

EL GRITO DEL NORTE

ESPAÑOLA, N.M.

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Tijerina to be Freed

Reies Lopez Tijerina is scheduled to be freed on July 26, 1971 after more than two years in prison.

This information was released by the Alianza office on May 25 following a hearing on Tijerina's case before the U.S. Parole Board in Washington, D.C. that day. He will be paroled from federal prison in Springfield, Mo. where he has been serving three 3-year sentences (all running together) for supposedly "aiding and abetting" in the burning down of two U.S. Forest Service signs and "assault" on an officer at Coyote, N.M. in 1969.

Tijerina began this prison term after serving another sentence on another federal charge--supposedly assaulting a Forest Ranger in 1966 when the Alianza and supporters took over Echo Amphitheater to proclaim the Republic of San Joaquín de Río de Chama (a land grant). He never left jail, but just finished one term and started another.

Reies also has a state conviction of 1-5 years for false imprisonment and 2-10 years for "assault"--two charges from the 1967 courthouse incident at Tierra Amarilla. But this conviction is being appealed and Reies should be free on bond when he comes out of prison July 26, according to the Alianza office.



Funeral of Felipe Mares, May 25



March protesting murder of Mares, in Taos on May 23

HUNDREDS PROTEST KILLING OF CHICANO BY TAOS COP

by the MINISTER OF INFORMATION La Gente, Santa Fe

Another of our Chicano brothers--Felipe Mares of Santa Fe--has been shot to death by the police. He was 20 years old.

On Friday, May 21, brother Felipe was murdered by a Taos County Deputy Sheriff who has the reputation of being a trigger-happy pig. Felipe and two other brothers from Santa Fe were being held in Taos jail on a burglary charge. According to the police story, they escaped using a stolen key. The police say that Felipe was shot in the line of duty because he was coming at them with a club. They killed him in the town dump. One of the other brothers was captured; the third is still free.

Upon hearing of this tragedy, and upon request from Felipe's mother, La Gente had a formal autopsy performed on the body. Judging from powder burns on the man's face, the death was caused by a gun fired approximately one foot from his head. The doctor also discovered a bruise that seems to have been from a heavy blow on the forehead which probably knocked him unconscious. It was caused by a cylinder-shaped object--an object like a broom handle or a police club. This blow was delivered not many minutes before Felipe's death, according to the autopsy.

It is reasonably clear to La Gente de Santa Fe and others that Felipe was murdered. We are going to ask for a full investigation.

The murder of Felipe Mares is nothing new. In many parts of New Mexico, the police have an old reputation for brutality. In Santa Fe, Bobby Ortega was given a vicious beating recently in the jail by police. CITIZENS REVIEW BOARD OF POLICE ACTIVITIES has been formed in Santa Fe and is in operation. It completely supports the investigation of Felipe's death.

La Gente itself has organized and is operating a COMMUNITY PATROL, to observe the pigs in action. We believe that when the people monitor and investigate the pigs, only then will the beatings and murders stop.

As El Grito goes to press, there are many reports and rumors about the killing of Mares. Some people believe the police deliberately allowed the 3 men to escape so as to have an excuse to

Continued on page 2



SPECIAL SECTION: LA CHICANA
16-PAGE SECTION CPA SPECIAL SEE INSIDE



POLICE MURDER CAMPESINO

On Cinco de Mayo, an historic march began in California--la Marcha de la Reconquista, to reclaim the rights of Chicanos and Mexicanos. The 700-mile march from Calexico at the Mexican border to Sacramento includes young and old, the Chicano Moratorium Committee, farmworkers, students, Brown Berets. They are marching against the war, police oppression, abuses in the welfare system and by La Migra--the immigration authorities.

On May 12, as the march was passing by Coachella, the police shot down and killed an innocent campesino--Francisco Garcia--only to say later they had murdered "the wrong man." The police, who were from Los Angeles, said they were there investigating a big "marijuana smuggling ring" and in the course of this they "accidentally" killed Francisco Garcia--although they admit he had no part in any "smuggling ring" (if one exists at all).

Juanita Garcia, 18, witnessed the murder of her father. This is her account of what happened, as published in "La Voz de la Frontera" in Mexicali and reprinted in People's World:

"It was almost 8 o'clock when we saw our father nearing our house in the pickup truck. One younger sister and I went to greet him and at that very moment I noticed some shadows in the roadway. I thought they were dogs... My father got out of the truck and inside the house. Minutes later he came back out accompanied by my mother because they were going into town (to arrange for the christening of their new baby).

"He and she got into the pickup and the truck had just begun to move when I heard a shot. Then I heard another and another and another. There were many shots fired. The pickup came to a stop and the motor stopped. "In desperation I ran to the truck but one

of those individuals (which she thought earlier was the shadow of a dog) held me back. He held me by the collar and violently forced me back to the house.

"I wanted to put up some sort of resistance but was unable to. Then I heard my mother scream in terror as she got down from the pickup and was bathed in blood. The assassins went up to the truck and upon examining the body they realized it was not the person they were after.

"They came back to where my mother and I were and all they said is that they were sorry. But the next thing that they did was to go into the house and they began to search."

So the police made another "mistake"--as the L.A. police made when they killed the Sanchez cousins last year, as the Dallas police made when they shot and nearly killed

FELIPE MARES (continued from p.1)

shoot one or more of them. The police first stated that they shot Mares in self-defense, then they changed their story to say that the gun had gone off "accidentally" in a struggle.

On May 23, about 300 people gathered in Santa Fe and drove to Taos in a long line of cars with their lights on. In Taos, the people drove through town and there were many cries of "Que viva Felipe Mares!" and "We want Sammy Vigil!" (the man who escaped with him and was recaptured). Then the crowd marched up to the plaza and around it. They went to the jail where Mares had been and where Sammy Vigil is still held. The police confronted them at the entrance door but did nothing. The police also took no action when the people blocked one side of the road while marching. The police knew how the people felt.

THE FUNERAL

On Tuesday, May 25, Felipe Mares was buried at the Santa Fe National Cemetery. 500 brothers and sisters of Felipe met at the Guadalupe Church that morning. Then they began the long, silent march to the cemetery; first the coffin, then the two family cars, and then the people on foot. Half a mile of people came out for Felipe's funeral--many didn't know Felipe personally but they did know that another Chicano had been jailed by this system and then killed by its police. And behind the people there was another half a mile of cars. There was no trouble along the march. The other traffic stopped quietly to let them go by. There were several people from La Gente acting as security--they kept the march together and the cops out of the way.

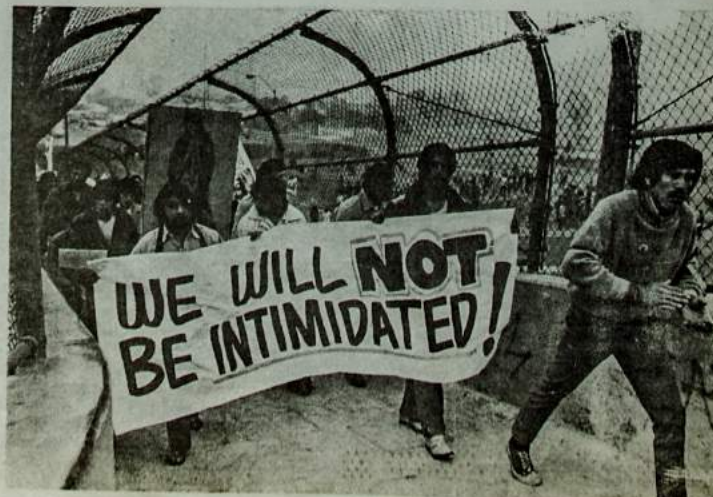
The people got to the cemetery and walked up to the top of the hill where Felipe was to be buried. They went past the area where the unknown soldiers are buried, row after row with a white tombstone and a number. When they passed the American flag that flies over these soldiers' graves it was taken down and raised again, upside down--the international signal of distress--and at half-mast.

The priest delivered a few words at the burial site and some friends of Felipe spoke about the dead brother. Before the people left many came up to touch the coffin, to leave a flower or a beret with it. Then they walked down the hill again, onto the road and back to Santa Fe where the people's fight for freedom and justice is living on.

the Rodriguez' this year. Nothing showed more clearly the reason for the Marcha de Reconquista than the police's own actions.

Such strong protest has arisen over the murder of Sr. Garcia that a grand jury has been called to investigate. But Chicanos in California are demanding a full federal grand jury investigation. It seems more than possible that the L.A. police were in Coachella not for any "smuggling ring" but because of the Marcha. Police have been harassing marchers and had 4 helicopters overhead at one point, to discourage people from joining the march or continuing it. But it has continued.

"WE WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED," said La Marcha in a statement issued by Rosalio Munoz of the Moratorium Committee after the murder. They are marching in California, but they are marching for all of us.



CANJILON MEN MAKE COPS SQUIRM

"IS THIS (NEW MEXICO) A POLICE STATE? YES, THIS IS A POLICE STATE... Where would we be without the police?"

These are the words of Assistant District Attorney Charles Cullen at the trial of three men of Canjilon--Tony Valdes, Lisardo Valdes, and Junior Martinez--who were harassed, maced, and black-jacked by N.M. State Police on the night of March 6 (see El Grito, March 30). Tony and Lisardo are both brothers of Juan Valdez, a defendant in the so-called "courthouse raid" of June, 1967.

Cullen was presenting the case against the 3 men on charges of drunk and disorderly conduct, resisting arrest and obstructing an officer. Lisardo Valdes also had a charge of "destruction of state property" (a pair of handcuffs). But by the time the trial was over and all the evidence against the police had come out, the drunk charge was dropped and so was the "destruction" charge. Judge Vigil said he would take the other charges under advisement--that he would think about them before saying guilty or not guilty.

Three witnesses from Canjilon--Moises Morales, Ray Morales and Leroy Garcia--testified that the 3 men had all been at the Queen City Bar in Cebolla on the night of March 6 and then left. They drove toward home, stopping at the highway turn-off to Canjilon, a quiet clearing where there is nothing but a beautiful sky and some trees. They were talking peacefully before going on home.

Then officers Ramon Suazo and Lloyd Tapia pulled up. Moises Morales testified: "Suazo, he walked over to Tony's truck and saw a can of beer up in the back. He grabbed the beer and poured it out on the ground... that's what started everything," Moises testified. Moises and the other witnesses also testified they heard Suazo tell Tony he was under arrest for "drinking in public."

A few minutes later, Richard Leyba and Junior Martinez pulled up. Richard had a can of beer in his hand, "and Suazo walked over and knocked the beer out of his hand... then he pulled out this tear-gas thing and sprayed Richard in the face with it... Lisardo came over and said not to hurt Richard, and Suazo hit Lee in the face with this black object he had in his hands."

When officer Ramon Suazo testified, he admitted the men were talking peacefully when he arrived. He admitted there had been no complaints from anyone in the community. He admitted the men were not making a lot of noise. He admitted that he had walked up and poured the beer out on the ground. Then, Suazo testified, Tony said: "No sonofabitch cop is going to do that."

Suazo said he "knew" Tony was "drunk" because "he (Tony) was acting different." "He was acting different than normal?" asked Joan Friedland, the defense lawyer.

"No," said Suazo, "he's like that all the time. He doesn't like police officers."

"If he's always like that, then how did you know he was 'drunk'... did you even smell liquor on his breath?"

"Ah, no," Suazo answered, keeping his head down and darting his eyes around the floor.

"He was drunk as you say and you couldn't even smell it on his breath."

**MARTINEZTOWN
IS NOT FOR SALE**

"Ah," said Suazo, "we were busy. Everybody was grabbing me."

"Your nose and your ability to smell doesn't stop when you're busy, does it?"

"Ah, I don't know," Suazo said. "We were busy. Everybody was grabbing at me... it was a struggle... ah, they were all grabbing at me."

"Who was grabbing at you?"

"Everyone," Suazo said.

"Everyone?... Well, the other officers were there. Were they 'grabbing' at you too?"

"Everyone was grabbing at me," Suazo said. "Everyone."

Suazo, who is a bigger man than any of the defendants, said this desperate struggle went on for "45 minutes." "How long?" he was asked. "Forty-five minutes," he answered firmly.

Unfortunately, Suazo's story was not supported by any of the other chotas. Sgt. Joe Tarazon took the stand and testified that he had been called at 9:55 and arrived in Canjilon at 10:10--so Suazo could hardly have had a 45-minute struggle. Lloyd Tapia said he was just "confused" by the whole thing; there was "so much confusion" that he didn't know for sure what happened. Both Tarazon and Tapia said they never saw Suazo attacked by anyone.

The chotas could come up with no reason for arresting and brutalizing these men except Ramon's complaint about what Tony had said after Suazo deliberately dumped out the beer.

"Officer Suazo, have you ever used such language?" Suazo was asked, referring to Tony's remark about a sonofabitch.

"No," Ramon Suazo, still with his

Continued on next page

STRIKE IN SILVER CITY

by LORENZO TORRES

Hospital workers in Silver City, N.M., hit the bricks on Monday morning, May 16, seeking recognition for a bargaining unit under the N.M. District Council of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Why the carpenters union to represent hospital workers? Because they were the only union that offered to shield the workers. No other group had the guts.

The hospital workers, most of whom are Chicanos and Chicanas, were forced to take action because the hospital board of directors (gringos) refused to recognize their union as bargaining agent. The lousy excuses used by the hospital board are, first, that they felt "the unionization of hospital employees would not be to the benefit of either the employees or the patients who make use of the facility." (My emphasis) And the second excuse was some talk about hospitals being excluded as non-profit organizations from the National Labor Relations Act. But hospital workers have already been recognized under the Carpenters union and reached a tentative agreement at Fort Bayard State Hospital.

So there you have it. The gringos are again saying, "We are the judge, prosecutor and jury. We know what is best for you Chicanos. We've never belonged to a union so we know they can never be any good!"

The hospital hopes to continue operating with a few workers who are crossing the picket lines, and "volunteers"--a fancy name for scabs. It looks like a long struggle ahead for the striking workers in Silver City but we certainly wish them all success in their efforts. Viva la huelga!

DURANS HOME: 'DELIBERATELY BOMBED'

by JOSE MADRIL

The authorities have now officially said the little rancho of Sr. and Sra. Rafael Duran in Los Lunas was, quote: "Deliberately bombed."

This official report was made by the assistant district attorney of Valencia County, Mr. Fred McCarthy. The Durans' little house in Los Lunas was totally wrecked by an explosion on the night of April 1 (see El Grito, April 26). The Durans were at their home in Albuquerque when the explosion happened and were not hurt. The police said the house was knocked apart by, quote: "the wind." And that was all.

But this assistant district attorney finally went to investigate and said in his official report, "In my opinion there was an explosion. It was deliberately bombed." Mr. McCarthy also said the Durans' rancho sits back off the road where you can't see it and, quote: "Whoever did it [the bombing] would have to know where it [the house] was." Mr. McCarthy said he had talked to Sr. Duran and it was indicated that this bombing, quote: "Might be political insofar as he [Sr. Duran] was involved in the land grant struggle."

Now that this violence against the Durans is "official," it still doesn't look like they are going to get any help. Mr. McCarthy said the "authorities" don't know what kind of explosive was used, can't find any tracks now, and don't have any idea who did it. Maybe if the police had investigated when they were supposed to, they would know something. Or maybe they don't want to.

This is not the first time that violence has been used against our people, especially courageous people like Sr. and Sra. Duran who have always been strong in La Causa. And it is not the first time the authorities haven't been able to find the culprits. There have been many bombings, shootings, and gassings but the "authorities" never found anyone except the clumsy bomber who blew his own hand off trying to bomb the Alianza. He was a deputy sheriff himself. (And yet we are the ones they call violent.) But don't worry--we have our own way of finding out who does things like this bombing.

And this latest bombing may blow up in their faces. I talked to Sr. Duran about it and he told me, "You know, Jose, I'm an old man. I'm 70 years old now. A few months ago I was in the hospital, very sick. When I came out of the hospital, I thought it was time to take a rest. I thought maybe I would take it a little easy, maybe even retire from La Causa. But now, after this bombing, I find that I'm more active than ever!"

Tenemos un dicho que dice: El valiente vive no mas hasta que el cobarde le da gana.

The Black Berets of Albuquerque announce there will be a
**Banquet June 5th to Benefit
Bobby Garcia Memorial Clinic**

(formerly the People's Clinic)
tickets \$1 624 Arno SE.

Tuesday night Chicano Education
meetings are open to all, 7:30 pm.
Also a free clothing service.

1202 4th St NW, Albuquerque N.M.

The Trials of Tobias

Tobias Leyba of Canjilon, a defendant from the so-called "courthouse raid" of 1967, was on trial recently on 10 different minor charges before two different judges involving five different police.

One trial took place in Tierra Amarilla before Judge Santiago Abeyta. The main charge was "assault on an officer"—but it was "verbal assault." According to the law, this means hurting the "honor, reputation or delicacy" of an officer. In Tobias' case, he was charged with offending Gabe Valdez by calling him names after Gabe arrested him for a supposed traffic violation. Valdez said Tobias refused to sign the traffic ticket and told him "all you cops want to do is mess us up" and called him "pendejo, lambe, and cabron."

Tobias' defense lawyer, Joan Friedland, asked Valdez, "What do those words mean?" "Well, a peendejo is a pretty stupid guy," Valdez said. "And a lambe, well...that's an asskisser...and cabron, ah, that's a billy goat."

"Officer Valdez, are you testifying that your 'delicacy' was injured because of these words...a pretty stupid, asskisser, billy goat?"

"Yes," said Gabe Valdez.

The strange part about the whole thing was that the charge against Tobias for the supposed traffic violation itself never came to court. It had disappeared before the trial. Another strange thing was that Ramon Suazo kept testifying about a "struggle" going on but neither of the other 2 cops—Mascareñas and Valdez—said anything about a "struggle." And all 3 said that once Mascareñas had explained to Tobias that he had to sign the traffic ticket instead of going to jail, there was no trouble. Judge Abeyta, noting contradictions in the police story about the traffic incident which supposedly started it all, took the case under advisement—meaning that he would think it over some more.

There were several other charges against Tobias in this same trial. According to one of them, Tobias had violated certain "restrictions on backing." But his lawyer pointed out that the law applied only if the driver was on the road—and Tobias had been in a parking area at the time, as officer Lloyd Tapia himself testified. So this charge was thrown out, and the others were also dropped even before the trial began because they were so ridiculous.

In the court of Abedon Lopez in Espanola, things were very different. Abedon Lopez is the son-in-law of Emilio Naranjo, and he runs his court as you might expect—like a peacock. And Tobias, el gallo, had ruffled his feathers. Tobias tried four times to disqualify Abedon Lopez, but Lopez refused to disqualify himself.

Moments after the trial began, before any witnesses had been called, the judge began yelling and pounding on his desk. Tobias had handed him another disqualification notice and Abedon Lopez said, "I've got about 20 of these," then yelled: "I AM FINDING THIS DEFENDANT GUILTY OF CONTEMPT OF COURT...IF I FIND THAT THIS DEFENDANT HAS RIDICULED THIS COURT, OR THROUGH HIS ATTORNEY, THEN I WARN YOU THIS COURT WILL TAKE ACTION AGAINST THEM BOTH!"

"Your honor, this is preposterous," said Tobias' attorney, Joan Friedland. "This is an obvious attempt to intimidate both the defendant and his counsel."

Abedon is used to getting away with such things in his court. Most of the many people

who have to appear there are poor, and it's cheaper to pay the fine than hire a lawyer. And they don't know their rights. But, since Tobias has been in the movimiento, he had a lawyer to fight for him. And Abedon had to back down. He dropped the ridiculous "contempt" charge. But he refused to disqualify himself.

The trial was for DWI (driving while intoxicated) and reckless driving. On the first charge, state cop Manuel Martinez went on the stand and was questioned by another state cop, Leonard Martinez, who made the arrest. Then Tobias testified. Then Leonard Martinez, who had heard all the testimony, took the stand. But now it was Abedon Lopez himself who questioned Leonard and thus helped him to cover up all the holes in the first cop's story. Lopez acted like the D.A., but he's only supposed to be the judge.

