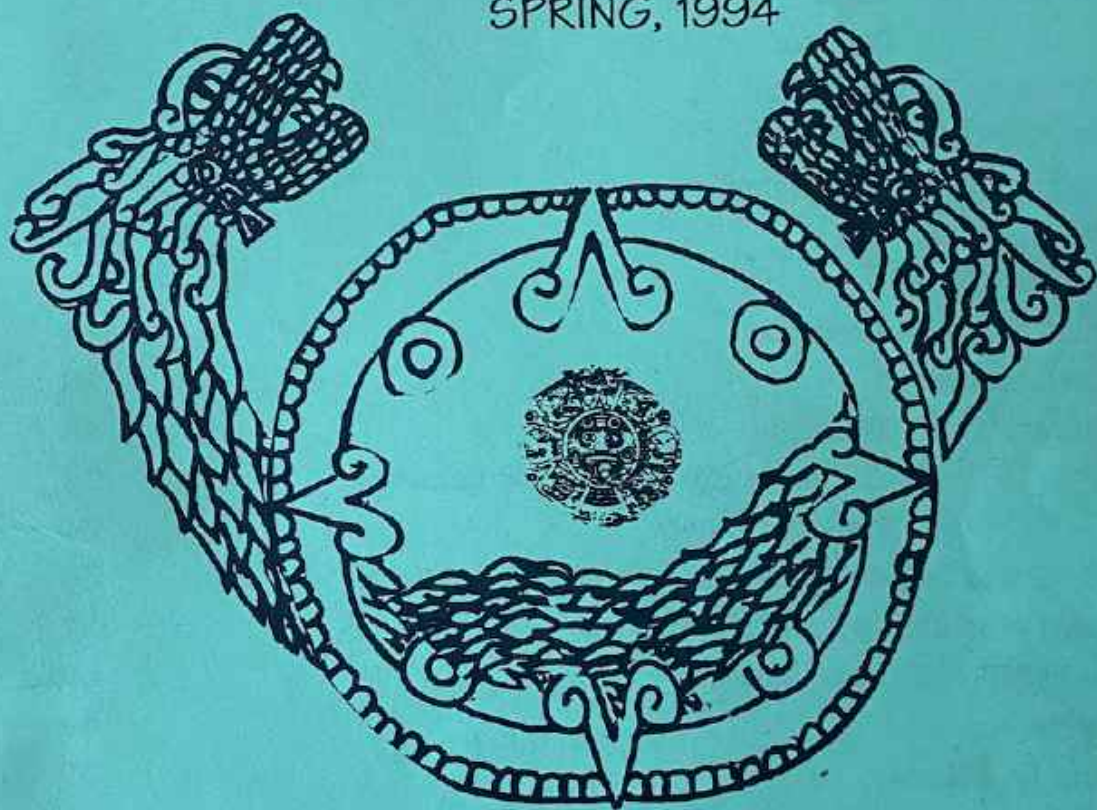


SEXTO SOL

UW-MADISON
CHICANO/A MAGAZINE
SPRING, 1994



Compiled by Mexican-Americans of the University of Wisconsin-Madison with the participation of Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán (MEChA), La Colectiva Cultural de Aztlán, Chicano Graduate Students Association, Chicanos Under the Influence of Culture (ChUI), and the Multicultural Council

SEXTO SOL

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SEXTO SOL

University of Wisconsin-Madison

Chicano Literary Magazine



Volume 1, Number 1

Spring, 1994

Edited by Sergio Nute

for MEChA, La Colectiva,
Chicano Grads, ChUI, and MCC

Foreward

This publication may not be what you are expecting. The project was started as a way for all four currently existing Chicano organizations on the UW-Madison to consolidate their ideas. The term "Literary Magazine" has been used, although this description falls far short of the intended impact of this document. The strength of your poetry results from two cultures in conflict, and so must not be excluded from the collective Chicano experience. But if all you're looking for is flowery verses, please look elsewhere. What you are holding in your hands is not self-indulgent mind candy. It is a call for unity. However muted and obscure, this *grito* is meant to awaken the dead.

At this writing, things are changing. Not just here, but all around the country, it's becoming unpopular to support "minority" groups. We are in danger of extinction at the level of higher education. Small groups are taking action, but most of our hermanos and hermanas have turned a deaf ear. To them I say this: your presence here is an opportunity. Not just for yourself, but for all of us. It's easy to give excuses. It's easy to say you're too busy, or that some organizations are too political, but just ask yourself what your priorities are. Grades are important, so study all day if you can, but how can you lay down to sleep knowing that you haven't paid back those who struggled to bring you here?

Maybe you should be angry; angry enough to act when given the opportunity; so angry that you refuse to be ignored, and refuse to ignore others.

Recently, the question was asked by another "minority" group, "Why am I excluded, not by those who withhold my rights, but by those who fight to reclaim them?" The truth is that student politics on this campus is a popularity contest, and unless we change things, those with unpopular ideas will always be ostracized.

Look up, Carnal. And avoid the axe as it comes down.

DEDICATION

February 11th, 1994 marked the sixth year since we lost our brother René Campos under the hands of institutionalized racism. Rene Marcos Campos was from the barrio of San Antonio, Texas. He came to Madison in the hopes of improving himself, he attended the University, studied at MATC and joined the Wisconsin National Guard. He marched with anti-apartheid protestors in 1985 and 1986 protesting the State of Wisconsin's investment in South Africa's racist policies. He knew firsthand from the barrio how people are kept down- he had experienced racial bigotry against Chicanos before. But his story ended tragically when his life was taken away in the Dane County jail.

Few will ever believe that René purposely shoved two-thirds of a T-Shirt down his throat to commit suicide as the county says he did. The community was shocked. Rene Campos was not the only young man to die in the Dane County jail, others have died there as well, but none were ever lost in the jail for hours while jailers panicked over what to do, unable to tell his brother where Renee was being held. For any number of reasons René should not have been in the jail, it was clearly a choice made by insensitive and incompetent law enforcement officials and mental health workers.

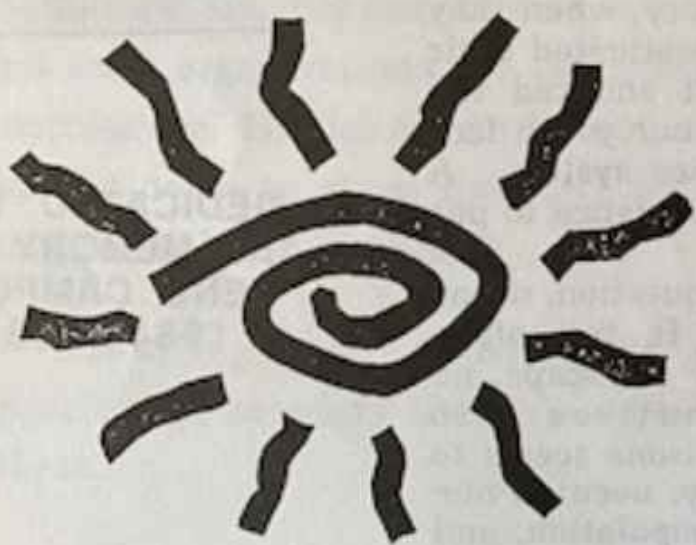
County officials added insult to injury, when they had a conflict of interest since they investigated their own malfeasance. The formal inquest shocked the community into realizing the problems our youth face when going through the criminal justice system. A system plagued by its failure to provide justice to our people.

The correctional system today is in question, it has failed our youth and community. It too often warehouses them with no possible way of escape, no treatment and few alternatives to incarceration. Building new jails and prisons seems to be the only focus nationally and locally, even as our nation leads the world in total prison population, and the overwhelming number are people of color like Rene. Between 1983 and 1992 violent crime has increased 3.5%, yet prison population has doubled. The money now being used to hire new police, build jails and boot camps should go to provide skilled training for the unemployed, drug or mental health programs, and finding ways in keeping our youth out of jails.

It is our hope that people remember René Campos as a man who fought injustice. We also remind the city that if such an incident happens again our community will close their doors down one way or another. Please join the Friends of Rene Campos as we march in front of the City County Building, Martin Luther King Drive February 11th every year.



DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF
RENÉ CAMPOS
1964-1988



**MUJER
LATINA**

La Mujer Latina 2nd Annual Conference

"Politics and Social Issues"

May 7th, 1994

University of Wisconsin-Madison

Sponsored by:

Multicultural Council, UW School of Business,
Campus Women Center, UW Office of Multicultural
Affairs, Latino Law Student Association, NAVE
(Latin American and Iberian Studies), La Colectiva
Cultural de Aztlán, Chicano Studies Program,
Latino/a Academic Staff, Chancellor Office, Centro
Hispano of Dane County



MULTICULTURAL COUNCIL

THE LATINO EDUCATIONAL CRISIS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN - MADISON by Miguel E. Guevara

Given the relation between socioeconomic background and 'college preparedness,' colleges and universities are more likely to recruit 'low maintenance,' 'cream-of-the-crop' students of color. These are the students who require little or no support, for they are the best prepared to succeed in higher education. The University of Wisconsin - Madison, through various programs and initiatives, has addressed the low educational attainment levels of students of color. The result has been the recruitment and retention of elite or upper class students who really are not in need of such programs. The University of Wisconsin - Madison is erroneously limiting their recruiting efforts to students of color who have an advantaged socioeconomic background. Furthermore, these efforts are not being directed at Latinos in need of support, for those who are being accepted in the university probably would have done well without the administration's help. The correlation of school success and socioeconomic background is recognized as important, but to follow the path of least resistance is doing nothing for the Latino educational crisis.

A. OFFICE OF ADMISSIONS

Data documenting the socioeconomic background of minorities is not readily available. Various administrative offices of the University of Wisconsin - Madison were hesitant to discuss the issue and were quick to report that the information sought was either not documented or it was highly confidential. Inquiries through personal acquaintances, however, revealed a dismal picture for Latino students. There is very little being done to break out of the established pattern, which will result in the same low numbers of Latinos at this campus.

The University of Wisconsin - Madison is an elite institution that attracts elite students, especially elite students of color. Based on the minority recruitment patterns of the office of admissions, it is clearly evident that the high school students who are targeted are from an

advantaged social level or economic background. This data indicates that the targeted schools are private and or have a college preparatory curriculum. In both October and November of 1992, there were no recruiting visits to South Division High School or to Bayside High School in Milwaukee. These schools are predominantly minority, with a high population of Latinos. Suburban schools, however, were visited. High schools such as Nicolet High School and Brown Deer High are likely to have students of color that are from advantaged socioeconomic backgrounds. (Based on Minority Recruitment Calendar, Office of Admissions). It is evident that socioeconomic background is an important variable in the eyes of the Office of Admissions recruiters. This, however, only contributes to the crisis in Latino education.

