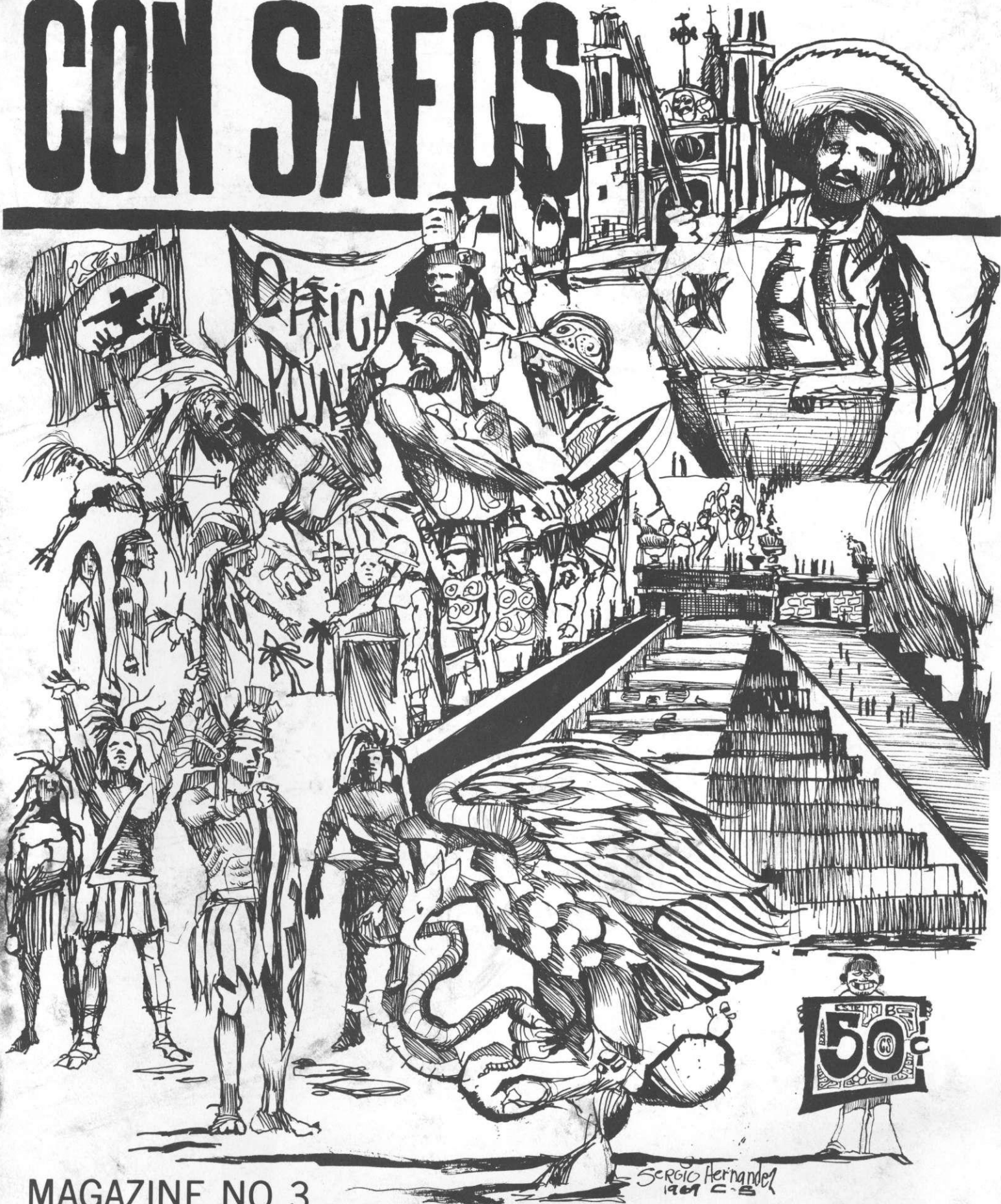


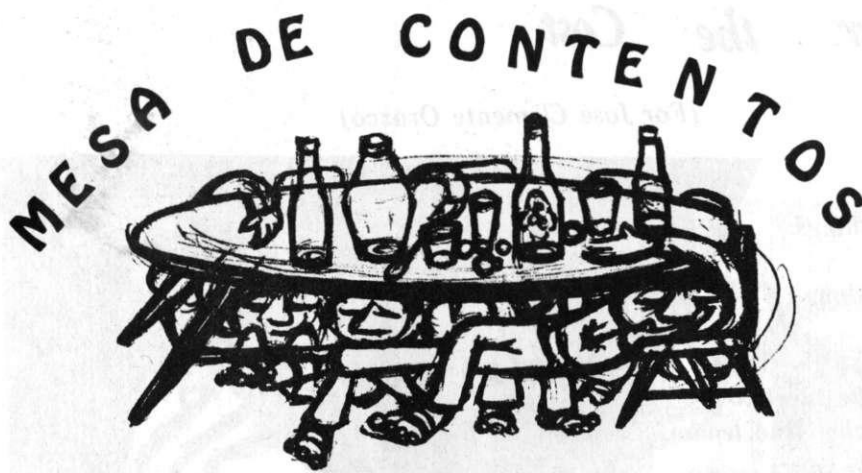
# CON SAFOS



MAGAZINE NO. 3

SERGIO Hernandez  
1961 C.B.

VOL. NO. 1



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Cover by Sergio Hernandez

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CON SAFOS is published quarterly by CON SAFOS, Inc.

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

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

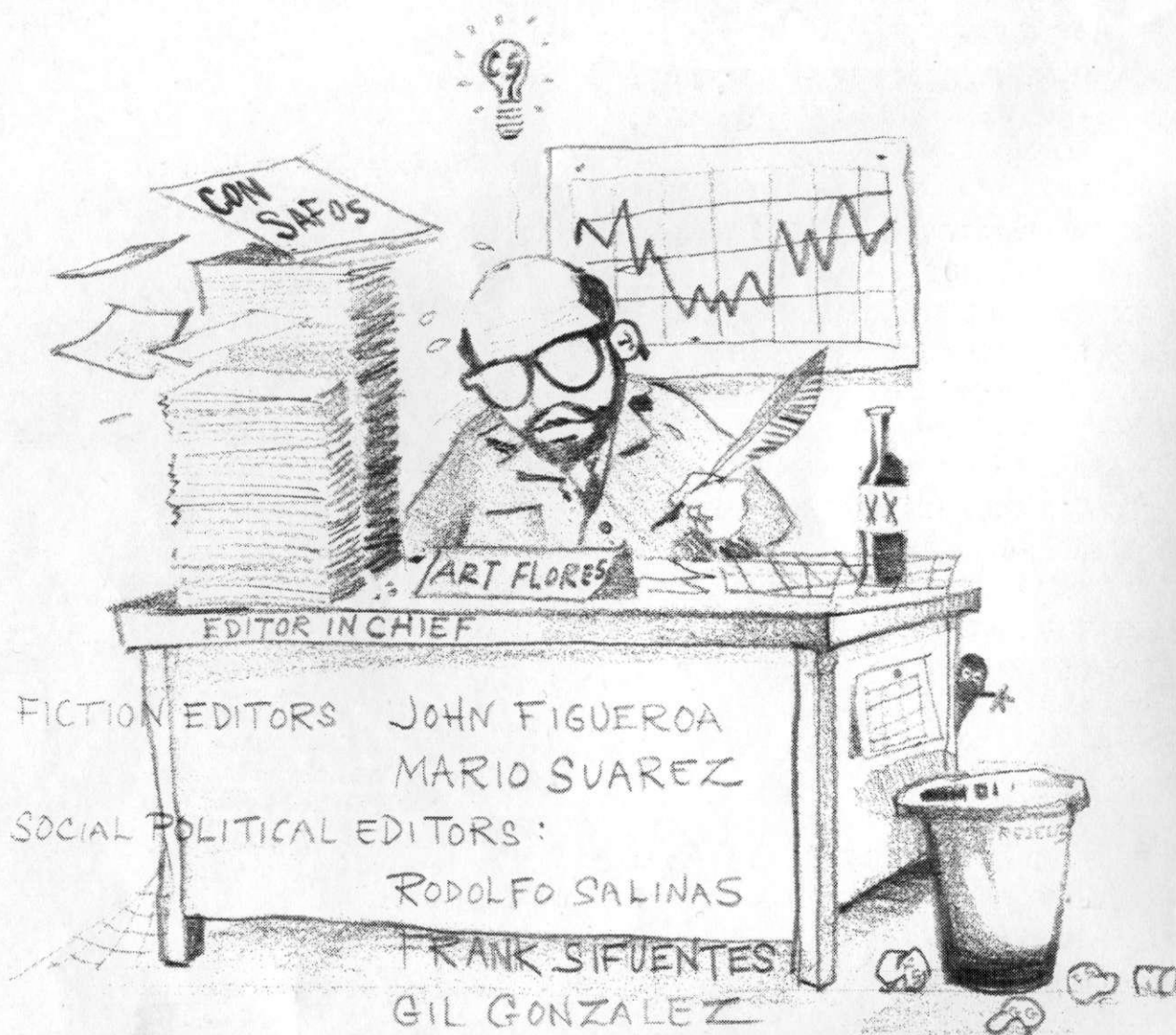
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# CON SAFOS

## REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARRIO



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PUBLISHED 4 TIMES A YEAR  
BY CON SAFOS INC. ©  
ISSUE OF MARCH 1969

50¢ PER ISSUE

P.O. BOX 31085  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
90031

\$2.00 PER YEAR

# JUSTICE

# Whatever the Cost

(For Jose Clemente Orozco)

When the mestizo got up off his knees  
and joined the aztec and toltec offspring  
in pushing on toward the horizon  
sensing the end of an old ordered way of things  
he found the leaders waiting  
and they spoke of bread and land and freedom  
not to be beaten and starved and isolated

and the indian boy marching with the mestizo  
broke bread with him and they watched the leader  
and remembered how it felt on their knees

and when the leader said follow  
they came with joy to use their muscle  
to build a stronghold  
and prepared for the manana  
they saw ahead

and their children cried for food  
and they stirred restlessly and hurt inwardly  
and the news came of the beating of their wives  
those whose wives and children remained behind  
and their eyes were conduits of misery  
but without loss of determination

and these people followed their leaders  
and some of the enemy deserted the camp  
because they understood the determination  
and admired it and wanted to be of it

and when the troops came and  
determination was not enough  
and the blooded sand proved it  
the children and their mothers stopped crying  
and their eyes took on the determination

and leaders were cut down and maimed and shot  
and mestizos and indians and all manner of men  
came up and stood behind the fallen  
and their children silently got into line  
when age permitted

and after so many years of determination  
it became so overpowering that blooded sand  
spread more widely and encompassed wide plains  
and still new lines formed

and then justice. . . blind yet  
began to tip the scales  
for freedom and land and bread.

Norman Dale Clayton





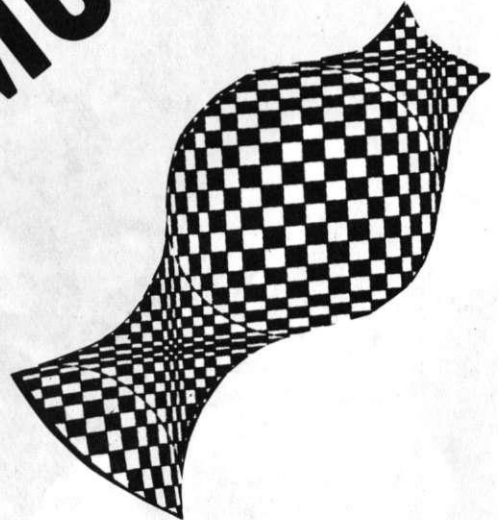
JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO

*The Slave*

C/5

# UN

# SOLO MUNDO



by Antonio Gómez

The oppressed people of the world, Indio-Hispanos, Blacks and Orientals must maintain that the riches, the land and the products of the earth belong to all people in equal amounts. And that the concentration of these aforementioned items in a small minority of individuals or nation states is contrary to the welfare of mankind.

Indio-Hispanos and Blacks living in the United States cannot be satisfied with improving their economic and social position but must affirm their willingness to work for the elimination of social oppression and economic exploitation of all people throughout the world. This affirmation must be based on the observation that people throughout the world are inextricably united and living in a world community.

The reality of a world community has been given impetus by the recent revolution in electronics (television and radio) through which we have been able to perceive and relate to the life experiences of people regardless of their location on this earth. We now, more than ever, realize the commonality of our humanity and the direct influence that we have upon each other. The starving children in Biafra or the dying in Vietnam that we see on our television screens are daily reminders that we no longer think only of those events that occur within national boundaries but that our interest and concern transcends continents and seas.

In reality, we have always been a world community. We have shared a common atmosphere, a sun, and moon; and the stars have indiscriminately provided mankind with warmth, beauty and mystery, disregarding the political boundaries that man has artificially established. The physical and biological sciences have also show that the ancestral background of peoples all over the world is the same, and that we therefore share a common genetic pool. "Racial" differences that exist because of a peoples' isolation, and because of specific responses to particular environments are breaking down as travel-technology extends its network across continents.




And as travel increases, and the races become less isolated, man's sexual needs are given more of an opportunity for expression through miscegenation. The widespread infection of many by syphilis would indicate that sex is as popular between "racial" groups as among them; nevertheless we can assume that whatever "racial" differences sex fails to eliminate the science of genetics surely will. Who then will be able to deny that he belongs to the family of man?

The concept and reality of a world community is not prevalent among all of mankind. In fact it is repulsive to most bigoted and insecure people who fear the "mongrelization" of their culture and the contamination of their genetic stock. What these people don't realize is that their fear is based on their neurotic denial and repression of those unconscious thoughts which torment them.

The oppressing wealthy minority are also threatened by the reality of world community, because it not only entails the realization that people throughout the world live in an interdependent relationship, but that we are all equally entitled to the best life that the earth can afford us. This implies that poverty, undernourishment, and premature deaths are not the "fate" of certain people but rather that they are the manifestations of a social inequity that must be eliminated. This small, wealthy minority, throughout the world, is reaping most of the world's blessings because of past and or present policies of exploitation that serve to perpetuate the misery of the world population. These injustices are manifested throughout Asia, Europe, and the Americas, and are the products of the mental disturbance of these individuals who need to gain economic and political power over others. What could be more absurd or more diseased than the need to have excessive wealth and the need to control the destinies of others? Though perhaps we should ask if it is not the societies of world (throughout history) that have catered to these power-mad individuals, and consequently allowed them to exploit the majority.

The inequities and injustices that exist do so only because mankind has allowed itself to be bound by historical antecedents, cultural mores or values that may have been practical and just in another age, but which become instruments for suppression and exploitation at a later time. The United States is a good example of people basing their existence on premises that have been outdated for over a hundred years. The shiboleths of private enterprise and free competition may have worked when the country was being formed and individuals had equal opportunity to make of their lives what they chose. But today these two concepts are irrelevant in a society that has solidified into giant corporate structures with rigid social classes. Individuals in the United States no longer have equal opportunity, because some enter life with unequal stations that not only entail economic differences but also "experience" and cultural differences that give advantage to the offspring of those already in power.



Our concepts of economics are also outdated and erroneous, because they fail to take into account the fact that wealth is a direct result of the interdependent relationships that people have in their respective economic system. Basically we all have material needs that are essential to the maintenance of life, and we have secondary needs that make life less drudgerous and more enjoyable. We have people dedicated to providing satisfaction of our essential needs, and others who are involved in providing for and creating secondary needs. We must note that consumption is thus as necessary as production in creating wealth, and that without the cooperation of all the members of the economic system, wealth is non-existent. This fact was made clear in the economic depression of the United States in the 1930's which was not a result of a breakdown in production, but rather was a breakdown in the consumption of what was being produced. Great havoc will result in this country if people decide not to play the role of consumer, for example if all people throughout the nation decided to cancel their life insurance policies, or decided not to buy a new car, or in general refused to buy anything other than food. One can begin to appreciate the interdependence of all people involved in an economic system, and can easily perceive how unjustified the claim is of certain individuals, that they are the ones responsible for wealth and should therefore receive a greater share.

A great portion of private wealth is based on the ownership and control of the earth's natural resources, which points out the inadequacy of our view of private property. This concept was developed at a time when man could not foresee the extensive natural resources that exist primarily below the earth's surface, and which have taken thousands and sometimes millions of years to develop. Natural resources are an inheritance of the people, and allowing individuals to claim ownership of them is as ludicrous as permitting individuals to claim the atmosphere that hovers above them.