"I object, your honor," said Tobias' attorney. "You are functioning in the role of prosecutor for the state and judge simultaneously. You can't represent the prosecution and at the same time sit as impartial judge."

"That's the way we do things here," said Abedon and went right on.

There wasn't much evidence against Tobias. The chotas themselves testified they hadn't given Tobias any tests for drinking even though he requested tests, and the chotas said they hadn't found any open liquor in Tobias' truck. They also said the area where he was arrested was deserted, there was no traffic for miles and Tobias was driving slowly, but they had charged him with reckless driving anyway.

Tobias explained that he was driving slowly and weaving because he had had a flat and had to put an under-sized wheel on his truck. Police admitted that he had asked them to check the wheel but they did not. However, they did search his truck. While Tobias was testifying in Spanish, chota Manuel Martinez suddenly yelled, "HE, he is accusing us of searching his lunchbox! It's true but we were only taking an inventory." Tobias was asked what they found. "Oh, sardinis, salt cracks, tortillas...no esta marijuana, no esta cerveza, no no no no."

At the end of the testimony, Abedon Lopez explained that he was taking the reckless driving charge under advisement because he knew that poor people like Tobias often put wrong-size wheels on as spares because that's all they have. "I want you to know I have compassion, generosity, and sympathy for poor people like Mr. Leyba," the judge said, smiling. Then he said, "On the DWI, I find the defendant guilty: \$100 (fine) plus \$10 court costs."

When Tobias said he didn't have \$100 with him, Lopez put him in jail. Tobias' lawyer fought this and talked about the recent U.S. Supreme Court decision that says poor people can't be locked up because they don't have the money to pay a fine. But Abedon wouldn't listen and had locked Tobias up. (He was bailed out a few hours later)

Abedon Lopez said he would decide on the reckless driving charge later, and that Tobias should report to the court on May 3 "for sentencing." Abedon fell apart just as he said those words—realizing he had exposed the fact that his mind was already made up. But, as Abedon said, "That's the way we do things here."

Lopez finally sentenced Tobias to \$25 plus \$10 court costs. This sentence and the other are both being appealed to a higher court. Maybe they do things differently there,

CANJILON TRIALS (Cont'd from page 3)
head down and his eyes darting around.
"You've never used those words?...
Well, have you ever heard those words before?"

"No," said officer Ramon Suazo, upholder of truth and justice.

Ass't D. A. Cullen, who acts like a mixture of a cheerleader and a mortician, had no case. The police themselves had proven they were wrong. So Cullen tried to discredit the witnesses by saying that they had known the defendants all their lives and thus they couldn't be believed. Joan Friedland pointed out that everyone from Canjilon knows everyone else, they have lived there almost all their lives. So if the D.A.'s position were accepted, it would mean that no one from Canjilon could ever have a witness. The judge over-ruled Cullen.

As Joan Friedland said in her closing arguments for the defense, the evidence showed who the REAL disturbers of the peace are in the north. She said, "If anyone should be on trial here for breaching the peace of community, it shouldn't be the defendants—it should be the police...the police have no right to provoke an individual, and then to charge that the peace has been breached...Officer Suazo, by his own admission, maced Richard Leyba and struck Lisardo Valdes in the face...this is what disturbs the peace."

For once, the truth came out in a trial so much that the judge could not ignore it completely. And so he threw out 2 charges, while deciding to consider the others. It is a small victory that shows what can happen when people fight back with courage and unity. Viva la gente!

RESIGN IMMEDIATELY!

by BALTASAR MARTINEZ

There is sufficient evidence to commence immediate action against the state police officers and judges involved in conducting phony arrests, violating the statutes of the state of New Mexico, ignoring the proper order of court proceedings, executing false imprisonment, improper sentencing and fining, and generally operating with threats and violence. These actions are equivalent to treason. Yet the state police officers and judges involved in these actions are presumed to have some knowledge of the law.

I ask the state of New Mexico to cite a board authorized to conduct an immediate investigation of these police officers and judges for wrongful discharge of the statutes of the state of New Mexico. We want the immediate resignation of the judges and state police officers involved in these matters and punishment sufficient to prevent any further occurrence of these abuses. We want immediate dismissal of phony charges brought against Salomon Velasquez, Manuel Maestas, Tobias Leyba, Tony Valdez, Lisardo Valdez, Richard Leyba, Harry Martinez, Junior Martinez and myself.

Failure on the state's part to take immediate action against the state police officers and judges involved will only force me to proceed with deeper steps into this matter. I am hereby advising the state of New Mexico that I have knowledge of the statutes of the state and knowledge of the corrupt politicians and outlaws who are in control of the power and money in the state.

LIBERATE THE LAND GRANTS!



VIVA LA CAUSA! VIVA EL CINCO DE JUNIO!

ROCK FESTIVAL: A NEW LAND HUSTLE NEAR BELEN

Remember "Earth People's Park" last year? That plan to buy up 50,000 acres of northern New Mexico and settle it with longhairs (hippies) was finally cancelled. But now a new plan is in the making, and it's a much bigger hustle.

The name of the hustle is the MONTE LARGO FESTIVAL, which combines a rock music festival with a "land development" scheme and the making of a movie. The promoters have advertised the rock festival widely in the white underground press. They say they expect "100,000 to 200,000 people" paying \$10 each. The \$10 will be a down payment on land, at \$250 an acre. A commercial movie will be made of the festival.

What the promoters have not said is that the land involved, about 6,800 acres south of Albuquerque and 32 miles west of Belen, is located near several land grants which the people of La Raza have been claiming for many years. They do not say that this land has no water supply. In the white underground press, they appeal to longhairs by saying, "Let us gather again, this time in the open land of the sun." But the promoters tell the Establishment press that the movie to be made at the festival is a "humorous" film with a theme "definitely pro-God, profamily, and anti-drug." The promoters have a forked tongue.

Right now the promoters are tied up in a fight among themselves over leases and money, with an Anglo who claims he owns the land and with Texans who leased the land for a cattle operation. So the festival has been postponed. But the promoters say they are "definitely" going through with the whole operation as soon as these problems are solved.

By now, most people know that the youth culture has been used to make a lot of money for a lot of people. "Hippie capitalists" are an institution. They have been exploiting longhairs with the festival-plus-movie technique for several years. But in the case of Monte Largo, there is another issue: the land.

The California promoter who came up with the idea of Monte Largo is Don Dwyer of 2846 E. Sierra Drive, West Lake, and he has said: "The festival is probably the least important part of it. The important part is the land development." This is the important thing for the promoters because it will be the big source of money if it works. But it is also the important thing to Raza in New Mexico, for whom the land represents not "property" or an escape from ugliness but life itself and a way of life. Tierra o muerte!

CHICANOS AT LAS CRUCES

by LOS CHICANOS, N.M. State University

LOS CHICANOS is a student group of 150 members at New Mexico State University which is active in trying to resolve problems facing our Raza down in Las Cruces and the southern part of the state.

Los Chicanos is now a recognized student organization at NMSU and at present we have been concentrating our efforts on trying to get a Chicano Studies Program initiated. A Chicano Studies Program is a very important step in eliminating the injustices perpetrated against our Raza in the school system.

Los Chicanos held a Chicano Cultural and History Week at the University on May 3-8. This was the first time this had been done at the university. Lectures and poets were present. The week was highlighted on Thursday night with a talk by Corky Gonzales of the Crusade for Justice.



Los Hermanitos Ortiz de Santa Fe

CHICANO DAYS IN LAS VEGAS

The Raza community of Las Vegas, N.M., where students and the community have been struggling for a Raza president at Highlands University, had two big demonstrations of unity in May.

The Chicanos turned out for a big Cinco de Mayo celebration at the plaza. The state has put so-called historic plaques in Las Vegas marking the passage of the infamous U.S. general Stephen Kearny, but now the Mexican flag flew over the town on Cincode Mayo for the first time in 100 years.

Later in the month, the students put on a program of "Chicano Days" May 12-15. Organized by CASO (Chicano Associated Students Organization—formerly SASO), the program

included teatros, musica, lectures, discussions, speakers, a barbecue and a dance.

The establishment press has attempted to condemn the students for alleged violence in connection with the Highlands presidency struggle. It didn't say a word about this Chicano student-led program. About the violence, D. A. Donald "Tiny" Martinez said: "All the reports have been received from the most militant members of the establishment. There has not been one case of effective violence against any member of the establishment in Las Vegas. That's why we are very suspicious of these reports." Meanwhile the struggle for a relevant president at Highlands goes into its second year.

ROSWELL RAZA "GREET" KING IN STYLE

When Gov. Bruce King flew into Roswell in May he was greeted by a brass band—and confronted by the Roswell Poor People's Movement as he stepped off the plane.

Sra. Elisa Shanks, a Chicana and spokeswoman for the movement, said, "It's the first time that anything like this happened in Roswell. They didn't think anything like this could happen. We had gone to Santa Fe twice, to see the governor, but he wouldn't talk to us or listen to us. So when we heard he was coming here, we figured we'd go down and confront him. We had quite a few people, over 50, and the people from Portales came down to support us."

"At the airport, they tried to put us off, of course, telling us he [King] would see us later. But we demanded to see him right there and then. We confronted him when he landed, right after the drill team had welcomed him with a 12-gun salute—you know they would have loved to point those guns at us. They were very upset. They said we had disrupted the drill team. But we clapped when they clapped—except we gave them the Chicano clap. When the music started, we were singing too, but we were singing 'De Colores'..."

"We told the Governor what we want and what we need. You know, it's bad here in Roswell. The people are poor. There is a lot of police brutality—almost 100 per cent against Chicanos and Blacks. We had a man die in the jail, and just the other day some people were beaten while they were handcuffed. The welfare office is inhuman—they're so bad we had to threaten to go out and steal food! A group of us went over to the employment office too. The school board is shook up because the schools are so bad and they don't know what we're going to do next..."

"Right now, we're going to try to concentrate on the welfare department. As I told the governor, they're using gestapo tactics in the welfare department. We had a lot of people shed blood in World War II to get rid of that but now we've got the gestapo in the welfare department!..."

Sra Shanks has a good sense of humor and she can laugh a lot at troubles as well as fight them. But there is no doubt about her fighting spirit. She said: "We are getting together to move on all these issues. The problem has been, well, I guess just not enough guts. The people have been stomped on, spit on, cheated, lied to, and well—just never spoke up. I guess they just never found a big mouth until I came along. I don't know. But now the people are waking up and we're getting together. We are ready to march on anything, anyone, anytime, to demand what our people want—to demand what the people need!"

DIRTY POOL IN MOUNTAINAIR

by ESTANFANIA ARAGON

What is happening in Mountainair, N.M., our "Little Texas?"

About four weeks ago, there were four young men in this Chicano-Gringo bar. They were playing pool, and these two gringos said that the other two, chicanos, weren't playing the game right. And of course this Chicano who owns the bar always goes along with the Gringos around here. He said "yes." So one of the gringos hit Moises Vasquez with a pool stick—in his eye! Moises' eye was put out by this.

There was a big fight and the other chicanos tried to help and he got hit with the pool stick too. It was the gringos whole doing. They put out this young man's eye. But who do you think went to jail?—The chicanos! Frank Lopez was one. He is 26. His brother was killed here a year ago and nothing was done about it (he was killed by an ex-cop). Moises Vasquez was taken to the V.A. hospital. When he came out—now with one eye—he put him in jail.

How about all this? I have seen this all my life out here. It happens, and it keeps on happening, but the people don't want to get together. When someone tells the truth about how things are, they don't want to hear it. But we have to get together, and we need the help of all the Chicanos.



Cinco de Junio Saturday June 5th Todo el dia-Barbacoa-Canjilon

A LA CASA DE MOISES MORALES
BARBACOA, MUSICA, PALABRAS

VENGAN y TRAEN LO QUE NECESITAMOS
NOSOTROS CHICANOS PARA UNA BARBACOA
(Ustedes saben...no es necesario explicar-
lo a nuestra Raza...es de costumbre.....)

i Viva la Causa! i Viva el Cinco de Junio

THE PRESBYTERIAN SCANDAL - A NEW "SANTA FE RING"?

by JOSE MADRIL and staff

What has been happening at the Embudo Presbyterian Hospital? What is happening at the Presbyterian Hospital in Albuquerque? In fact, what are the Presbyterians really doing in New Mexico?

Many poor people here in the North received letters from the Embudo Hospital demanding money for old bills, and sometimes for bills they don't even owe. My family is one of these. Many poor people have been threatened by a collection agency working for the hospital, and some people have even been taken to court by the hospital. There were at least two cases of people from Penasco who were taken to court for not paying--and they lost. Since poor people don't have any money, there is only one thing that can be taken away from them--the little land they have left. Everybody should get health care by RIGHT, not because they have or don't have money. But at Embudo, it seemed like if you dropped off your appendix, you could lose your land in the operation.

The Presbyterian Hospital at Embudo hired a collection agency in Santa Fe named AVISPA to harass over a thousand people about paying all their old bills. When the collection agency's tactics don't work, a law firm named BACHICHA AND CORLETT (Frank Bachicha and Jere Corlett) drags poor people into court. Then, if the court rules in favor of Embudo hospital, it not only says the person must pay his bill--with his land, if necessary--but the court also adds on to that bill the legal fees for Bachicha and Corlett. In one case, the court said the lawyers had to be paid \$700.

It isn't surprising that Avispa has Bachicha and Corlett do their dirty work in court. The president and vice-president of Avispa are Bennie and Frank Bachicha, Jr. The secretary-treasurer is Jere Corlett. Frank Bachicha is one of the many lawyers who have managed to acquire large amounts of land as a result of their so-called "legal services." Bachicha is also a former law partner of Eliu Romero of Taos, another lawyer who has become a wealthy land-owner from his "legal services." Romero also helps other land-robbers, like the Taos businessman who got land from Senora Agapita Gonzales of Questa by having her sign a quit claim deed without knowing it, and then leased the land to Moly Corporation (see El Grito, Nov. 15, 1969).

The whole thing sounds like the Santa Fe Ring all over again, a modern jet-age Santa Fe Ring.

The Presbyterians, Avispa and the lawyers have been so anxious to collect money from the poor that they even sent out letters to people who don't owe anything. We received two of these letters, only 3 days apart. One letter says more than \$50 is owed and the other says \$5.50. In fact, nothing is owed but still the letters came. Some people got bills that had already been by the V.A. or Medicare.

Because of all this, there were many protests--especially in the Penasco area--and so on May 18 it was announced that all the debts would be cancelled. People would not be harassed any more with bills and threats from the collection agency. This announce-

FUND TO HELP POOR PAY MEDICAL BILLS

Everyone knows that for many people here in the North, one hospital or doctor bill can wipe out a family. Many poor people don't know that the counties have what is called an INDIGENT FUND. "Indigent" means that you don't have any money. This fund is supposed to provide the money for hospital care for people when they are too poor to pay. You have to prove you are indigent and it may take time--even if you don't have a dime. In Rio Arriba county, the fund's office is hidden so far in back of the Espanol hospital that you can hardly find it. But it is there, and it is supposed to pay hospital costs for poor people.

ment was supposed to quiet people down. But we still have some questions about other Presbyterian activities in N.M.

The Presbyterians run several hospitals here, including one in Albuquerque. That one doesn't have the kind of bill-collecting problem that Embudo has; they just refuse to give medical attention to poor people. We recently received a report from a woman in Albuquerque who was taken to the emergency ward of the Presbyterian Hospital there. The doctor refused to examine anything but her financial condition and, having made his decision, told her he didn't think she was very sick. Then he gave her two prescriptions to get filled--at 3:00 in the morning! Even when her condition became worse later that morning, they still refused to admit her. She then went to the Bernalillo County Medical Center, where she was hospitalized for a week. Doctors there said that she was seriously ill as a result of not being given prompt care.

It is time to take a good look at how the Presbyterian Medical Service is treating people in its hospitals. The PMS is an agency of the Presbyterian Church and directed by a man named Tom Harnish. The PMS has received thousands and thousands of dollars from the federal government to "help" people with medical care. In one year alone, the federal government gave this Presbyterian Medical Service FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS just to "study" the health needs of our people. The next year PMS asked the federal government for another \$50,000 to, quote, "conduct a planning study for the proposed plan for comprehensive health care planning." I guess that meant they wanted another \$50,000 to study what they had done the year before with the first \$50,000. Of course, they got the money.

As a result of these studies, the PMS set up something called NORCHAP (North Central New Mexico Comprehensive Health Planning)--a "non-profit" corporation to coordinate all health planning in northern N.M. NORCHAP started out with a council of 35 members, half of them supposedly representing the general public--including, quote, "the socio-economically disadvantaged" (meaning poor). The average annual income in most of the North is about \$1000 so we know what "the general public" means. But you couldn't find poor people on that NORCHAP council--only so-called "spokesmen" for the poor, like OEO and HELP.

It is the same old story of intellectuals talking about all the needs of the people and getting money supposedly to do something about those needs, but really leaving poor people out of the picture when it comes to who CONTROLS a program. They help nobody but themselves. The Bible says the Jesus Christ drove the money-changers from the temple. Maybe they sneaked back in through the rear door and now they are called Presbyterians.

The Presbyterians in the North also run Ghost Ranch, located in the Piedra Lumbre land grant. We all know the story of the Alianza's struggle to get that land back for the people. The church refused to return it, after making what certainly sounded like a promise at the Presbyterian conference in San Antonio in 1969. Then, last year, they tried to get off the hook by turning most of their 23,000 acres over to the U.S. Forest Service. Apparently the Presbyterians think that the Forest Service does represent us.

There is much more to be said about all this, such as the relation of the Presbyterian Church to the HELP program, the Albuquerque Journal (the state's biggest daily paper), the Academia and other forces in New Mexico. The truth keeps coming out, little by little. Of course the Presbyterians really do help poor people once in a while, to keep up their godly image. But their basic aim is to control or co-opt. They have been caught in one case--the violent bill-collecting tactics used by Embudo Hospital--but there is still a lot of dirt under the rug. Our people were cheated, lied to, and robbed by the old Santa Fe Ring. Now they are being cheated, lied to and robbed by a jet-age ring of big business, churches, government agencies, lawyers, intellectuals and anyone else infected with their type of pollution.



LA CLINICA TIENE DOCTOR

Parece que a la gente les gusta venir a La Clinica del Pueblo de Rio Arriba en Tierra Amarilla para servicios medicos. La Clinica está abierta de las 9 hasta las 5, del sábado a miercoles. Los jueves y viernes está cerrada, pero hay doctor en Chama en estos dias. Por el momento, no hay dentista en La Clinica.

La gente dicen que aquí se sienten como en su casa, los chamacos leyendo libritos y la gente mayor platicando. Y tambien, el doctor es muy paciente con ellos y no les apura. Dicen que los empleados de otros hospitales les tratan con desprecio y sobre todo, en otros lugares demandan cash on the line, mientras aquí en La Clinica del Pueblo estamos para brindar servicios a la gente. No importa si pueden pagar cash. Aquí, si una familia no puede pagar, cualquier miembro de la familia puede venir a trabajar sembrando, cuidando los marranos, limpiando La Clinica, cocinando, cuidando a los niños. Como siempre que viene el verano, necesitamos mas y mas ayuda.

Nos alegramos mucho que por fin La Clinica está funcionando y que la gente se siente bien aquí. Hace poco, el doctor ayudó a parir el primer niño que nació aquí. Una niña le nació a Richard y Rosie Rash, y todos aquí nos sentimos como unas gallinas culecas, listos a ayudar en todo, y después nos sentimos como ganas de celebrar. Dijo Rosie, "Aquí vendré yo, y llevaré a los niños tambien, porque el doctor y la enfermera y las recepcionistas explican todo a uno, en tanto la enfermedad, y en tanto los costos."

