

**TEATRO**

**ESPAÑOL**

**GRANDE ESPECTACULO DE VERSO Y CANTO**

Sublime drama de Grandioso aparato

PARA LA NOCHE DEL

**SABADO, 17 DE DICIEMBRE**

EN EL TEATRO

**METROPOLITAN**

Calle de Montgomery, entre Washing-  
ton y Jackson.

Orden de la funcion 1º Hermosa Ober-  
tura á toda Orquesta. 2º Se pondrá en  
escena, con todo su aparato, el sublime  
grandioso drama en cinco actos y en  
verso, original de D. Antonio Gil y Za-  
rate, su título:

**CARLOS II**

**EL HECHIZADO O EL PODER DE  
LA INQUISICION**

Estando el difícil papel de la protago-  
nista á cargo de la primera actriz

**AMELIA ESTRELLA DE CASTILLO**

**NOMBRES DE LOS ACTOS:**

Acto 1. La Confesion. 2. El Hechizado.  
3. La boda y la Inquisicion. 4. La Pa-  
sion Sacrilega. 5. El Rey, el Reo, y el  
Tribunal de la Fé.

Padre Froilan.—¡ Ministros del tribu-  
nal!

¿Por qué tardais en llevarla?

Florencio.—¡ Si alguien se atreve á to-  
carla,

Llegó su instante fatal!!!

Acto 3º Escena 10ª

El desempeño del drama está á cargo  
de los siguientes:

**PERSONAJES.**

**ACTORES.**

Doña Inés.....	Sra. E. de Castillo
Florencio, page del rey.....	Sr. L. del Castillo
El rey Carlos II.....	Sr. Leon
Fraile Froilan.....	Sr. Salazar
El inquisidor general.....	Sr. Mañoz
El Vicario de las monjas.....	Sr. Carranza
El Prior.....	Sr. Miranda
El conde Oropesa.....	Sr. Sanchez
Porto-carrero.....	Sr. Yañez
El capitán de guardias.....	Sr. López
El carcelero.....	Sr. Contreras

Nobles, Guardias, Frailes y Esbirros  
de la inquisicion.

Finalizando la funcion con la gracio-  
sa cancion andaluza, titulada:

GRAN BALLE ESPAÑOL

*El Guito*

Se invita á todas las autoridades españolas para que concurren á este baile, por ser este el más lucido que se haya dado en este país.

Una escogida banda de música está preparan-  
do para este noche una lindísima cuadrilla. El  
salón estará decorado con las banderas de todos  
los paises, y habrá un gran número de  
ballets de señoras y señores.

Una escogida banda de música está preparan-  
do para esta noche una lindísima cuadrilla. El  
salón estará decorado con las banderas de todos  
los paises, y habrá un gran número de  
ballets de señoras y señores.

# CHICANO DRAMA

NOV 10 1974

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Y ADORNOS PARA VESTIDOS!**  
Periodical

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TODO

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A. K

Se están  
ofrecen d  
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LA MAS MAGN

OBJETOS DE T  
AHORA E

Vente por ma  
Sansonic. Al  
622 calle de V

**LUZ  
MAS LUZ**  
TODOS DEBE  
LA TIEND

**H.**  
En la oscuridad de  
Se garantiza qu  
de MEJOR LUZ  
quiera otra clase  
dar mal olor.  
Aquí tambien  
PARAS DE TOD  
lámparas.  
Se compon  
clase



# CHICANO DRAMA

YEAR VII

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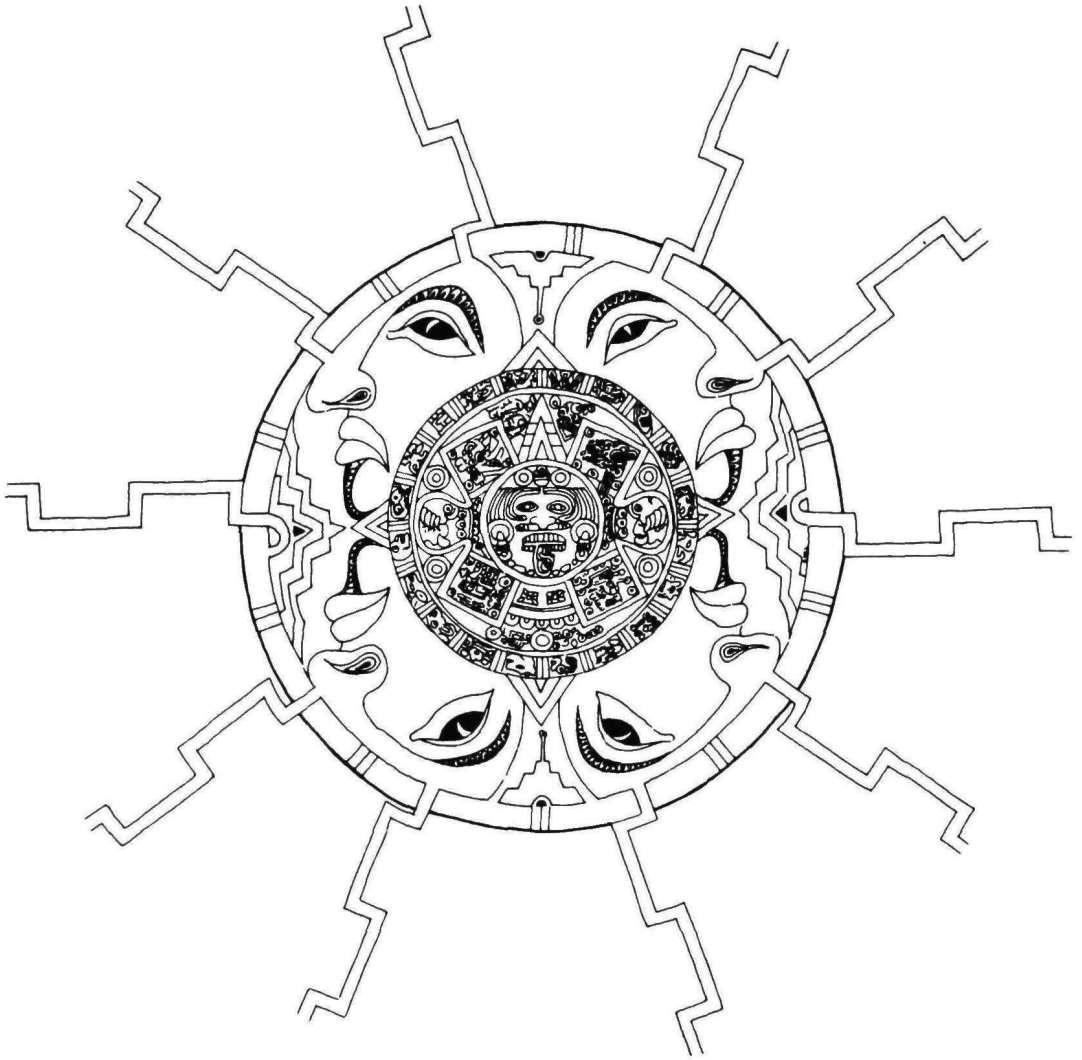
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## INTRODUCTION

Ultimately, Anglo American Theater in the United States has its origins in such Greek dramatists as Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes. This is also partly true of contemporary Chicano theatre. However, there is an added dimension in Chicano theatre in which we see definite influences of indigenous Precolumbian theatre and other literary forms. For example, Jorge Huerta, in his play, "El Renacimiento de Huitzilopochtli," explores the myth of Huitzilopochtli, but actualizes it in terms of Chicano contemporary experiences. In the prologue, the narrator alludes to the birth of Huitzilopochtli:

The Aztecs greatly honored Huitzilopochtli;  
they knew his origins, his beginning  
was in this manner.

In Coatepec, on the road to Tula,  
there lived a woman  
who was called Coatlicue

Coatlicue is the mother of Huitzilopochtli. On stage Coatlicue is dressed as a Chicana, and her speech is Chicano, complete with code switching.

Y Coyolxauhqui—pues esa floja no sabe más que decir  
"shut up!" Es una metiche, ésa. Pero perdónenme, tengo  
que "sweep" porque así va el cuentecito . . .

Luis Valdez, in "Notes on Chicano Theatre," states, "We must find our ultimate liberation in the Cosmic Vision of our indio ancestors. In the search of that liberation, our Teatro has produced three mitos." The content of the mitos is "the indio vision of the universe. And that vision is religious, as well as political, cultural, social, personal, etc. It is total." ("Notes on Chicano Theatre," in *Chicano Theatre One*, p. 7) This total vision of the universe is reflected in such Precolombian tragedies as *El Rabinal Achi*, one of the few surviving works of indigenous theater. *El Rabinal Achi* was created in the 12th century. The full text, as it appears in an adaptation by José Luis González of the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes, is about 12,000 words long. It is interesting to note that the earliest known dramatic work in Spanish literature, the

“Auto de los Reyes Magos,” is also from the 12th century, and which Angel del Río, in his *Antología de la Literatura Española* I, p. 18, describes as:

El fragmento conservado no carece de gracia dentro de su sencillez. Posee vivacidad en el diálogo, movimiento dramático y cierta intención humorística al caracterizar psicológicamente a los personajes, en particular a los Rabinos.

*El Rabinal Achi* is a tragedy which incorporates a chorus and whose stylistic structure is a reflection of fundamental concepts of man, God, and the universe. An excerpt from the first scene, opening speech of the warrior Queche Achi reflects parallelistic dualities which together express a totality, just as the giver of life, Ometéotl (ome = dual; teotl = god), is an all perfect duality who incorporates total being, male and female, night and day. Ometéotl's symbolic colors, black and red, represent night and day, and thus a totality. Together these colors also symbolize wisdom which is only complete when the dual elements are present.

Queche Achi: ¡Eh! Tú, sal de ahí. ¡Acércate, jefe violentador, jefe deshonesto! ¿Serás el primero a quien no acabaré de cortar el tronco, la raíz; jefe de los Chacach y de los Zaman, cobarde de Rabinal! Acércate, dice así mi voz ante el cielo, ante la tierra.

El tronco and la raíz are a duality which together form a totality in time and space. El tronco itself is a double metaphor in that it represents the present in the continuum of time, and it is also that part of a tree which can be seen. La raíz, also a double metaphor, expresses all cultural antecedents, or the collective memory of man. It is also that underground part of the tree which cannot be seen.

¿Serás el primero a quien no acabaré de cortar:

el tronco (A)

la raíz (B)

In another structure we see a second duality which expresses the totality of the universe, heaven and earth.

Acércate, dice así mi voz

ante el cielo (A)

ante la tierra (B)

The parallelistic dualities of the type we have seen above are characteristic of the entire work, and always form a third reality which is perfect and whole.

It is indeed impossible to understand many Chicano literary works without a knowledge of Náhuatl and Mayan mythology. Many Chicano writers are exploring this part of our history and are actualizing it in terms of our contemporary realities.

The work "Dawn," by Alurista, which is presented in this issue of *El Grito*, is in a sense an auto sacramental, very familiar in the Spanish theatrical tradition. Its characters are not real beings, but are rather ideas or symbols. The characters Pepsicóatl and Cocacóatl, of course, are not from Precolombian indigenous mythology, but do acquire significance as symbols in contemporary Chicano reality.

Alfonso Hernández' three plays, which together form a unity, are within the tradition of the Theatre of the Absurd. We see literature of dreams and fantasy in which the internal psychological realities of the characters are presented in poetic images on stage. These internal psychological realities are as decisive in the lives of the characters as are external realities.

Carlos Morton, in his parody on the fall of Man is alternately powerfully poetic, and extremely comical. He actualizes Judeo-Christian mythology in terms of contemporary Chicano experience.

By and large, Chicano theatre, perhaps because of the very nature of theatre, has largely remained on the boards where it is born and developed, and so many times forgotten. Only a small fraction of Chicano dramatic works are available in print. Yet, there are many teatros creating, and presenting their vision of Man and society. At times this vision demands a direct engagement of social issues, and we have Guerrilla theatre. At times the absurdity of human action is presented in pure poetic images. Usually there is great optimism in the fate of Man.

*Herminio Ríos-C*  
*Editor*



# EL JARDIN

*Carlos Morton*

## THE PLAYERS:

*Adán:* Reservado; es bueno. Una persona muy moral. Dios es su amigo.

*Eva:* Media coquetona. Le gusta el escándalo. Desea aventura. Es caprichosa y capaz de cualquier cosa.

*La Serpiente:* Un sinvergüenza. Un disipado. Lleno de mota y vino. Desea a Eva.

*Dios:* Practicamente un ser humano . . . Pero puede hacer milagros. Muy paternal. Sabe todo.

(This "Acto," by reasons of cultural infusion, es bilingüe.)

All stage directions are in italics.

Adán also plays: *Taino, Reporter.*

Dios also plays: *Colombo.*

Serpiente also plays: *Matón, Ladrón, Diablo, Muerte, Nixon y Cabrón.*

*Dios: (Voice)* Soy la voz de Dios. I have been speaking to mis hijos since the first hombre appeared on earth. His name was Adán and he lived en El Jardín and he had a ruca named Eva who was rather coquetona. ¿Se acuerdan?

*(Lights)*

*Adán:* ¿Has estado hablando con la Serpiente, eh?

*Eva:* Sí, pues.

*Adán:* No tienes vergüenza.

*Eva:* Ahhhh, he's not so bad.

*Adán:* What do you mean, tonta, he's evil!

*Eva:* He has such a nice slick body . . . he's soooooo sllllliiiiimmmmyy!

*Adán:* (*Crossing himself*) ¡Madre mía! ¡Mira que ruca ésta! What difference does his body make? You should judge a man by his spirit!

*Eva:* That's your way of thinking, ése, I'm more inclined towards the flesh.

*Adán:* It turns you on, huh! Well it doesn't excite me. You are a carnal creature, Eva . . . Oh Lord . . . If I catch that snake around here again, ésa, I'm going to wring it around your neck.

*Eva:* The way he slides, slithers, on the ground . . . Uuuuummmmm . . . He's so evil!

*Adán:* ¿Pero cómo puedes ser tan pendeja? Don't you know that he'll lead you into temptation?

*Eva:* ALL I KNOW is that he wants to teach me about life, about knowledge.

*Adán:* Eva, you're going to get us evicted from el Jardín . . . Acuérdate lo que dijo el Jefe.

*Eva:* Oh, I'm tired of all that jive the Man has been laying down on you! He's a big ranchero and we're nothing but peones. We're like playthings to him! Look, all we do is sit around all day with these tame tigers and lambs. I feel like I'm in some kinda zoo. I feel captured. Hey! I wanna a little action, I wanna swing, baby. How come we never go DANCING?

*Adán:* Now you listen here! We are not his slaves and He is not our master. We have free will. He is very good to us, and under no circumstances do I want to anger him.

*Eva:* Oh, let him kick us out, I don't care . . . see if he can find two other suckers to take our place.

*Adán:* Are you out of your mind? You want to give up el Jardín?

The rent is free, the air is clean  
 We got no barrios, got no machines  
 We don't get sick, we don't eat crumbs  
 We don't need money and we don't drop bombs

We got peace, we got love  
 We got God, we got enough

There's the sun, there's the sea  
 Here is heaven and here are we

We got the lambs, we got the grass  
We are all brothers, there is no class

All creation blends real nice  
In the Center of Paradise

*Eva:* That's just it, we're no better than WORMS to him!

*Adán:* What are you saying . . . but of course we're no better than worms . . . or whales for that matter . . . en los ojos de Dios todos somos iguales. And don't you forget it!

