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El Grito

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P.C.: ¿Qué crees sobre el nuevo movimiento chicano o sea del chicanismo que se está desarrollando más y más entre nuestra raza?

Dr. Rivera: Creo que es imperativo que aquellos chicanos que lo necesitan se metan al profundo y satisfactorio empeño de encontrar su identidad. No creo que se tenga que manifestar esta búsqueda en forma de dogma para aquellas personas que no exijan esta búsqueda de su propia vida. El chicanismo para mí representa el renacimiento de un espíritu . . . que ahora . . . empieza a manifestarse de distintas formas. Una de estas claro es la del arte y la literatura. Creo que lo más importante para el arte y la literatura es librarse de los dogmas y expresar libremente no solamente el sufrimiento, la injusticia, si no la totalidad de la persona chicana. Siempre hemos sido personas completas y ahora que buscamos la forma abstracta (en la literatura, en el drama, o en la música) para que represente a esta persona completa debemos representar y concretar todos los ángulos y lados del chicano. Es decir, el intento debe ser humanamente total.

P.C.: Muchísimas gracias por su bondad en tomar este tiempo con nosotros.

Dr. Rivera: También quiero añadir, que quiero darles las gracias por los pápiros que me mandaron. Los felicito por la objetividad y por el esmero en representar el lado de la raza.

TOMÁS RIVERA, who received the first National Premio Quinto Sol Literary Award in February, 1971, was born in Crystal City, Texas. His award winning work . . . *y no se lo tragó la tierra*, will be published by Quinto Sol.

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EL AÑO
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EL AÑO PERDIDO

Tomás Rivera

Aquel año se le perdió. A veces trataba de recordar y ya para cuando creía que se estaba aclarando todo un poco se le perdían las palabras. Casi siempre empezaba con un sueño donde despertaba de pronto y luego se daba cuenta de que realmente estaba dormido. Luego ya no supo si lo que pensaba había pasado o no.

Siempre empezaba todo cuando oía que alguien le llamaba por su nombre pero cuando volteaba la cabeza a ver quién era el que le llamaba, daba una vuelta entera y así quedaba donde mismo. Por eso nunca podía acertar ni quién le llamaba ni por qué, y luego hasta se le olvidaba el nombre que le habían llamado. Pero sabía que él era a quien llamaban.

Una vez se detuvo antes de dar la vuelta entera y le entró miedo. Se dió cuenta de que él mismo se había llamado. Y así empezó el año perdido.

Trataba de acertar cuándo había empezado aquel tiempo que había llegado a llamar año. Se dió cuenta de que siempre pensaba que pensaba y de allí no podía salir. Luego se ponía a pensar en que nunca pensaba y era cuando se le volvía todo blanco y se quedaba dormido. Pero antes de dormirse veía y oía muchas cosas . . .

Y
NO
SE LO TRAGÓ
LA TIERRA

Tomás Rivera

La primera vez que sintió odio y coraje fue cuando vio llorar a su mamá por su tío y por su tía. A los dos les había dado la tuberculosis y a los dos los habían mandado a distintos sanatorios. Luego entre los hermanos y hermanas se habían repartido los niños y los habían cuidado a como había dado lugar. Luego la tía se había muerto y al poco tiempo habían traído al tío del sanatorio, pero ya venía escupiendo sangre. Fue cuando vio llorar a su madre cada rato. A él le dio coraje porque no podía hacer nada contra nadie. Ahora se sentía lo mismo. Pero ahora era por su padre.

—Se hubieran venido luego, luego, m'ijo. ¿No veían que su tata estaba enfermo? Ustedes sabían muy bien que estaba picado del sol. ¿Por qué no se vinieron?

—Pos no sé. Nosotros como andábamos bien mojados de sudor no se nos hacía que hacía mucha calor pero yo creo que cuando está picado uno del sol es diferente. Yo como quiera sí le dije que se sentara debajo del árbol que está a la orilla de los surcos, pero él no quiso. Fue cuando empezó a vomitar. Luego vimos que ya no pudo azadonear y casi lo llevamos en rastra y lo pusimos debajo del árbol. El ya no luchó. Nomás dejó que lo lleváramos. Ni repeló ni nada.

—Pobre viejo, pobre de mi viejo. Anoche casi ni durmió. ¿No lo oyeron ustedes fuera de la casa? Se estuvo retorciendo toda la noche de puros calambres. Dios quiera y se alivie. Le he estado dando agua de limonada fresca todo el día pero tiene los ojos como de vidrio. Si yo hubiera ido ayer a la labor les aseguro que no se hubiera asoleado. Pobre viejo, le van a durar los calambres por todo el cuerpo a lo menos tres días y tres noches. Ahora ustedes cuídense. No se atareen tanto. No le hagan caso al viejo si los apura. Avién-

tenle con el trabajo. Como él no anda allí empinado, se le hace muy fácil.

Le entraba más coraje cuando oía a su papá gemir fuera del gallinero. No se quedaba dentro porque decía que le entraban muchas ansias. Apenas afuera podía estar, donde le diera el aire. También podía restirarse en el sacate y revolcarse cuando le entraban los calambres. Luego pensaba en que si su padre se iba a morir de la asoleada. Oía a su papá que a veces empezaba a rezar y a pedir ayuda a Dios. Primero había tenido esperanzas de que se aliviara pronto pero al siguiente día sentía que le crecía el odio. Y más cuando su mamá o su papá clamaban por la misericordia de Dios. También esa noche los habían despertado, ya en la madrugada, los pujidos de su papá. Y su mamá se había levantado y le había quitado los escapularios del cuello y se los había lavado. Luego había prendido unas velitas. Pero, nada, Era lo mismo de cuando su tío y su tía.

—¿Qué se gana, mamá, con andar haciendo eso? ¿Apoco cree que le ayudó mucho a mi tío y a mi tía? ¿Por qué es que nosotros estamos aquí como enterrados en la tierra? O los microbios nos comen o el sol nos asolea. Siempre alguna enfermedad. Y todos los días, trabaje y trabaje. ¿Para qué? Pobre papá, él que le entra parejito. Yo creo que nació trabajando. Como dice él, apenas tenía los cinco años y ya andaba con su papá sembrando maíz. Tanto darle de comer a la tierra y al sol y luego, saz, un día cuando menos lo piensa cae asoleado. Y uno sin poder hacer nada. Y luego ellos rogándole a Dios . . . si Dios ni se acuerda de uno . . . yo creo que ni hay . . . No, mejor no decirlo, a lo mejor empeora papá. Pobre, siquiera eso le dará esperanzas.

Su mamá le notó lo enfurecido que andaba y le dijo por la mañana que se calmara, que todo estaba en las manos de Dios y que su papá se iba a aliviar con la ayuda de Dios.

—N'ombre, ¿usted cree? A Dios, estoy seguro, no le importa nada de uno. ¿A ver, dígame usted si papá es de mal alma o de mal corazón? ¿Dígame usted si él ha hecho mal a alguien?

—Pos no.

—Ahí ésta. ¿Luego? ¿y mi tío y mi tía? Usted dígame. Ahora sus pobres niños sin conocer a sus padres. ¿Por qué se los tuvo que llevar? N'ombre a Dios le importa poco de uno los pobres. A ver, ¿por qué tenemos que vivir aquí de esta manera? ¿Qué mal le hacemos a nadie? Usted tan buena gente que es y tiene que sufrir tanto.

—Ay, hijo, no hables así. No hables contra la voluntad de Dios. M'ijo no hables así por favor. Que me das miedo. Hasta parece que llevas el demonio entre las venas ya.

—Pues, a lo mejor. Así, siquiera se me quitaría el coraje. Ya me canso de pensar, ¿por qué? ¿por qué usted? ¿Por qué papá? ¿por qué mi tío? ¿por qué mi tía? ¿por qué sus niños? ¿Dígame usted por qué? ¿Por qué nosotros nomás enterrados en la tierra como animales sin ningunas esperanzas de nada? Sabe que las únicas esperanzas son las de venir para acá cada año. Y como usted misma dice, hasta que se muere uno descansa. Yo creo que así se sintieron mi tío y mi tía, y así se sentirá papá.

—Así es m'ijo. Sólo la muerte nos trae el descanso a nosotros.

—Pero, ¿Por qué a nosotros?

—Pues dicen que . . .

—No me diga nada. Ya sé lo que me va a decir — que los pobres van al cielo.

Ese día empezó nublado y sentía lo fresco de la mañana rozarle las pestañas mientras empezaban a trabajar él y sus hermanos. La madre había tenido que quedarse en casa a cuidar al viejo. Así que se sentía responsable de apurar a sus hermanos. Por la mañana, a lo menos por las primeras horas, se había aguantado el sol, pero ya para las diez y media limpió el cielo de repente y se aplanó sobre todo el mundo. Empezaron a trabajar más despacio porque se les venía una debilidad y un bochorno si trabajaban muy aprisa. Luego se tenían que limpiar el sudor de los ojos cada rato porque se les oscurecía la vista.

—Cuando vean oscuro, muchachos, párenle de trabajar o déngle más despacio. Cuando llegemos a la orilla des-

cansamos un rato para coger fuerzas. Va a estar caliente hoy. Qué se quedara nubladito así como el la mañana, ni quién dijera nada. Pero nada, ya aplanándose el sol ni una nubita se le aparece de puro miedo. Para acabarla de fregar aquí acabamos para las dos y luego tenemos que irnos a aquella labor que tiene puro lomerío. Arriba está bueno pero cuando estemos en las bajadas se pone bien sofocado. Ahí no ventea nada de aire. Casi ni entra el aire. ¿Se acuerdan?

—Sí.

—Ahí nos va a tocar lo mero bueno del calor. Nomás toman bastante agua cada rato; no le hace que se enoje el viejo. No se vayan a enfermar. Y si ya no aguantan me dicen luego, luego, ¿eh? Nos vamos para la casa. Ya vieron lo que le pasó a papá por andar aguantando. El sol se lo puede comer a uno.

Así como habían pensado se habían trasladado a otra labor para las primeras horas de la tarde. Ya para las tres andaban todos empapados de sudor. No traían una parte de la ropa seca. Cada rato se detenían. A veces no alcanzaban respiración, luego veían todo oscuro y les entraba el miedo de asolearse, pero seguían.

—¿Cómo se sienten?

—N'ombre, hace mucha calor. Pero tenemos que seguirle. Siquiera hasta las seis. Nomás que esta agua que traemos ya no quita la sed. Cómo quisiera un frasco de agua fresca, fresquesita acabada de sacar de la noria, o una coca bien helada.

—Estás loco, con eso sí que te asoleas. Nomás no le den muy aprisa. A ver si aguantamos hasta las seis. ¿Qué dicen?

A las cuatro se enfermó el más chico. Tenía apenas nueve años pero como ya le pagaban por grande trataba de emparejarse con los demás. Empezó a vomitar y se quedó sentado, luego se acostó. Corrieron todos a verlo atemorizados. Parecía como que se había desmayado y cuando le abrieron los párpados tenía los ojos volteados al revez. El que se le seguía en edad empezó a llorar pero le dijo luego, luego que se callara y que ayudara a llevarlo a casa. Parecía que se le venían calambres

por todo el cuerpecito. Lo llevó entonces cargado él solo y se empezó a decir otra vez que, por qué.

—¿Por qué a papá y luego a mi hermanito? Apenas tiene los nueve años. ¿Por qué? Tiene que trabajar, como un burro enterrado en la tierra. Papá, mamá, y éste mi hermanito, ¿qué culpa tienen de nada?

Cada paso que daba hacia la casa le retumbaba la pregunta ¿por qué? Como a medio camino se empezó a enfurecer y luego comenzó a llorar de puro coraje. Sus otros hermanitos no sabían qué hacer y empezaron ellos también a llorar, pero de miedo. Luego empezó a echar maldiciones. Y no supo ni cuándo, pero lo que dijo lo había tenido ganas de decir desde hacía mucho tiempo. Maldijo a Dios. Al hacerlo sintió el miedo infundido por los años y por sus padres. Por un segundo vio que se abría la tierra para tragárselo. Luego se sintió andando por la tierra bien apretada, más apretada que nunca. Entonces le entró el coraje de nuevo y se desahogó maldiciendo a Dios. Cuando vio a su hermanito ya no se le hacía tan enfermo. No sabía si habían comprendido sus otros hermanos lo grave que había sido su maldición.