La Clinica y la cooperativa ofrecen oportunidades a la gente de aquí, porque en otros lugares cobran tuition para aprender los trabajos como técnico de Radiografía, enfermería, etc. Aquí no cobramos nada; uno puede aprender mientras trabaja con personas calificadas, y ni siquiera se necesita un High School Diploma. Pensamos que eso es una gran oportunidad para las personas que quieren aprender estos trabajos tan importantes y puedan aprender a trabajar aquí en su propio pueblo.

Jovenes! Su pueblo los necesita! Visi-

Dances at San Juan Pueblo

On May 2, a number of dances were performed at San Juan Pueblo, with both young and old participating in a fine program (see photos). The Pueblo will celebrate its name day and feast day on June 24 at a big fiesta. There will be entertainment including dances of the Pueblo. The public is cordially invited.



WHERE IS THE GOOD WILL AT THE GOODWILL STORE?

by JULIA VALDES

What is happening with the Goodwill store in Santa Fe? I can remember when I would go in there with \$5 and be able to buy all the clothes I needed for my small children--shoes, dresses, even coats. These are second-hand clothes, all cleaned, and fixed up. But now you can get just a few things for \$5, not enough for one child.

Right now a pair of shoes in the smallest size costs \$.98. Shoes for bigger children cost \$2.59. The cheapest dresses for young girls cost \$.69 and they go up to \$1.69 and even more. Blouses are the same. Those are high prices if you have a lot of kids. And then they had two chairs for sale--at \$50 each, and a tiny table for \$25!

I don't understand why they charge such high prices. The Goodwill store should be for poor people, but the prices are not. I know that the Goodwill puts crippled and other handicapped people to work, fixing up clothes and furniture. This is a good thing. But the Goodwill gets lots of donations from people with money, from organizations like the Community Chest. The clothing and furniture are given to the Goodwill free of charge. I don't think they pay the handicapped people big salaries. So why do they have to charge higher prices now?

If most of the money made in those Goodwill stores was going to handicapped people, I don't think we poor people would mind. But is it? The store in Santa Fe is very nice-looking and big, with two salesgirls working there--and they are not handicapped. The Goodwill has big trucks outside. There are a lot of big bosses running this operation. All this must cost a lot of money. Somehow I don't think most of the money is going to the handicapped.

It seems like there should be one place where poor people can go to buy things they really need and not have to pay high prices. The Goodwill used to be like that. But it isn't a place for poor people any more. What happened to the good will in Goodwill?



LA RAZA UNIDA PARTY

IN THE NATION

During the past two years, La Raza Unida, the new Chicano party, has been growing all over the country. It was born in Texas in 1969 and in Colorado in 1970. Last February 27, the party was formed in both southern Arizona and Los Angeles, California--on the same day. Since then it has spread through southern California, northern California, and several states of the Middle West.

The Raza Unida concept is applied differently in different areas, because the problems of the people vary. Also, where Chicanos are in the majority, the party can move in certain ways; where we are a minority, another approach may be taken. But basically it rejects the two establishment parties because they have done nothing meaningful for La Raza, and only used our votes to help themselves. The goal of the Raza Unida party is not just to run candidates and win elections every few years, but to educate and strengthen our people on a day-to-day basis in all areas of life. However, where the party has actually won elections, (see story on Cristal, Texas), it has been able to make many real changes in our people's lives. The goal is power--not power for a few individuals but people power.

IN OAKLAND

Candidates of La Raza Unida Party made a good showing in their first election in Oakland last April 20. Tito Lucero, who is originally from Taos, N.M., and attended UNM, ran for City Councilman at Large; he received 1,087 votes. Florencia Medina, a candidate for the Oakland Board of Education, won almost 27,000 or 33% of the votes against the Anglo in that office. And Trinidad Lopez, a Raza Unida candidate for the Board of Trustees, received 25,000 or more than 25% of the votes.

An incident 10 days before the election shows the strength of the Raza Unida Party as much or perhaps more than the votes. One of the candidates, Antonio Rodarte, was dropped from the Raza Unida slate because he endorsed a regular democratic candidate and began refusing to associate himself with the Raza Unida party, its program and its campaign literature. In other words, he was playing the old political games and acting like an ordinary politico. La Raza Unida could not accept this betrayal of its principles. By dropping him as a candidate, they showed that this new party means what it says. Viva La Raza Unida!

HUELGA SPREADS

The farmworkers' huelga has spread to the most southern part of California. At the big Eggar-Ghio Farm Co. in Imperial Beach, 12 campesinos were fired for wearing huelga buttons of the UFWOC. More than 100 workers walked out of the fields at once. Now they are demanding union recognition and bargaining rights. Students and community supporters have joined them on picket lines.

The growers have tried to break the huelga by bringing in labor every day from Mexico. They are paying these workers 35¢ more an hour than the huelgistas were paid. The courts have issued injunctions against the strikers to break the picketing; local sheriffs swooped down on the strikers with 12 men and several cars roaring up fast in an attempt to intimidate the workers. It didn't work. As one campesino said: "Pues que nos pueden hacer? Matar? Nacimos para morir." The strikers need food urgently. Support can be made through UFWOC, P.O. Box 130, Delano, Calif. 93215.

¡Viva La Huelga!



LA CHICANA

EL GRITO DEL NORTE

SPECIAL SECTION



Viva La Chicana and all Brave Women of La Causa

All over the country today, La Raza is in motion. A spirit of awakening runs through the big city barrios, small towns, colleges and universities, the countryside. Our people are refusing to be filled with shame any longer, they are refusing to be oppressed, they are demanding liberation and a decent life.

More and more women are becoming involved--young, middle-aged and even elderly women like Maria Hernandez, a 75-year old Chicana activist in San Antonio. They are working on problems like working conditions and pay, education, welfare rights, housing, child care, police brutality. They are forming groups of women with names like Las Chicanas and Las Adelitas. This special section of El Grito is published in tribute to all of las mujeres valientes de nuestra Raza.

At the same time, we know that more Chicanas must become involved. It is our job as Chicanas to wake them up, encourage

(Continued on next page)



Cristal, Texas: Raza Takes Power

Cristal (Crystal City), Texas, is a small town but it has come to stand for something big: real government by the people and for the people, created by our Raza.

The basic facts are that the La Raza Unida Party has won total control of the City Council (which chooses the Mayor) and majority control of the school board. In the elections of April, 1970, two Raza Unida candidates won seats on the 5-man city council, while three Raza Unida candidates defeated 2 Democratic vendidos and a gringo rancher to win 3 out of 7 seats on the school board. Then in April, 1971, Raza Unida won the rest of the City Council seats, and 2 more seats on the school board--thus holding 5 out of 7 seats. There was none of the usual harassment and intimidation of poor Chicanos at the polls.

These victories are impressive by themselves but the important thing is how they were won and how they will affect the day-to-day lives of poor Raza.

Jose Angel Gutierrez, head of the Raza Unida party in Cristal and one of those elected to the school board, said in a recent speech, "Cristal is a symbol, a model for Aztlan, of Chicanos moving toward liberation. The gringos created myths about the Chicano as a political animal, saying that he cannot be organized and is apathetic and only votes for the man who buys the beer. All these myths have been exploded here. We don't have to shout 'Viva la Raza,' we are doing it. We didn't just put buttons on people's chests, we created a new kind of feeling and real action. We used what is natural to our culture--the family--to organize. If one person is badly treated by the gringos, everybody is. By moving in this spirit, we can all move together against the ranchers and the rinches (Texas Rangers). We must create many more Cristales."

The town of Cristal is located in the Winter Garden, an area known for its production of vegetables and fruits all year around. Of its 10,000 people, about 85% are Raza and many of them campesinos who travel the migrant work circuit. In the county where Cristal is located, family income runs about \$1,750 a year. The educational level is 2.3 grades of school. All the agricultural land is owned by gringos and 95% of the businesses in Cristal.

Ten years ago, Chicanos made a move to win a voice in Cristal and they took over the city council as well as other offices. But not long after, these men turned over their power to the Democratic Party. Nothing much changed except that there were brown faces in office instead of white ones.

Then came the school walkouts of November, 1969--probably the most successful in the Southwest. About 1,700 out of 2,300 students from all grades up through high school walked out in support of their rejected demands for bilingual education, a lunch program, better conditions in the buildings, etc. The community rose up to support the students as the struggle soon became more

than a school issue. Volunteer teachers came in to teach the boycotting students and a truckers' organization provided bus service to liberation classes. When student activists were fired from their jobs in local stores, the people would boycott those stores. The community started its own stores, too. Students put a coat of brown paint on the statue of Popeye, symbol of the spinach industry, that stands in front of Cristal's City Hall.

The boycott lasted for 2-1/2 months, until the school board gave in and met all the demands except 2. The Raza community had felt its muscle and the obvious next step was to organize on a permanent basis for political control. The leader in this drive was and is Jose Angel Gutierrez, 25, formerly president of MAYO (Mexican American Youth Organization), a major force in the school boycott and other actions. In a short time the Raza Unida party of Texas became a reality.

The gringo reaction to the Raza Unida victories has been predictable. Over 30 Anglo teachers and administrators resigned from the schools. There were big fights on the school board, but a fourth Chicano already on the school board voted with the Raza Unida element and so they won many changes including: complete bi-lingual, bi-cultural education from Kindergarten through the third grade, free breakfast and lunch programs for all students, banning of the Anglo-oriented I.Q. tests and English proficiency tests; the use of textbooks that tell the truth about our people and history.

Also, it was decided that Army recruiters could no longer visit the school and that the high school would refuse to give the draft board any information about students--which reflected the anti-war feelings of Chicanos in Cristal (11 have been killed in Vietnam). The high school officially boycotted lettuce that does not carry the National Farmworkers union emblem. Students are not penalized for their political or moral beliefs. They have begun ending discrimination on the basis of sex; for example, there is a program encouraging males who show interest to become nurses so as to help meet the serious shortage of nurses.

On the City Council, the Raza Unida element did not gain control until this past April but still some improvements were made in 1970. For example, it was ruled that the state police and Texas Rangers--long famous for their racist "law and order" practices--no longer have authority in Cristal.

Raza Unida candidates have also won in other towns of the Winter Garden area. The party has plans to organize in still more areas; it could get on the ballot in 26 counties by 1972. Its success up to now has been based on the party's actions,--not just words,--on its understanding of the Chicano community's real needs, and how hard it works to meet those needs; on not selling out but being a true party of la gente. And that will be the basis of its future success.

MEXICO'S JOAN OF ARC

Gertrudis Bocanegra

Gertrudis Bocanegra was one of the bravest of many brave women in Mexican history. She was tortured and then executed in the struggle for independence from Spain, but never lost her fighting spirit up to the last moment of her life.

We know only a few facts about her life, but it seems likely that she was born on April 11, 1765 at Patzcuaro (in the state of Michoacan). Her mother, according to one historian, was a Tarascan Indian named Feliciano de Mendoza and her father a Mexican-born Spaniard or "criollo." Although the family had a successful business, criollos were looked down upon by Spaniards born in Spain and given second-class treatment in all areas of life.

Gertrudis received a good education. While still in her teens, she saw an Indian couple beaten to death in front of their children--because they had tried to escape from the slavery of the latifundia, or plantation. Gertrudis went on a hunger strike in protest. After three days, her mother finally convinced her that suicide was no way to fight oppression.

Gertrudis looked for other ways to fight. Schools for Indian children were very rare in those years so finally Gertrudis organized an Indian class, an action that was unheard of for a woman. The same spirit of protest led her to refuse to marry the man she loved unless he resigned from the Royal army, which she hated with passion. So Lt. Pedro de Lazo de la Vega resigned, and they were married.

The couple started a candy business in Patzcuaro which did well and expanded. They had 3 daughters and a son. Then came Sept. 16, 1810 and Hidalgo's "Grito de Dolores" calling for independence. Gertrudis persuaded her husband and 17-year old son to join the rebel forces against Spain. She herself became an organizer and transporter of arms, food, clothing.

In the first few months of the war, both her son and her husband were killed. Hidalgo and other leaders were captured and executed. But the rebels of Mexico went on fighting, under Father Jose Morelos, and so did Gertrudis. She organized a small underground army of women who carried supplies to the battlefield.

Even after the Spaniards captured and executed Morelos, Gertrudis didn't lose hope. Then one day she was betrayed by a former sergeant in the Spanish army whose life she had once saved. The name of this man and the whole story of the betrayal are unknown. But Gertrudis was questioned and tortured, to make her reveal the names of the people working with her. She refused to do so and told her captors that if they wanted to speak to her accomplices, they could find them at the battlefield.

It was announced that Gertrudis would be executed on Oct. 17, 1817. Many people who loved her, many poor people, lined the road where she would pass on

VIVA LA CHICANA (continued from preceding page)

them to see that they have a responsibility larger than their immediate families--a responsibility to the whole familia of La Raza, the whole family of oppressed peoples. And a responsibility to their own unused talents, brain, energy.

We must help Chicanas to overcome feelings of inferiority that many have, or feelings that they can perform only certain kinds of work (we know what that is) and should not be involved in making decisions outside the home. Unfortunately these feelings are often encouraged by machos who fail to see that we need EVERY CHICANA AND CHICANO in this struggle. Because many men of el movimiento do this, even men who call themselves "revolutionary," there has been much talk recently about La Chicana's role. In these pages, some Chicana feelings on this question are voiced.

The fact is, nothing could be more truly Chicana than the Chicana who wants to be more than a wife, mother, housekeeper. That limited concept of women did not exist under our Indian ancestors, for whom the woman was a creative person in the broadest sense and central to the cultural life of the tribe. Later in Mexican history, we find that the woman has played every possible role--including that of fighter on the front lines. Any people who live close to the land, who are subject to nature's forces, know that survival is impossible without both sexes working at it in every possible way. That is the true Raza tradition, a communal tradition.

In the villages of northern New Mexico, the Chicana has always



Mural by Pablo O'Gorman

her way to the execution spot. As she went by, she told them: "You who love me, you who have come to grieve for me--carry on the fight!"

And so she was executed that day, by soldiers of the royal Spanish army. But Mexico paid her no official honor until 120 years later, when President Lázaro Cárdenas unveiled a statue to honor her in the main square of Patzcuaro and also built a library named after her. Cárdenas called Gertrudis "the Joan of Arc of Mexico." But this mujer does not need to be compared with anyone, she deserves to be known on her own for what she was: a great luchadora of La Raza, a woman for whom no sacrifice was too great in the long march toward freedom and justice.

done a lot of what some call "men's work." There is a tradition of strong women--women who know how to handle a gun, who have herded cattle on horseback, who have survived much physical hardship, who have had leadership roles in our struggle to win back the land. These women draw strength from their closeness to la tierra and we can learn much from them.

Revolutionary Chicanas want the liberation of our people and of all oppressed peoples. We do not want to become page-girls in Nixon's Congress--the most recent bone tossed to "Women's Liberation." We know what that Congress does to people. We do not want a few Chicanas to get better jobs, higher salaries, while everyone else continues to be exploited. At the same time, we know that revolution means turning things upside down and taking another look at what is taken for granted. So revolution means new ideas about relations between men and women too.

This section begins with historical articles about La Chicana in Mexico's struggle for independence and liberation. It ends with our hermanas in other parts of America, Asia, Africa--because we have common bonds. The bonds are, first, that we have a common oppressor: the U.S. system that exploits people all over the world, especially non-white people. Beyond that, we have suffered as women. We are directly subjugated to every kind of oppression, from the day-to-day denials of the U.S. welfare system to rape, torture and murder in Latin America, Africa, Asia. We should learn about our sisters around the world because someday we shall together form a force that nothing can stop.

Our Unknown Revolucionarias

Hidalgo, Morelos, Juarez, Zapata, Villa--these and other names of heroic Raza men are well-known or becoming well-known among Chicanos today. We are learning the stories of their lives, their ideas, and this is very important. But how many of us can name three women who fought in the Mexican struggle for independence, or the 1910 revolution? "Adelita" is about as far as most can go.

The truth is that throughout Mexican history there have been brave women who fought and often died for La Causa. These women show us just how big a mistake it is to think that la Chicana has a passive, submissive "nature." These women show us what we Chicanas have been in the past and can be, today.

There are too many of these heroines to mention them all here. But we can start with a few names from Mexico's struggle for independence in 1810-21. In fact, that struggle actually broke out because of an action taken by a woman: JOSEFA ORTIZ DE DOMINGUEZ. Josefa belonged to an underground group which Padre Miguel Hidalgo joined; this group began planning an uprising to take over control from the Spaniards. When the authorities found out about the plot, Josefa learned of this and warned a friend who then rode all night on horseback to tell Hidalgo. The priest decided that the uprising must begin at once, before the whole plan could be crushed, and the next morning--Sept. 16, 1810--he gave the famous "Grito de Dolores," that launched the struggle for independence.

Hidalgo's forces were defeated and he was executed, but another priest--Jose Maria Morelos--carried on. LEONIA VICARIO was one of the women who helped in this second stage. From an upper-class family, she began sending money and arms to the rebels in 1813. Her family found out and put her in a convent school, but the rebels helped her to escape and she joined their forces. The government then declared her a traitor and seized her property, but this did not stop Leonia from helping the struggle in every possible way.

The story is also told of ANTONIA NAVA DE CATALAN, whose husband and sons died fighting the Spaniards. She presented herself to Morelos at Acapulco with her smallest son and said: "This one is still left. I bring him so that he can join the rebel army. He is small but he can already carry a drum and beat it. I want him to be a soldier of the nation." And then there is GERTRUDIS BOCANEGRA (whose story is told in a separate article here), the woman who was tortured and executed after 17 years of work for independence. Other heroines were MARIANA RODRIGUEZ DE LAZARIN, MANUELA MEDINA, RITA PEREZ,

(continued in the next column, this page)

Gertrudis was not the only heroine to be executed for fighting to win her people's rights. Shortly after Mexico became independent from Spain, thousands of Yaqui Indians in northern Mexico joined a revolt to win a separate, independent Indian state. This revolt against the central Mexican government was led by DOLORES GUTIERREZ and Juan Banderas. The Yaqui fought with bows and arrows until both Dolores and Juan were captured and executed in 1833. The Yaqui have a long tradition of fierce resistance to outside control, which has not died even today, and there must be many other strong women among the Yaqui whose names we do not know.

Independence from Spain did not, of course, bring tierra, pan y justicia to the poor campesinos of Mexico. First Mexico lost half its land to the U.S., in the war of 1846-48. Then Mexico had to fight off still another imperialist power, France. The liberal forces led by Juarez triumphed at first, in the great battle won by Gen. Ignacio Zaragoza on Cinco de Mayo, 1862. But it took another five years of battle for Mexico to finally drive out the French once and for all. Then the dictator Porfirio Diaz installed himself as President in 1883; under his rule the poor became poorer while the rich grew richer, and U.S. businessmen got a solid grip on Mexico's economy.

Many mujeres as well as machos began protesting the exploitation and repression of the Diaz regime. At this time, women were also struggling to win the vote and other civil rights. The new feminist organizations such as HIJAS DE CUAUTEMOC marched against the Diaz regime, demanding an end to the general oppression and also full emancipation for women. Soon women would be participating actively in the revolution but they would have to wait until 1953 for full voting rights.

Several underground newspapers attacking Diaz were born around 1900. JUANA BELEN GUTIERREZ DE MENDOZA published a paper called Vesper in Guanajuato, where silver miners suffered some of the worst exploitation. Her grandfather had been shot to death under Diaz for his liberal ideas and she herself was jailed many times. Although her paper was suppressed often, it inspired the birth of others. Two of them, *El Campo Libre* and *Juan Panadero*, were also published by women. Later, Juana Belen worked with the Zapatistas and continued to be active in the struggle until she was over 60.

In 1906, LUCRETIA TORIZ led a strike of textile workers at Rio Blanco, near Vera Cruz. She and many other women workers formed leagues, issued manifestos and suffered vicious attacks by government troops sent in to stop the strikes. On Jan. 8, 1907,

(Continued on the next page)



Zenaida



100 kilometros tiene
la ciudad donde vive Zenaida;
voy a ver si la puedo encontrar
para ver si me da su palabra.