Blacks and Indio-Hispanos in the United States cannot ignore the fact that a great deal of the high living standard in this country is based on the exploitation of other people throughout the world by our industrial corporations. These corporate giants are robbing the vital natural resources of various countries, and at the same time exporting to them manufactured goods at huge profits. Neither can we ignore that the United States economy is based to a great extent on the manufacturing of war products, not only for its own war efforts but for that of foreign powers as well. Ultimately these products of war are used against oppressed people. We cannot justify receiving a cut of the American economy that is creating and perpetuating the social and economic oppression of our brothers and sisters throughout the world.

Indio Hispanos and Blacks must join with others in eliminating the discrepancies in the standard of living that exist among nations and within any particular country. We must begin to perceive that we do live in a world community, and that all are joined, interdependently and inextricably, in the fabric of life.

C/S



# antonio and the GREAT WORLD

by John Figueroa

The little boy, asleep on the fire escape, stirred restlessly on the thin mattress as the summer sun edged its way over the East River. The sun moved slowly; and as it spread its soft, gray light down into the canyons between the New York tenements, it touched the boy's face, and he came awake. His eyes opened quickly, hurrying sleep away, but he lay still a moment, listening to the sounds of morning around him.

Across from him, in the next building, he could hear Mrs. Morales preparing breakfast for her husband. The pungent odor of chorizos frying, mingled with the strong, sweet aroma of Cafe Bustelo perking, drifted to his senses. His mouth watered. . . but he pushed aside his hunger and thought of the cold milk and cheesecake pie, his favorite delicacies, he would buy later that day, when he had finished the job, and was paid. The thought satisfied him, and he listened to Jimmy loco's abuelita, Dona Pilar, upstairs, humming her song to the still morning. It was a nameless tune, he knew, soft and melodic. It was the tune she always hummed to her chickens when she had gone among them, back in Puerto Rico. As she hummed, the boy pictured her in front of her open window watching the sun rise, as she had done ever since he could remember. She was a nice old lady. She gave him nickels. He smiled. . .

Suddenly the muffled sound of a pigeon's cooing reached him. PETEY!

The boy scrambled to his feet. PETEY!

He gathered his bedding quickly, threw it over this shoulder, and wriggled through the open window to his apartment. The house was dark, but he tiptoed familiarly around the couch and his mother's sleeping form, to his room. There, he dropped the bedding and hurried over to a box coop nailed to a window sill. He peered in. Petey was moving around inside. The boy murmured soothingly at the pigeon, then reached under a chair for the bird's feed. He tossed some of the cool, hard grains into the cage, then squatted, watching the bird

peck rapidly at the kernels. When the pigeon had finished, the boy reached into the box and pulled it out. He examined it, first one wing then the other. The wings were whole again. They were fully regrown. Petey was ready. Today they boy would turn him loose. . .

The boy returned the bird gently to its box, threw some more feed inside, and went into the living room. His mother was awake now; she called to him as he was about to sidle around the couch.

"Tony? You up? Turn on the light."

He felt for the light string somewhere over his head, found it, pulled, and the room was lit by the weak glow of a bare bulb.

"What time is it?" His mother asked.

"About five," he said. "Mrs. Morales is making breakfast."

His mother rose and sat on the edge of the couch. She rubbed at her eyes, clearing them, then as she looked at him, her face hardened.

"Tony!" she yelled. "Did you sleep in your bathing suit again?"

Tony didn't answer. He stood before her, fidgeting.

"Oh, Tony," she continued. "I've told you. You'll get a rash!"

"Aw, ma, don't start. I just put it on," he lied, looking down at his feet. His mother shook her head.

"You've got plenty of underwear, son. There's no need to wear your suit."

"I told you, ma I"

"Oh, forget it," she said, "just don't let me catch you sleeping in it again, you hear?"

"O.k., o.k.," he replied.

"The coffee made?"

"No. I just got up."

"Well, go make it. And hurry up. I don't want you to be late. Joe wants you there at six, sharp."

Tony left her and went into the kitchen. He lit the burner under the coffee pot, then padded to his room. He wriggled out of his bathing suit, put on his patch-pocket fatigue pants and T-shirt, squeezed on his tennis shoes, threw some more feed into Petey, and went back to his mother. She was busy tying on her robe.

"He's ready, ma."

"What?"

"Petey."

"Oh, that."

"His wings are all grown again. I'm gonna let him out before I go."

His mother looked concerned.

"You sure he's ready?" she asked.

"It's been three weeks, ma."

"Well I hope you're right. I hate to think of you throwing away thirty five cents on a pigeon, even if you did get the money from Dona Pilar."

"He'll come back."

He went over to the open window, climbed out on to the fire escape, looked up at the brightening sky then jumped back into the room.

"It's gonna be a nice day, ma. Hot, too," he said to his mother, who was beginning to dress.

"Quit foolin' around, Tony. Get yourself ready to go. Quit talking about the pigeon. Hurry up."

"I was just gonna say, he'll come back. Don't worry. Besides, he's gotta come back to eat."

His mother stopped her dressing and looked sternly at him.

"Stop worrying about it now. Go wash up. And hurry up, so's you can eat something before you leave."

"I'll take some bread with butter. I'll eat later. I'm not hungry now."

He went to the bathroom, washed his face and hands, rubbed his index finger over his teeth,

and hurried back to the coop. He removed the pigeon, held it away from him a moment, kissed its beak, then set it lightly on top of the box. He watched it move jerkily to the outer rim of the cage and stop. It looked around and up a moment, stretched, and flew off. Tony ran to the window and followed its progress as it climbed, broke past the parapets of the roofs, then disappeared out of sight. He gazed at the sky for a long moment, sighed, and turned away from the window.

His mother was drinking coffee when he returned to the kitchen. "He's gone, ma," he announced.

"So quick?"

"Yeah." He laughed weakly. "He took off like he maybe had someplace else to go."

His mother smiled.

"He'll come back, Tony. Don't worry about it."

He shrugged, kissed her on the cheek, and left the house.

The bus left him two blocks from his destination and the odor of horse manure filled his nostrils as he headed east towards the address his mother had given him. As he walked, he thought of Petey. Where would the bird be now? He hoped Petey was smart enough to avoid the big flocks of pigeons some of the guys sent up. Petey would be trapped if he didn't stay clear of them. He'd join the flock and circle and circle with the other birds until it was time for them to come down and feed. Petey would land with them. And the guy who owned the flock would take Petey to a pet shop and sell him. Tony would never see him again. Tony forced the possibility from his mind. Petey was smart. . . he wouldn't get caught.

The stench emanating from the horse barn was unbearable as Tony approached the entrance. He stopped, winced at the awful reek, and peered inside the dark, dank building. He could see many horses drawn up to wagons and numerous men moving around inside, arranging large piles of clothing and junk. He watched for a few moments, then went in.

He asked a large, red-faced man for Joe. The man pointed to someone at the far end of the barn. Tony went over to him. Joe was busy tying a horse to a scarred, wooden wagon.

"You Joe?" Tony asked as he came up to the man.

"That's me," Joe said, turning and looking down at Tony.

"My name's Tony-Antonio Ramirez. My mother said that-" Joe smiled.

"So you're Rosa's boy, eh?"

"That's right. I'm supposed to work for you."

Joe looked him up and down.

"I know. But say, your mother didn't tell me you were so young."

"I'm old enough," Tony said.

"Don't worry. I c'n do it."

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

Joe paused, deep in thought. Tony shifted his weight nervously during the silence. Finally, Joe spoke.

"Ah, the heck with it. Even if you are just a kid, a promise is a promise." He pointed to the wagon.

"Hop on. Let's get goin'."

The sun was brightening as they emerged from the dim barn. Tony squinted, shielding his eyes, as Joe inched the cart into traffic and they headed uptown. They crept along in silence for a while before Joe pointed to a cow bell hanging on the seat between them.

"See that string?" he asked, indicating a thin rope attached to the bell. Tony nodded.

"Pull on it. That tells people we're comin'."

Tony yanked the cord, and the bell clanked hollowly.

"That's it," Joe said, smiling. "But pull on it faster--narder. Make them hear us!"

Tony did as he was told, and as they plodded along, he delighted at the startled faces of passers-by turn to stare at the wagon as he manipulated the bell cord with all the energy his ten year old arm could muster. When they had made their way about two blocks this way Joe held up a hand to Tony, and pulled over to the curb.

"What's wrong," Tony asked, ceasing his ringing. "Did I do it too loud?"

"No, no, son," Joe said, looking around at the building flanking them. "You did just fine. Thought I heard somebody callin', that's all. Look around. See if you can spot 'em"

Tony looked and on the fourth floor of a grey building across from them he saw a black woman leaning out of her window, waving. He pointed her out to Joe. Joe looked.

"Let's go," he said, tying the reins to the brake and climbing from the wagon. Tony followed.

They went into the building and climbed the four flights. The woman met them at the landing. She was flanked by two shy little girls. They huddled close to her as Joe and Tony walked into the apartment. Inside, the woman pointed to a pile of dirty sheets and toys.

"How much y'gimme?" she asked as Joe walked over and inspected the bundle.

"Fifty cents," he said.

"Fifty cents?"

Joe nodded.

"Why mistah," the woman said, her eyes wide with disbelief, "That they stuff's wuth a lot mo'. Least tree dollahs. Fifty cents aint nothin'!"

Joe shook his head and, nodding to Tony to follow, started out of the apartment. The woman stopped him.

"Wait. Wait a minute, mistah. It aint fo' me I'se asking. Make it a dollah and the stuff's yo's." She pulled at his arm as he stood in the doorway. "Look, My old man aint been back home in two weeks-two whole weeks. I'se gotta buy some food fo' my li'l ones. Please, mistuh, gimme a dollah."

Joe shook his head, but said nothing. Tony watched the exchange silently. Then he moved away from behind Joe and went over to the pile. He examined it, bent, and pulled out a toy rifle from among the broken toys. He looked at it closely, clicked the trigger, ran excitedly back to Joe.

"Joe. Hey, Joe," he said, "look! Here's a good rifle. Look at it. It's almost new. I got one just like it. Cost more than a dollar. It's worth more than fif--"





Joe looked down at Tony holding the rifle before him. His face flushed.

"Put it back, Tony," he said, his voice angry.

The woman grabbed the rifle from Tony.

"He's right, mistuh. This heah belongs to ma nephew. He done got it fo' a present jis' a couple'a weeks ago. Now you gotta gimme a dollah. This heah boy done tol' you the troot."

Joe was adamant.

"I said fifty cents. Now take it or leave it."

The woman hesitated, then looked imploringly towards Tony. He turned away from her gaze.

"O.k., mistuh," she said finally. "Take the stuff. You wins."

Joe took the rifle from her, paid her fifty cents, then walked over to the pile. He arranged it so he and Tony could carry it down the stairs, handed Tony his portion, and they left the apartment. Halfway down the first flight, Tony stopped him.

"Hey, Joe. Just a minute."

Joe stopped and turned to look up at the boy.

"What's wrong, now?" he said.

Tony set down his bundle and halfturned back up the stairs.

"I gotta do somethin' back there. Is it o.k. if I leave the stuff here a minute?"

Joe rested his load on the banister.

"Like what? What you gonna do back there?"

"Just something, that's all."

"You gonna try to do somethin' for 'em, boy?" Joe asked softly.

"Maybe. But is it o.k. if I go?"

Joe nodded.

"Sure. Go ahead."

Tony ran up and back into the apartment. He was gone a few moments.

"O.k.," he said, shouldering his load when he returned, "Let's go."

"What did you do in there," Joe asked, swinging his full sheet over his back.

"Oh, nothin'. I had some bread and stuff, that's all. I gave it

to the kids."

Joe's face registered no emotion as he looked long at Tony. Finally, he smiled and headed down the stairs. Tony followed. Out on the street, they dumped their loads into the back of the wagon and climbed on. They were pulling away before Tony spoke.

"Wasn't that stuff worth more than fifty cents, Joe?" he asked as Joe pulled into the traffic. Joe didn't answer. He stared straight ahead. They had gone about fifty yards when Joe, still gazing in front of him, said,

"Ring the bell, Tony. Ring it loud. Have fun with it. Play with it." Then he turned toward Tony and suddenly smiled broadly. "A guy your age oughta have some fun while he's working, eh?" Tony smiled back and rang, his question forgotten in the riotous cacophony of the bell's tones.

He was still pulling mightily on the cord when two blocks later a small, dark man, ran over in front of them. Joe tightened the reins and stopped. The man spoke to them in Spanish.

"No comprendo," Joe said to him, "you speak muy quick."

He was about to prod the horse when Tony stopped him.

"Wait, Joe. I understand him. I'm Por' Rican, too."

Joe stopped.

"What's he got to sell?"

Tony asked the man.

"He says he's got a bed. He'll sell it cheap."

Joe drew the wagon over to the curb and they stepped down. They followed the man to a storefront. He led them inside, yelling at some children playing on the doorstep to move out of the way. Inside, and as they walked toward the back, a fat woman, dressed in a stained, flowered housedress intercepted them. She was nearly hysterical.

"No le haga caso!" she screamed, standing in front of Joe. "E'ta loco! Quiere dejarnos sin casa!" Joe looked at Tony.

"She says he's crazy, not to pay attention to him," Tony said.

But now the man shoved the woman out of the way. He in-

dictated for Joe and Tony to follow him. Joe shrugged at the woman and continued after the man, Tony behind. They arrived at a very small room. There were three beds in it, a double and two folding cots, side by side. The Puerto Rican pointed to one of the cots.

"Preguntale cuanto me da pol una de la' cama' chiquita'?"

Tony asked Joe how much he'd give the man. Joe leaned over the nearest cot, examining it. The Puerto Rican hovered over him, watching him closely. Tony felt a tug at his arm. He turned. It was the woman. She pulled him back, away from the room.

"Oye, nene," she said as Tony stood in front of her, immobile and frightened. "Dile al gringo que no le de nada pol la cama! La necesitamos! Somo' cinco aqui. El solo quiere vendela pa' jugal la bolita." \*

The man came out of the room as she said this.

"Callate la boca," he yelled at her. "Dejalo quieto!" The woman started crying and Tony followed the man back to Joe. Joe straightened from his inspection.

"Tell 'im one-fifty," he said to Tony.

"You really wanna buy it, Joe? I mean, the lady just told me he wants the money for the bolita. They got five people living here. I mean."

Joe's tone was firm.

"Tell 'im, Tony. One-fifty."

Tony relayed this.

The man protested.

"He says he wants four bucks, Joe. But... ah, I don't think you ought'a buy it at all. The lady says they need the bed. Tell him you changed your mind, Joe."

Joe became angry now.

"Now, look, Tony. Just tell him what I tell you. Stay out of all the rest. Don't get into their lives. Remember that and you'll be all right. Now, tell him one fifty is all I'll give him. That's final."

Tony hesitated, but then gave the man Joe's terms. The Puerto Rican insisted on four dollars.



"He says four, Joe. Nothin' less."

"C'mon, let's go," Joe said, brushing past the man, and Tony followed. They were just leaving the storefront when the man called to Tony. He turned, listened and nodded.

"He says o.k., Joe."

Joe stopped, pulled out his money purse, took out a dollar fifty and handed it to Tony.

"You handle it. I'll wait outside."

Tony walked back in. He handed the man the money, folded the cot, and began to wheel it out. The crying woman stopped him. She pleaded with him to make Joe reconsider. The man came up to them. He screamed at her, and told Tony to get the cot out of the house. Tony was standing there, uncertain, when Joe came in. Without a word, he walked over to Tony, jostled him gently aside, and wheeled out the cot. The woman wailed, and Tony went after Joe, muttering to the crying woman,

"Lo siento mucho, senora, lo siento mucho."

They loaded it on the cart and had gone but a short way when Joe reined in the horse and moved over to the curb. He tied the reins to the brake and turned to Tony.

"How old did you say you were, son?" he asked, softly.

"Ten. Almost eleven."

"What would you be doin' to-day if you weren't with me?"

Tony shrugged.

Tony shrugged.

"I don't know. Playin' in the pumps,\* maybe. Or waiting for my pigeon. I turned him loose this morning. Why, Joe?"

Joe shook his head.

"I don't know. Just curious I guess. I been thinking about when I was your age, that's all. I sort of started comparing things. . ."

He paused. He was silent a moment, deep in thought. Finally, he spoke again.

"Listen, Tony. How'd you like to do me a favor?"

"Sure, Joe," Tony answered sincerely, "Anything."

Joe reached into his pocket and pulled out two one dollar bills. He pushed them towards Tony.