B. THE MADISON PLAN

Both private and public initiatives have dealt with this educational crisis to little avail. In 1987, Donna Shalala, chancellor of the University of Wisconsin - Madison at the time, announced the "most daring and comprehensive set of initiatives for achieving diversity ever conceived" for a University of Wisconsin system campus. Named The Madison Plan, it was a response to the growing demands from minority students and communities to make the campus less hostile and to substantially increase the numbers of non-white students, faculty and staff. At the time, enrollment of people of color was half the state's high school graduation rate and retention was below that of white students. A knight in shining armor that was to do wonders in the crusade for increased diversity, the Madison Plan called for progressive measures to resolve the problem.

The Madison plan clearly falls short of what was/is needed. It did not include provisions to monitor and/or ensure it's success. As proposed in the 1987 Steering Committee on Racial Affairs, any initiative should include an institutional officer responsible for minority and affirmative action affairs. This person would monitor the progress of the initiatives. Another key provision should have been a reward and penalty system to positively affect those who comply with the plan, and to punish those who fail. At the present time, many schools within

this university have failed miserably in the recruitment and retention of students of color, yet they have suffered no consequences for not complying. Finally, the plan should be very specific, placing every initiative in concrete and measurable parameters. As it was presented, the Madison Plan was only a half-hearted attempt to improve conditions for people of color on this campus. This plan has built-in loopholes that undermine its attempts. A broad, easy response to the demands of students, the Madison plan is only a well-polished armor, without a backbone, whose joints were meant to rust from the outset. The administration presented this plan with much pomp and circumstance, yet five years later, the only product is a much forgotten plan that is periodically dusted off to prove their 'commitment to diversity.'

The result of five years of the Madison plan has been a marginal change. In five years, African American, American Indian and Hispanic students (all students) increased from 1455 to 1708. The growth of Latino undergraduates in those five years was from 466 in 1987 to 541 in 1992. The numbers indicate a positive step, yet five years after a concerted university-wide effort, Latinos represent less than two percent of the student population. The goals of doubling the populations of the aforementioned three groups fell far short of the five year goal. The one-year retention rate for the same groups was 77.7 % in 1991 (up 2.7 % from 1987), compared to almost ninety percent for white students. A closer look, however, will prove that the educational crisis for Latinos at the University of Wisconsin - Madison is not being addressed.

DIRECTIONS

While many solutions can be delegated to the earlier stages in a student's academic career, the University can address the Latino educational crisis. The University of Wisconsin - Madison must recognize that there is a correlation between socioeconomic background and educational attainment. Once this is done, the problem can be addressed. Increased communication, personal commitment and further support are only some of the options available to deal with this issue.

A. MANUEL A. DIAZ

Manuel Diaz, an undergraduate advisor in the School of Business and former Office of Admissions recruiter, insists that communication is the best way to address the limiting factors. He believes that there are many qualified college candidates, but they are limited by financial considerations. Mr. Diaz believes that low income students who have been successful in high school will do well in school, if they are given the opportunity. As many will qualify for extensive financial aid, it is only a matter of ensuring that these students receive the necessary information and assurance that their worries will be addressed. Without communication, insists Mr. Diaz, students will never even know that the University of Wisconsin - Madison is a viable option.

B. CARLOS REYES

Carlos Reyes, a student specialist for the Chicano Studies Program, echoes Manuel Diaz' ideas. Mr. Reyes, who is solely responsible for the recruitment of over 62 % of the new Latino undergraduates for 1992 - 1993, has proven that recruitment is only an issue of personal commitment. With a budget much smaller than that of the Office of Admissions, Mr. Reyes makes visits to predominantly Latino high schools and will make visits to students' homes to talk with their families. He believes that prospective students should know what is available to them and what deadlines they must meet. He regularly calls the students he recruits --to remind them of their responsibilities and to reassure them of their decision. Again, it is increased communication and personal commitment that has begun to eliminate socioeconomic background as a limiting factor in educational attainment for Latinos.

C. GARY D. SANDEFUR

Gary D. Sandefur, Associate Vice-Chancellor for Academic Affairs, offered two solutions for the educational crisis of Latinos. The first, in concordance with the aforementioned recommendations, is to inform the students that there are resources available to help them and

to ensure that they receive them. The second idea is to realize that there are students from 'disadvantaged' backgrounds who have collegiate ambitions and to build that fact into the admissions policies. The result will be students requiring more support, but will again do cancel out socioeconomic variables as limiting factors in educational success.

CONCLUSION

Social level and economic background are the most important variables in determining school success. Factors such as poor living conditions, poor school districts, poor living conditions, limited school curriculum (tracking), financial burdens and lack of encouragement are key determinants in a Latino student's access to higher education. Restricted access is the result of differential treatment based on socioeconomic factors and race/ethnicity. The interaction of race, class, wealth and educational opportunity if the cycle is to be broken.

The University of Wisconsin - Madison has a low percentage of Latino student enrollment because it has followed the path of least resistance --the recruitment of Latinos from advantaged backgrounds. The recruiting efforts are should be directed toward 'disadvantaged' Latinos, those who would most benefit from access to higher education. This, however, can only occur if the administration first acknowledges that it has a problem.

Prominent academic staff of color suggested possible solutions, at the collegiate level, to this educational crisis. Improved communication, personal commitment and better support services for students are a the suggested directions for solving the problem of low Latino student enrollment.

(The preceding paper by Miguel Guevara is an excerpt from The Latino Educational Crisis: Race, Class, and Educational Attainment, which won First Place at the 1994 American Multicultural Student Leadership Conference.)

University of Wisconsin
c/o Gigi Trebatoski, President
1470 Van Hise Hall
1220 Linden Drive
Madison, WI 53706
(608) 256-4758

PRESS RELEASE

The Night is Yours, The Dawn is Ours:

Superbarrio and the Asamblea de Barrios in Mexico City

Superbarrio is a remarkable symbolic creation with roots in Mexican popular culture. He appeared in mid-1987 on behalf of the Asamblea de Barrios of Mexico City to pressure the Mexican party/state officials to alter housing relief policies, to accelerate the process of reconstruction, and to reverse existing urban policies. The activities of Superbarrio and the Asamblea have become central to the urban social movements that emerged in the aftermath of the disastrous Mexico City earthquakes of 1986. In addition, Superbarrio's influence within the political opposition during the presidential election of 1988 has made him a symbol of political dissent.

Superbarrio Gomez represents an important creation within the Mexican popular culture of resistance. The popular influence of Superbarrio was pivotal in linking the urban popular movement of Mexico City with the political movement known as Neocardenismo.

Superbarrio continues his political activities today. He has expanded the scope of the issues that he addresses. He has visited California to rally migrant workers and illegal aliens. Recently he has supported the Chiapas uprising.

Angélica Cuéllar, full professor at the Graduate School of Sociology at the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México since 1980, has published several books and articles on social movements in Mexico, both in its theoretical and empirical aspects. One of her most recent books, La noche es de ustedes, el amanecer es nuestro: Asamblea de Barrios y Superbarrio Gomez en la Ciudad de México, constitutes the first attempt to analyze from a sociological point-of-view the formation and experience of this ground-breaking organization and its living symbol, Superbarrio Gomez. Prof. Cuéllar will give several talks on the activities of the Asamblea and Superbarrio in the context of Mexican political culture, NAFTA, and the 1994 elections.

THE POETRY OF FRANK ROBERTS

Superbarrio Gomez Visit to UW Madison



April 10-13, 1994

THE POETRY OF PRÓSPERO SAÍZ

The following poems by Próspero Saíz ("Night" and "Surplus") are reprinted with the expressed written consent of the publisher. Both appear in ABRAXAS #38/39, issued September, 1990.

Night

Night falls over Mexico.

In the Sky, a round moon;
on my face, a closed mouth.

In the sky, blue stars;
on my face, two closed eyes.

On the mountain, swaying branches;
on my torso, two limp arms.

On the beach, swift white waves;
on my body, two still legs.

Night falls over Mexico;
and you are far away.



SURPLUS / *próspero salz*

the rainbow voices
speak a power penetrates
the din and forms it:
surplus voices present and marching feet
of night

the voices
fragmented now and clear now
speak rainbowed
a power penetrating . . .
dark-dreams

penetrating the now din
massed voice formed
and forming dry hard power
voices and marching feet
looking at our rainbowed faces
the night of our day

our only poem
rotates counter-clockwise in
sulfur-fog

but our labyrinth cannot hide
cannot hide cannot hide our shame
it lives on in the silence of our days
voice-less it alone persists in images
of us and for our children

our solitude
an empty space undefended
and we do not shore ourselves against
our dark dreams

nightmares
we glory in them the lost years
and in our song exalt our shame
a sword of shame a surplus voice silent silent
silent cutting its sheath
a threat surplus the voice caged in old glass
the only vendetta voice
not its own invention cut in two
tongue our voice is not a myth
tongue our voice is not a metaphor
tongue our voice is not a language
tongue our voice is not an image

our voice does not rotate
our voice does not gyre in time
our voice is silent absent
and we desire it

oh voice
drench us

fire us

awaken us

Traditional Andean Music by



YNKA ÑAN

Featuring Indigenous Andean musical presentation by
Inca musicians direct from South America

Thursday • June 16th
7:00 pm
Memorial Union Terrace

This event is open and free to all University Faculty, Staff & Students
(Rain location Memorial Union Rathskeller)

Sponsored by: MEChA, Multicultural Council
Wunk Sheek, Interim Multicultural Center
Special thanks to WUD for use of the Terrace

EL CHICANO FLOR Y CANTO

La expresión Chicana, todos aspectos de su manifestación cultural reconoce historicamente que la llegada de Colon y Cortes fue catastrófica.

Porque? Primero de todo porque comenzaron las guerras de exterminación del Nativo, al que llamamos ahora Indio. No podemos hablar de cultura, lengua y su expresiones estheticas sin considerar que el intento fue en acabar con la gente que manifestaba esta expresión. Entonces lo que nos impede estos datos historicos es ver nuestra cultura como sobreviviente de este ataque. Los Nativos del norte atlantico y del llano del hemisferio del Norte fueron totalmente extirmenados. En meso-america la población se reducio de 25,000,000 a un millón. La gente que sobrevivio, sobrevivio por dos razones: una, porque su ambiente geografico, cerro y montana como desierto , lo protegio del Gringo como de la caballeria mexicana. Dos, De los 200 grupos culturales que existian cuando llego Cortes, el que dominaba era el mundo Nahuatl guiado por tribos del Norte, los Chichimecas, Y su dios Huitzilopochtli . Estos no eran de meso-america sino de aztlán. Sobrevivieron la exterminación porque se destruyo su dominio y no su indestructible y inhospitable base: serro y el desierto. Estas guerras siguierron incesable hasta el siglo 20.