Porque tiene por brazos dos rifles,
porque tiene por ojos dos balas;
porque carga a la espalda un escuincle
y en lugar de rebozo cananas;

Cuando solo metian el cañon,
me subí y en un carro de caña
para ver si podía encontrar
a la niña llamada Zenaida.

Porque monta caballos en pelo,
sin escuela, sin freno, sin nada;
porque tiene en la frente un lucero,
y la muerte en su toque de diana.

Ay que recio se vino la bola
por los campos de toda la patria;
que sola mis machos que alguero
por eso se llama Zenaida.



LUCRETIA TORIZ (Grabado de Sarah Jimenez, T.G.P.)

REVOLUTIONARIAS (continued from preceding page)

dozens of them were killed or wounded when troops broke the Rio Blanco strike.

The spark that began the revolution itself was lit by Aquiles Serdan and his sister CARMEN SERDAN in Puebla. On Nov. 18, 1910, they fired the first shots against the government and in support of an anti-Diaz program. For many hours, the family together with some friends fought the Diaz police and troops from their house until they were defeated. Aquiles was killed and Carmen wounded. But two days later, the revolution broke out all over the country.

The story of the Mexican Revolution is filled with women who served as fighters on the front lines, secret messengers, suppliers of food, nurses, cooks. ADELITA symbolized all these women. The original Adelita was probably the beautiful Adela Maldonado but there were many Adelitas, just as the songs and stories about VALENTINA and JESUSA are surely about more than one revolutionary woman named Valentina or Jesusa.

Among the individual women about whom we know a little, there is ENCARNACION "CHENITA" CARDENAS, a poor girl from Chihuahua married to a young miner. In 1913, the reactionary pro-U.S. general Huerta had the liberal President Madero killed. Chenita cut off her hair, practiced using a deeper voice, put on men's clothing and enlisted in the 10th Cavalry regiment of the revolutionary forces fighting Huerta. In her first battle, her coolness and courage under a rain of bullets won the respect of all the soldiers—including her own, surprised husband. As a reward, she was named flag-bearer. She lived through many more battles and narrow escapes, was promoted to second lieutenant and served until 1916. MARGARITA NERI also achieved rank in the revolutionary forces and commanded large troop movements.

PETRA RUIZ of Acapulco was another Mexicana who disguised herself as a man (called "Pedro") and fought against Huerta. Known for her terrible temper and her skill with both knife and pistol, she won the nickname of "Echa Balas"—Bullets. In 1914, when Huerta was defeated, her battalion entered Mexico City in triumph and she was promoted to lieutenant. Only then did she reveal that that crazy vato, Echa Balas, was in fact a woman.

One of the most beloved soldaderas of the Revolution was CARMEN PARRA DE ALARIZ. She joined the struggle shortly after her husband died, first as a messenger for Madero and then as a soldier in Villa's forces. In one of her many exploits, Carmen invaded Ciudad Juarez with only 49 men in order to seize some important military papers. Later she also fought with Zapata.

In the villages of northern New Mexico, the Chicana has always

A CHICANA MARTYR

Josefa, Lynched in 1851

There is a bridge across the Yuba River in Downieville, California. On this bridge there is a small plaque that reads: "In memory of Juanita, The Spanish Woman, Lynched by Mob from the original bridge on this site, July 5, 1851."

This marker is all that is left to remind us that shortly after the 1846-48 war between the U.S. and Mexico, a Chicana woman struck one of the first blows in the battle for justice by the Mexican-American people. For daring to do such a thing, she was lynched by a bloodthirsty mob.

The name of the young lady was Josefa, not Juanita. All newspaper accounts and historical records show this, but to the racist minds of those who put up the marker, "all Mexicans are called 'Juan' or 'Juanita.'" As for surnames, who can pronounce them, anyway?

Downieville had a population of over 5,000 in 1851, and the mining claims around the town had produced several million dollars in gold. Mexican-Americans were almost never allowed to stake claims of their own. For this reason, Jose--husband of Josefa, worked in Craycroft's Saloon as a card dealer. Josefa would usually meet him there early in the morning. Together they would tidy up and stroll down to their cabin.

On the Fourth of July of 1851, nearly everyone in town was getting drunk. Fred Cannon was a typical hard-drinking, redneck racist miner, well-known in Downieville for his clowning and boasting. It was reported that he had been watching Josefa for some time. Around midnight, he broke down the door of the cabin shared by Josefa and her husband. Jose was still at work, she was alone. Another miner persuaded Cannon to leave the girl be, and they put the door back in place, and left.

Very early next morning, Jose confronted Fred Cannon and demanded payment for the broken door. Cannon refused to pay. "Not going to pay any son-of-a-bitch Mex for no door." Josefa stepped between Jose and Cannon and was called a whore. She was very angry, but permitted Jose to lead her into their house. Cannon followed her, still mouthing off. As Fred Cannon entered the door, Josefa grabbed a knife from a table and plunged it into his chest. He died a few moments later.

By nine o'clock that same morning, a mock trial was set up. "We'll give 'em a fair trial first--then we'll hang 'em." A lawyer named Taylor protested the proceedings, but was thrown from the platform and for several hundred feet, his feet never touched the ground as he was beaten and pummeled by the mob.

The crowd grew to over two thousand men, half drunk and thirsting for blood. Col. John Weller, who later became Governor of California, was seated on the speaker's platform throughout this "trial" but he never spoke.

Josefa was sentenced to be hung in two hours, and Jose was ordered to leave town within twenty-four hours.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Josefa was hanged from the bridge at the lower end of town.

Josefa is the first-known Chicana martyr in California. But the lynching of Mexicanos was not unusual after the U.S. took over the Southwest. In 1853, there were more murders in California than all the rest of the U.S.--and most of the victims were Mexicanos and Indios. In 1854, one killing a day was reported in Los Angeles alone. Most of these reports came from the Anglos themselves, who thought they were perfectly right to do what they did.

Josefa was forced to strike out alone and suffered a terrible fate. But today Chicanos and Chicanas are striking out in an organized way, finding strength in unity. Viva la Raza Unida!

by JIM GALLARDO and FRANK ARNOLD

She was caught, freed, then imprisoned again in 1915. And as soon as she was freed once more, she went back to her military work. The soldiers and campesinos called her "la Coronela"--the Colonel--and she was later officially named a Veteran of the Revolution for her great courage and skill in dangerous actions.

"LA MARIETA"--Maria del Carmen Rubio de la Llave--was another guerrillera who fought with Pancho Villa. She died only two years ago, in Mexico City. Another woman who experienced much of the revolution has told her story in a recently published book called *Hasta No Verte Jesus Mio*. We can only hope that all the women of the revolution who are still alive will write or tell their stories before it is too late. Far too little is known about them, especially in the U.S. And their lives can inspire all of us, Chicanos as well as Chicanas.

Que vivan JOSEFA, LEONIA, ANTONIA, GERTRUDIS, DOLORES, JUANA, LUCRETIA, CARMEN, ADELITA, VALENTINA, JESUSA, CHENITA, PETRA, LA CORONELA, LA MARIETA, y todas nuestras Chicanas valientes!

cause someday we shall together form a force that nothing can stop.

Isabel Magran Gonzalez



UNA LUCHADORA DE NUEVO MEXICO

La personalidad recia y revolucionaria de Isabel Magran Gonzalez se destaca majestuosa sobre todos aquellos que pretendieron guiar los destinos de nuestra gente en esos tiempos. Isabel nació cincuenta años antes de su tiempo y fue para el movimiento de la raza, lo que fue la mother Bloor para el movimiento obrero americano.

Isabel nació el 12 de octubre 1910 y se educó en Las Cruces, Nuevo Mexico. Nació de padres humildes, pero fue precosa y estudiosa y logró liberarse del marasmo de indiferencia y ignorancia que caracterizó a nuestra gente en las primeras dos décadas del Siglo XX. Ella atendió lo que entonces se llamaba A&M College en Las Cruces, usaba huaraches porque no tenía con que comprar zapatos. Allí era la organizadora del Club Internacional y pertenecía a una sociedad honoraria que solo admitía estudiantes con altos grados en ciencia. Ella era la única socia femenina de esa sociedad. Isabel se ganó una beca para obtener su "Master's Degree" en Boston, Mass., pero como no tenía dinero para el pasaje ni para comprar ropa la beca fue concedida a otra persona.

Isabel era una maravilla de conciencia social. Cuando aún atendía a la escuela, viajaba en un auto-bus de Las Cruces a Albuquerque. Un maestro montó el auto-bus en Socorro, y se sentó delante de ella. Empezó a leer un periódico progresista. Por sobre el hombro de este individuo, Isabel leyó un artículo en el periódico sobre de cuales eran las razones de la delincuencia juvenil. Ella descubrió allí que el artículo expresaba exactamente lo que ella escribiría en caso análogo, así como se convirtió en una radical.

Ella no tuvo un par de zapatos hasta que empezó a trabajar por la National Youth Administration. Isabel dirigió la primera huelga de piscadores de chicharro y también organizó demostraciones por la Beneficiencia Pública (Welfare) en Santa Fe. En los años del 1930 vino a Denver que fue su base de operaciones por lo demás de su vida. Siendo de natural rebelde conoció el movimiento y se entregó a el de todo corazón.

Su amor para su raza no tenía límites, como no tenía su odio hacia los que consideraba enemigos de los mexicanos, ya fueran anglos o de nuestra propia gente. A estos últimos los titulaba de "judas" en vez de vendidos, lambes otios tacos. Decía "Para describir a estos desgraciados no hay que gastar tantas palabras, porque no lo merecen." Jamás dió, ni pidió cuartel a los enemigos del pueblo y especialmente los enemigos de los Mexicanos.

Tampoco tenía tolerancia para los dirigentes del movimiento de vanguardia, siempre se mantenía en pugna con ellos y decía "Estas gentes nos dicen que estan liberados de perjuicio racial, pero tienen el corazón prenado de racismo."

Isabel demandaba siempre que se concentraran los esfuerzos en estas regiones en la organización de los trabajadores agrícolas. También demandaba insistentemente que se reconociera y clarificara el rol de la mujer mexicana en el movimiento y decía, "Ya es tiempo que se deje de juzgar a la mujer mexicana como a una esclava del hombre y se le coloque al mismo nivel del hombre en todo concepto."

En Denver, Isabel trabajó por la Colorado Tuberculosis Society, haciendo tremenda cantidad de trabajo en los barrios. La tuberculosis era una terrible calamidad en las comunidades chicanas en esos tiempos y aún existen personas que deben su vida a Isabel. Ella trabajó muy duro persuadiendo a la gente que tomaran X-rays de sus pechos y explicándoles los peligros de la tuberculosis. Era también instrumental en la reducción en mortalidad infantil, peleando por cuidado pre-natal para la mujer chicana.

El teléfono de Isabel repicaba noche y día. Ella sacaba gente de las cárceles y las metía a los hospitales, organizaba demostraciones frente a la oficina local de la Beneficiencia Pública (Welfare) y era una elocuente oradora tanto en inglés como en español. Además era buena escritora y sirvió como editora de Challenge, un periódico progresista que se publicaba en la última parte de los años 1940.

Isabel corrió para un puesto en el Concilio de la ciudad de Denver, en boleto independiente. En 1948 Isabel fue elegida Presidente Nacional de los Amigos de Wallace en la Convención Nacional del Partido Progresista. Ella habló en una junta en El Paso, Texas a donde miles de personas vinieron a escuchar a Henry A. Wallace pronunciar algunas palabras en español y acabaron aplaudir a Isabel.

En las luchas electorales era foga y ladina y no vacilaba en

usar la fuerza física si lo juzgaba necesario. Recuerdo particularmente un incidente cuando fue nominada como candidato al Concilio de la ciudad de Denver. Como es de costumbre, se instalaban en diferentes partes de la ciudad casillas para la registración de los votantes. Una de estas casillas estaba situada en la esquina de las calles 21 y Larimer. Estábamos allí yo, Isabel y otros compañeros y como es de costumbre en tiempo de elecciones andaban un grupo de políticos locales juntos con sus amigos vendidos dándole madera a la raza y uno que otro traguito por supuesto, entre estos andaba un individuo anglo, quien andaba borracho, quizo como se dice comunmente (manosearla). Rapida como un relámpago Isabel le largó una bofetada y lo derrumbó al suelo. Se armó un escándalo y se la llevaron a la cárcel, el policía de noche se rehusó a inscribirlo, ella insistía en que se le encerrara. Al fin se calmó y no pasó nada.

Yo conocí y traté intimamente a esta admirable mujer revolucionaria y trabajamos juntos en varios aspectos del movimiento obrero, en el sindical y de organización general y político. Asistimos a la Convención del Partido Progresista en Philadelphia. Fuimos como delegados a la Conferencia fundadora de Asociación Mexicana-Americana en Tucson, Ariz. En otra ocasión los agricultores de Utah y Idaho iban a celebrar una audiencia con el gobierno sobre los salarios de los betabeleros, pero no querían que a esta junta asistieran representantes de los betabeleros. De una manera o otra nos dimos cuenta de esta maniobra y se acordó mandar una representación a dicha audiencia. Fuimos seleccionados Isabel, yo y el compañero David Bravo y en rigor del invierno nos pusimos en camino. Cuando llegamos allá se nos negó la entrada a la audiencia. (Léase el libro *Colorado Merry-Go Round* de Carey McWilliams) Pero insistimos y al fin se nos concedió presentar nuestras demandas. Jamás había yo visto a Isabel tan encorajinada.

Isabel era "pura Mexicana" a pesar del nombre Magran o McGran que procedía de un antepasado irlandés que se entrucho entre la familia muchos años antes. A Isabel le gustaba cantar y además era una competente campesina. Durante la Segunda Guerra Mundial contrajo matrimonio con un minero de nombre Carlos Gonzalez, quien era además dueño de un rancho. Isabel solía manejar un tractor en el rancho, con negra y ondeante cabellera suelta sobre sus espaldas. Siempre se sentía feliz cuando trabajaba en la labor.

En la última conversación que tuve yo con Isabel, me indicó que no se sentía muy bien. Tal vez ya eran indicios de la terrible enfermedad que había de cortar la vida de esta admirable compañera. Despues agarró empleo enseñando escuela en Madrid, N. Mexico. Allí seguía luchando, peleando con las autoridades y el "School Board" para los derechos de los niños de los cuales muchos eran hijos de mineros. En su última comunicación me decía--"Vicente, me siento tan cansada y tengo tanto trabajo, que quisiera que estuvieras aquí para que me ayudaras, pero esto no es posible. Vicente, una cosa tengo que decirte, porque quiero que lo sepas. Cuidate mucho, hermanito. Porque yo veo que sobre tu cabeza se sierre una catástrofe que afectara el curso de tu vida." Y fue la última comunicación de Isabel. Después se vino a Denver en donde murió el 31 de mayo 1949.

Isabel Magran Gonzalez fue un ejemplo que debe imitar toda mujer chicana y en cada uno de nuestros corazones y en cada hogar mexicano debemos de reservar un rincón para rendir culto a esta chicana luchadora y revolucionaria.

por VICENTE VIGIL



WOMEN TAKE OVER THE PICKET LINE DURING STRIKE BY RAZA MINERS IN SILVER CITY, N.M. (As shown in movie "Salt of the Earth")

Working for What We Need....



"The poorest of the poor"

Grabado por Gabriel Fernandez Ledesma, TGP

WELFARE FIGHT IN NEVADA

by CLEMENCIA MARTINEZ JABBS

There are many Spanish women, Chicanas, on welfare here in Nevada. Last March, the state of Nevada terminated 3,000 persons from the welfare rolls and also cut grants. They did this without even giving the recipients a fair hearing. So our representative, Ruby Duncan, called the National Welfare Rights Organization and they came, and brought 50 lawyers for N.W.R.O.

We had marches at the Strip in Las Vegas. Each of the marches cost the county \$10,000.00. This was to pay police. Also, the casinos lost a lot of money since the Strip was closed and the "tourists" couldn't come in the casinos to gamble. Finally, the state of Nevada was ordered by a federal judge and two others (it was a three-judge panel) to put all the people back on welfare. From now on, if the state terminates any one the judge will have to be notified first hand. The judge also said that the people would have to be put back on welfare by April 1, or the state would be in contempt of court.

The one that was at fault was the state welfare administrator, George Miller. The state was against NWRO and said there were too many outsiders and that the state would take care of things if they left. But Mr. Miller forgot that he himself made it a national thing when he sent word to administrators all over the U.S. telling them how to cut welfare the way he had done it.

Mr. Miller violated the federal law and it has been proved. But nothing was done about it—he still holds his job at \$18,000.00 a year as administrator and \$15,000.00 as aid to the governor. He is the establishment and nothing will be done to him.

There are many Chicanas here in Nevada on welfare who suffer from the actions of people like Mr. Miller. When they talked about cutting the welfare, they tell the young, pretty women that they can always get jobs as prostitutes. That's what the case-workers said in Nevada: "you can always earn a little extra money prostituting." If you live with a man steadily, on a family basis, you can lose your welfare—but it's all right to sell your body to lots of different men, as a prostitute. They think that saves "taxpayers' money."

The truth is that women on welfare pay taxes. They pay them all the time, whenever they buy food or any other necessity. As taxpayers, we are taxed without representation. That's what England did to the Anglos who left their mother country and came here. Those Anglos just brought a bad habit with them and now they are doing it here.

THE MELTING POT OF GREED—YA BASTA!

by JEANNETTE MARTINEZ

I am a young Chicana and after many years of merely existing, I have finally begun to live. For now I can see the indignities imposed upon me in the past, and have awakened to the knowledge that the present and future must be different.

Like so many other young Chicanas, I have been existing in the darkness of ignorance and false beliefs since the early age of six. At that time I was sent to the Anglo-controlled school, to be molded by Anglo hands. For 12 years of my life, I was instructed to read one-sided books which told the mentira that I was a descendant of Jefferson, Lincoln and the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock. I was shown only one vision—the Gringo's vision of what I should strive for and be. The idea that "justice" meant the suppression of people was constantly in my midst.

For too long, I felt the weight of inferiority upon me because I could not measure up to the standards set before me. I became ashamed of what I was, because I had been taught it was wrong to speak the language I spoke and live in the environment where I lived. But not once was I taught the history of my own people, of proud and noble leaders such as Hidalgo, Zapata, Murieta. Nor was I told the truth of how the Gringo took from my people things that made him materially

rich. I believe it is because of their fear that they did not tell me these things. In their foolishness they frowned upon my way of life and tried to stifle our pride.

But in spite of this racial hatred and the Anglo's false feeling of superiority, my people have endured and their spirit has not yet died. In truth, the real thing of value has grown and become stronger—our carnalismo. I believe it will continue to grow in spite of the odds, and the grave injustices placed upon the Chicano people will be overcome.

At present I feel sadness for those who have not awakened and do not yet possess the feeling and pride of being a Chicana. It is painful to see them believing the Gringo's misconceptions and rejecting a part of themselves, their culture, their pride, for a phony title in the gringo society. Trying to disappear into the melting pot of greed. But the truth cannot be hid forever, it is all around, they need only look.

We Chicanas must not think only of boys and clothes and getting married, but begin looking around us. We must help each other to wake up. When those who have not awakened finally see the priceless beauty of their inheritance, then they will begin to live and grow and move. Then the Anglo's vision of what we should be will be crushed and destroyed. All the Chicanas and Chicanos will be united and we will all begin to live—not merely to exist. ✓

ALICIA: BORN POOR AND STILL FIGHTING

Alicia Escalante is a Chicana who was born poor but instead of just trying to "escape" poverty, tried to do something about it.

Alicia was born in El Paso, Texas, the second of 10 children in a very poor family. At the age of ten, she followed her mother to Los Angeles. Six years later, she was forced to leave school and go to work.

At 18, she married and had 4 children within 5 years. Her husband was jailed several times and this is when Alicia first had to struggle with the welfare system—off again, on again. Her youngest son was born in 1963; then she and her husband divorced.

From 1958 to 1968, she lived in the city housing projects. During that time, she began to lose her hearing and had the usual experience of poor people in trying to take care of a serious, expensive medical need. When the Medi-Cal program began in 1966, she could finally see a specialist.