*Eva:* Oh, that rap you give me about equality and justice is like a tired, old psalm. Listen, brother, if we really had freedom in this here JUNGLE we'd be able to come and go as we pleased. How come we can't go visiting or touring? How come we can't fly outa here like that dumb bird over there?

*Adán:* Eva, no quiero irme del Jardín.

*Eva:* Well, I do! I'm bored. I'm stagnating. I'm depressed. I'm not satisfied!

*Adán:* Oh, come on.

*Eva:* There's nothing to do here except hear the birds go "tweet, tweet, tweet," and the sheep go "Ba, baaa, baaaaaaa!" Look, I want to do something with my hands, and I want to make something. I wanna buy things. Like jewelry and clothes.

*Adán:* Oh, now I know you're really flipped out! What do you need clothes for, you're beautiful just the way you are.

*Eva:* (*Shaking her finger at him*) Flattery, flattery!

*Adán:* Just look at yourself in this gentle pool . . . come closer . . . see your reflection . . . tu piel de bronce y tu pelo negro . . . see your beauty? How it glitters in the liquid mirror?

*Eva:* Soy bellísima, ¿verdad?

*Adán:* Eres la única. Just think, there is no one else in the entire universe like you. You are God's creation, and you are perfect.

*Eva:* There's just one thing, vato . . .

*Adán:* ¿Qué?

*Eva:* That unicorn over there—underneath the palm tree, see him?

*Adán:* Bueno, pues . . . he has that strange HORN growing out of his forehead . . . that's what makes him so, uh, unique.

*Eva:* Mira, there's only one of him in the whole Jardín. ¿Por qué? There's two of us. Do you understand the significance of that?

*Adán:* So what? Big deal!

*Eva:* He thinks he's better than we are! You know something, I don't like that unicorn at all, he looks at me funny. Do you know what else, I want his hide for a coat!

*Adán:* ¿Qué te pasa? ¿Estás loca?

*Eva:* I WANT THAT DAMN UNICORN OUT OF MY LIFE!

*Dios:* (*Voice from above*) ¡OLA! ¡OLA! ¿Qué están haciendo? ¿Qué pasa?

*Adán:* Nada, Jefe, nomás estábamos discutiendo.

*Dios:* Pues, parece que están gritando, como que están averiguando. ¡Aliviánate!

*Adán:* No, nomás estábamos . . . debating la theology!

*Dios:* Eso sí me gusta mucho. Any points you want clarified? ¿Les leo Génesis otra vez?

*Adán:* No, no, no, we know it already. "En el principio . . ."

*Dios:* Muy bueno: En el principio . . . (*Voice fades*)

(*Adán y Eva kneeling by the pool*)

*Eva:* I never did understand that.

*Adán:* It's rather abstract, you see. Before him there was NADA, and he came and then there was TODO.

*Eva:* But where did he come from?

*Adán:* He has always been here and he will always be here.

*Eva:* Oh, yeah, that makes a lotta sense!

*Adán:* That's just the way it is.

*Eva:* Oh, brother, that's another thing that bugs the HELL OUTTA me . . .

*Adán:* ¡No digas esa palabra!

*Eva:* There's no free speech en el Jardín.

*Adán:* Cállate la boca.

*Eva:* WHAAAAY CAN'T I HAVE AN AAPPPPLLE!

*Adán:* No!

*Eva:* This diet of arroz y frijoles y tortillas is ruining my figure. Why can't I have a nice lambchop? I'd even settle for a hotdog or unos taquitos de pollo y lechuga y guacamole y chile— ¡Ay que rico! ¡Y un vaso de vino!

*Adán:* ¿Cuántas veces te tengo que decir que aquí no tragamos carne— no comemos a nuestros amigos y vecinos. Tampoco comemos lechuga o uvas— acuérdate que hay una huelga.

*Eva:* . . . such a silly rule about a stupid tree.

*Adán:* This is the last time I'm going to warn you . . . we've got it pretty good here.

*Eva:* You've never had anything to compare it with!

*Adán:* I'm taking the Man's word for it. El Jardín is Paradise to me, and we have the privilege of staying here as long as we do not eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Now, why El Jefe don't want us eating the fruit is none of my concern. I'm sure he has his reasons.

*Eva:* That's just it, you never question. You obey blindly and never think for yourself. You are but an extension of him. Who wears the pantalones around here? We're still wearing diapers.

*Adán:* Mira, aquí no usamos Farah's slacks tampoco. Here there is no jealousy and no hatred. There is no malice, greed or avarice. En mi corazón no hay nada de esas cosas. I feel great satisfaction living in peace with my fellow creatures under the guidance of His perfect ojos. Why are you so ungrateful? Don't you love me anymore?

*Eva:* Sí, te quiero, te quiero mucho. Pero es un amor sólo entre hermano y hermana. ¡Necesito más; te necesito todo!

*Adán:* (*Crossing himself*) ¡Ay, ay, ay! En el nombre del Padre, El Hijo, El Espíritu . . .

*Eva:* Why are you blushing?

*Adán:* You make me think sinful thoughts.

*Eva:* HHHhhmmmmmm. Tell me about them. I want to know it all.

*Adán:* Oh no, it's time for my Bible Study Class, ¡Te watcho!

(*Adán exits*)

*Eva:* No, no te vayas. ¡Quédate aquí con tu mamasota!

(*Eva paces around the Jardín*)

Why can't I have my way  
 Why do I have to stay  
 Here in the green Jardín  
 Sure it's a calm place  
 And larks sing, gazelles race  
 It hardly rains at all  
 Fruit from the trees does fall  
 Creatures both large and small  
 Love one and they love all  
 We always sleep late  
 Angels guard the gate  
 It never gets cold here  
 Nothing can be sold here

But I need more than this  
 More than complacency  
 Or smug security  
 I want to dance, I want to shout  
 I want to leap, I want to fly out  
 But more than just wanting to go  
 Most important, I want to know

*(Enter Serpiente. He has horns sticking out of his head and a tail extending out his rear. He wears a falda made of dozens of live snakes that coil around his waist and thighs. His buaraches are genuine alligator skin capped in bronze. Incense (copal) burns from cavities in his ears and nose. Flutes and drums accompany him.)*

*Eva:* ¡AAAyyyyyyyyy! ¡Un Monster!

*Serpiente:* ¡Qué monster, ni qué mi abuela!

*Eva:* ¡Ay, qué feo eres!

*Serpiente:* Hey, you just don't appreciate style and class. I'm Coco Roco.

*Eva:* Te ves más como un coco loco que nada.

*Serpiente:* Baaaaah! That's the trouble with you, hyphenated Mexicans, you can't appreciate other culturas, ésa.

*Eva:* Yo no soy "hyphenated," ése, ¡Yo soy chicana!

*Serpiente:* ¡Tu madre!

*Eva:* La tuya que está en vinagre.

*Serpiente:* Eres chicana, ¿eh? ¡A ver esta ruca!

(He prances around doing a two step. Looking her over. Making guttural throaty sounds.)

*Serpiente:* ¡A todo dar!

*Eva:* Why are you looking at me like that for—you horned iguana!

*Serpiente:* Baby, I'm just admiring you in all your perfect innocence.

*Eva:* Don't you touch me, resvaloso.

*Serpiente:* What's the matter, baby, don't you dig my movida?

*Eva:* I guess I have to get used to you. My, you've changed! Last time you were just a little snake.

*Serpiente:* I have many faces, you'll see. Fire flames from my mouth and smoke seeps from my ears. The horns at the top of my head are the horns of the bull of fertility and here behind me is the tail—the tail of sensuality. My body is made up of the earth which is rich and brown and gives life to all. This girdle of live snakes wound around my middle is further proof of my power of lust . . .

*Eva:* You're just too much, ése.

*Serpiente:* Be careful that one of my little snakes does not escape and slip into you!

*Eva:* ¡Eres beastial!

*Serpiente:* The better to eat you with, my beauty. No me entiendes, no puedes apreciar mis modos. You are a white woman living under the Gachupín Gods and your mind is poisoned by their trecherous white ways!

*Eva:* ¡No digas eso, no es verdad!

*Serpiente:* You live here in Paradise, ésa, in glory, worshipping the Gabacho God who will one day come with the soldados de España to land on our shores with promises of a new world under the domain of Jesucristo and El Rey de España. And you will be there and your name will be Malinche and you will betray the Aztec people, tu raza! You will interpret for the bearded ones and divulge all our secrets and you will even mate with their leader, Hernán Cortés, and the first of a bastard race will be born in Méjico.

*Eva:* ¡Estás mintiendo! I don't believe this will happen.

*Serpiente:* (Walking to an extreme part of the stage) Esta ruca no cree que puedo ver el futuro. Very well, I'll have to show her a little preview of history. Mira, come here!

*Eva:* ¿Qué quieres, serpent?

*Serpiente:* Look at the planet earth . . . way down there . . .

*Eva:* I don't see anything . . .

*Serpiente:* The clouds are obscuring your sight, brush them away.

*Eva:* Oh, yes, I see the planet now, it's blue and green.

*Serpiente:* Ahora, hay una isla pequeña en el Mar Caribe en el año de 1492 de TU Dios— ¿la ves?

*(Serpiente points across stage where two men converse: as he does this lights fade on the evil one and Eva . . . Lights up on Colombo and Taino.)*

*Eva:* Faintly . . .

*Serpiente:* The man with the flag in his hand is named Colombo and he claims to have just discovered a New World . . . the other man, scantily dressed, is a native de la isla, an indigenous one . . . see if you can hear what they are saying . . .

*Colombo:* . . . Y nosotros tomamos estas tierras para El Rey y La Reina de España y todos los que viven aquí caen bajo su dominio.

*Taino:* . . . Zapotec, Chichimec, Toltec, Aztec, Olmec?

*Colombo:* ¡Y Santo sea El Nombre de Dios, Nuestro Rey!

*Taino:* Caribe, Maya, Yaqui, Apache, Seminole, Navajo?

*Colombo:* Qué estupideces tratáis de decirnos.

*Taino:* Ahhhhhh! Inca! Cuzco, Quito, Cochamba, Chan-Chan, Chiclayo, y Chimbote!

*Colombo:* ¡No, no, no! ¡España! ¡Europa! ¡Indios pendejos!

*Taino:* ¿Indio? ¿Indio?

*Colombo:* ¡Eres tú!

*Taino:* Noooooooooo. Yo soy Taino. ¡Taino! Aquí . . . Borinquen. Isla de Borinque.

*Colombo:* ¡Diablo! Todo el mundo sabe que ésta es la India. Lógicamente, entonces, eres un indio. Y esta isla no se llama BORINQUEN sino ¡PUERTO RICO!

*Taino:* Bueno, bueno, está bien. Ahora ¿Qué quieres?

*Colombo:* Al principio, nomás unos cuantos mangos, cocos y piñas. Para el viaje a España.



*Taino:* Oh, come lo que quieras. ¡Hay bastante para todos! Qué lástima que tengas que irte tan pronto.

*Colombo:* Quizás regresemos mañana.

*Taino:* No tenemos hoteles.

*Colombo:* Eso será remediado. Ahora que ustedes son los sujetos de su Majestad será necesario encontrar empleo para todos.

*Taino:* ¡No se preocupe por eso, nosotros estamos muy felices así!

*Colombo:* (*Breaking into a Southern accent*) I think we are going to lay down La Plaza de Armas down there, with the big Church over here . . .

*Taino:* Ahora . . . now ¿Qué estás talking?

*Colombo:* . . . we're going to want the fort up there and the port down here. You indios will provide the manual labor, of course, and us Spaniards will naturally oversee . . .

*Taino:* ¿Qué words? Estoy todo confused! Manual labor . . . ¿Quién is . . . Manual Labor? I know that vato, he lives in the housing project next to ours!

*Colombo:* We're going to have a BIG HOTEL here with a mile long cab stand . . . now, the expressway's coming through over here . . . put up a chain of Taco Bells . . . you know something, amigo, we're going to build a great civilization here, you and I. When it's all over, we can look back and say: "Here was mutual cooperation and brotherly love— for the good of all— among two peoples!"

*Taino:* Hey, that sounds pretty good, when do we start?

*Colombo:* Right away! The church has got to go up first; we'll pay you five coconuts per day.

*Taino:* Five cocos per day . . . that's not a decent living wage!

*Colombo:* Sorry, we got a high overhead and a low yield for the first few fiscal years. Why, we haven't even conquered this place yet.

*Taino:* But, my raza, we will all starve to death, we will perish.

*Colombo:* Can't keep up with the López', uh? Well, we'll just import 2,000 Mau Maus from Africa to finish the job. We're equal opportunity employers.

*Taino:* No, no, we will not do it— for it is slavery! We shall resist!

*Colombo:* We got a state law says you'll not agitate to form a seditious union.

*Taino:* You're going to have to build your city over my dead body!

*Colombo:* That's OK with me, boy. Here, have some wine. Here, some gin. Here, some smallpox. Here, have some tuberculosis . . . boy, I really love you all—your spirit—your love of the land—you're proud and noble savages . . . why, I'm part Indian myself!

*(Taino is about to strike Colombo with a club)* Mira, indio, mira. ¡Mira la cruz de Dios! ¡Mira la fuerza de nuestra Majestad—Jesucristo! ¡Dobla tus rodillas . . . ante el poder de Nuestro Señor!

*Taino:* *(On his knees before the crucifix)* ¡Señor, soy tu esclavo!

*(Lights out on Colombo and Taino, up on Eva and Serpiente)*

*Serpiente:* So, you see, ésa, the Europeans will use God's name to conquer your lands and there will be centuries of oppression in his name. And your people, Eva, your brown skinned Raza, will live their days scratching out a meager existence on earth for the promise of a glorious heaven. And that is how the Eskimos, and Sioux, and Arapahoe, Aztec, Maya, San Blas, and Inca will be subjugated for five centuries!

*Eva:* Dios promised us that the meek would inherit the earth.

*Serpiente:* Only the dirt, Eva, only the miserable dirt of poverty.

*Eva:* What can I do to prevent all this from happening?

*Serpiente:* Eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

*Eva:* Tell me more!

*Serpiente:* By the light of the skull white moon  
 In the jungles of Yucatán  
 A pyramid lies, as tall as the sky  
 There on the temple grounds  
 Amidst the steaming rites  
 There on the sacred stone  
 There with my golden knife  
 I will slash the holy fruit  
 There with my bloody blade  
 I will eat your tender heart

*Eva:* Are you going to do all that to ME?

*Serpiente:* I was only speaking metaphorically, don't take me so literally.

*Eva:* That's what I like about you—you're so intellectual.

*Serpiente:* We have built our temples tall  
 Hidden deep in jungle steam  
 They will measure most precisely

What we seek in mescal dreams  
 In our astrol minds  
 Lies a universe that gleams  
 Like the Cosmos high above  
 With its stars of crystaline

*Eva:* Oh, eres too much!

*Serpiente:* Shall we go to my altar on the pyramid of Coco Roco?

*Eva:* Is it far from here?

*Serpiente:* Only through the Doubting Peaks and down the Valley of the Fascinating Fog.

*Eva:* ¡Vámonos!

*(Serpiente and Eva exit as Dios dressed in charro costume and Adán enter)*

*Dios:* Sabes, estoy tratando de watcharte . . . no quiero que te venga daño . . . sabes que el tráfico está muy pesado en el espacio intergaláctico . . . hay bólidos y rayos peligrosos que serían malos para tu razón y rima.

*Adán:* Lo entiendo perfectamente. Es la Eva la que es tan cabezona.

*Dios:* Oye, ¿es mi imaginación, o estás creciendo más alto?

