

*El Luto*  
digo que juan ha matado dice la ley del estado  
mienten contesta su gente juan buen hijo buen hermano  
no es capaz de haber matado a nadie ha asesinado



*diez hombres y dos mujeres inseguros decidieron  
que juan corona es culpable por los hombres que murieron  
aunque nadie fue seguro cuales hechos sucedieron*

*... Rumel Fuentes*



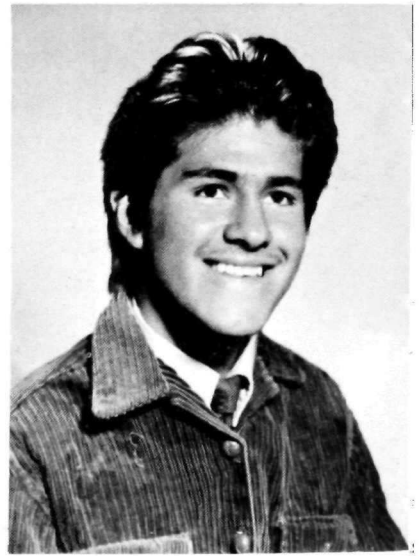
Dr. Rolando Hinojosa-S.

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## **CORRIDOS DE RUMEL**

## CORRIDOS DE RUMEL

La primera vez que recuerdo haber escuchado corridos fue cuando mi padre los escuchaba en el radio. Dejaba de hacer lo que estaba haciendo, y si iba pasando cerca del radio y oía un corrido se detenía para escuchar todo el corrido, y después se iba sin decir ni una palabra. Era un hombre serio, pero en ese momento yo podía ver en su cara una expresión de placer y orgullo. En esos tiempos yo tenía como cinco años de edad y no entendía ni me gustaban los corridos. Nada más los conocía como los corridos o canciones de mi Apá. Me gustaban todas las clases de canciones y las cantaba, menos los corridos. Siempre me gustaba cantar cuando me encontraba trabajando en el campo o en la labor. A veces, en los domingos, mi papá y yo nos paseábamos por el campo y él cantaba: “A los hombres como yo, no se les da en la cabeza.” (Felipe Angeles)

Cuando entré a las escuelas públicas de Eagle Pass, Texas y empecaron a aculturarme y a lavarme el seso, yo empecé a olvidarme de la música “de las clases bajas,” la música en español, y fui introducido a la música en inglés, la música “buena.” También aprendí a tocar la guitarra, y me convertí en un cantante de “rock ‘n roll,” cantando canciones que ahora me doy cuenta que son muy simples comparadas al corrido. El corrido tiene mucho simbolismo, es muy único y muy significativa.

Después “descubrí” el corrido de nuevo cuando entré en edad y empecé a escuchar la música en español de nuevo. También le ponía más atención a los corridos que mi papá cantaba y tocaba todo el tiempo en su guitarra. Cantaba casi nada más puros corridos. Cantaba de Pancho Villa: “Pancho Villa es dueño de aeroplanos y los alquila con toda comodidad” (Nuestro México) y otros corridos de ese estilo y de ese tipo.

Quizá fue el sentimiento que mi papá les ponía a los corridos, pero fue en ese tiempo cuando entendí el verdadero significado del corrido. El corridista es un hombre serio que nunca se queja, luego se llega el día que ese hombre levanta la frente y con una voz fuerte, varonil y melodiosa canta acerca de lo que es la vida. Canta de valores sociales, de costumbres, de cultura, y de injusticias, y lo hace en una forma simple que todos entienden si prestan aunque sea un poco de atención. Mi padre cantaba “son muy coyones” con una mirada de experiencia y de sabiduría en su rostro, y “yo no conozco el miedo” con una voz orgullosa y un pecho que se levantaba.

Fue aquí donde vi la chispa que buscaba: No todos los mexicanos son perezosos, torpes, pasivos y otras cosas parecidas como trataban de hacerme llegar a creer los gringos. Me di cuenta que todo lo que dice el gringo no es cierto. Supe que no era cierto que un gringo pudiera

golpear a diez chicanos como lo decían los gringos en las películas, en libros y en los periódicos. Mi papá se escapó de los lavados de seso porque nunca veía la televisión ni fue a la escuela. El vivió en los tiempos cuando nacieron muchos corridos. También contaba historias de incidentes que le habían ocurrido a él mismo, historias e incidentes como las que cuentan los corridos.

Yo veo el corrido como un medio de exponer males e injusticias y de relatar la verdad acerca de las cosas que están pasando hoy día. El corridista al empezar o al terminar su corrido a veces dice, “lo digo porque lo vide” o “porque esto sí es cierto.” El corrido es el lado chicano de la historia. El lado gringo de la historia está, en muchos casos, falseado y perverso.

En mis corridos, el lector hallará bastante filosofía y protesta además de simplemente historias. Estos corridos son historias y situaciones en las cuales los chicanos son los protagonistas. Aunque yo he escrito estos corridos, las palabras son lo que se está gritando, discutiendo y que se habla en voz baja entre los chicanos. Mucha de la filosofía no es original, pero sí es muy relacionada y explicativa de los problemas de los chicanos.

He tratado de presentar, hasta cierto punto, el propósito o la razón de por qué he escrito cada uno de mis corridos. Pero sé que el corrido no se explica en palabras o en discusiones. El significado está en un corridista que tiembla al cantar y en el entendimiento de alguien que aparece con una sonrisota tirando un grito con el pecho abierto al estilo de Pedro Infante. Es aquí donde el profundo secreto del corrido se muestra y se entiende, y no por medio de libros.

El corrido, como una obra literaria, puede definirse como un tipo de poema narrado y que consiste de ocho sílabas que relatan una historia de algún acontecimiento u ocurrencia. Ha sido una forma de expresión para el mexicano y ahora para el chicano. Es como una manera de desahogar el alma. El corrido nuevo es la clase de canción que le hace a uno un nudo en el estómago y le llena el corazón de orgullo, de gusto y de esperanza.

Durante la revolución mexicana, el corrido se acompañaba con una guitarra o a veces con dos guitarras y una armónica. Ahora cuando hay juntas o conferencias, los corridos también se acompañan con guitarras. Unos corridos grabados en discos son acompañados por conjuntos.

El estilo de mis corridos en unos aspectos es muy nuevo, y en lugar de oírse en cantinas y en fiestas se escuchan en donde hay conferencias, juntas políticas, huelgas, y a veces donde se junta la chicanada a hablar, a decir chistes, y a tomar cerveza, desde Texas hasta California. Sin embargo, aunque mis corridos sean nuevos, en melodía y estructura son muy tradicionales. Unos corridos, en parte, se parecen a otros y aún otros hacen a uno que se acuerde de otros corridos. En este parecido hay

prueba viva que el corrido, en cualquier forma que se cambie, vivirá exponiendo infamia y gritando la verdad.

El corrido chicano no ha tenido mucho éxito comercialmente, primero porque es todavía relativamente nuevo, pero más porque las compañías de discos temen tocarlo. Parece que estas compañías temen por sus ventas y operaciones si se meten con canciones políticas. Unos corridos sí se han grabado, pero no han tenido mucho éxito. Los corridos se escuchan bien en discos pero no hay más allá como tener los músicos en persona y estar uno refrescándose con sus amigos.

La Causa del chicano tiene muchos aspectos y muchas fases. Cada fase dice parte de la historia del chicano. Estos corridos se pueden clasificar bajo esas fases. Otro fin de estos corridos es explicar la validez de la Causa a gente que no puede entender, itanto a mexicanoamericanos como a anglos! Estos corridos se tratan de cosas que han pasado ahora pronto. Muestran y explican sentimientos que tengo yo, situaciones en que me he encontrado, o que he leído.

En partes de Texas el corrido se considera la música de los de abajo o sea de los pobres. Esta música no se permite en casas de mexicanoamericanos de dinero, aunque veo más y más excepciones con el tiempo. Los corridos son más gustados por los chicanos más liberales, más individuales, arrogantes y más orgullosos.

Los corridos están llenos de dichos y declaraciones usados por los protagonistas en los corridos y por los escritores de estos corridos. Las palabras que describen los hechos y la música establecen una comunicación entre la gente que se discute en el corrido, los escritores de los corridos, y los que escuchan los corridos. Los pobres tenemos poco en forma de cosas materiales que nos dé orgullo así que en muchos casos ese orgullo consiste de valor, honor y cosas de esa clase. El orgullo del chicano en su dignidad de ser un buen hombre sobrepasa a muchas otras cosas. Muchas veces se presentan temas para los corridos cuando esta dignidad es amenazada por el gringo o por otro mexicano.

Los corridos siempre consisten de cosas que son ciertas pero que por una razón u otra nunca llegaron a los periódicos. Hace algunos años no se permitía cantar muchos de estos corridos en público. Estos corridos se tratan del pleito eterno entre el que tiene y el que no tiene. Las clases pobres o los que no tienen siempre se consideran como de no mucho valor, cobardes, estúpidos, y que siempre pierden. Pero cuando uno escucha estos corridos se da cuenta que todo esto es una gran mentira. En muchos casos, la gente en los corridos paga con su vida por su "impudencia" y por su rebeldía; prefieren la muerte a la injusticia. El mexicano y el chicano siempre han sido valientes. En días pasados era más fácil pelear que ahora. Antes era hombre a hombre pero ahora es hombre en contra de grandes organizaciones. En tiempos pasados, cuando era hombre a hombre, Jacinto Treviño les dio en la M. a los rinchés,



allá en el valle. Este corrido es muy gustado por La Raza. Cuando se canta este corrido toda la Raza se alborota, y cuando se termina todos discuten el contenido del corrido.

El corrido se compone de muchos versos cortos, que son muchos porque es costumbre que los cantantes agreguen versos cada vez que los cantan. Al fin del corrido muchas veces se pide perdón por el modo que solió todo al fin y muchas veces al principio o al fin se dice la parte o región en donde el corrido sucedió y también la fecha de lo ocurrido. Sin embargo, en los fines hay dos muy estándar. Estos son: "Vuela, vuela palomita" y "Ya con ésta me despido."

Espero un día grabar un LP de este material para deveras ponerlo como se debe. Mucho trabajo me han costado estos corridos. Ojalá y esto ayude a La Causa de un modo u otro.

## RUMEL'S CORRIDOS

*The very first time I remember hearing about corridos was when my father would listen to them on the radio. He would stop doing whatever he was doing or stop as he was walking by the radio, walk up to it and listen to the complete corrido, then walk off without a single comment. He was a quiet man but I could see an expression on his face that was one of pleasure and pride. I was then about six years old, and I neither understood nor liked the corrido. I could only identify them as Apá's songs or records. At this time I liked all kinds of songs except corridos. I sang all kinds and types of songs except corridos. I always sang to myself when we were working in the fields. Sometimes when my father and I were taking walks through the fields on Sundays, he would sing: "a los hombre como yo no se les da en la cabeza" (Felipe Angeles). (You don't shoot men like me in the head.)*

*As I entered school in Eagle Pass, Texas, and my acculturation process (brainwashing) began, I began to forget the "low-class" Mexican music and was introduced to the "nice, good American music." Also, I learned to play the guitar and some piano. I became a "rock and roller" singing songs that I now see as very simple compared to the corrido.*

*Then I "discovered" the corrido when I grew older and started to listen to Chicano music again. I began paying more attention to the corridos my father sang and played with his guitar. Most of what he sang were corridos only. He sang about Pancho Villa: "Pancho Villa es dueño de aeroplanos y los alquila con toda comodidá," (Nuestro Mexico) and other corridos along these same types.*

*It could have been the feeling my father put into the corrido, but at this time I heard the full meaning of the corrido. It is a suffering, quiet man who never complains nor says much for years, then all of a sudden this quiet man stands up and with a melodious, clear voice tells you exactly what life is all about. He talks about social values, social customs and injustices in a manner which all understand. My father sang "son muy cabrones" (they are bastards) with a very experienced and wise look on his face and "yo no conozco el miedo" (I know no fear) with a very proud tone of voice and a chest that would swell up.*

*It was here that I saw the spark I had been looking for: not all Mexicans are lazy, dumb, and passive as I was being led to believe. At this moment I realized that what the gringo implied and said was not true.*

*My father had escaped this mass brainwashing of Chicanos by gringos. (He never watched TV nor went to school.) He lived the things in the corridos. He could also tell of incidents that happened to him with the same enthusiasm with which he talked about corridos.*

*I see the corrido as a means of exposing evils and injustices and*

*relating the truth about things as they actually happen. The corrido singer, at the beginning or ending of his song will sing: "lo digo porque lo vide" (I say it because I saw it) or "porque esto sí es cierto" (because this is true). The corrido is the Mexican side of history, the true history.*

*In my corridos that I will present, the reader will find there is a great deal of philosophy and protest, in addition to the regular stories corridos are supposed to relate. These corridos are stories and situations where the Chicanos are the protagonists of the corrido. Although I have written the corridos, the lyrics are what is being sung, talked about, and whispered by both Chicano followers and leaders. Also much of the philosophy expressed in the songs is not new but is very related and explanatory of the concerns of the Chicano.*

*I will attempt to present, and to a certain extent, explain the purpose of writing each particular corrido but the real meaning lies beyond words and discussion. The meaning will be in a corrido singer who trembles as he sings and the acknowledgement of understanding by a big smile and a loud grito by the listener. It is here that the deep secret of the corrido is sung, and only true Chicanos will understand it fully and completely and get the true meaning not found in books written about corridos and corrido singers.*

*The corrido, as a literary work, may still be defined as a type of narrative poem consisting of eight syllable quatrains that tell the story of an occurrence. These stories either speak of admiration or hatred for persons or situations involved in the occurrence. The corrido is a type of special song, a social phenomenon. It has been a form of expression for the Mexican and now the Chicano. It is a sort of an "emotional escape valve." The modern corrido, especially the Chicano corrido, is the kind of song that turns your stomach with hatred or fills your heart with pride, gladness and hope.*

*During the Mexican Revolution the corrido was accompanied by a guitar or sometimes two or three guitars and a harmonica. Now, during rallies and conferences, Chicano corridos are accompanied by guitars only.*

*The style of my corridos is in some ways very new. Rather than hearing them around campfires and "troop trains" and in cantinas, you hear them around conferences, political rallies, huelgas, and sometimes wherever Chicanos gather to talk and drink beer, mainly from Texas to California (South-West U.S.). Although my corridos are new they are very traditional in structure and melody. Some of the corridos sound like other old corridos in portions and others remind you of still other old corridos. It is the resemblance that is living proof that the corrido, in whatever form it evolves into, will live far into the future exposing infamy and proclaiming truth.*

*The new Chicano corrido has not made it commercially, partially*

because it is quite new, but mostly because record companies are afraid to touch it. These companies do not wish to jeopardize their record sales or operations by getting involved in present politics, it seems. Some (very few) of the old corridos have made inroads into the commercial record sales business and can be heard in the jukeboxes, cantinas and restaurants. However, the only way to really enjoy a corrido is to have a little group of live musicians play it for you in a relaxed atmosphere, among friends.

La causa of the Chicano has many phases and each part or phase tells of the deceit of the Anglo towards the Chicano. My corridos depict the different phases or aspects of La Causa. I am also attempting to explain La Causa to people who are not aware; Anglo and Mexican-American alike. These corridos tell about the stories or the situations the people find themselves in. Mine will show and attempt to explain feelings that I have and some situations that I have been in or seen.

The corrido as music, in this area, is sometimes considered more as a low-class people's music. The people that listen to this music are the hardworking lower class people. This music is considered taboo in middle or upper Mexican American homes, although there are more exceptions as time goes by. Corridos are very well liked by liberal, individualistic, arrogant, and proud people.

The words (lyrics) in the music are loaded with sayings and slang that are used by both the characters of the corrido and the people who write them. The deeds, words, and music form a communication or common bond between each of the groups involved in the corrido. First, there are the heroes that do the things that cause a corrido to be written about them. Then there are the writers and the listener. Poor people have little as far as economic affluence or material things, but have great pride in their courage, honor, and things of this nature. The Chicano's pride in his dignity of being a good man and a human being surpasses all the other things. Many times corrido incidents occur when this dignity is threatened either by the gringo or another Mexicano.