Esa noche no se durmió hasta muy tarde. Tenía una paz que nunca había sentido antes. Le parecía que se había separado de todo. Ya no le preocupaba ni su papá ni su hermano. Todo lo que esperaba era el nuevo día, la frescura de la mañana. Para cuando amaneció su padre estaba mejor. Ya iba de alivio. A su hermanito también casi se le fueron de encima los calambres. Se sorprendía cada rato por lo que había hecho la tarde anterior. Le iba a decir a su mamá pero decidió guardar el secreto. Solamente le dijo que la tierra no se comía a nadie, ni que el sol tampoco.

Salió para el trabajo y se encontró con la mañana bien fresca. Había nubes y por primera vez se sentía capaz de hacer y deshacer cualquier cosa que él quisiera. Vio hacia la tierra y le dio una patada bien fuerte y le dijo.

—Todavía no, todavía no me puedes tragar. Algún día, sí. Pero yo ni sabré.

— AND —
— THE —
— EARTH —
— DID —
— NOT —
— PART —
— —
— —

Tomás Rivera

The first time he felt hate and anger was when he saw his mother cry for his uncle and for his aunt. They had both gotten tuberculosis, and each of them had been sent to different sanitoriums. The children had then been parceled out among their aunts and uncles and they had taken care of them as best they could. His aunt had later died and shortly afterward his uncle had been brought home from the sanitorium, but he was already spitting blood every time he coughed. It was then that he saw his mother crying all the time. He had become angry because he couldn't strike back at anyone. He felt the same way now. But this time it was on account of his father.

"You should have left right away, son. Couldn't you see that your father was sick? All of you knew very well that he had been sunstruck before. Why didn't you come home?"

"Well, I don't know. Since the rest of us were soaking wet with sweat we didn't realize it was so hot, but I guess when one has been sunstruck it's different. Anyway, I told him to sit under the tree that's at the end of the rows but he didn't want to. It was then that he started to vomit. Then we saw that he couldn't hoe and we had to drag him to get him under the tree. He didn't struggle anymore. He simply let us take him. He didn't put up a fuss or anything."

"Poor man, my poor husband. He hardly slept last night. Didn't you hear him outside the house? He was twisting and turning all night; it must be painful. God, how I pray he gets well. I've been giving him cool limonade all day but his eyes are still glassy. If I had been in the field yesterday I assure you that he would not have had a sunstroke. Poor man, he'll have spasms all over his body for at least three days and three nights. Now all of you take care of yourselves. If it gets too hot, rest. Don't overwork yourselves. Don't pay attention to the boss if he hurries you. Since he is not the one breaking his back, he thinks it's easy."

He became angrier when he heard his father moan outside the shack. His father didn't stay inside because he said that he was overcome with anxiety whenever he did. He had to be outside where he could get fresh air. There he could stretch out on the grass and roll around when the spasms hit him. Then he thought about whether his father was going to die from the sunstroke. From time to time he would hear his father pray and ask God for help. At first he had hoped that he would get well soon but the following day he felt his anger increase. And he felt it increase more when his mother or his father clamored for the mercy of God. And their father's moans had awakened them that night and also at dawn and their mother had gotten up and had taken off his scapularies from around his neck and had washed them for him. She had then lighted some small candles. But to no avail. It was the same as with his uncle and his aunt.

"What do you gain by doing that, mother? Don't tell me that you believe that sort of thing helped my uncle and my aunt? Why is it that we are here on earth as though buried alive? Either the germs eat us from the inside or the sun from the outside. Always some illness. And work, work, day in and day out. And for what? Poor father, he works just as hard as the rest of us, perhaps harder. He was born working, as he says. Barely five years old and he was already out there planting corn with his father. After feeding the earth and the sun for such a long time then, . . . one day unexpectedly he is felled by the sun. And powerless to do anything. And to top it off, praying to God. God doesn't even remember us . . . There must not be a God . . . No, better not say it, what if father should worsen? Poor man, at least that must give him some hope."

His mother noticed how furious he was and in the morning she told him to calm down, that everything was in the hands of God and that his father would get well with God's help.

"Come now, do you really believe that? God, I am sure, doesn't give a damn about us. Look, can you tell me if father is mean or without love? You tell me if he has ever hurt anyone?"

"Well, no."

"There you are. See? And my uncle and my aunt? You tell me. And now their poor children not knowing their parents. Why did He have to take them? So you see, God doesn't give a damn about us poor people. Look, why do we have to live under these conditions? Are we hurting anybody? You're such a

good person and yet you have to suffer so much. Can't you see? Tell me!"

"Oh, son, don't talk like that. Don't question the will of God. The ground might open up and devour you for talking like that. One must resign oneself to the will of God. Please don't talk like that, son. You frighten me. It seems that already the devil is in your very blood."

"Well, perhaps. At least that way I could release my anger. I'm tired of asking, why? Why you? Why father? Why my uncle? Why my aunt? Why their children? Can you tell me why? Why should we always be tied to the dirt, half buried in the earth like animals without any hope of any kind? You know that the only thing we can look forward to is coming over here every year. And as you yourself say, one does not rest until one dies. I guess that is the way my uncle and my aunt felt, and that's the way father will eventually feel!"

"That's the way it is, son. Only death can bring us rest."

"But, why us?"

"Well, it is said that . . ."

"Don't say it! Don't tell me anything! I know what you're going to tell me! — that the poor will go to heaven."

The day started out cloudy and he felt the cool morning breeze brush his eyelashes as he and his brothers and sisters started to work. His mother had had to stay at home to take care of her husband. Thus he felt responsible for encouraging his brothers and sisters. In the morning, at least during the early hours, they were able to withstand the sun, but by ten thirty the sun had suddenly completely cleared the sky and penetrated everything and everyone. They worked much slower because they would feel weakness and suffocation overcome them if they worked at a hurried pace. They then had to wipe the sweat from their eyes every few minutes because their eyes would become blurry.

"When you kids see blurry, stop working or slow down. When we get to the end of the rows we'll rest awhile to regain our strength. It's going to be hot today. I wish it would remain cloudy, as it was this morning. No one would complain then. But no, once the sun bears down not even a tiny cloud dares show itself out of sheer fright. The hell of it is, we'll be finished here by two and then we have to go to that field that is nothing but hills. It's ok on top of the hill but when we're in the low parts it's suffocating. Not even the slightest breeze blows through there. Air almost doesn't enter. Remember?"

"Yes."

"That's where we'll spend the hottest part of the day. Just drink a lot of water every few minutes even if the boss gets angry. If not you'll get sick. And if you can't take it any longer, tell me right away, ok? We'll go home. You saw what happened to father for holding out. The sun can suck the life out of you."

Just as they had thought, they had had to move to the other field by early afternoon. By three o'clock they were already sopping wet with sweat. Not a single part of their clothing remained dry. Every few minutes they stopped. Sometimes they gasped for breath, then everything became blurred and the fear of sunstroke crept into them, but they continued.

"How do you feel?"

"Man, it's hot! But we have to keep going. At least until six. Only thing is that the water we have is no longer good for our thirst. How I wish I had a glass of cool water, real cold, just pulled up from the well, or an icy coke."

"You're crazy, you'd sure get sunstroke that way. Just don't work too fast. Let's see if we can hold up until six. Can you take it?"

At four o'clock the youngest became sick. He was only nine years old but since he was paid as an adult he tried to keep up with the others. He started to vomit and sat down, then he lied down. Fear stricken they all rushed over to him. He appeared to have fainted and when they opened his eyelids they found his eyes turned around. The one next to him in age started to cry but he told him immediately to shut up and help take him home. Spasms were moving over his small body. He then threw him on his back and carried him by himself. Once again he began asking why?

"Why my father, and now my little brother? He is barely nine years old. Why? He has to work like an animal, tied to the ground. Father, Mother, and he, my little brother, how could they possibly be guilty of anything?"

Each step that he took toward the house brought forth the echo of the question "why?" Half way down the road he became furious and then he started to cry out of despair. His other brothers and sisters didn't know what to do and they also started to cry, but out of fear. He then began to swear. And he didn't know when, but what he said he had been wanting to say for a long time. He cursed God. Upon doing it he felt the fear instilled in him by time and by his parents. For a split second he

saw the earth open up to devour him. But, although he didn't look down, he then felt himself walking on very solid ground; *it was harder than he had ever felt it*. Anger swelled up in him again and he released it by cursing God. Then he noticed that his little brother no longer appeared quite so ill. He didn't know if his other little brothers and sisters realized how serious his curse had been.

That evening he didn't go to sleep until very late. He was experiencing a peace that he had never known before. It seemed to him that he had completely detached himself from everything. He was no longer worried about his father nor about his brother. All that he looked forward to was the new day, the coolness of the morning. By dawn his father was better. He was on his way to recovery. His little brother was also almost completely free of spasms. Time after time he felt surprised at what he had done the previous afternoon. He had cursed God and the earth had not parted. He was going to tell his mother but he decided to keep it a secret. He only told her that the earth didn't devour anyone, and that the sun didn't destroy anyone either.

He left for work and he was faced with a very cool morning. There were clouds and for the first time he felt himself capable of doing and undoing whatever he chose. He looked toward the ground and he kicked it and said to it.

"Not yet, you can't eat me yet. Someday. But I won't know."

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THE RACE

Rubén Dario Sálaz

THE RACE Corporal G. D. White of the U.S. Cavalry
THE RACE crouched low behind a protective craggy rock.
THE RACE He was sure he had heard a human voice just
THE RACE before his company of soldiers had been ambushed by the very Apaches the Army had been chasing. It was the same pattern: the murdering Apaches would attack or ambush at will, seemingly, then disappear as shadows in the desert. The soldiers pursued the hostiles at every opportunity, but did battle only with the sun, the heat, the thirsty sands, and the barren mountains which seemed to swallow the Apaches without a trace. He was beginning to think it would be easier to bag the wild geese. How long had they been after the marauders led by Hosanna . . . twenty days . . . thirty? He wasn't sure anymore. But he was certain he had heard a voice, maybe that of a child, somewhere in the area, just before the ambush. When all hell broke loose he spurred his mount toward cover only to have it shot from under him. His fall could have been much worse, even if his head throbbed where he had rolled into a small boulder. His horse was already dead when Corporal White grabbed his rifle from the saddle scabbard and lay motionless in the rocks. He realized he should find his comrades and rejoin them but for the moment all his energy cried out for battle with the Apache enemy. Besides, the crack of a rifle was heard to reverberate every so often, clashing with the wild mountain peaks, telling him the soldiers couldn't be too far away. If he could only get an Apache! He knew the hostiles had their women and children with them . . . that *bad* to slow them down . . . but he hadn't even caught a glimpse of them yet . . . this was it . . . now . . . if he could only get his hands on an Apache! He had been among those chosen at Fort Huachuca because he was among the best athletes in the Army. Today he would do his share to put an end to Apache murder and pillage.

Corporal White turned toward the echo of a lingering rifle shot but he couldn't see anyone. None of his comrades were in sight and he knew better than to expect to see an Apache. He wasn't a veteran of the Indian wars, but neither was he a raw recruit. He waited and continued to scrutinize the terrain . . . perhaps he hadn't heard anything after all . . . maybe one of the horses had made the sound . . . maybe his imagination was playing tricks with his weary state and — *there it was again!* he was certain of it now . . . the wail of a small child! So one of the Apaches had hidden his brats while he took the cavalry on tour, eh? Well it wasn't going to work this time!

The revelation gave the soldier a new determination. In his enthusiasm he forgot the endless hours in the saddle, the odious hardtack and salt horse, the ghastly barren mountains and the fearful lifeless sands of the desert. The savage enemies of his country were no longer specks on the horizon, no longer murderous shadows. His skill had discovered them and his superiority would exterminate them.

White crawled ever so carefully in the direction of the cry. Exactly where was the hiding place? He didn't want to stumble into it, not with Apaches there. One thing was sure, he didn't want to be taken alive by any Apaches. The memory of the last raid was still vivid: the ranch house bare and blackened, the carcasses of a dozen cattle scattered here and yonder. Stretched on the cruel sand was the owner of the ranch: a stake cut from his own wagon was driven through his stomach and deep into the earth. The eyeballs had been gouged out of their sockets and replaced wrong-side out. His ears had been pinned with cactus thorns to the sides of his nose. But these barbarities were minor compared to those suffered by the rancher's wife. When he saw how . . . he had become sick . . . and an Apache hater forever. No, he would never be taken alive by Apaches and he would never take any of them alive either.