*Adán:* No, mis dimensiones son desde el cielo hasta la tierra, y del oeste hasta el este. Como usted ha dicho.

*Dios:* ¡Eres grande para tu edad! A veces no puedo creerlo—sólo tienes unos cuantos días de edad.

*Adán:* ¡Ahhh, entonces acabas de crear El Mundo!

*Dios:* Estaba aburrido . . . un experimento solamente . . . empecé el lunes, y hoy es sábado . . . con la creación de Eva, ya se está acabando todo . . . quizá mañana descance. ¿Quieres venir para el desayuno después de la misa? ¿Al palacio?

*Adán:* Será un honor comer con el Creador.

*Dios:* Watcha esas montañas—¿Te parecen medias chuecas? Déjame reconstruirlas más delicadas. Y mira ese río, no me gusta el color. By the way, did you walk the unicorn this morning?

*Adán:* Sí Señor, early at dawn, after meditation.

*Dios:* Sabes, that unicorn is a temperamental creature, it took me hours to create it. It gets upset if you don't walk it in the mornings. The other

day it poked its horn through a rain cloud and flooded half of Egypt . . . a most unique creature.

*Adán:* I know. And Eva is jealous of him. She says she wants to fashion a coat out of his hide!

*Dios:* ¿Qué, qué? ¿Hacerle eso a mi unicorn? She better not! I'll make her gorda . . .

*Adán:* Oh, no! Don't lessen her beauty. I love her the way she is, in spite of all her faults. You see, she's like a side of me. It's like seeing myself in a different form.

*Dios:* Pues que chistoso. Yo nunca me he visto de un modo femenino; siempre he sido El Padre, El Hijo, y El Espíritu Santo.

Oye, pareces medio chatón. ¿Quieres otra nariz más refinada?

*Adán:* No, no, it's OK. Let me tell you before I forget; there's one thing that confuses me about Eva—she keeps talking about “The Kid, The Kid.”

*Dios:* ¿Cuál kid, you mean the goat?

*Adán:* No, “The Kid of Our Creation.”

*Dios:* Oh, oh, she means to bear fruit.

*Adán:* She has me going around in circles. She has this insane idea that if we eat from the Forbidden Tree, we shall also bear fruit!

*Dios:* Oh, no! Maldita sea mi estampa! Hay algo más que no me has dicho.

*Adán:* Ha estado en compañía de la Serpiente.

*Dios:* Ya lo sabía; es la maldición entre El Diablo y El Hombre.

*Adán:* Honest to God?

*Dios:* Of course, I know everything.

*Adán:* Then, why don't you stop her?

*Dios:* Because my son, both of you have a free will. You are a sensible man, but Eva, I am saddened to say it, se está pasando. I see it all now! At this very moment la Serpiente has tricked Eva into going down to earth with him . . . They are on top of a pyramid together . . . he is about to sacrifice her to his pagan God!

*Adán:* ¡Oh Dios Mío! We'd better get down there . . . where's my angel's wings . . . should we take the elevator?

*Dios:* I'm not going with you . . . this is between Eva and her conscience. Fly quickly.

*Adán:* ¡Te watcho, jefe!

*(Depending on the cleverness of the set designer, Adán can (1) leap down a trap door on stage, or (2) jump into a pile of trash off stage, creating a loud din.)*

*Dios:* VAAAYYYAAAA COOOON DIIIOOOOOOOSSSSS!

*(Dios paces back and forth in anguish: he takes off his sombrero.)*

And I had such wonderful plans for all of us . . . I wanted them to join our Angel Mariachi Band. We would play for Fiestas in far and distant galaxies! And I had such great designs for El Rancho Grande del Edén . . . I wanted to cultivate nopales and aguacates y maíz . . . I was about to create an entire race of elf-like people to help Adán and Eva run the Rancho Grande—They would be called the chocolates or the chicles . . . but now, all my dreams have vaporized.

*(He sits on a cloud, dejected.)*

Perhaps I shouldn't have been so CABRON here en el Jardín. I could have hid the tree, or posted some arch-angels to guard it. Yet, I had to feel that I could trust mankind. And now look what's going to happen—their minds shall develop like so many shooting stars spraying through the blackness of space. They were my children just so many days ago, but now they are going to grow up.

I'm glad tomorrow's Sunday.

Mankind's fall is so hard. How can I soften the blow?

*(Dios gestures to Eva and la Serpiente across stage lights on Eva lies prone atop the pyramid: Serpiente over her with knife.)*

*Serpiente:* Is not this apple red and ripe  
Something to want to make you bite  
Into the juices of your brain  
Suck out creation, go insane.

*Eva:* ¡Ay, ay, ay! ¡Qué locura!

*Serpiente:* Would you not like to masticate  
Forbidden fruit at this late date  
Ingest your mind with this explosion  
Blast off from heaven into motion

*Eva:* ¡Háblame en español!

*Serpiente:* Mujer chicana, mujer del sol  
 Tu piel refleja la belleza de esa estrella  
 Que mi cuchillo de oro  
 Se case con tu cuerpo de bronce.

*Eva:* ¿Qué vas a hacer, loco?

*Serpiente:* Cortar la manzana.

*Eva:* ¿Por qué? Si es una manzana tan buena, tan bella, tan roja. No va a sangrar, ¿verdad?

*Serpiente:* Quédate quieta. Esto no va a doler nada.

*(Satan cuts the apple with his knife.)*

*Eva:* Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*Serpiente:* Dig! This apple tastes real good. Wanna bite?

*Eva:* Golly, I don't know.

*Serpiente:* I knew it. You still got religion.

*Eva:* Adán is going to be real mad at me.

*Serpiente:* ¡Ahhhhh, ese vato no tiene los huevos para comerlo!

*Eva:* He does so! Anyway, what's so special about this fruit. I don't feel anything miraculous.

*(She eats of the apple)*

*Serpiente:* Just wait until it hits you! Have they kept everything from you, my little torta? This is the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge, right? Well, his Majesty, the Pope, has so decreed that he who eats of the fruit will be immediately injected with the wisdom of all the ages . . . not only that, my little enchilada, but you will soon learn to deduct and deduce—thereby gaining corporate control of corporal beings . . . you will be able to manipulate and dictate, even govern. That is a great deal for one little bite.

*Eva:* I can have a unicorn coat and a Golden Chariot to ride in?

*Serpiente:* Once you discover the wheel, my little quesadilla, you'll have millions of peones to serve you.

*Eva:* I'll move out of el Jardín and into a more fashionable neighborhood!

*Serpiente:* They'll build pyramids for you, launch thousands of ships for you!

*Eva:* Will I be worshipped?

*Serpiente:* Men will DIE for you!

*Eva:* Will they APPRECIATE me?

*Serpiente:* You will be a source of wealth and the Genesis of birth.

*Eva:* I will CREATE?

*Serpiente:* My little chile pepper, you will create millions of men. Just as Dios has done in his image. And some of them will go back to heaven, but MOST OF THEM WILL COME TO ME AND FUEL THE FIRES OF HELL!

*Eva:* Eres el Guardián del Infierno!

*Serpiente:* Sí, mujer, soy el borracho, el mentiroso, el asesino. SOY EL GRAN PUTO!

*(Eva rises from the slab of stone)*

*Eva:*           What have I done  
                   My mind is reeling  
                   And heaven is wheeling away  
                   I feel suspended in space  
                   And Chastity flees from my face  
                   Paradise seems far away  
                   And earth 'neath my feet bids me to stay  
                   For many years and many days  
                   To spend my life in toil and waste  
                   In weeding gardens, cleaning cribs  
                   And needling for Grace

*(Adán comes upon the scene as the Devil fades away)*

*Serpiente:* Here comes your man from Heaven  
                   To join you here on Earth  
                   Why don't you talk him into  
                   Sharing your worldly berth  
                   As for me, I must flee  
                   See you in a century!

*Adán:* Mi chavalona, ¿por qué?

*Eva:*           I ate the apple, I sure did  
                   My heart is thumping, it sure is  
                   My knees are shaking, they sure are  
                   My head is rocking to the stars  
                   But I can see much clearer now  
                   The earth seems much more dearer now

*Adán:*        You don't know what you're saying there

Your eyes are flying everywhere  
 There's nothing dear about the land  
 Nothing but work for all us men  
 Why should we leave the promised land  
 The home of tigers and of lambs

*Eva:* Baby eat this red ripe fruit  
 Swear to God it makes you shoot  
 Take a bite, it tastes real good  
 Eat it, honey, wish you would

*Adán:* You little fool, you've cast us out  
 Of el Jardín, where we, devout  
 Had lived an ageless loving life  
 Without death, without cruel strife

*(Adán is holding the fruit)*

*Eva:* Adán, cómetela si me quieres.

*Adán:* To join her in her cursed state  
 A life of whim, a life of fate  
 To leave all that I loved behind  
 To join the wheel and low and whine  
 A bigger fool is he than she  
 To eat from the Forbidden Tree.

*(Adán eats and chokes on it)*

*Eva:* What's the matter? Is it stuck in your throat? Oh, Adán, I'm afraid you'll never get it out.

*Adán:* Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! It serves me right!

*Eva:* I'll get you a drink of water . . . uh, this stream is polluted!

*Adán:* You're naked . . . why don't you put something on.

*Eva:* That never bothered you before.

*Adán:* Well, it upsets me now—so go and dress yourself—for I like you not as you are.

*Eva:* *(Eva gathers leaves)* Very well . . . here, don't you think you ought to practice some modesty?

*Adán:* And cook something for me—I'm hungry.

*Eva:* There's nothing to eat, I'm afraid, but the rest of this apple.

*Adán:* I suppose we might as well.



*Eva:* Sure, no harm done now. You know, Adán, it's rather cold down here, when can I have my unicorn coat?

*Adán:* (*Whittling away on a spear*) You'll have to settle for a bear skin just as soon as I fashion this spear.

*Eva:* Mira, there's a cueva we can sleep in.

*Adán:* Go and gather wood for a fire.

*Eva:* Can't you say please?

*Adán:* Vieja, no me ahuites.

(*Eva gathers wood, Adán starts a fire, Dios appears from stage right*)

*Dios:* ¡OLA! ¿Me pueden oír?

*Adán:* Claro que sí, jefe, ¿Cómo estás?

*Eva:* ¿Qué estás haciendo?

*Dios:* It's Sunday, you know, and I was just taking it easy and watching the Northern Lights on my sky screen.

*Adán:* Oh, God, I know it's Sunday but I've got to get this work done before dark. I'm going to catch some meat with this spear.

*Dios:* I understand.

*Eva:* He's going to bag a bear and I'm going to sew the pelt into a coat!

*Dios:* That's going to take a lot of work.

*Adán:* After we fix this cave up, Eva and I are going to have a baby.

*Dios:* Oh, that will be even more labor!

*Eva:* Oh, but it will be worth it for he will be a source of joy.

*Dios:* Yes, the pleasure will be worth the sorrow, and your kind shall propagate on earth. But you must also die and when you do I'll be waiting for you en el Jardín. And so, until then.

*Adán:* Will you ever return to earth?

*Dios:* I might, in a few thousand years.

*Eva:* Dios, you will always be with us, in our hearts and in our minds. For you are the guiding light of our soul.

(*Lights go out on Dios. Except for one brief candle.*)

*Adán:* Boy, are we lucky!

*Eva:* What do you mean?

*Adán:* I thought he was going to read the riot act on us. You know: Section Two, Clause nine of the Celestial Penal Code . . . I hereby sentence you to seventy years on the watercloset of the Universe, Earth . . . why Eva, with time off for good behavior . . . maybe he'll put us on parole . . .

*(Lights out on Adán y Eva, up on Dios)*

*Dios:* Do you know what was the main cause of their misfortune? Why they were banished from Paradise to spend the rest of their lives East of Eden? It was because they learned how to think . . .

The mind is a chaotic universe of stars  
 Each exerting influence around its sphere  
 Its mechanistic nature calculates and designs  
 While fantasy and imagination run beserk  
 Thus doubts and counter charges arise  
 Within that brilliant, yet contradictory orb  
 The mind is a deceiver.

Por eso no quería que comieran de la fruta del árbol de la Sabiduría. Los hombres se preocupan más de su inteligencia que de su espíritu. Hay que sentir más y pensar menos.

El espíritu es libre y etéreo  
 Cuelga suspendido entre la tierra y el cielo  
 Es el levantamiento del ser humano  
 Porque da a la vida el deseo de subir  
 Después de siglos de desolación  
 Es el salvavidas del hombre  
 Que abraza después de su muerte

*(Diablo enters wearing trunks and boxing gloves.)*

*Dios:* Mira, aquí viene el Diablo para celebrar su victoria.

*Diablo:* Yah, I caught him with a left jab, then an uppercut, and then a roundhouse to the groin! Hah, Hah! I'm the greatest. I'm the champ! Watch this!

*(Diablo socks Dios, who turns the other cheek.)*

Non-violence, my ass! He's just scared of me 'cause I'm the champ . . . I'm the greatest!

*(Diablo moves to wings out of God's sight but in plain view of the audience.)*

*Dios:* No puedo imaginar what she saw in that monstro.

(*Dios moves across stage to where Adán y Eva are sleeping.*)

*Dios:* Psssst! Eva! Despierta, mi hija.

*Eva:* ¿Quién es?

*Dios:* Soy yo, Dios.

*Eva:* Where am I?

*Dios:* On Earth.

*Eva:* But where are you, I can't see you!

*Dios:* Pues, I'm in heaven.

*Eva:* ¡Híjoles! (*Eva rises*) Hey, Dios, why don't you come down to earth and talk to me!

*Dios:* Shhhhh! Don't shout! You'll wake up Adán. ¿Qué pasa, you think I'm too far removed from you?

*Eva:* Yah, man, lemme see you face to face.

*Dios:* Pero, Eva, it doesn't work that way no more. You're banished from my sight, ésa.

*Eva:* Oh no, because of what happened con el Diablo.

*Dios:* Simón, why did you do it?

*Eva:* Bueno, te voy a decir la verdad . . .

*Dios:* Siempre sé honesta . . .

*Eva:* Vivimos en el Jardín  
Natural and lush green  
Warm and very kindly  
Animal friends close to  
My brother Adán and I  
Tú fuiste nuestro Padre

*Dios:* Wasn't it ideal and wasn't it beautiful?

*Eva:* No, it was not, porque  
Eras muy posesivo  
Era muy confining  
Like birds in an aviary  
We need more room to grow  
Out of the old forest  
Into new perspectives  
We had to break out  
Into the vast cosmos

Deep within ourselves  
Inner and outer freedom

*Dios:* But why choose el Diablo  
He's just imperfection  
He'll lead you deep  
Into the black hole of torment

*Eva:* ¿Por qué no el Mad Diablo  
Isn't he also your creation  
Why banish him into  
The hell of your imagination?

*Dios:* Mujer, ¿Qué estás diciendo?

*Eva:* ¡Qué todos somos parte de la misma cosa que eres tú!

*(Blackout on Eva. Dios is repulsed to a corner in astonishment. Diablo captures stage.)*

*Diablo:* ¿Ya ven? ¡Ese güey no cree en su propia creación! He's ashamed to admit that he's part of me and I'm part of him. ¡Acuérdense, Raza, I'm part of you también! Oooooo, ¿No lo creen?

Oye, vato, you, el greñudo in the back, the one with the dilated pupils—don't you ever feel me snaking around in your mente when you're all strung out on dope? Y tú, Jefito, te gustan las cheves, ¿verdad? ¿Acaso cuando te pica el alcohol after a three day peda no me sientes por ay growling en tu corazón? And how about all you moralistic chicanitas out there, don't you ever get the urge to . . . hhhmmmmmmmm . . . ¡Mamasotas!

