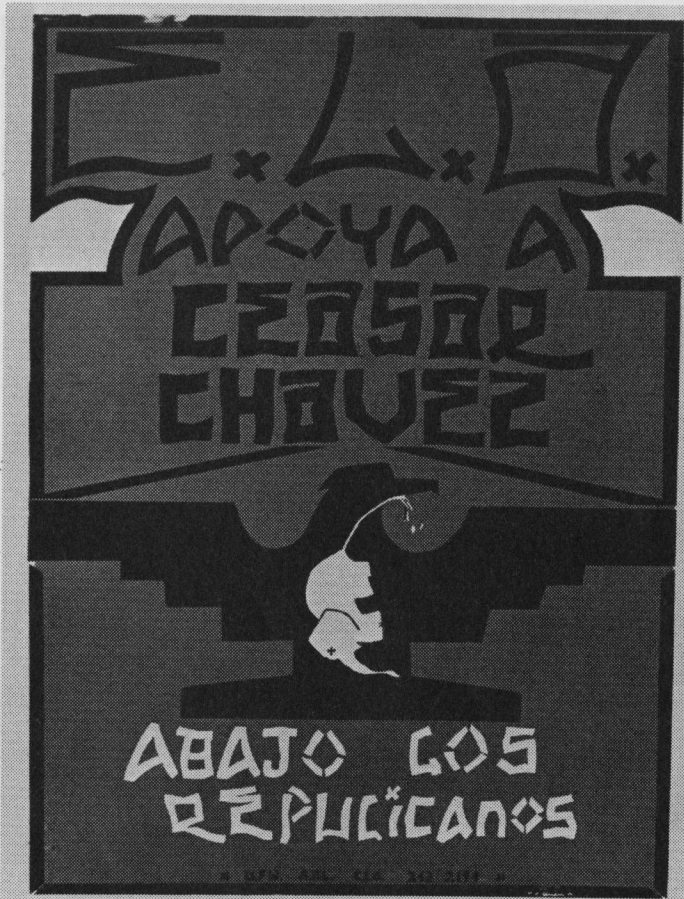
Billy Ramirez and his wife are walking next to a Di Giorgio outer fence, picketing. A DiGiorgio foreman throws the brakes to his pickup, stops, steps out of the cab, calls Mrs. Ramirez a whore, slaps her husband (non-violence, says

(Meekly) "I mean, yes sir, Sergeant."

New card. The analog computer mixing with the digital is now a hybrid. (Things gotta change, you know, not necessarily for the better, but they gotta change — Heraclitus proved wrong.)

San Jose State College, 20th Century, eighteen miles from Gilroy still in the 19th: Class on *Chicanismo*, taught by a *Chicano*. Fifty *Chicano* students, one Anglo. (Unofficially, a few Anglo football players stop by to audit on their way home from practice. Gotta keep your eye on 'em, Sarge.) End of course, Fifty "A's," one "C." Next scene, *Chicano* professor trying to collect unemployment, but the State doesn't pay any to its ex-employees. No flags handy, no dynamite, not even a lousy pack of cigarettes. Just a bit of revolution in the blood.





(This is the first in a series of articles written by various authors who analyze the movement from different perspectives. A ver como aguantan la crítica! — Ed.)

LOOKING BACK ON CHICANO THOUGHT

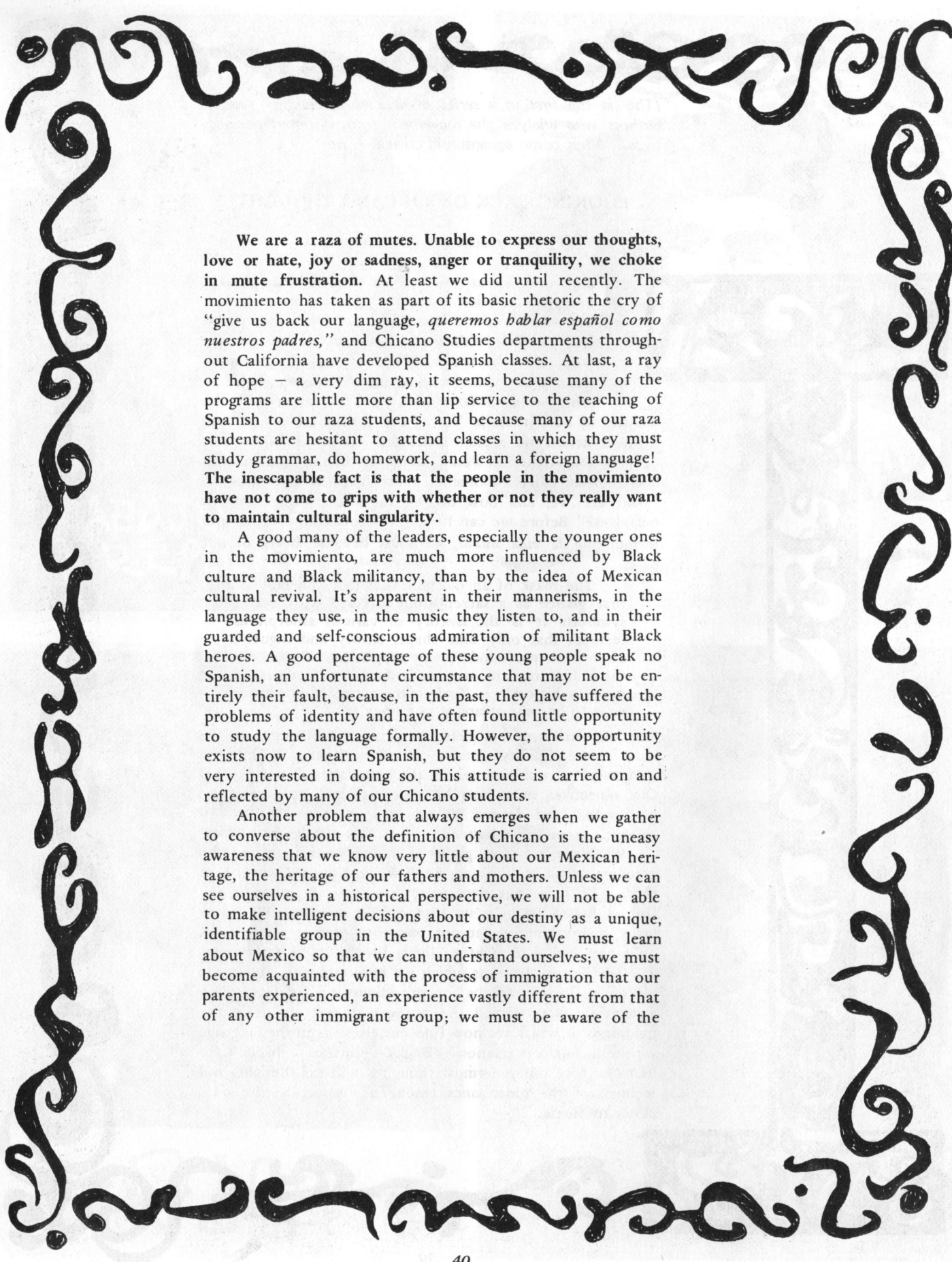
por Federico A. Sanchez

Lhave thought, at one time or another, that perhaps my preoccupation with the significance of the distinct nature of our raza in the Southwest was pointless, little more than an empty intellectual exercise. Wouldn't it be better, I felt, instead of asking questions about ourselves, to plunge into the fight, to join the *movimiento* and begin to grapple with the realities of our situation. Yes, it was a time for action, and through action we would distinguish ourselves from other peoples. Our creations would define us. But the *movimiento* itself, in its quieter moments, must face the questions of, "Who are we, and how do we fulfill our obligations to ourselves?" Before we can begin the process of creating and formulating *la vida nueva*, we must become aware of our past.

The mask of an old man is as indecipherable at first glance as a sacred stone covered with occult symbols: It is the history of various amorphous features that only take shape, slowly and vaguely, after the profoundest contemplation. Eventually these features are seen as a fact, and later as a mask, a history. . . . To become aware of our history is to become aware of our singularity.*

The singularity of our being becomes a problem; now we must create, modify, retain, discard or destroy within the framework of our past, within the boundaries of our psyche. Our objectives must now be stated, opened to inspection, understood, and desired by our raza, in order for them to emanate from the uniqueness of la raza of the Southwest.