La expresión Chicana en este sentido no se puede considerar como una subcultura de la dominante del norte , ni como expresion o extencion Mexicana. No pertenecemos a ninguna, ni nos dan lugar para expresarnos. Sin embargo se ha podido cultivar un sentido Chicano. El nativo supo, hace mucho tiempo que vivia mejor solo, o se puede decir, sobrevivió porque supo vivir solo.

El racismo norte americano, tanto como el sistema de castas y clases que trajo el Espanol, hizo posible que el Chicano se nutriziera en isolación. No fue hasta la Revolucion Mexicana y especialmente despues de la guerra segunda que se trató de asimilar el Chicano. No han tenido mucho exito. Mas del 60% de los estudiantes no acaban su escuela secundaria. No son socializados. Existen afuera del mundo gringo. ¿Cuales son las implicaciones?

Say No To Grapes

BOYCOTTS HAVE PROVEN EFFECTIVE FOR FARM WORKERS

proven that boycotts do work. Our successful campaigns in the 1960's and 1970's helped workers get better wages, as well as pension and medical benefits. And boycotts were also instrumental in banning DDT from the fields, years before the federal government outlawed its use.

TABLE GRAPE INDUSTRY IS BIG BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA

Table grape industry employs over 55,000 farm workers on over 850 ranches. If we can get the biggest agricultural industry in California to stop the use of cancer birth defect-causing pesticides, other industries will follow.

Boycott targets grape growers because they use more cancer and birth defect-causing pesticides than any other industry in California.



Grapes receive more restricted use pesticide spraying than any other fruit crop. One-third of the approximately 12-million pounds of pesticides sprayed on grapes each year are known to cause cancer. What makes matters worse is that many of these pesticides are not even necessary.

They are used solely for cosmetic purposes.

SUPERMARKETS ARE RESPONSIBLE

Supermarkets are the primary distributors of table grapes. We've informed stores about the dangerous pesticides used on grapes and about the pesticides' effects on farm worker children. Despite the warnings, many stores continue to sell and promote grapes. We boycott stores until they agree to be responsible to the health and safety of the communities they serve by stopping the advertising and promotion of California grapes. This results in lower grape sales and ultimately pressures growers into addressing the safety concerns of farm workers, their children and consumers.

Dear Friends,
We (concer
on Monday, April 2
towards addressing t
boycott of Sony prod

The attach
were attacked last S
delegates who will i
Sony, which require
We urge
-Carl Yankowski
-Michael Schulho
-(if possible) Akir
FAX 011-8135-44
Thank you for you

Sincerely, (signed)
Ed Feigen, AFL-CIO
Phoebe McKinney,
Susan Mika, Coma

On Satur
police while condu
attempt to conduct

Worker d
delegates who opp
a six-day work we
new schedule beca

On Thurs
election for union
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were arrested. As
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The situ
CIO, and the Coa
Company and ap
the National Adm
(NAFTA) side ag
SAMPLE LETTE

Mr Carl Yankow
Sony Electronics
One Sony Drive
Park Ridge, NJ
FAX 201-930-72

Dear Mr Yankow
I am wr
Nuevo Laredo, T

I have r
conducting a pea
elections aimed a

Worker
schedule which
that women wor
need to attend n

On Fri
represent your
1) Move quickl
fair, secret ball
2) Rehire work
reprisals again
3) Eliminate th

I trust that you
Sincerely,

cc: Michael Se
Akio Morit



UNITED FARM WORKERS of AMERICA AFL-CIO P.O. Box 62 La Paz Keene CA 93531 Telephone (805) 822-5571

Dear Friends,

We (concerned students, staff, and faculty at the University of Wisconsin-Madison) received the following information on Monday, April 25th. We consider the AFL-CIO strategy of action through individual faxes to be an appropriate first step towards addressing this problem; however, if additional reports of abuse are received we will consider organizing a nationwide boycott of Sony products.

The attached press release describes recent events at the Sony facilities in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, where workers were attacked last Saturday. These workers, mostly women, are struggling to ensure fair and secret ballot elections for union delegates who will represent their interests. One of the primary concerns of workers is a new work schedule implemented by Sony, which requires employees to work six days a week including Saturdays and Sundays.

We urge you to immediately fax the attached sample letter to:

-Carl Yankowski (President/Sony Electronics) FAX 201-930-7202

-Michael Schulhof (President/Sony of America) FAX 212-755-8458

-(if possible) Akio Morita (Chairman of the Board/Sony Corp)

FAX 011-8135-448-5376

Thank you for your solidarity with our sisters and brothers who work at Sony's maquiladoras in Nuevo Laredo.

Sincerely, [signed]

Ed Feigen, AFL-CIO

Phoebe McKinney, American Friends Service Committee

Susan Mika, Committee for Justice in the Maquiladoras

PRESS RELEASE ----- DATE 18 APRIL 1994
SONY WORKERS IN MEXICO ATTACKED BY POLICE DURING
DEMONSTRATION IN SUPPORT OF UNION DEMOCRACY

On Saturday, April 16, 250 workers of Sony Corporation's maquiladora facility in Nuevo Laredo were attacked by police while conducting a peaceful demonstration in front of the plant. The workers, mostly women, were protesting Sony's attempt to conduct fraudulent union elections aimed at choosing union delegates who support Company policies.

Worker dissatisfaction at the Sony plant has been rising since last January, when the Company discharged six union delegates who opposed anti-democratic union tendencies and a new work schedule which Sony was implementing that required a six-day work week, including work on Saturdays and Sundays. Women workers throughout Sony's operations objected to the new schedule because it eliminated time which they needed to attend religious services and spend time with their families.

On Thursday, April 14, at 11 p.m., Sony's hand-picked union representatives announced that there would be an election for union delegates the following morning at 7:00 a.m. This gave the workers just eight hours to prepare their own slate of delegates. At 7:00 a.m. on Friday morning, the Company's designated union representatives conducted "election," informing workers to line up on two sides of the plant according to preference of slate. During this process, to ensure the desired outcome, selected union officials pressured workers to line up on the side in support of the Company's delegate slate.

On Saturday, April 16, workers organized a non-violent protest in front of the plant gates, demanding new, fair, secret ballot elections. At 12:00 noon, under order from Horacio Garza, mayor of Nuevo Laredo, city police were called in to disperse the protesters. Forty police wearing riot gear and carrying Plexiglas shields descended upon the workers, beating them with billy clubs. Dozens received blows, one young woman was admitted to a local hospital with head injuries and two workers were arrested. As of Monday, April 18, the situation remains extremely tense as workers have renewed their protest outside the plant.

The situation at the Sony plant in Nuevo Laredo is being monitored by the American Friends Service Committee, AFL-CIO, and the Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras. Concerns regarding the events at Sony are being registered with the Company and appropriate government agencies. Consideration is being given to lodging a formal complaint against Sony before the National Administrative Office, set up by the US Labor Department to implement the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) side agreement on labor.

SAMPLE LETTER -----

Mr Carl Yankowski, President
Sony Electronics
One Sony Drive
Park Ridge, NJ 07656-8003
FAX 201-930-7202

Dear Mr Yankowski:

I am writing to express concern regarding violations of workers' rights at Sony's Magnetics de Mexico facilities in Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

I have received reports that on Saturday, April 16, 250 workers at your plant were attacked by police while conducting a peaceful demonstration. The workers, mostly women, were protesting Sony's attempt to conduct fraudulent union elections aimed at choosing union delegates who support Company policies.

Workers have complained that last January Sony discharged or demoted six union delegates who opposed a new work schedule which Sony implemented that requires a six-day work week, including work on Saturdays and Sundays. I understand that women workers throughout your Nuevo Laredo operations object to the new schedule because it eliminates time which they need to attend religious services and be with their families.

On Friday, April 15, 1994, Sony clearly conspired to fraudulently elect hand-picked union delegates who would represent your company's interests instead of the interests of workers. I urge you to:

- 1) Move quickly to rectify this situation by supporting a new, fair, secret ballot election, monitored by independent observers.
- 2) Rehire workers who have been unjustly fired for supporting democratic union representation and desist with threats and reprisals against union activists.
- 3) Eliminate the recently-established six-day work schedule which requires employees to work Saturdays and Sundays.

I trust that you will move promptly to address these concerns.

Sincerely,

cc: Michael Schulhof, President/Sony of America FAX 212-755-8458
Akio Morita, Chairman of the Board/Sony Corporation FAX 011-8135-448-5376

Manos

Mama,
Your hands look older than mine.

I have the smooth, lineless hands of a
CHIFLADA
HUEVONA
PEREZOSA!!

And with my huevona hands,
I played with my BLOND Barbie dolls.

You stared at the perfect golden muñeca,
wondering why I liked her so much.
Did I want to be like her? you wondered.

The long wavy locks of blond silk,
the ten inch waist,
curves like you wouldn't believe!

No, that's not what I saw.

All of my Barbies were named Julia,
after you.

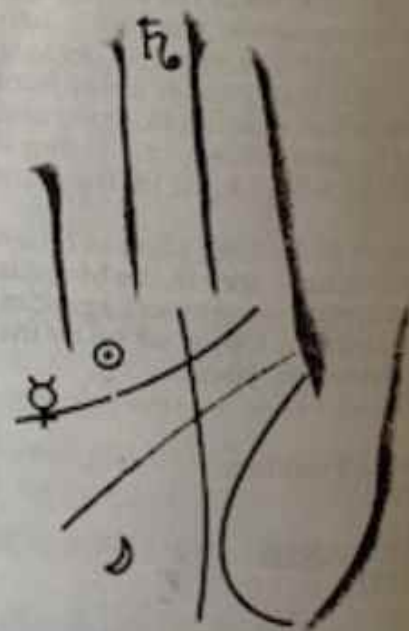
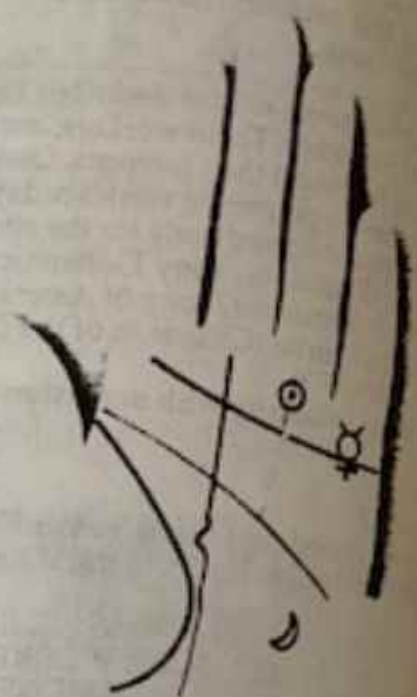
They had dark, dark hair
and ojos de chocolate.
Their brown skin shone radiant
in my little girl's eyes.