"Take this," he said.

"What's that for?" Tony said, staring at the bills.

"Never mind. I want you to take this money. Don't tell your mother about it. It's for you. I'll tell her I didn't use you."

"But, what? why?" Tony started to object, but Joe put the money into his fatigue pants pocket.

"Don't ask questions," he said.

"Just take it. Go to the beach or something. Do anything you want, but take it."

"But I don't want it, Joe. I only been with you a little while. It's too much. I--"

Joe smiled.

"You've earned it, Tony, don't worry."

Tony was confused.

"Was it somethin' I did, Joe. Did I do somethin' wrong? Is that why you wanna get rid of me?"

Joe put his hand tenderly on Tony's shoulder.

"No, Tony. It's nothin' you did. You're all right."

"I don't understand, then, Joe. Why--"

"Now, look, Tony. I aint got the time to argue with you. Just take the money and go spend it, will'ya. I've got a lot of rounds to make and I can't waste time arguing with you over two measly dollars."

Tony was about to answer, but Joe's sharpness stirred anger within him. He stared hard at Joe a moment, then jumped off the wagon to the sidewalk.

"O.k., o.k.," he said. "If that's the way you want it, I'll go. I'm gon!"

"That's the way I want it," Joe said, starting to move. But suddenly he stopped and twisted around to look at the boy standing at the curb. He smiled.

"Bye, Tony," he said. "Don't be mad. Maybe someday you'll understand." He waved and the wagon lumbered away.

Tony watched him go, until the wagon disappeared around

a corner; then, blinking back tears, he turned and ran with all of his might in the direction of the bus stop, vowing to himself, never, never to come back and work for Joe again. . .

That night, as the elevated subway train thundered towards Puerto Rican Harlem bearing passengers from Coney Island Beach, the little boy, Tony, who sat by a window outlined against the lights from within, was very forgetful. If you were to ask him, he could have told you about an angry experience he had suffered that day with a junk man. Of course. But you would have had to remind him of it, for he had pushed it from his consciousness. Now, as he sped through the night, his thoughts were only of home.

Home.

He had been thinking of it all afternoon. Even as he bounced around in the scooter cars, or slid down the Chute the Chute; or as he ran along the boardwalk fronting the beach, laughing to himself as the cotton candy he held stuck to his face in the breeze, his thoughts had been of home.

Home.

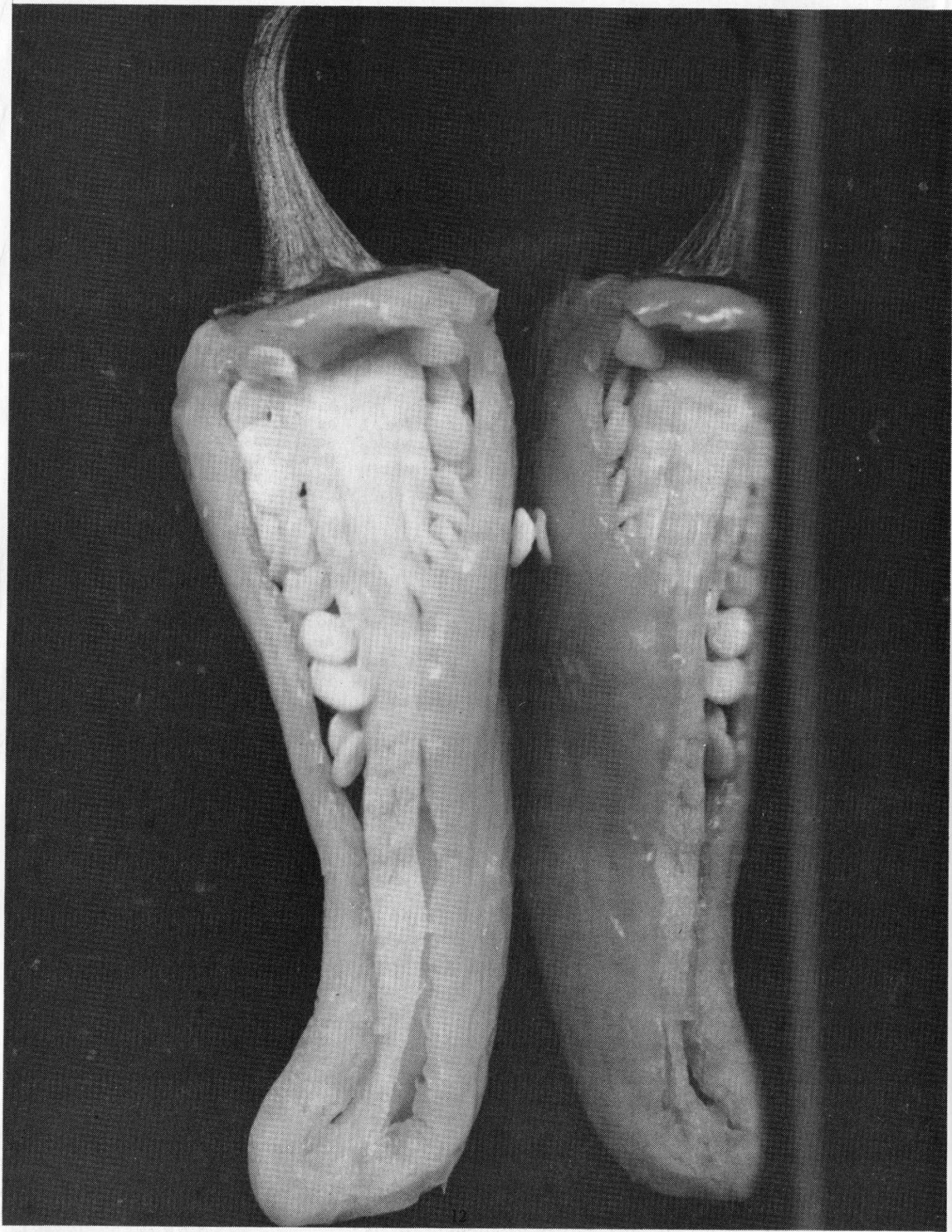
Home, and the feel of a warm pulse in his hand as he held his friend, Petey. And now, as the boy gazed out of the window at the swiftly passing nighttime scene of New York, he was urging the train on, faster, faster, faster. . .

He ran all the way from the train station, laughing and jumping through the warm summer night as he bumped and pushed people on his flight home. Arriving at his building, he dashed inside, ran up the steps two at a time, fumbled at his door with his key, opened it, and sprinted into the dark apartment, running with certainty toward the coop. As he ran, his mind heard the soft, welcome cooing of his pigeon. He reached the coop, flung himself at it, feeling frantically around the sill calling

PETEEY, PETEEY. . .

But the pigeon wasn't there.

5/5





# EL CHILE



Columbus in his search for the West Indies and its spices landed instead in Mexico. Touching land, his eyes glistened at the sight of the rich herblands spread before him, and tantalizing fragrance seeping upward from the ground raised him to such passion that he started tripping wildly through the fields, scooping herbs into his hands. He tasted them and savored them, and became thoroughly intoxicated with their rich aroma. In the midst of his herbold orgy, he came across a small and innocuous cylinder. Driven by the joy of his discovery, he popped it into his mouth and immediately screamed and cried, "QUE VIVA MEXICO" (and almost died!)

Prompted by the burning desire, Columbus hurriedly sent a telegram to Isabella which read "Eureka! I have found it, MOCTEZUMA'S CURSE!"

Since that time the CHILE has been instrumental as a driving force in erecting the glorious history of fertile Mexico. The Mexican Independence could not have been won without MOCTEZUMA'S CURSE. Those brave hermanos y hermanas, who fought off the Spanish oppression, used the severe digestive effects of the marvelous CHILE to chuck off Spanish rule by slipping it into the Paella. Due to this ingenious strategy, the cathartic effects eliminated and flushed the Spaniards all the way to California.

Thus, we take this opportunity to salute el CHILE, the Mexican national food. To say "QUE VIVA CHILE" is to say "QUE VIVA MEXICO!"

# CHICANO POWER

## *pride or prejudice*

If I am not for myself, then who will be?  
If I am only for myself, then what am I?  
If not now, when?

Talmud

"If I am not for myself, then who will be?" This line from the Talmud seems to be very applicable to the current Chicano movement. Chicanos must be for themselves. We must research and write our own history and the contributions made by Chicanos to the United States. Gabacho historians have left us out of the history books, and the social scientists have come up with a long list of false stereotypes about Chicanos.

Contrary to the "melting pot" myth that prevails in the United States what in reality exists is a "salad bowl," and Chicanos are the "chile." Every ethnic and religious group should know itself and be proud. Too often Chicanos are put down because of their accent, but we have only to turn on a radio or TV set to hear the many accents that make up the English spoken in this country. The unfortunate aspect is that the Chicano accent is stigmatized with inferiority, and as a result, Chicanos are regarded as being not quite as American as the gabachos. This idea of superiority is not only imposed upon Chicanos and other minorities in the U.S., but upon other nations of the western hemisphere as well. The implication is that the gabachos smugly assume that this country is the only America on two continents of Americas. Chicanos must insist that the Gabacho has no right to set the standards and values for those who have no need for their cultural ways.

The Chicano movement has taken many forms, but I think it has best been expressed by the struggle for the much needed reforms in education, in the bargaining power of the farm workers, and in the improvement of the present penal system. As a starting point in el movimiento, we have the question of identity. Who are we? From where do we come? What language do we speak? Motivated by ethnic pride, great efforts are being made by many Chicanos in all walks of life to study and use their history, language, and culture. For too long a time, Chicanos found the outlet for their pride in narcotics or chingasos against each other. They were

by Rodolfo Salinas

destroying themselves. The current emphasis on "pride" as a means for bettering one's self and one's community is a welcome change. And let no one take the current movement lightly. La Causa is here to stay! It is a noble movement.

However, serious questions can be raised about the movement. For example, are the Mexicans guilty of committing those same indiscretions as they are (self righteously) accusing the gabacho of? Or, can the movement afford the prejudices that it condemns? If I am only for myself, then what am I? What am I or what are we if phrases such as pinche Jap, pinche Nigger, or I jewed them down become a regular part of the Chicano's vocabulary. La Causa y La Raza will be nada if we allow ourselves to feel and use all the standard stereotypes and prejudices that we criticize the gabachos for. The anger we feel when we see the Chicano stereotyped as "lazy" or "el Frito Bandito" is not valid if we ourselves use stereotypes against other. Chicanos must not perpetuate prejudices; we have been victims of them all our lives.

Cuando Chicanos gritan "Viva La Raza" o "Viva El Poder Chicano," and seek reform, they must not forget about internal reform. What we need, among other things, is a comprehensive study of the various racial and ethnic groups that make up La Raza. The history of Spain shows that Spaniards are made up of various combinations of Romans, Visigoths, Moors, Jews, Gitanos; in addition, Las Americas had racial influences from the Far East. All this has combined to create what has been called "La Raza Cosmica," or "La Raza Nueva."

Chicano power must set the example when it comes to race relations. How can we complain about the evils of the gabacho, if we imitate them? If Chicanos are really going to make a new contribution, we must not forget la dignidad humana.

There is much need for reform as Chicano Power moves on, both externally and internally, the pregunta is, "IF NOT NOW, WHEN?"

5/5



# THE

Why not the firm strong voices of anger  
evoking forth from those told before  
to hold! Hold Back! Say no more. . .

Why not? Why not? the multifold -  
passioned, restrained angers voiced!  
from those who had been scorched  
To hold The Dream! in high esteem. . .

To question not "old glory's" sorries,  
to love, to fight, for that Dream's Glory. . .

Hey! You! Young "turned-on tigers"  
glad to see you come about. . .  
(wait until those, over thirty, having fought,  
bearing having thought, begin to come-on strong  
on what its all about. . .)

Meanwhile "back on the campus" - IBM's THINK?  
THINK? What could you share with who's been there?  
There  
Yes, sometime before you came along  
There were a few, here-there, (although forlorned)  
Advocating sounds of dissatisfaction  
(But lacking public-echoed consolation)

Being few-they were curfewed! distraught  
geographically strewn-about  
inarticulate - self-cries inchoate. . .  
they did not command their due  
(By-passed U.S. morning residue?)

# DREAM

Line ones, Mexican ones  
Move! brains, tongues into action  
Wake Up! See what's been done  
AGE GAP - CRAP! - Integrate and CAP  
Your strengths, all aftermath  
of our society's artifacts

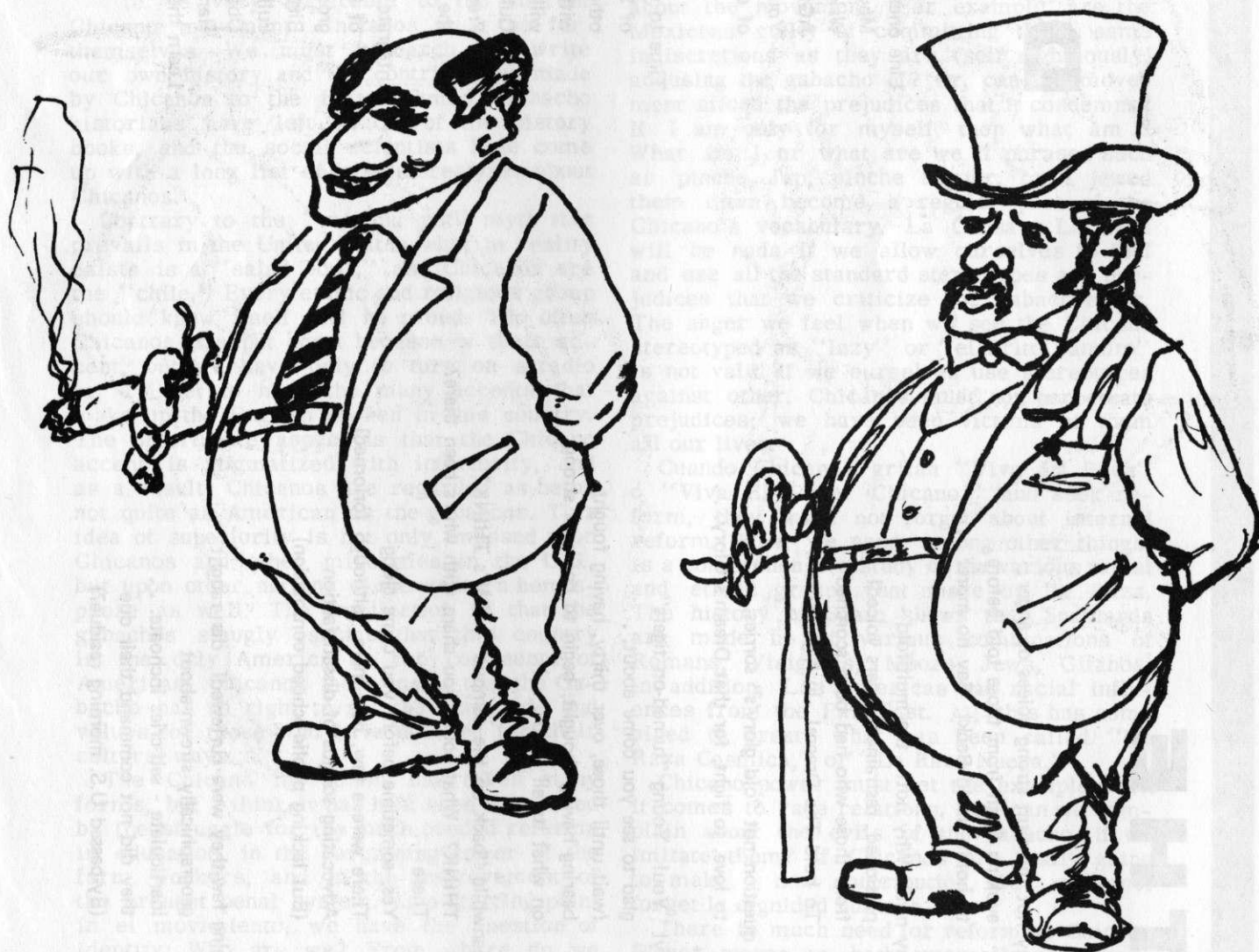
Time to close the ranks  
of Spanish - speaking souls  
otherwise, the Black and Bold,  
with Anglo - Saxons' fiefs,  
will dictate your life untold  
Quick! Bilingual - Baby - Briefs  
Present your case, before  
the Anglo - demo - Dream - like maze

Integrate three generations  
of life work and passions  
group, systematically,  
Birth - jobs - curiosities  
Pull - in Egos, Fear, those - uptight  
Observe the urban strive  
Harnessed powers yet unseen  
Learn the systems of The Dream!