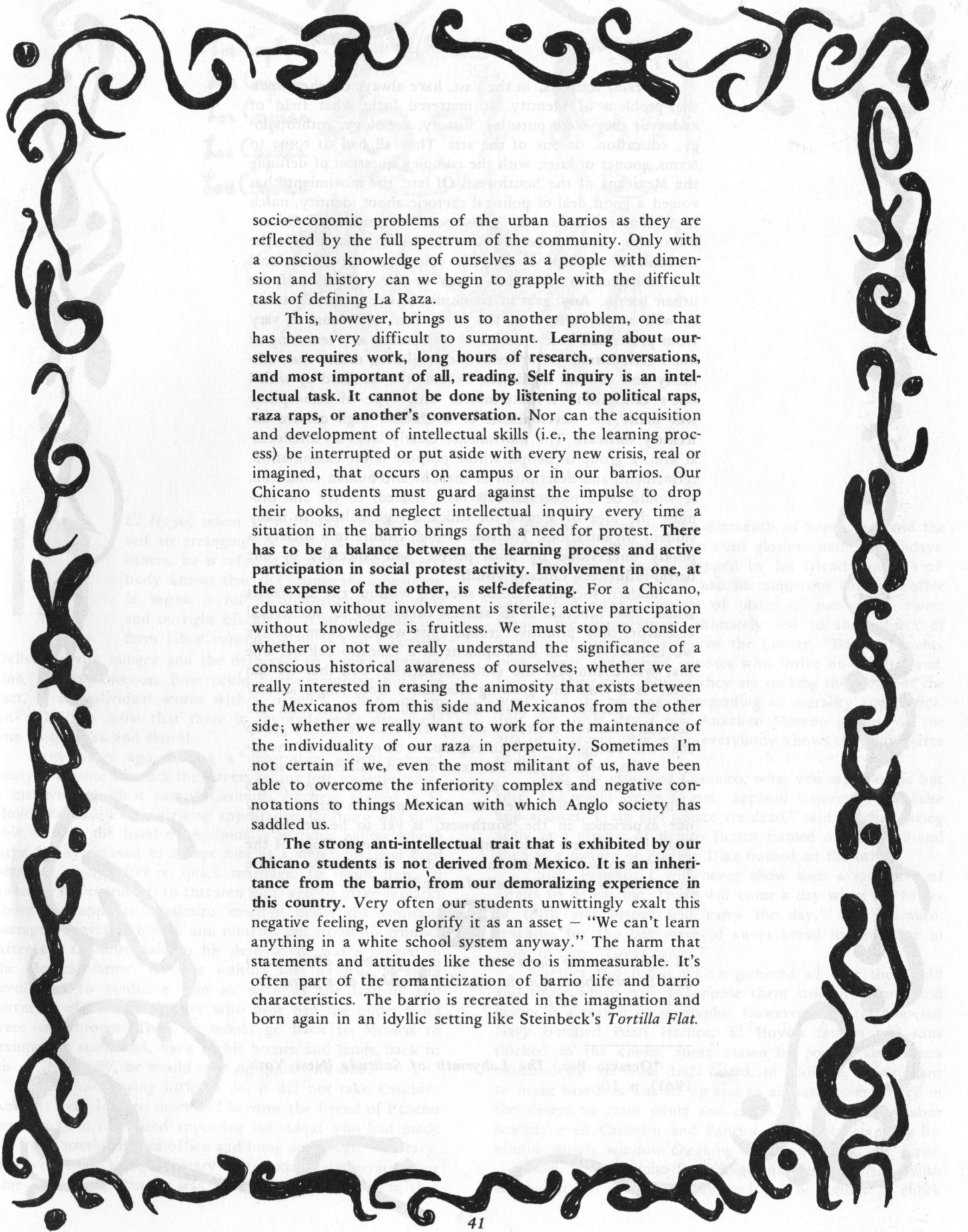
Whenever we have gathered in conversation round the perennial topic of "Who are we?" we very soon discover that there is little in our experience as a minority group in the United States to help us explore this question. We know little, if anything, about our past; our present condition is only now being brought to light; the future is ambivalent. The learning institutions which we have attended have made no effort to prepare us for this discussion. In fact, these institutions have served the purpose of putting us in the quandary in which we now find ourselves. Even the language we use in our conversation — English — makes it difficult for us to explore our innermost thoughts, and the thoughts and feelings of the older ones among us, especially the ones closer to Mexico.



We are a raza of mutes. Unable to express our thoughts, love or hate, joy or sadness, anger or tranquility, we choke in mute frustration. At least we did until recently. The movimiento has taken as part of its basic rhetoric the cry of "give us back our language, *queremos hablar español como nuestros padres*," and Chicano Studies departments throughout California have developed Spanish classes. At last, a ray of hope — a very dim ray, it seems, because many of the programs are little more than lip service to the teaching of Spanish to our raza students, and because many of our raza students are hesitant to attend classes in which they must study grammar, do homework, and learn a foreign language! The inescapable fact is that the people in the movimiento have not come to grips with whether or not they really want to maintain cultural singularity.

A good many of the leaders, especially the younger ones in the movimiento, are much more influenced by Black culture and Black militancy, than by the idea of Mexican cultural revival. It's apparent in their mannerisms, in the language they use, in the music they listen to, and in their guarded and self-conscious admiration of militant Black heroes. A good percentage of these young people speak no Spanish, an unfortunate circumstance that may not be entirely their fault, because, in the past, they have suffered the problems of identity and have often found little opportunity to study the language formally. However, the opportunity exists now to learn Spanish, but they do not seem to be very interested in doing so. This attitude is carried on and reflected by many of our Chicano students.

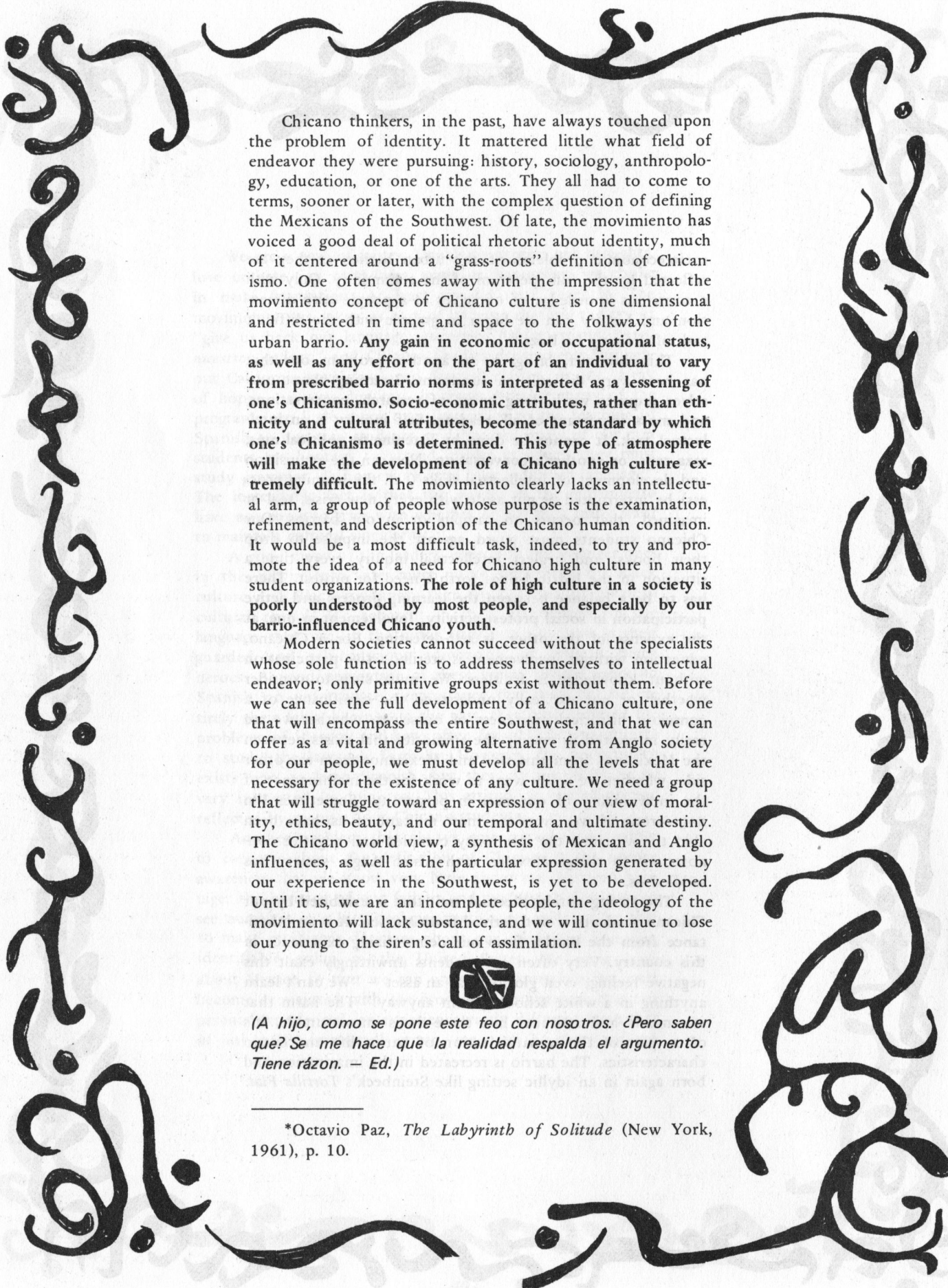
Another problem that always emerges when we gather to converse about the definition of Chicano is the uneasy awareness that we know very little about our Mexican heritage, the heritage of our fathers and mothers. Unless we can see ourselves in a historical perspective, we will not be able to make intelligent decisions about our destiny as a unique, identifiable group in the United States. We must learn about Mexico so that we can understand ourselves; we must become acquainted with the process of immigration that our parents experienced, an experience vastly different from that of any other immigrant group; we must be aware of the