"What are you doing thinkn' about bein' captured?" White thought to himself. *"The other boys are around here someplace . . . They'll be back and mebbe they'll have Hosanna with 'em. No stinkin' 'paches are ever gonna take me . . . I'm doin' the takin'."*

G. D. White of the U.S. Cavalry wasn't merely indulging himself. He was an excellent soldier and he knew something about fighting Apaches. It could be said with all truthfulness that he was the flower of the Army: blond, six-foot-three, sunburned,

two-hundred-thirteen pounds of powerful, knotted muscles. He was handpicked for this expedition because of his abilities and willingness to combat the Apache enemy. He had learned that Apaches valued courage more than anything else and he respected their fighting ability but he knew their days were numbered because they stood in the way of progress. He exuded confidence as an athlete, a fighter, and a soldier. He knew that his weapons, the product of a superior civilization, were better than those used by the Apaches and he realized his army was larger than all the renegade Apache bands put together. The hostile Apache was little more than a murderous corpse who would soon be rotting in a grave or in jail. White would win, it could turn out in no other way.

The soldier lost all track of time as he crawled this way and that in a concentrated effort to find his adversaries. As the sun was beginning to set he heard the same wailing sound directly to his right. While nothing was visible he knew that right behind what seemed to be nothing more than a large craggy rock was a nest of Apaches. The entrance to what must be some sort of a small cave in the side of the mountain was on the opposite side because all Corporal White could see was solid rock. He squinted into the setting sun. It would be dark soon: should he surprise them right away? The nest probably wasn't concealing any men. They were making shadows for the benefit of the Cavalry, away from the women and children . . . but they had to come back for them. He would camouflage himself as well as possible and wait in hopes of killing one or two warriors from Hosanna's band. Besides, his head was throbbing and some rest would help. The Apaches in the cave couldn't leave without him knowing it.

The desert night set in with silence and moon splashings contrasted with shadows. White made his way back where his horse lay, ate what little food remained in his saddle bags and drank from his near empty canteen. He took the bags off the horse and hunted for a protected place where he could rest without being seen by intruders and still be able to watch the cave area. He considered himself divinely redeemed when he encountered a space under an overhanging peak of jutting rock. He went in on his knees but froze when he heard the warning whir of death from a rattlesnake. White put his rifle out in front of him though he knew he couldn't use it and still continue to keep his presence a secret from the Apaches. When he felt some

pressure on the rifle barrel he instinctively withdrew the rifle and hurled his saddle bags at the snake. An eternity of ten seconds went by until he thought he heard a faint hum as the enemy dragged itself away. When he saw the snake wiggle across a slit of moonlight he waited a few seconds more then crawled into the disputed refuge. White felt a sharp sting on his forearm and was panic-stricken for the briefest instant until he saw the emerald dagger of the amole plant was his antagonist, not the rattler. He composed himself and settled down to rest on the fine bed of sand. The soldier hoped the Apaches hadn't heard the noise of his crashing saddle bags as he peered at the vicinity of the enemy cave. No, there was no activity showing. He took a drink from his canteen, holding it in his mouth before swallowing. He was certain his lack of water would not become critical since his comrades would surely return tomorrow.

Corporal G. D. White slept soundly in his sanctuary. Just before sunrise he awakened with a start and realized he would have been easy prey for any returning enemy. But he hadn't been discovered and now he was no longer bone-weary nor was his head throbbing anymore. Should he attack or wait? The mountains were deathly quiet. Where were his fellow soldiers? The Apache warriors? He was out of food, almost out of water, help was not in sight. Better attack immediately.

White left his saddlebags where they were and inched his way to the enemy cave. He used the gray-green sagebrush for camouflage as he avoided the bayonets of the aloe and trampled the blood-red blotches of the nopal and the snow-white marguerites. When he was close to the cave he looked around once more. There was absolutely no sound in the whole world of the desert. He cocked his rifle ever so slowly yet the death entering the chamber seemed to scream out in the stillness of sunrise. He peered at the small entrance of the cave . . . no one was visible . . . he would have to shoot from a kneeling position . . . crouched to his knees . . . to his feet . . . deep breath . . . and charged!

The soldier's presence at the opening of the cave took the Apache woman and her two children by surprise but the Apache was trying to strike at the soldier as two bullets penetrated her chest. The bigger child connected with a rock just before a bullet crashed through its skull. The wailing of the youngest Apache stopped with an abrupt crack of the soldier's carbine.

White made certain the three Apaches were dead. Then he pulled out his knife and scalped them in order to collect the bounty which was on the head of every hostile Apache in the territory. When finished he looked around for something to eat, knowing that Apaches had caches of food, water, and ammunition all over the lands they roamed. He found nothing. He then ransacked the corpses in an effort to uncover the money which it was said Apaches always had. He found nothing as he became aware of a throbbing ache in his head where he had been hit on entering the cave. He sat down and collected his thoughts on getting back to Fort Huachuca. Finally he peered out of the cave, still very cautious, and realized he was not completely certain as to which direction to take for the fort. He believed it was . . . due west. He was ready to exit when he thought he saw something moving about three hundred yards away. His eyebrows lowered as his eyelids narrowed in complete concentration . . . where did it go? . . . there, behind the craggy rock formation, an Apache, a man, heading toward the cave. White lifted his rifle then lowered the barrel. What if there were other warriors behind him? The soldier knew he could kill one more Apache but he also realized he was trapped in the cave if other Apaches blocked the entrance. If he was captured he would die a hideous death . . . he focused his gun sight on the stalking Apache . . . one shot is all he would need . . . or get . . . one reflection from the gun barrel meant detection . . . the Apache was near to death . . .

Suddenly White felt a faint glimmer for his own salvation. The Apache, marked for death by the V of the gunsight, would certainly know the way back to Fort Huachuca. *"I've gotta take him alive,"* he realized. White's blue eyes narrowed to slits. The Apache would be at the cave within a couple of minutes. The soldier saw his own boot tracks outside. *"I gotta distract him!"* He looked down at the dead Apaches, dragged the older boy and laid his arm out by the entrance, hoping the arm would attract the Apache's attention before the boot prints screamed out their warning. White went to the side of the cave and prepared to club the Apache as he came in. *"He must be close . . . close to my trail . . . where is he? why doesn't he come in? . . . he knows something is wrong . . . can he see the arm? . . . God, the other bodies, can he see them? . . . shoulda moved . . . takin too long . . . cry like the kid or it'll be too late!"* White uttered an almost indistinguishable sound that was enough to make the

Apache enter the cave. He swung viciously at the long-haired head! The blow landed solidly and the Apache slumped into a heap. By instinct White turned the rifle around and almost sent some bullets into his enemy's skull but the unconscious Apache didn't move, thus saving his life. "*Tie 'im up, hurry. With what?*" Then he remembered about the rawhide strips in his saddle bags. "*Go getem.*" He resisted the temptation of clubbing the unconscious Apache again just to make sure. "*What if there's more out there?*" He'd take his chances. He dashed out to the saddlebags, grabbed them and was quickly back at the cave, binding the Apache's limbs so tightly the circulation was nearly cut off. But White needn't have worried. The clout on the head kept the Apache unconscious for more than enough time for the soldier to regain his composure and confidence. There had been no other Apaches, obviously, and this one would lead White to Fort Huachuca, or die. When the enemy opened his eyes the soldier was in complete control of himself and the situation. The savage tried to move but found he couldn't so he waited for the color to come back into the world. When it did, he saw the remains of his family and a white soldier holding three trophies and grinning.

"Know what these are 'pache?" asked White as he dangled the scalps in front of his foe. "If I didn't have plans for you I'd be holding yours too." The Apache tried to wrench himself free but all he accomplished for his effort was a kick in the stomach. "Don't tempt me!" spat White, "or your bones will be pickings for the vultures." White dragged the Apache outside and let him bathe in the sun. He drank the last of the water in his canteen and flung it away. "You and I, 'pache, are going to Huachuca, and when we get there we'll give you a fair trial then take you out and hang you."

White looked in his saddlebags for anything he might want to take with him. The handcuffs, won in a poker game, were promptly snapped into place around the Apache's wrists after which White stuffed the key in his own pocket. He decided to take the binoculars, also part of his winnings, and the scalps, pistol, rifle, and knife.

"Huachuca, 'pach, you hear me?" said White as he pulled the Amerindian to his feet, "Fort Huachuca!" The soldier pushed the warrior who crashed to the ground because his ankles were still tightly bound. White sneered as he sat on him while he cut the rawhide. "Fort Huachuca!" he yelled as he pulled the Apache to his feet by yanking on the long black hair.

White had no way of knowing his prisoner was Ulzana, the leader of the renegade Apaches the soldiers had been chasing. He couldn't know that that was Ulzana's butchered family lying back there in the cave. He didn't realize Ulzana, not being born a chief, had achieved great fame in his tribe strictly through demonstrations of courage, cunning, and keenness in battle. He was unaware that his prisoner was the bloodiest and most sagacious of raiders.

The two men walked silently on the thirsty sands that White had grown to hate. He looked around at the mountains as he walked: it was as if someone had thrown them down from the sky instead of growing naturally out of the earth. They looked dead, unkempt, craggy. Only the diabolic cactus was sharper than the crags and ragged peaks. "Don't lead me on no wild goosechase, 'pache," said a contemptuous White, for he knew his guide didn't speak English except for place names. "Fort Huachuca, you savvy?" White grabbed Ulzana by the hair and repeated his question. The warrior's unfathomable eyes almost startled the soldier. They were not blank yet they were not legible, almost as if the nerves to the brain had been disconnected. Ulzana's face was an impassive mask which was searching White's soul and emotions through indifferent yet sparkling eyes. "Savvy?" Ulzana pointed in the direction they were walking. "I hear tell you 'paches have supplies hidden away in these mountains. We're gonna need some water soon if I can't find the soldiers. You savvy water?" Ulzana looked back at the mountains where so much of him had perished. White grabbed him and almost lifted him bodily. "Water, you blasted savage!" Ulzana reacted automatically as he kicked at his tormentor but White blocked it instinctively and then lashed out with a rock-hard fist which made the warrior fall with a thud. "There isn't goin' to be anything left when I get through with you, 'pach. I know you got some waterhole around here some place and you're gonna tell me." White yanked the beads Ulzana was wearing around his neck and flung them in his face. "Water!" Next came the turkey-red bandana that was around Ulzana's head. White saw the turquoise earring that dangled through the savage's pierced ear and tore it out of place without a moment's hesitation. "Savvy water?" Ulzana didn't utter a sound as he turned his ear toward the sand in order to clot the blood. White broke off a needle from a nearby cactus and tore open Ulzana's dusty shirt. "I'm gonna give you one more chance, 'pache.

Water. Where is some water?!" For the first time White almost studied Ulzana's face: the long, straight black hair around a rather large head; a heavy broad nose, a low wrinkled forehead, a full strong chin. The eyes were like two pieces of obsidian with a fire beneath them. The mouth seemed to be a sharp, straight, thin lipped gash without one softening feature. White could not have imagined more cruel features and he did not hesitate to stab Ulzana's chest with the cactus needle. The deep chest writhed with every penetration of the needle but, except for labored breathing, there was not a sound. White finally stopped when the dark copper chest was turning red. It was no use, they'd have to be spotted by the cavalry or make it to the fort. "On your feet. Remember, if I die I'm taking you with me." White neglected to pick up his rifle as the two men resumed their march.

At high noon the sun was a raging flood of infinite fire. The sky was a blue lid on an oven of thirst, the landscape became a sea of boiling lava over which Ulzana and White had to swim as the hours paced by. White searched for some sign of life but there was no panting jackrabbit, no lizard, not even a bird to give some hope of life. The soldier stumbled and consequently put his hand to the sand only to find his palm blistered from the scorching sand. He wanted to pause and rest but there was no shade, just billows of heat, so he continued to follow the Indian until the sun set. It seemed a bit cooler with the terrific glare gone. A faint breeze faltered now and then as White reclined against a rock. While the air was something like the breath of a furnace it was a welcome change from the stagnant heat of the day. Ulzana's large black eyes looked only toward the mountains he had abandoned while the soldier tried to gather his senses to look for water and food. When he spied the towers of the giant sahuaro life streamed back into his body. Sahuaro! Wasn't there water in them?! Down at the bottom! He pushed his Indian captive toward the desert candelabra and when the men got to the first one White began to stab at it with his knife. Ulzana's unfathomable sparkling eyes merely watched the white man as he picked and poked at the desert plant in his frenzied efforts to wrench water from it. White put some of the pulp in his mouth but there was scant moisture in it. It was a lie, a cheat: there was no water in it . . . it was barren as the sand, thirsty as the sun, cruel as nature itself.

As the moon was coming up White saw a lizard scurrying from one bush to another. Without a moment's hesitation the soldier threw himself on the little creature, captured it, ate what he could of it. He saw another lizard but was unable to grab it. "I'll get something to eat during the night. Gotta tie the 'pache . . . damn his blood . . . blood." The Apache was made of flesh and blood . . . and it was a question of survival. White cocked his pistol and pointed it at the Indian's temple.