They were mothers,
and daughters.

She worked hard for her money,
like Donna Summer

She looked at her half brown babies
and wondered how she got there...

Back-bending work in the
sun-drenched fields
Picking picking picking
Cucumbers!
Lechuga!
Cabbage!
Cerezas!
Oranges!
Cotton!



Hands torn by thorns,
stomach crying from hunger,
body drained by el sol.

Llorar y llorar Llorar y llorar

Had to escape that life.
freedom is escaping,
escaping is
MARRIAGE!!!

Do you take this man....
to be your **ESCAPE?**
Your one and only ticket to freedom...
BULLSHIT!!

My muñecas always escaped without marriage.
But you didn't.

They were **INDEPENDENT**
(as if I knew what the word meant)

DOCTORS
LAWYERS
BUSINESS WOMEN

All of them fuerte y terca
All of them named Julia

But none of them have the ganas, the desire that you do.

The poder that runs through your soul,
Pours out through your eyes,
felt in your touch.

I'm touched by your hands,
powerful, labored, wise hands...

look older than mine, Mama.

Jennifer Speilman Ramírez



METE TU BOTE



Marca tu vida con la sangre de mis
carnales

Mira tu corazón negro y colorado

Watcha tu vida tumba concreta

Huele tu paso hecho mentira

Oye los gritos, quieren salir

Habla la ley, quiere mas almas

Vete de aquí, te van a pescar

Pobre Chicano, ¿cuando aprenderás?

**!!Que Onda
Carnales!!**



Entra Rambo, te chinga tu casa

Te meten al bote, pierden las llaves

Nunca te sacan, eres de color

Por un toquesito, mi pobre grifita

Acuerdate, esto no se me olvida

Yo soy Chicano, no un cualquier

Marco el día que te quito el poder

Mete tu carcel en no mi país.

DURANTE EL DÍA

Te diré en la mañana que te amo,
Después de la noche larga
Cuando abres los ojos, rojos y cansados.
Te diré al desayuno que soy tuyo siempre,
Cuando estamos disfrutando
Del brillante día nuevo.

Te diré al mediodía
Si al caso te alcanzo a ver
Que te tengo siempre en mi mente.
Y si el día no te alcanza
Y por eso no te veo,
Siempre pensaré en tus lindos ojos negros.

Te diré en la tarde
Cuando otra vez nos reunimos
Que necesito tenerte en mi vida.
Y a cenar, te diré
Que es tu amor
Que me sostiene.

Luego mientras de planear
Los movimientos del día siguiente,
Te diré que eres la razón
Que vivo yo mi vida.
Y nos retiraremos con anticipación
De reclamar la unión sagrada.

Y otra vez te miraré
Como te miro esta noche,
Agradecido por pasar
Mi cada día contigo.
Y esperaré a decirte al fin
Lo que espero que te diré.



CRUCIFIXION

of a

CHICANO

on a

Frank Lloyd Wright

designed crucifix

"with dingle balls"





The dance group EL Ballet Folklórico de Los Hermanos, put on a show during a Celebration of Mexican Independence.

MASAKO WATANABE / Daily Cardinal

Where is Atzlán? We don't know.

We know that it is to the North. To the north of where? That we know. It is to the North of Meso-America before the paleface came. We know that it was an intemperate climate. We know that it was Huitzilopochtli who guided the migration that took many years to complete. We were not to rest until we saw el águila con una serpiente en el ocico. Estaría sentada en un nopal. The area between the Nueces River and the Rio Bravo is unique in that it contains both a semi-arid land at the end of a mountainous escarpment, and a plain that stretches to the Gulf of Méjico. Since time immemorial, the harsh climate is replenished every spring with a deluge of mountain fresh water. The rains fall twice a year when the warm humid breezes from the Gulf dominate the cold fronts of the Northwest Mountains. **The most common characteristic is the violent configuration of the land;** the agave plants, the maguey, the mesquite, with its roots deep in the soil to sustain the common, long periods of drought. **Everything that is, or that lives, has thorns or horns, or is poisonous.** The area still enjoys a large number of Pumas, bobcats, coyotes, guaholotes, javalinas, deer, and the ever present varieties of poisonous snakes. Is this Atzlan? No, It starts here. There are many places like this.

This area was the northern boundary of the civilization that prospered to the South. To the North and to the West was Atzlán, the land of the Chichimecas. Their name in Nahuatl, the common tongue of the Mejicas, means barbarian, and for good reason. During the long droughts, or because of population explosions, or starvation, the reasons are unclear, they would sweep down from the plains and raid their corn-growing cousins to the South.

When Cortés arrived, the wandering and marauding had ceased, and the Chichimecas were the dominant Nahuatl tribe in the region. **They were led by their God, Huitzilopochtli, who had guided them for centuries in the forbidden lands to the North.** He had helped them bring down the Tarascans, and the Huastecas. He helped them through its demand for mortal blood of its enemies. Without it, the universe, itself, would come apart, the sun would cease to give warmth. Huitzilopochtli, had made the original sacrifice and his flesh had turned into a ball of fire. Only more blood from Gods and men could keep the sun and plants from being stationery. The Aztec religious belief and their military prowess were no match for the Southern tribes whose skill were not in arms, but in agriculture and crafts, that sustained an elaborate urban life with an extensive agricultural development. Their God was Tlaloc, the rain-god, the God of Plenty. Tlaloc was protected by Quetzalcoatl, the God of all Learning. This combination of Gods led the ancestors, the Toltecs. The name means "learned people", skilled people; culture. They

were the builders of the architectural marvels that exist today. The Aztec conquest wedded their God to theirs. They wanted to wear the Toltec mantle.

When the Northern Nahuatl tribes appear in the valley of Méjico-Tenóchtitlan, the consolidation of power has not taken place. The Chichimecas are allowed in because of their relish of war. They are always suspected by the rest. Their practice of eating the flesh of their enemies, the offering of human sacrifices to Huitzilopochtli, and other well known practices were no longer allowed. They were relegated to the most inhospitable area of the valley. But not for long; when Cortés arrived the Chichimecas had been in power for 200 years. Even though the wars of conquest are over and the Mejicas receive tribute from most of the tribes, Huitzilopochtli's original sacrifice demands more blood. The Aztecs fed this insatiable demand with flor y canto. They interwove elaborate religious practices with their military skill. War became a celebration. At the time of the Spanish landing, the tribes to the West, the Tlaxcalas, were in revolt against the Aztecs. This partially explains how several hundred Spanish soldiers brought down the empire. They landed in Tlaxcalan territory and found a willing ally. It wasn't, as most say, that the Spaniard enjoyed a superior technological advantage with the firearm or the horse. Moctezuma did not fail at the moment when his leadership was most needed. Others see the Malinche as the wound that welcomes the conquest and breeds the hijo de la chingada. The Western trained Chicanas upset themselves over this. They have a Feminist solution.

How is it that everyone is able to find so much satisfaction in their paradigms, yet provide such confusing and contradictory explanations for the Conquista? What is the Conquista, and what is its significance today?

First of all, it was not a conquest. The valley of Méjico, the seat of the Nahuatl empire, was not conquered. It was burned to the ground. Its people were not conquered. They were exterminated. There was no birth of a new man, half-Méjica, half-Español. We are not saying that there aren't mestizos. Since 1810, they have held power in most of Méjico and Central America. Our point is that Méjico continues to be a Nation of Indios. There is probably more mestizaje going on now than at any time since Cortés. The remaining Chichimecas returned to North Central Méjico, and further into Atzlan as the gold and silver mines of those region began to be exploited Tribes such as the Western Apaches, the Yavapai (cruzados), the Hualapai, the Havasupat the Paiute, and some of the Utes, all avoided the so called Spanish colonization of the area. The Apaches burned the mission of the celebrated Father Kino. They kept the cross and the melancholy specimen away for one hundred more years (1797). To the end of the 19th century, the Natives held vast regions of Mexico's former north-west territories. Some Apache tribes never surrendered. Many

fought to the last man: the Comanches no longer exist. Some were finally beaten by both U. S. and Mexican calvary. The Tarahumaras, as well as certain Mayan tribes have always fought the Meso-American Hegemony. To this day, they, as well as other Mexican tribes enjoy some autonomy. They are paying for it with blood... on the installment plan.

Second, The U. S.-Mexican War results in an occupation of the land. As Capitalist they won when they took "title" of a land. As is known, it wasn't Santa Annas to give. There were many lands that weren't Mexican in any sense. The Spaniards, as well as the Mexicans, knew this. Neither settled the area between El Paso, and the Lower Rio Bravo plains. Three Spanish "Presidios" (military garrisons) with San Antonio at the apex of a triangle, constituted 300 years of so-called Spanish colonialism.

The Native tribes went on the offensive against the White Colonist during the vacuum caused by New México and Texas joining the Confederacy. Slavery won in the Southwest, it's heir was the system of apartheid that followed: The confinement of the remaining natives to reservations (Homelands), the Chicano to bondage in the mines, railroad gangs and the clearing of the plains (desenraizar) for agribusiness.

Chicano society in South Central Texas, as recently as the post World War II era, was dominated by an Anglo elite not unlike the one present in South Africa. The fertile lands between the Nueces and the Rio Bravo were fought for less than one hundred years ago! The Mexican revolution followed for 40 more years, engulfing the U.S.-Mexican border. The Anglo settlements that followed the railroads are all the same: the Chicano barrios are the other side of the tracks. The public school system was segregated until the sixties, and it continues in urban America to date. The franchise was never allowed or given to us. It is fought for in the barrios and ghetto's of America.