socio-economic problems of the urban barrios as they are reflected by the full spectrum of the community. Only with a conscious knowledge of ourselves as a people with dimension and history can we begin to grapple with the difficult task of defining La Raza.

This, however, brings us to another problem, one that has been very difficult to surmount. Learning about ourselves requires work, long hours of research, conversations, and most important of all, reading. Self inquiry is an intellectual task. It cannot be done by listening to political raps, raza raps, or another's conversation. Nor can the acquisition and development of intellectual skills (i.e., the learning process) be interrupted or put aside with every new crisis, real or imagined, that occurs on campus or in our barrios. Our Chicano students must guard against the impulse to drop their books, and neglect intellectual inquiry every time a situation in the barrio brings forth a need for protest. There has to be a balance between the learning process and active participation in social protest activity. Involvement in one, at the expense of the other, is self-defeating. For a Chicano, education without involvement is sterile; active participation without knowledge is fruitless. We must stop to consider whether or not we really understand the significance of a conscious historical awareness of ourselves; whether we are really interested in erasing the animosity that exists between the Mexicanos from this side and Mexicanos from the other side; whether we really want to work for the maintenance of the individuality of our raza in perpetuity. Sometimes I'm not certain if we, even the most militant of us, have been able to overcome the inferiority complex and negative connotations to things Mexican with which Anglo society has saddled us.

The strong anti-intellectual trait that is exhibited by our Chicano students is not derived from Mexico. It is an inheritance from the barrio, from our demoralizing experience in this country. Very often our students unwittingly exalt this negative feeling, even glorify it as an asset — "We can't learn anything in a white school system anyway." The harm that statements and attitudes like these do is immeasurable. It's often part of the romanticization of barrio life and barrio characteristics. The barrio is recreated in the imagination and born again in an idyllic setting like Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat*.



Chicano thinkers, in the past, have always touched upon the problem of identity. It mattered little what field of endeavor they were pursuing: history, sociology, anthropology, education, or one of the arts. They all had to come to terms, sooner or later, with the complex question of defining the Mexicans of the Southwest. Of late, the movimiento has voiced a good deal of political rhetoric about identity, much of it centered around a "grass-roots" definition of Chicanoism. One often comes away with the impression that the movimiento concept of Chicano culture is one dimensional and restricted in time and space to the folkways of the urban barrio. Any gain in economic or occupational status, as well as any effort on the part of an individual to vary from prescribed barrio norms is interpreted as a lessening of one's Chicanoism. Socio-economic attributes, rather than ethnicity and cultural attributes, become the standard by which one's Chicanoism is determined. This type of atmosphere will make the development of a Chicano high culture extremely difficult. The movimiento clearly lacks an intellectual arm, a group of people whose purpose is the examination, refinement, and description of the Chicano human condition. It would be a most difficult task, indeed, to try and promote the idea of a need for Chicano high culture in many student organizations. The role of high culture in a society is poorly understood by most people, and especially by our barrio-influenced Chicano youth.

Modern societies cannot succeed without the specialists whose sole function is to address themselves to intellectual endeavor; only primitive groups exist without them. Before we can see the full development of a Chicano culture, one that will encompass the entire Southwest, and that we can offer as a vital and growing alternative from Anglo society for our people, we must develop all the levels that are necessary for the existence of any culture. We need a group that will struggle toward an expression of our view of morality, ethics, beauty, and our temporal and ultimate destiny. The Chicano world view, a synthesis of Mexican and Anglo influences, as well as the particular expression generated by our experience in the Southwest, is yet to be developed. Until it is, we are an incomplete people, the ideology of the movimiento will lack substance, and we will continue to lose our young to the siren's call of assimilation.



(A hijo, como se pone este feo con nosotros. ¿Pero saben que? Se me hace que la realidad respalda el argumento. Tiene razón. — Ed.)

*Octavio Paz, *The Labyrinth of Solitude* (New York, 1961), p. 10.

Los Coyotes
Los Coyotes
Los Coyotes
Los Coyotes
Los Coyotes



por Mario Suarez

In *El Hoyo*, when an individual devotes himself to arranging the immigration status of others, he is referred to as a *coyote*. Everybody knows that the immigration business, *la 'migra*, is full of opportunities for graft and outright blackmail. If an individual is a farm labor contractor he is also a coyote.

Delivering the hungry and the desperate to known degradation and exploitation, how could he be anything but? In fact, if an individual works with a pencil . . . But why go on? Coyotes insist that there is coyotada right down the line to the pick and shovel.

Many years ago, during a depression which reduced many a coyote to work the streets selling lost treasure maps, a massive individual named Casimiro Ancheta arrived in *El Hoyo*. Because of his striking appearance, Casimiro was soon able to win the hand of Agripina, a working widow whose large family refused to accept him as a step-father and then persisted, long after a quick marriage, to insult him, to question his character, to threaten him, and to make remarks about his appetite. Casimiro smarted under the constant barrage of insults, threats, and remarks but stood his ground. After all, Casimiro said in his defense, he was a general in the Mexican army. He was waiting for the true Mexican revolution to vindicate him as soon as the traitors and torturers of Mexican liberty who now had the upper hand were overthrown. Then he would go back to Mexico to resume his command, back to his homes and lands, back to his . . . Naturally, he would take Agripina with him.

Meanwhile having little to do, it did not take Casimiro Ancheta very long to meet and become the friend of Pancho Perez, a thin, moribund appearing individual who had made his front room into an office and hung out a sign — Notary. However, since being a notary was neither remunerative nor time consuming, Pancho was also in the *reina* business, that

of electing queens for the Sixteenth of September and the Fifth of May, Mexico's two most glorious national holidays.

Whenever Casimiro dropped by his friend Pancho's office, by the time he had had his numerous cups of coffee and wiped clean a couple of plates of *pan dulce*, sweet bread, the conversation ultimately led to the subject of oppression, on both sides of the border. "Damn, Pancho, how I hate the cursed coyotes who thrive on our beloved, long suffering race. Always they are sucking the blood of the weak and the trusting, disregarding all morality and justice. Just the other day I saw Anacleto Moreno putting on the airs of a decent man when everybody knows the foul source of his wealth."