The moon danced on Ulzana's dark features. He looked at the gun barrel then back at the soldier. For the first time he smiled, revealing his ultra-white teeth which somehow reminded the white soldier of a lion or tiger. "Wa-ti-hes ti-kot-iti," remarked Ulzana, speaking for the first time since his capture in a voice with qualities which White couldn't describe. White was so taken aback that he almost regained his composure, momentarily forgetting his cannibalistic thirst and hunger.

"What?!" was all the soldier said. Then he bared his teeth and slugged the Indian across the face. This time it was a knock-out blow, for Ulzana did not move as White bound his captive's feet with his soldier's belt. Certain that the Apache could not escape, the soldier walked about in an effort to find some nourishment, a hollow rock full of rain water, an oasis. All that seemed to exist was the giant shadow of the sahuaro: empty, lifeless, cruel . . . but somehow beckoning, hopeful. White encountered only illusion in the sahuaro jungle. After what seemed hours of hunting, the shadows of the sahuaros began to lean this way and that, tilting, dancing a weird, menacing ritual. "*Wa-ti-hes ti-kot-iti.*" White froze.

"Who said that? . . . where are you?" he said aloud.

"*WA-TI-HES TI-KOT-ITI.*"

Something moved and the soldier fired at it. He heard a noise behind him and fired more shots through the silvery moonlight. He stumbled into a cactus bush, the searing pain of the needles entering his flesh gave him another shock which wasn't illusion. Suddenly he realized he shouldn't waste time resting. He had to travel at night, right now! Bone weary or not it was his only chance to survive. He retraced his trail to the Apache, pulled to his feet and shouted "Fort Huachuca!"

Ulzana's moon-lit face showed only its strong, impassive features. There was no gesture, no smile, no twitch to demonstrate he had heard the shots from the pistol. White didn't realize the warrior was probing his faint gasping for breath, the

meaning of the shots in the night, even the delicate traces of where the cactus needles penetrated. Ulzana was aware of the white soldier's situation. He missed no sound, no clue, no trace. All were noted. All were understood. He continued to lead the way through the moonlight as White followed behind him. Thirst and hunger had long ago begun to gnaw away at his being and he knew he would have to have something to eat and drink soon. He kept himself going mile after mile by concentrating on yellow hair and black hair. Yellow. Black. Hair. His hands would have to be freed if he was going to save himself. The mountains. Hair.

Just before dawn Ulzana heard the white soldier yelling something. He stopped his walk and turned to see his enemy sprawled on the sand, pistol in hand. Two bullets sped by him and then the death knell of a *click!* made the firearm useless. White let it fall to the ground, stumbled to his feet, took out his knife. "You go too, 'pache," he said as he cut the leather strips that had imprisoned Ulzana's hands behind his back since the beginning of the journey. The handcuffs were still in place, however, so White knocked down the Indian, sat on him, unlocked the brown left wrist and put the cuff on his own wrist. He hurled the key as far as he could and said, "If I die so will you." His speech was difficult because his tongue was so swollen. "Now git," he ordered as he flung his knife away.

The blistering heat returned with the sun and soon White was walking less and being pulled more by the brown wrist. Soon he began to stumble but he managed to pull himself back to his feet each time, saying "You'll die too, 'pache." His eyes became more and more dazed, his large muscles began to respond less and less until, when the sun was directly overhead, he stumbled to the smoldering sand and didn't get up.

Ulzana dragged his enemy for a hundred yards or so before he turned to look at the yellow hair. No, he wasn't dead yet, not quite. But it was only a question of a few more hours in the land where the Apache warrior was disputed but king. Ulzana pulled out a hunting knife from his knee-high moccasin. It had been concealed in the heavy buckskin, ready for use when needed. Ulzana's first thought was to hack away at the soldier's sunburned wrist but then the thought of his family in the cave flashed through his mind. The white man's fort was not too far away . . . he would have to take another chance. He returned to his march and looked for something to eat until he saw a large

greasewood bush with a dry tangle of leaves and twigs all around it. With his knife he dug at the roots of the bush and discovered a litter of fat prairie mice. He feasted on the dozen or so that he caught and then spied a rattlesnake resting in a neighboring bush. Ulzana stood and whipped White's semi-lifeless body into the coiled rattler, thus inviting the snake to sink its venom in the white soldier. Before the rattler could recoil Ulzana picked it up from the tail and broke its neck with two quick whiplashes. Once the skin was off the delicate gray meat became a tasty meal. The warrior saw the mescal plant but he had no time to make use of its life-giving qualities. He resumed his march toward the white man's war village, not even bothering to look back at the carcass he was dragging. White's dead body made a furrow in the sand and the corpse was almost the color of the burning ocean in which it was being dragged.

Ulzana's thoughts wandered from his early life back to the cave, from the Apache way of life to the cave, from the yellow-haired homesteaders to the cave . . . always the cave, the cave. An ocean could not have drowned out his loss, his anguish, his love, his hate. It was the second family he had lost to the white soldiers who delighted in the massacre of Apaches. He had felt death both times . . . the cave . . . the burning lodge filled with the odor of burning flesh . . . the white soldiers and the yellow hair . . . the children crying for help from their warrior father . . . hair . . . HAIR . . . Ulzana stood motionless. He had heard hoofbeats. They were still in the distance but he was sure of it . . . yes, over there, ponies of the white soldiers . . . about a dozen. Ulzana grinned the smile of death as he looked back at White. He would kill another white soldier just as certainly as he had planned to kill the one he had held prisoner since the two enemies had begun their march. The Apache warrior went down on one knee and threw dirt all over himself, then he staggered this way and that in the direction of the soldiers for he was certain the soldiers would soon be watching him through their metal eyes which made things come close when they were far. Ulzana seemed to faint from exhaustion at just the precise moment that the soldiers rode up and encircled him and the corpse.

"Detail . . . Halt!" ordered the soldier in command. "Careful with that Apache, I think he's still kicking."

"He's half dead," said another soldier as all dismounted, with the exception of the sergeant. They looked at the Indian

then inspected the soldier's body. "Dead," finished the soldier.

"Shoot the chain off the cuffs and we'll drag the Apache back to the fort," ordered the leader.

A rifle shot freed the living from the dead.

"Lift the renegade up and I'll put this rope around his neck," said the soldier as he bent out of his saddle. "You two put the dead man on a horse so we can give him a Christian—"

Ulzana had come to life and plunged his knife deep into the heart of the white soldier, pulling him out of the saddle and propelling himself into it almost before the other soldiers realized. The horse was off in a thundering gallop as a soldier bel-
lowed "He got the sergeant! Get 'im! After 'im!"

Ulzana spurred his horse toward his mountain refuge as bullets whizzed by him on all sides. He handled the horse as if it had been his own personal mount, conscious only of some homesteaders he knew, homesteaders with yellow hair. The horse's thundering hoofbeats took him further from and closer to his eternal enemies. If he could just make it to the mountains . . .

Reymundo Marín

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quizá porque pocas veces se la ocurría a don Lolo pasarse de la raya. Aquella memorable tarde don Lolo salió a tomar el café y la copita con los amigos más temprano que de costumbre. Tento siempre llegaba como un reloj pero ese día se encontró con Mirtala, la patrona, y ésta, cansada de las manías del bobo sintió ganas bárbaras de divertirse y le fue fácil convercerle de sus habilidades de alta peluquería. Mirtala no tenía rival en la cocina y poseía una mano para guisar que le daba fama en todo el pueblo. Tratándose de bodas, bautizos y comuniones era muy solicitada y mala cara ponían los invitados si Mirtala no metía su cuchara en el festín. Lástima que sus manos regordetas y reconchas como tamalitos no fueran tan hábiles en manejar la maquinilla. Era de armas tomar y todo el pueblo la respetaba, tanto por sus artes culinarios como por las bromas que se gastaba. Cogió a Tento de la mano, lo sentó en la silla, le puso el trapo con mucha ceremonia y con la maquinilla eléctrica le hizo mil peladuras que a los ojos de un miope parecería un profundo mar con sus nacientes islotes.

—*Mirtala* no me vayas a *dejal* mal.

—No te preocupes, hombre, en su ratito acabo.

Y en efecto, todo lo hacía con la mayor desfachatez del mundo y la aprobación de los mirones. Las burlas y risotadas con que los espectadores celebraban estrepitosamente el acontecimiento llenaron de terror y sobresalto al bobo que, saltar de la silla y echarse a la calle fue todo uno, yéndose a quejar con la única persona en el mundo que le comprendía.

—¡Mamaíta, mamaíta! ¡Mila, mila!— decía el bobo con los ojos desorbitados y agitando las manos en el aire mostrando las trasquiladuras.

—¡Alabado sea el Santísimo! Pero, ¿quién te ha hecho eso, hijo mío?

—¡Mirtala, Mirtala! . . .

—¡Bribona! ¡Ya verá esa Mirtala la buena regañada y los muchos palos que le voy a dar si se le ocurre venir por aquí! Ya, ya, hijito, no te preocupes tanto. No hay mal que dure cien años ni enfermo que los padezca, ya ves yo. Ya verás que el pelo te crecerá muy pronto y nadie te lo notará.

Y así, con palabras dulces de consuelo Amadita le fue devolviendo la calma y el sosiego. Mientras tanto, la burla se propagaba de boca en boca como los mejores guisados de Mirtala. Si Tento se asomaba por la peluquería y veía a Mirtala, no entraba;

si la divisaba en la calle le hacía las cruces y huía como quien ve visiones.

—Tento, baila un jarabe zapateado y te doy cinco centavos—, le decía la plebe. Y hacía el hazmerreir en donde quisieran.

—Baila una polka al estilo tlachuachito—, y el infeliz obedecía dando unos pasos grotescos con una mano al pecho y otra en el aire, como un trompo de colorines descuerdado.

—¡Ahora no te doy nada!—. Y Tento se echaba a llorar como un niño. La pandilla de chicos y grandes que formaba el coro lo sabía y terminaba dándole la miserable moneda.

—Tento, ¡tírate de un árbol!—. Y sin pensarlo mucho lo hubiera hecho por dos reales.

Era inofensivo: por las mananas se le podía ver barriendo las aceras de los comercios por un pedazo de pan duro, una salchicha, una botella de leche, fruta pasada, verdura dañada. Aquel hombrecito era una mina de oro para doña Amadita, un chorrito pequeño pero seguro. A media mañana se le veía llevar la cajita de cuanto le daban rumbo a su casa. Desde pequeño había sido abandonado y doña Amadita, una viuda anciana, lo acabó de criar. Le dio el cariño y calor que nunca había tenido en toda su vida, lo cual el bobo pagaba con creces y con una devoción que estaba al borde de la obsesión. Jamás pudo tolerar una mala palabra contra su ídolo y se ponía furioso de rabia si alguien osaba profanar el nombre de “mamita,” y no faltaba quien le buscara el genio y el pobre menso se desesperaba.

Doña Amadita nunca salía de casa por estar medio tullida, *La bola de años*, solía decir ella. Pero un buen día amaneció muerta sin quejas o grandes dolores pasando de un sueño a otro. Tento quedó como poseído. Mientras esperaban la llegada de uno de los hijos, que vivía en Los Angeles, la velaron durante tres días en la casa de una sobrina, porque la de doña Amadita era muy pequeña para el velorio; fueron días durísimos para Tento. Allí estaba el cuerpo presente vestido de negro y al fondo un cortinón de terciopelo color guindo; dos candelabros enormes de velas encendidas, unas a la Virgen Guadalupana, las otras a la Virgen de San Juan del Valle; las ofrendas florales llenaban toda la habitación y sólo había lugar para unas cuantas sillas y un reclinatorio frente al ataúd para rezar por el ánima de la difunta. En la otra habitación estaban las señoras comentando en voz baja y, afuera, en el patio, los hombres recordando historias y bebiendo aguardiente. Y Tento sentadito, quietecito, el dolor del alma reflejado en la cara de una manera indecible, pasaba

desapercibido. De vez en cuando se le veía rodar una lágrima que le duraba largo rato: un dolor mudo. No quiso separarse del cuerpo de la que había sido más que una madre para él, y allí sentadito continuaba la vigilia con los ojos muy abiertos; otras veces cabeceaba en las altas horas de la noche o dormitaba de hito en hito. No quisieron llevarle al camposanto y andaba como perdido sin saber qué hacer. Después del entierro Tento permanecía desconsolado; no se sabía si comprendía o no lo ocurrido, sólo que ya no barría las aceras y ya nadie se reía de él.