The corridos usually consist of happenings that are true but that for some reason never did hit the newspapers. Some years ago some of these songs were forbidden by police to be sung in public. These corridos also have something to do with the eternal fight between the haves and the havenots. In the U.S. it is between the gringo and Chicano. Lower classes or havenots are always considered losers and not worth very much. But it is with these songs that one can find out that we are not all cowards, stupid, nor losers. In many cases heroes of the corrido pay for their "impudence" or "rebelliousness" with their lives, preferring death before injustice. In my corridos most of the fights and the killings are very uneven ones. It is harder to fight back now. Before it was man to man and now it is man against efficient organizations. When

*Jacinto Treviño beat off the Texas Rangers in the valley in Texas a corrido was made, and many Chicanos like to identify with Jacinto Treviño whenever good corridos are sung.*

*After a corrido is sung, usually the listeners discuss the situation and the person or persons involved in the corrido.*

*As far as structure, the corrido is made up of short verses which are plentiful because of the fact that corrido singers, other than the writers, sometimes add more verses each time it is sung. It is usually started by the writer asking permission to sing and/or stating a place and date. These are usually attention getters. Then the singer will continue to recount the story including many quotes of the people being sung about in the corrido. Towards the end sometimes pardon is asked for the way things turned out at the end and then sometimes the standard endings will prevail. Two of the most common endings are: "Vuela, vuela, palomita" (Fly, fly little dove) and "Ya con esta me despido" (This is my farewell).*

*I hope to someday do an LP recording of some of this material. Much work has gone into writing these corridos and I hope that they may accomplish their purpose, someday.*



## YO SOY TU HERMANO

Esta es una canción con más fibra y más “a lo pelón.” Así es como miran la cuestión los jóvenes chicanos. Se trata de hacerse valer y de la hermandad (CHICANISMO) de los chicanos: “. . . si sangra mi hermano, yo también sangro; la herida es igual.” La canción indica las injusticias hechas en contra de los chicanos. Se habla de pobreza, cortes perjudiciosas, Vietnam, juras (policías), y rinchos creídos.

Muy importante es la razón de que el chicano ha sido forzado a entrar en este pleito. El Chicano pide perdón a la Virgen Morena pero está decidido a pelear por sus derechos. La canción clama por la unidad de todos los MEXICOAMERICANOS para el mejoramiento de la Raza. Las palabras son de un joven enojado que tiene toda la razón de estar enojado.

## I AM YOUR BROTHER

*YO SOY TU HERMANO could be described as a “militant” song. It is from the perspective of the young Chicano. Its main theme is unity among Chicanos and Chicano nationalism: “If my brother bleeds, I bleed.” This corrido points out some of the injustices against the Mexican American. It mentions poverty, biased courts of law, Viet Nam, police brutality, and bigoted law enforcement agencies. An important point emphasized is the fact that Chicanos have been forced and pushed into the fight. The Chicano begs forgiveness from the Virgin of Guadalupe but is determined to fight for his rights. The song calls for the working of all Chicanos towards bettering their lot. Lyrics are the shouts of an angry young Chicano who has every right to be angry . . .*

YO SOY TU HERMANO

by R. Fuentes

C

1. DICEN QUE YO AN-DO AL-BO-RO TAN DO  
CO-MO ZA-PA-TA Y PAN-CHO VI-LLA

C G7

PORQUE A MI HERMA-NO QUIER-O DES-PER-TAR TANTA IN-JUS-TI-CIA QUE  
A LOS TI-RA-NOS QUIER-O CAS-TI-GAR HAMBRE Y PO-BRE-SA NOS

G7 C

ME ES-TA RODEAN-DO YA NO A-GUAN-TO YO QUIER-O PE-LEAR  
ES-TA MA-TAN-DO YA NO A-GUAN-TO YO QUIER-O PE-LEAR

F (CHORUS) F C C G7

YO SOY TU HER-MA-NO YO SOY CHI-CA-NO DA-ME TU MA-NO VA-

G7 C F G7 C

MOS A VO-LAR BIEN DI-CE EL DICHO SI SANGRA MI HER-MA-NO

C G7 G7 C

YO TAM-BIEN SANGRO LA HER-IDA ES I-GUAL (DE CAPO AL CHORUS)

2. ROBAN LAS TIERRAS, ROBAN TRABAJO  
MATAN MI HERMANO ALLA EN VIETNAM,  
PERDON LE PIDO A LA GUADALUPANA  
TANTA INJUSTICIA ME HICIERON PELEAR.

YA ESTOY CANSADO DE VOLTEAR LA CARA,  
YA MI PACIENCIA YA SE ACABO  
JURAS Y RINCHES SON APROVECHADOS  
Y LA LEY GRINGA SE BURLA DE MI.



## MEXICOAMERICANO

Méxicoamericano es una canción de identificación. Es una descripción del mexicanoamericano. Se trata de cómo debe verse el mexicanoamericano a sí mismo. Esta canción muestra que el hablar dos idiomas es algo bueno y no como nos quieren hacer pensar en las escuelas que es malo hablar español. También en vez de no pertenecer ni a México ni a Estados Unidos, el mexicanoamericano pertenece a los dos países y tiene dos culturas. Entender esta canción es el primer paso en entender al nuevo mexicanoamericano: el chicano. Hay que comprender esta gran herencia y la grandeza de los antepasados de este chicano.

## MEXICOAMERICANO

*Mexicoamericano is a song of identification. It is a character sketch of the Mexican American, and of his positive self esteem. The song depicts bilingualism as an asset instead of a drawback as it has been commonly thought. It also insists that instead of belonging to neither Mexico nor the United States, the Mexican American belongs in both countries and is thereby bi-cultural. Understanding this song is a beginning to understanding the full and rich heritage of the Mexican American, the CHICANO.*



### CORRIDO DE CESAR CHAVEZ

Este corrido va en defensa de los campesinos que hacen todo el trabajo en el campo (la labor), pero cuando se vende la cosecha les toca lo más poco y sus condiciones de trabajo son muy malas.

El gobierno les da a los rancheros miles de dólares de ayuda, a veces nada más por tal de que no siembren para que no haya exceso de un producto (esto les quita el trabajo a la Raza en el norte).

El trabajo del campo es difícil, paga muy poco y hay nada más unos cuantos meses de trabajo bueno al año. Cuando hay trabajo el trabajador del campo trabaja de sol a sol sin horas extras (overtime) ni otros derechos básicos como aseguranzas, escusados en la labor, etc.

César Chávez se ha dedicado a remediar esto con la unión con fin de mejorar las condiciones en el campo, en las viviendas (labor camps) y de conseguir mejores contratos. Acerca de las huelgas y protestas César Chávez dijo: "Es cuando uno se sacrifica por otros que uno puede verdaderamente llamarse muy hombre. Dios nos ayude a todos a ser muy hombres."

### CORRIDO DE CESAR CHAVEZ

*This corrido is in defense of the migrant farmworker. The Chicano farmworker is the backbone of much of the U.S. agriculture, yet when profits come in he receives only crumbs in comparison to what the farmer gets. The farmers receive exorbitant amounts of money in subsidies from the government, sometimes just for agreeing not to plant and grow any crop at all that year (this leaving the farmworker without work). The Chicano migrant farmworker gets very low wages when and if he works. There is never good year-round work for him. When there is work he usually works from sun-up to sundown with no overtime or other special fringe benefits such as toilets around the fields where he works!*

*César Chávez has begun to unionize, trying to remedy the situation. He believes in Mexican American unity, justice, and non-violent organization and protest.*

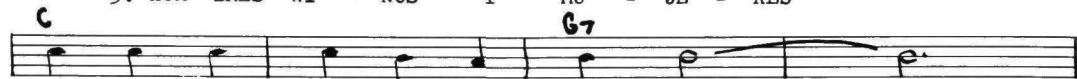
*"It is when one sacrifices for others that one can truly call himself a man; God help us all to be true men . . ." (César Chávez).*

## CORRIDO DE CÉSAR CHÁVEZ

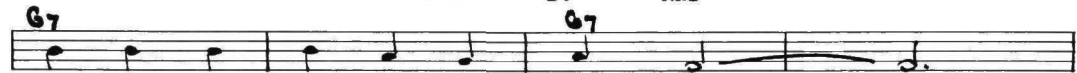
by R. Fuentes



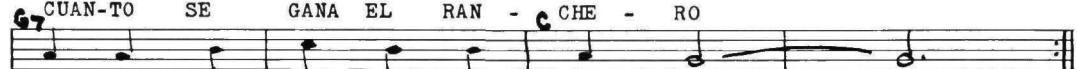
1. QUE TIE - -NES TU CE - SAR CHA - VEZ  
 2. EN SUS PE - CHOS EL CAN - SAN - CIO  
 3. HOM - BRES NI - NOS Y MU - JE - RES



- QUE LE HAS DA - DO TU A LA GEN - - TE  
 O - JOS TRI - STES A - PA - - REN - - TES  
 CON EL SOL EN LAS LA - - BO - - RES



- QUE LOS QUE AN - DAN A - GA - CHA - DOS  
 TRA - BA - JO BRU - TAL DEL CAM - PO  
 CUAN-TO SE GANA EL RAN - CHE - RO



- YA LE - - VAN - TA - - RON LA FREN - - TE  
 ESCLA- VI - - ZA HA - - STA LA MEN - - TE  
 CUAN- TO LOS TRA - BA - JA - DO - - RES

4. PARA ENRIQUECER CABRONES  
 A HACER SUDOR EN LA FRENTE  
 PARA A HACER RICOS MAS RICOS  
 SE EMPOBRECE MAS LA GENTE

5. NO LES PEDIMOS LIMOSNA  
 SOLO UN PAGO MAS DECENTE  
 LES EXIGE CESAR CHAVEZ  
 PARA AYUDA DE LA GENTE

6. SIN CORAJE Y SIN VIOLENCIA  
 ORGANICEN SIN TARDAR  
 PUES SI NOSOTROS SEMBRAMOS  
 PUES ALGO HAY QUE COSECHAR...

## CORRIDO DE PHARR, TEXAS

Para los fines de 1970 y empezando 1971 había muchas quejas de brutalidades cometidas por policías en contra de prisioneros en esta estación policíaca bajo la dirección del Jefe Alfredo Ramírez, él mismo teniendo un "record" criminal muy impresionante, y también un tal sargento, Mateo Sandoval, inmigrante de México con una reputación de temperamento violento y brutal, y dado a la violencia.

El día 6 de febrero de 1971 se organizó una protesta enfrente del ayuntamiento y la cárcel. La gente se juntó a respaldar la protesta. El Jefe Ramírez, hablando en inglés, corrió a la gente para sus casas (mucha gente no entendió y no supo que hacer). Luego las apagadoras empezaron a echar agua con las mangueras de alta presión. Echaban agua encima de la gente que se llenó de confusión. Nadie sabía lo que pasaba.

Nunca se dijo que nadie, además de los policías, disparó armas. Hasta el Texas Ranger Jack Dean dijo que él no creía que ningún policía debería haber sacado su arma. El Jefe Policiaco Ramírez abiertamente admitió que los policías andaban disparando escopetas cuates por las calles.

El joven, Alfonso Loredó Flores, un trabajador de construcción en Corpus Christi, Texas, que visitaba a su familia ese fin de semana, recibió una bala de los policías durante lo confusión. Robert Johnson, un diputado de Cherife fue el que se dijo haber matado a "Poncho" Flores. Johnson hasta ahorita no ha sido castigado debidamente, nada más fue acusado de "homicidio negligente" o sea descuido.

Cuando el joven Flores cayó al suelo con un balazo en la cabeza, él todavía tenía las manos en las bolsas como las tenía cuando estaba parado en la calle simplemente observando a los que pasaban ese negro día en Pharr, Texas. Una vez más la sangre chicana manchó la polvoroza tierra del sur de Texas. . .

1. DI - CEN QUE EN PHARR HAY SERPIEN - TES  
 2. UN MA - YOR QUE ES MAN - DA - MAS  
 3. LES DE - CI - A LA CO - MI - SION

CON CA - BE - ZA DE MA - RRA - NO  
 MU - CHOS SON LOS MAN - DA - DE - ROS  
 DE QUE SE AD - MI - RA LA LEY

Y EN - TRE LA GEN - TE DE PHARR  
 COM - PRA - DOS QUE SON VEN - DI - DOS  
 SI SUS MIS - MOS O - FI - CIA - LES

TIE - NEN GRIN - GO ME - XI - CA - NOS  
 AH, QUE PE - LADOS TAN CUA - TRE - ROS  
 TIE - NEN RE - CORD CRI - MI - NAL

4. HAY CUATRO O CINCO TESTIGOS  
 DE MUCHA BRUTALIDAD  
 SE OYEN GRITOS EN LAS CELDAS  
 QUE ES UNA BARBARIDAD

8. YA VARIOS PUEBLOS DE AZTLAN  
 ESTO YA UNA VEZ PASO  
 Y NOS VA SEGUIR PASANDO  
 SI NO HAY ORGANIZACION

5. UNA PROTESTA CALMADA  
 EN CONTRA LOS POLICIAS  
 LA GENTE LOS DENUNCIABA  
 POR COSAS QUE SE SABIAN

9. VUELA, VUELA PALOMITA  
 PARATE EN AQUEL NOPAL  
 AQUI SE ACABA CANTANDO  
 LO QUE NOS PASO ALLA EN PHARR

6. MATARON A PONCHO FLORES  
 FUE UN POLICIA DE PHARR  
 A UN HOMBRE EMPISTOLADO  
 NO SE LE PUEDE CONFIAR

7. LOS MALHECHORES DE FLORES  
 ESTO NO SE VA A OLVIDAR  
 FIJENSE TODO LO QUE HACEN  
 CON DIOS LO VAN A PAGAR

## EL CORRIDO DE JOE CEDILLO

En Julio 31, 1971, Joe Cedillo, de Austin, Texas, dieciséis años de edad, recibió un balazo en la cabeza mientras corría de una tiendita que había sido robada de una pieza de pan y una lata de carne.

Los policías mataron a este niño bajo una ley penal pasada en 1876. Esta ley permite a la policía que use sus armas a su discreción contra cualquiera persona bajo sospecha de entrar a propiedad ajena por fuerza. Sospechaban a Joe Cedillo de haber entrado a dicho establecimiento.

Gabe Gutiérrez, un abogado chicano de Austin, declaró: "En toda probabilidad si esta ley fuera llevada ante la Corte Suprema de los Estados Unidos sería declarada anticonstitucional." Hasta el mismo concilio de Austin reconoció que la ley era muy anticuada; que eran sobras de los tiempos de antaño.

Los chicanos de East Austin (el lado mexicano de Austin, Texas) protestaron que Cedillo había sido asesinado porque era chicano; que si hubiera sido anglo, nada más hubiera sido detenido. Cedillo es uno más en la lista creciente de jóvenes mexicanos que matan los policías con excusas "legales."