"Alas, my esteemed Casimiro, what you say is tragic but true. The world seems to only applaud insincerity and false appearances. Truth and justice are dead," said Pancho, gazing sadly at a picture of Benito Juarez framed on one wall and then at a picture of Porfirio Diaz framed on the other.

"Still, Pancho, I will never allow such a sad state of affairs to defeat me. There will come a day when the forces of truth and justice will carry the day," said Casimiro, reaching for the last piece of sweet bread in the plate in front of him. "Great forces."

Whether the forces which gathered all over the world and those which rose to oppose them stood for truth and justice is a matter of geography. However, after the Imperial Navy bombed Pearl Harbor, *El Hoyo's* fathers and sons flocked to the colors, some drawn by posters and others ensnared by the local draft board. In addition, a war plant to make bombers was set up and an air base mushroomed in the desert to train pilots and crews. In the ensuing labor scarcity even Casimiro and Pancho found jobs standing behind a supply window checking out tools at the war plant.

Now, while Pancho Perez might have been satisfied with the novelty of a constant paycheck and be content to check



out tools for the duration of the war, such was not the case with Casimiro Ancheta. From the check out window Casimiro could not help but notice, and not without envy, the numerous raffles, lotteries, and pools going on before his very eyes. It was then that his feet began to hurt. In fact, on hearing of shortages, rationing, hoarding, and then thinking of the logical speculation, Casimiro's feet not only hurt but the pains shot up his legs, his spine. Thus Casimiro knew the opportune moment for helping his beloved, long suffering race had arrived. He said to Pancho, "The moment has arrived, firm comrade, when we must start to fight for El Hoyo's heroes on the home front. We must organize in order to help our race to have the true representation it justly deserves. Only that way can we guarantee all our heroes a job as well as unlimited opportunities when they return from the fields of battle."

"Well said," responded Pancho. "But how?"

"By starting an organization, my esteemed, an organization we can hand over to our heroes when they return. That is my dream."

The plan set, for a whole week Casimiro and Pancho went about El Hoyo inviting every Christian wife and mother to attend the initial meeting. And, the sincerity of their plea was so touching that Pancho's office, bedrooms, kitchen, and back yard proved small for the crowd. Then Pancho, calling for everyone's attention, welcomed the assembled and introduced Casimiro Ancheta, whose brilliant idea had brought them together. The latter got up and after thanking Pancho Perez, outlined his proposal for bringing civil light and political prestige to El Hoyo. In a long and impassioned speech ringing with the words faith, trust, unity, and strength, Casimiro, choking with emotion, beseeched the assembled wives and mothers for support. It was the only

way, he assured them, of attaining political power and economic security for El Hoyo's husbands and sons fighting abroad. When Casimiro was through, the assembled wives and mothers clapped and cheered. And that very night the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers was formed, with Casimiro Ancheta and Pancho Perez, naturally, being named president and vice president by acclamation.

In a short time, so great did the burdens of office become that Casimiro and Pancho left their jobs at the war plant to dedicate themselves body and soul to their mission. At meetings Casimiro and Pancho constantly assured the wives and mothers that that very morning special letters had been sent to General MacArthur and General Eisenhower personally, asking them to take good care El Hoyo's fathers and sons. When an allotment check failed to arrive in time, it was always Pancho Perez who looked into the matter. When a promotion was given or a leave was granted, Casimiro's great influence was no doubt responsible. So trusted did Casimiro and Pancho become that contributions, dues, and assessments were unflinchingly given by the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers for everything from building a clubhouse for the returning heroes to saying masses for the unfortunate ones who remained buried in far away battlefields or returned in caskets. So great did Casimiro and Pancho come to loom in the lives of the Alliance wives and mothers that more than one found herself looking into the faces of Casimiro and Pancho with moist eyes and saying, "I will light a candle for each of you."

All of this dedication, naturally, was not without its rewards. Casimiro Ancheta, like a true general, was seen everywhere squiring manicured and perfumed *mosquitas muertas* from Mexico which he promptly introduced as his

nieces. Pancho Perez, in turn, bought a fashionable house in the east side of town where chicanos were normally excluded and in all circumstances whispered about. And, being the guests of honor at so many testimonials, the politicians could not fail but take notice and, for fear of retribution at the polls, made sure that Casimiro and Pancho were present at all public functions, representing, naturally, the interests of the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers. Then came the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki

When the returning husbands and sons found out their allotment checks and money orders had been disappearing in the form of contributions, dues, quotas, and assessments, they shouted angrily, "Get out of that silly club." Others said, "Can't you see that those two are nothing but a pair of swindlers?" And still others simply said, "Those two coyotes really found themselves a nest of suckers." When the rumors



of dissatisfaction reached Casimiro and Pancho's ears, they shrugged them off as *celitos*, jealousy. When vile insults about their ancestry were shouted at them, Casimiro and Pancho muttered, "Bolsheviks."

In no time at all the membership of the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers declined to a few dozen of the humbler and less informed wives and mothers whose luck it was to have husbands or sons still abroad or awaiting discharge. True, no longer were Casimiro and Pancho able to assess the club's hundreds of members a dollar in order to send an unfortunate gold star mother a five dollar bouquet of flowers. No longer were they able to collect fifty cents from each member in order to have a six dollar mass said for a fallen son or missing husband. But, with the membership falling off, by increasing the dues and assessments, the contributions and the quotas, and by giving dances to further the *veterano* cause, Casimiro kept meeting the payments on the many accounts he had opened for his many nieces and Pancho Perez kept up the payments on his home.

One night Casimiro and Pancho sat in a little restaurant bewailing the proliferation of veteran's clubs when they overheard a veteran say "Damn, that Casimiro and Pancho must have really cleaned up while we were away. Some wives and mothers say that they even signed over allotment checks to them, to be kept in trust. Can you imagine?" "I sure wish I could see the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers' books," said another. "I'll bet . . ."

Casimiro swallowed hard. To hear one's ancestry dishonored was one thing, but to speak of books and records . . . He lowered his head and said to his companion, "Alas, Pancho, they do not trust us. I think perhaps it would be best to disband the club."

"But we have gone too far for that," said Pancho. "I, for one, have many obligations. Anyway, haven't we been told that bingo will soon be legalized? I'll bet we can . . ."

"Didn't you hear?" asked Casimiro. "They spoke of the books. You were the one who kept them . . ."

"WE," said Pancho. "WE. Don't you forget that. Both our signatures are on everything."

Casimiro slid down in his chair. "Keep your voice down," he said. "Whisper."

That very night, into the offices of the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers, two lone figures crept through opposite doors. Both quietly made their way to the desk where the box containing the books and the records of the contributions, dues, quotas, and assessments were kept. Soon there was a scuffle, a knocking down of tables and chairs, a series of groans and grunts. A sleeping drunk was aroused and in the darkness ran into a parked patrol car, arousing a sleeping patrolman. By the time the drunk and patrolman arrived at the Alliance of Mexican-American Christian Wives and Mothers Club House and switched on the lights, Casimiro and Pancho were sitting opposite each other, panting like mountain climbers and too tired to move a muscle. Casimiro, scratched, uncombed, and disheveled, said, "W-w-we j-j-just f-fought a p-pair of th-thieves m-m-mak-k-king off w-with our c-cash b-box and r-records."

"Y-y-yes. Th-thieves," added Pancho Perez.

The following day the newspapers carried a full account

of the affair as well as pictures. Casimiro, resembling a well fed convict, and Pancho, resembling an assassin, were written up as two heroes who had almost foiled a pair of robbers' plans. When the *Americanos* read the papers and saw the pictures, they said with slight smiles, "Mexican business."

Chicanos reading the papers muttered, "*Cabrones*." In their wrath some swore to . . . Others vowed to . . .

In any case, for a long time nobody saw hide or hair of Casimiro Ancheta and Pancho Perez. Rumor had it that they had skipped the country, that they were hiding, that they were dead. Alas, passions cool and . . .