Dos días después, Tento preguntando a éste y aquél dio con la tumba fresca de Amadita. Allí se pasaba largas horas día y noche sin que nadie se acordara de él. Permanecía de centinela y hacía guardia como perro fiel. Estaba tan distraído en sus pensamientos que una tarde no se dio cuenta de que al lado suyo se encontraba Mirtala con una canasta de comida, un ramo de flores y una mantilla negra a la cabeza. Tento no sabía si correr o quedarse sentado porque todavía no olvidaba la horrible pesadilla, pero Mirtala le habló con tanto cariño que al instante lo dejó desarmado.

—¡Mira, Tento! Lo que te traigo. Anda muchacho, como de ello que lo he hecho especialmente para ti. Anda, abre la canasta y verás los bocadillos tan ricos que te he preparado.

Y viendo que Tento no se atrevía a decir palabra ni a abrir la canasta temiendo otra encerrona, Mirtala fue colocándole en la mano bocadillo tras bocadillo hasta que quedó satisfecho.

—Tento, he hablado con Lolo y está preocupadísimo por ti porque no has ido a limpiarle la barbería. Ya podrás imaginarte cómo está todo aquello sin tu ayuda. Lolo y yo queremos que te vengas a vivir con nosotros y él quiere que le ayudes de regla todos los días. Nosotros te cuidaremos como a un hijo y ya verás lo felices que seremos. Mira, Amadita lo hubiera querido así. Yo te puedo traer cuando quieras venir a verla y le traeremos muchas flores. Anda, ayúdame a colocar éstas que están muy bonitas.

Tento se dejó guiar dócilmente y su futuro brillaba como nunca: colocado y con hogar. Con el tiempo llegó a cobrarle cariño a Mirtala, pero jamás, bajo ninguna condición, le permitió que le tocara el pelo.

MONO

en
español

Rudy Espinosa

Mono se sentó junto al tío Toto en el pórtico de madera a ver la puesta del sol y la Montaña, la cima dorada por el sol poniente.

Era después de la cena y el tío Toto llevaba migajas en la mano. Se decía que Mono era mitad coyote y mitad galgo y tenía la oreja izquierda destrosada a mordiscones.

Mono movió la cola. Arriscó la cabeza y dió una vuelta al hocico abierto. Todos los del Lago de la Montaña conocían a Mono.

El tío Toto tecleó los dedos. —Ah,— pensó Mono — Un sabroso hueso. Mono entendía este idioma de los dedos perfectamente. El tío Toto le rascaba las narices. Sí, Mono, en edad de perro, tenía la misma edad que tenía el tío Toto en edad de hombre; y para decir la verdad, hasta se parecían en el andar. Siendo que el tío Toto de vez en cuando se tomaba un traguito con el tío Chindo, le platicaba de la juventud de Mono.

Se decía que Mono alcanzaba a un conejo a toda carrera y que hasta mató una víbora cascabel. Mono tenía fuertes quijadas y podía sujetar una víbora entre sus dientes y con los poderosos músculos del pescuezo estrujar la víbora por el aire y darle contra el suelo hasta que quedaba sin vida. Y el tío Toto, con su arrugada cara morena y sus ojos negros debajo de un sombrero de paja dio contra un terrón con su bordón y dijo al tío Chindo que Mono sabía. Que sentía el alma. Mono era humano. El tío Toto continuó diciéndole al tío Chindo como se hicieron amigos.

Cuando el tío Toto vagaba por los ranchos de Winnemucca, era un Chicano fornido y grueso de pecho, lo bastante fuerte para aventar pacas de alfalfa como si fueran piezas de pan.

En aquel tiempo trabajaban en el bajo rancho Ramírez. Eran tierras de borregas. Y el corral de las borregas estaba sucio y de mal olor.

Un día el mayordomo vio al joven Toto emplear las tijeras, hábilmente pelando una borrega. En ese instante un perro borreguero australiano mordió a Mono. Y antes que nada, ambos perros se mordían. El joven Toto miraba. Mono era el único errante en el rancho. Los otros perros eran australianos. Mono era paria. Siendo que Mono le iba ganando al perro borreguero, el mayordomo se acercó a Mono y le dio un puntapié en el costado echándolo por el aire.

El mayordomo se dirigió al joven Toto, —¿Ese animal es tuyo?

—No—, contestó el joven Toto mientras que limpiaba las tijeras.

—Condenado, inservible animal— El mayordomo se dirigió hacia Mono. —Lárgate de aquí — y volvió la cabeza y dijo —Qué lástima de perro.

Mono corrió por los campos con la cola entre las patas. El joven Toto le tomó cariño desde ahí en adelante.

Durante la cena, a la mesa donde comían los trabajadores, el mayordomo dijo: —Dios mío, ese perro. ¿Acaso jamás vieron un animal tan ruin? Digo, el perro es inservible. Ese perro solamente nos ha traído pesadumbres.

El joven Toto preguntó: —¿De dónde vino?—

—El camino, un perro errante — replicó el mayordomo.

Cuando el joven Toto terminó su comida, tomó una migaja de la mesa y salió hacia la campanilla y vio a Mono. Estaba sentado allá en el baldío. Toto llamó con un silbido y Mono vino hacia él moviendo la cola.

Y hasta este día han estado juntos para ver las puestas del sol que llegan al alma de los gentiles seres del Lago de la Montaña.

MONO

en
inglés

Rudy Espinosa

Mono sat next to Tío Toto on the wooden porch to watch the sunset and the Mountain, gold tipped in the setting sun.

It was after supper and Tío Toto had scraps in his hand. Mono was said to be half coyote and half greyhound and his left ear was chewed off.

Mono wagged his tail. He cocked his head and gave his open mouth a twist. Everybody around the Mountain Lake knew Mono.

Tío Toto drummed his fingers. "Ah," Mono thought, "a juicy bone." Mono understood this finger language perfectly. Tío Toto would scratch the top of Mono's nose. Yes, Mono in dog age was what Tío Toto was in man age; and as a matter of fact, they even walked alike. As Tío Toto would like his occasional nip with Tío Chindo, he would talk about Mono's younger days.

It was said that Mono could catch a wild rabbit on a dead run and that he even killed a rattlesnake. Mono used to have powerful jaw bones and could clutch a snake between his teeth and with his powerful neck muscles swing a snake in the air and on to the ground till the snake was lifeless. And Tío Toto, his creased brown face and black eyes under a straw hat poked a dirt clod with his walking stick and told Tío Chindo that Mono knew. He knew soul. Mono was human. Tío Toto continued to tell Tío Chindo how they made friends.

When Tío Toto tramped around the ranches around Winnemucca, he was a rugged, barrel chested Chicano, strong enough to throw hay bales like loaves of bread.

He was working at the lower Ramírez Ranch at the time. It was sheep country. And in the sheep corral the work was dirty and smelly.

One day the straw boss watched young Toto apply his shears, neatly shearing a sheep. At that time, an Australian shepherd nipped at Mono. And before anything, both dogs were at each other's throats. Young Toto watched. Mono was the only tramp dog on the ranch. The rest of the sheep dogs were Australian. Mono was an outcaste. As Mono was getting the better of the sheep dog, the straw boss ran over and booted Mono on the side of the ribs and lifted him high up in the air.

The straw boss called out to young Toto, "That animal belong to you?"

"No," answered young Toto as he wiped the shears he was holding.

"Darn no good animal." The straw boss made a move toward Mono. "Get out of my sight." He turned and said, "He's a sorry excuse for a dog."

Mono ran tail low into the fields. Young Toto took notice of Mono from that moment on.

At the supper table where the ranch hands ate, the straw boss said, "Jesus, that dog. Did you ever see a worse animal? I mean the dog is useless. That dog has brought us nothing but grief."

Young Toto asked, "Where'd he come from?"

"Off the road, a tramp dog," replied the straw boss.

When young Toto finished his food, he took some table scraps and walked out by the dinner bell and saw Mono. He sat on his haunches out in the field. Toto beckoned with a whistle and Mono came wagging his tail.

And till this day they have kept together to watch the sunsets that touch the gentle souls of the Mountain Lake folk.

CRONICA

Nenita:

Me pides que cuente la verdadera historia de Cristal. No cuento lo que en los libros digan. Sólo te cuento lo que con mis ojos vi y lo que a mis años de Cristal recuerde. Si quieres saber los nombres de los abogados, el cherife, el dueño del banco y de otros que mandaban en ese tiempo, escribe a Concha mi hermana en Cristal. Ella se acuerda mejor que yo.

Tu papá ahorita está todo nervioso con sus dolores y no se acuerda de nada. Pero dice que muy joven se salió de la casa y más bien se crió solo. Pero según él platica, ellos no sufrieron. Dice que tenían panadería y muchos ranchos y casas — ya ves, él no dice mucho de su gente.

CRONICA DE CRISTAL

Irene Castañeda

Ahora dicen que el pueblo está muy bien porque lo están gobernando puros mexicanos.

Según dice Concha, el abogado de los mexicanos en ese tiempo era papá. Cuando lo necesitaban le hablaban para intérprete. En esos tiempos el mexicano no tenía voz ni voto. Sufrían muchas injusticias. Por una que no entendían el idioma y no querían que lo aprendieran para que no se pudieran defender.

Si estaba parado un mexicano en la banqueta y no se quitaba para que pasaran ellos, lo empujaban; lo aventaban al suelo; y en el charco de agua el mexicano siempre vivió subyugado.

En Cristal no los admitían en los restaurantes. Si querían comer algo, los sentaban en la cocina o afuera les daban su plato.

A las personas que lavaban en las casas de la gente blanca les daban su platito afuera, si no, no había comida. Algunos mejor llevaban algo de su casa.

Bueno, esto para que comience tu historia.

Por eso nosotros, o yo más bien dicho, tuve que pelear a capa y espada como dice el dicho, porque no quise quedarme en Cristal para que ustedes no fueran a quedarse burritos como nosotros. Siquiera que se pudieran defender. Pedía a Dios con mis brazos abiertos que me sacara de ese pueblo.

Bueno, hija, pues de lo que me acuerdo había muchas familias mexicanas y salían a pisar algodón — Ganado, Tejas; Corpus Cristi, Agua Dulce; Kerni, y muchos otros pueblitos. Cuando se terminaba la pisca de algodón volvían a sus casitas.

Algunos tenían casitas propias. Las casitas eran nomás de dos piezas — cuarto para dormir y una cocinita pequeña. Los excusados eran afuera o en los chaparrales. Los que no podían salir a los trabajos en otros estados porque tenían mucha familia chica, pues tenían sus casitas de adobe, otras de botes viejos que extendían y clavaban. Así arreglaban su tecuruchito. Dormían en el suelo o en bancos de madera. El colchón no era muy popular — es decir, no era suficiente al medio para comprarlos.

Ya de vuelta empezaban a cosechar acelga, tomate, cebolla, sandía, melón y nabos.

Después, con el tiempo comenzaron a viajar más lejos. A Minesota, Nor Dakota, y a Wisconsin. Los que tenían muebles traían gente en las trocas y les cobraban 10 pesos por persona, o 5, según el precio del betabel.

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Y en aquellos tiempos no había médicos y la pobre gente se moría por falta de atención médica. Mamá quiso hacer algo para ayudarles y aprendió, como ella mejor pudo, a traer niños. A veces en el suelo con una cobijita; se alumbraban con una vela o lámpara de petróleo — nada de alumbrado eléctrico.

Ella a veces les traía almohadas o cobijas de su casa. Muchas no habían comido; ella les llevaba arroz de la casa y les daba cucharaditas. Las inyecciones eran una taza de pimienta cocida, calientita, para dar fuerza para que naciera el bebé.

Lo que mamá les cobraba por traerles el niño eran \$5.00 pesos. Todas empezaban a hacer una alcancía de centavos y nicles en un costalito de tabaco. Unas los juntaban; otras no y le daban lo que tenían: Unas le daban pollos, gallinas, algunas nada.

Ella iba a pie andando cuadras, millas para ayudar a la pobre gente. Otras veces la gente venía de un rancho que le decían Los Pájaros. Allí había varias personas mexicanas y venían en un carro de caballos y se quedaban un día o dos hasta que se aliviaba la señora.

Los que nacían muertitos o enfermos ella los bautizaba.

En aquel entonces no había cementerios para los mexicanos; los sepultaban en un pedazo de terreno pedregoso. Después

papá y otros señores juntaron centavos, ahorraron y dieron el primer abono de un terreno para formar un cementerio — se pagaba 25 centavos por abrir una sepultura. Con eso juntaban para seguir dando el abono del lugar. Papá se hizo el responsable de pagarlo y guardó los documentos por 25 años para que nadie tuviera derecho al terreno nomás nosotros los mexicanos.