Through all these years, Alicia cared for her family alone, tried to earn a living as a waitress, was forced back on welfare, and fought on. She cared for her mother and aunt before they died. Gradually she learned to defend herself and even to help friends.

When Medi-Cal was cut in 1967, Alicia worked with the "Save Medi-Cal" campaign until it was successful. That fall, she formed the East Los Angeles Welfare Rights Organization. This led to many meetings with welfare officials and testimony at many different hearings. She went to Washington, D.C. in 1968 to a welfare rights training conference and again the next year to participate in the Poor People's Campaign with mothers and children from the East L.A. Welfare Rights Organization. The next year she went around the world to study hunger and nutri-

tion problems, on a scholarship from the World Council of Churches.

These are only a few of Alicia's many, many activities. Her background of poverty, living in city housing projects, bringing up a family alone, struggling with welfare—it is no different from many other Chicanas. What makes her stand out is her spirit of determination and devotion to her people.

ABAJO CON LOS MACHOS

When I became involved in the Movement, I began to hate men (MACHOS). It was my silence, now fully grown into a public scream.

A typical Chicano set-up: a few words of Movimiento talk (if you're lucky), and then (he thinks) we go to bed. If you're good, I'll probably call again. Well, if you're smart? Who gives a damn? If I want to talk about barrio problems, why do I need a Chicana.

The question here is not one of sex. I (and most Chicanas, I hope) enjoy it as much as the next Chicana. To me the most valid argument for Chicana Women's Lib is simply that the Chicana is not supposed to be an intellectual. The majority of Chicanos think of Chicanas in sexual terms only...

Chicanas are much more than cama and tortilleras, and should be treated as iguales or one of two equally depressing alternatives awaits them. They can turn their carino into fists and become vocal and unappealing Lib members. Or they can turn away from what they really need and want. Like me, sola yo, a Chicana who is learning to odiar what she would love to amar.

Una Chicana

From La Raza magazine, Vol. 1, No. 15, 1971

Thinking about Who We Are



HUELIGISTAS OF AUSTIN

One of the best recent examples of Chicanas getting together for La Causa can be found in the Austin, Texas huelga and boycott against the Economy Furniture Company. Many people who know something about this 2-1/2 year strike are not aware of the unfailing strength and leadership provided by the Chicanas. But without the women workers, plus the wives and supporters of Los Huelgistas, the strike and boycott could never have lasted so long.

Of the 252 workers officially on strike at Economy Furniture, 40% or about 100 were Chicanas. Like the others, these women were skilled upholsterers but paid an average of only \$65 a week and working under hazardous conditions without a comprehensive health plan and with little human dignity. Because of this exploitation, the 100 women voted in November, 1968 to STRIKE.

These huelgistas Chicanas were for the most part mujeres con familia, the number of children in any one family varying from 2 to 7. Most of the women were single, or without men to assist in the care and support of the familia. So when they decided to STRIKE, it was realized that many more sacrifices would be demanded of them.

A majority of the women were directly involved from the beginning of the huelga: picketing, leafletting, marching, making posters and signs, raising funds. They shared equally in the frustrations and physical hardships. They, along with the men, did not shun picketing in the rain and ice nor the freezing and scorching temperatures.

Child care was a constant problem for the women but they managed to continue picketing daily from early morning to late afternoon, alongside the men. It is obvious that in this struggle of La Raza, the women and men participated with equal pride and strength. The Chicanas of the Austin Huelga present a challenge to the idea that women in the Chicano culture passively allow things to happen to them, put themselves in background roles, and are content with a submissive social role which they do not question. This idea or stereotype is originally an Anglo notion, and the Chicanas of Austin have clearly broken through it.

The determination of these Chicanas was one of the main reasons why the Court of Appeals finally ordered the Economy Furniture company to recognize and bargain with the workers' union, and to reinstate the strikers. As a result, the strike ended late last March. But the boycott did not end because although Milton Smith, the owner of Economy, reinstated the workers he has still refused to bargain with the union. The workers are still urging everyone to boycott stores that sell Economy products—such as MONTGOMERY WARD.

So the struggle is still on. Meanwhile, the mujeres of Austin deserve the respect and admiration of both Chicanas and Chicanos everywhere. Adelante, raza—toda la raza!

(From articles in PAPEL CHICANO, CPA, and the Austin Chicano Huelga bulletin)

WE RAISE THE CHILDREN—WE HAVE TO GET INVOLVED

by VALENTINA

I feel that women are a very important asset to the movement. Some women have been made to feel that they can only have children, but not determine what happens to those children's lives in society. Also, they are made to feel and think that we shouldn't have minds of our own, that our husbands are supposed to think for us and make up our minds.

Since we do raise the children, I think we have a right to riot, fight or demonstrate against an unjust war and system. We should determine what kind of an education we want taught to our children. We should determine what kind of society we want our children to live in. I don't think we should determine all these things alone. We should do it together as men and women and equals, since one is not better than the other. It takes both to generate the world.

Chicana women have always been involved in revolutions. In Mexico, there were many women revolutionary leaders like La Adelita, who have contributed a whole lot. Some husbands have wanted their wives to understand and get involved in the movement. But when it's time to go to a meeting, convention, etc., they tell their wives to stay home and mind the children and cook.

Then when they come home at late hours

of the night, the wife "bitches" about it. They expect her to understand, even though she doesn't know what a meeting, convention or demonstration is like and how long it takes to talk things out. Then she is more turned off when the husband gets mad or hits her for not understanding.

That's not the way to get wives involved. A woman has to learn on her own, and find the kind of work that she likes to contribute to the movement.

I think that it is a mistake to believe men in general are our enemies. It is a mistake for men and women to be fighting each other in this great big movement, when there is enough work to do without fighting each other for one lousy position. We need everyone in this movement, we cannot afford to have our enemy divide us—men against women.

Since we are striving for a better system, it is natural for women to become more involved in the movement and to make decisions in that movement. Once we do get involved and are given encouragement as women and as Chicanas, we find out that we have good ideas and good decisions to contribute to our organizations. We have to work slowly, like ants, for it has taken many years to make our minds feel inferior and it will take time to change that. But united we will win!

CHICANAS IN LA PINTA

There are many new groups of Chicano men in prison, which are spreading the word about their problems and organizing themselves behind bars. But we hear very little about La Chicana. Obviously she suffers from the same general problems as her brothers, but she also has special problems—especially when she leaves prison.

Hijas de Cuahatemoc, a new Chicana newspaper published in California, reported on this. When La Chicana is released, she is given \$68 to find her place in society. Most of this money is used up in transportation just to get home. She has no personal property since everything is taken away during the arrest. Often she has children who have been taken away by the court so one of the first things she must do is prove that she is a "fit mother" to get her children back.

One of the most important problems La Chicana faces is finding a job. She usually

has little or no training nor work experience other than domestic. The average education of La Pinta is up to the 8th grade. The training offered at the California Institute for Women is extremely limited. There are 3 programs: IBM, sewing and nursing. These programs are few and small.

Today, in Ontario, Calif., a program called MARA (Mex-Am. Research Assoc.) has been started to help La Chicana coming out of prison. They are hoping to set up a house for Chicanas leaving the joint, so they won't be forced to go live in a cheap hotel until their money runs out. They are working on an Emergency Fund to help Chicanas with their expenses. If you are interested in helping this program, write to: MARA, c/o Mrs. Valdez, 306 East La Denly Drive, Ontario, Calif. 91764. And how about a program like this for New Mexico and other areas?

HIJAS DE CUAHTEMOC

The first issue has just appeared of a new Chicana newspaper called HIJAS DE CUAHTEMOC. It contains historical articles, interviews with Chicanas, poems, drawings, etc.

The newspaper is named in honor of one of the outstanding organizations of Mexican women that developed after the 1910 Revolution brought many women out of the home and into jobs or the fight itself. Cuahatemoc is of course the last ruler of the Aztecs, who put up a brave resistance to the Spanish conquest.

To subscribe (\$3.00 a year) write to: Hijas de Cuahatemoc, c/o EOP, 6101 E. 7th St., Long Beach, Calif. 90801

Hombres necios, que acusais

A la mujer sin razón,

Sin ver que sois la ocasión

De lo mismo que culpais;

Si con ansia sin igual

Felicitais su desdén,

Porque querais que obren bien?

Si las incitais al mal?

Con el favor y el desdén

Tenais condición igual,

Quejandóos si os sacan mal

Burlandóos si os quieren bien.

Opiniún ninguna gana

Pues la que mas se recata

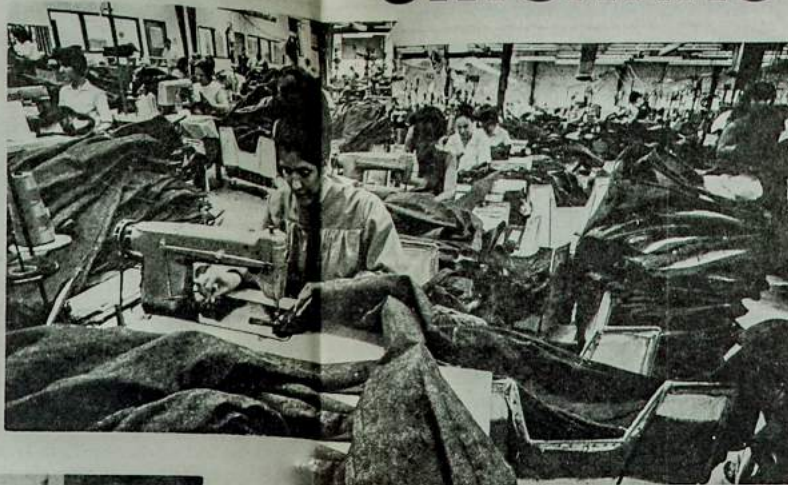
Si no os admite es engrata

Y si os admite, es liviana.

From "Redondillas" by
SOR JUANA INES DE LA CRUZ
17th century Mexican poet



¡VIVAN! LAS CHICANAS



¡QUE
VIVAN!



Message to My Sisters

by ANITA RODRIGUEZ (Taos, N.M.)

Our oppressors seek to rob us in invisible ways. Like thieves in the night, their ideas and values steal into our lives and minds. Dressed in stylish promises, disguised by slick packaging, these ideas subvert our revolution quietly.

The Gringo cares little for your land, Chicana. It is littered with the garbage of the technological monster he has created to make himself still richer. He builds power plants like the one at Four Corners that pump deadly acids into the air. He strip-mines the land to make more war machinery. He cuts down the trees to provide fancy wrappings that nobody needs. He litters all the land with his poisonous garbage. He pollutes the lakes, rivers and ever faraway oceans.

And then, on top of all this, he tells his woman: buy, buy, buy! Buy foods containing preservatives that cause cancer. Buy soaps that put acids into our rivers when the dishwasher flows away. Buy everything to justify the rape of the land!

The gringo not only enslaves his woman, he exploits her. He has her trained so she revels in buying an electric toothbrush, and thus uses more and more electricity to justify the electric plants that poison the air. She revels in buying for the sake of buying. This angers me, but what makes me sad is to see my Chicana sisters following blindly in the same path.

First we do all the household work, the same dull tasks day after day. Then we try to compensate ourselves for this by imitating the Gringa consumer on TV. Because we are depressed by the lack of dignity in

our lives, we push our husbands into loans and jobs so we can buy "consumer goods." We bleach and rat our hair to imitate the Gringa, we spend as much money as we can on make-up, and we litter the land with the leftovers--the corpses of trees, pressed into cardboard cartons that contain the fragments of the so-called "American dream." And what good does all this really do? It doesn't make our lives happier and better, it only makes the gringo industrialists and businessmen richer.

The Chicana has a responsibility to stop and think about all this. She must educate herself about what is happening to the land, and find ways to fight back. One way is by intelligent and informed purchasing. Another is by fighting to stop the building of industries that rob us of our health and heritage. There are other ways. But the important thing is for the Chicana to realize her responsibility to use her brain and her voice. She has a responsibility to be a free and thinking person. She has a responsibility to chase out of her head all those gringo ideas and values that have sneaked in. She has a responsibility to say to all the men who keep her tied to the house and buying--buying--you don't fool me any more, ya basta!



Party Platform on Chicanas

In many parts of the country, Chicanos are getting together under the banner of the Raza Unida party--a new, independent party of and for Chicanos. The Raza Unida party of northern California adopted a platform this spring with a section on Raza women. Below is the platform and some of the introduction to it.

We feel that the importance of the Raza Unida party will be determined by the measure to which it takes into account the needs of La Raza as a whole, and by the measure to which it actively works to meet those needs and to eradicate every form of exploitation which burdens us.

For our women...there exists a triple exploitation, a triple degradation; they are exploited as women, as people of La Raza, and they suffer from the poverty which straitjackets all of La Raza. We feel that without the recognition by all of La Raza of this special form of oppression which our women suffer, our movement will greatly suffer.

Bearing this in mind and recognizing that a people as a whole can never be liberated if an entire sector of that people remains in bondage, we of the Raza Unida party state our position as follows:

A. We shall respect the right of self-determination for our women to state what their specific needs and problems are, and how they feel that these needs can be met and these problems can be eliminated, as a basic principle of our party.

B. The party encourages La Raza women to meet in Raza women's groups wherever the movement is functioning, in order to enable the women to discuss the direction that their participation is taking and the particular needs of Raza women they feel must be acted upon....

C. The party will include Raza women in all decision-making meetings....

D. Raza men and women both will cooperate fully, in this party and at home, in the very difficult task we have before us of freeing our women and encouraging them in every way we can, at all times, to become involved in every level of the struggle, and in working actively towards the elimination of all attitudes and practices that have relegated our women to the unquestionably bonded positions they are now in.

Child care

A. Child-care centers controlled by Raza must be made available for Raza in schools, workplaces, and neighborhoods, totally

Native Women

Most Chicanas know very little about the outstanding Native (Indian) women in this country who are working, struggling, even risking their lives, for their people. There are a few names known to us, however. We would like to mention them as a way of paying tribute to these sisters--while fully realizing that there are many, many others.

ALISON, MAISELLE and SUZETTE BRIDGES--active in the N.W. fishing rights struggle.

MARTHA GRASS--Ponca mother of 12 who has spoken out against her tribe's poverty.

KAHN-TIN-ETTA HORNE--young Mohawk in the fight for free border crossing rights on Seaway Bridge between U.S. and Canada.

LOUISE MADISON--Cornwall (N.Y.) mother whose family endured the burning down of their home there by racists as well as the harassment of her son by draft officials and the FBI in New Mexico.

JANET McCLOUD--of the Puyallup and Nisqually fishing rights struggle in the N.W.

MILDRED RHOADS--of the Pit River Indian (Calif.) struggle to win back land from the Pacific Gas & Electric Co.

GRACE THORPE--daughter of Olympic athlete Jim Thorpe, participant in the Pit River struggle, occupation of land for Degana-widah-Quetzalcoatl U. and other actions.

ROSE WILLIAMS--83-year old Paiute of Chi deeply dedicated to Native cultures, who once walked 400 miles to show Paiute children the traditional ways of the Hopi.

free of charge, wherever our people are found.

B. These child-care centers will be open 24 hours a day and must accommodate children from the age of 45 days through the preschool ages.

C. Medical attention will be made available for the children, and facilities will be available for children who may be sick, with the necessary medicine, free of charge.

D. These centers will function as educational centers as well as care centers.

Work

A. An end to inequality in pay because of sex or race. Statistics show that for the same job, women now get paid half the wage earned by men. The poorest suffer from this the most. Raza women as a group are paid even less than their underpaid Raza male counterparts.

B. Fifty percent of Raza women who work, work as domestics. We want job openings in all areas of work for Raza women, specifically in full-time employment with salaries to meet the standard of living no matter what it may be and no matter how much it increases. All Raza women who apply for jobs, in no matter what area, must be accepted. If training is needed, it should be given with pay.

C. Maternity and paternity leaves with pay and with a guarantee of a job on return.

Birth Control

A. Clinics and agencies within our communities that distribute any birth-control information and/or abortion counseling and information and clinics and agencies that pass out birth-control devices and perform abortions must be community-controlled, and a woman who is counseled must be thoroughly informed about all the dangers and possible side effects of any devices or operations.

B. No forced abortions or sterilizations or our women.

C. The ultimate decision whether to have a child or not should be left up to the woman.

Education

A. Intensive recruitment of Raza women into the schools, with Raza counselors and tutors to help the women stay in school and to encourage them to enter all areas of study.

B. Guaranteed jobs for all Raza women upon graduation in whatever field the women choose.

C. Part of the education of our women will be dedicated to the study of the history of the oppression of women within the framework of our background, and to the study of the role which Raza women have played in the history of our people.

Chicanas Meet Indo-Chinese

From April 2-6, a meeting took place in Vancouver, Canada between revolutionary women of Indo-China and women from the U.S. and Canada. In addition to white women from peace groups and women's liberation groups, there were many "Third World" women--Chicanas, blacks, Asians, Filipinas, and Hawaiians. Indians. Here are reports on the meeting by two Chicanas who attended. One of them went with Indian women.

The Enemy is Imperialism

by DONNA

The Vancouver conference of April, 1971 was incredible. It's hard to put into words all that we learned. Six Indo-Chinese women came, two each from North Vietnam, South Vietnam and Cambodia. All of them were small, about five feet tall, and they were mostly in their 40's.

I went with a group of about 120 Third World women from the San Francisco Bay area--the largest single group. We had met for about a month before the conference to educate ourselves and raise money for transportation. Now we're meeting pretty regularly to work on things together.

Most of the sisters had never been to a conference before.

Some were older women in their 50's and 60's, who went along with their daughters. We spent in all three days up there--two full days rapping with the sisters from Indo-China. They made presentations, then we gave some on our Third World history. (The one on Hawaii was really fine. What a similarity with New Mexico and Puerto Rico!)

One morning was question-and-answer time, in small groups. The Indo-Chinese women are so humble and kind. They differentiate between the U.S. aggressors and the U.S. people. I feel like, if I was over there, I would want to kill all the pigs--even the soldiers--for keeping the war going.

The Indo-Chinese women explained to us so patiently how the enemy is the Administration--is imperialism--not the soldiers. And they told us how they treat prisoners. They see them as being miseducated and try to straighten them out. They do this by treating them well. U.S. prisoners are fed better than Vietnamese soldiers, because they are used to better food. The Vietnamese don't want the prisoners to feel mistreated.

We rapped a lot about a united front and how to get it together, based on principles. In Vietnam, all the different groups who are for peace are united in one movement--labor unions, Buddhists, Catholics, small landowners and merchants, along with the National Liberation Front (NLF). We also asked about how to pull people into the movement, how they had done it. Time went by too fast to ask all the questions on our minds.

One sister from South Vietnam told us how she had been tortured during 6 years in jail, so bad that her hair fell out and she couldn't dress or feed herself. She had been an ordinary housewife when she was arrested. Then, when she was finally released, she became a dedicated fighter for her people. Even now, her 19-year old daughter is in jail for the third time. She told us, "The jails create revolutionaries."

Of course there were some bad moments too, at the conference. Before the meeting began, it had been decided after much discussion that the two days of the weekend would be exclusively for discussion between Third World women from the U.S. and Canada, and the Indo-Chinese women. The Indo-Chinese women approved this. At the conference, some of the white sisters from women's liberation objected, but it became clear that it had been a correct decision. Some of the white sisters showed a great lack of respect and humanity toward each other, and even toward the Third World women at times. The divisions among the white sisters made it very hard to relate to them, and their lack of courtesy toward each other was very disturbing to the Indo-Chinese women.

While these problems were going on, the Indo-Chinese women continued to set their beautiful example of dignity and humanity. One really fine session was where we gave gifts we had made--flags, banners, buttons, papers, things that we were able to bring across the border. There was all kinds of clapping and crying. Next day, the delegates from Indo-China were strung with movement buttons.

The conference taught us just who our real friends are, and who our real enemies are. We see that the people who come down on us directly are not necessarily the ones who have the power over us. Our people have to be educated as to who our oppressor actually is: U.S. capitalism and imperialism. The conference showed us the importance of working together--brown, black, red and yellow people, along with our white brothers and sisters. And if we do this, we surely will win!