Months later, Casimiro sat in Pancho's office having his usual coffee and *pan dulce*. In a few hours his beloved Agripina would be home from work and this being her pay day, Casimiro had decided on supper at *La Golondrina Restaurant* and a Mexican movie. "Alas," sighed Casimiro, "Agripina is the love of my life." Pancho, in turn, was moaning the great number of queen candidates for the approaching Sixteenth of September. "To have so many queens robs the patriotic festivities of their significance," said Pancho. "I maintain that there should be but one queen."

In time the conversation turned to the subject of oppression and specially to a coyote named Carlos Vega who had cashed checks for wetbacks during the war, had reaped a fortune, and was now the business agent for the laborer's local. Carlos had naturally joined forces with another coyote named Julio Palafox, an ex-bootlegger who now had a very thriving 'migra office uptown. Caught between these two

coyotes a victim . . . Thus Carlos and Julio had become the darlings of incumbent as well as aspiring politicians. Lately they were engaged in forming the League of Mexican-American Clubs for Political Progress. "If they succeed in uniting the clubs, do you realize the killing they will make?" asked Casimiro. "God help our race from ever uniting under two such immoral, criminal scoundrels."

"Alas," sighed Pancho. "I don't get mad because they do it. It's just that . . . they don't invite."



("The ancient works of literature are good only insofar as they apply to us today; otherwise, they might remain good, but good for other academic reasons. Good literature is universal both in time and space. Thus, the major criteria in the search for good Chicano literature is the degree to which it might apply to all peoples in all times. It is not the barrio as a world unto itself that matters (nor in a larger philosophical sense, can it possibly matter). It is the barrio as a reflection of, as a part of, or as an organic portion of the world in which it exists that can give us any significant insight into the value of our human existence. The validity of our literature then is dependent on how successfully it is formed into a microbarrio of the macrobarrio. . . ." [from the unpublished works of A. Arzate.] Conosco batos lo mismo como en el cuento hoy en dia. ¿Será posible que la gente nunca cambia?—Ed.)

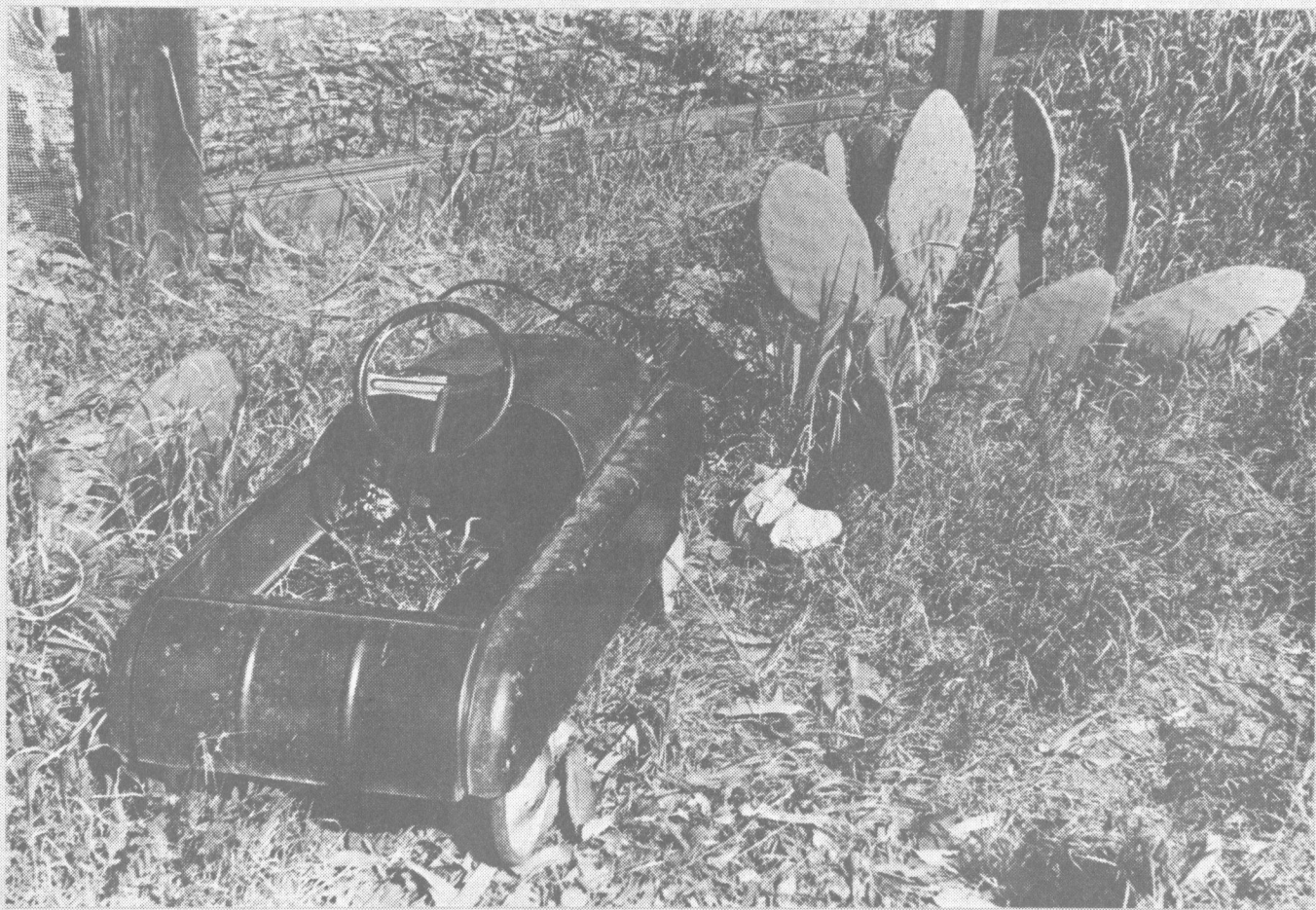




Un Barrio Portfolio

por Oscar R. Castillo









La RAZÓN

PORQUE
NO HEMOS
PUBLICADO,
POR UN AÑO

WELL.... YOU
WOULD BE
PISSSED OFF
TOO!

I ATE THE
HOLE THING

GOD FORGIVE THEM
THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY
DO!!!

HERE I SIT IN MOURNFUL
BLISS LISTENING TO THE
TRINKLE OF PISS.....
NOW AND THEN A FART
IS HEARD FOLLOWED BY
A THUNDERING TURD

I
SABOR A
Mij.....

!YA
HAW!



ARNIE & PORFI

Carlo
FERRARI
72



WELL I DON'T KNOW
EYE... DON'T LOOK
GOOD!!!

C'MON PORFI... I'LL
DO ANYTHING... THEY
GOTTA LET ME IN!!!

IT'S NOT EASY...
SEE THE VATO'S
THINK YOUR KINDA
STRANGE!!

WHA...DA MEAN
I AIN'T NO QUEER
OR NOTHING... I
SHALL PROVE WITHOUT
A DOUBT MY MANLINESS
I'LL SHOW YOU GUYS
JUST WAIT!!!

LATER

WELL PRIMO I THINK I...
FIXED THINGS UP WITH MY...MY
HOMEBOYS... YEA IT WAS
HARD BUT... THEY WANT
TO MAKE SURE YOUR
ALL...RIGHT

WELL LIKE I SAID I'M
TUFF!!! I'LL DO ANYTHING
EVEN...EVEN(GASP) SMELL
PAINT.

HA HA...
HAHA YOU DON'T
SMELL PAINT... ARNIE
YOU SNIFF IT... JUST
LIKE A DOG SNIFFS... YEA!
THAT'S IT... THAT'S IT
WHAT... YOU... Need is

HOLE



YEA... THAT'S
THE TEST ARNIE
YOU GOTTA GET 'SOME'
IT'S ABOUT TIME

GET 'SOME' WHAT UH...
PORFI... WHAT IS
'IT' THAT I HAVE
TO GET? UH?

C'MON YOU KNOW...
LISTEN I'LL MAKE IT
EASY FOR YOU... HAH... HEH

YEA... I'M
GONNA GET YOU
A BROAD...