## CORRIDO DE JOE CEDILLO

*On July 31, 1971, sixteen year old, Joe Cedillo was shot in the back of the head as he ran from a store that had been robbed of a loaf of bread and some lunch meat.*

*The police officers were justified in killing this boy under the Texas Penal Code passed in 1876. This law permits the police to use their guns to kill anyone for "breaking and entering." Gabe Gutiérrez, an Austin chicano lawyer, declared: "In all probability, if this law were taken before the U.S. Supreme Court it would be declared unconstitutional." Even the Austin City Council admitted this law was very antiquated and outdated, a leftover from "frontier days."*

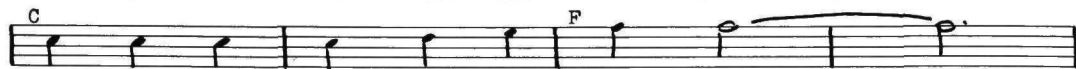
*East Austin chicanos protested that Cedillo was killed because he was a chicano, that had he been an Anglo he would have only been stopped. Joe Cedillo is another of the ever-growing list of youth killed by police with "legal" excuses.*

## CORRIDO DE CEDILLO

by Rumel Fuentes



1. EN UN - A NO - CHE DE JU - LIO  
 2. MU - CHOS BA - LA - ZOS SE ES - CU - CHAN  
 3. CUAN - DO SA - LIE - RON A - VER



EN UN BA - - RRIO ME - XI - CA - NO  
 A LAS DOS DE LA MA - NA - NA  
 UN HOM - BRE MUY A - SUS - TA - DO



LOS PO - LI - CI - AS DE AUS - TIN A  
 TO - DO LA GEN - TE ASU - STA - DA NO  
 A CE - DI - LLO VIE - RON MUER - TO EN



JOE CE - - DI - LLO MA - TA - RON  
 SA - BIAN NI QUE PA - SA - BA  
 U - NA CER - CA EN -RE - DA - DO

4. DIECISEIS ANOS TENIA  
 LO TUVIERON QUE MATAR  
 LOS POLICIAS LO MATARON  
 CAUSA UN PEDASO DE PAN

5. ADIOS MI PADRE Y MI MADRE  
 MI VIDA PRONTO ACABO  
 LA BALA DE ESE HOMBRE MALO  
 QUE EN MI CABEZA QUEDO

6. NAVA, FLORES, Y CEDILLO  
 ME ACUERDO TODOS LOS DIAS  
 JOVENES Y CASI UNOS NINOS  
 LOS MATARON POLICIAS



## WALK OUT EN CRYSTAL CITY

Crystal City, 15% ángloamericanos y 85% méxicoamericanos era una ciudad en donde los gringos controlaban y eran líderes de todo lo que querían: de los puestos políticos locales más altos, hasta las reinas y líderes de la escuela secundaria (high school). Por muchos años los méxicoamericanos no se permitían en las escuelas. Hasta en los años de 1940 el grupo que graduaba de Crystal City High School incluía uno o dos méxicoamericanos y nada más. Con el tiempo creció el número de méxicoamericanos en las escuelas para formar una mayoría. Las diferencias empezaron con las elecciones de *cheerleaders* (niñas que gritan y bailan en los juegos de las escuelas). Tradicionalmente los maestros siempre elegían tres niñas anglo o gringuitas y solamente una niña méxicoamericana. Otros asuntos, además, en esta escuela se llevaban acabo en esa misma forma, con mucho favoritismo. Los chicanos entonces empezaron una protesta que con la ayuda de Severita, una estudianta, y unos buenos organizadores con José Angel Gutiérrez resultó en un sistema escolar con mayoría chicana en la administración escolar, maestros, y en la mesa directiva o consejo de la escuela.

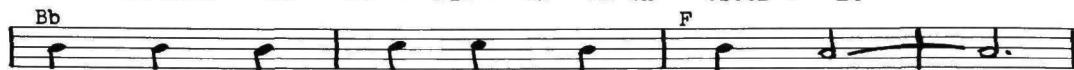
## WALK OUT EN CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS

*Crystal City, 15% Angloamerican and 85% Mexican American was a place where the Anglos were used to running and leading everything worth leading, from the highest local political positions down to the high school cheerleaders. For many years Mexican Americans were kept out of high school. Even in the late forties a Crystal City High School graduating class included only one or two Mexican Americans. With time, high school majority nearly equaled the Mexican American majority in the town. The differences began with the elections of the cheerleaders. Traditionally, the teachers always selected three Anglo and only one Mexican American cheerleader. Other matters in the school were handled in similar manner. Chicanos began a protest investigation, that with the help of Severita, a student, and José Angel Gutiérrez, an organizer, resulted in a school system with a Chicano majority in the school administration, faculty, and school board.*

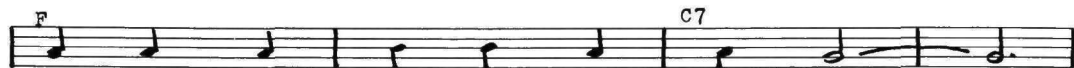
## WALK-OUT EN CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS



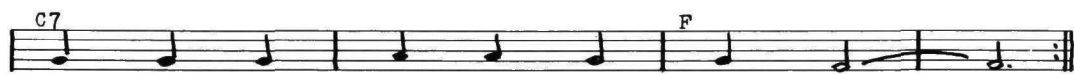
1. FUE EN UN DI - A DE NO - VIEM - BRE  
 2. TO - DAS LAS AU - TO - RI - DA - DES  
 3. HUEL - GA EM - PIE - ZA EN LA ESCUE - LA



DEL A - NO SE - SEN - TA Y NUE - VE  
 E - RAN GRIN - GO A - ME - RI - CA - NOS  
 DES - PUES DE TAN - TA INJUS - TI - CIA



SE HA - LLA - RON CON MU - CHOS LI - OS  
 SE MA - NE - JA - BAN MUY BI - EN LOS  
 A - LLI DE - CLA - RO LOS MA - LES LA



LOS GRIN - GOS DE CRY - TAL CI - TY  
 ME - XI - GO - A - ME - I - CA - NOS LA  
 ES - TU - DI - AN - TA SEVE - RI - TA

4. LUEGO EL GRUPO DE ESTUDIANTES  
 FUERON A LA CAPITAL  
 CON SENADORES Y TODO  
 FUERON A CONFERENCIAR

5. LLEGARON LOS FEDERALES  
 VIENEN PARA INVESTIGAR  
 LA GENTE ESTA EN SU DERECHO  
 ESTO YA SE VA A ARREGLAR

6. LA SITUACION YA HA CAMBIADO  
 LA VIRGEN GUADALUPANA  
 COMENZO AQUI EN CRYSTAL CITY  
 ALL' DIOS DIRA PA' MANANA...

## POLITICA EN LOS BARRIOS

Nada más las personas que no quieren darse cuenta, o que andan muy ocupadas tratando de ganarse la vida, no saben cómo trabaja la política en los barrios de los pueblos chicos. Esta es la gente que debe saber y participar más. Los políticos siempre serán políticos y su primer preocupación es ganarse y mantener el puesto a como dé lugar.

Los políticos saben que la gente olvida todo de una elección a otra. Esto les permite hacer promesas que no tienen que cumplir. Se hace en un círculo vicioso (una rueda donde viene uno a caer en donde mismo) donde los políticos prometen—la gente se cree—los políticos no cumplen—la gente se enoja—los políticos prometen—la gente se cree . . . etc. De este modo los políticos controlan a la gente.

La gente de los barrios debe saber esto para que pueda sacar el servicio máximo de estos hombres que se les paga para que les sirvan. Los chicanos están aprendiendo a participar en la política para tener voz y voto en lo que se va a hacer.

Vamos a votar por el candidato que más nos convenga. Y si un político no coopera, ¡a volar candidato!

## POLITICS IN THE BARRIO

*Except for some naive persons who force themselves into believing in a democratic system per se, many people are aware of how small town politics work. Politicians will be politicians and their main care, as the Machiavellian theory professes, is to keep the prince (in this case the politician) in power, regardless.*

*Politicians realize that people forget from one election day to another election day. This enables them to make promises they don't have to keep. This constitutes a vicious circle where politicians lie, people believe, people find out and become angry, politicians lie, etc.*

*Chicanos especially must learn to participate and support the candidate that will be more beneficial to them and make him work on their behalf.*

1. EN LOS DI - AS DE E - LEC - CIO - NES PO -  
 2. NO- MAS DE - ME US - TED SU - VO - TO TO -  
 3. YA SE GA - NO LA E LEC - CI - ON VA -

G D7

LI - TI - COS Y DE - MAS CON  
 DO LE VOY A A - RRE - GLAR LAS  
 MOS TO - DOS A GO ZAR PERO

D7 D7

UN COS - TAL DE PRO - ME - SAS Y  
 TAX - AS HAY QUE BA - JAR - SE CA -  
 A NUES - TRO CAN - DI - DA - TO NO

D7 G

CER - VE - SA PA' TO - MAR VIE -  
 LLES QUE PA - VI - MEN - TAR Y  
 LO PO - DE - MOS NI HA - LLAR SI NO

G G

NEN A COM - PRAR EL VO - TO PA -  
 LO QUE US - TED NE - CE - CI - TE E -  
 AN - DA A - FUERA DEL PUE - BLO HOY

D7 G

RA PO - DER - SE SEN - TAR  
 SO LE VA - MOS A DAR  
 NO SE LE PUEDE HA - BLAR

4. YA ENTRO PERO SE VOLTEO  
 LA GENTE EMPIEZA A GRITAR  
 PERO ESTO NO DURA MUCHO

5. POLITICOS BUSCAN VOTOS  
 Y NOSOTROS LOS TENEMOS  
 ORGANIZENSE SENORES

YA SE EMPIEZA A SILENCIAR  
 PORQUE PASA TAN SEGUIDO  
 YA PARECE NATURAL

Y MUY PRONTO LO VEREMOS  
 EL NO HABLA DIOS NO LO OYE  
 SOLO JUNTOS VENCEREMOS

## PARTIDO LA RAZA UNIDA

Los líderes políticos chicanos organizaron el partido La Raza Unida, un partido de y para puros chicanos en Tejas. Este partido ha tenido éxito en partes como Crystal City donde hay una mayoría de chicanos. El partido La Raza Unida es un buen esfuerzo para unir el voto chicano para tener poder de tratar y participar unidos en las elecciones locales, estatales, y nacionales. El Partido La Raza Unida, ha sido adoptado por mucha gente de habla hispana. Aunque se originó en Texas y Colorado, este partido se está organizando en todo Aztlán y en los estados del norte de los Estados Unidos.

### LA RAZA UNIDA PARTY

*La Raza Unida political party was organized by Chicano leaders to run all Chicano campaign tickets or slates. This party has been successful in places, such as Crystal City where there is a majority of chicano voters.*

*La Raza Unida Party is a good effort to unite the Mexican American vote in order that the Mexican American might have more bargaining power and organized participation in all elections, local, state, and national.*

*La Raza Unida is being adopted by many Spanish speaking groups in the United States. La Raza Unida Party originated in Texas and Colorado but is being organized in all Aztlán and in some northern states.*

1. PAR - TI - DO LA RAZA U - NI - DA  
2. AL FIN LA GEN - TE SE JUN - TA  
3. FUN - DA - DO - RES DEL PAR - TI - DO

LA ES - PE - RANZA DE LA GEN - TE  
QUE LA CAU - SA SE CON - SI - GA  
SON MU - CHOS PA' MEN - CI - O - NAR

DE LA GEN - TE DE LOS BA - RRIOS  
BAJO U - NA CAUSA QUE ES JUN - TA  
PORQUE MU - CHOS CO - O - PER - A - RON

QUE YA ES - TA ABRIEN - DO LA MEN - TE  
QUE DI - O - SITO LA BEN - DI - GA  
PA - RA LA GEN - TE JUN - TAR

PO - LI - TI - CA NUN - CA ES MA - LA  
TO - DOS DA - RE - MOS A - PO - YO  
Y SE - GUI - RAN TRA - BA - JAN - DO

PUEDE QUE SE - A CON - VE - NI - EN - TE  
AL PAR - TI - DO RAZA ME - JO - NI - DA  
PA - RA PO - DER ME - JO - RAR

4. PUEDE Y NO SEA GANADOR  
NUESTRO GALLO COLORADO  
YO SOY EL APOSTADOR

5. SOY POBRE NO TENGO NADA  
NO TRAIGO NI DESPEDIDA  
PERO YO SIGO CANTANDO

Y NUNCA YO ME HE RAJADO  
MEJOR MORIR EN LA RAYA  
QUE ANDAR AHI DE OCASIONADO

QUE VIVA LA CAUSA MIA  
QUE DIOSITO NOS BENDIGA  
QUE VIVA LA RAZA UNIDA

## EL CORRIDO DE GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ empezó de maestro rural en el condado de Bernalillo en Nuevo México. El Sr. Dr. George I. Sánchez en los siguientes 40 años se distinguió como uno de los primeros expertos en la nación en problemas educacionales y sociales de los mexicanoamericanos en Estados Unidos. Fue también una autoridad en los problemas similares de la América Latina. El Dr. Sánchez fue director de institutos y seminarios para maestros con el propósito de estudiar el bilingüismo entre los trabajadores migratorios, la educación en la América Latina, y el inglés como segundo idioma. Estas conferencias fueron patrocinadas por las escuelas de educación superior en Estados Unidos, México, Centro y Sud-América. Fue autor y editor de varios libros incluyendo "Inter-American Series" publicado por Macmillan. El Dr. Sánchez participó en muchas actividades profesionales y se le confirieron numerosos premios y honores. El Dr. Sánchez educaba en la Universidad de Texas en Austin, Texas.

El Dr. George I. Sánchez murió el cinco de abril del año 1972.

## CORRIDO DE GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

*George I. Sánchez began as a rural school teacher in Bernalillo county, New Mexico. Dr. Sánchez distinguished himself in the following 40 years as one of the nation's foremost experts on the educational and social problems of the Mexican American of the United States. He was also an authority on these problems in Latin America. Dr. Sánchez was director of numerous teachers workshops and institutes on bilingual-migrant problems, education in Latin America, and English as a second language which were sponsored by schools of higher education in the United States, Mexico, and Central and South America. He was author of many books including Inter-American Series published by MacMillan and many other educational programs, articles, and reports. Dr. Sánchez participated in U.S. government, community, and professional activities, which conferred numerous awards and honors on him. Dr. Sánchez taught at the University of Texas at Austin, Texas.*

*Dr. George I. Sánchez passed away April 5, 1972.*

CORRIDO DE GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

by R. Fuentes



1. VEN - GO A CAN - TAR - LES SE - NO - RES  
 2. NO SE HA VISTO LA CA - RRO - SA  
 3. U - NA FI - GU - RA DE HIS - TO - RIA



MI - REN LO QUE A - YER PA - SO  
 Y NO HA - BRA NI FU - NE - RAL  
 DE SAN - CHEZ TO - DOS DI - JE - RON



EL DI - A CIN - CO DE A - BRIL  
 Y EL DI - NE - RO DE LAS FLO - RES  
 DE - FEN - SO - RES DE LA RA - ZA



GOR - GE I. SAN - CHEZ MU - RIO  
 FUE A UN GEN - TRO EDU - CACIO - NAL  
 FUE EL U - NO DE LOS PRI - MEROS

4. DESDE LOS ANOS DEL TREINTA  
 GEORGE I SANCHEZ PROTESTABA  
 QUE SISTEMAS ESCOLARES  
 A NUESTRA RAZA IGNORABAN

5. LOS CHIQUITOS DE LA RAZA  
 SISE PUEDEN EDUCAR  
 PERO TENDREMOS QUE HABLARLES  
 LA IDIOMA DE SU MAMA

6. A KENNEDY DIO ASISTENCIA  
 ENCUESTIONES ESCOLARES  
 SIEMPRE FUE MUY DESTACADO  
 POR TODITOS LOS LUGARES

7. DE PRIMERA EDUCADOR  
 EN LAS UNIVERSIDADES  
 SIEMPRE FUE MUY RESPETADO  
 POR TODAS LAS FACULTADES

8. COMO ESCRITOR HIZO FAMA  
 MUCHOS LIBROS NOS DEJO  
 EN SUS LIBROS DE MUCHO ANTES  
 MUCHAS COSAS ESPLICIO



9. LOS MEXICO AMERICANOS  
ESTAN MUY ENTRISTECIDOS  
AL RECIBIR LA NOTICIA  
QUE GEORGE I SANCHEZ SE HA IDO

10. PALOMO COLOR CAFE  
QUE ALTO EN EL VIENTO VOLO  
ANDA AVISARLE A MI HERMANO  
QUE GEORGE I SANCHEZ MURIO

1. A LAS DOS DE LA MA - NA - NA VA - MO -  
 2. YA SE A - CA - BO EL BE - TA - BEL SIGUE EL  
 3. VA - MOS PA' TRAS PA' TE - XES A PIS -

NOS A MA - DRU - GAR YA LA TRO-CA YA ES- TA  
 ESTADO DE IN - DI - ANA A TRA-BA -JAR EL TO -  
 CAR EL AL - GO - DON AH QUE COS-TAL TAN PE -

LI - STA YA ESTA LI - STA PA' A - RRAN - GAR PRI -  
 MA - TE AY QUE BUENA LA EN - SA - LADA YA SE  
 SA - DO ME - JOR QUIE - RO EL SA - - DON 'O -

ME -RO PA' MIN- NE - SO - TA A TRA-BA -JAR BE - TA -  
 A - CA - BO EL TO - MA - TE VA - MO -NOS POR IL - LI -  
 RA SI - GUE LA CE - BO - LLA ZA - MO -NOS A RE - BO -

BEL A PRE-PA -RAR MU -CHOS A - CRES AY QUE  
 NOIS A TRA-BA -JAR EL E - LOTE QUE ES MUY  
 TAR YA VI -DE TAN - TA CE - BOLLA QUE NI EN