Our attempt is not do a historical analysis of the conquest, or the society that evolve during the several hundred years of Spanish and Gringo rule. Nor is it necessary to relate all the Chicano political manifestations since the U.S.-Mexican war. Whatever historical references made are to ground our argument in Chicano life and culture. **Chicanismo as a concept of our existence, our being rooted in our concept of ourselves, and not in the history and language of our oppressors.**

When we speak of Atzlan, we are simply explaining something with reference to our mental outlook of ourselves and how we grasp what we observe. This development is initiated by us viewing the study of our political world in our terms. Only this way, will we find Atzlan.

THE POETRY OF PROSPERO SAIZ

The following poems by Próspero Sais ("Malinche", "The River Speaks El Indio Calavera", and "Song to Chineca") are reprinted with the expressed written consent of Ghost Pony Press (2518 Gregory St., Madison, WI 53711). All three appear in the book, the bird of nothing and other poems (Copyright 1993; \$20 paperback; \$35 limited signed and numbered edition)

malinche

ma

linche

it is night

the hour of our love

the bed of dead leaves

where i alone embrace you

waits

your shame like mine is not a fiction
it is a womb full of white pus and maggots
and the sublime inquisitors must eat it all
for your unfolding shame and purity

i too will eat my portion now again
as the brown thighs spread the pages of the night

here sever my left thigh from my body
and beat the brains out of the poets
as the white thick pus flows to the sea
and the maggots sprout yellow wings and fly

bury the brains of the poets deep in your purple anus
i will sing the hot jaguars
twisting and clawing at our heat
weave the tall grasses devoured by the hungry yellow moon

ma

linche

it is night

the hour of our love

the bed of dead leaves crumbles

MALINCHE your absence is hot
as i salute my death

to Acachinanco i go prisoner
unafraid every lonely night
every lonely morning the sun shines never in celebration
i watch them
take me there covering their noses with rags
stepping over fly scorched decaying indian corpses
aya a terrible buzzing invades the head

MALINCHE your absence is cold

i mutilated remain a memory
a living memory
for they have cut off my head and baptized me
they have nailed my head to a cottonwood tree
they have cut out my tongue and feed it to vultures
to shame me they mangle my testicles
scrape off my skin
gouge out my eyes
tear out my nails
burn my hair and
ground up my penis

MALINCHE you are the witness

i remain mutilated i remain and sing
as birds peck at my eyes dreaming in the grass

why are you afraid

is the form of my mutilation not perfected
the form is blank and bespeaks itself
it rattles dread in silence

aya dread and fear aya fear and dread aya
i know why others fear me

aya my apache head too fierce
singing the absent chant

aya my navajo hands too beautiful
skilling silver birds

aya my mexican arms too hard
writing the broken stone

my chicano legs and feet too slender
and swift mapping mountain and river

all the backs will not bend

all the desert bones have been stripped
broken pottery scattered on mesquite mounds

my golden basket once soothed them together
but the heart is unwoven today

it is gone

aya my aztec belly taut as drumskin cannot be opened
the hand the knife entered through the chest
my heart has been ripped out by the roots
and thrown out to the fierce northern wind

aya my heart my apache head my navajo hands
my chicano legs and feet my tired back my aztec torso
aya all my parts go in search of you
they ask each passing shadow where you are
they ask each tree lake and mountain and desert too
they ask the unborn child deep away looking to aztlan
there standing still the land of white sands

aya my heart
we search both night and day for you
where are your remains

corazon solo solo solo

heart alone alone alone

i sit lonely as a black gallows tree
awaiting the feather kiss of the fragile bird of song
nest in me oh quivering feather
nest in me bird of blue
nest for the blinking of an eye
bring me a twig of green
just for a moment nest
oh magic feather and i wont echo my sad refrain

solo solo solo corazon

where oh where are you my glorious bird of blue
your soft feathers molted on the thorns of the winter
rose remain
but your proud mother of pearl beak flies
oh beautiful bird of blue
fly
fly
fly malinche fly

but remember the heart remember the northern horizon
and remember the southern sea they seem two blue waves
merging in the one distant blueness

aya they are not one blue
not the blue of blue aya

do not confuse them in your glorious flight
the sky is always sky the sea is always sea

rise rise rise

renew your proud plumage
high over the black gallows tree

quick quick quick

quick malinche go
they cannot defile you now

fly fly fly
blue into blue

spread your fragile wings and rise
rise into the light of my night
and as your shining beak plucks the shooting star
open your brown eyes to the frost of mother moon
and remember my light remember our night
and remember how we used to sing

The River Speaks El Indio Calavera

Río Grande

Cuando el río suena. . . when the river roars, it bears water. The indian skull floats south to north, north to south. Speaks in the eddies. Banks: the silent lips of el indio. When the river is silent, a hushed head is caught in the nets of absence. In the north the river is south; in the south, the river is north. Easterly flow meeting the sun. Lips tremble.

Guatemala

Many years before you. I nearly died there: Río de la Pasión. A diminutive brown Indian woman cared. Humble paradise, the quiet waters of the Lago de Izabel. To the mountains this time. Close to Méjico. Close to the Pacific Ocean (uncanny name for those waters). Guatemala healed me once and sent me north to you.

Méjico

I sit in Matamoros. It is hot. It is humid. The gulf is vast: it touches the blue sky, a thousand miles away?

I sit frozen, brown. I contemplate the journey. It is infinite. It will be hard. I will become hard, again. I think of your softness; but the gulf is vast. . . and the long river has no water for my skull.

I must move soon. Down to Uxmal. I shall weep at the ruins. I shall dream of human sacrifice in the dark wells. I will dream of your colors. Flowers always follow sacrifice. But the dream must end.

A warrior must never look back. Back. There is always someone there. Far back. In the north. Fall is coming brilliantly. And soon winter ice and snow. Your strong softness blends so well into that winterscape. . .

At Río Lagarto—I shall begin to forget the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico and shall wipe away all of my memories on the trip to Ciudad Chetumal. Is that possible? I hope I have the strength to forget and to breathe in new air.

I wave goodbye to the north and to the Yucatan (the yuccas remind me of you, panicles of shadow-blossoms floating in blue-green waters: cerie serene faces of the one innocent face, at peace).

The river runs fast into the mouths of lovers.

No turning back now: only victory or death. I shudder at the sound Belize.

Laredo

Concatenation. Violence. A hard dry chain. I was tied to previous birth, previous death. They all exceeded mine (especially that of a long-limbed brown war woman).

The desert once again, and you in the watery north, so soft, so moist, haunted by desire, sustained by wishes. Anguished. Waiting.

The news came back, a minor event: a cold knife flashed, blood flowed, an unknown traitor fell. He was buried (cold is the grave for us all). And the wounded animal hid in the desert that night, cold, moonless, wanting to cry, but would not even whimper.

The sun came out. As always. The desert keeps its secrets well. Winds and sands. Kind to the spirit. Would he look back to love? When hands of skull are buried, the desert wind intones: *requies*. . . But who or what shall rest? Time will not tell.

The night and the distant lights of Nuevo Laredo remained.

Albuquerque

This was my past (time has no image). Sandia Mountain. The brown high desert of my very brownness. The weight of night lifted away by a tawny cord (lost to sight). Her tugs are violent. Fate at my side fishing for something, smiling, and irresistible.

Your eyes, scars weeping for life—begging to be born—inside of you. Gratuitous violence, life, come into the world again and again. Blood in veins, bones swaddled in flesh.

El indio del norte. Death skulls for hands. Give conjugal caress to the dusty one. Your miracle of blood is not as quick. You too *would* cast a spell. Mine long since cast. Dead men chanting in the dust-rays of the setting sun. A blast shattered the dark aquarium. Strange bulging eyes of fishes, final witnesses. She disappeared again. Something heard. The dust settling. A voice in flamenco rhythms: "you must love your fate, my beloved!"

Song to Chineca

Tonight I want to declare myself for you

in time

the river of blood, a sea of roan blood: this kiss shivered upon your lips.
Your breasts are really too round to *resume* a story in. Enchant me. Tell
me the tale of that lunar beauty spot without countryside.

Chineca

we kiss each other on our names.

Your company is a spelling book; I shall finish myself without hearing you.
The white clouds don't come out of your head (there are fishes which do not
breathe). Your hair doesn't cry because I gather it in, stroking your
neck. You quiver as joy goes on mounted wings. A figure astride my bent
arms secretly covers wanting, in cavalcade—young angel of death, love.
On your waist there is nothing but my quiet.... Your heart shall escape
through your lipping mouth while wanting turns mourning purple.

This countryside hearabouts is dead.

A rolling stone says nudeness is in the process of be-coming. Recline,
clandestine. On your forehead are drawings of my burning eyes. The
bracelets of gold wrap round water and your arms are clean, amazingly
clean of reference (don't wrap round my neck arms for I'll believe that it
will nighten dark). The thunder claps beneath the earth.

COME...

No: caution can't be fully seen; an asphyxia out of the mouth. Your teeth
white are in the center of the earth. Yellow birds spin borders round your
eyelashes.

But what to do?

Yes if I touch you here, your breast isn't sweet basil: but that red flower,
hot. I suffocate. The world is hurling itself down, headlong down up around
steep climb.

When I...

The Magnolias shall grow. Woman your armpits are cold in the distance. The roses shall be so coldly big that they'll drown out all eternal noises. Under the arms feel the rhythm of the word heart made of chamois. Chineca. What a kiss! Upon your back, a waterfall of clean water: tells me of your destiny.

Chineca

I wait—the voice nearly lately mute or not too suave. Alone the rough voiced cough shall spit out those obscure flowers. The lights shall kneel to earth, taking root at mid day. Earth and fire is your name; your lips taste of... far away. A shower of petals crushes my spinal column (but I can bear the burden can't I): Or shall I drag myself like a serpent to you tonight?

COME...

A hole of dried tongue neatly fitted with discretion into vacuum raises its fury and gallops across my forehead. Buried. I open my eyes to moist heaven. You're not there. Here where I sit the world is showered with hollow ferns, empty phalloi. I, you, where.

Chineca

cut me off in sections of perfection and let my equal parts drag themselves across the piebald earth to.... Buried. I sweat at bone and skin under the working burden and my words limp as a spavined horse. We kiss each other on our names.

....

We came to the city after papi's primo told him of the many jobs that would be available because of the TLC. The new factories promised great wealth, so in a matter of days we were all packed in the car; papi, mami, two brothers, one sister, me and abuelita. I was so excited that I didn't notice mami's dismay --after all, she was leaving behind a comfortable home and familiar surroundings. My brothers were leaving their apprentice jobs, but were excited with the prospect of higher wages and the big city. My sister's opinion was not solicited, so naturally she did not volunteer it. Abuelita, on the other hand, could not understand why we were leaving so much behind, just for more money. "There's more important things," she kept saying.