Hey, dig, I was a bad motherfucker up there in heaven. I was his right hand man— y el Boss se ahuitó because I was becoming a bigger CHINGON!

*(Diablo flips, saltos, leaps, etc. and makes a transition into narrator.)*

Well now, Adán y Eva escaped el Jardín and settled down to live an exciting life on Earth. And they have lived over forty centuries of glorious history—most of it was recorded in flesh and blood. Besides plagues, famines, floods, earthquakes, and other natural catastrophes—there were the Trojan War, Caesar's Gallic Wars, the Holy Wars, La Conquista, the Slave Trade, the 100 Years War, La Guerra de Independencia, la Revolución, The War between the States, World War I, II and two and a half, the Vietnamese War, the Salvadorian-Hondurian War, the Six Day War, the Gas War, the Class War . . . bueno, para qué contarles. You mortals have fueled the fires of Hell for thousands of years, and many of you have entered my infierno *smiling!* Your endurance is

remarkable, just look at the present, just look at today. Adán y Eva are having a fiesta to celebrate the birth of a new baby. Can you imagine, otro mocoso being born here in America, en la ciudad de Chicago?

*(Mariachi music, shouts and laughter: baby in cradle cries through the scene.)*

*(Adán sings a corrido: other members of the cast may be situated on stage to act small parts during Matón's revolution scene. Matón wears shades, beret, zoot suit.)*

All: ¡Bravo, Bravo, Magnífico!

Eva: See what a good singer my man is!

Matón: Hey, vato, that was really good, you got something there, vato. You don't know me, me llamo Matón, I just crashed your party.

Adán: You're welcome to stay. You liked the music?

Matón: A toda madre. ¿Quieres fumar mota?

Adán: ¿Por qué no? ¿Quieres vino?

Matón: ¡A todo dar! Hey, vato, you ever thought about joining La Movida?

Adán: ¿Cuál movida es ésa?

Matón: Tú sabes, el Movimiento Chicano.

Adán: No man, yo no soy activist.

Matón: Que activist ni que mi abuela. We're just vatos trying to do our thing and help nuestra raza at the same time. Ese, we could use a vato like you with your talent. Why don't you join el Chicano Movement and fight for La Causa?

Adán: La Causa, huh?

Matón: Ayuda a tu gente, ése?

Adán: ¿Con mi guitarra?

Matón: Claro. Help the vatos en la calle recognize their full revolutionary potential.

Adán: Pero cómo, si son tan huevones.

Matón: Mira, ése es el problema, nos tenemos que juntar.

*(Matón's revolution: he lights a joint. Actors to mime this scene are optional.)*

*Matón:* Este vato no tiene jale  
 Y su ruca se fue con un gringo  
 Ahora la mota es su amor debajo de la luna  
 Y sin ella él no canta ninguna  
 En la escuela le cortaron su lengua  
 Está educado solamente  
 En la ley de los callejones

*(Mimes mugging a passerby)*

Esta jefita necesita un washing machine  
 Lava ropa de otra gente todo el día con sus manos  
 En la noche es criada para los gabachos  
 No tiene tiempo para sus propios hijos  
 Cuidando al Frankie & Sussie Miller

Ves este viejito aquí borrachito  
 Tragando su sueldo en la calle  
 Tiene vergüenza ir a su casa  
 No quiere ver la cara de su ruca  
 Diez años en la misma factoría  
 Y sólo gana \$1.80 por hora

Y ves esa ruca allí  
 Su esposo la dejó con tres hijos  
 Se ha hecho prostituta  
 Para mantener a su familia  
 La ves por las cantinas  
 Vendiendo su cuerpo a los turistas

*(Mime group and Matón join hands in a ring and dance)*

Nos tenemos que juntar  
 En compañía de la fuerza  
 Y unidos y armados  
 Combatimos la desgracia

*Adán:* ¿Sabes qué? Tienes razón. I've been purposely closing my eyes to all of the misery around us.

*Matón:* That's right, vato. It's time to make exploiters pay their dues. There's just one thing, vato, you're going to have to learn some new songs.

*Adán:* What's wrong with the old ones?

*Matón:* They're too polite. Here, I got you a new guitar.

*Adán:* That's not a guitar, it's a sawed off shotgun!

*Matón:* Don't worry, I'll show you how to play it!

*(Blackout on fiesta: lone spot on Dios)*

*Dios:* Much of what the devil says today is very attractive  
Because people are looking for quick solutions  
They don't want to render unto Caesar what is Caesar's  
I can't say that I really blame them  
Though I disagree with their methods

*(Diablo enters shadow boxing)*

For la Serpiente takes shape in many different forms  
He's the guerrillero and he's the pig  
He's in prison and he's in the White House  
You'll find him where you least expect him

*Diablo:* I AM THE PRESIDENT, I AM THE PRESIDENT! MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT!

*Reporter:* Mr. President, What's bugging you?

*Diablo:* I can't trust people . . . and they won't take my word for anything. I'm a Quaker, you know; I talked to the Rev. Billy Graham last Christmas and he told me that God was on my side. And so I have bombed Hanoi and tomorrow I think I'm going to bomb Cuba or perhaps Gary, Indiana. Lot of Mexicans living there, you know. Latins and I don't get along. They spit on Pat and me when we went to South America in 1959 on a Good Will Tour.

*Reporter:* Mr. President, looking back on your reign, what are the finest achievements you have done for the American People?

*Diablo:* I brought peace with honor in Vietnam and I cut back the welfare money. Excuse me, I have an appointment with God.

*(President walks over and slaps Dios on the cheek twice: Diablo is transformed into Padre Lad'ron. Eva enters. Lights on confessional.)*

*Dios:* There's Evita over there going to confession. She feels grieved because Adán has taken up with Matón en la Movida. This is the cause of much fighting among them. I realize that it is not church practice to listen in on confessions, but I feel it is important that we hear what she says to el Padre.

*Eva:* Padre, I am worried about the men that Adán is keeping company with today; it is causing fights between us.

*Lad'ron:* Are they bad men?

*Eva:* They are involved in politics; he goes to what they call "rap ses-

sions” and stays out late at night drinking beer . . . during the day he organizes en el barrio and attends rallies and demonstrations.

*Ladrón:* Oh, if only men concerned themselves with spiritual matters instead of delving into political intrigues—they would be infinitely happier.

*(Throughout this scene, Padre counts money.)*

*Eva:* They speak of wanting to bring down the state by means necessary!

*Ladrón:* That’s militant rhetoric! Evita, has Adán turned into a COMUNISTA?

*Eva:* He speaks of the poor overthrowing the rich . . . and creating a just society.

*Ladrón:* I thought so! Communists are the Anti-Christ! And the forces of Lucifer are marshalling like a heinous whirlwind throughout the world under the red banner of socialism. Adán is associating with the Anti-Christ!

*Eva:* Dios mío, he even keeps a gun in the house!

*Ladrón:* My vow of silence forbids me to speak out; but I’d call the Chicago Police if I were you. The phone number is PO 51313. Ask for Sgt. Taco of the Red Squad.

*Eva:* He even quit his job at the steel mill to devote all his energies to the Revolution.

*Ladrón:* Oh, that’s right, you’re going on Public Aid now. Miss Torta is your social worker, and you’re two months behind on your rent!

*Eva:* Why, how do you know that?

*Ladrón:* You are one of our tenants; the Church owns much land in and around the barrio. We need monies to carry on God’s mission. Now, then, anything else that’s bothering you, be it spiritual or physical?

*Eva:* Yes, something equally important. You know we have a child, and I am pregnant again . . . we can’t afford another one as you well know . . . I am thinking about getting an abortion.

*Ladrón:* Absolutely forbidden! Abortion is murder!

*Eva:* Well, if I have this one, can I take birth control pills to prevent another?

*Ladrón:* Eva, I realize that birth control is a great problem among people of El Barrio, and some of the more modern priests are trying to see



that Rome's stand on that issue is amended. However, for the time being, we cannot support it in all good conscience. While we are on the subject . . . have you and Adán considered buying a good plot?

*Eva:* But, Padre, Adán and I are only twenty-one years of age!

*Ladrón:* Evita, you've got to get your reservations in early! After all, you do want to be lain to rest in consecrated grounds tended by perpetual care?

*Eva:* Oh, but of course.

*Ladrón:* Fine, I'll have the boys in advertising send you some of our brochures through the mail. I think it's only \$1.40 per month for the rest of your life. Anything else? Any deviant sexual behavior or feelings of abnormal lust? No? I know all about these things—we must catch those practices in the bud—otherwise your sex organs fall off—did you know that? OK. Don't forget to attend mass each day. That'll be five Hail Marys and six Our Fathers . . . (*Cash register rings*) Don't forget Bingo on Thursday night and our special Menudo breakfast for those with Crudas on Sunday morning. Amen.

(*Dios moves closer to audience: Eva lights candles.*)

*Dios:* Esa escena fue un poco absurda, ¿verdad?  
 Pero la Cristiandad que vemos hoy, ¿no es igualmente ridícula?  
 Las Iglesias, ricas y poderosas, crecen más altas cada día.  
 Se levantan de la pobreza,  
 Extienden sus torres de joya hasta el cielo  
 Vanidosamente pensando que Dios les está bendiciendo  
 Pero yo no permito vendidos en mi templo,  
 Y los que usan mi nombre en vano  
 Son los herejes más profanos.  
 ¿No es absurdo que los que se visten  
 en los vestimentos de la religión  
 Son falsos, hipócritas de espíritu?  
 ¿Y ustedes, los que van a Misa cada domingo?  
 ¿Qué fé sienten, qué amor tienen?  
 Si el Padre es falso, ¿cómo será el hijo?  
 ¿No es paradójico que los que se llaman verdaderos  
 Cristianos muchas veces son los primeros en gritar  
 ¡GUERRA!?  
 Y yo les dije que no deben matar.  
 ¿No es absurdo que los de profesan la Cristiandad  
 A veces son los primeros en discriminar a otros por el color

De su piel o por su religión?  
 Yo les dije que amen a sus vecinos.  
 ¿No es ridículo que los soldados de Cristo apoyen  
 Al Rey Tiranía y su Reina Racismo?

*(Eva has been praying during this soliloquy.)*

*Dios:* Shhhhhhhhh!  
 I hear Eva praying . . .

*Eva:* ¡Dios de mi Alma!  
 Please heed my prayer  
 I'm only a woman  
 Living in a world, living in a swirl  
 Of atomic confusion  
 Step out in the street, people trying to cheat  
 Men with big money  
 Cadillacs are black, bodies in the back  
 Mobsters in power  
 smoking big cigars, starting all the wars  
 Why are they so blessed?  
  
 I don't understand, Adán is a man  
 Fighting these forces  
 Butting with his head, a bull seeing red  
 Against the brick wall  
 God I wish I knew, just what to do  
 To comfort my husband  
 Why should they fight, smack you with a right  
 Bloodshed gains no goal  
 Can't you make him well, can't you make it swell  
 Take away his hate  
 Sooth him with a psalm, heal him with your balm  
 Give him your spirit!

*Dios:* Oh, I hear you, dear, singing loud and clear  
 From South Chicago  
 Open up your eyes, see me in the skies  
 I am before you  
 I'll give you the clue, here is what to do  
 Love one another  
 All you need to be, all you need to see  
 Is Peace among brothers  
 All to hell and back, that is what men lack  
 Faith in each other.

*Eva:* Oh, wow, you've come back to me after all these years.

*(Eva and Dios embrace.)*

*Dios:* I never left you Eva. I've always been here en tu corazón.

*Eva:* Es verdad. Esto es una parte de mí that I have always guarded, that has been my hope and my strength.

*Dios:* Es porque el corazón is the center of all life, from which all warmth emanates. ¿No has oído el dicho: "Tiene MUCHO corazón"?

*Eva:* Oh, there's so many things to talk about! Will you come over for supper? We'll have bread and wine.

*Dios:* ¡Mi favorito!

*Eva:* Ay, Dios Mío. ¡Tienes que ayudar a Adán! Está perdiendo la razón. I heard him and Matón talking about it, ¡Van a matar un gringo esta noche!

*Dios:* Está perdiendo su corazón.

*Eva:* El Diablo se lo robó.

*Dios:* Yes, but it is man who willingly gives it up. He has the power to do evil because he is already part Diablo, just as he is part Dios. ¿No te acuerdas? You taught me.

*Eva:* It seems so long ago, as though it were a dream. Pero, sabes, I've had many others since then . . . especially one, which left a great impression on me . . . it was about a wheel of many different colors, una rueda grandota, that was rolling down a road that went up to the sky . . . and the wheel was singing in many different languages. Isn't that strange?

*Dios:* No, mi hija—it's prophetic. You are a seer of La Raza's futuro; that many-colored wheel is the circle of racial harmonia singing together down the road of the future and we are the people who must set an example to all of the others because we are the hub, the center of that wheel. La Raza is in the middle of black and white, ¿ves?

*Eva:* Yes, yes, I see! But hurry, you must go to Adán and change his mind before he spoils it all tonight!

*Dios:* He's at La Cantina, pistiando, ¿verdad?

*(The cantina scene: all sets are composed of chairs, perhaps a table. The illusion of switching from place to place is done with lights and the power of suggestion.)*

*Adán:*       What will I do tonight  
                  Kill a redneck pig

Snuff out his brief life  
 like a candle in the dark  
 With a quick shot to the heart  
 I'm mad and man enough to do it  
 And by the devil, I'll go through it

But what did Eva say  
 Before I left today  
 "If you need help sometime  
 Call for the Lord Divine  
 Call out his sweet name, now  
 Ask him to remain, now  
 He will never fail you  
 Once you call he'll save you"

Yes there is this doubt  
 My carnales wait about  
 Their fingers pointed at me  
 The triggers cocked and ready  
 One squeeze and all is bloody  
 We murder men tonight

*(Death appears to Adán.)*

Who . . . are you?

*La Muerte:* Soy la Muerte, you called for me, ése.

*Adán:* Yes, you must come with me tonight. We're going to shoot some pinche gabachos!

*Muerte:* Wonderful! I am at your service. *(He bows)* I guarantee my work 1000%. I am well versed in hangings, stabbings, garrotings, dismemberings, poisonings . . . and we have a special sale on BURNINGS . . . we also deal in malnutrition, rat bites, and RAPES!

*(Muerte takes Adán's hand. They walk about.)*

*Adán:* Death will stalk the streets  
 A phantom dim with sleath  
 When we find our target  
 We'll lure them in a trap  
 And tie them up with snakes  
 And feed them to the rats

*Muerte:* Death will stalk the streets  
 Like a phantom dim with sleath  
 He steals into the heart  
 And devours it like a fruit

Soon they will be dead  
 They'll rot from desolation  
 There is no care in hatred  
 Only the revulsion  
 Of a soul turning putrid

*Adán:* Muerte, you have sent a cold shiver up my spine!

*Muerte:* Don't worry, vato, where you're going, it's PLENTY WARM  
 HAH! HA! HA!

*Adán:* Wait a minute . . . I don't want to go through with this!

*Muerte:* ¿Qué, qué? It's too late now, I'm sorry. Once you've signed the contract with me, there's no backing out. Besides eres un macho. ¡NO ERES COBARDE!

*Adán:* No! No!

*(Muerte stabs and shoots Adán)*

*Muerte:* Now then, let's get down to business. How do you want it, vato? ¿Así con el filero?