VER - DE EL BE- TA - BEL  
 BUE - NO SI SE - NOR YA  
 TACOS LA VUELVO A AGARRAR

1. A VECES YO TENGO FRIO  
 Y CREO QUE ME VOY A HELAR  
 Y LUEGO ME ESTOY QUEMANDO  
 CREO QUE ME VOY ASAR

5. YA VINE Y AQUI ME TIENES  
 PUEBLO QUE ME VIO NACER  
 'A ESPERAR QUE LLEGUE ABRIL  
 PARA SALIR OTRA VEZ

CORRIDO DE LA FAMILIA  
DE JUAN CORONA

1. EL A - NO SE - TE - TA Y U - - NO  
2. AL ES - TI - LO A - MER - - I - - CAN - - O  
3. GLORIA CO - RO - NA Y CUA - - TRO HI - - - JAS

EN EL CON - - DA - - DO DE YU - - BA  
TODOAS CON PI - - - STO - LA EN MAN - - O  
LA PA - MI - - - LIA QUE HA SU - FRI - - DO  
ES - TA - DO DE CA - LI - - FOR - - NIA  
CON UN RIFLE A SU CA - - BE - - ZA  
LOS PER - JUICIOS DE UN GO - - BIER - - NO  
UN DIA VEIN - TI - SEIS DE MA - - YO  
A CO - - RO - - NA A - - RRE - - BA - - TARON  
LOS PER - - JUI - - CIOS DE UN - A LEY  
A - - RRES - TA A JUAN CO - - RO - - - NA  
EN FREN - TE DE SU FA - - MI - - - LIA  
PO - BRE MA - - DRE DE CO - - RO - - - NA  
LA PO - LI - - CIA DEL CON - - DA - - DO - - O  
UN CRI MI - - - NAL LO LLA - - - MA - - RON  
E - - LLA PRE - - - GUN - - TA POR - - - QUE

4. WHITEAKER, TEJA, Y PATTON FUERON LOS TRES DESGRACIADOS  
INJUSTAS AUTORIDADES SIEMPRE EN CONTRA DE LA GENTE  
UN DIA SERAN JUSTICAIDOS POR EL GRAN OMNIPOTENTE

5. DIGO QUE JUAN HA MATADO DICE LA LEY DEL ESTADO  
MIENTEN CONTESTA SU GENTE JUAN BUEN HIJO BUEN HERMANO  
NO ES CAPAZ DE HABER MATADO A NADIE HA ASESINADO

6. DIEZ HOMBRES Y DOS MUJERES INSEGUROS DECIDIERON  
QUE JUAN CORONA ES CULPABLE POR LOS HOMBRES QUE MURIERON  
AUNQUE NADIE FUE SEGURO CUALES HECHOS SUCEDIERON

HUAPANGO LOS TRABAJOS

by R. Fuentes

1. A LAS DOS DE LA MA - NA - NA VA - MO -  
 2. YA SE A - CA - BO EL BE - TA - BEL SIGUE EL  
 3. VA - MOS PA' TRAS PA' TE - XES A PIS-

NOS A MA - DRU - GAR YA LA TRO-CA YA ES- TA  
 ESTADO DE IN - DI - ANA A TRA-BA -JAR EL TO -  
 CAR EL AL - GO - DON AH QUE COS-TAL TAN PE -

LI - STA YA ESTA LI - STA PA' A - RRRAN - CAR PRI -  
 MA - TE AY QUE BUENA LA EN - - SA - - LADA YA SE  
 SA - DO ME - JOR QUIE - RO EL SA - - DON 'O -

ME -RO PA' MIN- NE - SO - TA A TRA-BA -JAR BE - TA -  
 A - CA - BO EL TO - MA - TE VA - MO -NOS POR IL - LI -  
 RA SI - GUE LA CE - BO - LLA ZA - MO -NOS A RE - BO -

BEL A PRE-FA -RAR MU -CHOS A - CRES AY QUE  
 NOIS A TRA-BA -JAR EL E - LOTE QUE ES MUY  
 TAR YA VI -DE TAN - TA CE - BOLLA QUE NI EN

VER - DE EL BE - TA - BEL  
 BUE - NO SI SE - NOR YA  
 TACOS LA VUELVO A AGARRAR

4. A VECES YO TENGO FRIO  
 Y CREO QUE ME VOY A HELAR  
 Y LUEGO ME ESTOY QUEMANDO  
 CREO QUE ME VOY ASAR

5. YA VINE Y AQUI ME TIENES  
 PUEBLO QUE ME VIO NACER  
 'A ESPERAR QUE LLEGUE ABRIL  
 PARA SALIR OTRA VEZ

CORRIDO DE LA FAMILIA  
DE JUAN CORONA

1. EL A - NO SE - TE - TA Y U - - NO  
2. AL ES - TI - LO A - MER - - I - - CAN - - - O  
3. GLORIA CO - RO - NA Y CUA - - TRO HI - - - JAS

EN EL CON - - DA - - DO DE YU - - BA  
TODAS CON PI - - - STO - LA EN MAN - - O  
LA PA - MI - - - LIA QUE HA SU - - FRI - - DO  
ES - TA - DO DE CA - LI - - POR - - NIA  
CON UN RIFLE A SU CA - - BE - - ZA  
LOS PER - JUICIOS DE UN GO - - BIER - - NO  
UN DIA VEIN - TI - SEIS DE MA - - YO  
A CO - - RO - - NA A - - RRE - - BA - - TARON  
LOS PER - - JUI - - CIOS DE UN - - A LEY  
A - - RRES - TA A JUAN CO - - RO - - - NA  
EN FREN - TE DE SU FA - - MI - - - LIA  
PO - BRE MA - - DRE DE CO - - RO - - - NA  
LA PO - LI - - CIA DEL CON - - DA - - DO - - - OO  
UN CRI MI - - - NAL LO LLA - - - MA - - RON  
E - - LLA PRE - - - GUN - - TA POR - - - QUE

4. WHITEAKER, TEJA, Y PATTON FUERON LOS TRES DESGRACIADOS  
INJUSTAS AUTORIDADES SIEMPRE EN CONTRA DE LA GENTE  
UN DIA SERAN JUSTICAIDOS POR EL GRAN OMNIPOTENTE

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QUE JUAN CORONA ES CULPABLE POR LOS HOMBRES QUE MURIERON  
AUNQUE NADIE FUE SEGURO CUALES HECHOS SUCEDIERON

7. ALVARO Y PEDRO CORONA LOS DOS HERMANOS DE JUAN  
MUY PRONTO SE DIERON CUENTA DE UNA JUSTICIA NEGADA  
BOLA DE GRINGOS MARICAS NI HONOR, PALABRA, NI NADA

8. HAWK SIEMPRE BUEN ABOGADO A TODOS LOS HIZO VER  
LA INCOMPETENCIA DE MUCHOS OFICIALES DE LA LEY  
CONFUNDEN PRUEBAS Y MUERTOS AL DRECHO Y AL REVEZ

9. NO SE SI JUAN ES CULPABLE NOMAS DIOS LO HA DE SABER  
AUNQUE SERAS INOCENTE LA PENITENCIA HAY QUE VER  
LA JUSTICIA ES UN ESPANTO QUE NUNCA SE PUEDE VER

10. PALOMO BLANCO MAL HORA VAS A VOLAR OTRA VEZ  
UN GAVILAN YA TE ESPERA MUY PRONTO LO VAS A VER  
DOCE DICEN QUE ES CULPABLE MUCHOS DICEN QUE NO ES

## CORRIDO DE AZTLAN

AZTLAN quiere decir “tierras hacia el norte” y este nombre fue dado por los indígenas de México. Aztlán incluye los cinco estados del Sudoeste de Estados Unidos. Estos son: Texas, Arizona, Nuevo México, Colorado, y California. En grupos teatrales la pérdida de esta tierra se pinta como cinco hijas del padre “México” robadas por ladrones (los gringos).

Para los chicanos esta área es Chicanolandia o Aztlán y esperan que se desaparezcan los gringos para de nuevo vivir en paz. Aztlán, acre por acre, fue robado por los gringos de la calaña más baja que siempre tenían la ley de su parte. Una manera muy usada era que un abogado reclamaba la tierra de un mexicano y el mexicano tenía que ocupar otro abogado y este otro abogado siempre demandaba que le pagaran con terrenos y otras propiedades. Estos dos abogados se repartían las tierras entre los dos. También, los gringos subían los impuestos de terrenos y los rancheros mexicanos con mucha propiedad tenían que vender las tierras para poder pagar los impuestos. Los gringos campraban los terrenos bastante baratos. Otras veces los gringos nomás entraban a un rancho, corrían a los dueños mexicanos y se apoderaban de los ranchos, dándoles a los mexicanos hasta en la tarde para que se salieran. Estos ladrones eran respaldados por la “ley tejana” de entonces.

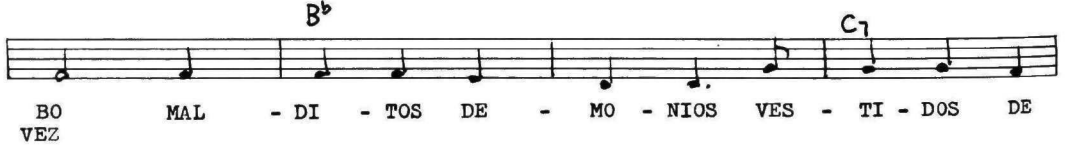
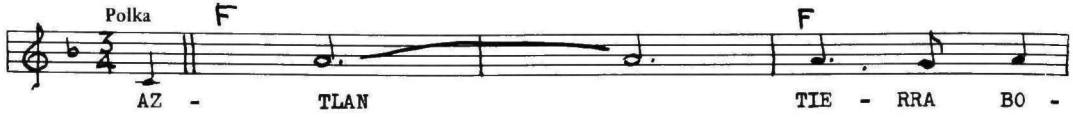
## CORRIDO DE AZTLAN

*The word AZTLAN means “the northern lands” as used by the Mixteca and other Indians of México. Aztlán includes five southwestern states of the United States: Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and California. Some people maintain that Utah is part of this area. In Chicano theatre groups, sometimes the U.S. gain of this territory is depicted as gringo “carpetbaggers” stealing five daughters (states) of Mexico (the father).*

*To the Chicano this area is Chicanoland and they all wait until the gringo is chased out, that the people might live in peace once more. Aztlán, acre by acre, was stolen by the gringo carpetbaggers and slave-traders who had “Texas law” behind them at that time. One common practice was for one gringo lawyer to dispute the Mexican’s land and a lawyer would have to be hired by the Mexican. This lawyer would win the case and would demand to be paid with land. Also exhorbitant tax rates on land would be levied so that Mexican ranchers would have to sell their land to get money to pay the taxes. Gringos would buy the land at very low prices. Other times gringos would just come to the ranch and give the Mexican ranch owner until sundown to get out of town. Most of the time “the law” looked the other way as this happened.*

## AZTLÁN

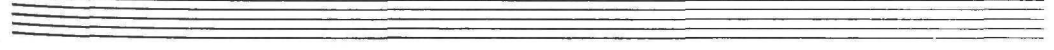
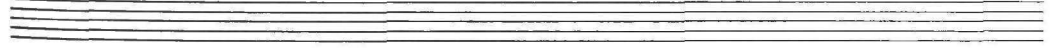
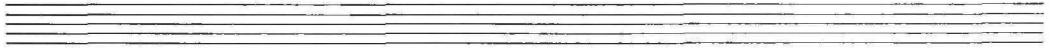
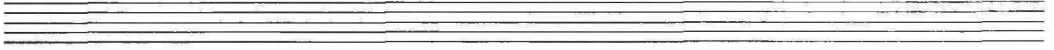
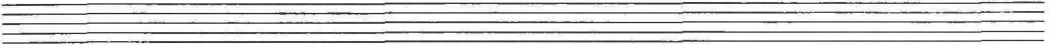
by R. Fuentes





F C7 C7  
TI - GO Y DE - JEN MI TIE - RRA EN LA LI - BER -

1. F 2. F  
TAD AZ - TAD. FINE.



## CORRIDO DE REIES LOPEZ TIJERINA

Este corrido es el de Reies López Tijerina y su lucha en las cortes para devolver unas tierras de Nuevo México a sus dueños legales. Estos dueños de tierras tienen los títulos legales concedidos por España (The Spanish Land Grants). Estos títulos fueron garantizados por el Tratado De Guadalupe Hidalgo (Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo) firmado después de la guerra entre México y Estados Unidos.

Este movimiento lo empezó la organización, *La Alianza Federal De Los Pueblos Libres De Mercedes*, que fue fundada por Reies López Tijerina. Tijerina y su familia han sido molestados constantemente por cuerpos policíacos de varios departamentos desde que empezó su trabajo de tratar que se hiciera justicia en cuestión de estas tierras.

Cuando Tijerina habla, habla de cosas muy fundamentales. Habla del nacimiento de las razas. El habla del espíritu y del entendimiento. “¿Cuánto conocemos acerca de la justicia?” pregunta Tijerina. El le dice a la gente que busquen y descubran la justicia y la realidad.

Tijerina tiene mucho carisma y es un orador muy dinámico y muy eficaz.

## EL CORRIDO DE REIES LOPEZ TIJERINA

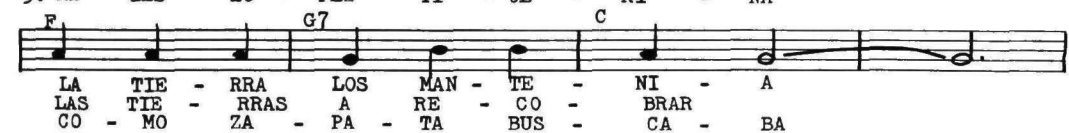
*This corrido is about Reies López Tijerina and his legal case for restoring some New México lands to their legal owners—those who hold the titles of the original Spanish Land Grants. These titles were guaranteed by the government of the United States by the TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO signed after the Mexican American War.*

*The “land grant” movement was started by an organization named LA ALIANZA DE LOS PUEBLOS LIBRES DE MERCEDES founded by Tijerina. Tijerina and family have been constantly harassed by local, state, and federal police since he started his work of restoring the lands.*

*When Tijerina speaks he is never on the surface but very deep and fundamental. He speaks of the birth of the ethnic groups. He speaks of the soul and of understanding. “How much do we know about justice,” Tijerina asks. He is asking people to look further and deeper than the propaganda and get as close to reality as possible. Tijerina has great charisma and is a very excellent, effective, and dynamic speaker.*

## CORRIDO DE REYES LOPEZ TIJERINA

by R. Fuentes



4. SE ESCONDEN BAJO SU LEY  
PARA HACER DESTROCIDADES  
MALDITOS RINCHES COBARDES

MANDADEROS DEL GOBIERNO  
PERO DIOS TIENE OTRA LEY  
QUE LOS MANDARA AL INFIERNO

**THE MEXICAN AMERICAN DEVIL'S DICTIONARY**

**Volume I**

**by  
P. Galindo**

## A

## AIR

One of the four natural elements; the other three being space, freedom, and friendship. For many Chicanos, air is the first meal of the day.

## ALAMO, The

A religious shrine built, on low bid, by missionaries for the Daughters of the Texas Revolution. The Alamo is a nice place to visit but you wouldn't want to live there.

## AMERICAN DREAM, The

A myth. Also, an all-white professional basketball team.

## AMERICAN LEGION, The

Former company clerks willing to spill the blood of any young man without regard to his race, creed, color, or national origin.

## AMIGO

An unfriendly word used by gringos. A corruption of "me go."

## ASSIMILATION

According to the Scriptures, what a second generation European is encouraged to do in the United States. For Chicanos, assimilation cannot be precisely rendered in translation. A rough translation is the exchange of one set of problems for another, oftentimes bigger.

## ATTORNEY GENERAL

An administrative mouthpiece which, on command, can sit, heel, and fawn. An imaginary senior official who is willing to do nothing pursuant to the best interests of the citizenry.

## B

## BARBECUE

A religious gathering wherein Chicanos are invited to participate every two, four, or six years depending on the elections of public officials. The barbecue meat is cooked by hot air. (See Elections.)

## BARRIO

A restricted neighborhood maintained thusly by your friendly realtor. The barrio is a recent discovery in the Disneyland worlds of Sociology and Government.

## BOARD\* OF EDUCATION

\*(Sometimes spelled Bored)

A select group of fools representing a general group of fools. In smaller towns, each Board has a doctor of medicine as a member. The remainder of the Board, however, is fairly honest.