But on we went. We stayed at papi's primo's house for about a month, until we got our own apartment. Papi and my brothers got jobs, so we didn't see them a lot. They worked all the time, and my older brother only came home on weekends. The other one got into an argument with his supervisor and lost his job. So now he's always around the house. Mami had to start selling meals out of the kitchen, just to help with the expenses. My sister and I just went to school --an old crowded place that was "temporarily" handling the great influx of school children. And abuelita, well, she just kept saying how much better off we were before the new factory jobs.

So after fifteen years in the city, I am old enough to miss our little pueblito. We are still living in the little apartment. Papi is still working at the same factory. They promoted him to night shift supervisor, so now he works at night. Mami still sells food, so that they can start fixing up the apartment. My older brother moved out a few years ago. They say he's living with an older lady now, and that she has two kids. The other brother keeps getting into trouble, so he's in and out of jail. My sister is going to get married in a couple months. Her boyfriend is a supervisor at the plant where papi works, so he'll be good for her. And abuelita, well, she died last year --but I know she is happy to be buried back in the pueblito.

.....pero eres libre

Te apareces, de repente, y no puedo esconder mi asombro. Si, te veo tirar el cigarro antes de acercarte, pero no pienso que eres tú. No entramos a Sanborns porque me das pena, usando tanto maquillaje, tratando de esconder los rasguños en tu cara. Tu abrazo me da mucha energía, me alegra que algunas cosas no han cambiado. Caminamos a una tienda donde te compro unos zapatos nuevos, no los blancos brillosos de tacón que quieres, pero los cafés de cuero que se ven muy cómodos y que pienso que necesitas. Sí, te atendieron muy mal, y me encabrona ver en otros el mismo prejuicio que hace unos minutos no me permitió invitarte a cenar. Luego vamos a la Comercial, yo volviéndome loco, no sabiendo que decir. Me ocupo buscando cosas que realmente no necesito, y tú sigues contándome tus novedades. Que tu novio esta en la carcel...que tuviste una operación...que hoy no trabajaste y no sabes si tendrás trabajo mañana...que estas ahorrando para visitarnos...ah...y que el lunes entras a la prepa. Por fin algo que quiero oír. Pero ya para entonces, encuentro los cacahuates enchilados con sal y limón que buscaba y el cuaderno escribe con paginas perforadas. Pago muy rápidamente, y regresa mi ansiedad. Caminamos lentamente, y me explicas lo complicado que es regresar a tu casa la cual ya no es el internado donde te habíamos hecho arreglos, pero en un cuarto con otras dos muchachas donde puedes llegar a la hora que quieras. Sí, siempre te gusto ser libre. Luego me doy cuenta que por aquí pasa la ruta 95 que va a Tasqueña y decido terminar con mi sufrimiento. Te doy cinco nuevos pesos para que llegues bien, y casi me atropella el pesero que detengo con mucha urgencia. Ya no puedo más, te doy un abrazo, los dos ignorando mi lagrima que te cae en el cachete, te sonries y subes al minibús. Pero sigue mi tortura con la luz roja, y te busco una vez más. Te encuentro. Sentada donde un admirable caballero te há cedido su asiento, me sonries y me mandas un beso, tu feliz porque tienes zapatos nuevos, y tienes para el pesero de mañana y yo llorando... Me duele tanto ver a mi hermana libre y contenta.

The Parade by Oscar Mireles

Photo of El Salvador

he could have been
no older than Sixteen
as he was tied
at the ankles
resembling a deer
and hung out the back
of the jeep
after being dragged through
the town square
for an hour

once they stopped the jeep
the soldiers stepped out
looked at him
in disgust
a rifle cocked
just in case

the young girls
who were watching this parade
all covered their mouths
afraid to speak
afraid that the vapors of the dead
would enter in their hearts

all eyes
pointed
upon a small face
that kissed the earth
with no expression



Muerte

Que risa me da que yo me voy y tu te quedas
Me nacieron hambriento, ha chingazos me
hicieron trabajar, ha golpes pelear
El son del muerto, el canto de mi corazón
sacame de este pozo, donde no huela
pudrición
oye mi canción, no quiero curación Quítame los
tubos no quiero inyección
Quítame los matasanos... Corran los
sacerdotes, Ya me enseñaron a donde voy
Callen los lloridos, quiero oír la lira flautas y
también tambor
Que risa me da que yo me voy y tu te quedas

viene la pelona



Viene la muerte cantando
por entre la nopalera
en que quedamos pelona
me llevas o no me llevas

Día Dos de noviembre
A bailar vivos y muertos
Día Dos de noviembre
A gozar fieles difuntos
Que siga la fiesta en ultratumba.

Que sube y que baja
que llega hasta el Plan
Adonde irán los muertos
quien sabe a donde irán?



AZTLAN



EL SOL A ESTADO MUY CALIENTE EN MI CHOMPA Y ME HIZO LUMBRE
MI SANGRE ES LUMBRE
NECESITO LAS AGUAS DE MI PAIZ. PARA LAVARME Y TOMAR.
PARA REFRESCAR MI CUERPO.

AH!

AHORA ESTOY FRESCO Y VENGO CON MANOS ABIERTAS
PA VIVIR JUNTOS
YO HABLO DERECHO Y NO QUIERO ENGANAR NI QUIERO QUE ME ENGANEN
QUIERO ALGO PARA SIEMPRE.
AL MUNDO SE LE DIO UNA PARTE A EL GABACHO
Y UNA PARTE A EL INDIO
PORQUE?

PA QUE SE VINIERON JUNTOS. YO PREGUNTO?

AHORA YO LE HABLO AL SOL, LA LUNA, EL MUNDO, EL AIRE, LAS AGUAS,
LOS PAJAROS Y ANIMALES, Y TODAS LAS CREATURAS SIN NACER
OIGAN MIS PALABRAS!

EL HOMBRE BLANCO ME HA MIRADO MUCHO
AQUI ESTOY!

QUE QUIERES BUEY?

HAS MIRADO MUCHO Y DURO; PORQUE?

VALGO TANTO?

NO SOY DIOS

SOY POBRE

SI VALGO TANTO, PORQUE NO MARCAS DONDE PISO
Y MIRA CUANDO ESCUPO

HABLAME, PARA QUE TUS PALABRAS SE VAYAN DERECHO A MI CORAZON
MIS ANTEPASADOS CAMINABAN LOS CAMINOS DE ESTE PAIZ
ESTE A OESTE. NO MIRABAMOS A NADIE MAS QUE INDIO BRONZE
CAMINO HOY, Y VEO OTRA CLASE DE JENTE. QUE VIENE A CHINGAR
PARA QUE? PARA QUE ESPERAR LA MUERTE?
PARA QUE LLEVAR LA VIDA POR LAS UNAS?
BUSCANDO Y ESPERANDO QUE SE CAIGA EL PINCHE CIELO

UNA VEZ UNA NACION, UNA JENTE CHINGONA
REDUCIDA A PUROS PINCHE ABUTONES ESPERANDO LA MUERTE
PUES, MUCHOS HAN MUERTO, MUCHOS MAS VAN A MORIR
ES LA BATALLA, ESE

NO QUIERO HACERLE DANO A NADIE, NI MATAR A NADIE
PERO ESTOY SOLO EN ESTE PINCHE MUNDO
NO LES IMPORTA LOS MODOS VIEJOS Y POR ESO NO IMPORTA LA VIDA
QUIERO QUE SE CAIGAN LAS PIEDRAS EN MI Y QUE ME COMAN

EH!

AQUI ESTOY. HABLAME! ESTAN CONTENTOS?
Y SI ESTAN, DIGAN.

YO NO LES ESCONDO NADA. NO ME ESCONDAN A MI NADA
DEVUELVANME PATRAS LO QUE ES MIO



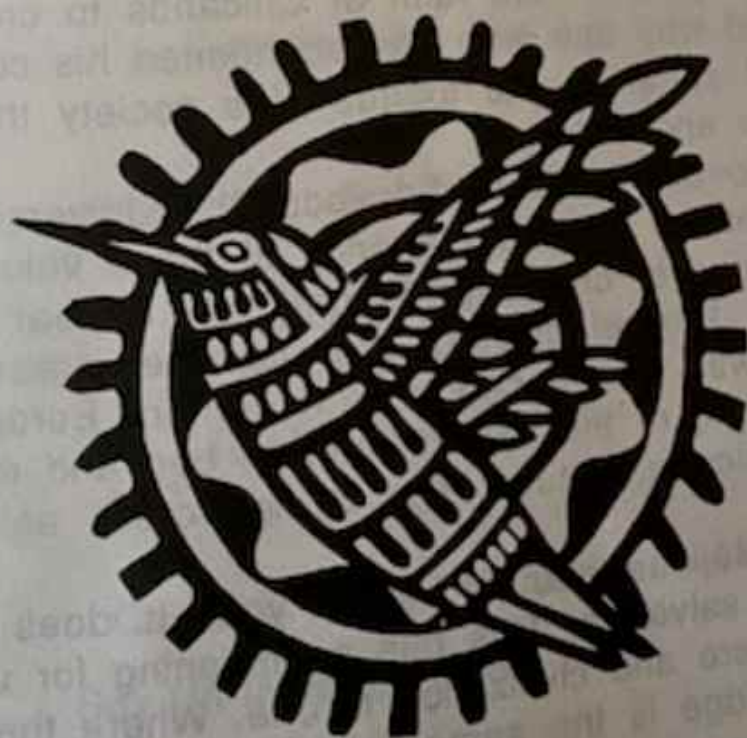
PARA LOS NIÑOS
by Tony Caca

Our children are the unconscious,
Innocent, inheritors of our
Historical pain and yearning
For Justice.

The suffering of our ancestors
And in turn all who suffer
Flows through our heads, our
Teeth, our feet, our eyes,
Our hands....

Our children are also the
Unconscious, innocent inheritors
Of the blood of "Indians" whose
Respect and passion towards
Eachother, the Earth, and the Sky
Flowed through their soul.

This life must in turn flow
Through our heads, our teeth,
Our feet, our eyes, our hands,
Our children....