*(Adán falls)*

Or would you rather bomb them? Or shall we tie them up and take them down a cellar somewhere and open up their bodies a little at a time to show them how fierce death really is . . . anything you want, man.

*Adán:* Muerte, leave me alone  
 Oh, God, I am confused  
 I've everything to lose  
 I'm not doing right  
 Will I hang tonight  
 I need your help, my God

*(Dios appears.)*

*Dios:* Es todo lo que tenías que decir, Adán.

*(Diablo throws a tantrum.)*

*Diablo:* ¡CHINGADA MADRE! ¡LO HACE TODO EL TIEMPO!  
 ¿POR QUE NO ME DEJA EN PAZ? NOMAS ESTOY HACIENDO MI TRABAJO.

*(Diablo walks over and slaps God twice.)*

CHET! ¡VES, NADA LE MOLESTA! ¡NO TENGO EFECTO CONTRA EL! ¡QUE AHUITE!

*(Diablo goes to a corner to cry and sulk.)*

*Adán:* Dios, forgive me, discúlpame.

*Dios:* Todo está bien, Adán.

*Adán:* Dios, la maldad me ha hecho ciego.

*Dios:* The evil one will prick your eyes with bitter pins.

*Adán:* I want to live in Peace, my Lord, but they just won't let us.

*Dios:* No has usado bastante ESFUERZO ESPIRITUAL, has estado usando ESFUERZO BRUTO. Con la brutalidad no ganas nada. Adán, La Raza significa la composición de hombres de todos colores, un mestizaje, quienes han tratado de vivir juntos como hermanos for cinco siglos. La Raza se ha juntado con amor, no con odio.

*Adán:* Nosotros no somos racistas.

*Dios:* Entonces ¿Por qué matar a hombres de otra raza o cultura?

Adán, let it be known in history  
That La Raza are a peace loving people  
Who did not resort to fowl violence  
To gain their freedom from oppression

*Adán:* Hatred is a vicious cycle that only breeds itself?

*Dios:* That's right . . . hatred has merely deluded people into thinking it is the only way . . . but love is a different story.

*Adán:* I want to thank you for the lesson.

*Dios:* Mira, Aquí viene Eva. Ella es la que ha guardado la Fé.

*Eva:* I owed Adán something for getting us expelled from el Jardín.

*Adán:* That's OK. We'll get back again some day.

*Dios:* I promised you that.

*Adán:* In fact, I've heard of el Jardín out in the Salinas Valley that our people have worked for centuries where we could go and be of some help—I'm speaking of César Chávez's struggle against the teamsters—I hear they're going to need some help out there this summer. Will you and the baby come with me?

*Eva:* No more violence?

*Adán:* Only the picket line.

*Eva:* No more hate?

*Adán:* ¡No más que no me chinguen?

*(Eva and Adán walk away into the rising sun of their future.)*

Como dijo Dios: No tenemos que corromper nuestras manos con sangre. En nuestra causa justa vamos a cultivar amor. Así, todos, incluyendo los perdidos, podemos levantarnos en una humanidad glorificada.

*Dios:* And so ends this scene of el Jardín  
A Chicano version of the fall of man  
This mixed breed of New World Man  
Seeing visions of their own  
Which will melt with the dreams of all men  
To form a unique conception of Cosmic People.

*(Diablo has been sulking in a corner all this time, stands up, rips off his tail and throws it at the audience.)*

*Diablo:* No, todavía no, vato. ¡Hay más que hablar!

*Dios:* ¿De qué?

*Diablo:* Del intercambio entre el Diablo y Dios. ¿Por qué siempre soy yo el cabrón? No es justo. Yo soy humano también; tengo corazón, tengo sentimientos. Lloro, canto, grito, sufro . . . tengo lágrimas de sangre . . . mira deseas vivir en paz, sin combate de ninguna especie, ¿verdad?

*Dios:* Claro que sí.

*Diablo:* Entonces ¿por qué no me tratas más bien? Siempre das la impresión que soy un méndigo.

*Dios:* No te tengo confianza.

*Diablo:* Ves, nadie me quiere . . . mira, yo estoy aburrido con mi posición—es nada más que disipación y tormento . . . deseo algo más elevado . . . voy a tratar de ser más humilde, te juro.

*(The Devil turns in his horns.)*

*Dios:* Quizá podamos arreglar una posición menor en el Purgatorio . . .

*(Dios and el Diablo walk off stage talking to each other.)*

**THE END**

**THREE ONE ACT PLAYS:**

*THE LEMON TREE*

*THE WEDDING DRESS*

*THE POTION*

*Alfonso C. Hernández*

For the production of these plays, and in order to have total involvement in the theater, there should be mirrors hanging on the walls, and on the ceiling reflecting the players and the audience. Everything must be visible from all angles by everyone present.

The audience must know that there should be no applause after any of the plays.

Actors will not bow at the end of the performance.

Under no circumstances should there be any discussion immediately after the performance searching for meaning or significance. The plays are what they are.

**THE LEMON TREE**

*Characters:*

*María* is a 15 year old girl with a milk light complexion. She has black hair, small but expressive eyes, a sharp, pointed nose, full, generous lips, and round cheeks. She is tall and strong. *María* represents the Mestiza.

*Magdalena (Magda)* is also 15 years old. She has a freckled complexion. Her big eyes contrast with her thin nose and lips. Her cheeks are long. She is tall, but weakly built. She represents the Spaniard.

*Manuel I* and *Manuel II* are two 18 year old young men. They are brown complected, and have small, sharp eyes, eagled nose, thin lips.



They have strong jaws giving them a very masculine appearance. They are tall and thin. Both Manuels show their Indian ancestry. They are twin-like.

Two 7 year old girls will portray María and Magda at that age.

Two boys of 10 years of age will portray both Manuels at that age.

María's mother is a lady of about 35 years old, dressed very properly in a dark and white dress. She has the air of a madonna. Magda's mother is around 45 years old and wears an orange and green dress. All sorts of cheap jewelry hang from her ears, her neck and her arms. She is heavily made up.

*Setting:*

In the round. The action, which at times is simultaneous, takes place in four places: (1) On and around a kiosk. (2) Two identical chapels. (3) Two identical balconies. (4) In an orchard.

The kiosk should be a small round platform with arches around. The arches are painted in white and pink intermittently, with roses in several shades of yellows and reds and ivy interwoven. The lower part of the kiosk is dark green, and the upper part is light purple.

To represent the chapel, build a simple arch and have a Madonna on a stool and a cross on the left within the arch. María's chapel: the arch is light blue, the stool of the Madonna is white, and the Madonna is dressed in soft colors of blue, white and yellow. The cross is magenta. Magda's chapel: the arch is light gray, the stool of the Madonna is orange, and the virgin is dressed in violet, red and white. The cross is black.

The balcony is a veranda with jasmines interwoven. María's veranda is painted in all shades of green, top light, bottom dark. The jasmines here are white and strong yellow. On the side, there are two flowering red camellia bushes. Magda's veranda is painted in all shades of blue. Besides the yellow and white jasmines, there is a grapevine with bunches of grapes hanging on top of the veranda. There are two flowering bushes of white roses on the side.

To represent the orchard, a blooming lemon tree will suffice.

María wears a golden yellow dress at the beginning of the play. The colors change to straw yellow, beige and white. Magda starts with a straw yellow dress which changes to golden, to orange and to red.

*Acting:*

Mimicry and dance movements. When doubleplay technique takes place, parallel movements must be used. Tone must not be exaggerated. A touch of reality should always be present.

Soft clear lighting. Soft mariachi music for scenes II and V. No time.

### Scene I

*The four children hold a colorful Mexican blanket from the corners. They play the well known doll tossing game. This time, however, there are four dolls, two female and two male. The children change corners and change dolls as they turn around. They all want to toss their own almost portrait like doll. They laugh and jump trying to toss them as high as possible. Finally, they put the four dolls on the blanket at the same time and throw them very high. The dolls fall on the floor and break. The girls run in opposite directions shouting that Manuel broke their toy. The two Manuels remain flabbergasted looking at the pieces on the floor.*

### Scene II

*María, wearing a golden yellow dress, enters the stage on the left and walks around admiring the kiosk. Her movements are graceful, swan-like. At the same time, Magda, wearing a straw yellow dress, enters the stage on the right. She walks admiring the kiosk also, but her movements, being graceful, are not swan-like. Magda seems more real. She walks normally, like any young lady. Neither is aware of the presence of the other, and if by chance they approach each other, their movements are mirror-like.*

*The two Manuels enter the stage on the left and see María only. They go towards her and greet her by hand. The three embrace softly, kiss on the cheek. They express their feelings with their hands, their eyes, their attitudes. They play a hand game of touching, caressing, holding. The two Manuels separate themselves from María and walk towards the audience. María climbs the kiosk and stands looking in the distance. She gazes intensely.*

*The two Manuels, their arms around each other's waist, notice Magda as they are going out. They shy away a little and separate. Magda is confused because she does not know which Manuel she likes. One Manuel goes toward the right side of the kiosk. She follows him. She is aggressive in her actions and extends her hand first. This Manuel joins the audience.*

*Magda, wearing a golden yellow dress now, approaches the other Manuel very closely and puts her hands on his neck. He hesitates, but puts his arms and hands around her waist. She laughs softly but audibly. She is obviously happy that she has him. She kisses him on the mouth. He tries to avoid her, but she presses his head against her mouth. He reacts and tightens her waist. They separate. They kiss again, over and over. The scene becomes erotic. They stop, look at each other, as if reexamining what they are doing. She runs to the right, he walks towards the audience to join the other Manuel. He is very confused.*

*María, wearing a straw yellow dress now, sees Manuel among the audience, descends from the kiosk, joins him from behind, and puts her hand on his. They walk out.*

### Scene III

*The action takes place in the chapel. The space between the arches is divided with a transparent black curtain so that the mothers and the daughters don't see each other. The two seven year old girls enter the stage, one from the right, the other from the left. They are in their underwear, ready to be dressed. They are having their first communion; therefore, the two little girls are nervous and move around with ballet movements. They call their mothers. Church bells ring softly.*

*The mothers enter carrying a white dress in their hands and go toward the girls. The dress is put on from the head down. The two mothers go out and bring back a veil and a crown. They put them on the girls with a great deal of care. They leave.*

*The young Manuels enter and escort them to the kneeling bench in front of the Madonna of the chapel. They carry in their hands a bunch of white camellias which they give to the little girls as they kneel. The boys exit.*

*After praying aloud for a short while, and as they get up, the black transparent curtain is removed. The girls walk shortly as in a pair, but simultaneously discover that they are wearing identical first communion outfits, from crown to shoes. They throw the flowers away, and they leave. María is barely containing her tears, but showing an angry face. Magda, however, smiles, laughs, and seems to be amused.*

*At the same time that the young girls get up from the kneeling bench, the two older young women approach their balconies. María is now wearing a beige dress and waits impassively. Magda, wearing an orange dress, looks through the veranda and frets around. The two Manuels enter immediately after. They wear identical charro outfits, and identically colorful Mexican blankets from Saltillo. They carry a guitar with them.*

### Scene IV

#### The song and the game at the same time

*As one sings: Manuel to María with a baritone voice:*

The sweetest star

*The other sings: Manuel to Magda with a tenor voice:*

Your kisses are a melody

*Manuel to María:*

Shines not as you

*Manuel to Magda:*

Sweet as a meadow's song

*Manuel to María:*

The harmony in the sky

*Manuel to Magda:*

The honey of the water lily

*Manuel to María:*

Owes to your eyes its light

*Manuel to Magda:*

Inebriates me with delight!

*As the songs end, the singers approach the balconies and kiss the hands of the young women. Manuel and María remain separated by the veranda while the other Manuel goes around the balcony and kisses Magda on the mouth. He puts his right hand over one of her breasts and she makes a swooning sound. She kisses his face desperately. Manuel's hat falls and Magda runs her hands through his hair with deliberate sensuality. They make one single shadow. Both couples remain motionless.*

*In the meantime, the children are playing the game of the blind. María is the blind one with the tail and the pin in her hand, and one of the Manuels is the donkey. Magda and the other Manuel laugh and give directions to the other two. Magda misguides María, while Manuel tries to help her with his instructions. Magda disapproves of Manuel's true directions. As the adults remain motionless, the children finish their game and fix their positions.*

## Scene V

*María and Manuel I, and Magda and Manuel II enter the stage from different directions. They do not see each other. María and Manuel walk around the lemon tree. They hold hands, stop, look at each other, smile, embrace and kiss tenderly. They run together, jump, embrace and kiss each other again. María runs towards the audience, but Manuel I remains behind the lemon tree.*

*Magda and Manuel II, who had been kissing, walk briskly and stop in front of the lemon tree. They look at each other passionately and kiss on the mouth. She bites his lip and he moves back. She pushes him aside, and he falls. She runs laughing around the lemon tree. Manuel I*

*follows her, as does Manuel II. They turn around the lemon tree and Manuel I catches her. As she falls her dress is torn. Both Manuels, who are not aware of each other's presence, look at her lying on the floor. She continues laughing. Manuel I notices her slip above her beautiful legs. He kneels and touches her thigh and moves his hand slowly. Manuel II falls and kisses her mouth. He puts his hand inside her blouse and touches her breast. Manuel I covers her legs with kisses. While Manuel II takes off her blouse and her bra, Manuel I takes off her skirt and her panties. She remains totally naked on the floor. Both Manuels get up, they undress slowly. Manuel I falls on her first, then Manuel II joins them falling behind Manuel I. The three make a single being on the floor. The lights dim.*

### Scene VI

*María, wearing a white dress, walks into the area of the stage and joins the audience. She is tense and sad. Her tight lips must show her determination. Manuel follows her, but as she sees him, she turns and walks in a different direction.*

*Magda enters and goes up the kiosk. She sits down enjoying the spectacle that María and Manuel offer. She wears a red dress, black stockings, and she is overly made up. She personifies the whore she is.*

*María turns to both Manuel and Magda and shouts with all her strength:*

Virgin! Forever!

*She cries aloud tragically.*

*Magda, with her legs spread, moves them up and down, alternately. Manuel runs up the stage to her and gives her a blow in the mouth. Magda falls back. Manuel runs toward María, but she is no longer there. Magda laughs vulgarly and aloud. Manuel returns to her and drags her down the kiosk and out, forcefully.*

END

## THE WEDDING DRESS

### *Characters:*

*Delia* is a nineteen year old girl of Mexican descent. However, her features show more her Mestiza blood than her Indian parentage. She is tall with very light complexion. She has silky, long black hair, black eyelashes and eyebrows. Her cheeks, as her nose, are long and thin. Her lips are very red and slightly fleshy. She wears a blue dress, style 1950 with short sleeves and a collar, giving her an air of modesty. For the waltz scene, Delia wears a pink formal.

Delia's father is a very Spanish looking man, with a graying beard and hair. He is tall and thin, the typical Spanish grandee. When he dances the waltz, he wears a black smoking jacket. For the death scene, he is wearing white pyjamas.

*Vincent* is a northern Spanish man: tall, light complexion, blond, with small greenish eyes, curly hair; long nose, thin lips. He has two golden teeth. He lacks refinement, but is not totally vulgar. Vincent, being a poor man, wears only a shirt and pants for his scenes with Delia. For the waltz scene he wears a tuxedo.

The maid is an elderly Mexican woman dressed in black.

### *Setting (In the round):*

The filmed technique showing Delia and her father, Delia and Vincent, shows that Delia thinks the scenes. These filmed scenes should be enlarged to a point that they cover Delia's bedroom. Dark furniture, or short dark walls should be used to capture the filmed images. Delia's room is then the screen for the filmed thoughts.