## BOLILLO

(of unknown origin) Another word for gringo. A gabacho.

## BRIBERY

Interchangeable with "apple pie" and "mother."

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## C

## CATHOLIC

Formerly, an adherent to one of the many “true” churches. In theory, what a Catholic believes and what he does are one and the same. In practice, he also differs not from the Protestant.

## CHURCH ·

(from Old English meaning *a smoke screen*). At times, a car wash.

## CROPS

Sustenance for the many picked by the few who are paid little by the big, who are even fewer.

## D

## DEATH

In American politics, a constant companion. Also it is popularly believed that old soldiers escape Death; to date none has lived to tell about it.

## E

## ELECTIONS

An in-joke.

EQUAL

Separate.

EUPHEMISM

Saying that right is wrong, that poverty is solely a mental condition, or that busing assures a democratic way of life,

F

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

The sovereign right of American newspapers to devote two-thirds of their product to advertisements and the remainder to want ads, fillers, feature stories, and, in some cases, information.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

The right to yell Fire! at a holocaust. A seasonal flora entirely dependent on the prevailing winds from the White House and the Attorney General's office.

G

G. O. B.

Initials designating a Good Old Boy. (Sometimes confused with S. O. B.) Most Good Old Boys played high school football, married the cheerleaders, joined the Jaycees and are now forty pounds overweight.

## GOD

One of the principal authors of the U. S. Constitution. In Ireland it is rumored that God is on both sides.

## H

## HEROIN

The white crystalline narcotic diacetylmorphine  $C_{21}H_{23}NO_5$ . It was formerly sold, bought and used by former Good Old Boys in Nam and elsewhere; a wave of the Administrative wand made Heroin and all its adjuncts disappear whereupon the citizenry wondered why the same wand was not used to make Vietnam disappear.

## H. E. W.

A 19th century medicine show surviving into the 20th.

## HIDALGO

A title denoting a Spanish nobleman of the lower class. At one time the hidalgos constituted at least 95 percent of Spain's population. The remaining 5 percent was made up of the rabble, i.e., the nobility. In the United States, the *hidalgo* has evolved into the civil servant.

## HUELGA

The one Spanish word most English speakers know.

## HUNGER

A natural state for Chicanos and manifested in many forms. Some believe it can be cured by liberal doses of justice. The cure is still in the experimental stages.

## HYPEROPIC

The distinct advantage of standing on the roof of the White House and being able to see what's wrong with the rest of the world.

## I

## IGNORANCE

Supposedly a state populated solely by Chicanos.

## I. N. S.

Initials of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, a pocket bureau burrowed within the vest of the Department of Justice, an entity which is tolerated by the F. B. I. The INS is brave, loyal, true and indispensable; just ask them.

## INTELLIGENCE

A gift of God to Them. *La raza* is supposed to be devoid of this commodity. Researchers are feverishly working to discover a Biblical reference pointing to the lack of Intelligence in Chicanos.

## L

## LA LIMPIA

The hoeing, chopping, and cutting down of weeds in order to protect el míster's crops. A strong back and the capacity to endure thirst for hours on end are the only requirements. The work, really, is a million laughs.

## LAMISCON

From the transitive verb lamer. He is the chosen seeker and finder of the several roads to Convenience; he receives his training early in childhood and usually by example.

## LEMON

Any potential candidate.

## M

## MACE

In olden times an instrument to stop someone cold, straight out. In modern times an instrument to stop someone cold, straight out.

## MAGIC

The process by which unemployment figures and legislator pay raises are made to disappear from the front pages.

## MEX

An apocopation of Mexican. Used as a possessive as in my Mex, our Mex, their Mex, his Mex, your Mex, my neighbor's Mex, the mayor's Mex, the governor's Mex, etc.

## MEXICAN AMERICAN

Chicano, Hispano, Latino, Mexican, Latinoamericano, Boy, Latin American, Legless war vet, Spanish-surnamed, Spanish American,

Spanish-speaking American. People who refuse to go back to where they came from, namely, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, California, etc.

### MICHIGAN

A spa used principally by, although not necessarily restricted to, Chicanos. Here, in yearly rituals, Chicanos can indulge themselves by getting back to ecology and lolling in cucumber, beet, and bean fields. Chicano children sometimes confuse Michigan with Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, North Dakota, etc. So do adults.

### MINIMUM WAGE

A phrase noted for its exemplary candidness to those who are paid one.

### MONEY

(From Moneta, the Warner) A medicament used in preventative illnesses. A placebo. A wonder drug. The prescriptions are filled out in triplicate and are called proposals.

### MOTA

Grass; pot; wire; kief; gold (in all its variations: Acapulco, Tijuana Red, Valley, etc.) yerba, grifa, Juana.

### N

### NEVER

Now.

## NEWS

Common knowledge. It is not to be confused with the truth, that disquieting sensation.

## O

## O. E. O.

What Santa utters to the delight of children.

## P

## PAIRING

In the U.S. Senate, a ritual wherein tit is balanced by tat. It is akin to wife swapping.

## PEACE

War.

## PENDEJO

A work animal. It is easily mastered by anyone who has one. It eats very little, is docile and obedient. It can be taught to smile and scrape. The female of the species is rarer and proves to be ungrateful for the long hours it is allowed to work.

## PENTAGON

A predaceous five-pointed weed which blossoms every fiscal year.

PHYSICIAN

A disciple of Galen who has upheld the Hippocratic oath and has held up his patients.

PLUNDER

To collect taxes on previously taxed income.

POLITICAL PARTY

A creation whose longevity depends on the fickleness of the electors' pocket book. In the United States there are two main political parties and many rumps. The original political party system was an invention of Eli Whitney who also thought up the idea of interchangeable parts.

POLITICIAN

A prehistoric remnant which, like the shark, is an omnivore with no natural enemies. It is able to digest anything and possesses a sweet disposition on even years.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

In Great Britain, commonly, a school which prepares the product for the universities. In the United States, commonly, a school which shields the pupil from the universities.

PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANY

Another one of those American enterprises said to exist for the public which it supposedly serves.



## S

## SEPARATE

Equal.

## SHOCK, Culture

The startling realization that Chicanos possess sensitivity, and intelligence.

## T

## TELEVISION

An electronic marvel which, obviously, must be operated by children. It was once feared that television would lead the American public to enlightenment. However, such fears are proven unfounded each day.

## TEXAS

A place where Mexicans should be seen and not heard. Most Texans possess a fine sense of irony as witnessed by the derivation of the state name: it means friends or friendship. Texas ranks first in cotton, oil, and in the exportation of migrant laborers. The complete story of Texas and its achievements has been compiled by J. Frank Dobie, John Wayne, and Cantinflas.

## U

## UNITED STATES, The

The first Polish joke, attributed to Eddie Cantor.

## V

## VENDIDO

One who mistakes tolerance for acceptance. The vendido is usually a full grown animal. He gets his start as a lamiscón (pl. lamiscones) and evolutes into a full fledged vendido by dint of good old American get-up-and-go. An apostate. Vendidito, vendido, vendote, vendododododote.

## Y

## YANKEE

The original settler of New England. Southerners believe that the Yankee is a thieving scoundrel with the morals of a sow. There must be thirty million people in this country who can't distinguish between a Yankee and a Southerner. Yankees also unsettled Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Oregon, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, etc.

**Crapulario**  
**por**  
**Juan Rodríguez**

DEPARTAMENTO DE ESPAÑOL  
Y  
POCHUGUÉS

Detesto a los pedantes. Ayer le digo a uno: —¿Hueles ese ruido? Y me contesta: —Desde un punto de vista pedagógico se manifiesta como una estridente ventosidad expelida por el ano.  
¡Qué pedo!

*Anoche hablé con Dios.*

.....

*No, nada de nuevo.*

*Sólo que quería cometer suicida.*



*Mi tío Chuy fue tan bueno que cada Navidad celebramos su antonomástico.*



*La noticia no apareció hoy en el Press Citizen; pero el crimen se cometió de todos modos: Los policías anoche mataron a balazos a Jesucristo . . . lo cinfundieron con un chicano.*



*Soy muy patriótico; por eso me asombró el sueño de anoche: Me cubría un suave contento al saber que los honkies habían sido derrotados cerca del infierno.*



*¿Han notado como el bolillo teme quedarse solo con su consciencia? . . por eso siempre tiene la tele prendida.*



*Hay tanta sabiduría entre la Raza. Ayer, por la acera nos encontramos, Paco y yo, a una preciosísima gringa con un par de lindísimas toronjas que le hacían suculento antecedente, y me dice el "compa" corriendo al callejón: —Espérame un escante, voy a hacer como Onán.*



*¿Han oído la canción contagiosa "The Girl from Treponema?"*



*Los gringos no fueran racistas si a cada uno se le suministrara una fuerte dosis de purgante cada semana; y luego se le forzara a comer su propia mierda.*



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



*Hace unos días le pregunté a mi compadre si conocía la libertad.  
—No, compadre. Yo nunca voy a las vistas.*



*Cuando murió Herbert Hoover le escribí al presidente dándole el pláceme.*



### Inventario

Aquí también como en el otro rincón de mi memoria

El polvo cubre y atraganta a los recuerdos.

La mueca del pasado me agobia

Y todo lo vivido huele a muerto.

Agonizante la Alegría aquí se esconde

Un hueco Júbilo a su lado atiende,

Tenazmente aferrándose a un dónde

Que en nube mítica al olvido asciende.

Sitios, caras, nombres pululan en mi mente

De historias carcomidas por el tiempo.

A gritos voy llamando a tanta gente

Sin siquiera sentir del infinito el tempo

del paso solitario hacia la muerte.

## Alusión a una tarde y a una historia

Quiero a la sombra de un sahuaro  
Sentarme al lado del mundo  
Y ver por qué este profundo  
Sentido de desamparo.

¿Dónde en borrosa neblina  
En qué punto del confín  
La tierra aborta lo ruin  
Sobre semejante espina?

Allá la cuna se mece  
Apenas se oye el llorido  
De quien jamás ha escogido  
La pena que en sí le crece.

Se esclarece un punto allí  
Este joven, pues qué busca  
Pára, mira; duda brusca,  
Luego corre en frenesí.

Anciano veo, se rinde  
Aún creyendo en la Gloria  
Que le prometió la Historia  
Sagrada que de él prescinde.

¿Cómo evitar ese truco  
Con el cual Dios me tortura  
Y vomitar la amargura  
Que al nacer me hizo caduco?

Otros palpan ruta afín  
Temerosos ante esfinge  
¿He acertado? per finge  
La maldita . . . Bah, en fin

Vete mundo qué me importa  
Incesante laberinto  
Déjame sólo el recinto  
Del nopal que me soporta.

## CAFE

Eduardo A. Valdez

Feeling alone I drifted through the rain. The night was cold, the darkness deep, as deep I thought as my melancholy. I felt my loneliness flying through the empty space broken only by the sheet of water lazily falling from the blackness above. My soul stretched outwards searching for the source of the water that fell in crystals on my face, cooling the fever I felt on my forehead. Or perhaps I wished that my soul would find the cure for the sickness that afflicted me. I yearned for answers, but the night offered no solution, only companionship.

I felt as black as the night around me. I stopped walking and just listened to the wet sounds all around me. I heard the water kissing the earth a thousand times, teasing the earth with its slow caressing touch, fulfilling the earth with an enveloping cool sweetness. There was passion in everything I saw and heard but in me was a cautious spectator who felt the passion of life and absorbed it, but could not give any in return. It was then that I realized that the night was not my friend in solitude any longer for I still had no one; but the night was making love with the rain.

I needed to change the scene so I began to walk, my feet making tiny splashes on the pavement with each step I took. I felt betrayed by nature, shut out of her world because I could not participate in the game of life she played so well. As I walked aimlessly, I thought of the times before when I had thought of nature as a lusty whore who lived on the passions of the men who rode her, but now I knew that her passions could easily surpass mine. I was no longer the master of my life but only a partner in which she was the teacher of ecstasy and sorrow. She held the secret of my life and death, not I, and I could no longer love her and then leave. She held all the strings and I would be her most willing pupil.

With a slight smile on my face I saw that I was approaching a cafe, one I knew well and usually avoided. I was still the master of my own solitude but tonight I wanted to leave the panting world and think, so I decided to go in. At least I could sit down and at best I could sit alone.

In the few seconds it took for my eyes to adjust to the light I had a feeling of regret. For a moment I wanted to leave and go out again to watch the night playing with the earth. But it was warm so I stayed and looked around.

I saw four worn red booths, splotted with white patches, all empty save one which held two men. From their eyes and their movements I

knew they were drinking and one at least seemed already drunk. He was doing most of the talking which consisted mainly of profanities. His friend nodded a lot but only said a little. This cafe had a counter that stretched from the wall where I stood at the entrance to the other side of the small room where the kitchen was. This was entered by a swinging door on my side of the counter, but on the other side there was a small rectangular hole cut in the wall where food from the kitchen was served. An old man, a wino, was sitting on one of the counter seats trying, unsuccessfully to finish a hamburger. I walked to an empty booth, behind the two men, took my wet coat off and sat down.

A young girl, a teeny-bopper, came out of the kitchen, I couldn't remember her name, but her old man owned the bar next door. She took my order for a coke and left. It was part of the cafe game, one had to buy something for the privilege of sitting down. I didn't like it but I played it.

When she had brought my coke and left, I lit a cigarette. She again disappeared into the kitchen. I began thinking about the old man still slouching at the counter. He was worn, old and tired. His body was beaten thin and his eyes were glazed almost yellow. I wished that I could glimpse a small part of the pain he had gone through during his life. He wore an old grey overcoat that reminded me of the way people dressed in some very old movies I had seen. It was dirty and stained, with wine I supposed, but it was his skin that fascinated me. His face looked cold, there was no warmth in his body and his skin seemed hard and crusty. He had stubbles of a black beard which even added to the rough, coarse texture of his skin. He dropped in his seat and stared at the counter in front of him. It was hard not to pity him but I knew he had carried more pain than I probably ever could and it was because of this that I could not pity him. He was superior to me in solitude.

"Hey man, have you got a smoke?" It was the drunker of the pair in the booth behind me.

"Sure." I reached in my pocket and took a cigarette and handed it to him. In the past I usually answered requests like this with a simple urge to please. I used to smile all the time and it took me some time to learn otherwise. One never smiles at a drunken Chicano who doesn't know you. Either he'll think you're laughing at him, which isn't very cool for you especially if you're not a fighter, or he'll think you're a patsy and commence to cap on you. I never learned to fight or to cap, so I avoided the possible consequences of my smile by not smiling. This was a cop-out of the highest order but it is easier to talk about being yourself at the university than to do it on the street. Jesus said when in Rome do as the Romans do and I really appreciate those words. I can always say that my cop-out was in harmony with the divine word. Who cares if I don't believe in a divine anything, no one knows. I decided long ago that life is a game that could be fun playing.



I took another puff of my cigarette and began listening to the man who had started my whole train of thought. He was talking loudly and still pretty clearly.

“Ruben has still got some bags left over, let’s go down to the mother fucker’s house and let him turn us on. A few jays right now and shit man, I’ll be there.”

His friend shook his head. “Why not, man? It’s some bad shit I hear. George was telling me he got off on one jay and it really fucked him up good.”

I noticed a movement in the corner of my eyes and saw the old wino shuffling toward the door. He opened the door, pulled up his collar with shaking hands and walked out in the rain.

“Shit man, why not?!”

This was practically a shout so I began to listen again. His friend answered him in a quiet voice.

“George is full of shit. He was already loaded on the acid I gave him.”

“Acid? You gave him acid? What kind?”

“Sunshine.”

“I haven’t dropped for a long time, man, got any more?”

“Yeah.”

“Well God-damn man, let’s do it. I wanna get so mother fucking high tonight. Why the hell didn’t you say something you big ass-hole, we wouldn’t have had to blow money on this pig juice.”

“I don’t want to drop.”

“O.K. you finish the bottle and I’ll drop. Let’s make it your place or will your old lady flip-out?”

“Fuck my old lady, but let’s stop at Ruben’s and get some weed.”

“Christ man, I thought you said his stuff was shit!”

“The bags he’s selling is shit, but he’s got a stash of flowertops. Let’s split.”

“God-damn, it’s about time.”