En 1913 hubo una epidemia de viruela y mucha gente murió. A los muertos los quemaban.

Pero las enfermedades eran muchas. Con el cuento de tanto trabajar se desarrollaba la tuberculosis. El trabajo de la acelga es en la pura agua; se mojan hasta la cintura — mujeres, hombres, y niños. Todos mojados; y el sol tan caliente en la cabeza. Así comenzaban a enfermarse de tuberculosis. Y por esta razón les ponían unas casitas pequeñas afuera del pueblito y allí morían. Familias enteras se acabaron con esa enfermedad.

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Mamá tenía una casita pequeña y una carpita. Ellos creo que llegaron a Cristal en 1910. No había muchas cosas todavía, no vendían solares. En el pedasito que le gustaba a uno allí hacía su casita o montaba su carpa. Todo era como un rancho. Las vacas y los caballos andaban sueltos en 1910.

En 1911 trajeron gente de México y comenzaron a desmontar. Mi papá era el mayordomo porque era el único que entendía el idioma inglés. Así fue que comenzaron a cuadrar solares y a venderlos. Mucha gente se quedó. Y así fue como se comenzó el Cristal.

En Cristal había un mercado, pero como no había refrigeradores, se avisaba un día antes que iban a matar el chivo o la res y uno tenía que estar a la puerta con su papel para que le envolvieran la carne. Se vendía a 10 centavos la libra de carne de chivo y a 25 la de res. No había cómo guardar la carne fresca todos los días.

Cuando mataban un marrano mamá hacía mucho chorizo y lo poníamos en tripas de él mismo y lo secábamos en el sol. También hacíamos muchos chicharrones y sacábamos bastante manteca. Para pasar el invierno guardábamos muchas calabazas para las empanadas. Teníamos un gallinero muy grande con muchas gallinas. De las plumas hacíamos almohadas.

Un señor que tenía un guayín grande traía materiales de San Antonio y de Eagle Pass. Nosotros le comprábamos y le pagábamos con gallinas o con quesos que mamá hacía. Le comprábamos zapatos, cobijas, y todo lo que necesitábamos.

Años después vino un viejito y puso un tendajito y vendía como en México — 10 centavos de café o de azúcar. Tenía un molino en el que molía el café.

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Con el tiempo comenzaron a salir personas para Wáshington a trabajar en el aspárrago, el elote, la fruta, y en el mentado jape. Trabajábamos por la costa en la pisca de la fresa y después volvíamos al jape que era el último trabajo que se hacía con toda la familia.

De Wáshington se iba uno a Aidajó a pisar papas. Allí se quedaba uno un mes más; de allí se iba uno a Tejas donde pasábamos 4 meses del año.

Así los niños iban cuatro meses a la escuela en Tejas y uno o dos en Wáshington. Los sacaban de la escuela de aquí y los sacaban de allá y las criaturas se confundían. Muchos aprendían algo, otros no — y el tiempo pasaba y se quedaban sin saber nada. Y luego crecían y seguían lo mismo, viajando de aquí para allá y de allá para acá.

En Cristal no había escuela para los mexicanos, por eso casi nadie sabía leer. Mamá lavaba ropa ajena por un peso un buen nudote. Tenía que plancharla y almidonarla. Toda la semana por cinco pesos. Cuando ella estaba lavando nos sentaba a un lado y nos enseñaba a leer el español.

* * * * *

Tu papá trabajó en una fábrica donde hacían hielo durante 15 años. Después la cerraron y se fue a trabajar de carpintero a un campo de concentración en Cristal. Se terminó ese trabajo y luego nos fuimos a Eagle Pass a trabajar haciendo barracas para los soldados. Eran los años 1942 — 1943. Al terminarse ese trabajo anduvo siguiendo las compañías de construcción. Trabajó con Kaiser por 6 meses, otros tres con otra compañía. Y así se fue pasando el tiempo.

Un día se renganchó con una compañía para ir a Vancouver, Wáshington. Era una compañía que construía barcos. Trabajó allí durante los años de 1944 y 1945. Nosotros nos quedamos en Eagle Pass. Allí comenzaron los tres muchachos la escuela.

Se terminó la guerra en 1945 y mucha gente quedó desocupada. Tu papá regresó a Tejas y encontró trabajo en una fábrica de hielo. Pero pagaban muy poco. Yo no podía trabajar porque estaba enferma del asma.

Oímos el cuento de Wáshington — que había mucho trabajo, que pagaban muy bien, y pensamos en venir a Wáshington. No teníamos carro en que viajar y este señor Rogelio Rodríguez contrataba gente. Nos fuimos con él. Nomás que traíamos muy poco dinero. Le pagamos 25 pesos por nosotros y 15 por cada uno de los muchachos.

Este señor dijo que tenía casas y todo para poner a la gente, pero no fue cierto. Salimos el día 13 de marzo de 1946 y llegamos a Toppenish el día 18.

En el camino se descompuso la troca sabe cuántas veces. En Yuta tuvimos que quedarnos una noche porque estaba muy nevado el camino y no podíamos caminar. Todos dormimos sentados, y los niños chiquitos en los brazos porque no teníamos dinero para rentar un motel. Veníamos como 25 personas en la troca, más los velices y las cobijas y un colchón extendido y unas llantas. Parecíamos sardinas.

Después se vino un aire y la lona de la troca se rompió por la mitad. La amarraron como pudieron. Y la nieve cayendo. Al fin salimos de la nieve, pero el chofer se había perdido del camino. Más tarde por tantito nos volteaba a todos. Pero Dios es muy poderoso y nos cuidó. Y por fin llegamos a Toppenish.

El contratista no tenía casas ni nada, puras mentiras que nos contó. Llegamos con una familia González y allí nos dejó y se fue a buscar un lugar para acomodar a la gente. Se pasó todo el día y llegó la noche. El señor González nos prestó una caballeriza vieja sin puertas y sin calentador. El piso era de cemento. Allí tenía tractores y fierros para trabajar el campo.

En la mañana, pues nomás nos persignamos. José se fue al pueblo andando y nos trajo un termo de café.

El señor Rodríguez por fin se levantó y fue en busca de un lugar para alojarnos. Encontró unos tecuruchos todos agujerados en Brónestoun, como a 20 millas afuera de Toppenish. Y en carpas acomodó a toda la gente. Hacía un frío de Jesucristo; y las estufas de leña y la leña mojada. Después trajo a los señores con González y él tenía una tiendita y nos fío mandado a todos y por una semana dormimos todos en el suelo, tres familias en un solo cuartito como de 20 por 14 — era cocina y todo. Después José fue con este señor y consiguió un tecuruchito. Tenía dos cuartitos como gallinero, pero siquiera estábamos solitos y conseguimos unos catres usados y una cama. Y gracias a Dios dormimos en camas. Pero los demás se quedaron en sus carpitas haciendo lumbre afuera y durmiendo en el suelo.

Los muchachos se enfermaron, a mí me dio pulmonía y tuve que ir al doctor. Me dejaron en una casa que servía de hospital y mi familia solita en un rancho; y no teníamos carro. Alguien nos tenía que hacer el favor de traernos al pueblo o llevarnos mandado.

Con el susto que llevamos en el camino no nos quedaron ganas de volver y decidimos quedarnos en Wáshington. Se terminó el trabajo en Brónestoun y venimos a Toppenish y como tu papá era carpintero encontró trabajo arreglando casas viejas. Le pagaban un peso la hora. Vivimos por siete meses en un subterráneo pagando 20 pesos de renta. De allí fuimos a vivir al Golding Farm, éste se componía de hileras de casitas sin puertas y todas calléndose. Indios, mexicanos y gringos todos al mismo excusado. Y de un montón de leña cogíamos todos. Las casas no estaban forradas. Unas tenían piso, muchas no.

Trabajábamos en el jape. A las mujeres nos pagaban 75 centavos la hora y a los señores 85 por hora. Pero José, como era carpintero, no trabajaba en la labor. Hacía cajones para mandar el jape a otros lugares, y varias otras cosas. Allí fue donde tuvo el primer accidente. Tú sabes lo demás, cómo comenzaste tú a vender sodas desde que tenías 10 años. Después en la tiendita de Gránger. Y luego en la botica para poder tener dinero para ir a la escuela.

Y tú sabes que tus hermanos fueron al ejército, cómo fueron, dónde anduvieron, lo que hicieron y lo que son.

Félix comenzó a trabajar como barrendero en una tiendita en Eagle Pass cuando tenía 8 años, después en una panadería, luego con los González en Toppenish hasta que llegó a ser gerente.

Ya escribí a María mi hermana para que me dé más ideas de cómo comenzó Cristal. Pero dice que no vivió allí mucho tiempo; pronto se casó y se fue a otra parte.

Así es que ya te dije mucha historia.

Nenita,

You've asked me to relate the true story of Crystal City. I won't recount what is written in books. I'll only tell you what I saw with my own eyes and what at my age of Crystal City I recall. If you want to know who the lawyers, the sheriff, the owner of the bank, and others who owned the town at that time write to my sister Concha. She remembers better than I.

At the moment your father is pretty nervous — what with his aches and pains and all, and he doesn't remember much. But he says that he left home when he was very young and more or less raised himself. But anyway, according to what he says, they didn't have it too bad. He says they had a bakery and ranches and houses. You know — he never talks much about his people.

CHRONICLE OF CRYSTAL CITY

Irene Castañeda

According to Concha, the lawyer for the Mexicans at that time was my father. They called him whenever they needed an interpreter. At that time, the Mexican had neither voice nor vote. They suffered many injustices. On the one hand, they didn't understand the language, and on the other, they didn't want them to learn it so they couldn't defend themselves.

If a Mexican standing on the sidewalk wouldn't move and let them pass, they would push him, they would throw him to the ground and in a mud hole Mexicans have always lived.

In Crystal City they weren't allowed in restaurants. If they wanted to eat something, they were sent to the kitchen, or had to take their plate outside.

The wash women who worked in white people's homes had to eat outside, or else there wasn't any food for them. Some used to bring something from home.

Well, that with which to begin your story.

That's why we, or rather I, had to fight — as the saying goes — with cloak and dagger because I didn't want to stay in Crystal City so that you wouldn't remain ignorant like we had.

So that at least you could defend yourselves. I used to ask God, with open arms, to get me out of that town.

Well, daughter, as I recall, there were many Mexican families and they used to go out to pick cotton: Ganado, Texas, Corpus Cristi, Agua Dulce, Kearny, and many other small towns. When the cotton picking season was over they would return to their shacks.

Some had their own shacks. The shacks were only two rooms — a room in which to sleep and a small kitchen. The toilets were outside or in the chaparral. Those who couldn't go out to other states to work because they had very young children, well, they had adobe shacks, others were of old tin cans that had been hammered open and nailed. That's how they fixed their little shacks. They slept on the floor or on wooden benches. Mattresses weren't very popular then, that is, the means with which to buy them were lacking.

On the return trip they would begin to harvest spinach, onion, tomato, melon, and turnips.

Later, with time, they began to journey farther. To Minnesota, North Dakota and to Wisconsin. Those who had transportation would bring people in the trucks and would charge them \$10.00 per person, or \$5.00, depending on the price of beets.

And at that time there weren't any doctors, and the poor people would die from lack of medical attention. My mother wanted to do something to help the poor people and she learned, as best she could, to deliver babies. Sometimes on the floor, with a small blanket — the lighting was a candle or an oil lamp — nothing of electric lighting.

Sometimes she would bring them pillows or blankets from home. Many had not eaten; she would bring rice from home and would spoon feed them. The anesthetic was a hot cup of pepper tea, to give strength for the child to be born. What mother charged for delivering a baby was \$5.00. They would begin to save pennies and nickels in a little tobacco sack. Some of them managed to save the whole amount. Others didn't and they would give her whatever they had: some would give her baby chicks, others chickens — others nothing.

She would walk blocks, miles, to help the poor people. Other times the people would come from a ranch that was called "Los pájaros." There were several Mexican people there and they would come in a horse drawn wagon and would stay a day or two until the woman had given birth.

Those who were born dead or sick she would baptize.

At that time there was no cemetery for Mexicans; they were buried in a rocky piece of land. Later, father and other men raised money, they saved and gave a down payment on a piece of land to plot a cemetery. You paid 25 cents to have a grave dug, with that they raised enough to continue making the payments on the land. My father assumed the responsibility of paying for it and he saved the documents for 25 years so that no-one would have the right to the land except us, the Mexicans.