In order to give the impression that the short play takes place in Delia's head, in part, her monologues should be recorded beforehand. Her breathing and the beats of her heart at different volumes and rhythms are the only sounds accompanying the action. Delia's expressions and movements show the reality of her words.

Delia's room is furnished entirely with antiques, Spanish style. The cover on her bed is dark pink and the various cushions are decorated with flowers in blue, gold, and strong red wine. A light pink canape made of mousseline and lace covers three sides of the bed. Near the bed, a stained glass window brings in some colored light. On a small table there is an alabaster swan, a gold candle holder with a white candle, and a book with the poems of Saint John of the Cross and of Sta. Theresa. On the wall, partially illuminated by the stained glass window

there is a crucified Christ in the mannerist style. In front of the bed, there is an enormous credenza with a large mirror on top. The frame of the mirror is in rich gold. On the right of the bed, about 3 yards away, there is a small desk and a bench covered in moss green velvet. The decor and the light should recall to the viewer the coloring and the atmosphere of El Greco paintings. The only object which is totally Mexican in that room is a small statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

The lighting is used to produce a dreamy atmosphere, and also a very clear cutting light when the filmed scenes are shown. The filmed scenes should look more real than what happens on the stage.

*(When the play begins, Delia is on her bed, daydreaming. Through the loudspeakers one can hear her breathing and her heartbeats.)*

*Delia speaks through the loudspeakers (her previously recorded voice):* Already a year since my father died. I wish I had known him better. And my mother, dead at my birth! No brothers, no sisters—alone . . . in the world.

*(A filmed scene is shown. Only the light of the projector illuminates the room and Delia's body on the bed. The breathing and the heartbeats should increase in volume and speed. The scene takes place in Delia's imagination.)*

*Father:* My Dear, I worry about you, if only your mother had lived! The house is yours, and a small fortune which won't last you more than a few years. You need to marry or join a convent. You can't wait too long!

*Delia:* Don't worry, now, father. Vincent loves me almost as much as you, he told me so. Did you know that he almost proposed to me the other day? But he doesn't dare! He is afraid I may reject him.

*Father:* Vincent is not a rich man. But, he may make you happy. See that you help him later, without his knowing it. Do you love him? Will he make you happy? Still, I am afraid for you.

*(Delia, who in this filmed scene is seated near the bed of her father, gets up and looks through a window into a beautiful medieval garden.)*

*Delia:* I don't know what love is. But I feel joy when I see him. I feel as if I were capable of everything. I never felt like this before. I'll make him happy.

*(She turns back to her father's side and silently, she puts on a black veil, picks up a book laying on the dying man's bed. She prays aloud for the dead.)*

*Delia's voice through the loudspeakers:* Why did he have to die! A year already in this enormous house full of remembrances. I did not even know my mother . . . and yet, at times, I feel his presence here, as if he wished to console me, to accompany me. Didn't he give me that alabaster swan for my fifteenth birthday? That happy day when I was introduced to society? I already had made up my mind I was going to marry Vincent! . . . I was happy dancing with my father, my first waltz. . . .

*(The previously filmed scene of the waltz is projected on Delia's room. Here we see Delia asking her father to dance the waltz with her. Her father points to Vincent, her escort. Delia asks Vincent if he minds. The young man moves his head signaling negatively. A Viennese waltz starts (not the Blue Danube, definitely) and both father and daughter dance.)*

*Delia's taped voice:* And Vincent didn't mind. . . . *(She stretches on the bed)* . . . . Oh! I should read one of Santa Teresa's poems.

*(She sits on the border of the bed and reads, using now her own voice in the stage.)*

Let nothing disturb thee;  
 Let nothing dismay thee:  
 All things pass;  
 God never changes.  
 Patience attains  
 All that it strives for.  
 He who has God  
 Finds he lacks nothing:  
 God alone suffices.

*(She reclines again on the bed. Now, taped voice.)*

*Delia:* Still I prefer the poetry of Saint John of the Cross. Then, why did I become a Carmelite? To follow him, or her? Forgive Santa Teresa! I'll say ten rosaries to pay for this thoughtless sin.

*(She stands, walks around her room. Takes the book with the poems of Saint John of the Cross, and using her own stage voice, she says this poem:)*

Let us rejoice, O my Beloved!  
 Let us go forth to see ourselves in thy beauty.  
 To the mountain and the hill,  
 Where the pure water flows;  
 Let us enter into the heart of the thicket.  
 We shall go at once  
 To the lofty caverns of the rocks



Which are all secret.  
 There we shall enter in  
 And taste of the new wine of the pomegranate.

*(At this moment, the servant knocks at the door. Delia goes and opens it. The old woman hands her a box in silence. Delia receives it and puts it on the credenza. She is somewhat surprised. We hear her taped voice because she is thinking.)*

*Delia:* It must be the dress Vincent bought for me! He insisted on sending it here, although it was his mother who was to bring it the day before the wedding. Why didn't his mother bring it? Or one of his sisters! It's true he is the only man in their house! They are so poor! And me! I'm lonely. If I didn't go to the church every day, I wouldn't know what to do . . . He was so serious when he asked me . . . I would say afraid. . . .

*(Delia freezes. A scene between Delia and Vincent is projected.)*

*Vincent:* Delia, listen, I need to ask you something extremely important. You know, I'm a poor man, a simple cabinet maker, a carpenter, and I have to help maintain the family . . . all girls except my father and me . . . you know this, . . . but I love you. How long have we known each other?

*Delia:* Seven years, three months, two days and . . . maybe two hours. I wonder why in all these years I haven't met your relatives. Your mother barely knows who I am. Your sisters don't recognize me when they meet me at the plaza. I wonder if they will ever like me.

*Vincent:* They'll love you! Once they know you. They are a little jealous because I had never thought seriously of marrying, but now they see I am considering. . . .

*Delia:* Yes . . .

*Vincent:* Well, you know me now, and I wonder if you, if you . . . would want to spend your entire life with me . . .

*Delia:* You mean, you want us to marry?

*Vincent:* Yes, of course . . . . when?

*Delia:* When the bans of marriage are over at St. Mary's.

*(Delia begins walking in her room. The taped voice is heard.)*

*Delia:* And I accepted. But I promised not to look at the dress until the night before the wedding night. I'm not to open the box. What a temptation to put to me now! I can't wait ten days more! I know I can't!

*(Delia approaches the box and looks at it from all sides. She unties the ribbon. But she stops and makes the sign of the cross, goes to the Christ by the window and says a short prayer. She returns to the box, but as she is going to open it, she lets it drop as if it were hot. She looks at her hands because they are somewhat burned. She feels the pain. She cries a little. She goes to the statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe. She returns and with a painful expression, she opens it. Taped voice.)*

*Delia:* My wedding dress! I knew it! That's why Vincent didn't want me to open it. But it is beautiful. All made of lace! I'll try it on to see how it looks on me.

*(She spreads the dress on the bed.)*

*Delia:* But, the dress is not white! It's beige! It must be the poor light. Vincent wouldn't send me a dirty dress!

*(She looks at herself on the mirror. Her cheeks are red. She picks up the dress and puts it on. Now, we hear Delia's stage voice:)*

*Delia:* But, this is impossible! I gave him my measurements! It's too big in the waist! It doesn't fit me anywhere! I can't wear this! And he did not want me to see it until the night before the wedding! It must be his mother's. Vincent! Vincent! What are you trying to tell me! Why this dress? It's too long! I won't be able to wear it to church on my wedding day! But I promised I'd wear anything he would give me! How was I going to imagine it was going to be his mother's dress?

*(She goes to the mirror and looks at herself. She notices how large the dress is in comparison to her body's waist and size.)*

*Delia:* I couldn't even fix it! It's dirty! It's beige with dirt! It even smells!

*(She smells the dress all over.)*

This dress stinks! . . . It hasn't been washed in years! What am I going to do? What am I going to do? *(She begins to cry softly, afraid, leading to desperation.)* I can't be married on this! Why? Why? Why?

*(She lowers her hand as if she were going to take it out. With a desperate cry she notices that the dress is torn.)*

*Delia:* It's torn! Well, I could mend it. But, I promised I wouldn't touch it . . . that I would not see it. Vincent! You knew you were going to send me a dirty, used dress! What would my friends say if they saw me in this rag! Me! Delia! The Spanish looking girl! I wish my father were here! . . . I better take this thing off. . . .

*(Delia's speech goes from the desperate to an expression of full disgust. She cries no more. She takes off the dress and throws it on the floor. She falls on the bed on her stomach. Now, we hear Delia's taped voice.)*

*Delia:* What does he want to tell me? That we can't afford a new white dress the day of our wedding? At least a clean dress? Why didn't he tell me? I would have bought the cloth with my own money. I would have made it myself! Popeline! Cotton! Anything if it were new, white and clean! Purely white! Unless . . . he wants to tell me . . . But, I am pure! I have never kissed him more than tenderly. I am pure and I need a white dress.

*(She gets up, goes to the box and examines it. She notices a rental label. She shouts. Delia's stage voice now.)*

*Delia:* It's not even his mother's! It's rented and dirty! I can't wear it, not for obedience, nor for humility!

*(She kneels and cries openly. Then she remains silent. She gets up, picks up the dress, and slowly, but deliberately tears it to pieces, putting them inside the box. Her expression full of pain in the beginning changes as she tears the dress. Delia's face shows determination, peace, relief, and resigned joy. The tears which were flowing from her eyes diminish and stop totally. Silently, she wraps the box, she goes to her desk and writes a letter. The contents of this letter are given through the taped voice.)*

*Vincent:* I am going away. When you see the inside of the box you will understand. You will never be able to find me, so please, don't even try. I couldn't bear seeing you again. My saintliness is of a different kind.

*(Delia puts the letter in an envelope and writes an address. She calls the maid, using a church bell. The maid comes, knocks. Delia opens the door and gives her the box and the letter. Delia closes the door, then she goes to the center, lights the candle, picks up the book with her right hand and the candle holder with her left. She moves toward the credenza in front of the mirror. She places the holder at an angle in front of the statue of the Virgin. She kneels, opens the book and starts reading in silence. The mirror reflects the candle, the holder, the Virgin and Delia.)*

## THE POTION

### *Characters:*

*Concepción* is a 30 year old woman. She is tall, thin, mystical looking. She wears her black hair high with a chignon. Her big Greco-Roman eyes are bluish-gray, her nose and her lips beautifully proportioned—statue-like. She has black, thick eyebrows and eyelashes, thin, long arms and hands. She wears on top a white Greek tunic; next, a grey dress in the Roman style; then a black and brown and gold dress in the Renaissance style; and the last one made of rags. She wears also 19th century boots. Since all her dresses are long, we do not see her shoes until the end.

*José de Jesús* is a man around 35 years of age. He is short and stocky. His kinky hair is thinning, but not balding. His face has American Indian features with full cheeks. His eyes are small, narrow, but alive with fire. His nose and his lips are simian looking. He is very dark; and his short legs and arms which are all covered with kinky hair, emphasize his closeness to simians. 3 Men will play this role. The first one must specifically look as it is here stated. José de Jesús number 2 must be taller and thinner than the first one. The third character, while being also taller than No. 2, has no trace of simian characteristics. His wavy dark hair has become light in the process. Also his skin is now very light. If one actor can play the three roles with the help of make-up and acting ability, so much the better.

*Chiva* is a woman of unknown age. She is yellowish white and has the appearance of a Chinese porcelain doll. Her face is done like a Japanese Geisha and her body has the roundness and the fullness of a Hindu erotic statue. Her eyes are long, her hands are also long and beautiful. She wears enormous false red nails. She moves her body with deliberate movements, as an Indonesian dancer. She covers her body with a transparent Arabian veil with gold thread designs plastered with rubies and emeralds. Her naked body is visible.

### *Setting:*

In the round. The action takes place in two altars and one dining room.

The altar on the left is inside a cave-like structure. From the roof hang containers and bottles of different sizes and volumes with powders and liquids of various colors. On one rock, there are all kinds of curative and poisonous leaves and mushrooms, some growing, others dry. The

deep end is covered with evergreen trees. On the floor, there is a Persian red carpet; two coptic incense burners on each side on the carpet, and a large book with a black velvet cover open between the burners. Also in the center, but deeper than the book, there is a black basket full of snakes. Inside, there is an ugly, old skull.

In the center area, there is a low round table roughly made. The cushions spread around are made of leather. This atmosphere must be old Germanic-looking, or Viking-looking, particularly in its coarseness. On the right area, there is a table covered with a pristine white table cloth. On the table there is a medium size statue of a preaching young Christ. A modest kneeling bench is on the floor in front of the altar.

Music: When the action is taking place principally in the left altar one hears Hindu, Chinese, Indonesian, Arabic music; when the action takes place in the center area, one hears primitive African and American Indian music, with drums in the background and light and thunder flashes occasionally. When the action takes place, principally in the Christian altar, then play Renaissance, and seventeenth century classical music only. In the final scene, one hears the wind, romantic and above all 20th century electronic music.

Movements: Chiva moves with infinite sophistication and perfect sensuality, purely stylized. J. de J. moves coarsely, eats coarsely, and gulps his drinks first. As he evolves, his movements become more refined. Concepción moves graciously, modestly and naturally, first, and then gradually more coarse and bestial.

The light on the left altar is first sickly yellow until it becomes a transparent white. The right area evolves also from a pure white light to a sickly yellow. The center dreaming light is constant.

*Action:*

*Chiva comes first carrying two chalices, one gold, one black which she puts on the side of the black book. She lights the incense in the coptic burners. There is marihuana inside one, and dry hallucinatory mushrooms in the other. The odor permeates the theater after she lights the burners. She seats in front of the book in a lotus position and meditates with her eyes closed. Her breathing must be rhythmic. She inhales the smoke. J. de J. comes in and carries with him on a wooden tray three earthenware cups and an earthenware container with wine. He sets them on the table, serves himself and begins to drink. He does not move, and looks straight forward.*

*Concepción enters with her hands in a praying position. She kneels in front of the Christian altar. Concepción is wearing four dresses, one over the other so that when she enters she looks plump and healthy. Her whole countenance is that of a happy woman. Her metamorphosis from a healthy, beautiful woman takes place as the Christian altar*

*becomes richer. Not only her clothes change, but her beautiful chignon becomes loose, and finally her hair is dishevelled. Her face changes totally. Concepción's transformation from an angelic, saint-like creature into a bestial, ugly being must be done cautiously. She should look depraved, old, dirty, ugly, tragic in the end.*

*J. de Jesús' transition is different because from a primitive looking being as he loses his senses and his clothes at the same time, his body must be transformed from a simian-looking being to an elongated, mystical, thin being at the end.*

*The three characters in place, Concepción begins by praying clearly and aloud the Lord's prayer in Latin:*

*Concepción: Pater noster qui est in caelis  
Santificatur nomen tuum. . . .*

*J. de J. No. 1 gets up and joins Chiva.*

*Chiva meets him and leads him to the marihuana burner, takes his head in her hands, and while praying the following incomprehensible words for the audience, leads it over the burner.*

*Chiva's prayer: Kayena Bacha Manasendriaii wa  
Budhyatmana wa Prakriti Swabhabat  
Karomi Yad Yad Sakalam Paraswai  
Navayanayeti Samarpayami.*

*J. de Jesús' expression changes and he leaps with joy. He laughs happily and runs around like a drunk satyr.*

*Chiva gives him the incense burner (marihuana), and he takes it and puts it on the table.*

*Concepción joins him and she sits on the left.*

*J. de J. serves her wine.*

*Concepción drinks the wine.*

*J. de J. gets up and leads her toward the incense burner. He leads her head around it three times forcing her to inhale the smoke.*

*Concepción leaps with joy and tears her white Greek dress. She carries the incense burner and puts it on the altar. She kneels and begins saying again the Lord's prayer in Latin also; however, this time she prays the first half well and once in the middle, without her being aware she continues from the end upward. The impression she gives is that of saying gibberish.*

*Chiva, meanwhile, has been dancing to the playing music. She mixes some of her powders, liquids and mushrooms in a transparent glass.*

*J. de J. continues drinking. When Concepción has finished her transversion of the Lord's prayer, José de Jesús, No. 2, joins Chiva.*

*Chiva passes the transparent glass with the liquid over the mush-*

room burner, pours it in the gold chalice and gives it to J. de J. No. 2 to drink it.