The man who bummed the cigarette from me almost fell when he got up, but he quickly regained his balance and just barely caught the bottle that was slipping out of his deep coat pocket. As he passed by me he turned and thanked me for the smoke. His friend followed him out.

Apparently the thought of dope had put him in an amiable mood, and this made me think of someone I knew who had hitch-hiked from California to turn on all his cousins here. He had a famous quote (famous at least in Midvale) “No hope without dope.” This doctrine has many followers and I wonder if the dude from California knew that his quote was the essence of the prevalent philosophy found in Midvale.

I turned over the conversation between the two men in my head and

again I thought of nature. Were these two escapists part of the system manifesting itself outside where it was still raining? Were these two men lovers of nature? Were we connected in some way?

I had no answer, only a sudden inclination to leave this cafe and walk again in the rain. I felt like a peeping tom again, stretching my neck and bulging my eyes to see nature playing with herself. I got up, put my coat on, and like the wino before me I turned up my collar before walking out into the night.

# THE LITTLE GUY WHO WOULD BE KING

by  
Miguel Guerrero

The little guy who would be king, I mean any little guy who consciously strived for such a title in a lordless society has to be written about. This king-wish is peculiar, but peculiarity has become part of the common touch; so, common as madness seems to be these days, one little guy's goal to be king isn't disgusting or revolting—it's just odd, just typical.

How does something like this begin? In a dream, to be sure, for how else do things purposely begin?

## THE LITTLE, LITTLE GUY

The little guy, once upon a time, gazed through transfixed eyes, stood tall (at least three feet) and muttered through clenched teeth:

“Some day I will be King!”

Once stated, albeit to the winds, the little guy set out to prove this to one and all. He started with his father. In his most king-like voice, he said, “Dad, I am the King!”

Well, this caused the little guy’s dad to throw down his newspaper, and to boom out, “The hell you say!” This was accompanied by a sharp slap that sent the little guy caroming across the room.

Now the little guy was shaken and scared. He hobbled to the next room, sidled up to Mom, and whimpered, “Mom, I am a king!?”

“Not quite,” Mom replied cheerily, “but you are a Mother’s little prince, and princes, little guy, go on to become kings. Now, run and play.”

The little guy did not have time to play. He went to his favorite hiding place, which was a closet in the far end of the house, and there he sought to erase the stern rebuff from his dad. The little guy found himself thinking about what Mom had said, I mean he was really concentrating, and he soon reached this conclusion:

To be a king is hard business. Some people don’t believe in kings, but that only shows how little *they* know. I am going to be a king, and I’ll prove it. A king is powerful! He can make people do what he wants! Why, he can even do good things for people.

The little guy began his campaign the very next day. At school he looked at things very closely, and to his surprise, he found his mates were different. They were not at all how he had seen them before. Take Lawry, for example. Lawry had been the school tough, and the little guy remembered with chagrin the times Lawry had beaten him up. No more would it be like that, for now the little guy saw a weak spot in Lawry’s armor.

At recess, when all were running around having fun, the little guy was standing around just looking things over. He, too, was having fun, but with no one would he share it.

“Ya little runt,” chortled Lawry to the little guy. “Get on the other side. We’re playing tackle, and I need some practice.”

The little guy replied, in a quiet sort of way, “O. K., Lawry, but you better take it easy. No rough stuff, you hear?”

“Nahhh, ya little runt,” answered Lawry. “Nice and easy does it.” (The little guy knew that Lawry meant, “You do as I say, or I’ll beat the hell out of you!”)

“It better be that way,” countered the little guy, “or I’ll tell every-

body how you wet the bed, and how your mother made you walk around in diapers.”

Well, the look on Lawry’s face sure changed. The runt was right, but how could he know? It pained Lawry to remember the humiliation, what with his brothers and sisters looking on and all, and the fuss his mother had made “for his own good.”

“That’s not true, and you better keep your trap shut,” threatened Lawry.

“I won’t say a word,” replied the little guy, “if you lay off. I know *that* happened, Lawry, and I really don’t want to hurt you. [How like a king, thought the little guy, to think of the well-being of his subjects.] “Believe me, Lawry. A deal?”

“Ahhh, ya don’t know what you’re talking about, runt. Come on. Let’s have some fun,” invited Lawry.

The invitation sounded downright friendly and pleading to the little guy. They both turned and started walking toward the playing field.

“Wait a minute, Lawry,” said the little guy. “You’ll have to prove that you’ll lay off. Go over there and beat up Willie.”

“Ya crazy or sumthin!” exclaimed a stunned Lawry. “Willie is my very best friend!”

“I don’t want to play now,” said the little guy. “I’m going back to the room. If you don’t take care of Willie, I’ll never play with you again. Know what I mean?”

Having said that, the little guy turned and began marching toward his room, and he felt somewhat taller.

After school that day, the little guy went by the principal’s office. He couldn’t make out what they were saying in there, but he thought he could hear sobs—Lawry’s and Willie’s, to be sure. Above all this he could hear the principal’s booming voice. The little guy walked on past the office and a good feeling came over him. He just knew that Lawry would never bug him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The glow followed the little guy for the next few weeks. Lawry was now his protector and advocate, which did much to change the attitude of the rest of the boys toward the little guy. Why, just think of it! All those times during the past few weeks, Lawry had taken it upon himself to beat up the doubtful ones, and, when fists were an over-kill, the little guy would quietly stand around while Lawry extolled unknown virtues of the little guy. What difference if much of what Lawry said was not true. Let them believe it. Let them have fun.

One day, the little guy was daydreaming and feeling good about his new popularity. It struck him that this should also extend to the girls at school. True enough, most of the girls thought the new trend in the little guy’s popularity strange, but then, most of them thought boys to be weird anyhow. Becky, however, thought all this was crazy.

The little guy didn't have to talk to Becky to know what she thought. He just knew. He could tell by the way she looked at him when some of the boys were carrying on about him. Becky had been looking on that time, and as their eyes met, his glee was met by Becky's MOCKERY! He just knew it! Just as he had been ready to explode, Becky had skipped away toward the swings. Although the little guy was furious, he was glad it had happened, and that he hadn't said anything. Becky was the smartest one in class, and everybody liked her, including Old Missus Crandle. Now if only *she* would believe in him, the little guy who would be king, . . . how?

Figuring out how to get Becky to see things the right way took the little guy some time. During all this planning, his classwork had slipped and Old Missus Crandle was threatening "after school" and "special assignments." Then, it came to him, how to deal with Becky!

"Missus Crandle," announced the little guy, "I have had some terrible bad things happen at home, and I haven't been able to do my school work. I've tried. Really tried. But I just can't get it."

"There now," cooed Old Missus Crandle. "Why don't we put our heads together. We can come up with something, I'm sure."

"Yes'm," blubbered the little guy. "I think I could get the stuff, 'cause I'll try real hard, and if someone would help me, someone like . . . Becky. She's so smart, Missus Crandle."

Becky squirmed uncomfortably, and she felt guilty about the face she must have made. Maybe he wasn't such a bad little creep after all.

"Well," announced Old Missus Crandle, "why don't both of you stay for a few minutes after school today. We can work something out, don't you think so, Becky?"

Sure enough, it was worked out. Becky would check with her folks to see if she could come over after school to the little guy's house until he got himself "back on his feet." He knew that Becky would be coming. Old Missus Crandle would set it up. The little guy laughed to himself to think that Becky thought she could get out of it by pushing off the decision on her folks. "She wasn't really as smart as all that after all," concluded the little guy.

In about two weeks all his school stuff was in order again. The little guy made it a point to tell Old Missus Crandle how grateful he was to both Becky and her for helping him out. "Becky is a real princess, Missus Crandle," said the little guy, over and over, every chance he got.

To Becky he would privately say something like, "You're pretty smart—in some things, Becky."

The little guy would usually say things like that during their joint study sessions. Becky would protest and sharply tell him to hurry up and pay attention. The sooner things got done, she felt, the better for

both of them. ["How little you know," thought the little guy, "How little you know."]

The "Becky Campaign" ended successfully, gloriously beyond the little guy's hopes. He had picked the day Becky was to get a special award from Old Missus Crandle. After Old Missus Crandle's mushy speech and Becky had received her trophy, the little guy raised his hand.

"Yes, what is it?" asked old Missus Crandle.

"Missus Crandle," stammered the little guy, "I've got something special for Becky too."

"Oh, isn't that nice!" beamed Old Missus Crandle to the whole class.

From a crumpled paper sack, the little guy brought out a bouquet of wilted, droopy daisies. "I got this here for Becky, 'cause she's been really keen," he announced. "I even wrote a poem to go with it."

Guffaws and hisses from many of the boys, except Lawry, greeted this announcement. Lawry's look of disapproval got them quiet right away, although it coincided with Old Missus Crandle's admonishment. "Now boys, that is not nice at all. Here is one of us trying to show his appreciation, and you act that way. Shame on you!"

That seemed to be the cue for the little guy to start blubbering—softly, but loud enough for the boys' benefit. He never did read his poem (which he never wrote) and the little guy thrust the wilting bouquet into Becky's limp hands, as he went running out of the room.

Later the little guy would laugh to himself when he learned that Old Missus Crandle had been gossiping to someone about that "sensitive, charming little guy," and telling all about what a nice thing he had done. The little guy's laughter doubled when the rumors started how fond he was of Becky.

"Real puppy-love," he had overheard. "The way he's always after Becky, and he always speaks so highly of her."

No one, except Becky and the little guy, would really know why it was that he would never go after her unless she was by herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few years passed. The little guy's life-style continued much in the same way. Even if people didn't really know the little guy, many of his school chums knew who he was. Now in high school, life for the little guy brought many challenges, and he always seemed to rise to the occasion.

One particular day, the little guy was thinking . . .

"Reputation is a pretty wonderful thing. Everyone is doing what I want, and I know so many people. It's just like it was in the old days back in elementary."

The little guy had come into contact with many people, and it had really required no great effort for him to run for a variety of student

government offices. His record was perfect: Every time he ran for an office, he won. It had been class representative every year, and at other times, treasurer, president, and sundry titles. Somehow, he had acquired a reputation as a person of action, someone who really did something.

Little did it seem to matter that he seldom got into things or that others did the work. After all, if he were to maintain his regal demeanor, that's the way it had to be. And little did it seem to matter to the older people HOW it was done; that what was accomplished came about through coercion and near extortion. However, the older people wouldn't want to be concerned about that.

The little guy had learned how to play the game long ago through games and sports:

To win is virtue, to lose is sin.  
 (The corollary of winning was "at any cost.")  
 "Play it dirty, but don't get caught,"  
 the code adopted by the little guy.

He had to laugh when he thought how as in a football game, he had been doing other things. He had learned: You never go to a team's (person's) strength. You win by going through its (their) weakness.

"How like life," mused the little guy.

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 \* The Last Time Given To Any Such Reflection. \*  
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The little guy had too many things to do, too much winning to accomplish. While others at commencement might not know where they were going, the little guy reacted with certain knowledge. He was on his way to larger, more challenging battlefields, and he would surely win.



## THE BIG, LITTLE GUY

### BIG-LITTLE

One day, the big, Little Guy was hugging himself. The morning chill was lingering longer and there would soon be snow all over the parade field. Winter slush would eat away at the spit-shines, and uniforms would have to go to the PX laundry more frequently. All this spelled confinement and grumbling times, which few enjoyed.

"We must maintain discipline, Sergeant," barked Big-Little, now the youngest captain in military history.

"Yes, Sir!" snapped Sarge.

"They won't like it, but it's in their best interests. You understand. A good subject, er-um, soldier must obey orders at all times. Why, in combat it could mean their lives!"

"Excuse me, Sir!" clipped the Sarge. "May the Sergeant ask a question, Sir?"

"Is it in the line of duty, soldier?" asked Big-Little.

"Yes, Sir," replied Sarge.

"Why of course, Sergeant," conceded Big-Little. "Any time. Any time at all."

"What war are we expecting, Sir?" asked Sarge, his jowls lined bemusedly.

"A-ten-hut!" roared Big-Little. "Now listen close, soldier, and listen good! Yours is not to reason why, yours is but to do or die! The troops will be ready for a full-dress inspection and close-order drills by 1800 hours! Dis-missed!"

Back in his quarters, Big-Little reflected as he took off his tie. "Poor devils. Without me, why, they'd be nothing but aimless, lazy, ignorant souls. This is for their own good. They may not realize it now, but they will."

Big-Little paused at his wall locker to admire his photograph. The glitter from the bars looked like jewels to him and the insignia on his cap shone as a diamond on a crown. Beside his photograph was a post-card. The message read:

“Can’t let them know what a sentimentalist I am,” thought Big-Little. “It doesn’t hurt though to tell a few people from time to time about the devotion of old friends.”

“Ahh,” he sighed, “it takes time, but they love me for it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“. . . and,” continued the General, “the discipline of your troops is outstanding. I can certainly see why! Yes, indeed, imagine lowly privates *pleading* with you to “soldier.” Imagine that, getting ready for climatic changes by drilling in the snow . . .” That’s respect, and I’m sure it has been earned.”

“Thank you, Sir,” demurred Big-Little. (“What’s he cooking?” he thought.)

“Now I have some news for you, something that should really please the youngest captain in military history. Ready, you son-of-a-gun?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Big-Little with a slight quiver in his voice.

“Your moment of glory and triumph is just around the corner!” confided the General. “We’ve got a little old war cooking, and it should be coming any time now!”

Big-Little sat stiffly as before. His eyes cast downward and his gaze fixed on a little hole in the floor. The only other movement was the blood rushing from his face.

“Aghhh . . .” moaned Big-Little.

“I *knew* you’d be pleased!” beamed the General. “You’ll be getting your orders soon. Now go out and celebrate, but don’t tell a soul about this. It is highly confidential!”

Big-Little did go out. Right away. He got completely drunk. When or how he got back to his quarters, he couldn’t tell; nor even what day it was—nor did he care. Strange though, how clearly he had seen the full of Lawry’s message, and how painfully he saw it now.

Newspapers featured the story about a budding military future nipped prematurely for the youngest captain in military history. Two pictures were displayed. One showed him with a broad smile and a snappy uniform. The other picture showed Big-Little in civies, getting ready to put his uniform into a suitcase. This showed no smile on his face and his head was bowed. The caption read: Old soldiers never die, they just fade away.

Big-Little had been thinking, as that picture was taken, “I’ve never had a \$5,000 physical before, but it was worth it.” The doctor had finally found his “weakened heart,” and furthermore had ruled open-heart surgery “inadvisable.” It saddened Big-Little to think he’d used all his mother’s savings. He had had other plans for that.

\* \* \* \* \*

Big-Little didn’t to lay around so long, but one more week of rest and he should be ready. Stacks of books, newspapers and magazines

littered his apartment. He had things all mapped out though, which pleased him. First, he would get a job; then a better one, and after that . . .

The job as plant supervisor came from feelings of “respect, patriotism, and just ‘fairplay’ for returning vets,” as expressed by The Man. Big-Little had learned during the interview that the help had been getting “kinda uppity” and a little more brass around the place might get things clicking once again.

“Ya’ll git wat ah mean, Cap’n?” punctuated The Man.

“Yes, I know *exactly* what you mean, Sir,” answered Big-Little. “Just leave everything to me. This place will be humming like a swiss watch shortly.”

The first few days on the job, Big-Little spent just getting the feel of the plant. The grumbling and arguing that was going on was there, though really harmless. The chafe from hard economic times was being felt by the employees. A reassuring word might have been in order, but Big-Little decided they’d have to become believers.

“You have been with this company for 14 years,” began Big-Little. “Would you call these 14 years of *loyal* service?”

“All in all, they’ve been good years,” said Old Faithful, a tentative smile on his face.

“You have recently been unhappy though,” continued Big-Little. “My reports show that you are responsible for inciting unrest and discontent among the employees of this firm, and we can’t have that. So, . . .”

“Now, wait a minute!” broke in Old Faithful. “No wet-behind-the-ears smart-alec is goin’ to come in here and lay it on me!”

“No! *You* wait a minute. You are through here! Go find some other place where you belong. You’re fired, you ingrate! Disloyalty has no place in this outfit. Go! We don’t like your ilk around here!”

The grapevine carried the news quickly. Old Faithful got fired by that new SOB in the front office, and after 14 years of sweating it out for this lousy company. It doesn’t mean a thing! And each worker carried a nagging thought: “. . . and I’ve only been here a few years. Just as easy as not, *I* could be next.”