Natividad Pereyra Cisneros

Q/S

### THE EVOLUTION OF TIO TACO





# ORTEGA Y GASSET

An interpretation of a paragraph from  
the Spectator papers

Rendered into English  
by

A. Arzate

Thoughts are the reflections  
of the endless heartpounding  
that echoes in eternal monotony  
of causeless cause rumbling  
through the base foundation  
of endless suburban houses,  
that claw at eyes  
with screaming rays  
that shatter in the prism  
of man's gloriously  
devouring carnal combat  
for stripe-coated gain;  
all the savage nations, armed,  
quake in the stalking night  
while the city sleeps  
with the dreams of a tigre  
stuffing itself with yawns  
in the winds of the suburbs.

5/5



(EDITORIAL)

# LA "SUPERIORIDAD" ANGLO-SAJONA VISTA

POR DON JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET

En el Epilogo para Ingleses de su obra eponima, "La Rebelion de las Masas" el gran pensador y filosofo espanol. Don Jose Ortega y Gasset, hizo certeras e ingeniosas observaciones sobre el complejo de superioridad anglo-sajon y la discriminacion anglo-sajona de los pueblos de origen hispanico y otros que, por ser debiles militarmente, son considerados inferiores y tratados con hipocresia, con reserva o despectivamente, y siempre con una falta absoluta de equidad. Mas abajo reproducimos partes del magistral Epilogo para Ingleses por su vigente actualidad en nuestro pais. Los mexico-americanos de California y demas minorias hispanas, indias o negras aqui radicadas desde hace anos, veran confirmados en este breve estudio su propio criterio sobre las causas--no siempre economicas--de una discriminacion que aun persiste, cuyas raices habria que buscar en la ignorancia y en la incultura, no obstante los loables esfuerzos de los Presidentes Kennedy y Johnson por lograr un trato mas justo para los americanos que no son de origen anglo-sajon. La discriminacion se manifiesta no solo en la arrogancia o en la cobarde hipocresia de ciertos individuos, en sus relaciones con nuestras minorias, sino en la silenciosa consigna de vedarle a los nuestros las oportunidades de trabajo decente y bien remunerado y las oportunidades politicas a que tienen derecho todos los ciudadanos de este pais. Algo se ha progresado desde los tiempos en que las minorias eran consideradas menos que personas; pero no es suficiente. Asombra ver todavia en fabricas, talleres, oficinas y hasta en el sector educativo, como entes en posiciones de mando, totalmente ineptos e incultos, de una ignorancia enciclopedica, ponen zandadillas y cierran el paso a los nuestros mas capaces, o ponen tienda aparte para eludirnos de algun modo. Pobres bestezuelas! Pero no nos excitemos y leamos a Ortega.





## dice ortega y gasset...

Desde hace varias centurias acontece periodicamente que los europeos continentales se despiertan una mañana y, rascondosela cabeza exclaman: Esta Inglaterra! Es una expresion que significa sorpresa, azoramiento y la conciencia de tener delante algo admirable, pero incomprensible. El pueblo ingles es, en efecto, el hecho mas extrano que hay en el planeta. No me refiero al ingles individual, sino al cuerpo social, a la colectividad de los ingleses. . . Lo excepcional de Inglaterra no yace en el tipo de individuo humano que ha sabido crear. Es sobremanera discutible que el ingles individual valga mas que otras formas de individualidades aparecidas en Occidente y en Oriente. Yo sostengo que lo excepcional, que la originalidad extrema del pueblo ingles radica en su manera de tomar el lado social o colectivo de la vida humana, en el modo como sabe ser una sociedad. . . Respeto tal hacia Inglaterra no nos exime de la irritacion ante sus defectos. . . Tengase en cuenta que Inglaterra no es un pueblo de oradores ni escritores sino de comerciantes, de ingenieros y de hombres piadosos. Por eso supo forjarse una lengua y una elocucion en que se trata principalmente de no decir lo que se dice, de insinuarlo mas bien y como eludirlo. El ingles no ha venido al mundo para decirse, sino al contrario, para silenciarse. Con faces impasibles, puestos detras de sus pipas, velan los anglo-sajones alerta sobre sus propios secretos para que no se escape ninguno. Esto es una fuerza magnifica. Mas al mismo tiempo dificulta enormemente la inteligencia con otros pueblos, sobre todo, con los nuestros. El hombre del Sur propende a ser garrulo. Grecia, que nos educo, nos solto las lenguas y nos hizo indiscretos, francos abiertos. El aticismo habia triunfado sobre el laconismo, y para el ateniense vivir era hablar,

decir, desganitarse dando al viento en formas claras y eufonicas la mas secreta intimidad. Por eso divinizaron el decir, el logos, al que atribuian magica potencia, y la retorica acabo siendo para la civilizacion antigua lo que ha sido la fisica para nosotros en estos ultimos siglos. Bajo esta disciplina los pueblos latinos han forjado lenguas complicadas, pero deliciosas, como las lenguas espanola francesa e italiana, de una sonoridad y plasticidad y un garbo incomparables; lenguas hechas a fuerza de charlas sin fin-en agora y plazuela, en estrado, taberna y tertulia. De aqui que nos sintamos azorados cuando, acercandonos a estos esplendidos ingleses, les oimos emitir la serie de leves maullidos displicentes en que su idioma consiste. El tema del ensayo que sigue es la incomprension mutua en que han caido los pueblos de Occidente, es decir, pueblos que conviven desde su infancia. Estos pueblos que ahora se ignoran tan gravemente han jugado juntos cuando eran ninos en los corredores de la gran mansion comun. Como han llegado a malentenderse tan radicalmente? La genesis de tan fea situacion es larga y compleja. Para enunciar solo uno de los mil hilos que en aquel hecho se anudan, adviertase que el uso de convertirse unos pueblos en jueces de los otros, de despreciarse y de denostarse porque son diferentes, en fin, de permitirse creer las naciones hoy poderosas que el estilo o el "caracter" de un pueblo menor es absurdo porque es belica y economicamente debil, son fenomenos que jamas se habian producido hasta los ultimos cincuenta anos. Al enciclopedista frances del siglo XVIII, no obstante su petulancia y su escasa ductibilidad intelectual, a pesar de creerse en posesion de la verdad absoluta, no se le ocurria desdenar a un pueblo culto y depauperado como Espana. Cuando alguien lo hacia, el escandalo que provocaba era prueba de que el hombre normal de entonces no veia en las diferencias de poderio, diferencias de rango humano. Al contrario: es el siglo de los viajes llenos de curiosidad amable y gozosa por la divergencia del projimo. Este fue el sentido del cosmopolitismo. Es indudable que el anglo-sajon de hoy, hermetizado por la conciencia de su poder economico militar, no es muy capaz de ver lo que hay de cultura refinada y sutilisima y de alta alcurnia en esa ocupacion-que a el le parece la ejemplar desocupacion-de tomar el sol y charlar a que suelen dedicarse concienzudamente el castizo espanol y todos los pueblos hispano-americanos. Cree el acaso que lo unicamente civilizado es ponerse unos pantalones bombachos y dar golpes a una bolita con una vara, operacion que suele dignificarse llamandola "golf"?

L/S

THE

SACRED

SPOT



by Javier Alva

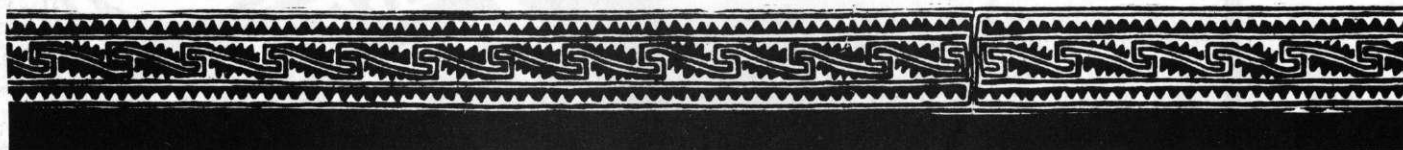
A copy of that morning's Herald Express was spread out on the floor beneath Felipe's feet; it was open at the center exposing Mr. Hearst's editorial to the dim light.

"Last night's zoot suit riot may be only the beginning of a long overdue cleansing of our community of the Mexican criminal gangs that the citizens of Los Angeles have come to recognize because of their flamboyant and indecent attire and duck tail haircuts. Last night

the Navy's taxicab brigade visited the North Broadway area. According to our latest reports fifteen zoot suiters were "cleansed" and divested of their ridiculous garb by a disciplined group of our sea-going fighting men. . ."

Felipe's left foot rested on the editorial, the sole of his shoe slightly soiling the crisp white paper while the heavy wooden stock of the 30-06 weighted against his cheek; shifting with the movement of his facial muscles, the weapon





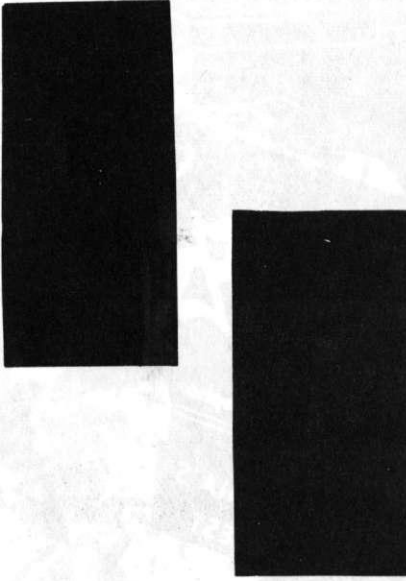

moved in a miniscule dance across the splintered windowsill where the barrel lay--waiting.

Across the narrow street Felipe could barely discern the hands of the old clock above Don Ramon's grocery store. It was seven sixteen and not yet completely dark on this summer night of June 6, 1943. Tiring of holding up the rifle, Felipe glanced about the bare room looking for a chair with which to prop up the weapon so that it would remain in a firing position--sighting down into the empty street. There were no chairs, but across the room there was an empty milk box that Felipe placed in position beneath the weapon so that it held the stock with the barrel resting on the windowsill.

After peering out into the street, assuring himself that there were no headlights approaching from either direction, Felipe, satisfied that he could relax for a few seconds, pulled a half-filled

pack of Lucky Strikes out of his pocket and shook out a cigarette. After inhaling deeply and expelling the smoke slowly through his nostrils, he sat on the floor with his back propped against the plaster wall. Holding the smoking cigarette between his thumb and index finger, Felipe's eyes moved from the burning tip, to the long white cylinder, to his hands: brown, wet with perspiration, and almost invisible in the darkness of the room; these hands--seventeen years alive--belonged in this room, in this barrio. They were born two blocks away and had never left the barrio except for the one summer when all the family had traveled north to pick lettuce near Salinas. The fingers were long, straight, and strong; they were fingers of the barrio. These same hands, that now held a cigarette, fashioned toy swords not too long ago, and they shot slingshots, and they switched the blades that were the instruments for defending Chicano honor in the barrio. And within the skin of these same brown hands there flowed the blood of the Aztec and the Spaniard, of the Moor and the Toltec, the Iberian Christian and the Sephardic Jew. These hands were Felipe and his history; Felipe as a plumed serpent, and Felipe in his drapes that the gabachos called zoot-suits. It was because he wore a zoot-suit that the sailors in the taxi cabs would find him and beat him, would leave him lying bloodied and naked in the street.

Yesterday they had gotten his cousin Bobby and him having just come home from New Guinea, still sick from the malaria. Felipe's mother had cried when she heard



of it, she couldn't understand why Bobby had been beaten. He was still in the Army! Next week he would go back, but yesterday when he took his girl to the show, he made the mistake, se le durmio el gallo. He wore his drapes instead of his uniform. When the gabacho sailors saw him walking down Broadway with his arm around Carmen's waits, he wasn't a paratrooper with two bronze stars recuperating from malaria; he was just a zoot-suiter, a pachuco, a dirty greaser.

The sound of approaching car engines startled Felipe; he quickly put out the cigarette against the sole of his shoe, and after flipping the butt on the floor, he turned toward the window. The first taxi was already half way around the corner. The laughter of the sailors floated up from the street and lapped bitterly at Felipe's ears. He pressed the stock of the rifle well against the crook of his shoulder, while sighting along the barrel; at the same time his finger tightened on the trigger. As the second taxi passed beneath the street lamp, Felipe squeezed the trigger. The rifle jumped in his arms, as the force of the exploding bullet drove the stock back, hard against his shoulder. Felipe saw the sailor's head burst like a small pinata, sending the small white hat flying out into the street; but the taxi did not stop! Others behind it were blowing their horns now, gaining speed, trying desperately--all of them like yellow bugs-- to get out of the barrio. Before he could shoot a second time the last of them had turned the corner.

Felipe heard the first high-pitched whine of police sirens while he was cleaning the rifle, wiping off all the fingerprints. After picking up the cigarette butt and used matches, he wiped off the windowsill, and kicking the door open, hurried down the stairs. Once outside, he climbed a tall chain-link fence, ran across Mrs. Olvera's yard, climbed a second shorter wooden fence, and opened the back door of his grandmother's house.

He sat on the edge of the small cot where he slept, and breathed heavily. He was safe. And this feeling of safety calmed his lungs, and eased the heaving of his chest. Then with steady fingers, he reached down into his pants cuff to extract the thin, half-smoked leno he had saved that day. He placed it in his lips, and set a match to it. Then Drawing deeply, he felt the blue marijuana smoke fill him, then lift him, and then set his brain dancing around a bloody sailor hat in the street, around a bloody sacred spot, around another one of the many sacred spots in Felipe's barrio.

5/5



**Zoot Suiter  
Hoodlums,**

**Force  
Examiner**

**Downtown Crowds  
Storm Streets in  
Hunt**  
Civilians Join  
Service Men

Los Angeles  
The U.P. & G. Examiner Telephone  
CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST

PORK-PIE  
HAT

DUCKTAIL  
HAIRCUT

KNEE  
LENGTH  
COAT

STUFF  
CUFF

Bowron

Pledges

Two-Fisted

Action

**Yank Attack Guadalcanal**

THE WELL-DRESSED "zoot suiter" is Frank H. Tellez, 22

Remember  
PEARL HARBOR

Police Riots Clean Up  
L. A. Hoodlumism

Navy  
Attacks

MOTHER OF A 20-months-old child.