J. de Jesús No. 2 drinks the liquid and falls on the carpet with convulsions.

Chiva takes off his pants and begins kissing his stomach.

J. de J. draws her to him and kisses her on the mouth. Both simulate a sexual dance on the floor.

Concepción comes back to the table after praying.

Chiva gives the gold chalice to J. de J. who takes it and gives it to Concepción.

Concepción drinks it and falls on the floor, rolls over several times, unmakes her chignon, laughs stupidly. She tears her Roman dress. She carries the chalice to the altar and puts it on the center, in front of the statue of Christ. She kneels and begins saying the Lord's prayer starting from the end. This is very incomprehensible.

J. de J. goes back to Chiva and absorbs the smoke from the mushrooms. He is totally naked now.

Chiva, meanwhile, prepares another concoction and pours it in the black chalice. She joins J. de J. and they simulate simultaneous fellatio. They stop when Concepción finishes her gibberish.

Chiva leads J. de J. toward the table. She carries the black chalice in the right, and the black velvet book on the left. She gives the black chalice to Concepción.

Concepción stupidly drinks it while she sits. She does not see Chiva, although this one is seated in front of her. Concepción cries loudly, horribly, as if her insides had been ripped apart. She drops backwards and makes several somersaults. She stands on her head. She cries aloud, gets up, throws saliva from her mouth. She sounds and looks totally bestial.

Chiva gives Concepción the black book.

Concepción puts it on the altar. She falls on the floor and shouts all sorts of senseless words in several languages. She gets up and tears her Renaissance dress. Now she is in rags, her face very ugly, her hair flies all over her face and head. Her remarkable thinness gives her the aspect of an emaciated animal. She has become a demented witch.

J. de Jesús No. 3 walks behind the table totally naked. He adopts the image of a crucified Christ. Behind him, a cross made of lights of all colors appears.

Chiva takes off her gold veil and puts it on the altar. She dances nakedly a wild dance of joy.

Concepción is among the spectators picking up cigarette butts and chewing them, but she doesn't pass them. She carries the horrible mixture in her mouth. Her saliva flows through her teeth with some of the tobacco and paper. She picks up anything she finds on the floor and puts it in her mouth. She makes beastly sounds.

*The tempo of the action should slowly increase until in the climax the three scenes with the three music accompaniments takes place. The burners are still smoking. Concepción continues saying her gibberish prayer with a horrible voice and sounds. J. de Jesús bleeds in the usual places. Chiva is joyously dancing and chanting in rapture all over the center stage. Behind the cross made of light bulbs of different colors with alternating currents, religious signs on an electronic reel appear: Awake! The End is Near! The Lord is Coming!, etc. These signs are also in different colors. The last scene is then four dimensional. As the scene is ending, 20th century electronic music is used to overpower the other sounds. End the play with a loud bang and a projection of an Atomic explosion. The mushroom cloud rising from such an explosion should be seen in all the mirrors in the theater.*



DAWN

*alurista*

THE HUNT – ACT I

*(tree of life with Huichol god's eyes hanging from its branches dominates stage. cactus and rocks are the only other scenery. choreographed to the "deer dance" of the Yaqui. Council of Elders open in chorus.)*

*Council of Elders*

we are the Council of Elders  
we gather  
and tell time to live again  
before us  
in our space  
and memories burn  
in the flames of the old fire  
Huehuetéotl  
old firelord

*Huehuetéotl*

lava blood and flesh  
Huehuetéotl  
rock bone of ages  
bygone  
the story of the bird in flight  
and the flower in blossom  
bygone  
the cruelty of the hunter in chase  
and the hunted in agony  
bygone  
the drums and flutes  
the beat and song  
bygone  
but all the same  
today  
Huitzilopochtli, lord of war  
devours flesh and bone  
with napalm

all the same  
 today  
 his mother Coatlicue  
 welcomes to her bosom  
 the dead, dying  
 lost children  
 in the darkness of bombs  
 and fear of Tezcatlipoca  
 smoking mirror  
 dark reflection  
 of the warlord of earth  
 Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
 magicians of colored  
 sugar water  
 and idiot box addiction  
 of our day  
 in age  
 the hunt goes on  
 Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
 lord of imperial racism  
 lady of blood money  
 Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
 hunts today  
 bronze land, rivers, and sky  
 choke in its smoking  
 agony of hot coals  
 flames of mine, Huehuetéotl  
 have brought you wisdom  
 i've dispelled smoke  
 and light brightens  
 our faces, Huehuetéotl  
 our hearts  
 know well the old ones  
 the master builders  
 toltecas, Huehuetéotl  
 carvers of melodies  
 and dancers of colors  
 weavers of flowers  
 painters of songs  
 singers of morning dew  
 even today, Huehuetéotl  
 the sun rises in fire  
 painting dawn

*(enter Quetzalcóatl)*

*Quetzalcóatl*

i bring light to the darkness  
 mestizaje of bloods pounds  
 in my veins  
 i am the morning star  
 and the navel of earth  
 feathers and scales  
 color my face, Quetzalcóatl  
 i am Meshicano Mazateca  
 Meshicano Zapoteca  
 Chicano, Chicano  
 cheekbone to ankle  
 bronze  
 is  
 my  
 skin  
 and my heart  
 moves in balance to the stars  
 in the north  
 the Huelga thunderbird  
 in the south  
 the Chilean condor  
 Kukulcán cracks  
 dawn open  
 i wake through  
 la raza every morning  
 la raza wakes  
 through my star  
 every dew

*(enter Cihuacóatl)*

*Cihuacóatl*

i bring fragrance to the day  
 Cihuacóatl  
 my arms tree houses  
 for birds nests  
 and my flowers  
 honey to the bee  
 Cihuacóatl Meshicana  
 Chicana, Chicana  
 my womb bore maize  
 to Quetzalcóatl  
 in our concern  
 for man and woman

my breasts bore  
 fruits  
 to the thirsty  
 on earth  
 for knowledge  
 of me

*Quetzalcóatl and Cihuacóatl*  
 the tree of life  
 in brotherhood  
 in sisterhood  
 the children  
 round the trunk  
 the tree of life  
 bore fruit  
 ce ácatl  
 topiltzin  
 Quetzalcóatl, Cihuacóatl  
 on the dawn  
 of thirteen heavens  
 the dawn  
 of decreasing choice  
 the dawn  
 of thirteen cycles  
 of fifty two years  
 each  
 the sacred twins  
 children of earth  
 children of clouds  
 two lord Quetzalcóatl  
 two lady Cihuacóatl  
 Chimalma our mother  
 Mixcóatl our father  
 our lord  
 our lady  
 one reed  
 feathered serpent  
 round the tree of life  
 we have flourished  
 well aware  
 of the sundown  
 of nine hells  
 of increasing doom  
 to be carved  
 by the Christian sword

and the tree of thorns  
 will bring suffering  
 war  
 confusion  
 and decadence  
 we will wither  
 till again  
 the tree of life  
 will bloom  
 in the dawn  
 of  
 ce ácatl  
 august 16, 1987  
 from the dead  
 of april 21, 1519  
 we shall rise  
 to the cycle  
 of the thirteen  
 heavens of choice  
 past the nine  
 hells of doom  
 the Pepsicóatl  
 and Cocacóatl  
 will rule

*(enter Huitzilopochtli)*

*Huitzilopochtli*

blood, blood  
 it is i thirst for  
 flesh, flesh  
 it is i hunger for  
 war is my name  
 hunting my game  
 son of Coatlicue  
 brother of darkness  
 brother of fear  
 blood, flesh and bones  
 Huitzilopochtli's soup  
 boiled human soup  
 and roasted heart  
 but come oh brother!  
 bring your smoke  
 onto our mirror  
 come oh brother  
 to the hunt!

*(enter Tezcatlipoca)*

*Tezcatlipoca*

war is my name  
 hunting my game  
 son of Coatlicue  
 brother of death  
 planter of fear  
 breeder of darkness  
 ignorance and confusion  
 i bring  
 firewater to our heads  
 dark caverns to our hearts  
 smoke, Tezcatlipoca  
 smog  
 smoke, Tezcatlipoca  
 smog  
 where is the man  
 the woman  
 not yet my prey  
 addicts  
 to my way of death?  
 mother!  
 come join our feast  
 to hunt we go  
 to kill and maim  
 to rape and wound  
 to tear  
 destroy, dehumanize  
 deodorize  
 homogenize  
 sterilize  
 to paralyze the flow  
 of moving life  
 come, mother!  
 Coatlicue  
 come feast with us!  
 the prey  
 is running wild  
 open your womb  
 the live  
 return again  
 to you  
 in bones

*(enter Coatlicue)*

*Coatlicue*

Huitzilopochtli, southern son  
 of mine  
 Tezcatlipoca, northern son  
 of mine  
 i bring your brother  
 and your sister  
 from the west  
 i, Coatlicue  
 bear two other  
 beasts of prey  
 hunters to be sure  
 i bore them  
 for the hunt  
 today  
 for the hunt  
 here, on Anáhuac  
 land surrounded  
 by waters  
 circulating its body  
 cross mountains of iguanas  
 into lakes of serpents  
 jaguars purr to my call  
 and caverns open  
 where i slept the night before  
 i bore them  
 to be warlord and warlady  
 of all time  
 in all space  
 beloved sons  
 welcome your brother  
 welcome your sister  
 feast and kill with them  
 they've no scruples  
 in their cruel games  
 nourishment from my breasts  
 and flesh of my flesh  
 make of your brother and sister  
 two of us  
 blood money  
 baptized their heads  
 our lord below  
 performed the rite  
 children of murder

genocide and biocide  
 aborted imperial racism  
 destroyers of hearts  
 colonizers of land  
 Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl!  
 meet your old brothers  
 twister of tongues  
 blinder of eyes  
 join the hunt!

*(enter Pepsicóatl and Cocacóatl)*

*Pepsicóatl and Cocacóatl*

look at us  
 lord of imperial racism  
 lady of blood money  
 war is our name  
 hunting our game  
 where are the bastards  
 niggers, spics  
 greasers, and japs  
 where is the son of whores  
 Quetzalcóatl  
 the Chinamen and squaws  
 where is the daughter of lepers  
 Cihuacóatl  
 the Mezkins and gooks  
 where is our prey  
 our fangs are dry  
 and our pockets empty  
 coins and blood  
 coins and blood  
 where is our tribute  
 coins and blood  
 coins and blood  
 we see them nowhere  
 come out! come out!  
 our bullets throb for flesh  
 and our bombs for land  
 come out! come out!  
 and face your bones  
 in flames

*(Council of Elders closes as dance of death begins.)*



*Council of Elders*

zipping through concrete spider webs  
metallic ants turn to centipedes  
and bright lights darken the eyes  
with neon flashes and  
towers of smoking oil refineries  
of los angeles dying  
dying in an august afternoon  
the maize was trampled by dogs  
and many birds took flight  
in the maze, the crying  
cursing winds  
of northern icelands  
in august twenty-nine  
walk again on earth  
and sing of peace  
of brotherhood and sisterhood  
of terrestrial roots  
born of fertile womb  
man and woman  
stand and walk again  
on earth  
to listen with bare feet  
to the murmuring caress  
of motherearth's heart beat  
she gave us birth  
in blood  
and for the sun  
we have sacrificed  
even roasted bones  
in the deserts of our father sun  
we have marched  
migrated  
walked the distance of our lives  
in lonely stroll  
below the moongloom of the night  
as cherry headed  
armored ants  
wail  
in the night of fire and smoke  
splashing mud  
on sidewalk and walls  
rushing to the hunt  
belly clubbed

gas masked  
 panting breaths  
 spit the joy of death  
 spit the death of joy  
 retiring at dawn  
 to the beer canned existence  
 of idiot box stares  
 waiting, waiting  
 for another  
 asphalt spider web ride  
 riding over brotherhood  
 riding over sisterhood  
 danza  
 riding over justice  
 danza  
 riding over peace  
 danza  
 danza of bare feet  
 danza of people  
 danza of day  
 danza of spirit  
 danza of bronze  
 danza, danza  
 danza, danza. . . .

## THE TRIBUNAL – ACT II

*(round table dominates stage. screen for slides is directly above. slides of protesting raza and rioting police are shown throughout. witnesses (Mexicanos, Chicanos, and Chimalma) face Pepsicóatl and Cocacóatl. Huebuetéotl presides as judge facing audience. audience is jury. Huebuetéotl opens with indictment.)*

*(enter Huebuetéotl)*

*Huebuetéotl*

huelga  
 red and black  
 huelga  
 justice will be done  
 Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
 on two counts  
 before you (to audience)  
 our jury, today  
 crimes committed

against bronze people  
and bronze land  
genocide  
genocide  
killer of children  
biocide  
biocide  
polluter of earth  
waters and sky  
Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
lord of imperial racism  
lady of blood monies  
Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
your poison is brought  
to test, to trial  
master of destruction  
mistress of detergent  
answer  
to the charges  
in Chicano tribunal  
tribunal of bronze tribes  
indigenous  
rooted in Anáhuac  
our bronze  
mestizo continent  
of indian heart  
indicts  
you  
as  
a  
world criminal  
whose only justice is gunfire  
whose only liberty is bought  
a pusher of war  
a pusher of fear  
a pusher of money and checks  
a paper pusher  
a b-52's and napalm  
a pusher of deception  
corruption, emptiness  
and idleness  
a pusher all the same  
of gadgets and soaps  
a pusher of pollutants

and insecticides  
 and herbicides  
 a pusher all the same  
 of death  
 the sun stone  
 awaits your shoulders  
 patiently  
 thirsting for your sacrifice  
 i, Huehuetéotl  
 will burn copal  
 and cremate  
 the muscles of your hearts  
 i, Huehuetéotl  
 have waited long to see  
 your hearts  
 before  
 the sun  
 stand  
 Pepsicóatl, Cocacóatl  
 stand!