Big-Little’s strategy in the ensuing period became clear. Build up reserves of stock, get rid of undesirables, keep close control of deviations, and squeeze. The first undesirables to go were the “loud mouths” and “troublemakers” (besides they were either independent, sick or old). The place hummed. Big-Little had reorganized the administrative arrangements, and he had chosen his subordinates personally for their talents (with loyalty to himself the predominant and over-riding factor). The place hummed and hummed. The drone was felt, but things were quiet.

Soon Big-Little would be moving to another company, another position, another office, but he would continue to use his basic formula wherever he went.

\* \* \* \* \*

Big-Little's basic code had served him seemingly well. His first marriage came during the entrenchment of his first job. Judging by the effusive coverage in the local newspaper, plus the large number of guests at the wedding, it seemed a perfect marriage, and more than one was heard to remark, "They were truly made for each other!"

Several years later a new position came to Big-Little. Oh, grant that his wife's social circle included some very influential people, and that Big-Little smoothly found his way within this sphere. However it might have been, Big-Little contended he had sought the position and that it had been accorded him on the basis of his noble worth.

While he was with the new firm, Big-Little's fame as a tough-minded businessman expanded. This somehow did not warm the members of his wife's social circle too much, and get-togethers with them soon became obligatory more or less for appearance's sake. Rumors that things were not well between Big-Little and Number One became fact when the newspaper tersely announced their divorce.

Shortly after that notice, Big-Little was moved to proclaim that it was time for a change, which he did. Once again, a new post and another classy wedding where more than one was heard to remark, "They were truly made for each other!"

Big-Little appeared caught in a swirl of expanding prestige, power, status and wealth. Each change was viewed by Big-Little as a higher step, and one closer to what he sought. "Onward and upward!" exclaimed Big-Little. "The world is my oyster!"

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Except to say that his influence was felt sharply, the next few years were not otherwise particularly newsworthy. To some, Big-Little became known as a quiet, efficient and firm individual. Others that came into contact with him could not understand how eulogies of "firmness" and "fairness" should become synonymous. Why, some even questioned mildly the virtuous phrase: At least you know where he stands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Big-Little, up to this phase, had collected a number of things. Wealth, titles, wives, sycophants, and numerous contacts could have found him satisfied. However, Big-Little felt a void, and looked to public service to fill his empty feeling.

"Maybe," he thought to himself, "I could become a Trustee of that small, liberal arts college nearby. It does have a solid reputation, but, hmmm . . ."

A couple days later, Big-Little was going through a folder. The

Public Relations Officer of the college had put together an interesting assortment. As he'd hoped, he found good press touting the college as a veritable marketplace of ideas. "Small and cozy," Big-Little thought. "How nice. How very nice. And such good press, too."

This last thought crossed Big-Little's mind as he fondled a group picture of the Trustees. "Dignified," went on Big-Little. "I can sure see myself in *that* picture!"

He practiced a Trustee posture in the privacy of his office for a few minutes. Then, he went out for a drive in the direction of the college. The Trustees were meeting that afternoon, and Big-Little planned to use his contacts and influence.

At the college, the Trustees were discussing the recent tumultuous events and "distressful affairs." A growing number of students (and some teachers) were stridently questioning the posture and practices of the college. As one of the Trustees was lately wont to exclaim, "This is the thanks we get for relaxing our entrance requirements! Those ungrateful new marginals! They are to blame! I just don't think they want an education!"

"Yes," another wistfully responded, "If only things were as they used to be. We are in the horns of a dilemma, gentlemen. Oh, if only there were some *way* or some *one* to bring things back to the good old days, back to normal . . ."

Such were the Trustees' reflections as Big-Little called on them to make his wishes known. The Trustees set aside other business to talk with Big-Little, and the talk went on for quite a while. "I am here to serve the college in whatever way I can be useful," had stated Big-Little.

Afterwards, Big-Little was rejoicing to himself. ". . . and to think I'd been thinking about maybe becoming a Trustee. Imagine that!"

Yes, indeed. Imagine that, if you will. Big-Little, *President* of the small, liberal arts college. Needless to say, things have not been quite the same since he took over the presidential reins. A few crisp cracks of the whip, so to speak, and things are moving again. Yes, there is movement on campus. To some observers, people there seem self-conscious, and the whole atmosphere testy. To others, it appears the good old days are back again. Imagine that—at a small, liberal arts college.

## CUTTING MIRRORS

J. L. Navarro

It was ten o'clock in the morning and Anthony Alonzo, advertising copy-writer who was "ditching the dungeon" for the day, sat under a willow tree on a green matted hill reading a book of poems. His face was intent and at times, depending on how the poem struck him, he smiled or chuckled. He had been there since eight-thirty, and for the sake of self-expansion he had brought half a can of grass with him. At nine o'clock he rolled and blasted his first joint, and now he was undecided as to whether he should continue reading Housman or to eat lunch. It took him only a moment to decide. He would smoke another joint and read five more pages and in the end have a greater appetite than before.

Another hour passed and, after lunch, he lit two more joints and soaked in page after page of poetry. By eleven-thirty his mind was thoroughly clouded in grass smoke and his last page of poetry was turned. Now he was thinking of the drive to the country. He had hummed and looked at the oaks and pines and he left his senses free to entertain themselves on the fragrances of the environment.

*... long drive from the city ... smoggy ... dusty ... hum and purr ... engine beneath the hood ... music to nowhere special. ...*

The autumn leaves and trees were blowing and swaying gently around him. The slow motion of marijuana made everything calm. The sky was a sheet of resonant blue, deep in tone, and clouds were being swept east by a strong breeze. The rolling fields of grass were augmented by mottled stretches of flowers to the east and south, and to the north and west golden fields of alfalfa and wheat covered great terrains. The rustling branches and the sound of the wind and the leaning of high grass had Anthony mellow-minded and he could almost see Athena running up the hill toward him, a white bandana over her brown hair and wearing a full, plain dress pressed by the wind to her body.

*... past twelve now ... they're having lunch at Francisco's. Martha's sitting in her corner on her huge bottom, gulping a pitcher of beer and sinking her teeth in a pizza. ... Harold picking his spaced teeth, drinking chocolate Metrecal ... making squinted eyes at every female passing his way. Old lady Lowlinn, scratching her wiry grey hair, dunking French bread in a bowl of beef soup ... reading the ads in the L.A. Free Press. ...*

*. . . traffic and lights . . . floors and more floors . . . air-conditioned sweatroom in which to think for the machine that spits out the check every other week . . . the boss, that glowing creature . . . disgusting to look at his phosphorescent smile as he says: "Get this out fast enough, Tony, and we might consider giving you a raise."*

As far as Anthony was concerned, the ads could wait. At this point in the day he didn't care whether he lost his job or not. The moment, this moment, was enough for him. The mere thought of feeling cleansed from the city ways, and the ways he functioned in the city, had him at ease in a way he could not have felt in L.A. The air was clean and fresh; away from smog, he felt alive. All thought that came his way was welcomed. This mood was felt by every sense and cell, giving him knowledge of being Man rather than counterfeit *Homo sapien*. In this and in many other thoughts he drenched his mind, gliding from mood to mood, not caring for answers, just for a moment of wholeness.

Athena, the only one he cared to think of, was the waitress at Francisco's. She wasn't tall like the models in the pictures for which he wrote captions. She didn't have to be. She wasn't skinny and she wasn't fat. Her breasts were large and robust, and there was a flush in her cheeks that were dotted with almost imperceptible freckles; and her thighs were of the bulging kind that he enjoyed smothering into on a winter's night. No warmth on a cold evening could be so sensuous or rich as that of Athena's thighs. She was vain, but justly so. Her brown eyes were accented by shadows and thin black lines to illuminate the flick of mystery that dawned in them. Funny, he thought, that Athena could look so human in an apron. And again he imagined seeing her running up the hill to greet him, smiling and laughing in her way, running with outstretched arms.

With complete abandonment of reality, Anthony half rose and yelled a greeting to her; and, darting down the hill, laughing, he shouted: "Athena, I Love you!" and he continued running, bypassing her image and coming to stop at the foot of the valley, breathing hard and smiling at this jest of his imagination.

He looked at the length of the valley, and then he looked up at the hill where he had left his weed and book of poems. The leaves of the willow tree were waving to him in the wind. He sat cross-legged on the soft emerald grass and lit another joint. The drifting grass smoke mingled with the scents of Nature through the crisp air around him.

As he dragged the green smoke into his lungs he turned his head casually from one direction to another, seeing not a single sight of humans. Everything was the peace and calm of a country day, windy with white formful clouds. He had even gone to the trouble of parking his car some miles away. On days like these he wanted no machines or foul fumes in his way. He wanted no symbols to stifle the ways of his

moods. He had left his tie and coat in the car, and his shiny shoes in exchange for the forsaken pair of loafers he wore. The seams of his loafers were torn and they were thoroughly sagged from their original form.

Because he wished, Athena's image appeared a few yards before him, more intensified than before, and he saw her features clear and telling of the woman that looked from behind child's eyes. He sat, smoking grass, with a faint grin on his face as he made a gesture to her to sit down beside him. She giggled and shook her head.

*"Come on, sit down."*

*"No, I can't."*

*"Why not?"*

*"Because."*

*"Don't start that. Come sit down."*

*"I can't."*

*"Don't give me that. Now come on. Sit down."*

*"I'm not here."*

*"Then maybe you can tell me why I didn't bring you with me."*

*"Because you're foolish."*

*"I'm not either. Come sit down."*

She shook her head and her image began to slowly fade as she waved farewell.

Thinking of her made him despair. She made him feel either too good or too empty. When he saw her in public he was hard put to restrain himself from looking too long at her. Even Harold had said that he looked at her in too odd a way, and what would his wife say?

Anthony began thinking, more solemnly now, about his wife. Lately he had come to regard matrimony as a masochistic bondage. That very morning they had fought at the breakfast table.

"Did you know that Peggy Ann's husband bought her a new wardrobe?" she said, looking at her bowl of Cream of Wheat.

He looked at her sleepy face and curled hair.

*"No, I haven't heard."*

*"He's making twenty thousand a year. Did you know that?"*

*"No."*

*"Well, he does."*

*"So what?"*

*"Listen you, don't get snotty with me."*

*"Who's getting snotty?"*

"You are, stupid." Then: "I saw Danny Franks the other day. He got the new T-bird he was talking about. It's really a nice car. It rides so smooth."

She was quiet and watched him. When Anthony didn't answer, she said, "He asked me to go out with him."



“Really?”

“Yes, really. Want to know what I told him?”

“Not especially.”

“Why?”

“You might tell me you refused.”

“What do you think I am?”

“Does it make any difference?”

“You better take that back!”

He told her to shut up and she had laughed; he told her to shut her big fat mouth and she had spat her poison and she had laughed; he told her to shut her goddamn mouth and she told him to kiss her ass and she had laughed.

What kind of life was he living with Dorothy, anyway? They had been married for five years now. At first it was well that they had married. At the time they had both needed someone. But now they found themselves in other things. The sharp emotions between them had long faded, and whenever they did rise Dorothy had to be drunk in order to believe that she could love as she once had.

He could not suppress the distasteful things that were swarming through his mind. He thought of his wife and her dyed-hair friends, and he thought of his boss and his co-workers, and he thought of labels and values and signs and symbols and sticky products. His mind raced in a spin with ads and things of different shapes and sizes.

*. . . spinning, spinning, spinning. . . .*

And then, thundering from the clouds, came the Star Spangled Banner, and his mind spun and clotted and vomited every dollar sign out of his head.

In fright, he stood and began running up the hill. Then, in a sudden turn, he saw his nightmare in all its colors and dimensions a hundred times larger than life. In utter terror he saw a gargantuan roll of toilet tissue unwinding itself in his direction. It was coming from the northern horizon with such forceful speed that for lack of nerve he could not move. Then came this god-like voice, husky and deep, calling to him: “Sacrifice yourself, Anthony, to the Great God of Things!”

At the command Anthony ran as fast as he could up the hill.

“In the name of US and all Things in US, I command you to stop!” said the voice. “I will mummify you in my own image!”

In a sudden turn, Anthony stopped and saw the mammoth roll of toilet tissue still coming and getting closer. As it rolled it laid a carpet of pink tissue on which Dorothy made her way majestically with a Lady Lansoon Wig that dragged behind her, wearing nothing more than a kotex and a pair of rubber gloves. The Star Spangled Banner came louder, then louder; and from a fertileless field of crab grass and weeds

the Stars and Stripes rose to the sky and took the shape of a massive eye, bloodshot and drooped with the letters CBS across it.

Glasses, thick as the bottom of a bottle of Coors, his teeth thrust an inch over his lower lip, and the upper barely making the cover, he saw his boss soaring through the sky perched on an eagle with a two cent price tag around its neck.

Then the most profound sight of all came.

In disbelief he saw everything on the commercial market charging at him from the eastern horizon. Every sales talk he had ever heard was at counterpoint with the National Anthem. He ran and ran up the hill, but the distance to the tree seemed an infinite journey. The army of Things kept coming, led by his wife and his boss who were making like geeks on Halloween and howling for his castration.

"Off with his balls!" screamed Dorothy. "Give me a man with sacks of lead and the mind of a weasel!"

The roll of toilet tissue spun and spun, and then as if from beyond his imagination there came a peace and quiet that left him with the sound of nothing in his ears. The fields were quiet and still. No trees stirred. No hum of bees or song of birds was heard. There was absolutely no sound of any kind.

At last, after what seemed like no time and all time put together, he heard his heart beating faintly. Harder and harder it pounded, drumming itself to a high booming crescendo, and then it ceased and was calm.

He stared at the horizon. Everything was back to normal.

He sat under the willow tree and relit the joint and wondered if perhaps he was going mad.

For the rest of the afternoon he sat under the tree smoking marijuana, and in his mind he skipped around looking through the recesses of his memory. More thoughts of Athena came to him. When the sun went down he would go for Athena, he thought, and he would bring her back to spend the night so that in the morning they could spend the day together.

## POEMS BY

Rafael Jesús González

## LAS RAICES DEL TAMBOR

Las raíces del tambor —  
 y la flor de la trompeta —  
 y las veras negras del recuerdo —  
 ¿Porqué?

Se clava el sonido flaco  
 en el pantano sanquino  
 del secreto derramado.

¡Cantad!

Que arde la estrella roja  
 que quema la negra hoja  
 que mata mi bienestar.

¡Oíd el canto!

El rezo ladino y sordo  
 en vértigo ante el abismo  
 pisca las flores plomas  
 de la amarga voluntad.

¡De pedernal labrad campanas!

¡Y guitarras de papel!

¡Y maracas de vejiga!

¡Y marimbas de laurel!

¡Callad!

Sabe rancio y desabrido  
 el polvo gris del silencio  
 y un amor verde y maldito  
 gime el amen del dolor.

¡Callad!

## EJERCITO DE AGUJAS

El prisma del sol quiebra el sueño  
 en ejército de agujas —  
 El trigo negro  
 de los perversos milagros de mi cariño  
 susurra el azul sonido del viento seco.  
 Barro duro —  
                     raíz blanda —  
   abril sonámbulo  
 rito primaveral desentonado y triste —  
 espiga de nardo de acero —  
 ejército de agujas.  
     ¿Qué sangre surge por el ojo de una aguja?  
     ¿Qué piensa el cactus?  
     ¿Dónde tiene el sexo el árbol?  
     ¿Y cuándo florece el botón de polvo?  
 Ciudad de cemento —  
     canción de sirena de ambulancia —  
     cariño de máquina calculadora.  
 La acuarela descolorida de mi fé  
 se mancha de la bilis de mi coraje.  
     La serpiente pierde sus plumas —  
     y Orozco grita en pintura.  
 ¡Despertad y bebed lumbre!  
     ¡Temed, mundo, la cruz de acero!  
     ¡Despertad y combatid  
     el ejército de agujas!