Above, Chicanas entertain Indo-Chinese; below, the 6 Indo-Chinese women



We are people of the Land

by DOLORES VARELA

I went to the women's conference on Indo-China in Vancouver, Canada with Alison and Suzette Bridges--the Bridges family are the ones who have been carrying on the Indian fishing struggle in Washington state for so long.

The Indo-Chinese women told us how things are over there. They talked a lot about the atrocities, especially against the women--rapes, torture with the use of electric shock on the breasts and vaginal area, hanging women from their wrists, keeping the women in "tiger cages" (underground cells with bars on top). Things they wouldn't even do to an animal, everything they could do to take away any womanliness. One of the women there had suffered from this kind of treatment for 16 months and she wasn't even affiliated with any political group, she was just an ordinary civilian but they suspected her.

The Indo-Chinese women said they were people of the land, and they want an immediate end to the war. All the bombs and poisonous gasses have completely taken the life from their country--the birds don't sing and the grass doesn't grow any more.

Alison and Suzette Bridges and I had lunch with the Indo-Chinese women and it was one of the most moving experiences I have ever had. The Indo-Chinese women were so warm, yet the sense of their struggle was all around. I especially remember the woman who had gone through all the tortures--her face was a mixture of pain and warmth, if you can imagine that.

We talked mostly about the Indian struggle and I also told them of the struggle in New Mexico. They started comparing the reservations to the enemy's concentration camps in their countries. Everything we said they could relate to, and compare it with what was happening over there. They touched Alison's face and held up her hand next to theirs, and said she looked just like them and was the same color too. Suzette talked a lot with one woman from North Vietnam who spoke a little English. They talked about their families--both had young babies at home, and missed them. Suzette gave the woman part of her wedding ring, because she said she really felt like her sister. We kept talking and talking, and they wanted to know more and more. The meeting was only supposed to be for half an hour but it lasted an hour and a half. All the Indo-Chinese women hugged us and just hung on to us.

Young Lords Party Position



YOUNG LORDS PARTY POSITION PAPER ON WOMEN
(Excerpts)

Puerto Rican, Black, and other Third World (colonized) women are becoming more aware of their oppression in the past and today. They are suffering three different types of oppression under capitalism. First, they are oppressed as Puerto Ricans or Blacks. Second, they are oppressed as women. Third, they are oppressed by their own men. The Third World woman becomes the most oppressed person in the world today.

Economically, Third World women have always been used as a cheap source of labor and as sexual objects. Puerto Rican and Black women are used to fill working class positions in factories, mass assembly lines, hospitals and all other institutions. Puerto Rican and Black women are paid lower wages than whites and kept in the lowest positions within the society. At the same time, giving Puerto Rican and Black women jobs means the Puerto Rican and Black man is kept from gaining economic independence, and the family unit is broken down. Capitalism defines manhood according to money and status; the Puerto Rican and Black man's manhood is taken away by making the Puerto Rican and Black woman the breadwinner. This situation keeps the Third World man divided from his woman. The Puerto Rican and Black man either leaves the household or he stays and becomes economically dependent on the woman, undergoing psychological damage. He takes out all of his frustrations on his woman, beating her, repressing and limiting her freedom. Because this society produces these conditions, our major enemy is capitalism rather than our own oppressed men.

Third World Women have an integral role to play in the liberation of all oppressed people as well as in the struggle for the liberation of women. Puerto Rican and Black women make up over half of the revolutionary army, and in the struggle for national liberation they must press for the equality of women; the woman's struggle is the revolution within the revolution. Puerto Rican women will be neither behind nor in front of their brothers but always alongside them in mutual respect and love. (cont'd in next column)

HISTORY

In the past women were oppressed by several institutions, one of which was marriage. When a woman married a man she became his property and lost her last name. A man could have several wives in order to show other men what wealth he had and enhance his position in society. In Eastern societies, men always had several wives and a number of women who were almost prostitutes, called concubines, purely sexual objects. Women had no right to own anything, not even their children; they were owned by her husband. This was true in places all over the world.

In Latin America and Puerto Rico, the man had a wife and another woman called la corteja. This condition still exists today. The wife was there to be a homemaker, to have children and to maintain the family name and honor. She had to be sure to be a virgin and remain pure for the rest of her life, meaning she could never experience sexual pleasure. The wife had to have children in order to enhance the man's concept of virility and his position within the Puerto Rican society. La corteja became his sexual instrument. The man could have set her up in another household, paid her rent, bought her food, and paid her bills.

Women have always been expected to be wives and mothers only. They are respected by the rest of the community for being good cooks, good housewives, good mothers, but never for being intelligent, strong, educated, or militant. In the past, women were not educated, only the sons got an education, and mothers were respected for the number of sons they had, not daughters. Daughters were worthless and the only thing they could do was marry early to get away from home. At home the role of the daughter was to be a nursemaid for the other children and kitchen help for her mother.

The daughter was guarded like a hawk by her father, brothers, and uncles to keep her a virgin. In Latin America, the people used "duenas" or old lady watchdogs to guard the purity of the daughters. The husband must be sure that his new wife has never been touched by another man because that would ruin the "merchandise." When he marries her, her purpose is to have sons and keep his home but not to be a sexual partner.

Sex was a subject that was never discussed, and women were brainwashed into believing that the sex act was dirty and immoral, and its only function was for the making of children.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD, MACHISMO, AND SEXUAL FASCISM

The Puerto Rican man sees himself as superior to his woman, and his superiority, he feels, gives him license to do many things—curse, drink, use drugs, beat women, and run around with many women. As a matter of fact these things are considered natural for a man to do, and he must do them to be considered a man. A woman who curses, drinks, and runs around with a lot of men is considered dirty, scum, crazy, and a whore.

Today Puerto Rican men are involved in political movement. Yet the majority of their women are home taking care of the children. The Puerto Rican sister that involves herself is considered aggressive, castrating, hard and unwomanly. She is viewed by the brothers as sexually accessible because what else is she doing outside of the home. The Puerto Rican man tries to limit the woman's role because they feel the double standard is threatened; they feel insecure without it as a crutch.

Machismo has always been a very basic part of Latin American and Puerto Rican culture. Machismo is male chauvinism and more. Machismo means "mucho macho" or a man who puts himself selfishly at the head of everything without considering the woman. He can do whatever he wants because his woman is an object with certain already defined roles—wife, mother, and good woman.

Machismo means physical abuse, punishment and torture. A Puerto Rican man will beat his woman to keep her in place and show her who's boss. Most Puerto Rican men do not beat women publicly because in the eyes of other men that is a weak thing to do. So they usually wait until they're home. All the anger and violence of centuries of oppression which should be directed against the oppressor is directed at the Puerto Rican woman.

Sexual Fascism is tied closely to the double standard and machismo. It means that a man or woman thinks of the opposite sex solely as sexual objects to be used for sexual gratification and then discarded. A sexual fascist does not consider people's feelings; all they see everywhere is a pussy or a dick. They will use any rap, especially political, to get sex.

PROSTITUTION

Under capitalism, Third World women are forced to compromise themselves because of their economic situation. The facts that her man cannot get a job and that the family is dependent on her for support means she hustles money by any means necessary. Black and Puerto Rican sisters are put into a situation where jobs

on Women



Puerto Rican high school students march on the United Nations, 1970

(photo Women's Graphic Collective/LNS)

are scarce or nonexistent and are forced to compromise body, mind, and soul; they are then called whores or prostitutes.

Puerto Rican and Black sisters are made to prostitute themselves in many other ways. The majority of these sisters on the street are also hard-core drug addicts, taking drugs as an escape from oppression. Sisters are forced to take jobs at the lowest wages; at the same time take insults and other indignities in order to keep the job. In hospitals, our women comprise the majority of the nurse's aides, kitchen workers, and clerks. These jobs are unskilled, the pay is low, and there is no chance for advancement. In offices, our positions are usually as clerks, typists and no-promotion jobs. In all of these jobs, our sisters are subjected to racial slurs, jokes, and other indignities such as being leered at, manhandled, propositioned, and assaulted.

Everywhere our sisters are turned into prostitutes. The most obvious example is the sisters hustling their bodies on the streets, but the other forms of prostitution are also types of further exploitation of the Third World woman. The only way to eliminate prostitution is to eliminate this society which creates the need. Then we can establish a socialist society that meets the economic needs of all the people.

BIRTH CONTROL, ABORTION, STERILIZATION=GENOCIDE

We have no control over our bodies, because capitalism finds it necessary to control the woman's body to control population size. The choice of motherhood is being taken out of the mother's hands. She is sterilized to prevent her from having children, or she has to have a child because she cannot get an abortion.

Third World sisters are caught up in a complex situation. On one hand, we feel that genocide is being committed against our people. We know that Puerto Ricans will not be around on the face of the earth very long if Puerto Rican women are sterilized at the rate they are being sterilized now. The practice of sterilization in Puerto Rico goes back to the 1930's when doctors pushed it as the only means of contraception. In 1947-48, 7% of the women were sterilized; between 1953-54, 4 out of every 25; and by 1965, the number had increased to about 1 out of every 3 women. In many cases our sisters are told that their tubes are going to be "tied," but are never told that the "tying" is really "cutting" and that the tubes can never be united.

Part of this genocide is also the use of birth control pills which were tested for 15 years on Puerto Rican sisters (guinea pigs) before being sold on the market in the U.S. Even now many doctors feel that these pills cause cancer and death from blood clotting.

On the other hand, we believe that abortions should be legal if they are community controlled, if they are safe, if our people are educated about the risks and if doctors do not sterilize our sisters while performing abortions. We realize that under capitalism our sisters and brothers cannot support large families and the more children we have the harder it is to support them. We say, change the system so that women can freely be allowed to have as many children as they want without suffering any consequences.

DAY CARE CENTERS

One of the main reasons why many sisters are tied to the home and cannot work or become revolutionaries is the shortage of day care centers for children. The centers that already exist are overcrowded, expensive, and are only super-baby-sitting centers. Day

care centers should be free, should be open 24 hours a day, and should be centers where children are taught their revolutionary history and culture.

REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN

Throughout history, women have participated and been involved in liberation struggles. But the writers of history have never given full acknowledgment to the role of revolutionary women. At the point of armed struggle for national liberation, women have proved themselves as revolutionaries.

MARIANA BRACETTI was a Puerto Rican woman who together with her husband fought in the struggle for independence in Lares. She was called "el brazo de oro" because of her unlimited energy. For her role in the struggle, she was imprisoned. She sewed the first flag of El Grito de Lares.

Another nationalist woman was LOLA RODRIGUEZ DE TIO, a poet who expressed the spirit of liberty and freedom in "La Borinquena" in 1867. Besides being a nationalist, she was a fighter for women's rights. She refused to conform to the traditional customs concerning Puerto Rican women and at one point cut her hair very short.

BLANCA CANALES was one of the leaders of the revolution in Jayuya in 1950.

LOLITA LEBRON, together with three other patriots, opened fire on the House of Representatives in an armed attack in 1954, bringing the attention of the world on the colonial status of Puerto Rico. She emptied a .45 automatic from the balcony of Congress on to the colonial legislators. She then draped herself in the Puerto Rican flag and cried, "Viva Puerto Rico Libre." The result was 5 legislators shot, and one critically wounded. She was imprisoned in a federal penitentiary and sentenced to 50 years. She is still in prison for this heroic act of nationalism.

The Central Committee of the YOUNG LORDS PARTY has issued this position paper to explain and to educate our brothers and sisters about the role of sisters in the past and how we see sisters in the struggle now and in the future. We criticize those brothers who are "machos" and who continue to treat our sisters as less than equals. We criticize sisters who remain passive, who do not join in the struggle against our oppression.

We are fighting every day within our PARTY against male chauvinism because we want to make a revolution of brothers and sisters—together—in love and respect for each other.

FORWARD SISTERS IN THE STRUGGLE!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Central Committee, Young Lords Party



LOLITA
LEBRON

(PHOTO LNS)



Estas niñas de los Estados Unidos ya son conscientes de la lucha de la gente colonizada. De Sojourner Truth hasta ahora, mujeres negras han peleado contra la esclavitud y para la liberación. Hoy, ANGELA DAVIS en California y ERIKA HUGGINS en Connecticut están peleando para sus vidas. AFENI SHANKUR y JOAN BIRD de los Panteras Negras acaban de salir libre después de pasar 2 años en la cárcel y las cortes. KATHLEEN CLEAVER, una oficial de los Panteras, está ahora en exilio en Argelia. Libertad para ellas, para todos los prisioneros políticos!



CUBA: Haydee Santamaria, gran heroína de la lucha contra Batista. Ella estaba encarcelada por Batista, su hermano y su novio fueron matados, pero ella siguió luchando. Ahora es una líder en el gobierno revolucionario.



Grabado por Elizabeth Catlett, TGP, Mexico

Sojourner Truth—una esclava norteamericana que peleó para abolir la esclavitud. También luchó para los derechos de la mujer. Así dijo, en un discurso en 1851: "That man over there say that a woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helped me into carriages, or over mud puddles, or gives me a best place...And ain't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm! I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me...And ain't I a woman? I could as much and eat as much as a man when I could get it, and bear the lash as well... And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children and seen them most all sold off into slavery. And when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard...And ain't I a woman?" (Speech before Woman's Rights Convention, 1851)

MUJERES
UNIDAS
QUIEREN
JUSTICIA!



PALESTINA: Leila Khaled, revolucionaria de 24 años en el Frente Popular para la Liberación



CUBA: Todo el mundo ha aprendido leer y escribir con la ayuda de muchachas como estas.

Hermanas de la Causa del Mundo

Adentro y fuera de los Estados Unidos, muchas mujeres están luchando en contra de la pobreza, el racismo, y toda la injusticia. En muchos lugares, han tenido que tomar armas y dar la vida para defender su tierra, su cultura, y la gente. Estas revolucionarias quieren la misma cosa que nosotras: una sociedad de justicia y paz, y una vida sin hambre o miedo.



CHILE: Mujeres trabajando bajo el nuevo gobierno radical del nuevo Presidente Allende (LNS)

The mountain moving day is coming
I say so, yet others doubt.
Only a while the mountain sleeps.
In the past
All mountains moved in fire,
Yet you may not believe it.
Oh man, this alone believe,
All sleeping women
Now will awake and move.

YOSANO AKIKO



LAOS: Mujeres trabajando en una acequia, siempre listas para defender su tierra. (Foto Laotian Info. Bureau/LNS)



VIETNAM: Nguyen Thi Binh, Ministra del Extranjero en el Gobierno Revolucionario Provisional de Vietnam del Sur, y Presidente de la delegación del PRG en las negociaciones para la paz en París.



JAPON: Campesinas defienden su tierra contra el gobierno, que quiere poner un gran aeropuerto allí. (Foto LNS)

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FELIZ CINCO DE JUNIO

A Question Every Chicano Should Ask

Editor's Note: Resistance has been growing in the U.S. Armed Forces for a long time, with protests and demonstrations by GIs everywhere. But news of the GI movement often does not reach the public because of censorship by the military and the press establishment. As a result, many people were not aware of the strong movement until they saw Vietnam veterans demonstrate in April and throw down their combat medals on the steps of the U.S. capital in shame, disgust and protest.

More and more Chicanos are joining this movement. In Washington, D.C., the spokesmen for the Vietnam Veterans from New Mexico was a Chicano from U.N.M. named Robert Baca. In Seattle, Washington on April 17, a large Raza contingent led a march of 3,000 people protesting the war and repression at home. In San Francisco on April 24, more than 125,000 people including many Raza marched in the streets behind a decorated Vietnam veteran who was in a wheelchair--his legs forever sacrificed in this war. His name was Roberto Silva.

The war raises many questions about racism, the real meaning of capitalism, how imperialism works. These questions have been faced by GIs for a long time, in their day-to-day lives. It is the GIs who have been sent to do the killing, it is they who have been used. And most of them are from the poor or working class, many of them are Chicano or black. So they have learned to ask a lot of questions about their own lives and experiences right here in the U.S.

A Chicano GI in the brig at Camp Pendleton, a Marine Corps base near Oceanside, California, recently smuggled out a letter telling about his feelings. He had gone into the Marines full of gung-ho U.S. patriotism, but the reality woke him up. He was put in the brig for UA--(Unauthorized Absence)--and on a dope charge. (It should be said that if a GI did not use drugs before going into the service, there is a big chance that he will start using them while there.) Here is what the Chicano GI wrote in his letter, which he calls: "A Question Every Chicano Should Ask--Who am I?"

HISTORY calls me a Mexican (an excuse for wetback). It says that I am a lazy person who likes to take siestas, eat frijoles and tacos. It says we are uneducated and dumb.

The **MILITARY** calls me a Caucasian. The military says that, to the military, there is no such things as a white, black or brown color; we are all the same. But it doesn't say how the military

gives us and our black brothers the worst jobs. It doesn't say how the racist lifers try to separate us so we won't unite against them. It doesn't say how they try to brainwash us to keep us from finding out the truth about why we go to war. It doesn't say that they send us to Vietnam to fight people who are fighting the same enemy we are fighting in America: U.S. imperialism. It doesn't say that our purpose there is to protect the rich man's money and to make him richer.

SOCIETY calls me a Mexican-American. They say I smoke marijuana, shoot heroin and push drugs. They say I cause riots. They say I am lazy, uneducated, undependable to hold a job. They say I stay at home and live off welfare.

But they don't say that we smoke marijuana and shoot heroin because of despair, anger, being looked upon as less than humans, being exploited and the only escape from this is by staying high in order to be happy. They don't say we push drugs to help support our families. They don't say that we cause riots in order to demand our rights, and to protest police brutality. They don't say how policemen arrest and beat our brothers for no reason at all. They don't say that the Declaration of Independence doesn't contain a single Chicano or black man's signature and that at that time a Chicano or black man was not considered human. They don't say we are uneducated because we don't have the opportunity to get an education like a white man has. They don't say that the rich pigs keep us on welfare to try and stop us from fighting against their so-called democratic government.

YES, CARNALES, WHO AM I? THE ANSWER IS THIS:

My grandfather was a wetback because he didn't realize how the whites were using him and getting rich through his back-breaking work. My father was a Mexican-American because he too was used and downgraded and exploited, and he didn't have the guts to stand up and fight for his freedom. But me, carnales, I am a Chicano and I am proud of being a Chicano. I shall stand up to these rich pigs and fight for freedom and rights. I shall take arms if necessary. I will help the rest of the working people regardless of race and color. I am ready to give my life for this cause, because my blood is the same as that of "Che" Guevara, "Pancho" Villa, chicanos who died to give people their freedom.

Yes, carnales, this is what I am,

A PROUD BROWN CHICANO WARRIOR

Victims of Machismo

by **JOSEPH ARELLANO**, Creative Writers Workshop
Folsom State Prison

MACHISMO--we all know it is a quality of manhood that runs deep in our culture. We see it all around us, in the courts and with authority figures, our men never asking for a break because it runs against our grain.

Machismo is expressed in our foot-stomping music, in our lusty folk songs, now in our vengeful grito of Viva Zapata! Viva la revolucion! But perhaps it is also machismo that accounts for many of our brothers not returning from World War II, Korea--and now the war in Vietnam.

Let us look at machismo, both its good and bad points. Where should we use good judgment instead of machismo? When should we demand our rights?

Machismo can be used, and is being used against us by those who know that the macho in us will not say no to "special assignments," "patrol duty," and so forth--in other words, the infamous bogged-down war in Southeast Asia. They know how to spot machismo and put us up against larger forces that they themselves will not face.

Fortunately, the cross-country currents of el movimiento are sweeping old dogmas and out-of-date ideas off the horizon. Young Chicanos and Chicanas are becoming aware of "trickery" being played by the porcine machine.

The name of the game has been the manipulation of flesh-and-blood under the disguise of patriotism. But today's Chicano recognizes the need for awareness. He is tired of the game played by leaders who whip up a red-neck brew of racial and big-time suppression.