*(enter Pepsicóatl and Cocacóatl)*

*Pepsicóatl*

now looke here  
 my woman and i  
 didn't mean no harm  
 you understand  
 orders are orders  
 war's our name  
 hunting our game  
 a little fun, no more  
 what's Quetzalcóatl  
 to you, anyhow  
 plumed worm  
 he nigger lover, anyhow  
 what's a spic to you  
 any how  
 world better off  
 without colored  
 stinking japs  
 they after my woman  
 i know  
 they after my money  
 i know

a man's gotta protect  
his property

*(enter Mexican)*

*Mexican*

what of your killings and hangings  
what of the land you stole from us  
our children starve while you fatten

*Pepsicóatl*

now looke here  
i'm a hard working  
man  
can't help it if money  
comes my way

*Cocacóatl*

just 'cause you  
lazy  
you think  
we ought to live  
dirty  
like you never  
take baths  
and your woman  
keeps a filthy house  
i know  
i got me a meskin maid  
no good for what  
my pay is worth  
no good for nothing  
that's why we took  
the land  
you stood on  
my man and i  
wanting to civilize  
your kind . . .  
i told you Pepsi (to Pepsicóatl)  
we'd better  
wipe 'em off  
like them indians  
these meskins  
are dumb  
no matter how kind  
you treat them

they gonna  
spit back at you

*Mexican*

money comes your way  
as we sweat on our land  
you call it profitable investment  
i call it yanki colonization  
your foreign aid  
chains our independence  
with your guns  
at our heads  
with the one hand  
you give one  
with the other  
you steal one  
hundred fold  
as to your woman  
keep her  
no one wants her  
you've killed (speaking to Pepsicóatl and Cocacóatl)  
too many  
bronze people  
you've spoiled  
too much bronze land  
your manifest destiny  
gave you holyness  
your big stick  
gave you control  
holy control  
of bronze people  
and bronze land  
enough  
of your holyness  
enough  
of your control  
enough of you  
my veredict  
is guilty as charged  
my sentence  
is death

*(Mexican pulls gun to shoot Pepsicóatl. Cocacóatl cuts him down with her m-16. Pepsicóatl roars with laughter.)*

*Pepsicóatl*

you see him (to jury)  
 pull out his gun  
 to kill me  
 my woman  
 just  
 had a faster draw

*(enter Chicano)*

*Chicano*

you are a murderer  
 and a thief ése  
 you too ésa  
 colonized  
 our minds  
 wanting us  
 to be like you  
 tell us  
 we'd fare off well  
 forgetting  
 our mexican blood  
 you tried to rinse  
 our skins  
 with spain  
 while we worked  
 in your factories  
 slaved  
 in your mines  
 and died  
 in your pesticide fields  
 we fought your wars  
 and came back  
 to the yankee occupation  
 of our barrios

*Cocacóatl*

now, now  
 you don't want to be  
 like the meskins  
 you in amerikkka now  
 now you just  
 pay attention to me  
 and everything  
 gonna be alright

up tight  
 and outta sight  
 now you just  
 get here  
 close to mama  
 and let mama  
 give you  
 what no  
 white woman  
 ever gave  
 no meskin  
 i'm gonna  
 give you  
 me white  
 rosy breasts  
 and embrace me  
 your dark waist  
 with me white  
 mama thighs  
 you gonna  
 be my boy  
 and we won't  
 let papa  
 know nothing  
 'bout our pretty  
 little  
 colored  
 affair  
 'cause papa  
 get mad  
 and mama  
 loves her  
 brown  
 amerikkkan  
 boy

*Chicano*

look at this ruca now  
 alright then  
 let's get it on

*(Chicano and Cocacóatl go under the round table. moaning and love sounds are heard. Chicano stands tightening pants.)*

órale ésa  
 ya estufas



enough honey  
 for today  
 now  
 all i got time for  
 is getting  
 Pepsicóatl  
 off his  
 master  
 hang up

*Pepsicóatl*

you in amerikkka now  
 boy  
 you just gotta  
 settle your mind  
 as to who's boss  
 around these parts

*Chicano*

you know what ése  
 you just never bothered  
 to look around  
 and see  
 what your amerikkkan dream  
 was building  
 you just never  
 realized  
 it was us  
 in Aztlán  
 that taught you  
 everything you know  
 about our land  
 and our ways  
 you just never  
 realized  
 that your towers  
 of money and pollution  
 are built  
 on us  
 you know what ése  
 ya estufas  
 now it is time  
 to do time  
 and from the looks  
 of your own laws

you got  
 two chances  
 you killed  
 first degree  
 with premeditation  
 definite intent  
 and  
 unfair advantage  
 you got  
 death out here  
 or life in prison  
 you  
 are  
 guilty  
 ése  
 no way  
 of poking holes  
 into this one  
 no way to plead  
 self defense  
 we ain't got the guns  
 no way to plead  
 insanity  
 you got all your marbles  
 you done it  
 knowingly  
 willfully  
 and even  
 spiritually  
 in the name  
 of Christianity  
 and  
 your teutonic origins  
 ya estufas ése  
 dig your own jail ése  
 you built it  
 dig your own chair ése  
 you electrified it

*Pepsicóatl*

why  
 you dirty meskin  
 you all alike

*(runs to strangle Chicano. Chicano pulls knife. Cocacóatl cuts him down with her m-16.)*

*Cocacóatl*

you seen him  
 pulling a knife  
 on daddy  
 like that  
 you heard him  
 before  
 talking  
 dirty  
 to  
 mama  
 them meskins  
 all  
 alike  
 treacherous  
 and  
 nasty

*(enter Chimalma)*

*Chimalma*

fork tongued white woman  
 tell of the times  
 when you dreamt  
 you could kiss  
 the wounds whipped  
 by your white master  
 on my brothers  
 my black brothers  
 my yellow brothers  
 my red brothers  
 tell of the times  
 when you dreamt  
 you could own  
 my bronze brothers  
 you called them  
 half-breeds then  
 white woman  
 speak of the many  
 things you own  
 and dream to own  
 speak of your position  
 of your property status  
 of your marriage  
 contract to a man of war  
 speak of the empire

your man has built  
with  
colored  
people's  
blood  
little sun  
touched  
your  
hearts  
white people  
of the caverns  
look at our sun  
and like moles  
you are blinded  
before the neon lighting  
of your asphalt gardens'  
you are accomplices  
to Pepsicóatl's genocide  
you are accomplice  
to Pepsicóatl's biocide  
you are victim  
to Pepsicóatl's suicide  
Cocacóatl!  
look at yourself  
daughter of thorns  
dawn does not  
brighten your vision  
darkness reigns  
in your heart  
possessed by your property  
possessed by your dependence  
Pepsicóatl has used you  
as bait on a hook  
to protect you  
to keep you  
to chain  
and to fence you  
Pepsicóatl  
has brought  
all  
his  
tree  
of  
thorns  
hear Chimalma's truth

*Pepsicóatl*

now look ye here  
 Coca  
 this here squaw  
 putting thoughts  
 in your head  
 cut her down  
 like you done in  
 all others  
 it ain't use  
 no sense  
 talking to half-breeds  
 or colored  
 they stupid  
 they born  
 to be slaves  
 you's a mistress  
 and Pepsi's  
 your master

*Cocacóatl*

let her speak  
 never look  
 at myself  
 in them waters  
 you ain't master  
 of no one  
 no how  
 let her speak

*Chimalma*

look yourself  
 in river waters  
 flowing from  
 mountain to sea  
 from the clouds  
 to the valleys  
 flowing still  
 unbound  
 unchained  
 you are not  
 Pepsicóatl's  
 property  
 you are not  
 Pepsicóatl's  
 maid

you are earthchild  
 and a servant  
 to the tree of life  
 we  
 have  
 care  
 for  
 the tree  
 you  
 have  
 eaten  
 the fruit  
 of our labor  
 come  
 labor with us  
 you are pregnant  
 with twins  
 your nine hells  
 of doom  
 are bursting  
 with mestizo  
 children  
 let them grow  
 on the mountains  
 drinking  
 spring  
 water  
 the autumn of your slavery  
 sheds the last leaf  
 it will be a cold winter  
 'till you bear  
 the children  
 come  
 and bear them  
 alone  
 i will see you  
 through labor  
 under  
 our  
 tree of life

*Pepsicóatl*

looke here, woman  
 you just sit still

while i kill me  
a squaw

*Cocacóatl*

you just  
put down  
that gun  
Pepsi

*Pepsicóatl*

shut up, woman  
you ain't got  
nothing to say  
you got  
lot to explain

*Cocacóatl*

i ain't shutting up  
i am pregnant  
and i want to  
labor by  
the tree of life

*Pepsicóatl*

get on home  
'fore i loose  
my temper  
and whip  
you ass  
till you  
can't  
sit down  
in a month

*(Pepsicóatl aims his m-16 at Chimalma. Cocacóatl cuts him down with hers, throws m-16 down and rushes to his fallen body.)*

*Cocacóatl*

Pepsi!  
i done  
gone  
killed  
you

*Chimalma*

you've done well  
now

your children  
will live

*Cocacóatl*

i'm afraid  
never bore  
but a gun . . .  
i'm afraid

*Chimalma*

straighten your back  
bear your load  
walk steady  
beside me  
we  
shall  
live  
through  
winter  
without hunger  
nor cold  
Mixcóatl  
keeps  
a  
good fire

*(Cocacóatl takes boots off and walks away to mountain where she is to bear the twins.)*

### THE LABOR — ACT III

*(stage is dominated by the tree of life with hanging Huichol god's eyes and a fire. the fire is towards the stage on the left of the audience and the tree farther back towards the right. scattered cactus and rock. Mixcóatl is guarding the fire. Huebuetéotl speaks at the fire. it is dark, the sun rises.)*

*Huebuetéotl*

thirteen circles  
round the sun  
four seasons  
each  
prepare to see  
the light  
dawn is near  
and the twins



kick the womb  
of Cocacóatl  
announcing  
their arrival  
out the mist  
into the dew  
morning  
breaks open  
the world  
as darkness  
passes on  
and brightness  
bursts forth  
round  
the tree of life

*(Cocacóatl enters moaning and calls for help; her labor has arrived.)*

*Cocacóatl*

Chimalma, Chimalma!  
my belly bursts  
my body aches  
help me  
i'm afraid  
Chimalma  
Chimalma

*(enter Chimalma with dancing children around her.)*

*Chimalma*

lets walk  
under the tree  
now  
face the sun  
the branches  
to the East  
are low  
grab hold  
of one  
and squat  
do not fight  
your children  
in their birth  
they will seek  
the light  
alone

let them be  
born  
you  
bear  
the  
pain  
of dawn

*(Cocacóatl bites her lower lip in pain, moaning. children dance around her and Chimalma helps Cocacóatl in her labor. Cocacóatl screams. her scream is followed by the birthcry of two children. the dancing stops as the children dance off stage.)*

*Cocacóatl*

my breath  
Chimalma  
my wind  
it is (gasping)  
gone

*Chimalma*

the dawn  
has come  
and you  
have lived  
to see it  
be brave  
now

*Cocacóatl*

i will not  
live  
i lay here  
dying

*Chimalma*

under  
this tree  
peace is  
with you  
and death  
holds  
no darkness  
in your  
path  
walk on

return  
 to earth  
 welcomes  
 you  
 your flesh  
 to be  
 her flesh  
 again  
 around  
 the  
 sun  
 another  
 cycle  
 'till flesh  
 and bone  
 and blood  
 give  
 form  
 to  
 you  
 again, be gone

*(Chimalma covers Cocacóatl's body and children enter to dance again around the tree of life and Cocacóatl. Cocacóatl brings new born twins to Huebuetéotl and Mixcóatl.)*

*Mixcóatl*

nine hells  
 of fifty-two  
 years  
 since april  
 1519  
 nine hells  
 of increasing  
 genocide  
 of increasing  
 doom  
 of increasing  
 biocide  
 of increasing  
 doom  
 with the dawn  
 the tree of life  
 blooms  
 and

the tree of thorns  
 withers  
 thirteen heavens  
 begin  
 august 1987  
 the birth  
 the new man  
 the birth  
 the new woman  
 the birth  
 the new world  
 the blooming of Anáhuac  
 the rise of the red sun  
 the labor of red people  
 the blooming of humanity  
 of brotherhood  
 of sisterhood  
 of justice  
 of beauty  
 of labor  
 and of peace  
 the blooming of the human face  
 the cultivation of the moving heart  
 the birth  
 of the new man  
 the death of Pepsicóatl  
 the birth  
 of the new woman  
 the death of Cocacóatl  
 the struggle  
 on dark earth  
 the struggle  
 on bright sun  
 the twins  
 the dawn of life  
 and dusk of death  
 the morning star

*Council of Elders*

let the young boy  
 be the lord of dawn  
 and the young girl  
 be the lady of dawn  
 let the morning star

guide them  
 to be servants  
 of the tree of life  
 to traverse  
 the red path  
 all throughout  
 looking  
 about  
 breathlessly  
 walking  
 the path  
 with a heart

*Mixcóatl*

in the heart  
 of the children  
 the sun dawns  
 shadows hiding  
 from its light  
 lost the wind  
 in the fire  
 of our births  
 earth gives flowers  
 to our dawn  
 flowers in the heart  
 sing for the nation  
 walking down  
 many paths  
 without thinking  
 these steps  
 seek the path  
 of justice  
 finding thorns  
 in the darkness  
 we walk  
 alone  
 returning  
 to the sun of old  
 quetzal feathers  
 the return to our  
 beginning  
 walk on earth  
 again  
 forge our nation

carve it  
with our Toltec heart  
on earth  
below the sun  
the children  
shall rise  
in justice . . .  
it  
is  
dawn  
good  
morning  
fathersun  
your fire  
still  
burns  
and  
motherearth's  
copal  
still  
perfumes  
our  
heart

*(music breaks into singing several songs. children dance.)*



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“ . . . and the earth did not part ”

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**QUINTO SOL PUBLICATIONS** anuncia cinco premios por las mejores obras literarias—novela, colección de cuentos, ensayo, obra experimental—escrita por persona de ascendencia mexicana residente de Estados Unidos de Norte-América.

Las obras premiadas se publicarán por Quinto Sol Publications.

Orale Vatos

**QUINTO SOL PUBLICATIONS** está reganda lana (dos mil bolas) por los mejores jales literarios—novela, ensayo, cuentos, vatosismos—escritos por vatos que cantonean en el USA.

Los jales que se ganen la lana se van a publicar por Quinto Sol Publications.

*ULTIMO DIA PARA  
ENTREGAR SU OBRA*  
31 de enero de 1975

*ANUNCIO DEL PREMIO*  
31 de marzo de 1975

*LINEA MUERTA PARA  
MANDAR SU JALE*  
31 de enero de 1975

*CANTO DEL PREMIO*  
31 de marzo de 1975

*DEADLINE*  
January 31, 1975  
*AWARD ANNOUNCEMENT*  
March 31, 1975

CAMPO ABIERTO

\$1,000.00

OPEN CATEGORY

Any person meeting the criteria above may enter in this category. This award is above royalties. ENTRIES MAY BE IN SPANISH OR ENGLISH, OR BOTH. All entries in addition to the award winning work will be considered for publication. Minimum length of entry—200 double spaced pages.

DIVISION UNIVERSITARIA

\$500.00

COLLEGE STUDENT CATEGORY

This category is open only to enrolled college and university students, regardless of major. ENTRIES MAY BE IN SPANISH OR ENGLISH OR BOTH. In addition to the award-winning work, all other entries will be considered for publication. Minimum length of entry—150 double spaced pages.

DIVISION ESCUELA SECUNDARIA 3 AWARDS

HIGH SCHOOL CATEGORY

1st: 250.00  
2nd: 150.00  
3rd: 100.00

Three awards are given in this category for high school Chicano students. ENTRIES MAY BE IN SPANISH OR ENGLISH OR BOTH. In addition to the winners, all other entries will be considered for publication. Minimum length of entry—20 double spaced pages.

## SOME PAST PREMIO WINNERS:

1970: Tomás Rivera of San Antonio, Texas, for "... y no se lo tragó la tierra—And the Earth Did Not Part," a collection of short stories. Award: \$1,000.00

1971: Rudolfo Anaya of Albuquerque, New Mexico, for "Bless Me, Ultima," a novel. Award: \$1,000.00

1972: Rolando Hinojosa of Kingsville, Texas, for "Estampas del valle y otras obras—Sketches of the Valley and Other Works," a collection of short stories. Award: \$1,000.00