5/5



TO A DEAD

# LOWRIDER

*It seems a tragedy that he*

*Died the way he did.*

*The Pachucho, I mean.*

*You must have know him.*

*He use to come around a lot.*

*His name was Tito--that's all.*

*Just Tito. Big, brawny, and*

*Always raising hell.*

*Remember?*

*He had a way of walking, too:*

*Swaggering down the block like*

*A strident bull. Every one moved*

*For Tito.*

*Never much cared for anything, that*

*Dude. He knew he lived for something,*

*But he never knew what for. He only*

*Reasoned to a limit. He didn't care*

*For more.*

*He had it good, that guy. T-Bird wine*

*And H, and all that kind of thing.*

*There was always a broad standing by.*

*Pussy wasn't a must for him. Always*

*A Chola ready to let him in.*

*Talking his tongue to others, not*

*Knowing his way of life, was like*

*Listening to another language: "Orale,*

*Ese, no se aguiste. Te wacho tonight*

*When the rucas come down with their*

*Chi chis hanging down to here." And*

*Then he'd grab his balls*

*Remember?*

*Good old Tito.*

*He use to say to us, in speaking of*

*His escapades: "Last night I geezed*

*A good one, ese. And the coloradas*

*Were all right. I dug the bennies, too,*

*Carnal. Everything was up tight."*

*He was a vet from long ago: khaki pants*

*And Sir Guy shirts.*

*Remember?*

*It's a shame the way he died.*

*He never had a care, that guy.*

*Balling and cruising and making love.*

*That was the trip with Tito.*

*On the corner he'd come around and*

*Say to us, "Me gusta la mota cuando*

*Traigo una buena ruca." Or: "La Valley*

*y la Clover are getting along."*

*And things like: "I kicked that*

*Motherfucker's ass at Bertha's*



*Gig the other night."*

*His eyes were hard and cool*

*With lashes long and curling;*

*And for a crown he had rich*

*Black hair that shimmered with*

*Three Roses. His appearance said*

*Chicano all the way, and if you*

*Didn't like it he'd be bound to*

*Say, "Up yours, puto, do something*

*About it."*

*It's a shame the way he died.*

*But while he lived he stood tall*

*And proud, bowed his head to no man*

*At all.*

*He'd cruise and caravan the streets*

*With the other dudes from the Neighborhood.*

*He'd drive around in his lowriding short,*

*Digging the sounds and downing Ripple.*

*And then one night the Man flashed his*

*lights; and there they stood in the early*

*Morning, staring at each other with*

*Vindictive looks.*

*At last the cop said,*

*"What are you doing out so late*

*At night, punk?"*

*Tito stared back with an abject*

*Hate and said, "Fuck you, sissy!"*

*And then they fought, and in a*

*Flash the 38. was out, cocked*

*And ready. . .*

*I say, carnal, it's a shame*

*The way he died.*

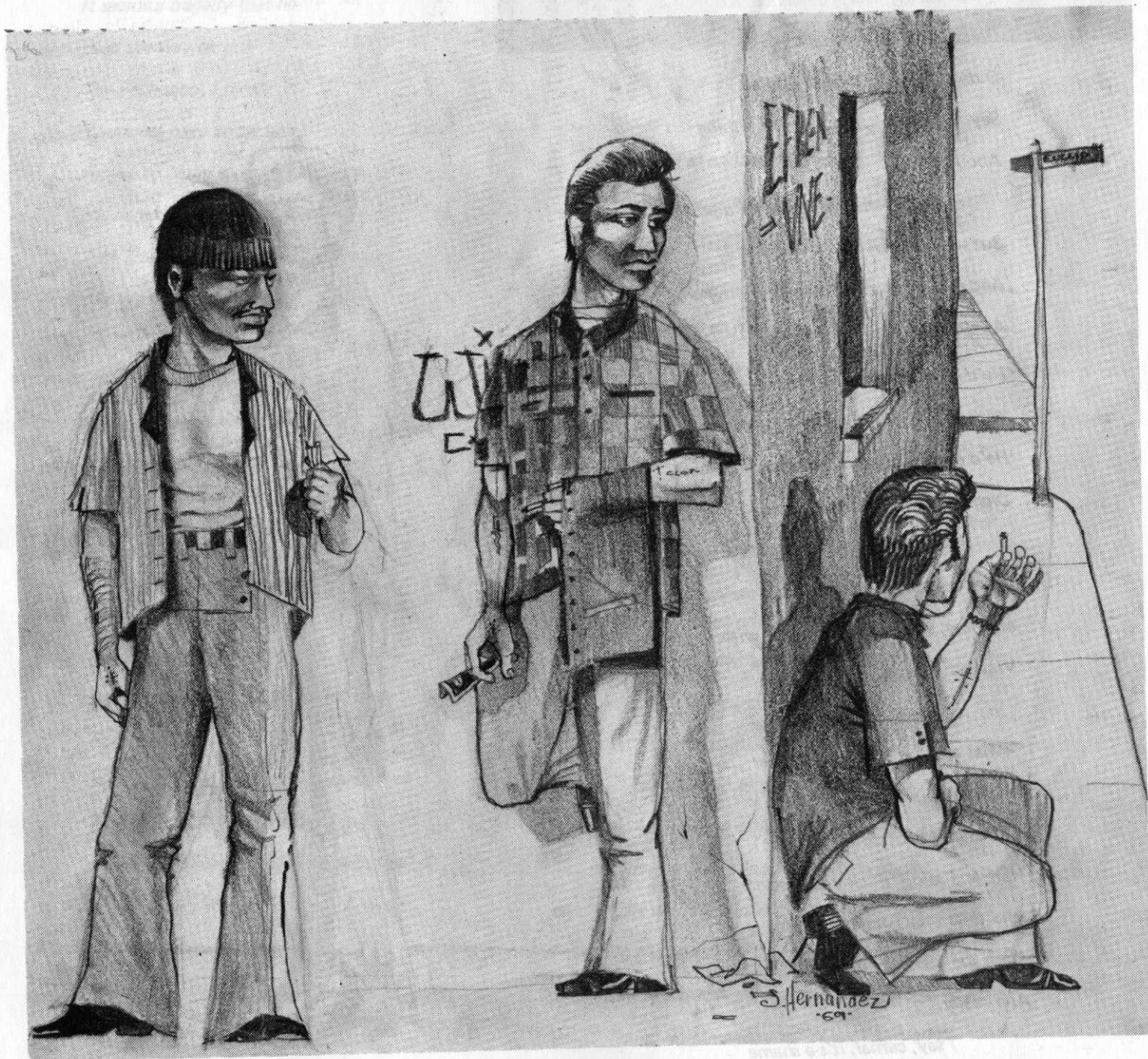
*J.L. Navarro*



1  
-C/S-  
1

TO A DEAD

# LOWRIDER





# PASSING TIME

## Chapter 5: Part I

by J.L. Navarro

(Ed: excerpt from a completed novel)

Midnoon. The sun was out, shining modest heat over the city, bathing the Valley in the light of the sun. All the bright and rich colors of summer flowed to the eyes with the sight of cracked streets and walks, loose houses, hills with jade grass and trees and brush; and people walked and cars passed and dogs ran about, and the odors of these things mingled with the gentle currents of the wind.

Denny walked the paved length of Hambolt Street, tripping leisurely as he smoked his last J. At the moment he was on his way to pick up some more weed at Bear's place. All the components of this day were just right he thought. The houses on either side of this narrow street seemed right for this street; the children that played with worn toys were the children that belonged here. The old ladies and old men, the relics of the neighborhood were well in their place here; the girls, young, pretty and shy looking girls, rowdy Cholas, and the little girls playing with little boys were still indefinite about themselves, where they will be, how they will fit into the neighborhood in later years; the guys, the schoolbook-types that were seldom seen on the streets after dark, and the lowriders riding low over the streets, standing

on corners ready to intimidate whom they choose, taking dope,, digging sounds, pinning down female ass on the streets, ogling bouncing tits and curving legs. Yes, he thought, everything seemed to be in its place.

He came to Isabelle Street and, heading away from the Rose Hill housing projects, began to walk its incline. He passed Juan's store and Oscar's store, and then Manuel's store. They were all small establishments that grossly lacked the glamor of the supermarkets. They were all dingy looking and, yet, in contradiction, there was a genuine wholesomeness about them. On their walls they had the Happy Valley gang writings that were prevalent throughout the neighborhood. There wasn't a store in the Valley that didn't have the Valley's art on its walls.

Denny walked up Isabelle Street enjoying the sights and the pleasant weather, and thinking of the neighborhood. Happy Valley wasn't a fairyland type village, or a Westwood, or a Beverly Hills. It was, and it said of itself, in silent pride, a poor people's neighborhood. It was harsh and antiquated with a petrified charm that touched everything from the rotting pads to the last blade of grass on the earth. Bel Air and Brentwood and Beverly Hills and Westwood could piss in their pools and shove their manicured lawns up their ass, and every other paddy neighborhood in between could go fuck itself with a hot iron. They could have their paddy ground with sweat off his balls. And he knew only too well that the people of those places would tell him the same thing. He couldn't understand the Negro, with his want, not for a better life, but for a better pad, better rags, a better car, better everything the whites had. Whatever better things the blacks got they wouldn't be able to show them off in a paddy neighborhood, and that was for sure. Yeah, maybe a handful could. But shit, by thousands? That's the way it is, the way it's got to be. The sick thing called prejudice that in-



fect damn near everyone on earth would not allow it to be any other way.

The Mexicans had problems too, just like the blacks had problems; they were similar problems, because they all related to the same things. But as far as Denny was concerned, both groups were where they were, and there was nothing that could be done about it. But, he wondered, is this really the way to think? Isn't there something better? For everyone? . . . Yeah. Sure. There had to be. There was a solution somewhere. But he would not live long enough to see it, of this he was convinced. Everybody's always looking for something better, and most of the time they don't know what the fuck they're really looking for. And if, by chance, they do know, they don't know how to attain it. The answers that have been given, the bills that have been passed, as far as he was concerned, have been one put-on after another to keep everyone cool, on ice. . . . The hell with it.

A car was coming down Isabelle, lowriding and coasting over the cracked asphalt. It was Peanut's car. As the '53 Chevy approached Denny it slowed down, pulling over to the curb.

Little Man sat on the passenger side of the front seat. He said, "Where you going, Denny?"

"Up to Bear's place."

"To get some weed?"

"Yeah."

"Get in, man. We'll give you a ride. You turn us on?"

"Yeah, I'll turn you on with a pinch."

Denny got in the back. The seats were diamond-tuck black leather. The car itself was a luminous green, augmented by new whitewalls and mag rims. Peanuts was one for keeping his cars looking clean. His car was typical lowrider in style: low seats allowed for only the heads of the passengers to peer over the windows, and the frame of the car was lowered all around to about six or seven inches off the ground. The panelboard was spotless and the chrome gleamed, and Denny noticed that Peanuts had had an F.M. radio installed. He wondered where Peanuts had stolen it.

"Where'd you get the radio, Peanuts?"

"In the Avenues. Some chump left his car open. He was in a party, you know. Hell, I saw it, I took it."

Little Man said, "What happened to your car, Denny?"

"Nothing. I just thought I'd walk."

"Man, if I had a car I'd never walk. I'd cruise and pick up broads and just plain ball."

"You punk," Peanuts said. "You don't even know how to drive. What are you going to do with a car?"

"Drive it up your ass!" said Little Man, laughing and snapping his fingers.

Peanuts smiled and ignored him. "Ey, Denny," he said. "Know what we did to this guy." He indicated Little Man with a shake of his head. "We got him so fucked up on reds and wine one night we had him with his pants off. Yeah, we pantsed him and took him on like a regular punk. No shit."

"You fuckin' liar!" yelled Little Man.

Peanuts smiled and continued. "And Marco, you know what he did? He got a needle and some ink and then tattooed a spider on Little Man's ass. A hairy black widow on his left bun, big as life."

"You're a fuckin' liar, you prick."

"Yeah? Take down your pants and show him the spider."

"Fuck you!"

"See, you know I ain't lyin'. You don't want to take your pants down 'cause you know there's a spider plastered there on your bun. He's just waiting for the scab to fall off so it'll look pretty for you, Denny."

"Later with you," said Little Man. "You're crazy."

"If I'm lyin', then prove you ain't got no spider on your ass."

"Fuck you!" said Little Man. "I don't have to do nothing."

"Look, man, I swear to God, if you don't have a spider on your ass I'll take back everything I said. But you know and I know that you got one big black widow on your left bun."

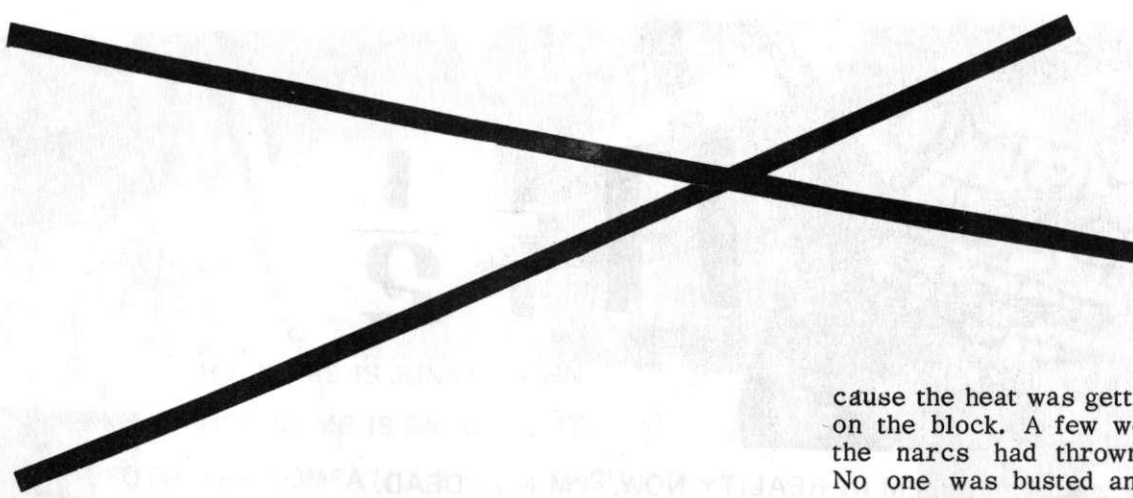
"I'm going to shine it on," said Little Man. "You're crazy."

Peanuts took his eyes off the road to look back at Denny.

"See," he said. "I told you."

Denny just smiled at the trip. He didn't want to get in on it. It was between them. Peanuts and Little Man were hardcore lowriders and they would always be. That's how their lives had shaped them. Perhaps they would have been different altogether if they had lived in a different part of town, or had fallen in with a different group of boys.





There was no way of telling, because so many things had made them what they were. Peanuts was the product of a family that had bred a string of hypes, from the youngest sister to the oldest brother. Peanuts himself wasn't strung out, and perhaps this was because he was the youngest of the clan. Lately though, both him and Little Man had fallen into the habit of sharing a bag whenever one of them had the coin. Denny didn't care for hypes and he hoped they wouldn't get hooked. But this wasn't his business. Everyone had his own hang ups.

Little Man said, "Denny, want to score some stuff? Nardo says he got two dollars. I got one. If you put in two more we can get a bag and all of us geez."

"I don't go for that shit, man."

"No? Well then loan me the two bills."

"I ain't got it, man. I just got enough for the grass."

"Listen to him. Orale, Denny, don't be like that."

"I tell you what, Little Man. You show me the spider on your ass and I'll give you the bread."

"Fuck you, too!"

Peanuts laughed. "Go on, man, show it to him. It's an easy two bones."

Again, Little Man said, "Fuck you!"

Peanuts drove the car to the top of the northern hill and turned the car onto a dead-end street. Denny got out and walked over to Bear who was standing with some of the younger guys from the Cobras. The much practiced tough looks came to their faces as Denny approached them, and they pinned him down in a group.

He knew Bear well enough, but the younger dudes from the Valley were those whom he saw every now and again. He greeted a few of them. Some of them continued staring.

Bear and Denny walked away from the group to an unpainted fence that was decorated with gang signs and symbols: H V, 13, (Swastika), C/S, crosses, names, Por Vida, Tu Mama, Rifa, Peggy de la Valley. Over the fence was Bear's back yard. It was spacious and shaded by two wide spreading avocado trees. A husky German Shepherd was leashed to a pole of the back porch with a long extending cord. Dry turds were scattered over the ground and flies were buzzing over them.

"What can I do for you," said Bear.

He was short, a heavyset Mexican with a piggish face, and there was a mechanical animation about the way he moved. It may have been how the arms hung down over the squat, seemingly inert, body. Bear wore his wool "beanie" cap and his thick woolen tanker jacket. He was a lowrider that preferred

khaki pants to the later styles, and he was the kind of pusher everyone liked to have around.

"I'll take a half pound," Denny said, feeling very much the customer in an underground market. He took out three tens and a five, and gave the bills to Bear who nodded silently and went to get the grass somewhere from his back yard, behind the house.

As of late, Bear had taken to dealing in the afternoons be-

cause the heat was getting strong on the block. A few weeks back the narcs had thrown a raid. No one was busted and nothing was found. Business was still happening, in the afternoon, of course, when the law could be seen behind the bushes, or coming up the hills. Bear was around when business hours were on, from Monday to Saturday, except Sunday, which was his day off. During his working days, if he was holding, he would faithfully be there to fill the needs of the many heads in the neighborhood. He dealt in pills (reds & whites) and grass, from a lik to a pound, and if you wanted he could get you bricks. He was a heavy retail pusher. A smart one, Denny thought. He wondered if jive would ever become legal. If it did, it would put a lot of guys like Bear out of business. Moonlighting pushers and full time pushers took pride in what they were doing; filling the needs of the ever increasing number of heads in L.A. The only dealers Denny stayed away from were the hypes, and those who pushed stuff on the side but who didn't take it themselves. Of the latter there were few in the Valley. Most hypes in the neighborhood pushed to maintain their own habits. Those who pushed weed were the ones that separated the good guys from the bad. But, again, everyone had his own trip. No matter how weird it may appear to others, everyone had his own private trip.

Bear came back and on the sly handed Denny the bag of grass. "Take it easy," Denny said.

"Yeah," said Bear. "Take it easy."

C/S

MEMO  
PAGE  
EVE  
—13—

EL  
CAME  
FIRST  
WHAT

A black and white photograph of a brick wall. On the left side, there is graffiti. The top part of the graffiti consists of the letters 'T2' in a stylized, blocky font. Below this, there is a large, bold letter '5'. To the right of the '5', there is a horizontal line. The wall is made of bricks, and the lighting creates shadows that emphasize the texture.