Hegemony

The preponderance of influence of the Corporatist political system which we live is not exclusively a European experience, the recent history of Spain, Germany and Italy, notwithstanding. The modern North American political ethos is Fascist. This is not something super-structural, or secondary. We are not talking about ideologies. This Hegemony saturates the entire society. We see that the problem of Ideology was too limiting. We do not search, nor do we pretend to have a paradigm for the reader. There is not a world of consciousness waiting for us down the road. We get nowhere by simply imposing another set of values, ideas and notions and pass them off as cultural manifestations. We are not being prevented by a conspiracy from getting there. The Chicano community is not in want, it does not suffer any loss, it is not alienated because it has experience only a pre-capitalist mode of production, whatever that may be. The system of Apartheid could not withstand the will of Huitzilopochtli. It was ensured that we would flourish alone. Even the sun cannot dry the desert, or prevent the Mountain rivers to flow in the Spring. If this provokes you it is because it is a question that few people take up. It is not surprising, the University of Wisconsin-Madison doesn't allow anything to come forth that doesn't go through the Black-box. We don't recognize the priest. Las naguas negras are still before our eyes. When we raise the question of Chicano culture we question the faith of Chicanos to create it at the academy. We asked why one who has abandoned his community and his language could speak in the tongue of a society that denigrates all discourse to law and order.

We need not repeat what we said about the University other than to say that it serves as the main agency of these values which are recreated as they are challenged; only to appear again. The technological and the electronic age is the present nihilistic manifestation that was announced in 19th century Europe. Chicanos you take the off-spring of the exterminator to bed and now you want to give birth to Chicano culture: The Gringo cross as the Chicano aesthetic.

The nation of Méjicas stands before you. It does not ask for spiritual or material salvation. This has no meaning for us. Unless, it leads us where culture and civilization is one. Where the knower and the realm of knowledge is the same; where our aesthetic expression is our lived experience, and the gods and men walk together.

Viento Saca Aire Con La' tr'ellas

Entra Bello, Saca Lo Feo

Entra Lo Feo, Saliendo o'Cielo

Libre, Andando,

Poco Quedito

Lo Sabe

Quien Lo Soy

Habre La Boca

Sale 'nimal

Quien Lo Sabra?

Yo Lo soy

Llega el Marciano

Quien Eres? Lo Soy!

PaQue Echas Tuya

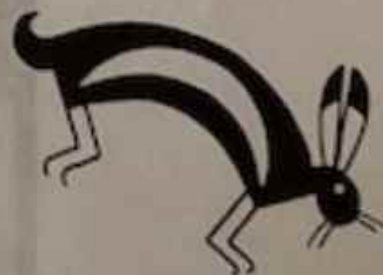
Cuando Echas Mia

Mírate, O Lo Soy Quien Eres

Mira La Tuya

No Es La Mia

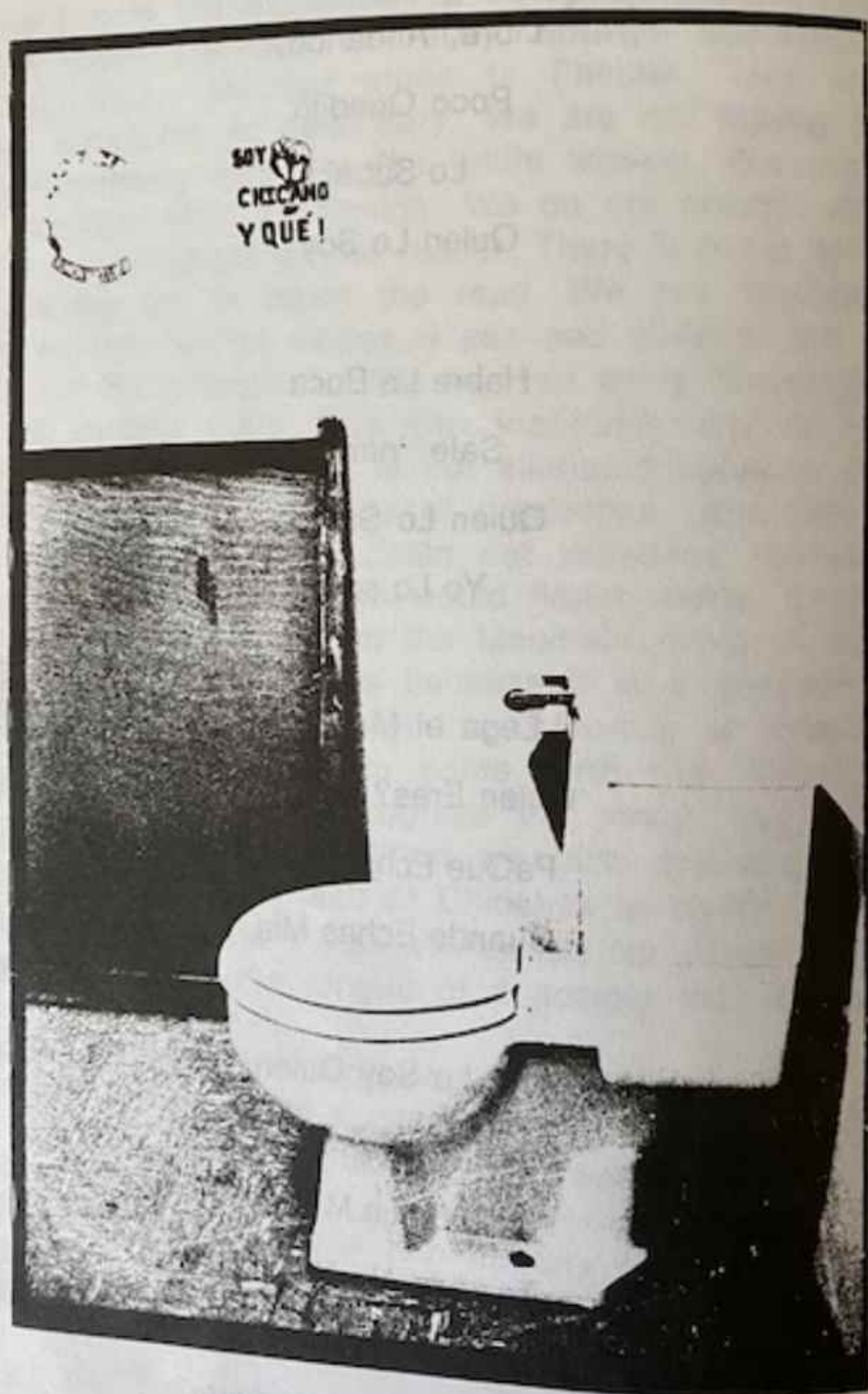
Tu Vida No Vale

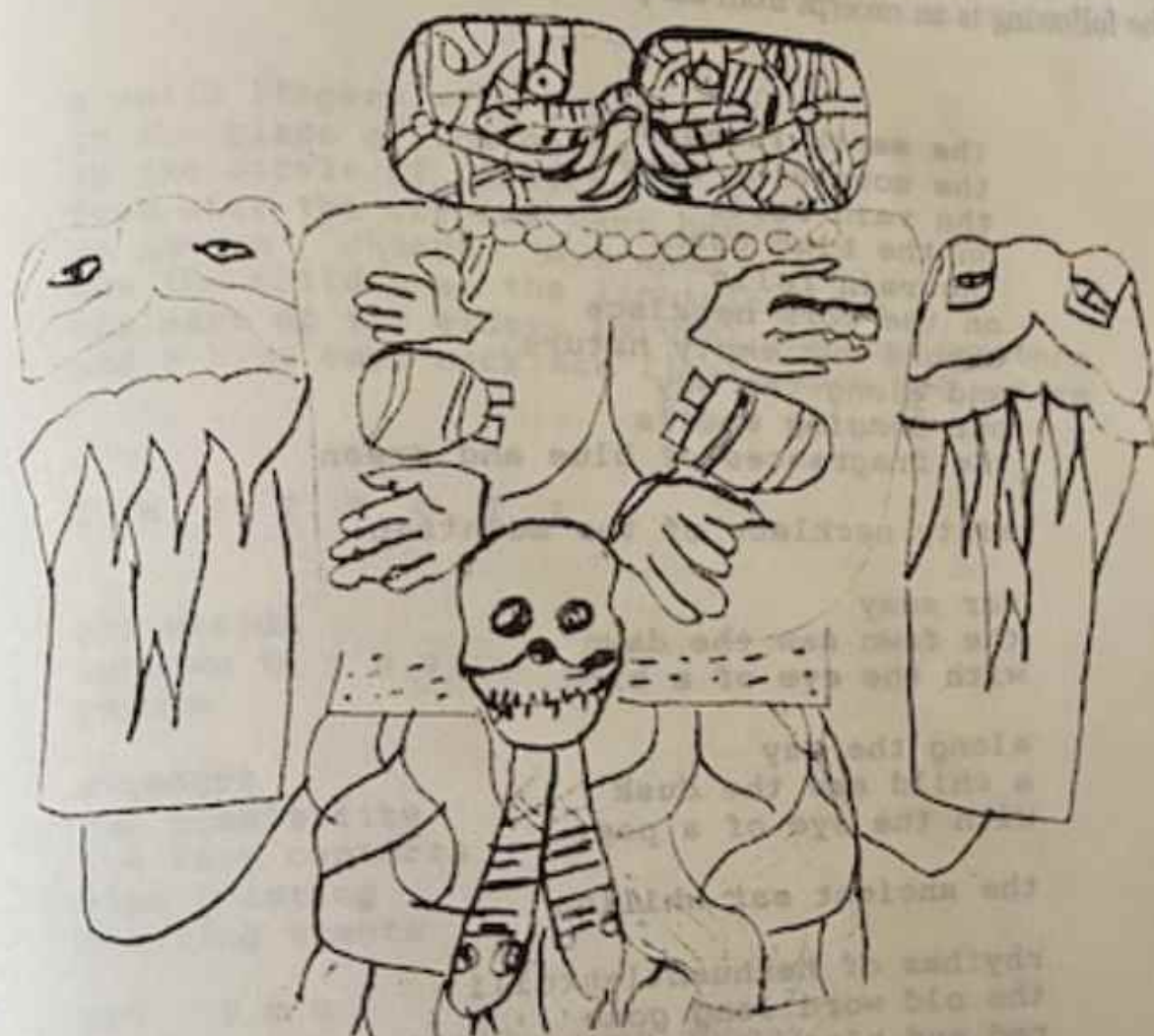


Como La Vida Me Ha Dado

Soy Un Ingrato, Por No Tener

**OH GRAN CHUPADERO
YO TENIA UNA CABEZA DURA
PERO TU TENIAS UN TUFITO
PUDRIDO**





Coatlicue

Habla Coatlicue
por
mi
di tu son

Levanta el brazo,
saca el cuchillo
nos dice
nuestra madre

Desnuda los sacerdotes
quebrales las cruces
no arodilleres
levantate

Yo no te creí
para vivir
crucificado
date gusto

No hay arrieros
del corazón
los he visto
encuerado

Rompeles las naguas
comienza
con
los disfrazados

A ellos
les da miedo
de morir,
como vivir

The following is an excerpt from the poem Obsidian Glyph by Próspero Saiz

the earth remains
the mountains stay
the rain falls
on the blue corn
the rain falls
on the corn necklace
around our empty nature
and along the way
our longing spoils
the fragrances of blue and green

misty necklace of the mountain

far away
the fawn saw the dawn
with the eye of a bird

along the way
a child saw the dusk
with the eye of a poet

the ancient ear whiling

rhythms of heuhuehtlahtolli
the old word long gone
red and black upon the parchment
a lingering of orphaned song

sound the drum once
here and there

come song teocuicatal come h u i y a

chtli
the path to night is lost i y a
the ear has lost the wind

the parched mouth of the sacred. . . .