OH... FAR OUT
I COULD REALLY
DIG GOING
ABROAD

FAR OUT...



Hi THERE MISS... UH
WHAT'S UP... UH... FAR OUT
HEY I GOT THIS REAL
NEAT TRAIN SET... YEA ONE OF
MY MANY HOBBIES... HEY
HOW ABOUT PULLING
A TRAIN WITH ME!!!!

NAW... SHE DON'T
LIKE HOBBIES THAT
MUCH PORFI. IN FACT,
SHE ASKED ME TO
LEAVE

AH... THATS ALRIGHT!
SHE WASN'T THAT
GOOD ANYWAY... SAY
MAYBE YOU SHOULD USE
A POETIC APPROACH
I GOT THIS POEM... ESE
THAT REALLY KNOCKS
UM' OUT





HI THERE MY...
NAME IS ARNIE
AH.. DO YOU LIKE
POETRY... AHHH I
GOT THIS POEM...
YOU WANNA HEAR
IT... AH.. BETWEEN
YOUR THIGHS WHERE
YOUR HOLE LIES...
MAKES MY CHORIZO!!!

RISE!

LISTEN HERE BOY...
NOW YOU BETTER... GIVE
ME A DAM..DAM..DAMMED
GOOD REASON WHY
I SHOULDN'T GIVE
YOU YOU A GOOD
ASS WHIPPIN
YOU HEAR ME
BOY.....



WELL I CAN'T THINK
OF ANY OFFHAND, SO I
GUESS I'LL JUST
SORT OF LEAVE.



BY THIS TIME ARNIE FEELS
VERY REJECTED AND QUITE
MANICED SO HE GOES
TO HAVE A COUPLE OF
GAMES OF POCKET POOL.

THIS ALLEY
LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD PLACE

I GUESS PORFI
AND THE GUYS WERE
RIGHT... I GUESS I
JUST DON'T HAVE IT.
THE ONLY TIME I EVER
GET IT IS WHEN I GIVE
IT TO MYSELF... OH
WELL I GUESS I'M
DOOMED TO PERVERSION.



MY GOD!!!... PORFI WHAT
ARE YOU AND THE
CLUB DOING.



I GUESS WERE
JUST HAVING ONE
OF THOSE OLD
FASHIONED CLUB
MEATINGS



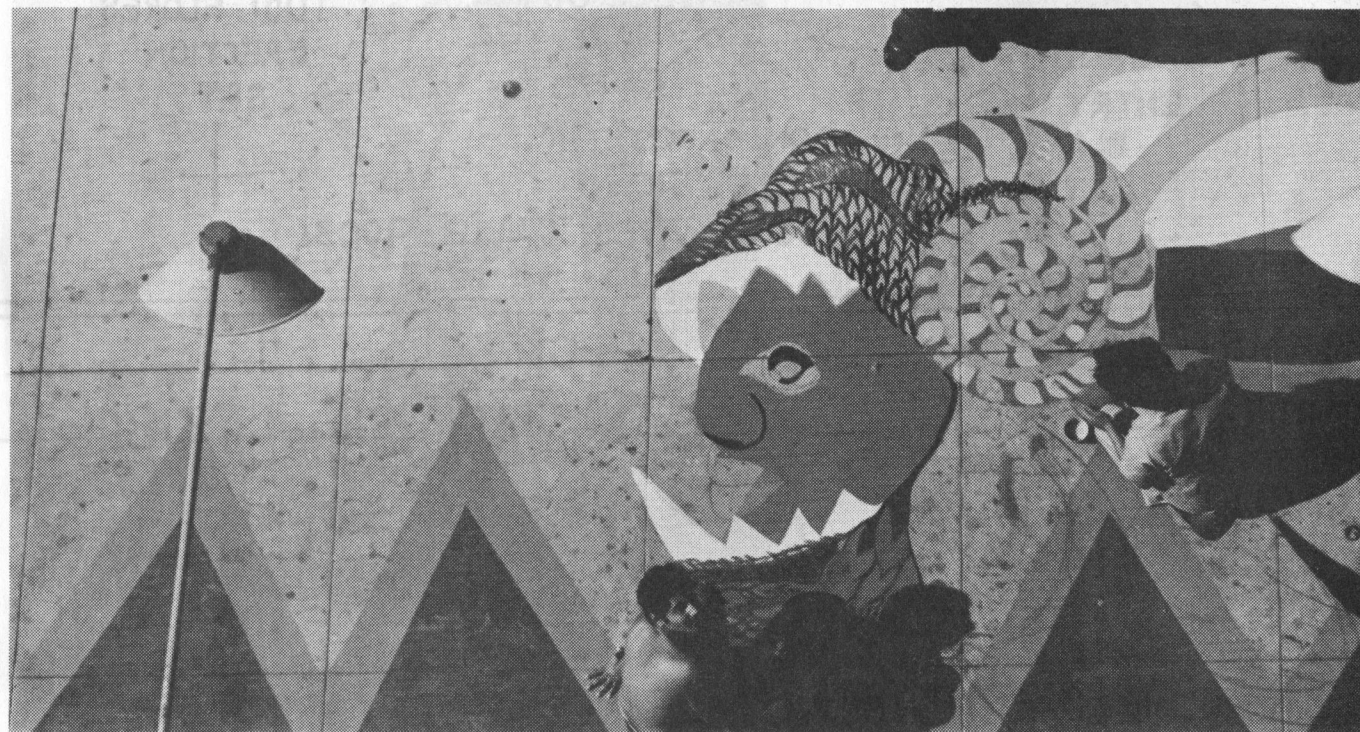
ARNIE GOES TO HIS
FAVORITE SPOT AND
BUSTS PORFI AND HIS
GANGA DOING ITS
THING.....

NOTE*
THE ARTIST REALIZES
THAT HE IS SLOWLY
LOSING HIS MIND!!!
HE REQUEST THAT ANY
INTERESTED READERS
SUBMIT ANY IDEAS FOR
CARTOON STRIP... TO THE MAG... SERG...

WRITING ON



The Walls



CON SAFOS CoNTeST

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!

SUBJECT BEST CAPTION FOR PICTURE ON PAGE 59

WINNER RECEIVES ROSE HILL SNACK PACK:

FOUR
JOINTS

FREE
AUTOGRAPHED
PICTURE OF
BEAR

ONE ROLL
REDS AND
WHITES

WILL ATTEND
CON SAFOS
MEETING AND GET
HIGH WITH THE
BOARD OF

DIRECTORS
OR WHOEVER
IS
THERE

FREE
TASTING AT
SAN ANTONIO
WINERY

WINNER
PAYS
OWN
TRANSPOR-
TATION

TWO NIGHTS
IN ROSE HILL,
CALIFORNIA
ONE NIGHT
TO

GET IN
ONE NIGHT
TO GET THE
HELL OUT

LAST BUT
NOT LEAST: A
TUDI FLORES
ERECTION
SET

SEND
ENTRY
BLANK
TO: →

CON SAFOS INC.
P.O. BOX 31085
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90031

NAME: _____ CITY: _____

ADDRESS: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

CAPTIONS:

NOTE: IN CASE OF TIE, FIRST COME.

Mitote to the Editor



ta
ACOSTA

CON SAFOS CONTEST

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!

SUBJECT: BEST CAPTION FOR PICTURE ON PAGE 59

WINNER RECEIVES ROSE HILL CUP



An editorial is not a place for excuses; however, in view of the fact that it has been a year since our last publication, I feel we owe our faithful readers something in the way of an explanation.

As the theme poem on page one suggests, we are indeed "muddling in our own dilemma." You see, we created a little mag that won't stop growing. Even after a year of *no publication*, the mail continues to come, urging us to publish or chastising us for not responding to queries.

And it is not that we don't want to continue publishing. Not at all, but with each publication that we put out, our commitment to our readers becomes greater, and the weight of that commitment turns to guilt when we realize we may not be able to comply with that commitment.