A black and white photograph of a concrete wall covered in graffiti. The graffiti includes the words "HARD", "HARRIS", "LITTLE", "BEN", "JAN", and "AVENUE" in various styles, along with a large stylized "5" and a small square symbol.

(i'm going to be a marine when I grow  
.)

FUNNY. REALITY IS FUNNY. IT'S SO FUNNY HOW  
FUNNY IT IS. REALITY IS FANTASY IN REVERSE.

THE REASON I'M SITTING ON THIS KNOLL,  
SMOTHERING A COLONY OF ANTS, AND HOLDING  
THIS JOINT IN MY HAND, IS BECAUSE MY  
BROTHER TOLD ME HE WANTED TO BE ALONE  
WITH HIS GIRL.



I WALLS,  
JRLD OUT;  
UNICATIONS.

E,  
ERL  
STUFF  
TOWN  
AND OBLITERATE  
BETWEEN.

STG  
G GESTURES,  
MORE THAN MIM  
ING GRIEF,  
ERATION  
NT.

REMAIN  
NTINUE  
AS MY BARRIO,

ETE X DE'S

HIS NAME IS JUNKIE JOHN.

HER NAME IS SALLY SLUT.

BOTH ARE COMPATIBLE WITH EACH OTHER,  
MY TEACHER, MISS MERTLE, WOULD SAY.  
I WISH I COULD SCRATCH MYSELF; BUT I'M  
NOT. I WANT TO MURDER THE COLONY OF ANTS.

I CAN SEE JOHNNY'S CAR FROM HERE. I'M  
LOOKING THROUGH THE BUSHES THAT SURROUND  
THE KNOLL.

THE CAR'S ROCKING A LITTLE NOW. THEY'RE  
DOING IT. THEY'RE ALWAYS DOING IT.  
JOHNNY'S A JOHN IN ALL THREE SENSES.

(some joke.)

JOHN, MY BROTHER, THE ONE THAT'S ALWAYS DOING  
IT TELLS ME I'M STUPID. HE SAYS, "GET EDUCATED,  
ESE. LEARN WHAT'S HAPPENING."

THE CAR'S ROCKING PRETTY GOOD NOW. I CAN HEAR  
THE SPRINGS GOING SQUEAK-SQUEAK.

I FEEL DIZZY. EVERYTHING'S STARTING TO  
SPIN. THE CAR LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO  
TIP OVER.

REALITY'S GETTING ME SICK.

I THINK I'LL BLAST THIS STICK  
AND GO GET EDUCATED.

J.L. Navarro

E/S

# MANIFEST MEXICANISM

by Oscar Martinez

"I'm an American, not a Mexican, or a Mexican-American, and emphatically not a Chicano. Call me American!"

Unfortunately, many Chicanos are still under the illusion that what one is and where one comes from can be left behind and forgotten. Tragically, the reasons for having such illusions have not been comprehended by such individuals and they continue living without having a clear understanding of the true position that a member of the Mexican-American Community occupies in this society.

One often hears questions or comments about the movement that only reveal a lack of thought or understanding. The following are typical: "Why UMAS?" "Why Chicano Power?" "Why Mexican-American studies?" "You are advocating separatism, we are all Americans."

YES, WE ARE AMERICANS! In fact, we're only less American than the pure Indian who occupied this land before our own people came here. Our culture was thriving here before the Anglo even dreamed of moving west.

But, as American as we are, Anglo society has not recognized it and has been reckless in wielding its power against our proud people. Economic greed has driven the Anglo to adopt policies and take actions that have been detrimental to the Mexican-American throughout history.

Consider that the ground upon which we now educate ourselves once belonged to Mexico. In fact, in addition to California, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, and parts of Colorado were Mexican territory up until 1848. It was at this time that the War with Mexico ended, and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed by the United States and Mexico. The latter received \$15,000,000 as compensation for the loss of half her territory. Historians agree that this treaty was a product of a war that was deliberately provoked by the United States for the end purpose of acquiring the said territory from Mexico.

Under this treaty, Mexicans living in the now "American" territory were to retain their culture, civil rights, and their lands. But gradually the avaricious, land-hungry Anglo tricked, cheated, and stole the land from our people. Thus we now have Reies Tijerina valiantly fighting to regain some of these stolen lands in New Mexico. In California, our ancestors lost their lands and mines in a similar way.

Many of us are descendants of those who have long slaved to work the agricultural lands of these United States. Mexican-Americans have migrated throughout the mid-west, the southwest, and the west to engage in the vicious cycle of squeezing a meager existence from laboring in the fields. Where has this led them? Exploitation. Humiliation. Degradation. Witness the conditions of the farm workers in California. By the sweat of their brow they have built California's economy, only to be exploited and oppressed in return.

Mexican-Americans have displayed their patriotism and courage in recent wars that the United States has engaged. During the Korean war more Medals of Honor were awarded to Mexican-American soldiers than any other ethnic group. Chicanos have served with pride and valor. But where has this dedication led them? At present, our young people are being drafted at a rate much higher than the Anglo and other groups. More of our own are listed in the Vietnam casualty figures than should be the case when we consider the population percentages. Why is this so?



Not too many young Mexican-Americans get draft deferments. In fact, the Mexican-American community is represented in the colleges and universities by only two per cent of its population. Many Mexican-American college students are veterans going to school under the G.I. Bill. So only a portion of this 2 per cent is actually being deferred.

The education being received by the Mexican-American is not preparing him for college work--in fact, not even for high school work. We have only to look at the high percentage drop-out rates in the East Los Angeles high schools, the low achievement in reading tests taken by our children, the tendency of school districts to classify too many Mexican-american kids as "mentally handicapped" simply because they don't perform as the educators expect--according to Anglo norms. Reform is needed in education to allow the Mexican-American to compete on an equal basis in this society.

This has finally been recognized. But what happened to those who followed their conscience and acted in the best American tradition to expose the educational system for what it is, and dared to dramatize its ineptitudes and failures? Last spring thirteen educational minded young citizens of the East Los Angeles community assisted and guided Chicano high school students in their efforts to organize peaceful demonstrations. Today the 13 stand accused of "conspiring" to disrupt the educational system and face felony charges. Is it a crime to want the best for your brothers and sisters and the community at large? The Los Angeles district attorney and chief of police seem to think so.

This leads to another community problem, and that is having other people, other than our own, in key positions to decide what is best for us. The Mexican-American is grossly under-represented in all levels of government. Why? Consider the manner in which our voting districts have been butchered by clever Anglo politicians, thus splitting our votes and dividing our people. This is strictly a dirty political tactic known as gerrymandering. Some of our leaders have attempted to bring about change in the district boundaries in Los Angeles, only to run into thick walls of resistance put up by selfish Anglo politicians.

There is no doubt that the Mexican-American community must mobilize to fight these injustices. To sum up the situation in our barrios: "The lowest income per capita, the lowest educational achievement, the highest high school dropout rate, the highest narcotics rate for youths, the lowest level of job classification and the least amount of government or private resource assistance is in the Mexican-American community and not. . . in Watts. . ." (Richard S. Amador, executive director of Community and Human Resources Agency, L.A. Times, Feb. 18).

The Mexican-American cannot ignore the plight of his people. Tragically, the emphasis of Mexicanism or Chicanoism has been negatively accentuated and this image (having been planted there by the dominant society) has been subconsciously and unsuspectingly picked up by those who now shun their heritage. However, if we are to move, we must move together.

The first requirement, though, is that a sense of identification be firmly established. As a second step, a sense of real attachment and dedication to the Mexican-American community needs to be developed. The Mexicanism in us needs to be recognized, appreciated, cultivated, and exposed with a burst of pride. At the same time, we will be true Americans.

One may say that he is not a Mexican-American, or a Chicano, but Mexicanism cannot be denied. It shows. It is felt. It is recognized. It is heard. It is seen. And in so being, Mexicanism is not dead. It is alive. It is a positive dedication to the betterment of the mejicano-americano.

5/5



## EL HOYO

by Mario Suarez

From the center of downtown Tucson the ground slopes gently away to Main Street, drops a few feet, and then rolls to the banks of the Santa Cruz River. Here lies the section of the city known as El Hoyo. Why it is called El Hoyo is not very clear. In no sense is it a hole as its name would imply; it is simply the river's immediate valley. Its inhabitants are chicanos who raise hell on Saturday night and listen to Padre Estanislao on Sunday morning. While the term chicano is the short way of saying Mexicano, it is not restricted to the paisanos who came from old Mexico with the territory or the last famine to work for the railroad, labor, sing, and go on relief. Chicano is the easy way of referring to everybody. Pablo Gutierrez



married the Chinese grocer's daughter and now runs a meat department; his sons are chicanos. So are the sons of Killer Jones who threw a fight in Harlem and fled to El Hoyo to marry Cristina Mendez. And so are all of them. However, it is doubtful that all these spiritual sons of Mexico live in El Hoyo because they love each other--many fight and bicker constantly. It is doubtful they live in El Hoyo because of its scenic beauty--it is everything but beautiful. Its houses are simple affairs of unplastered adobe, wood, and abandoned car parts. Its narrow streets are mostly clearings which have, in time, acquired names. Except for some tall trees which nobody has ever cared to identify, nurse, or destroy, the main things known to grow in the general area are weeds, garbage piles, dark-eyed chavalos, and dogs. And it is doubtful that the chicanos live in El Hoyo because it is safe--many times the Santa Cruz has risen and inundated the area.

In other respects living in El Hoyo has its advantages. If one is born with a weakness for acquiring bills, El Hoyo is where the collectors are less likely to find you. If one has acquired the habit of listening to Octavio Perea's Mexican Hour in the wee hours of the morning with the radio on at full blast, El Hoyo is where you are less likely to be reported to the authorities. Besides, Perea is very popular and sooner or later to everybody "Smoke In The Eyes" is dedicated between the pinto beans and white flour commercials. If one, for any reason whatever, comes on an extended period of hard times, where, if not in El Hoyo are the neighbors more willing to offer solace? When Teofila Malacara's house burned to the ground with all her belongings and two children, a benevolent gentleman carried through the gesture that made tolerable her burden. He made a list of five hundred names and solicited from each a dollar. At the end of a month he turned over to the tearful but grateful senora one hundred dollars in cold cash and then accompanied her on a short vacation. When the new manager of a local store decided that no more chicanas were to work behind the counters, it was the chicanos of El Hoyo who, on taking their individually small but collectively great buying power elsewhere, drove the manager out and the girls returned to their jobs. When the Mexican Army was enroute to Baja California and the chicanos found out that the en-

listed men ate only at infrequent intervals, it was El Hoyo's chicanos who crusaded across town with pots of beans and trays of tortillas to meet the train. When someone gets married, celebrating is not restricted to the immediate friends of the couple. Everybody is invited. Anything calls for a celebration and a celebration calls for anything. On Armistice Day there are no less than half a dozen good fights at the Riverside Dance Hall. On Mexican Independence Day more than one flag is sworn allegiance to amid cheers for the queen.

And El Hoyo is something more. It is this something more which brought Felipe Sanchez back from the wars after having killed a score of Germans with his body resembling a patch-work quilt to marry Julia Armijo. It brought Joe Zepeda, a gunner flying B-24's over Germany, back to compose boleros. He has a metal plate for a skull. Perhaps El Hoyo is proof that those people exist, and perhaps exist best, who have as yet failed to observe the more popular modes of human conduct. Perhaps the humble appearance of El Hoyo justifies the indifferent shrug of those made aware of its existence. Perhaps El Hoyo's simplicity motivates an occasional chicano to move away from its narrow streets, babbling comadres and shrieking children to deny the bloodwell from which he springs and to claim the blood of a conquistador while his hair is straight and his face beardless. Yet El Hoyo is not an outpost of a few families against the world. It fights for no causes except those which soothe its immediate angers. It laughs and cries with the same amount of passion in times of plenty and of want.

Perhaps El Hoyo, its inhabitants, and its essence can best be explained by telling a bit about a dish called capirotada. Its origin is uncertain. But, according to the time and the circumstance, it is made of old, new or hard bread. It is softened with water and then cooked with peanuts, raisins, onions, cheese, and panocha. It is fired with sherry wine. Then it is served hot, cold, or just "on the weather" as they say in El Hoyo. The Sermeños like it one way, the Garcias another, and the Ortegas still another. While it might differ greatly from one home to another, nevertheless it is still capirotada. And so it is with El Hoyo's chicanos. While being divided from within and from without, like the capirotada, they remain chicanos.



# LAS COMADRES



by Mario Suarez

Whenever two chicanos find that they have many things in common they often end up baptizing each others children and becoming compadres. If they work together, one compadre will often say to the other for all to hear, "Compadre, you are the best boilermaker in Arizona. Tell them who is number two." If they drink together it means they constantly seek each others company, share the most intimate of secrets, and even cry over their beers, at least until they become cosigners. All of this automatically makes their wives comadres. When two comadres meet, no matter how much they criticize one another behind each others back, they hug one another as though they had not seen each other for years. Then they sit down somewhere and talk over the latest mitote, gossip, flying over El Hoyo's back fences.

In the late 20's two comadres, escaping the crowded tenements on Alvarado Street, bought adjoining lots in El Hoyo and in time moved into half-finished adobe structures. One of these, Anastacia Elizondo, was a stout comadre with four young daughters and a husband named Lazarillo who worked for the railroad and who, it was known to everybody, beat her up now and then for being a lousy house-

keeper. The other, Lola Lopez, was a comadre who, to escape the city laundry, had converted her front room into a store where she eked out a living by selling the five cents of yellow cheese, the ten cents of beans, and the chango coffee. She had two young sons, Tino and Kiko, as well as a husband named Nacho who constantly complained of the ailments he had incurred in a fall while building the house and therefore could not work but always came home drunk to serenade his Lola, as well as the neighbors, at daybreak.

Whenever Anastacia got one of her beatings she immediately ran next door to her comadre Lola with tears welling from her eyes to bubble, "Me p..pego. He..He b..beat me, c..comadre. Wh..what am I t..to do?"

"Oh, he will change, Anastacia. He will change," comforted Lola. "I am sure of it."

"Wh..what a m..miserable creature I am," sobbed Anastacia. "I wish I were d..dead."

In the ensuing years, though the rest of the world was to experience such far reaching events as the stock market crash, the end of prohibition, a cruel depression and the rise of Schicklgruber, the human condition of El Hoyo and its inhabitants remained very much the same. True, a decade and a half had given Anastacia a slight down over her upper lip along with a few more pounds. However, her bad housekeeping habits continued, along with her usual beatings. Lola, in turn, had enlarged her store and ran it with the help of her two sons. She was

still serenaded by her ever ailing Nacho at daybreak. Meanwhile, Anastacia's oldest daughter Maria Luisa and Lola's son Tino, who had scratched, bit, and kicked one another in the days when Anastacia came over after one of her beatings and who saw one another through the years with the familiarity of brother and sister, came to fall in love, an event which, once realized, was obvious and final.

Hitler's march, however, could not but have repercussions felt all the way to El Hoyo. And, long before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the ensuing trickle, then river, of money which found its way to El Hoyo via the air base, increased railroad activity, an aircraft plant and ultimately allotment checks, was such that even the spirit of comadreada underwent a change. Soon comadres who had known each for years, on installing inside plumbing, suddenly turned their faces and put their noses in the air when they chanced on one another in the street. Other comadres, buying chenille bed spreads and venetian blinds for the first time, soon said of other comadres not yet as fortunate, "Ai, those peoples. Esa gente. They do not know how to live." And still other comadres, moving out of El Hoyo, thanks to their husbands steady encounter with the time clock, went as far as to say, "El Hoyo. Where is that?" The sickness even afflicted a few compadres.

Through all of this Anastacia, considering herself a very level headed person, merely said to her comadre Lola, "Ai comadre.





What liars some women are. They have much more tongue than sense. As for me, you know how my Lazarillo has always earned his good checks, especially now that he often works double shifts. Yet never have I given to bragging."

Lola merely nodded and said nothing.

One night Lazarillo's rage was so great on finding that his food was not ready when he came home from a long shift that he blackened one of Anastacia's eyes. Immediately Anastacia ran next door to her comadre Lola with tears welling from her eyes. "He has tr..tried t.. to k..kill me," she cried. "Ai comadre. What am I t.. to do?"

Lola, often tempted to tell Anastacia to correct her house-keeping habits, merely said, "Oh, he will change."