night wind

the blinking eagle
the sleeping serpent

wind night

still not a solitary sound
rain! corn! war! mirror!
cuicatl

teocuicatal

come!

from afar i hear the drums
from afar i hear the flute

a child lingers with a bell
in the place of the drums
in the circle of flowers
from afar the cry has been heard
ya ohuaye ohuaya ayo ohua
now the child sees the lightning wink
the ears of the elders harvest the thunderstorm
and a blue corn necklace floats upon the waters

O M E T E O T L

all worlds
unknown to y o u
remain

stranger
our possibility
the face contorts
lips twisting
soothing chants

yet y o u shall never appear

upon the earth or sky

upon the blood-red sun

what is heard
little bell sounds
what is seen
blue brilliance
what is tasted
tears of joy in the mouth
forever unrevealed to y o u

and

y o u always unknown to all

untouched
sending y o u r self still

y o u

foreign everywhere
wishing to so remain

y o u

perfect stranger
are in all we see

i n v i s i b l e

(semen and
agate and sard
onyx and jasper
carnelian and cat's eye
immensity's vision

now and now. . .

empty beauty of the blade
dark volcanic granite
infinity n o w
the mageuy thorn
thrust deep in the tongue
sharp pointed bones
dripping blood on the paper
the light vastness darkening

TECPATL aya!

obsidian glyph
in your hand
your own image

is

blackness of the underworld
never blackness of the night
no footprints between
the jaws of the earth
and the hill of flowers

pink slash between warm legs
the pathway through the stars
blood colored stone knife
the black warrior emerges from the cave
the serpent jaws of earth open
footprints scattering in the sky
awls of bone
blood streaming
over the flower and the hummingbird
wind-masked mouth
feather tufts
spiral wind-bejeweled neck
hand encircled shaft
dark growing vegetation
angry jaguar skin throne
relics tears and semen
vastness beckoning

away from us
forever and ever more
in the heart of things
y o u

do not know them
y o u are not there
y o u will never be here
y o u will not show y o u r self
in what

is

present

unknown to y o u r name
never nameable
hintings remote
horrifying brilliance
radiance in the sun
all horizons lost
red colors fading

black gulf

aya the sky

ayoo the sea

aya a the hanging hair

ya ye the falling bird

oya ye the animal's belated gaze

in all with all
a strangeness unto us
the chant painted on the face
infinite possibility
without needfulness
of fading-unto-y o u

oya ye
the darkling glyph
in all its naked madness

aye ayeo
the stone cold blade
is falling

aya
ayoo
aya a
ya ye
oya ye
oya ye
aye ayeo

a y hue
oo yaye
y ya

ohuaya

the red
the black
inviting rapture
allowed
to bleed
to fade
unto the face
while lightning strikes the drum
away from all beyond and thunder

the heart
the stone

the infinite glyph
fluting
drumming
colors chanting
water and dust

fire

still there
the open chest

joyful spasm
trembling flesh
falling
into darkness and splendor

sun

light through skin

calcedony
milky gray

opening up to emptiness
nakedness of blackness
torn bodies coming always
tears and semen pouring
out in milky flow
the hairy part
rift
cleft
horror of the night

and three fingers sliding in and out

[From Obsidian Glyph, by prospero saiz]

Lyric & Technology (Nihilism)

(autor anonimo)

Cuando decimos que hay una canción Chicana, lo hacemos con el conocimiento que el producto cultural se transmite por una tradición principalmente oral. La tradición escrita que ha sido dominante desde Platon cede a la tecnología. El Logos se decentra. El Dios de resentimiento se ha muerto, y se llevó su letra. Los hijos de la Chingada vendieron a México-Tenochtitlán. Solo queda flor y canto, nuestra expresión nativa. Este canto se escribió cuando nació Huitzilopochtli. Si el poeta no habla, si el pueblo no oye su canción, el Sol y las estrellas caen.

On the 12th of August 1521, El Hue Tlatokan (Supreme Senate government of the Confederation of Anahuak), presided over by the Tlatoani Cuauhtémoc, created and broadcasted this message to the Aztecas:

First Day of Death, Month of the Flowery Carpet, Year of the Third House. Our sun has canceled itself, our sun has gone from our vision, and has left us in total darkness. However, we know that it will return, it will come forth again and will come forth now to give us light, but meanwhile it remains in the house of death. Let us pull ourselves together violently, let us tighten ourselves and let us hide in the center of the soul all that our heart loves and considers a treasure. Let us destroy our places of study, our schools, our ball game fields, our houses, if for signing. Let the streets be deserted and let us seclude ourselves in our homes. We do not know until when, at this time, our sun will come forth. Future fathers and future mothers will take charge of education. The father with his sons and the mother with her daughters. And for their children they themselves will be guides, they will teach their children during their life. Fathers and mother who will not forget nor neglect to tell or inform their children of these things, of that which our ancestors received, of that which has been until now, this our beloved Anahuak, for the protection and support of our destiny, and also in order to maintain our respect and our conduct, which our ancestors also received. Today we command our children not to forget to inform their children. What will be! How we will be reunited again! How we will rise! How power will be reached and how our destiny of peace and harmony will be fulfilled!

Cuauhtémoc

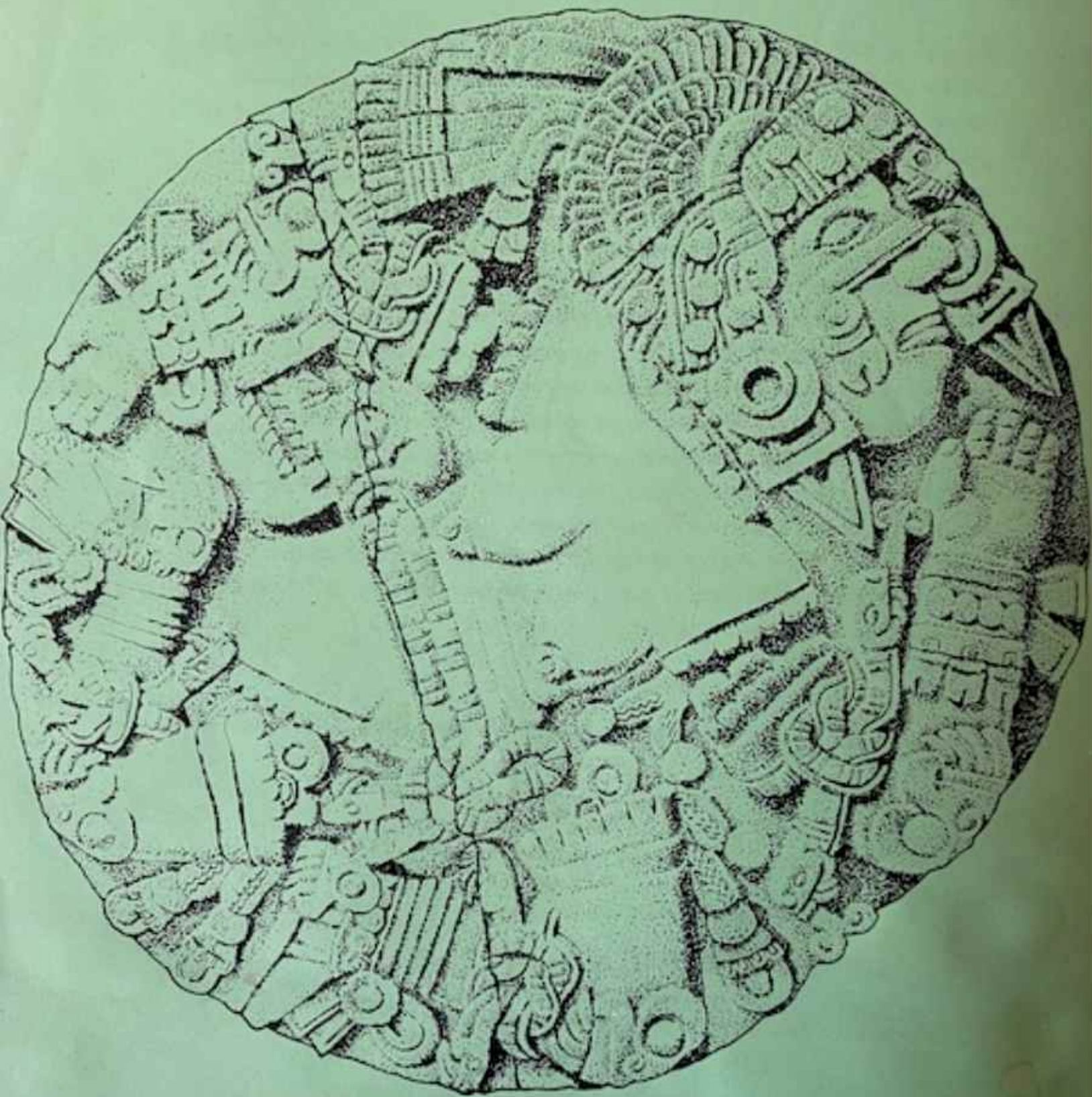
Call Your Local Chicana/o Student Organization to Volunteer:

Chicana/o Graduate Student Association
Chicanas/os Under the Influence (ChUI)
c/o Chicano Studies Program
175 Science Hall
UW-Madison Campus

La Colectiva Cultural de Aztlan
Interim Multicultural Center
2nd Floor, Memorial Union
UW-Madison Campus

Movimiento Estudiantil Chicana de Aztlan (M.E.Ch.A.)
710 University Av., Room 285
Madison, WI 53715

These organizations welcome anyone interested in Mexican American Culture, regardless of race or background



Coyolxauhqui