The new breed of Chicano sees the boot coming down and knows the cattle cars are waiting, Auschwitz style. For this reason we must channel our machismo and use it wisely. We cannot afford to let it be used against us, let it tie us up or chain us.

The new breed of Chicana is also different. She is active, more aware and has a cause to employ her talents. In the past she was often conspicuous by her absence. The Chicana in the cities or big towns was left to compete in a competitive society when the man of the household was removed. The campesina worked hard



Reprinted from Duck Power

The Silent Majority

all her life. Ever since she was a little girl, she was seen in the fields.

Here we have a difference. The campesina endured because she lived close to the land and seemed to gain strength from it. Her sister in the big city was caught in a ghetto life-style when the macho left the scene.

Fortunately all Chicanas--campesinas and city carnalas--have become aware of social movement. The young ones are seeking higher education and are very active. All Chicanas know that their talents and encouragement are extra fuel to propel the Chicano in the fight for equality.

The positive and negative aspects of machismo still exist. Fortunately, carnalismo is spreading and the pipe-lines of communication are reaching our people. Communication is where it's at. We must relate to our brothers and sisters and keep each other informed about current movements. We must emphasize pride and avoid all forms of a negative machismo.

Machismo has its positive aspects--we can appreciate it in our pride as beautiful, bronze people. It is in the man who can face the realities of life with dignity; it is in the man who protects his home and his loved ones; it is in the man who can have true feeling for his brothers and sisters without hangups. He is a member of a proud culture made wise by trial and error. **VENCEREMOS!**

NATIVE AMERICANS THEN AND NOW

The Army's My Lai of 1868

Does history repeat itself? On Nov. 27, 1868, U.S. Cavalry troops massacred 1,000 Cheyenne Indians in a surprise attack near the Washita River in what is now Oklahoma. On Nov. 27, 1968, U.S. troops massacred hundreds of Vietnamese at the place known as My Lai. The troops that killed the Indians were from the 7th Cavalry, and the 7th Cavalry is today fighting in central Vietnam. How much has changed in 100 years?

The massacre of the Cheyenne Indians was part of the U.S. campaign to wipe out the Plains Indians, who had been resisting the advancing white settlers with guerrilla warfare for some years. It is said that they fought "savagely" and were "treacherous." But as one Army officer remarked at that time: "What, when we practice it, is called strategy, is, when the Indians practice it, called treachery."

In January, 1868, Maj. General Phillip Sheridan wrote about the Indians: "The more we can kill this year, the less will have to be killed next year." He planned a search-and-destroy campaign for the following winter, in which the Indians would be caught in their villages and either killed or left to starve or freeze to death in the bitter winter. The man he chose to lead this operation was Col. George Custer.

So Custer set out in November of that year and found a large Cheyenne village. At dawn on Nov. 27, his 700 troops swept down on the teepees and lean-to's. The men could hear the women talking and babies crying. Then, at full gallop, firing as they advanced, the cavalry rode down on the village. The Indians were taken completely by surprise. Every man was killed on the spot, whether he was trying to fight back or not. Women and children were killed. The teepees were looted and burned.

The Indians' war ponies, 875 in all, were either shot or hamstringed. Corpses were everywhere and the snow was as red as any ditch or paddy outside My Lai. By 10 A.M. it was all over. A total of 53 women and children--out of 1000 people--were spared and herded into captivity. Then the assault force returned to base.

From an article by Col. Robert Heintz, Ft. Benning Ga.

Another Broken Treaty

In response to yet another broken treaty, Indian students of 47 different tribes are camped on the site of the old Fort Lewis educational complex near Camp Hesperus, Colo., and are making plans for their own Indian Education Center.

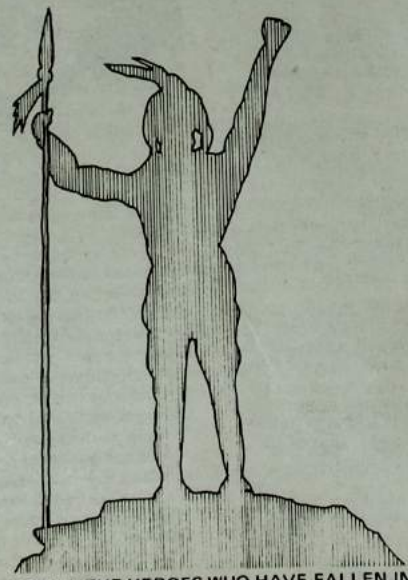
In 1911, 263 separate Indians made a treaty giving 6,312 acres of land to the State of Colorado to be used for schools and colleges. In return, the treaty states: "All American Indians should be at all times admitted TUITION FREE at Fort Lewis College...." Last Fall, the Colorado legislature decided they were no longer obligated to the American Indian students, and passed a law which requires Indians from New Mexico, Arizona and all states other than Colorado to pay the new tuition fees--which are two to three times higher than other colleges and universities in the Four Corners area. The law says that Indian students from Colorado can still attend Fort Lewis tuition-free but they cannot make up more than 10% of the student population.

Fort Lewis College exploits its relationship with Indians to get massive amounts of money for its white-controlled Indian programs. When the new tuition law was passed, students began protests and were soon joined by the All-Indian Pueblo Council, the National Indian Youth Council and even the BIA Area Director, who threatened to sue the State of Colorado. But the federal government refuses to support its own BIA director, the school refuses to support its students and the state still refuses to honor its treaty.

The Colorado Attorney General even claims that since Fort Lewis College was moved 30 miles from its original site, the 1911 treaty is no longer valid. But the treaty says that if it is broken, the land goes back

to the Indians--Southern Utes.

Although that tribe is not now pressing the claim, the students have taken a strong stand on the issue. They are saying to the State of Colorado: this time you can't have it both ways; either respect the terms of the treaty or give the land back. And as many of the Indian students at Camp Hesperus are saying: We'd rather have the land returned to our people than have our tuition back.



TO ALL THE HEROES WHO HAVE FALLEN IN
VARIOUS BATTLES WITH SAVAGE WHITES
DON'T LET IT BE IN VAIN

Shadow drawing by Howard Hill

THE TOMAHAWK STATEMENT

EXCERPTS

The atrocities that this ruthless government has heaped upon the Indians are, at last, coming into the light of justice. No longer is the government able to use coercive tactics to keep the Indian from standing up and demanding a redress of grievances...

When this government of the United States was created, there were not any Indians representing Indian interest; and when constitutions, amendments and laws were being drawn up, the American Indian was, of course, not invited to take part in any of the proceedings. Evidently, Indians weren't considered to be part of the country, only part of the land, so to speak...

It is said that man has certain alienable rights and the government shall protect those rights in return for each individual's allegiance; but in the case of the Indians, the government has not recognized Indians as people. All through U.S. History, and it is even more clear now, that the Indian in order to protect his unalienable rights, must now claim the right of self-determination...

This writer, therefore, contends that the drafting of Indians is unconstitutional and that the laws concerning Indians being required to serve in the Armed Services be also declared unconstitutional. It appears that this is one of the last genocidal tactics of the United States to rob the Indian Nation of her last and most prized resource--her young, proud men.

The Indians are fully aware of the United States involvement throughout history and how the U.S. operates its system of capitalism. The Indians of today see that the Vietnamese people will become the "Indians of tomorrow" if the U.S. succeeds in dominating the governments of Southeast Asia.

I, therefore, officially state that I refuse induction or to become part of any agency of the Selective Service on grounds previously stated.

Steven J. Aubid
St. Cloud, Minnesota

NO LIE TEST FOR HANK-FISHING RIGHTS NOW!

The Indian struggle for fishing rights in Washington state took on a new twist in April. The police say that Hank Adams, director of Survival of Indians, who was shot in the stomach by 2 white men last Jan. 19, had fired a gun himself during the incident. In fact, the police say it was Hank who shot himself. But when Hank offered to take a lie detector test to prove he hadn't, Chief Lyle Smith refused to let him do it.

The police, as usual, are trying to blame the victim (Indian) instead of his attackers (white). They have closed their "investigation" on the whole case, which is another way of saying that they are not interested in finding the real criminal. Hank Adams has stated that the goal of the police in this whole case is to discredit him and thus the entire fishing rights struggle.

There have been many incidents of attack by white vigilantes and police on the Puyallup Indians, including total destruction of their fishing camps. In Sept., 1970, police raided a camp using tear gas and clubs, and arrested more than 60 persons. Then, in April this year, the U.S. Dept. of the Interior ruled that the camp was located on Indian trust land--and so the police had no authority over Indians there. The Indians have claimed all along that this was their reservation, as fixed by treaties.

Mainly because of this ruling and wide protests against the brutality, the trials of most of the 60 people arrested have been postponed indefinitely. The next fishing season begins in late July and the Indians think that the situation may be worse than ever because police treatment of the Hank Adams case encourages violence by vigilantes.

THE WHITE MAN'S DARK CHAPTERS

The Golden Buddha

FROM THE DIARY OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN AT HIROSHIMA, 1945

I fight my way blindly across the Pacific from the bloodspattered Pacific Atolls and on up to the occupation force of Japan. A DAY OF SUNLIGHT for me. I stand here at this moment in a place far away from my home. It is called Hiroshima, and I feel that I am luckier than most of my friends for I am still alive.

I look at this place and I say over and over to myself, "It is impossible, it is impossible," but I know it is true and it is real for I am here. And I know that is real. It is a day of bright sunlight and I am watching the ones here and they are many and in various ways--mostly women I see, and a few men--some are wearing bandages and other things. I am watching them pick through the rubble, ashes, and cinders of what may have been their homes or their whole world, I do not know.

This is a sad and lonely place and the wind blowing here is unholy and strange, it is not a divine wind. Yes, I stand watching for a long time and silently I say to myself and to the Great Spirit, "I thank you for your Mercy that I did not know these or speak to them and be understood by them, for my heart could not bear this, nor my spirit endure it. Somehow I have seen this, maybe in some other place or time. I must get into motion now for I cannot stand transfixed for long, because I feel many things and I must start walking."

I am now walking along what was once a street in this place, and it is not easy for there are many things in one's path. I look in the distance and I see some concrete buildings broken and twisted. The one I notice most was, as someone has told me, the International Trade Building. As I am walking through this place I wear a mask for I dare not show compassion in the compassionate faces of the Japanese I see here. I walk away further into this broken, scorched place and I do not know really what I am thinking. Over there some place is a golden glint among the rubble in the sunlight. I walk over to see what it is, I reach down now and pick it up and I find in my hands a small cherry wood frame which is blistered and cracked. The picture is of Buddha.

The silk is burned and smattered with ashes. I hold it in my hands, I want to sweep the ashes from its delicate features but something stops me. I hold it up in the bright sunlight and examine the delicate brush marks of this painting made in love. I guess at this time I do not even realize that this belongs to someone. Strangely enough, I feel like the foreigner I am here and a great and terrible feeling comes over my body and mind, all I know now is I am running and I want to get my feet off these people's soil, I did not come here to do this to them...

...I have kept this picture now of Buddha for some years. The war is long over. A white friend, who I was in the war with, wants it. He has asked me several times. I give. I wonder sometimes



A Japanese
Buddha

what he wants with it. I am sorry today that I do not have this picture, but maybe it is good in some ways for maybe it reminds me too much of the suffering and terror of those times--or the suffering of my Indian peoples in these times.

These diary pages were sent to El Grito by Tawani Wakawa Shoush, who says this about the diary and the man who wrote it:

I have tried faithfully here to transcribe only a few pages from this diary. There is much more but I cannot bring myself to write it now. I fear it is too painful, for the man who wrote them is an old and loved friend. I will only say his name was "Taicho," and that is only a nickname. He died in April, 1971, from despair, alcoholism, fatigue and a broken heart in a lonely place of poverty, attended by three friends. He was a warm, loving human being who gave all in the name of love. One of his last requests was "not to let the white scum undertakers take my body, for I have endured a lot of things but this would be too much."

Taicho was buried by friends beneath a lonely and windswept evergreen tree. When you cover the earth over a friend, it doesn't seem very much to trade for a long-time loving friend. What now, white man, what now?

TAWANI WAKAWA SHOUSH

"Dark Chapters" In U.S. History

I remember that in school, that is, in the so-called schools of formal education, when I would ask the teacher about the period of slavery, she would always answer me with the line that it was a "dark chapter in the history of our country."

I read later that when Robert F. Kennedy was in Indonesia, Mexico, between 1846 and 1848, which ended when President Polk ripped off half of Mexico. Kennedy told them, "That was a dark chapter in our history."

In college, when I would ask the history professor about the genocide against the Native Americans, he would quickly say, "That was a dark chapter in the history of our country."

As I continued reading, I found out about the United States in the Philippines and Cuba around the turn of the century, and I read about the U.S. sending troops into Mexico around 1912 to chase Pancho Villa. I learned about the Marines invading Nicaragua in 1926. Then came the Dominican Republic, where the U.S. went in to protect American lives from 30 "communists." And there was the Bay of Pigs which was explained away as a mistake.

Now it's Vietnam and Cambodia, and My Lai. Ask your teachers and you will be told that it's a "mistake," an "isolated incident," or again, a "dark chapter in the history of our country."

As you thumb through the pages of U.S. history, you'll find out that it doesn't matter what page you turn to--it's dark. This is the way you and I have been educated. The question is, why are we given this pap, why have we been told this was an "isolated incident" or that was a "mistake"? It should be very obvious to us all. It's done to confuse us, to mislead us into thinking that these so-called isolated incidents were accidental, and that they

shouldn't have happened, instead of admitting that in reality these were no mistakes, but the deliberate and planned policy of our so-called leaders. This was deliberately planned violence against the peoples of the Third World.

There is another reason, even more significant, and that is that we are supposed to think and to accept the erroneous idea that one man can make a difference in the policy of the American government. They want us to believe that if so-and-so had not been U.S. president, Mexico wouldn't have lost Aztlan, or if so-and-so were in office today, he would have ended the war in Vietnam.

Once you are miseducated into believing that, you don't question the system any further, but instead look forward to another election, and hope that the right, honest and charismatic candidate will step forward. Once you accept that, you no longer look for the decisive determining factor that causes any president of the United States to take forceful actions. Behind the president, no matter who he is under the present system, are tremendous social and economic forces that determine for the president what he should do. The most significant and powerful force is those 30,000 rich and super-rich people who own and rule the country. No matter how strong a president this country has, he has to respond and bend to these powerful multimillionaires.

So you see, one man doesn't make the difference. He couldn't even if he wanted to--assuming that he would want to in the first place. After all, he was elected to office only because those powerful economic and social forces knew that he would defend their interests--not the interests of the Chicanos, the Blacks, the Native Americans, and the Asian-Americans.

An Indian Asks Chicanos Some Questions

Hola;

I am contacting you at this time because there are some questions about the Chicano Movement that I simply have to have answers to.

First about Aztlan; where the Chicano Movement speaks of reclaiming several states in the South West. But, does this land not belong in fact to the Native Tribes of that area? By what legal-moral right did Mexico lay claim to the land? What of the existing treaties that exist between the many Tribes and Nations and the U.S. Government? If you reclaim this area from the gringo, just WHAT becomes of all the treaties?

I don't ask these things to provoke; but to attempt to find some basic answers to very grave problems.

The tone of the various Chicano papers is quite good with regards to the Native People. But, I keep looking for some definite indication that what your movement proposes will be of benefit to our Native brothers and sisters. I find none.

Let us suppose that this land reclaiming takes place. It seems that our kinsmen will be expected to exchange the Gringo 'boss' for a Chicano 'boss'. Does this seem logical to you?

What of the tribal rights of the various Bands, Tribes and Nations? I have thus far not seen anything definite that clearly states our People will be 'masters' of their own lives. In fact I have seen nothing in the Chicano doctrines that even mention these exclusive ancestral rights. I keep asking myself, WHERE does it state that the rights of my kinsmen will be respected, supported and respected.

You know, it took me almost two years to even find out what the term Chicano means. Now then, I think Chicano is Tribal and not ethnic. I think the barrios and pueblos are Tribes that more or less inter-lock. This is a Tribe, then. I can understand "Chicano" and think of it as just another Native Nation. But what I see presented is: Chicano, the ones who claim to be Native and wish to take over Native land.

So if I visit the Pueblo of Santa Fe, a Band or Tribe of the Chicano Nation, then the only difference between the population and me is the local customs. But if I visit Santa Fe, in the area of something called Aztlan, where the Chicanos live, then I am on foreign soil until I set foot on a Native pueblo. It's all words, but this is what causes impressions and this creates thoughts.

Now, then, let us leave this subject for now and go on to another rather 'sore' spot.

I keep noticing that your movement stresses three main hero images. Che, who despite his commendable attitude towards our race, was not even slightly Native. Then Villa and Zapata. They were Natives, yet nowhere in the CPA do we see this brought forth; at the most it is just seldom, casually mentioned.

Why also does the Chicano Movement fail to mention all the various Native heroes? There were many. We are in the process of contacting some of the various governments relative to these Native heroes so we may print the stories of their lives and deeds.

I think that what I'm trying to say is, that the Mexican-American

can (or Chicano or La Raza) Movements speaks OF their native 'heritage' but they don't speak ABOUT this 'heritage'. Look through the pages of even our small newspaper. Always you will see that there are things about our various Nations; language lessons, history, religion, many things. Yet we also try to speak in a manner wherein all may understand; we try to reach ALL societies.

There is still another point. The paper of which I am publisher is one of only 4 Native publications that are totally open in our hostility toward existing conditions. We do not consider ourselves revolutionists but Native Nationalists. We do not seek to live with the foreigners because we are separate and choose to remain so because of the conduct of the foreigners. We do not feel any allegiance to the U.S. or any country other than the Native Nations.

Not then, as it seems (at least on the surface), the Chicano people seek more of a place within this foreign society but on their own terms. It seems to us that we seek almost total separation while the Chicano Movement seems more tuned to creating a separate identity within the foreign society. Thus the picture is that of the Chicano using force to grab off a part of the foreign society, and this would seem to be the act of a revolutionist. As you see then, it is difficult for the Native to see himself as an ally to the Chicano Movement because the Chicano Movement seems more revolutionist than separatist. I hope you can understand what I am trying to express.

Perhaps all our various ethnic papers are guilty in that we express a thought without considering that while our own race may understand our thoughts, others well may not. I know that I am guilty of this.

Sometimes we of the various movements may seem more like a sack of wild cats rather than people. We will no doubt step on each other's toes more than a few times. But if there is to be any degree of unity within the various movements, then we must be totally honest with each other. We must not ignore differences, but bring them into the open and resolve them to the fullest extent. It is honest to say that no one ethnic and/or poverty group can gain their rightful place alone. But we have all been lied to so much by just about everyone, it has made most shy away from the rest. The constant propaganda and opportunists we are subjected to makes our tasks all the more difficult.

I think that what I am seeking here is total honesty instead of flowery words that mean nothing, patience rather than back-lash, and very real answers to the problems that now form a river between us. If we try, I think we can cross this river without too much difficulty, but if we don't really try, then what becomes of us ALL?

Please excuse my long-windedness; it is very difficult for me to explain in English a thought that is deep inside me. I await your reply.

Sincerely,
Magowan, Editor, Rainbow People
P.O. Box 164, John Day, Ore. 97845

WORKERS MEET IN D.C.

by LORENZO TORRES

Rank and file members of many local and national unions met in Washington, D.C. during the weekend of May 22-23 to testify on the unemployment problems of workers all over the nation.

The hearings were initiated by the National Rank & File Committee for Trade Union Democracy, a group born out of a conference called last June in Chicago, where 900 delegates participated. Steel workers, miners, teachers, factory workers, farmworkers, hospital workers, oil workers, all met to discuss the terrible lack of meaningful leadership and movement in the traditional labor unions.

Since then, many of these workers have been organizing pressure groups against their state leaders. The result has been that many unionists have joined the anti-war and anti-Nixon demonstrations in defiance of their own leaders' pro-war statements. A contributing factor has been Nixon's stand on holding wage raises to a bare minimum.