When they butchered a hog mother would make a lot of sausage and we'd put it in its own tripe and dry it in the sun. We also used to make a lot of chicharrones and we'd get lots of lard. For the winter we'd save a lot of pumpkins for turnovers. We had a large chicken coop with lots of chickens. From the feathers we'd make pillows.

One man had a large wagon and he would bring supplies from San Antonio and Eagle Pass. We would buy from him and pay with chickens or with cheeses that mother would make. We'd buy shoes, blankets, and everything that we needed.

Many years later a little old man came and set up a little store and sold merchandise like they did in Mexico — 10 cents worth of coffee or sugar. He also had a grinder in which he would grind the coffee.

In time people started going to Washington to work in the asparagus, the corn, the fruit, and in the so-called hops. We worked throughout the coast in the strawberry harvest and then would return to the hops, which was the last seasonal work in which the entire family would engage.

From Washington one would go to Idaho to pick potatoes. There one would stay another month; from there one would go to Texas where we spent four months of the year.

That's how the children would go to school four months in Texas and one or two in Washington. They would yank them out of school from here and they would take them out of school from there, and the youngsters would become confused. Many learned some things, others didn't—and time would pass and they would go on without learning anything. And then they grow and continue in the same way, traveling from here to there and from there to here.

In Crystal City there was no school for Mexicans, that's why almost no-one knew how to read. Mother used to wash other

people's laundry at \$1.00 for a big load. She had to starch and iron it. All week for \$5.00. When she was washing clothes she would sit us beside her and would teach us to read Spanish.

Your father worked in an ice plant for 15 years. Later they closed it and he went to work as a carpenter in a concentration camp in Crystal City. That work ended and then we went to Eagle Pass to work making barracks for soldiers. These were the years 1942–43. When that work ended he followed the construction companies. He worked with Kaiser for 6 months, another 3 months with another company. And time passed.

One day he contracted himself with a company to go to Vancouver, Washington. It was a company that built boats. He worked there during the years of 1944–45. We stayed in Eagle Pass. That's where the 3 children started school.

The war ended in 1945 and a lot of people were unemployed. Your father returned to Texas and found work in an ice plant. But they paid very little. I couldn't work because I had asthma.

We heard the tale of Washington — that there was lots of work, that they paid real well, and we decided to come to Washington. We didn't have a car in which to travel and this man Rogelio Rodríguez, contracted people. We went with him. Only we had very little money. We paid him \$25.00 for us and \$15.00 for each child.

This man said he had housing and everything for the people, but it wasn't true. We left the 13th day of March of 1946 and arrived in Toppenish the 18th.

On the road the truck broke down who knows how many times. In Utah we had to stay overnight because there was lots of snow on the road and we couldn't go on. We all slept sitting up, with the little ones in our arms, because we didn't have money to rent a motel. There were about 25 of us in the truck, plus the suitcases, and the blankets and an open mattress and some tires. We were packed like sardines.

Then a windstorm came up and the tarp on the truck tore in half. They tied it as best they could. And the snow falling. Finally we got out of the snow, but the driver had gotten lost. But God is all powerful and he protected us. And we finally arrived in Toppenish.

The contractor didn't have houses or anything, lies was what he'd told us. We arrived with a family named González and he left us there and he went to look for a place to put the people.

The day passed and night arrived. Mr. González loaned us an old barn without doors and without heat. The floor was cement. There he had tractors and tools to work in the fields.

In the morning, well, we just crossed ourselves. José walked to town and brought us a thermos of coffee.

Mr. Rodríguez finally got up and went in search of a place to put us. He found some shacks, full of knotholes in Brownstown — about 20 miles from Toppenish — and he put all the people in tents. It was colder than the dickens and wood stoves, and the wood was wet. Then he brought the men to Mr. González's and he had a little store and he let everyone charge groceries and for a week we all slept on the floor, 3 families in only one little room, about 20 by 14 — it was kitchen and all. Then José went with this man and got a shack. It had 2 little rooms, like a chicken coop but at least we were by ourselves and we got some used cots and a bed. And thank God we slept on beds. But the rest of the poor people stayed in their little tents making fires outside and sleeping on the ground.

The boys got sick, I got pneumonia and had to go to the doctor. They left me in a house that was used as a hospital, and my family all alone in a camp and we didn't have a car. Someone had to do us the favor of taking us to town or taking us groceries.

After the frightening experience on the road, we didn't feel like returning and we decided to stay in Washington. The work ended in Brownstown and we came to Toppenish and since your father was a carpenter he found work fixing old houses. They paid him a dollar an hour. For seven months we lived in a basement, paying \$20.00 rent. From there we went to live at the Golding Farm, this was made of a row of doorless shacks that were falling apart. Indians, Mexicans and gringos all using the same outhouse. And from the same woodpile we all got our wood. The shacks were not insulated. Some had floors, many didn't.

We worked in the hops. They paid women 75 cents an hour and the men got 85 cents per hour. But José, since he was a carpenter, didn't work in the fields. He used to make crates to ship hop to other places, and several other things. That's where he had the first accident. You know the rest, how you started to sell pop since you were 10 years old. Then in the little store in Granger. And then in the drugstore to be able to have money for school.

And you know that your brothers went to the service, how they went, where they were sent, and what they did, and what they are.

Félix began work as an errand boy in a little store in Eagle Pass when he was 8 years old, later in a bakery, then with the González in Toppenish until he got to be a manager.

I already wrote to María my sister so she can give me more ideas about how Crystal City began. But she says that she didn't live there very long, she soon married and went to another place.

So I have told you a long story.

LA CASITA

Rudy Espinosa

La ardillita cruzó la vereda; el sol iba subiendo y calentando; las nopaleras y las flores silvestres cimbraban sombras en la asoleada casita de los seres del Lago de la Montaña. Desde el pórtico de madera se veían y se sentían el sol y el lago de la montaña. Una águila se desprendió de su alto nicho en uno de los rojos peñascos y se disparó como relámpago hacia la casita y luego extendió su vuelo elevándose cada vez más y más, con las alas extendidas en completa libertad para volar por los cielos.

Para el pueblo del Lago de la Montaña no había maldad, excepto lo que se pensaba, y pensar mal de uno mismo, o de su prójimo, era pecado. El pensar mal lo hacía verdad. Los seres del Lago de la Montaña escuchaban a los verdaderos ruidos del campo y a los acallados susurros de sus tranquilas almas. Una briza mañanera atraía desde los dentellados peñascos rojos.

Dentro de la casita de adobe debajo de relumbrantes estrellas de cristal los morenos cuerpos de Mamá, Papá, Aguilita, Clementina, el tío Toto, y el tío Chindo. Todos reposaban en silencio. Aun Mono el perro, echado en el pórtico sentía la fresca caricia de la briza que salía del lago.

La noche, la noche; el sueño, el sueño; y el cielo de Aztlán en su máxima potencia se extendía sobre todo. Y el jardín de Mamá; cilantro, lindas flores entre las pencas de nopal. La madre, pura como el agua cristalina del lago, procediente de las zonas áridas, su orgullo en la belleza natural, fuerza surgiendo del matrimonio y de la familia; el padre, su derecho natural a la tierra, y su juventud perdida trabajando en las minas de carbón en El Paso, sus manos obreras con sus dedos torcidos que trabajaban y cincelaban sueños y esperanzas y amor de las piedras de las pirámides olvidadas; Aguilita, acurrucado soñaba en vuelos a

estrellas lejanas en los que él llevaba una pesada lanza de punta de pedernal dorada. Llevaba poderosas alas de dos águilas en sus brazos y en sus piernas. Su cuerpo vestido de pieles de animales y sobre las pieles una capa de plumas de las más deslumbrantes y bellas aves del Lago de la Montaña; Clementina, sus lindos aretes, su belleza como un ramo de bellas flores silvestres, ah, sí, una jolla preciosa descubierta allá donde el sol dorado se pinta en las flores silvestres. El tío Toto, cada línea de su cara un poema al cual los pájaros del lago dirigían su canto; el tío Chindo, hermano de Mamá, quien había crecido con la tierra, el sol, el agua; y Mono el perro montañés; todos descansaban.

Bondad y cariño eran tan bienvenidos como las flores del campo que enmarcaban las tranquilas almas de los seres del Lago de la Montaña.

LA CASITA

Rudy Espinosa

A little squirrel ran across the trail; the sun rose higher and grew warm; bunches of cactus plants and wild flowers swayed shadows on the sun lit casita of the Mountain Lake Folk. From the wooden porch, you could see and feel the sun and the Mountain Lake. An Eagle pitched from his lofty perch on one of the red cliffs and shot like a thunderbolt down and over La Casita and then he swooped up and up, wide winged and free, to soar away across the skies.

For the Mountain Lake Folk, there was no evil, except what one thought, and to think evil of one's self, of anyone, was a sin. To think evil made it true. The Mountain Lake Folk listened to the real sounds of the open and to the silent whisperings of their gentle souls. A morning breeze called from the red jagged cliffs of the mountain.

Under blinking white stars within the adobe casita the brown bodies of Mamá, Papá, Little Eagle, Clementina, Tío Toto, and Tío Chindo. They all lay in silence. Even Mono, the dog, felt the cool touch of the Mountain Lake breeze on the wooden porch. Night, night; sleep, sleep; the sky of Aztlán was above with all its strength. And Mamá's garden; cilantro, beautiful wild blossoms between the palms of nopales. Mamá, pure as the clear water of the Mountain Lake, out of desert country, her pride in natural beauty, strength in marriage and family; Papá, his birth-right to the land, and lost boyhood spent working the coal mines in El Paso, his working hands with strong crooked fingers that worked and chiseled dreams and hopes and love from rocks of the pyramids lost and gone. Little Eagle curled and dreamed of flights to stars as he carried a heavy spear with a long tip of gilded flint. He wore mighty wings of two eagles on his arms

and legs. His body was clothed in animal hides and over all he wore a cloak of feathers from the most brilliant and beautiful birds in the Mountain Lake; Clementina, her beautiful earrings, her beauty like a bouquet of wild and beautiful flowers, ah, yes, a precious stone discovered where the golden sun is painted in wild flowers. Tío Toto, every line on his face a poem that the wild birds of the Mountain Lake sing to; Tío Chindo, brother of Mamá, who had grown young with Earth, Sun, and Water, and Mono the mountain dog, all rested.

Kindness and warmth were welcomed like the wild flowers that fringed the gentle souls of the Mountain Lake Folk.

POESIA Y UN CORTO ENSAYO

Soneto:

a la experiencia

Juan G. Guevara

Es imposible vivir ilusionado,
porque el sueño no dura eternamente,
y ya sabemos que sólo tristemente,
despierta el corazón equivocado.

Sin embargo, el corazón desesperado,
se sujeta al amor tan de repente,
que después, ya arrepentido en la corriente,
despierta de su sueño, abandonado.

¿Quién no ha tenido un sueño semejante?
donde el ensueño de uno se apodera,
fingiendo lo que existe allá más adelante.

. . . Así es el sueño de esta vida pasajera:
él nos brinda no más por un instante,
lo que la suerte o el destino quiera.

Rainy DaysJuan G. Guevara

When rains shed on the ground
Imagine people's sorrows —
Some are simple, some profound,
Yet ebbs could flow tomorrow
If we permit these sour streams
Engulf our modest dreams

“meditando en la clase de don quijote”

Pedro Ugalde Sierra

lo increíble
de la existencia
es que estoy,
pero no estoy,
ah, en tiempos lejanos
estuve,
en cuando el tiempo y
el viento se perdían
en las nubes blancas
y flotando
por mi sepúlcro
fue la mar, mi
país.

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y flotando
por mi sepúlcro
fue la mar, mi
país.

caminando por la orilla

caminando por la orilla
nos acompañan las gaviotas,
pelícanos, y los curiosos pescaditos
las mañanas tempranas.
El mar, inmenso, hipnótico
nos canta con sus olas
ya cansadas y heladas;
“Jóvenes enamorados que
abrazan esta jornada
disfruten la vida divina,
es tal como una ola,
nace y viaja a través del mundo marino
y termina aquí, por la orilla
del mar.”

Pedro Ugalde Sierra

plegaria

Octavio I. Romano-V

Al amanecer salieron todos a la pisca de algodón

	el padre
	la madre
sol que quema	los hijos
	las hijas
	y la abuela también

Al amanecer salieron todos vestidos de ropa de algodón

	las camisas
	los pantalones
sol que quema	las blusas
	las enaguas
	calcetines
	calsoncillos
	y faldillas también

Horas después, al bajar el sol, regresaron todos del algodón

	con caras de algodón
sol que quema	brazos de algodón
	manos de algodón
	aliento de algodón
	pulmones de algodón
	riñones de algodón

algodonosos y algodonados
volvieron todos así

El día siguiente salieron todos a la pisca otra vez

sol que quema

El día siguiente salieron todos a la pisca otra vez

sol que quema

El día siguiente salieron todos a la pisca otra vez

sol que quema

quéname a mí

En lugar de los niños que nada te han hecho

quéname a mí

En lugar de los padres que nada te han hecho

quéname a mí

En lugar de los abuelos que nada te han hecho

quéname a mí

sol que quema

quéname a mí.