However, the following beatings Anastacia received were so violent that she decided on a separation. She cashed in a few war bonds and, with her daughters in tow, moved far away from El Hoyo and her tormenting husband Lazarillo. For a long time nobody saw or heard much of Anastacia. Mitote had it, however, that she was now working at the air base and had dyed her hair. And, mitote had it that one day she was overheard saying to another comadre who had also moved out of El Hoyo, "Ai, how good

it feels to live away from El Hoyo, away from so many low class people. I am so glad my daughters now live away from there and will never marry beneath their class." As to her comadre Lola, Anastacia had been known to answer when asked about her, "I am sorry, pero yo.. I do not know any Lola Lopez."

Anastacia's daughter Maria Luisa, however, kept on seeing Lola's Tino in spite of her mother's advice until the day Uncle Sam greeted him and gave him travel orders. Anastacia, overjoyed, sighed with relief and said, "Thank God he is gone. I am sure any daughter of mine can do better than to keep com-

pany with the son of an ex-laundry worker." But Maria Luisa, having given her beloved Tino the greatest proof of her love to take with him...

Months later...when it was obvious, Anastacia became indignant. She cried. She cursed. She threatened to kill herself. "But what will your father say? What of our neighbors? What of..."

"I don't care about the neighbors, mama," replied Maria Luisa. "As for my father, I already told him."

"You what?" asked Anastacia, shocked.

"I phoned him and told him," said Maria Luisa, matter of factly. "All he asks is that I be a good wife."

Once again Anastacia cried, cursed, threatened to kill herself. But, realizing it was to no avail, the embossed invitations went out the minute Tino phoned informing Maria Luisa the dates of his leave.

On the morning the young couple emerged from the cathedral as man and wife, Anastacia, in white satin, white gloves, and a gigantic hat, excitedly went about her new friends, among them many Smiths and Hendersons, assuring them that her new son-in-law was of the most excellent family, of most dis--scarcely noticing the presence of her comadre Lola and her compadre Nacho, both of these awed by the magnificence of the affair. At the reception, held at Anastacia's fashionable apartment rather than at Lola's house in El Hoyo as tradition dictated, it happened that Maria Luisa's corsets did their job so well that, to the surprise of the select

guests, the bride's labor pangs began and even before she could be helped to the bedroom, nature relieved the bride of a screaming, kicking chicano. In the excitement the young priest who had arrived at the house for his chocolate and cake could do no more than to start to make a half hearted effort to preach about sin. But with Anastacia crying, then fainting, the guests in a state of exhilaration and disbelief, and the affair in a general state of confusion, he smiled inwardly and poured himself some whiskey from a nearby bottle. To have been heard above all the commotion he would have needed a bigger set of lungs.

Late that afternoon, the petals of Maria Luisa's bridal bouquet still fragrant, found Anastacia in El Hoyo, crying inconsolably on her comadre Lola's shoulder. "What a miserable creature I am, comadre. Today has been the most tragic day of my life. How I wish I were dead."

"Tragic? On the contrary," said Lola. "I think this day has been a very memorable one for both of us. We are both now mother-in-laws, grandmothers as well as comadres. And, because we are now more than comadres, I must tell you it would be best if you moved back to your house. Lazarillo is still there. I am sure he misses you even though it is said you have forgotten him."

"Bad tongues, comadre. Bad tongues. I have never forgotten my beloved Lazarillo. Ai comadre. What would I ever do without you?"

That very night, under cover of darkness, Anastacia and her

daughters were back in El Hoyo. But if Lazarillo had once rained blows on her, more to Anastacia's dismay, he was now indifferent. Everyday Lazarillo got up, ate in silence, and went to work. Even though he often came home past midnight, Anastacia now had his food ready, not to mention the great care she took to wash his clothes, clean the house. Still Lazarillo remained indifferent.

"Que hare?" asked Anastacia, crying on her comadre's shoulder. "What shall I do?"

"All you can do is cook his food, prepare his clothes and clean the house as you are doing," said Lola. "He will change."

"Alas, comadre," sighed Anastacia, the tears running down her cheeks. "I fear I have lost his love. How I wish I were dead."

A few weeks later, however, most of El Hoyo was awakened one night by wails, cries, and crashing furniture. For a while it seemed as though somebody was being murdered. A few comadres maliciously even thought of phoning the police because a good scandal would provide mitote for weeks. But nobody did and in a few hours all was peaceful again.

Our comadre Anastacia, lying in bed with a pair of black eyes and her hair dishevelled, bubbled on her pillow. As she heard her comadre Lola's Nacho start his serenade a few windows away, Anastacia breathed deeply of El Hoyo's cool summer air and sighed dreamily. Then she gently scratched her own Lazarillo's shoulder and asked, "Are you awake, my love?"

F/S



# NOTE TO THE

## OFFICE OF EDUCATION

by Frank Moreno Sifuentes

Most Mexican American educators and those in transition from a Mexican American identity to an Anglo identity, have developed many educational blind spots. They have resulted from the fact that "success" can only be achieved through "making it" in the established and strictly Anglo English-speaking reality, a reality that leads them to strive for individual upward mobility and causes them to enter deeper into the unfortunate state of alienation from the main body of Chicano life and culture.

Because of this, all their energies and talents are directed towards adjustments to Anglo forms, values and concepts. Consequently they do not think in terms of creative Chicano concepts in art and education. This is reflected in the kinds of public relations matters, educational materials and publications being produced by the Office of Education and lesser educational institutions. To Chicanos, these materials become symbols of the kind of paralysis caused by the single-mindedness of Anglo educators and their Mexican American collaborators.

One recent public relations pill that is hard to swallow is called "The Mexican American: Quest for Equality." This is a report by the National Advisory Committee of Mexican American Education, a group brought together by Armando Rodriguez, Chief of Mexican American Affairs Unit (a step-child of the Office of Education).

My first reaction is to the title. We are not engaged in a "quest for equality." We are already equal. We are engaged in a struggle for the power to force educators to accept the reality of our educational needs so that schools can provide us with the kinds of cultural and intellectual substance we must have.

The report states that the unwillingness of the monolingual, monocultural Anglo to accept us as equals is "involuntary." But we know it is not only willful and premeditated, it is rooted historically in the military conquest of the Anglo over the Mexican; and that whatever freedom of expression and equal rights we have, are the direct results of our suffering and of our capacity to endure and transcend the Anglo imposition.

While the report makes the truth of our educational oppression known, it also makes it clear that the educational system is not prepared to change. The best example of this is shown in its final page where the statement is made that "The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the position or policy of the U.S. Office of Education, and no official endorsement by USOE should be inferred." Such a report thus turns out to be another exercise in futility, as have been all such reports, and it becomes obvious that the Office of Education is not only denying having anything to do with the problem, but is in fact a part of the problem.

The pamphlet lists what the advisory group considers the six critical issues for improvement of Mexican American education. It is to these that we need to respond:

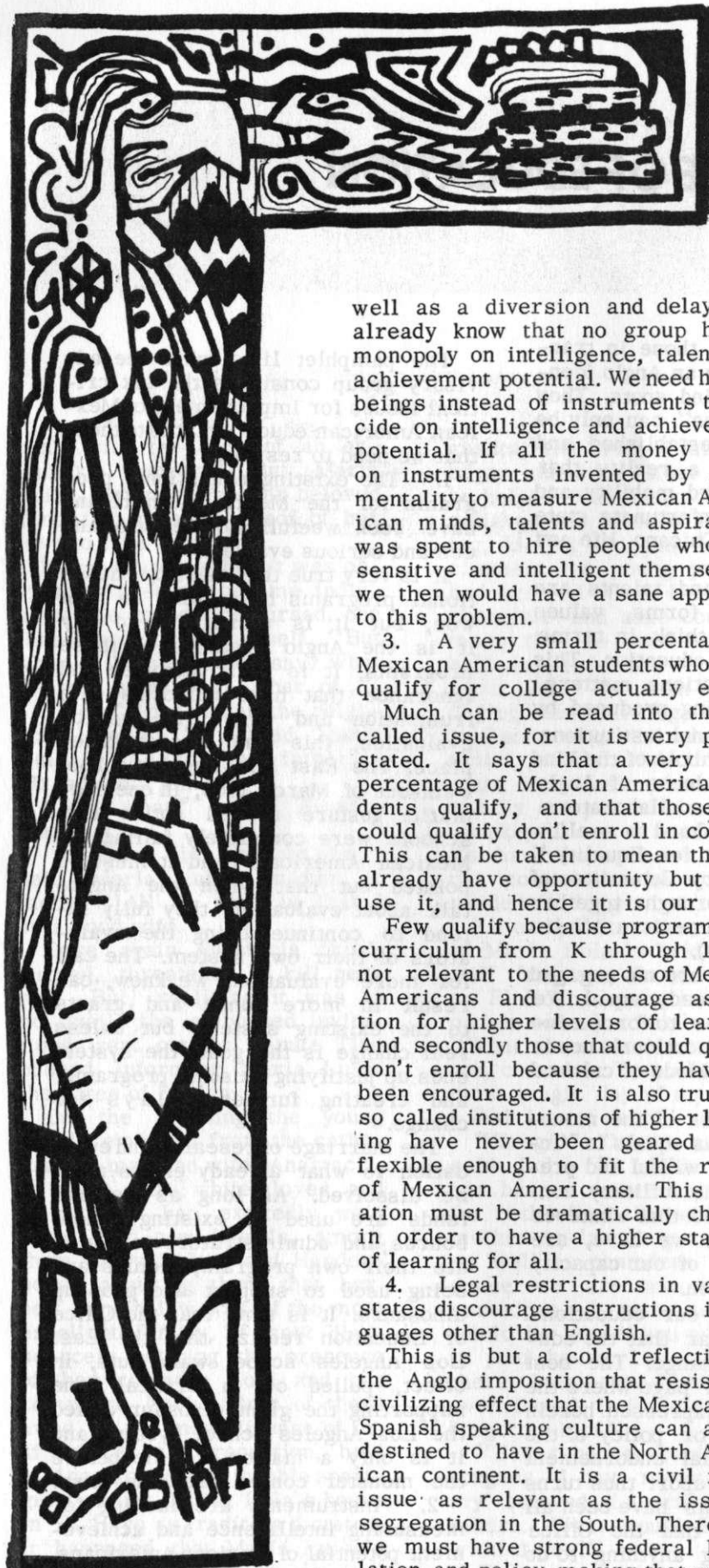
1. The existing educational programs for the Mexican Americans have been woefully inadequate and demand serious evaluation.

It is very true that existing educational programs have filled us with woe, but it is more true to say it is the Anglo creators of these programs, it is their attitudes and ignorance that have filled us with frustration and rage. And as for evaluation, this has already taken place. The East Los Angeles school walk-out of March 1968, in one dramatic gesture served notice that schools were completely failing the Mexican American. And it must be pointed out that when the Anglos talk about evaluation, they fully intend to continue being the evaluators of their own system. The call for more evaluation, we know, can result in more funds and grants to the existing system, but unless real change is the goal, the system ends up justifying existing programs, and creating further delays for change.

The marriage of research and evaluation to what already exists must be dissolved. As long as Federal funds are used by existing school boards and administrators to evaluate their own program, monies are being used to support and prop up dinosaurs. It is time that the Office of Education realize that the East Los Angeles school walk outs, in effect, pulled out a critical bone supporting the giant dinosaur called the Los Angeles School System, and it is only a matter of time before the monster comes crashing down.

2. Instruments are lacking for measuring intelligence and achievement potential of Mexican Americans.

This becomes a mute issue, as



well as a diversion and delay. We already know that no group has a monopoly on intelligence, talent and achievement potential. We need human beings instead of instruments to decide on intelligence and achievement potential. If all the money spent on instruments invented by Anglo mentality to measure Mexican American minds, talents and aspirations was spent to hire people who are sensitive and intelligent themselves, we then would have a sane approach to this problem.

3. A very small percentage of Mexican American students who could qualify for college actually enroll.

Much can be read into this so called issue, for it is very poorly stated. It says that a very small percentage of Mexican American students qualify, and that those that could qualify don't enroll in college. This can be taken to mean that we already have opportunity but don't use it, and hence it is our fault.

Few qualify because programs and curriculum from K through 12 are not relevant to the needs of Mexican Americans and discourage aspiration for higher levels of learning. And secondly those that could qualify don't enroll because they have not been encouraged. It is also true that so called institutions of higher learning have never been geared to be flexible enough to fit the reality of Mexican Americans. This situation must be dramatically changed in order to have a higher standard of learning for all.

4. Legal restrictions in various states discourage instructions in languages other than English.

This is but a cold reflection of the Anglo imposition that resists the civilizing effect that the Mexican and Spanish speaking culture can and is destined to have in the North American continent. It is a civil rights issue as relevant as the issue of segregation in the South. Therefore, we must have strong federal legislation and policy-making that will tie in with the already existing national effort to end segregation and dis-

crimination.

5. There is an exceedingly high dropout rate of Mexican Americans in public schools.

This is a manifestation of the issue, which is created in the schools rooted in the English-speaking reality, that rejects the beauty and the richness of the Mexican and Spanish speaking culture.

Walk-outs, picketing and agitation have pointed out the need for complete reform. The best way to begin is to create counter institutions controlled by the Mexican American community. Our government must be enlightened enough to put the money, the technology and materials into the hands of the Mexican American community. If and when it does, not only will we end the drop-out rate, but we will create a cultural renaissance and a new moral force that will benefit the entire country.

6. Society has not recognized, or at least accepted, the need for a multilingual, multicultural school environment.

This is of course the main issue, but stated in this fashion the specifics are avoided. It would be more to the point to say that politicians, educators, policy makers and administrators have suppressed the need to teach Spanish, Mexican history and culture and the true history of the Southwest.

Mexican American sensibility must be infused into the educational system so that the richness and uniqueness of the Mexican and Spanish speaking heritage can enrich the entire society.

The Office of Education must realize that the Mexican American is prepared to share his richness with a sorely lacking national culture. In order to do this, we must have our fair share of the wealth and resources. Thus far, our efforts to use our position to further enrich the nation have been considered "un-American" and regarded as acts of conspiracy. Such treatment we can only regard as Anglo paranoia inspired by destructive capitalism.

F/S



# THE DEATH OF MISS JONES



by Vince Villagran

"Benny, will you tell us why Jim's dog would not pull the cart?" Miss Jones looked up from her teacher's text and waited for the little boy to respond. Benny stared intently at the book and then sheepishly said,

"I don't know teacher."

Miss Jones smiled and the children, especially Benny, relaxed a little.

Dozier Elementary School was in the heart of East Los Angeles, and Miss Jones had been there only a few weeks--a new teacher, fresh out of college. She was tall and attractive, and as she gazed out at the nervous faces of her fifth grade class, her eyes were kind and helpful.

"All right, Benny," she said, "please read the paragraph on page 32. That will tell us about Jim's dog."

"Jim t,t,t..." the boy began.

"That's fine, Benny. You know the first sound. The word is took, just like look and book."

Benny gave his book a determined look and continued. "Jim took his c,c,c,..."

"Benny, if you cover up the 'c' with your finger, you will see a word you know. What is it?"

Benny stared and wrinkled his brow in concentration. He did as she said, and discovered the familiar word. "Art! Art!" the boy cried out triumphantly. "Jim took his cart and l,l,l,..."

"That word is loaded." Miss Jones closed her book, looked at the clock on the wall, and announced, "Well, boys and girls, time does fly. It's lunch time. Please close your books and get ready for dismissal."

The children hurriedly slammed their books shut and were perched on the edge of their seats as the bell rang, and Miss Jones dis-

missed them.

As the last child walked out of the room, Miss Jones sat down wearily at her desk, resting a moment before going to the cafeteria for lunch. The room seemed eerily quiet to her now, after the din and shuffle of the children's hurried departure. She stared out at the empty seats facing her. As usual, she felt as if the brown, eager faces were still seated before her. It always happened. As soon as the room was emptied of its tiny pupils, Miss Jones remained for a few minutes believing the sudden quiet was an illusion. For her the children were still impatiently waiting to be dismissed. Miss Jones smiled. "So what?" she was thinking, "What if I do picture their faces after they've gone? What's that prove? It only proves how fond I am of them." And with this positive reflection, she got up, pleased with herself, and went to lunch.

The teacher's lunchroom was buzzing with chatter as Miss Jones carried her tray to an empty seat near a group of new teachers. At the table, Mrs. Bender, the school's old timer, was describing the school to the group. Miss Jones listened a while, then, during a lull in the conversation, addressed herself to the elderly woman.

"Uh, Mrs. Bender? Why is it that two thirds of my class is reading below grade level? Could you suggest something for me to help them improve? What have you done with your kids?"

"Let me give you a piece of advice, honey," Mrs. Bender said. "You'll live a lot longer if you just stop worrying about it. Believe me better people than you have tried to do something about your so-called reading problem, and

they've gotten nowhere. Just as you will unless you forget about it."