This is the situation. We are a private nonprofit group of happy-go-lucky *batos* who practically by complete accident created CON SAFOS Magazine. We do not receive funding or

endowments of any kind. Nobody on CON SAFOS receives any monetary compensation. Much of the cost for publishing of the magazine comes out of our own pockets. The staff members hold down regular jobs elsewhere, and each one has family responsibilities. Everyone volunteers his time. The mail stacks up. Distribution and marketing are practically non-existent. Yes, CON SAFOS is a labor of love that got us in deeper than we ever imagined.

Now the question is HOW DO WE MUDDLE OUR WAY OUT^This is our dilemma. We will welcome any and all help and suggestions. Please write to us, or if you live in the Los Angeles area, we would invite you to meet with us.

My personal bias suggests that the survival of CON SAFOS is in the interest of everyone.



Mitote to the Editor



Friends:

I am continually amazed by your magazine. If it doesn't seem pompous of me to say so, I believe it's the depth that you give to the small things. It's very interesting to see the humor that is prevalent throughout the magazine, because it puts the whole sordid existence of living in the barrio into a perspective. The humor is important.

Working on a newspaper, UC HIGHLANDER, with a Chicano editor, Irene Gallardo, I know how it is to feel that someone appreciates your efforts. I also know how it feels when one criticizes the work. I do hope, though, that you will have more stories in the future issues that are of a serious vein (pomposity again), for the ones you've had are good, but sparse. Time and reputation, though, will bring more contributors that deal in the serious (maybe the word is somber or "heavy"). I hope this does not put you off, but rather is taken in good faith. With encouragement and appreciation, I remain

a continual reader
Julian Medina

(Now that we're back on the road, we intend to do our damndest to give our readers the best of Chicano literature, but we must have the manuscripts — search for them, develop them, beat the bushes for them, and finally, submit them, submit them, submit them to your ever grateful C/S — Ed.)

Dear people of *Con Safos*:

Regarding your sixth issue:

I just discovered your magazine and in my opinion it is the best Chicano publication to date, bar none. My applause especially for Sergio Hernandez, Gilbert Gonzalez, Antonio Gomez and Raul Salinas. Those gentlemen are really saying it and saying it right and it's about time. The ideas expressed in *Con Safos* are a relief from the pretentious, presumptuous, petit-bourgeois tone of so many Chicano publications and I'm sure you know what I mean. Especially in a place like San Jose, the parochialism of Chicanism is painfully evident.

Without insisting upon some tiresome political "message" the people at *Con Safos* have produced a genuine and stimulating forum of ideas that makes even the slickest Chicano mag out of Berkeley look tame by comparison. If a picture is worth a thousand words, then the strip "Arni & Porfi" is worth a million. The barriology exams are a truly inspired parody of the pedigree-consciousness rife among the various Chicano Studies departments now springing up on California campuses. And I can think of many erstwhile *activistas* who would do well to ponder the implications of Gilbert Gonzalez' article *Police State*. The short-story, *Dog-town Rifa*, is a literary gem, a small masterpiece.

On the other hand, the prize for bad taste goes to the lawyer who penned *A Love Letter to the Girls of Aztlan* which was a terrible piece, in the worst of taste. I object not to his language (which was, anyway, not very imaginative) but to his absurd sentiments, his insulting assumptions and his macho-obsessed world view.

Nevertheless, the staff of your magazine is to be congratulated. Every time *Con Safos* swings the broom, down come the intellectual cobwebs from the dulled wits of so many self-appointed, well-intentioned but simple-minded saviours of *La Raza*. Keep up the good work. I wish you all the success.

Hasta la vuelta,
Gilbert George Salcedo

25 April 72

Dear Sir,

Will you please send me information as to how I can subscribe to your magazine. I learned of your magazine through a book entitled "THE CHICANOS" which I'm sure that you are familiar with.

I am presently stationed in the Republic of Vietnam and it is very difficult to obtain any reading material other than by any of the "RAZA" so, the magazine would help me out greatly.

I will be here until the end of the year, but as long as I have your address I can always send you a change of address card since being in the army is a thing that I will be doing for a good while.

I will appreciate a quick response.

thank you
Sgt. Frank Martinez
568 60 3969

(A quick response post haste. C/S is sending you available back issues. Todos los batos en Nam get free subscriptions. Just send us a letter with your ideas of whatever is. No se rajen carnales.—Ed.)

Calle Antonio Alzate #604
Morelia, Michoacan
Mexico — Apr '72

Dear Chief & Ganga,

You probably won't believe it but I got married with Socorro again in a church where Pancho Villa slept with the toughest chingon in town as my padrino. It's called Ziquitaro, the size of two barrios, in hard rock, black-red sand and mighty fine mezcals plants. The some six hundred families are divided into two hostile camps. Time and intermarriage has slowed down the killing, but just last week...

I've had to get rid of my daily-shower hangup, thanks to the no-plumbing sign they've got over the lousiest outhouses you can imagine. The lights are barely brighter than a good candle and the horny donkeys wake you up at five... but it's the coolest place in the world.

No body bugged me — we spent two weeks there — and I rode horses, drank tequila and even stuck a big fucking knife into the gross throat of a huge pink pig; all with dudes who fought with, or against Villa.

Old time revolutionaries, I've found are about the same as young ones. But only as to morals. (Fucking, drinking, etc.) When it comes to serious things, like cussing — You know, I didn't hear one single Puto, Pinchi, or even a healthy Cabron in two weeks. Not because of morals, but because you never know if the next guy likes it and it could mean a fast shoot out. Usually, a cuss isn't worth that. So the majority of the time it's so fucking peaceful you could just sink in there forever...

I saw it coming, so I found I now have rights under their own revolutionary code to an ejido, which is free naturally and I bought a horse named Gomasas, big, giant, red one and we split for Morelia.

We are two hours from my sanctuary. I've been trying to write, but so far, the gods are only giving visions in Michoacan green... I am expecting the galley proofs to the Buffalo book from Rolling Stone any day now. I decided there would be nothing gained by having two versions of that story around, in print at least. Most people believe I'm schizoid, no sense my giving them proof of it.

(Who needs proof, ese?—Ed.)

As soon as it arrives and I make the final corrections, etc., I'll send you a copy and you can take it from there. I was feeling guilty for being late — I gave you the first draft last Dec. — and then I thought: Fuck, they were four months late on the first version.

(Ahórale!—Ed.)

You can take my word for it, the waiting was well worth it. I have written the best thing done since Tropic of Cancer. And, of course I expect to get at least a Pulitzer for it... But, right about now with the sun beating through the window of my temple, I'd settle for back issues of *Con Safos*, *La Raza*'s, etc. Any Chicano lit would do. I've got to get back in the mood to write the story on East Los.

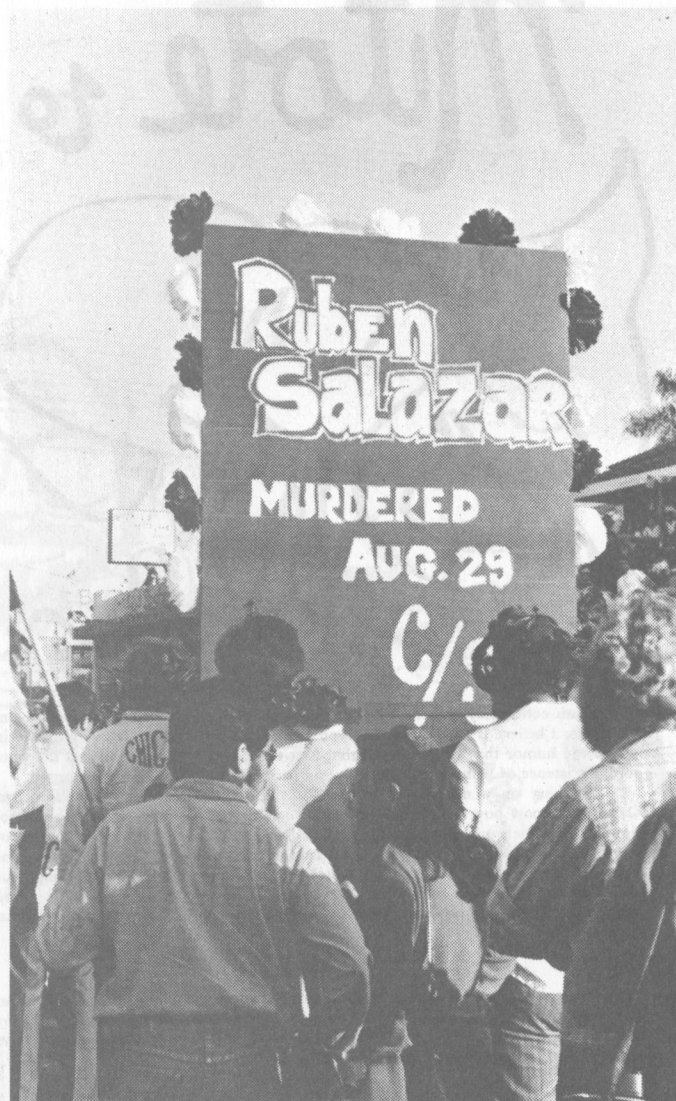
If any of you see Benny Luna, tell him to write to me. And if any of you guys need a good rest, come on down. We've got plenty of room and the rent is all paid for a whole year.