Un teléfono

Octavio I. Romano-V

Un día
un teléfono
se levantó

para buscar
con quién hablar
y me encontró
entre un momento
y otro.

—¿Bueno?— me dijo

—Yo no te hablé— le dije

—Estúpido

Levántame

Vieras lo que te voy a platicar

—¿Estás allí?

—Sí

—Pues mira

¿Sabías que la sangre se casó con el cangrejo?

que la sierra sólo habla con la noche?

que la ventana tiene sus secretos

aunque es de vidrio transparente?

¿Sabías que el Pachuco es Pachuco?

en El Paso y Albuquerque?

en Los Angeles y Tepoztlán?

en el York de Nuevo

Tanto como en el Hong Kong?

—Pues mira—

Le dije al teléfono.

—Estúpido, ¿qué no sabes

que los teléfonos no miran?

—Pues ponte a pensar—

Le dije al teléfono

—Estúpido, ¿qué no sabes
que los teléfonos no piensan?

—Pues, mira, dime algo

—Ya te lo dije

Un día

un teléfono

se levantó

para buscar

con quién hablar

y me encontró

entre un momento

y otro.

yo no perdí nada . . .

Octavio I. Romano-V

—Perdimos todo— decían mis padres
 Cuando me platicaban de la revolución
 No era que teníamos tanto, pero allá todo se quedó

—Te trajimos a este país
 porque todo perdimos
 andaban buscando a tu padre
 así es que todo perdimos
 y nos venimos a este país

Yo siendo niño e inocente también
 No entendí de lo que me hablaban
 Porque viéndolos allí, cerca de mí
 Yo nada había perdido.

Por el estilo

Octavio I. Romano-V

Una araña
 En la arena
 Morena
 Colgando
 De un hilo
 Porque es el estilo
 De las arañas.

Hijo
 Si la araña vive allá en la nubes
 Estás loco si pa'ya tú te subes
 Quédate cerca de la arena
 Nadando
 Colgando
 De un hilo
 Porque es el estilo
 De tus abuelos también

LA TORTILLA

Ricardo Salinas

The tortilla, Princess of Foods, in addition to being nutritious, has several advantages over other foods. No two tortillas are alike in natural markings, with the exception of being flat and circular. Other cultures, when speaking of our beloved tortilla, often speak in jest, but this can be only from ignorance . . . on their part. I will always defend this humble and ingenious Indian masterpiece.

Our tortilla is almost as old as time itself, and was in the Indian land before other cultures migrated to our American continent.

Some people may take pride in their expensive silverware, fancy pots, dishes, and shiny dishwashers. But I don't need those things because I have my beloved tortilla. The tortilla is all these things rolled up into one. With my beloved tortilla I don't have to use a plate for my food, for when I roll it into a taco or a burrito I'm eating my spoon, plate, and dishwasher at the same time. No other culture can make this claim.

Mind you, some people claim that La Raza has never contributed anything of significance to history. What a deceiving and distorted misconception!!! When Columbus and his foreign cohorts "discovered" our land by mistake, our ancestors befriended them and supplied them with our food after their rations were gone. And it was our tortilla that filled their abdominal wrinkles to burping satisfaction. If my ancestors hadn't helped Columbus, he would have perished of starvation and never returned to Spain to announce the "discovery" of our land to the rest of the world and to other cultures. American history could very possibly have been delayed for decades but for the aid of my ancestors and the tortilla. Because of the tortilla Columbus and his Spanish cohorts lived and there was hope for others in our land. All this because of the tortilla which played such a great role in world history.

Of course this is no reflection upon other foodstuffs now available in our country, but the tortilla was here first, and it did, in fact, play a major role in world history and in the founding of our country. No one ever gave the tortilla any credit, except us natives . . . La Raza.

“Loa al frijol”

**Frijolito pinto,
Frijolito lindo,
Rico caldudito
Traes el apetito**

**Frijolito chico,
Frijolito rico,
Reinas cuando frito
Matas hambrecito.**

Jesús Maldonado

"Faltan los demás
o
No nomás tu eres"

Dorado arroz,
Al hambre atroz
Matas . . . sofocas
Y lo arrojas
Contra mil rocas,
Quebrantándolo,
Derrotándolo.

Bendito arroz,
No eres feroz
Mas con tus tropas
Llenas diez bocas,
Aunque pocas,
Amparándolas,
Consolándolas.

Jesús Maldonado

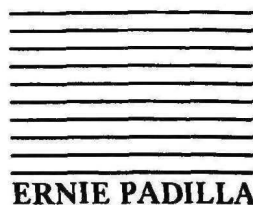
Jesús Maldonado

"El trío mexicano"

Tortillas con mantequilla
Parientes de Pancho Villa,
Bistec de los mexicanos
De placeres soberanos.

El rico café saluda,
A matar hambres ayuda.
Sabroso humilde trío
Me contentas cuando frío.

OHMING INSTICK



ERNIE PADILLA

"The Peacock
as you see in Heidi's drawing here,
is a big colorful bird.
it belongs to the same family as. . . ."

. . . Habla de Pavos
ya yo sueño
de pavos magníficos

con,
plumas azules;
como el cielo
cuando él se esconde tras las nubes
a mediodía,
plumas rojas;
que se hacen anaranjadas
como en la tarde
al caer bajo
las sierras,
el sol tira para todo
el cielo rayos
anaranjándose
con tiempo. . . .

". . . . and the pigeon, which all of you should already know
what it looks like. The pigeon can be trained to return to his
home, even if it is taken far away. . . ."

. . . ¡Ahora habla de palomas!
". . . . This is called the Pigeon's 'homing instinct,' and. . . ."
. . . Mi palomita, Lenchita
que me quitaron
porque iba a volar en las olimpiadas
¡lloré entonces!

y lloré también
cuando, entre las miles de palomas que
enseñaron el la televisión
el primer día
de las olimpiadas,
¡Yo miré a mi Lenchita!

y después Lenchita volvió a casa
ya lo sabía . . .

“ALRIGHT!”

Are you kids in the corner paying attention?”

“Armando, what is a Peacock? What does homing instinct mean? . . .”

¿A MI ME HABLA?

¡SOY MUY TONTO!

“Aohming instick eis . . . eis . . . como Lenchita . . .”

“Armando haven’t I told you not to speak Spa . . .”

¡Caramba

me van a pegar! . . .

“It’s bad for you . . . Go see Mr. Mann”

. . . Mañana

sí iré con papá.

¡Piscaré mucho algodón . . .

Alberto Gallegos

A Poet

Morning dew

draws a pleasant few
to think aloud
in verse and song
to expand the hearts
that live in knots.

Dreams

I ride upon
the melody
of a harp.

Marked

sea water on my heart
white
marred
cracked the skin
seasons came
and seasons went
the crack
remained
until
it bled.

Alberto Gallegos

The Dead

Alberto Gallegos

blistering sky
opens wide
those poles
hang on
its side
the oiling rain
cracking
making bloody the
river's bed
love-making gone.

Rain on the Rio Grande

land dry
mesa in the distance
little mounts of dirt
meshing
with the
swollen
sand
and the
desert
yellow cat.

Alberto Gallegos

We
Sit
Above
the Sea, the Sea

Richard García

We sit above the sea, the sea
Like a bird in space, trembling in the twilight.
You would know my thoughts, and for once I would tell you
Everything . . .

That my eyes are a cave in which my thoughts
Hang sleeping. That the stars are curious fish coming
To look at us. There are shadows walking on the water.
The shore is a rib. The sea an open wound. When I see
The rocks rising in the darkness, when I see them about
To move, I ask the Lord why He made such beasts. And am afraid
When I hear the sea hiss, hear the thunder of something coming.

And I have seen them, the hunters.
Have felt their bullets make a woman of my flesh. Have seen
The moon squatting in the trees, and the long-haired wind has held me
So close, that I think she wanted to kill me.
And I have come to let the sea turn its one thought in my mind.
To see morning bless the water. To see the gull, and something
Of myself, rising on the wind.

I am thinking that everything you say
This moment I shall believe. When you speak I look at your throat,
And would touch your words at their source, but am afraid that one of
Would disappear.

You walk through the dead house of my sleep
Someone knocks, you let in the sea

A whisper of foam hisses over your skin
And my face rolls in the fold of a wave

We float through twisted moans of night
We are bruised by the laughter of fish

Richard

We press against the snakeskin of the sky
We are children at a window

García

There are three moons, a sun is an unopened poppy
Or a secret message rolled into itself

And morning is a hole into which everything is falling
The red center of this night, a new wound

It is always morning
Or perhaps sunset
Always the end of the world

But I am not the first man
Although I have forgotten everything
Even your name

Awake I see myself dreaming
Climbing the stairway of my throat
Entering my head

Richard

García

Always the half-light strains me
Always I hear blue doors
Opening and closing in my body

I have walked too long
Beneath the wax face of a sleeper
Have slept too long without dreams

Ricardo Vásquez

la ceniza duerme

la ceniza duerme
el agua escurre
la tierra que sufre
mientras el agua duerme
la sangre que escurre
mientras ceniza te vuelves

. . . a la muerte

te vi
te soñé
en la
cama
de helplessness,
entre
las viñas
de prosperidad
ajena
me seguías
por
los olivos
con ramas
de paz
te reías
entre
los naranjos
de tibia
seguridad
todavía ibas,
en las
luces
de amargura
volabas,
y en la
Disneylandia
de corrupted
Mickey Mouse guards
te grité
"me la pelas"

Ricardo

Vásquez

Qué milagro que te miro ahora

Qué milagro que te miro ahora
suenas las puertas
sonsacándolos
a tu salón de maniquíes
los revives sagradamente
y esos torsos de tierra
tan pronto que prueban
tu graciosa libertad
se derriten.

En la hora de mi invierno

En la hora de mi invierno
si árboles deshojados tiemblan,
y cielos con nubes
llenas de amargura
lloran sus miserias,
y mientras piedras
blancas, frías y eternas
me ruegan,
exactamente en esa hora. . .
me muero.

La muerte del Sr. Durán

René Cárdenas

"¿Es usted uno de los Buenos?"

was the first he ever spoke to me.

Have I or we ever known if we are from the Best?

Do we aspire for God's best,

Man's best even?

¿O qué?

El Sr. Durán asked me for my patronym —

all names are great in Mexico —

and had known some good ones . . .

Have we ever known some good ones? Good

men for us to be with, their sons or daughters?

"¿Es usted uno de los Buenos?"

was the last he ever spoke to me.

Soy Chicano: I am the best, but not of Duran's

Good Ones. *¿Y tú?*

Soon after I saw him at the hospital, drawn and unrelenting

(like a caged eagle inside that cancer-ripped frame),

in church an usher handed me a hymn

sheet in Spanish. I looked at him in surprise and he

motioned, saying softly, "*Hay hágale no más, que li'ase.*" So I

sang a little — the hell with them.

Así el Sr. Durán

living for what he wanted:

they say that he was a sucker for hungry bums,

migrant workers, deadbeat winos who came

to his restaurant—

he gave five dollars and fifty cents worth

of lunch tickets for promises never turned to

gold. He was a good one for Chicanos.

In the last year he played a mental chess

game *con la calavera*; he was living because

he wanted to.

He had no head for business, he ran the world
to suit himself — you didn't have to know him.
The revolution brought him to Arizona—
he had pesos in a glass jar to pay his land
taxes, he raised tall sons and daughters.
I saw him when he was finally letting go,
telling death to go to hell,
dying because he wanted to.
And the last thing he ever said
of all the best things he ever said,
of the Revolution y la Chicanada —
“¿Es usted uno de los Buenos?”

The Poet's Tail

Poetry is a bitch
 and few read it
 but those asses who in the weary night
 become neurotics in order
 to encapsulate a thought,
 transfer it to paper
 which few will ever read.
 The formulas are neat:
 'If it is cute, rime it;
 if it is deep, disguise it;
 if it is universal, mock it;
 if it is true — you lie!'
 Hell, poetry is as poetry does;
 and last night,
 as 'in he throng,'
 (Thank you, Jeffie)
 I wrote the greatest poem

The
 Poet's
 Tail

The
 Poet's
 Tail

René Cárdenas

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