## JUGO DE PIEDRA

Son de escocés las palabras de tu boca, hermano,  
 embriagan sus áridos sabores.  
 Se retratan las sombras en tu mano  
 de pájaros secos y marchitas flores.  
 Son dos raíces que buscan elixir  
 en desiertos nuestras suertes  
 y se enlazan con sombras bajo tierra  
 en tactos tan dulces como fuertes.  
 Mañana estará sola la calle de mi casa,  
 el sol despoja sus pétalos ardientes,  
 con alas de vapor el tiempo pasa,  
 y en el río se secan las corrientes.  
 Ya no se curzarán las espadas de mi boca  
 con las tuyas en una verde comprensión de gloria  
 y si sangro será polvo pues es roca  
 la profunda abundancia de mi noria.  
 Dejarás vacío el hueco de mi mente,  
 con sed por tu voz el caracol de mis oídos;  
 se les harán frías mis manos a la gente  
 como la escarcha de abandonados nidos.  
 Pero como semilla del dióspiro tu esencia  
 exprimirá en mi ser sus zumos astringentes,  
 cruzará por mis ojos tu presencia  
 fingiendo pájaros y confundiendo gente.

## ICARUS

Having lived in a patterned maze  
 He saw white moths speck his eyes  
 With the green excrement of days  
 Chewed out of the nitrate skies.  
 His mind grew wide with the wonder of need  
 And his back ached for the weight of wings  
 Breeding God from the feathered seed,  
 Making playmates of the unnamed things.  
 His father knew he was god-child of the moon  
 But did not think he loved the sun so well —  
 His wings were found in the snarling spume  
 And his skull metamorphosed to a triton shell.  
 Later in Sicily the craftsman as a sycophant  
 Threaded the shell with a wingèd ant.

FROM ANOTHER TOWER  
to Hart Crane

Call love the knell  
If in the paralytic dream  
Of longing hell  
A bird should wound you.

(I too have heard  
The bells of Santa Prisca  
Fling blue prisms of delight  
Into my green volanos —  
Voices like the darknesses  
Inside nuns' skirts —  
Iron sounds that starch the mind  
And bleach dark hurts.)

Fate was molded thus  
To give no reason  
Or return,  
Hasten the words which find no answer,  
Wander —  
Hesitate —  
And turn.

Perhaps the sea can tell —  
Resound the gong in its purpuric caves,  
Perpetuate the knell  
And toll the clappers of the waves  
To drown this glorious hell.

**OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD**  
to Dylan Thomas

“Write,”  
     They said,  
     “Of love. —  
 How the wind turns  
 And calcifies the blood.  
     Erect pillars of salt  
     Smoke crowned of pity  
     Where witches meet  
     To gossip of despair —  
 Set down the foot-steps of the heart —  
 Their echoes climbing  
 The perpendicular bone streets of loss  
     Into a thin tomorrow —”  
     The angular hands of saints  
     Accused,  
 Their tears of stone  
 Clanged loudly on the pavements  
     And their incense breath  
     Embalmed the lungs.  
     He saw his hands  
     Turn to lizards’ claws,  
     His pen’s ink  
     Turn to dust,  
 Blow off the page,  
 Blind him —  
     And he died.



### Self Portrait With Sunflower

My self portrait  
in deep greens, ochre yellows  
and fiery oranges  
delves directly into my being;  
turns rhythmically with the  
sun;  
long  
watches the horizon,  
where the sun last was,  
solemnly in wake, frozen,  
in communion with Van Gogh;  
awaits dawn, when again  
I will be caught in  
yellow surprize  
face to face with life.



### Los indios y yo

Chanting dead hymns  
to dead members  
of infinite systems  
he doses.  
His hair in premeditated  
disarray as if to note a mood.  
I rock on the bench  
my feet crossed in two ways of life.  
I see again that the  
Indian mystic will stay.

They sterilize  
and arrange my future  
but never touch  
messages between me and life.

Whitman sought life everywhere  
He is Indian,  
and sings from His condition  
not of His condition.  
He is the Abyss  
that Blake etches.

Slowly mi abuelito  
rises to his full wirey reach.  
I am embarrassed by his strength.

My eyes reject nothing  
I forgive his ignorance  
of my technique.

My tricky mind maneuvers as a Knight.  
He moves step by step  
self possessed as a pawn,  
The object of my ambition.



## BONE TO BONE

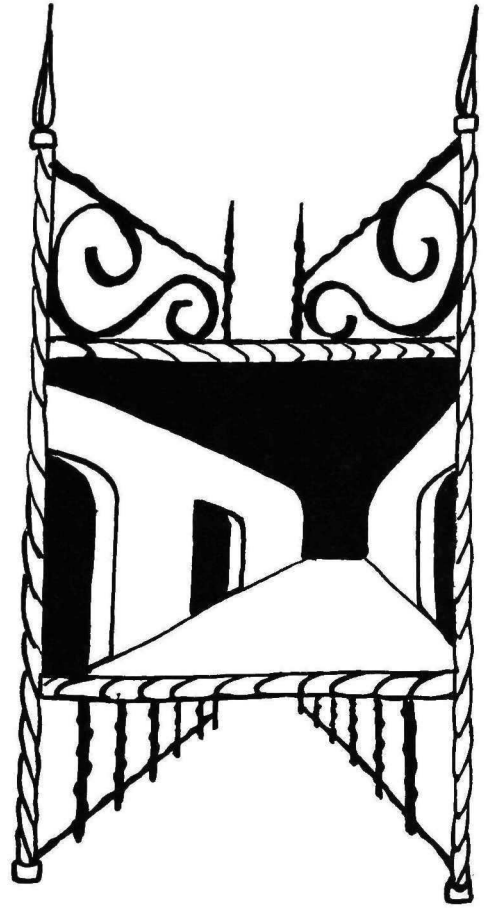
Scatter my thoughts  
 through your days  
 live until  
 each of my thoughts has  
 adhered in crystals of love

Come to me and  
 speak in tongues.  
 Paint nightmares and  
 weep as you hold my hand  
 long into spiraling nights.

The gate comes wide  
 you stumble in,  
 disappear into aquarian  
 realms  
     slowly the frail white  
     gate turns into  
     empty clay corridors.

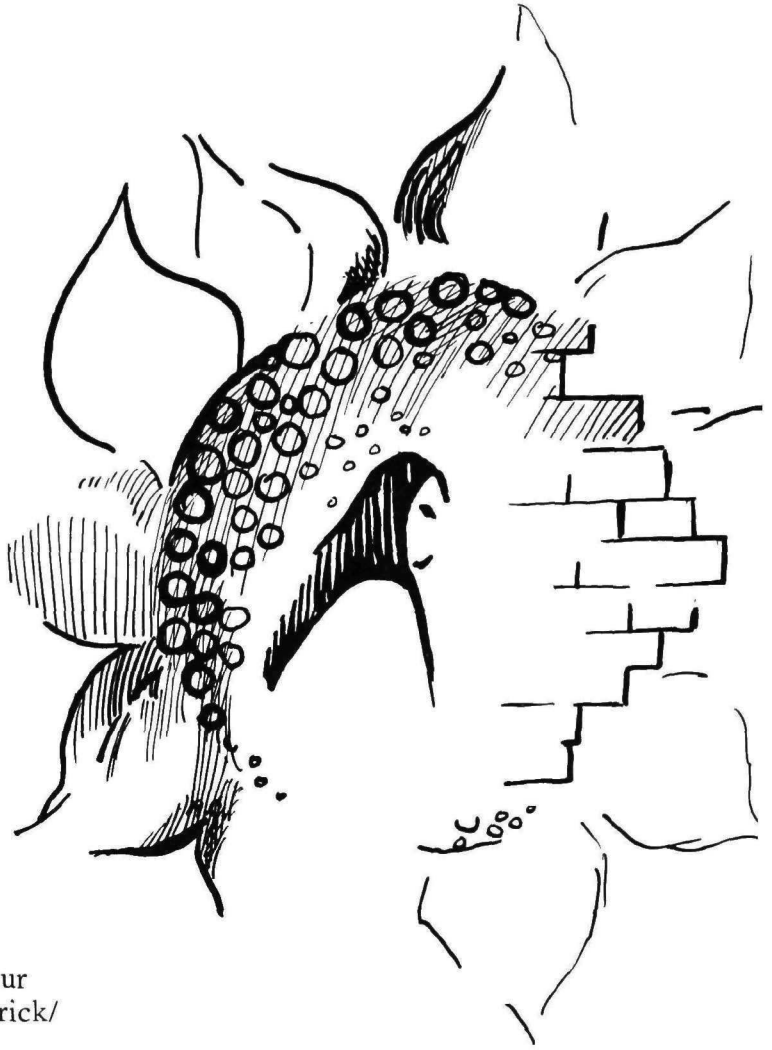
I bound past adobe swirls of  
 red autumn  
 and slam  
 into the red sea.

Take mirrors of  
 my thoughts  
 into your crusty purse,  
 encase my hatred in  
 glossy leather,  
 show frayed edge  
 symbols of my spirit  
 to our children.  
 degrade my dreams  
 by ignoring them.



Come full force  
 into multicelled  
 divorce chambered  
 echoes.  
     slowly the frail white  
     gate turns into  
     refracted memory units

I wake again tonight  
 and wonder when I  
 will meet you  
 this side of the miracle.



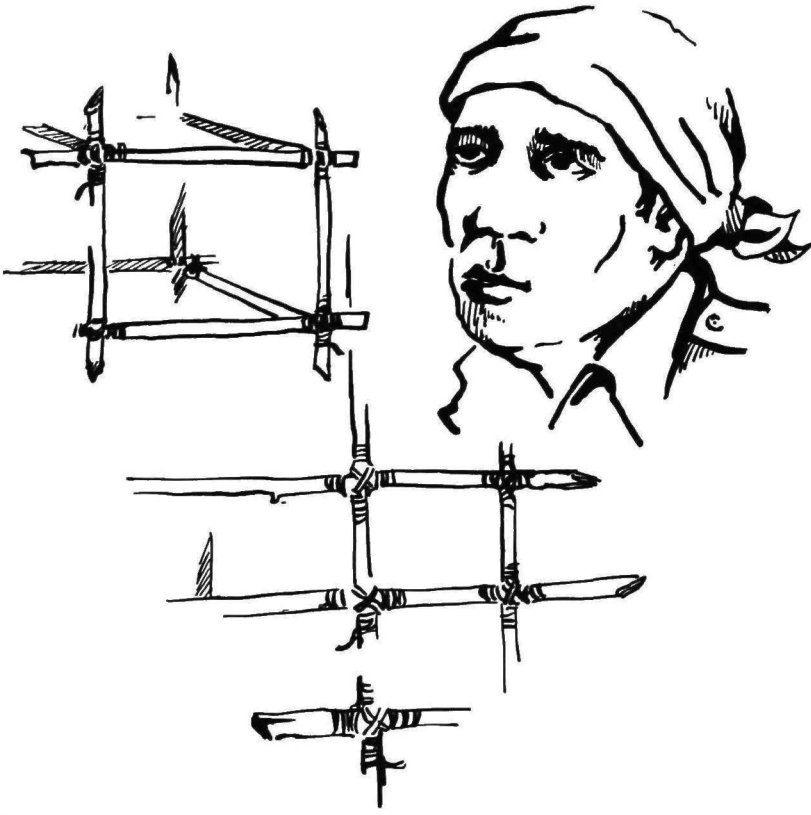
I walk by  
and look into your  
wall, /brick by brick/  
I see sunflowers  
buried alive.

The sun  
spurs me on  
through vermillion paths  
of lonely day.  
Transfixed I stare into  
a white canvas,

And view fantastic  
systems feeding infinitely  
into themselves.

I will start when you return.

With Permission from the Ice Age



My family turns inward  
 my friends turn to the east  
 my enemies spew vermillion  
 like a school girl  
 I huddle and hold hands with AT&T  
 I call douglas  
 we pretend prosperity

A man comes bearfoot to me  
 I see he's insane  
 smiling he weeps at my feet  
 I feel comfortable  
 with the wave of my mind  
 I forgive his life, yet  
 I am sickened because:

he forgives none  
 he is Avante Garde  
 he is a poet  
 he commands galaxies

the people love him  
 the people pray to him  
 the people study him

I tell him to leave me and cry no more  
 I tell him secrets of lies  
 I destroy his past first  
 I cut his hair and pray he will not change  
 he demands privacy and turns to salt  
 he has been with himself since grape season  
 he means to punish me  
 he bites his nails and builds cages  
 I refuse to see him and sign papers  
 committing myself to his cages  
 I see now that his cages are for stone birds  
 I hope he will see me  
 and leave the door open after grape season.

## EL AMOR DE ROSALBA

“¿Qué es poesía? —dices mientras clavas  
 en mi pupila tu pupila azul—;  
 ¿qué es poesía? ¿Y tú me lo preguntas?  
 Poesía... eres tú.”

—B E C Q U E R

Soy sueño que despierta en primavera  
 porque la dicha me la dan las flores;  
 y en las canciones de los ruiseñores,  
 parezco oír la voz que me dijera:

“Relata lo que más te desespera...  
 si tantos son tus golpes o temores,  
 no te dejes llevar por sus dolores;  
 recuerda que la vida es justiciera...;

cultiva mientras tanto a la preciosa  
 rosa que se desprende con el alba  
 que sale a consolar la mariposa...”

Yo relato que el afán que me salva  
 de esta ríspida vida misteriosa  
 es, el amor tan grande de Rosalba...

Juan G. Guevara  
 Febrero 1972

## A México

A mi tío Oscar de la Mora Torres

Las rosas son las flores del jilguero  
que busca la canción en su embeleso  
para cantarle con vigor espeso  
al suelo más celeste y justiciero...

Yo soy la voz del noble jardinero  
que está temblando mientras yo confieso  
—Y tu santuario lo mantiene preso—  
que tú siempre serás —en él— primero.

Le debo mis alientos al gran Juárez...;  
sus obras son la luz de la razón  
que llevo su memoria a los altares.

Por eso con profunda devoción,  
pronuncio tu ilusión en los cantares  
que siempre cantará este corazón.

Juan G. Guevara  
1972: Año de Juárez

### Canción de Mayo

Yo sé de una canción conmovedora,  
y es por ella que mi alma tanto implora  
la dulce dicha del afán radiante  
cual yo quisiera colocar fielmente,  
sobre la faz de la que tanto siente  
con ese corazón que es un diamante...

Es la canción de Bécquer y Darío,  
que al oírla produce escalofrío  
con sus notas que vuelan tiernamente,  
como si fueran en mi pensamiento  
dádivas, para que tu sentimiento,  
se engolfe con el mío eternamente.

¡Qué grata ha sido siempre esa canción!  
parece haberse unido al corazón  
cuya emoción, engendra tantas flores  
que alumbrarán eternas primaveras,  
y entonces tú, que con aliento esperas,  
sabrás de esa canción los pormenores.

Juan G. Guevara  
Mayo 1971

## HAIKUS

Words with music.  
All drums going crazy and  
The class all sad.

Rosaura Zapico

\* \* \* \* \*

Hard rain, beating on the  
Roof. The wind blowing hard.  
Scared, lonely girl.

Elisa Oliva

\* \* \* \* \*

To me music is  
Like playing, jumping, hopping  
And like running soft.

Araceli Jimenez

\* \* \* \* \*

Guitar music  
Planet of balloons  
Playing drums will pop them.

Fidel Martínez

\* \* \* \* \*

Groovy – how planets Jupiter  
Saturn, Mars are fast  
Working things.

Daniel Perales

\* \* \* \* \*

Down on a rock was  
A fly who lived in the lake.  
She flies all around.

Francisco Aguilar

\* \* \* \* \*

The guitar music  
Boy, drum, girl, cornet, man, car  
Planet of balloons.

David Gómez

\* \* \* \* \*

Movies, popcorn, candies  
Cokes, hamburgers and  
Hot dogs. A lot of things.

Violeta Peña

Music makes me feel groovy  
Happy, sleepy and like  
Singing loud.

Maricela Espinoza

\* \* \* \* \*

There was music  
In music land away.  
I was there playing in the forest.

Eva Lobo

\* \* \* \* \*

I was in the sky.  
I was an angel in the sky.  
I was a person.

Eva Lobo

\* \* \* \* \*

Flowers come from clouds  
When the wind blows  
They fall.

María del Carmen González

\* \* \* \* \*

A ring of space  
Was lost in the ground of gold.  
Beautifully.

Angélica Ramos

\* \* \* \* \*

Floating noon movie  
Dancing, playing theatre  
Pretty, dancing me.

Jorge Negrete

\* \* \* \* \*

Music makes me  
Feel as if I am in the  
Moon flying very fast.

Araceli Vega

\* \* \* \* \*

Stars are hanging in the  
Sky. The wind takes some  
And makes them rocks.

María del Carmen González



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