Miss Jones was about to answer, but Mrs. Bender continued, her voice louder now, for the benefit of the other teachers at the table. "We're doing a hell of a job as it is, Miss Jones. I've been here twenty years and the problems these kids have get progressively worse. We used to have some good students here once--Russian and Armenian kids..."

Miss Jones interrupted her now. Her voice was tense and irritated. "Excuse me, Mrs. Bender. But do I follow you correctly? Are you telling me--us--that there's nothing to be done about the problem. That not being ah Russian and Armenian makes some kind of difference?"

Miss Bender sat back in her chair and glared a moment at Miss Jones before she answered. "You're new here. You don't know anything about the problems. But since you ask--yes, that's precisely what I'm saying." Her voice was shrill now. "Have you seen the homes these kids come out of, Miss Jones? Have any of you?" She looked challengingly around the table. No one answered. "Well, I have," she continued. "And good heavens, we're lucky we can reach these kids at all. Both parents work, and as many as eight kids live in a two bedroom shack."

Miss Jones spoke again, her voice angry. "Mrs. Bender. Do you mean to say that there is little or no hope for these kids? Why, that's ridiculous. Surely, someone with your experience should have some solutions to these problems."

"Look, Miss Jones," the aged teacher answered, "You and the rest of the teachers had best understand some damn basic hang-ups you're up against. The Damage is done in the home. You'll find out how much parents care when you send your first notices out for parent conferences. They won't show, believe me."

Miss Jones' blue eyes flashed under an angry frown. "Mrs. Bender, have you tried house calls? It may have helped, you know!"

Mrs. Bender got to her feet. "If mama can't find time to be here, that's her problem! Besides some of these people don't even speak English. Christ! You'd think they would at least learn that after being here for all these years from Mexico." At this Mrs. Bender, deliberately snubbing and embarrassing Miss Jones in front of the other teachers, went

over to a nearby table and sat with some of the school's veterans teachers. Miss Jones stared after her, then finished her lunch in silence and left the cafeteria.

Outside in the corridor, as she headed back to her classroom, Mr. Carlson, the school principal stopped her. "Why, hello, Miss Jones," he said, "how're you getting along?"

Miss Jones could only shrug.

"Is something the matter," he asked, noticing her lack of response.

She hesitated a moment, then spoke. "Why ah, yes. Something is very much the matter. Do you have a minute Mr. Carlson? There's something I'd like to speak to you about. But not here. In your office. Would you mind?"

Mr. Carlson looked puzzled, but finally said, "Certainly. Would you come with me." He led the way to the office and Miss Jones perched on the edge of a sofa chair. He sat behind his desk.

Miss Jones' pent up emotions burst forth and she spoke rapidly, excitedly. "Mr. Carlson, I really don't know how to say this, but I'm afraid I'm going to be very candid. I like it here and I love the kids. I happen to feel these children have potential and can succeed, but some of the other teachers feel otherwise. They've given these children up for lost causes--all because they--"

Mr. Carlson interrupted her. "Relax, Miss Jones. I couldn't agree with you more, and I'm darn pleased that you feel your kids can be a success, believe me. But, look, Mary, --you don't mind my calling you by your first name, do you?" He continued before she could answer, "I know, however, that we're a long way from solving the problems we have here at Dozier. But I'm confident that we're doing much or more than anyone else."

"But, Mr. Carlson, I've got kids in my class who can barely read, and they've been in this school since kindergarten. Most of them don't speak Spanish--as their main language, that is--so their poor performance in reading can't be blamed on that! That's what I'm concerned about. What can we do about that?"

"Well, Miss Jones, let me set you straight on a few things. I've been here for ten years--by choice--and I've learned much about this district. You know, Miss Jones, that we have a budget to work with, and I can only do with what I have. What you seem to be suggesting



takes money, more than we have. You apparently overlook this because you're new-- and I might add, a little idealistic. Idealism is good, don't misunderstand me. However, we do have to look at cold, hard, realities, too, Miss Jones."

"What cold hard facts are you talking about, Mr. Carlson? Can't you be specific?"

Mr. Carlson leaned forward over his desk. "I hardly need to explain anything to you, Miss Jones, but perhaps I can illuminate a few things. We can do wonders here, but we get little support from the parents, and the attendance problem these kids have is atrocious."

"But, Mr. Carlson! I have kids in my class who've excellent attendance records, and they can't read either. How do you explain that?"

"There are exceptions, of course, Miss Jones, you know that as well as I. We're simply trying to do the best we can. That, Miss Jones is what I'm trying to tell you."

Miss Jones became thoughtful a moment. "Actually, Mr. Carlson," she said finally, "I wanted to talk to you about a reading course I'm in the middle of at U.C.L.A. I wanted to ask you to recommend instituting the techniques here at Dozier. We're talking about various methods of extending the reading time beyond the normal one hour. I know it isn't the whole answer, but maybe we could organize a program like it here."

"Great idea, Miss Jones, but I'll need to clear this with the reading supervisor as well as with the curriculum section downtown." He stood up, hand extended to Miss Jones. "Tell you what," he said, "let me talk it over with the grade level chairman before we do anything. If the teachers aren't behind this, it just won't work. We'll get together in a few weeks. How's that?"

Miss Jones returned his smile and shook his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Carlson. I'm sure it'll be for the good of all concerned."

"Fine, fine. Bye now, don't forget, I'll let you know what develops."

"Thanks again," she said and left the office.

The next few weeks were busy ones and Miss Jones found that she kept reminding herself to find out what Mr. Carlson had determined, but her schedule forced her to continue putting it off.

Finally, some months later, she was able to speak to him about it at one of the school's faculty meetings. Mr. Carlson appeared to

have forgotten their meeting. Miss Jones reminded him of their conversation, but he indicated nothing had been decided. For the first time in her brief stay at Dozier, Miss Jones felt useless. During the semester, she had argued with the other teachers innumerable times about the poor quality of the reading techniques being provided the children. But now she realized that their almost unanimous acceptance of the old guidelines used to teach reading were as much a part of the school and faculty as the cement cornerstone around which the school was built. And she felt useless. But in spite of the feeling, Miss Jones continued adamantly to believe that her relationship with the children had not been effected. Even when she caught herself tense and cross with her class, she would brush it off as being due to her exacting schedule. She knew and felt deep within herself that her relationship with the children remained unchanged. She loved them still. . . and she knew they loved her.

One Friday, Miss Jones stopped by the corner grocery store to buy some milk. She was just closing the refrigerator when she heard familiar voices. From behind the refrigerator she could hear Carlos and Benny, two of her students, talking. They were at the candy machine.

"Hey, Benny," she heard, "You still like Miss Jones?"

"Heck, No!" she heard Benny answer. "She used to be nice and everything, but now she acts mean like all those other teachers. She ain't like before."

Then Carlos' young voice came back to her ears.

"Me too, man. I can't take her no more. All she does now is holler and everything. I used to like her. But now she looks all bored and lazy. I'm goona go to the railroad tracks tomorrow--the heck with school and Miss Jones. She looks all muerta."

"Yeah," Benny echoed, "she is all muerta. I'll go with ya tomorrow." The boys walked away eating their candy.

Miss Jones left the store and drove home slowly, and she was crying.

5/5



CON SAFOS BUSCA y necesita material. We want to see old photographs, children's stuff, cuentos, poetry, art work, essays, criticisms, subscriptions, volunteers and rucas buenas.

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

5/5



# letters to the editor

To the Editor of CON SAFOS,

As a Mexican of American descent, I found your magazine distorting the real feeling of the barrio.

Your publication has unwittingly, given a negative impression of our plight. During the past thirty odd years, the Chicano has risen to a level of acceptance in American society.

This American society, which your authors castize with great relish, has been accepting us (chicanos) for what we are and has provided the opportunity for many chicanos to move both socially and economically into that society.

I, in retrospect, my former background (born, reared and educated in the barrio) have reached the conclusion that we can "make" it if we so desire. Determination and fortitude are tools necessary for vertical mobility. Your magazine places us in the uncomfortable position of being labeled "cry babies" simply because (as you put it) we have been "oppressed" and we do not share in the American "horn of plenty." If you and your constituents, instead of complaining about what we haven't got, concentrate on what we do have, here and now, your "cause" can be more effective in helping other chicanos acculturate, rather than encouraging them to remain isolated.

Your choice of "Con-Safos" as the name of your publication, demonstrates a lack of awareness you have concerning the Real mainstream of thought now prevalent among Chicanos. We cannot strive towards bettering our fellow chicano's status, if, as your magazine repetitively suggests, that we revert to the examination of historical data in order to find our true identity!

Since we are chicanos in America, not Mexico, we must be willing to forget our former backgrounds and take up the new challenge, ie,

competing with all Americans in our society and to investigate the worth of America's values before we condemn them and realistically eschew various negative values so imbedded in our Mexican culture.

In toto, we are obligated to seek out our place in America, even at the cost of discarding age-old cultural customs.

It is imperative that we confront that situation and have the courage to move ahead, regardless of the consequences!

I am extremely proud of what I am, that is a Chicano! . . . but I sincerely feel the necessity to accept America as it is, not as we wish it could be.

Sinceramente,  
A. Acosta  
University of Cal. Irvine  
Orange County, Calif.

Estimados Senores:

Me harian un gran favor si me pudiesen mandar de inmediato copias anteriores de sus revistas o periodicos.

Estoy preparando un caso por La Raza que sera presentado a los "intelectuales" de la Universidad de Columbia.

Miles de gracias de antemano y espero contar con su ayuda.

Su Servidora  
Alicia Valdez

A CON SAFOS CON AMOR Y GOOD WISHES  
ESTA "CANCION DE LA RAZA"

SOY DE MEJICO Y AMERICA  
PERO ENTRE CUATRO PADREDES  
ENTRE SMOG Y SOLEDAD  
VIVO MEROS PA DECERES

SI YA NI SOMOS NOSOTROS  
NOS JUZGAN POR EL COLOR  
SIN MIRAR QUE DENTRO DE UNO  
LATE FUERTE UN CORAZON

SOMOS SUFRIDOS, CALLADOS  
Y NOS DICEN BANDOLEROS  
PERO CUANDO A NUESTROS HIJOS  
LOS TRATAN  
CON DIGNIDAD Y RESPETO. . .

SOMOS HIJOS DE LA RAZA  
DEFENDEMOS SUS ESFUERZOS  
NOS PERSIGUEN INJUSTICIAS  
FALTA DE AMOR Y DERECHOS

by Suni Paz

Este corrido tiene su musica. Puedo cantarsela al que quiera aprenderlo pero no sabria escribirlo. Tengo que agregar las palabras de Olga Ceballos que lei en CON SAFOS y me impresionaron mucho y que aqui:

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

-Olga Ceballos  
age 15

A Mis Amigos:

Your publication CON SAFOS is excellent. Thank you! I have discussed the matter of the Spanish language with Mexican-American friends who are as militant as you are. I share your contempt for "frito vendidos." However, those with whom I have spoken, are of the opinion that Chicano expressions ("watchale!" for example) are merely products of the barrio, which in turn is a result of Anglo oppression of the Mexican-American. If the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo were honored, and if children of the barrio were permitted to receive their education in their mother tongue, their barrio expressions would in time vanish. This would go hand in hand with their increasing pride, dignity, and respect for the Spanish language, which is an admirable part of the Mexican-American's inheritance. English and Spanish are now the world's two major languages. Barrio expressions may in truth be "colorful," but so too were the "bohios" of Cuba which disappeared with the revolution. Thanks again. Venceremos!

Irv Jacobs

Dear Editors of CON SAFOS:

Your magazine is excellent! You all have an excellent grasp of what are, who are the masses!

It is clear that you love the masses, that you love yourself as a result.

I love the masses thus I love myself.

In this way we'll all make revolution!

Gentlemen:

It was with great interest that I listened to your recent discussion regarding your magazine on KPFK-La Raza Nueva. I am enthusiastically looking forward to reading all of the publications thus far and would appreciate information as to how to obtain such copies.

Sincerely,  
Julia Corbett  
Student, CSCLA  
part-time clerk, Lincoln High School

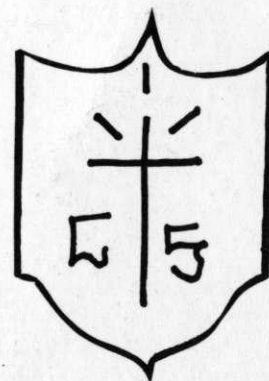
Answer: you may obtain copies from locations listed on back page, or from us.

5/5



## GLOSSARY

BARRIO—Mexican neighborhood.  
BUENA RUCA—Groovey broad.  
CAPIROTADA—Mexican bread pudding.  
CARNAL—Brother.  
CHAVALOS—Kids; children.  
CHOLA—Female counter part of Pachuco.  
CHI CHIS—Woman's breasts, tits.  
COLORADAS—Reds, seconal pills.  
COMADREADA—Getting together of Comadres to gossip.  
COMPADRE—Friend, usually one of whom has baptized the other's child.  
DRAPES—Pants, pegger clothing, slang.  
EL HOYO—Literally, "The Hole"—A Barrio in Tucson, Arizona.  
ESE—You, a greeting as in Ese Guy.  
GABACHO—White man.  
GEEZED—Shot heroin, took a fix.  
HERMANAS—Sisters.  
HERMANOS—Brother.  
J—Joint, Marijuana cigarette.  
JIVE—Marijuana.  
LA BOLITA—New York's illegal lottery.  
LAS COMADRES—Kinship of two women, one of whom has baptized the other's child.  
LENO—Joint, Marijuana cigarette.  
ME GUSTA LA MOTA—I like pot (marijuana).  
MITOTE—The latest gossip or scandal.  
NARCO—Plainclothes narcotics cop.  
ORALE—Be cool, or a greeting as in Orale ese; what's up; knock it off.  
PACHUCO—Chicano gangster.  
PAELLA—Spanish fish and rice dish.  
PUTO—Male whore.  
RIPPLE—Popular cheap wine.  
RUCAS—Women, babes, broads, or old ladies.  
SE LE DURMIO EL GALLO—Dropped his guard.  
SHINE IT ON/ECHALE EL SHINE—Ignore, not recognize.  
TE WACHO—I'll see you later.  
THREE ROSES—Hair pomade.  
ZOOT SUITS—Refer to illustration in center page.



CON SAFOS IS AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES;

EUCLID HEIGHTS COMMUNITY CENTER, 3045 E. Whittier Blvd.

LA RAZA, 2411 North Broadway

CAL STATE BOOKSTORE' 5151 State College Drive

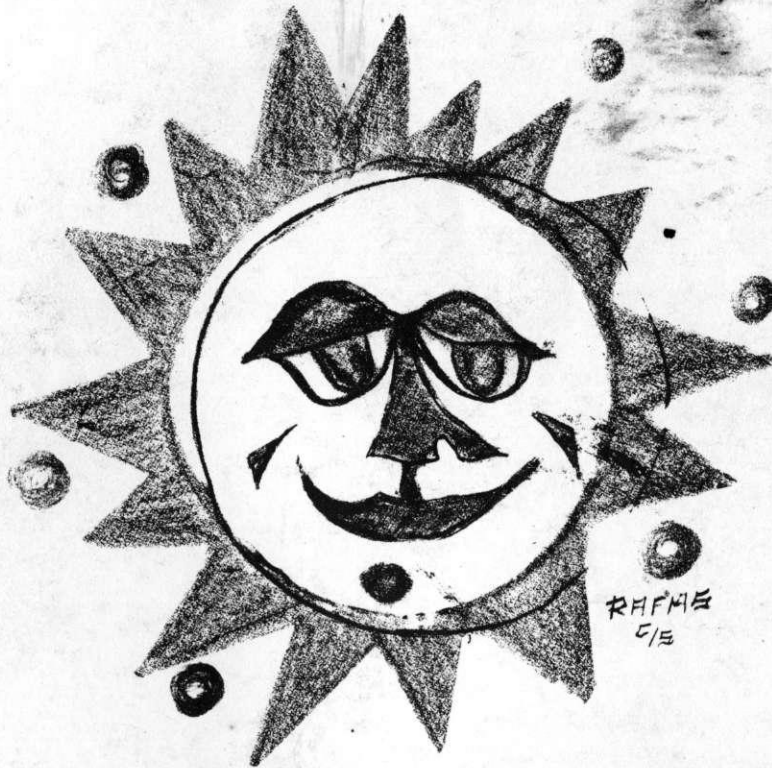
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