Orale pues, batos. No se rajen.

Zeta

GLOSSARY

- Aguzado**, n. slang, derives from the word *abusado* meaning sharp, alert, or intelligent.
- Bato**, n. *caló* derives from the word *batido*, a dirty, sloppy person; guy; dude.
- Cabron**, n. he-goat; cuckold (man whose wife is unfaithful); an expression of disgust; a word of endearment; pl. *cabrones*.
- Calcos**, n. *caló*, shoes.
- Chicano**, n. *caló*, a Mexican or a person of Mexican ancestry born in the USA.
- Chicanismo**, n. slang, a term signifying the historical, cultural and political unity of the Chicano experience.
- Coyotes**, n. pl., prairie wolf; shyster, tricky lawyer; agent, broker (often illegal).
- Drapes**, n. pl. slang, peggar type pants worn by *pachucos* in early 1940s; zoot-suit style pants.
- Endomingas**, slang, well dressed; dressed in one's Sunday best.
- Escarcha**, n. frost.
- Ese**, dem. adj. that; dem. pron. that one; slang, form of address used mostly by *cholos*; its literal translation is "that one" or "you."
- Filero**, n. *caló*, knife.
- Ganapán**, n. slang, breadwinner.
- Huevos**, n. pl., eggs; slang, balls, guts.
- Latin-American**, n., refers to persons of Spanish-latin origin; used loosely as an unoffensive reference to Mexicans.
- Macho**, n. male; he-mule; adj. masculine, male; strong; gutsy or fearless; a kind of Mexican superman.
- Madera**, n., wood; timber, lumber; slang, lie; bullshit.
- Meskin**, n. slang, a Mexican.
- Mexican-American**, n., American citizen of Mexican ancestry; derog., Angloized Mexican.
- Mex-guy**, n. slang, a Mexican.
- Movimiento**, n. movement; motion; commotion; Chicano social revolutionary movement.
- Sirol**, adv. *caló*, yes; sure; alright.
- Surco**, n., furrow; rut; groove; wrinkle.
- Tramos**, n. *caló*, pants.

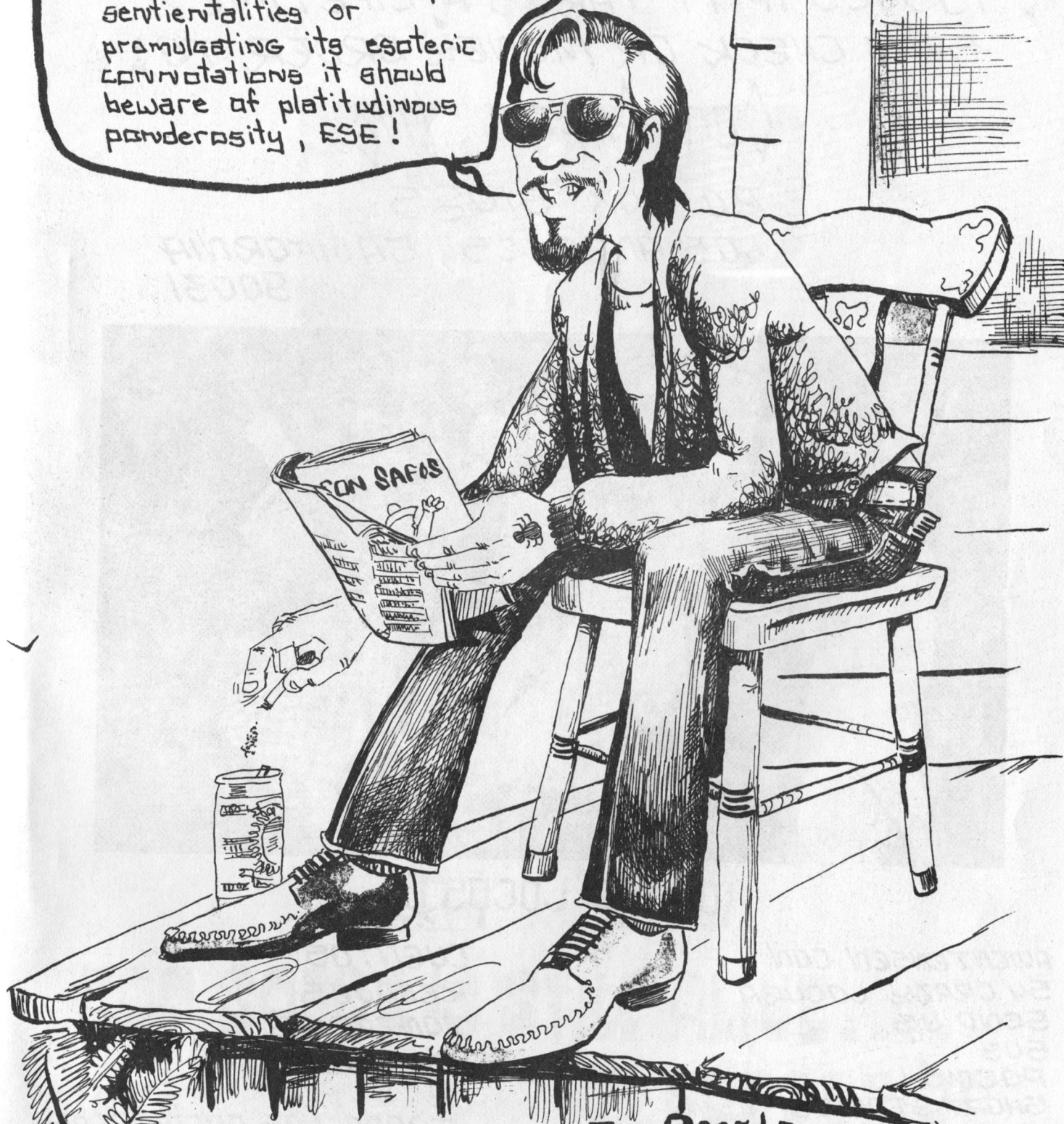


IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS

- Avientate otra**, have another one.
- El corazón es la fe**, faith is trust in one's heart.
- La lisa**, the shirt.
- La vida nueva**, the new life.
- Me lo desmadré**, I beat him up.
- Pinchi gabachos**, damned Anglos.
- Pobre bato**, poor guy.
- Tiene sus huevos**, he's got his balls (guts).
- Que chingados**, what the hell; who cares.
- Se aventó con todo**, he gave it all he had.
- Todo es la brisa entre los encinos**, the weakness and strength of air going through the weakness and strength of oaks which can't contain the air.
- Todo dar**, great; the best.
- Vato loco alivianado**, cool dude; relaxed or casual guy.
- Virgen Maria**, exclamation comparable to "jesus christ!" or "for god's sake!" or "wow!"
- Ya 'stuvo, todo se ganó**, everything is won now, it's all over.



AHORALE, when Con Safos
is articulating its superficial
sentimentalities or
promulgating its esoteric
convolutions it should
beware of platitudinous
ponderosity, ESE!



Tom Acosta d. Berdoo

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