The mood of the delegates at the Washington hearings was aggressive and strong. All the delegates--and there were more than 300 from 26 states--spoke out against the war and demanded a peacetime economy. Many unemployed workers participated, including some who testified they have been out of work so long they have given up looking. The delegates spoke out sharply against the administration--both Democrat and Republican--and there was a strong feeling that this country has failed the workers and the poor.

After hearing the testimony, the rank and file conference voted for the \$6500 minimum income for all families. They also voted to work for the extension of unemployment compensation from date of firing to date of hiring and to include the youth--those seeking employment for the first time. They backed the 32-hour work week at the 40-hour week pay base, and voted to work toward having the

1946 Full Employment Act rewritten to make it viable in the present situation.

The official unemployment figure (often disputed as much higher) is running about 6%.

It generally doubles for Chicanos and triples for Blacks. We hardly ever see what the figures are for Indian workers, but we know the number of unemployed is very high. Women? Well, let's not overdo it. The fact is the New Mexico has practically no factory jobs for women. As for the young, in East Los Angeles the percentage unemployed runs as high as 40% (according to the newspaper Machete).

We are hopeful that the Washington hearings will be only the beginning of an all-out struggle for full employment in this country.

We know damn well that other countries already have solved this problem. We also know that full employment requires a peace economy. I think this struggle deserves the complete support and full involvement of all Chicano organizations.

MI HIJO VINO DE VIETNAM--ADICTO

Soy el padre de un joven que vino de Vietnam hace unos meses. El joven vino todo adicto a drogas incluyendo la heroína. Si los curarán o les dieran tratamientos de la clínica médica a estos soldados antes de dejarlos libres a las comunidades y sus respectivas casas, fuera mejor.

Después de estar arruinado el barrio con esta plaga de marijuanos y narcóticos acaban de adionar mas carga ya a la pobre gente y de arruinar a todos. El dejar soltar a los soldados sin antes haberlos curado de estos malos diabólicos hábitos de drogas, esto está muy mal. Las drogas no ayudan al movimiento ni a la lucha por la liberación de la Raza. Solo confunde y sume mas en la miseria a cuantos miles les toque.

Yo no se que va a pasar. Pues estamos perdidos si así se aumentara la corrupción

y los locos y las muertes por parte de tantos soldados en vida civil devueltos todos adictos. Harían a todas las niñas buenas hacerse droguitas y endiabladas bajo estas malvadas drogas, y la moto.

Aquí esta un pequeño recado: (1) REDS ARE MORE ADDICTING THAN SMACK. (2) REDS CAUSE TWICE AS MANY DEATHS FROM OVERDOSE THAN SMACK. (3) WITHDRAWAL FROM REDS CAN RESULT IN DEATH IF NOT DONE IN MEDICAL CLINICS WITH SPECIAL TREATMENT.

La mayoría de los soldados que regresan ahora de la guerra de Vietnam son drogadictos y marijuaneros. Hay peligro en las comunidades y las ciudades, y el gobierno no hace casi nada para remediar este problema. En los ghettos y en los barrios, después de esta terrible guerra, LA MALDAD SE AUMENTA Y LA MISERIA. TODO LO CUAL ME PARECE QUE LA IGLESIA Y LAS RELIGIONES HAN FALLADO. Hay que hacer una alarma por medio de los periódicos y el underground press antes de que se pierda nuestra juventud y niños.

Un cuñado mio murió el Easter pasado de un overdose de cierto narcótico, amaneció muerto tendido en el suelo. Anoche mismo acabo yo de recibir un teléfono del esposo de la hermana de mi esposa, el cual deseaba hablar con ella a los doce y media PM. Le explicaba lo que paso a su hija de trece años, todavía una niña. Por allá en un barrio de East Los Angeles hallaron a esta niña su hija y entre cuatro mas muchachas le habían dado a tomar ácido y whiskey y creo forzada. Le habló su hermanito a su padre y fue prontamente llevada al hospital, creo que todavía esta allí para ser curado. La pobre chiquilla ni pudo reconocer a su padrén. No se sabe ni sabemos quien les vende el maldito material. Imagínense ustedes si esto no será del demonio.

Hay que poner un HASTA AQUÍ a este problema, among all people.

UN AMIGO
Santa Barbara, California

Comentarios Cortos a Vicente Vigil

No hay cosa que causa mas tristeza que ver a un esclavo satisfecho.
R. Flores Magon

El Hon. Joseph M. Montoya, senador por el estado de Nuevo Mexico, en un discurso ante el Senado de los Estados Unidos, se siente altamente alarmado. Declara que un montante numero de una "minoría amargada y militante" entre el elemento de habla española puede cometer actos de "terrible violencia" si no se les proporciona el poder político e iguales oportunidades.

Declara el Sr. Senador que... "Un pequeño, pero creciente numero de nuestra comunidad de habla-española se ha desesperado de ver que no hace ningun progreso." Y continua diciendo, "Este grupo, cree que solo la turbulencia deliberadamente creada, puede despertar a la estructura dominante y a la nación, a la realidad de las necesidades de nuestra gente."

Donde ha estado y que ha estado haciendo el Honorable Senador en los largos años de su vida y actuación política? Que ha hecho el senador, para remediar y eliminar la brutalidad policiaca de que es víctima el elemento chicano? Que hizo el senador, cuando un solo individuo de nuestra propia raza pone en pie de guerra a la Guardia Nacional del Estado de Nuevo Mexico, armada con tanques y cañones, en contra de un pueblo inerme y desarmado?

En las cinco guerras en que nuestro país se ha visto envuelto en los últimos cincuenta años, nuestra gente ha servido con tanto o mas honor que ningun otro grupo comparable de nuestra población. Han regresado nuestros veteranos cubiertos de decoraciones y medallas, se les ha explotado políticamente y se les ha abandonado a la misma rutina de explotación, discriminación y desprecio.

Las declaraciones de Sr. Montoya, vienen a comprobar hasta la sociedad, lo que esa "minoría militante" a quien el senador tanto teme, hemos estado repitiendo por años y que el senador tambien por tanto años, ha refusedo en reconocer.

Ahora los jóvenes veteranos de nuestra raza estan regresando de pelear en una guerra que ellos consideran injusta e inhumana.

told a fellow prisoner that there were two reasons for his downfall--trying to please everyone and not listening to his true friends (remember how he turned against Zapata, after Zapata had helped him get into power). Who is a true friend? A true friend is one who has as much to lose as we do, if we fail. The gringo can be our friend, but not that kind of brother. The gringo we can trust is the one who offers his abilities and service in such a manner as to remain indispensable. A gringo who is indispensable to us is dangerous to us.

I have a saying which not many people are yet quoting, but it is very true: "When the gringo gets tired of being a Gringo, he becomes a black. When he gets tired of 'being' black, he becomes a Chicano. When he gets tired of that too, he goes back to his steaks and clean sheets. But when a Chicano gets tired of being a Chicano, he is just a tired Chicano."

If the above sounds awfully racist, stop and think about it. The gringo has made

our race the basis for our oppression. We must take this very point of our weakness and make it our strength. We have been taught by the gringo to be ashamed of our race, now we have to teach ourselves to be proud of it. We have been racist all along, against ourselves--but the gringo never called us racist then! The difference now is that we must wrap our race in pride instead of shame. We must no longer slump in front of "the man" with our hats in our hands because of our race. From now on, we simply insist that our race be considered with pride from the inside and with respect from the outside.

We must lead our own struggle ourselves. If we let the gringo lead us, we will end up patronized as usual--as we have been for so many years. We must inspire ourselves and we must inspire each other.

Richard Martinez
Fort Wayne, Indiana

(Richard Martinez is from northern New Mexico)



WE MUST LEAD OUR OWN STRUGGLE.

Last summer, I was Executive Director of the Northeast Indiana Migrant Council. While there, I came to realize that my Anglo Board of Directors was there not to help but to make sure we didn't hassle the establishment. In a resignation speech, I told them I would rather starve than have a part in the betrayal of my own people.

Every Anglo I have known comes in wanting "to help," and to be "one of us," but soon wants to either sit up front with the officers during the meetings, manipulate the officers behind the scene, or manipulate the opposition to the officers. Whether they realize it or not, they are playing with our lives in order to satisfy their own particular needs. Henry Thoreau stated his feelings toward this type of person: "What so saddens the reformer is not his sympathy with his fellows in distress but...his private all."

Francisco Madero, former president of Mexico, added some additional insight. While in prison, before he was executed, he

VENCEREMOS: A New Kind of School

Venceremos College in Redwood City, Calif., is a revolutionary college providing an education for the people of the community, within their own community. The set-up of Venceremos, unlike that of the junior colleges in the area, makes it possible for a student to attend classes, work and continue to struggle in the community so that he will not forget where he is from and the people who need to be served. Venceremos aims to restructure education so it serves the community and in the end becomes one of the community's tools of liberation.

The classes offered to students relate to what they need to know to survive in this oppressive society, and to what they can teach the people. Our communities need leaders with knowledge, skills and commitment to lead us in our struggles to win economic, political and social justice for Third World and all oppressed peoples. Our communities need an alternative to the present educational system, which is carefully designed to give people racist and conservative slants and to deny them the knowledge needed for self-determination.

WHERE WE CAME FROM

Venceremos College grew out of the student struggles at the College of San Mateo, specifically with the College Readiness Program. This program was set up within the college to aid Third World students financially and educationally. It offered a political education that exposed the racist establishment system. It was working positively against the system, by sending Brown, Black, Asian and Indian people through college and in turn asking the students to use the education to serve their people. The program proved to be a direct threat to the administration and the entire system. They attacked the program with everything from accusations of stealing funds to arresting tutors and student leaders. The students lost complete control over the program that they built themselves through struggle. The College Readiness Program finally folded. Yet the students still saw the need to keep going, so we how.

Nairobi College was then started in East Palo Alto's black community. Nairobi College started with the concept of Third World Unity, and was established by Third World people who had struggled with the College Readiness Program. It was in the summer of '69 that Nairobi College began operation. That Fall, some of us at Nairobi saw a need for developing another branch of the college in the community. So the Brown students from Nairobi began the struggle to set up a new campus in Redwood City to be named "Venceremos." After many hours of work developing community contacts, interest and support, and with the dedicated work of the Redwood City Territorial Brown Berets, Venceremos began its first classes in January of 1970 with 30 students and six courses.

At first, the emphasis was placed on recruiting only Chicanos into the college. Then little by little we realized that if we were to serve the needs of the different oppressed communities within Redwood City, we would have to recruit students from each of them. So in order to strengthen each of our efforts, we now work together, and approach Redwood City as one community with one common oppressor. One result of this decision has been the participation of progressive people in the white community in all aspects of Venceremos.

WHERE WE ARE

Venceremos has made being a student as uncomplicated as possible. One of its few requirements is that students do community work to serve the people. Most students work in either the People's Medical Center, the Venceremos Day Care Center for Children, the People's Food Co-op, the Venceremos Community Newspaper, or some other community organizations. Students from Venceremos have been a major force in building each of

these programs. More recently, we have begun a Free Film Festival, a series of films to educate ourselves and the rest of the community about the many struggles going on all over the world. We see our struggles as directly connected to those waged by oppressed peoples in countries long dominated by U.S. imperialism.

Many students have come from outside the Redwood City area. Through studying at Venceremos and working in the community here, they have learned many things that they can take back and put into practice in their own communities.

SELF-CRITICISM AND WHERE WE HOPE TO GO

In putting our goals into practice, we have, of course, encountered many problems. Often students overlook study too much, because of political activities. Often we are just not disciplined enough. At times we have failed to get enough suggestions and criticisms from the community. There has been a lot of harassment of students by the Redwood City police and the San Mateo County sheriffs. We have also not had enough "productive classes" (e.g. car mechanics, radio electronics, office skills, etc.). Many of us will need these skills at some time or another in order to survive. We are correcting this immediately.

We hope to combat these problems by doing more and better work, by getting closer and closer to the community. In order to do this, we need the support and criticisms of community people. And we as students need to support and criticize each other's work. Only through continuing to struggle together can we, as students and community, make Venceremos into a college which makes no division between books and our everyday lives, between ideals and the conditions of oppressed peoples, between theory and social practice. And only when we have bridged this gap can we truly serve the people.

TODO PODER AL PUEBLO!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

HASTA LA VICTORIA SIEMPRE!

VENCEREMOS!

Written by a collective of Venceremos Students and Staff Members

THE COMMUNITY IS THE CAMPUS

"Venceremos is a college without walls. The community is its campus. Courses are conducted in churches, existing schools, faculty homes, recreation centers and social service agencies.... To prevent the formation of a separate, walled institution, the College will not build a campus in the traditional sense. The College library will be the community library; the College theatre will be the community theatre. Students, then, will always be IN and OF the community they intend to serve.... No student will be dehumanized by being forced to forget his brothers while he improves himself. His personal development will constantly be a reflection of the development of his community and his fellow man."

From the catalogue of Venceremos College, 1970

"The spark of light I see in Venceremos is that it is a college set up not to train third world people how to compete cut-throat like the pig world, but to develop a community togetherness and preservation. Preservation is important because just as the anglo bastard ripped off the millions of Indians who were the original settlers of America, and just as the white greedy hands grabbed the land known as Aztlan, they still continue in the name of God, country and profit motive to plunder and exploit all over the world.... I hope to see Venceremos turn education into a true experience rather than a commodity, as it is in all state schools."

Javier Pacheco

From Venceremos, a political critique

NEW READING

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LONELY DEER, poems by Joseph L. Concha, a Taos Pueblo Indian boy. \$1.50 per copy. Order from: Red Willow Society, Box 1184, Taos, NM 87571.

La Voz de Nuestra Cultura

por LA CONSCIENCIA DE DONA FAUSTINA

En los conceptos medicinales de nuestra Raza podemos fijarnos que estos conceptos sobre la función del cuerpo han estado con nosotros siglo tras siglo y vienen siendo una herencia de la Raza. Cuando tratamos con enfermedades, realmente tratamos con las filosofías que vienen del pensamiento del hombre indígena de Las Americas, el mero Indio.

El pensamiento cultural y tradicional de La Raza viene siendo de seres humanos que viven en armonía con la naturaleza. Esta armonía viene siendo salud total y cumplimiento en facultades físicas, mentales y espirituales. Eso es el ciclo de la vida completa del ser humano.

Muchos de nosotros sabemos como curarnos unos a los otros. En nuestras familias hay casi siempre algún miembro que sabe curar cosas simples. Un ejemplo es "EL EMPACHO". También hay que reconocer que hay gente que por que tienen el modo económico se hacen de doctor. Cierta que de a veces van al doctor de mas y no se hacen la lucha y confían mucho del doctor. Cuando ponemos mucha fe en el doctor perdemos mucho conocimiento de los conceptos de nuestra herencia cultural.

Esto no es decir que los doctores no sirven; pero mas bien que si hay unas enfermedades que los doctores no conocen, ni pueden curar. Donde nosotros tenemos curaciones naturales, el doctor usa muchas drogas y confía mucho en el uso del cuchillo.... operan demasiado.

Todos hemos oído y sabemos de EMPACHO, verdad? Muchos curamos a nuestras propias criaturas y nosotros mismos unos a los otros. El empacho viene siendo una enfermedad del estómago --realmente indigestión. Hay muchos grados de gravedad. Hay empacho que no es muy viejo, que se cura de una sobada y una purga pero también hay empacho que es ya de años y muchas veces se ha dejado a la desidia, y este es un poco mas difícil.

Los métodos de curar el EMPACHO pueden ser varios pero tienen básicamente el mismo concepto. El EMPACHO viene de comida que no se digera correctamente y se pega en las tripas

cos, a los que pensarán un poco distinto a lo que la Iglesia obligaba. En aquellos tiempos las autoridades católicas decían que cumplían un sagrado deber quemando y torturando "herejes," para escarmiento y defensa de los católicos. Ahora dicen que nos están deteniendo de los comunistas; los comunistas no nos han hecho daño, ni nos obligan a ser ateos, ni nos han invadido, ni explotado. Tampoco nos discriminan por ser cristianos y esto lo digo yo, porque he vivido y trabajado entre comunistas y nadie me molesto nunca porque creo en Dios. Sólo con ser sincero, trabajar lo mejor posible y no hacer mal ninguno a la sociedad, se puede vivir bien entre los comunistas.

Un gran saludo y abrazo para todos los hermanos chicanos.

Adoración Sanchez Randolph, Ph. D.
Mexico D. F., Mexico

THE GREAT SPIRIT

My parents were Roman Catholics but I am not, because I got sick and tired of the outright discrimination in the church. So I decided long ago to go back to the true beliefs of my ancestors, in the Great Spirit. Our bible is very simple, to be read by observing nature. The tree in the autumn sheds its leaves, in winter it seems to be bare and dead. But in the spring, it appears to have risen from the dead--which means there is a new life after death with the new blossoms. The pine trees or evergreens never change, all year round. They represent eternal life after death.

And you see the beavers working together in brotherhood. The clear waters represent a clean spirit. Even the mountain cats show us that we should have strong affection for our little ones, by the way they take good care of their cubs. A bear will walk away from trouble, but will charge and fight when cornered as you and I are now doing. The deer represent pity and at-

fection. Wild beautiful flowers of many colors show that all people of the Earth, of all colors, are the flower garden of the Great Spirit. This gives some idea of how to read the bible of the Great Spirit.

You Mexican brothers! do not believe those Christian liars and what they say about your Inca and other Indian ancestors being pagans. Do not believe what the White Man says about the Original American Ancestors of you and me. You Mexican brothers are like myself. We are all brothers and sisters. We must not be members of two camps.

Great Wolf's Spirit
Woonsocket, R.I.

FROM LA PINTA

I just had to write you a few lines on your paper. I think it's beautiful 'cause it's like a can opener, my heart is full of sadness but when I read El Grito it fills my heart with joy and tears to my eyes to know los chicanos are getting it together. And as I do my time I would like to say I'll be out some time in '72 and I would like to know more about my people so I'll be waiting for your next paper.

Y que viva la raza, los indios, los Vietnamese y todos los de la Black familia wherever they may be! And down with the demonios and up with the raza!

And with all my heart body and soul!
Que viva la revolucion! Brown and proud,

Rudy Lopez
Michigan State Reformatory



MEXICO

El Grito del Norte es un periódico muy valiente, interesante y muy querido para nosotros los que pensamos mucho en ustedes nuestros hermanos por la raza, que quedaron dentro de las fronteras del gran país imperialista, a causa de una gran traición a su patria y a su raza que cometió un cobarde gobernante mexicano, en el pasado. Convenios o ventas así, que mutilan una patria que nadie tiene el derecho de ceder, vender ni mutilar, deberían ya estar prohibidas por el Derecho Internacional. Pero las leyes universales supremas no son todavía conocidas por la mayoría de los seres humanos, por tanto, impera la injusticia y la opresión de los que ahora somos débiles. El mundo esta aún en un período de salvajismo espiritual, porque nadie podrá decir que no es salvajismo cruel lo que esta ocurriendo en Indochina.

Me pregunto porque no piensan los que ahora oprimen, explotan y discriminan a los pueblos que no pueden defenderse, que todos, pero todos los imperialismos que contemplamos en el pasado han tenido su orto y su ocaso? Ellos, los imperialistas actuales, por ley natural tambien tendran su decadencia, su derrota, su depilitamiento. No ha habido ninguna excepcion en la historia.

Recordemos, nadie podra pensar ni creer actualmente que era justo que la Inquisición, que se llamo "Santa," quemara a los que no fueran ciegos y fanaticamente católi-

Report on Mexico

by BENITO RODRIGUEZ (CPA Special)

The foreign capital investment in Mexico continues at an ever accelerating pace. The outer fringes of Mexico City are becoming a jungle of industrial pollution as new factories appear in nightmarish fashion. Around the factories there are the multitudes, the human sea, living in tin-can and cardboard huts without water, light or sewage. All that is visible is the mobility of dust, the waste secreted by the industrial plant and that secreted by our own enslaved people.

In the planning and organization of production, no measure--is taken on behalf of the people (people: the worn-out word used so many times as an instrument of deception by politicians). The power of capital is deaf to their anguish... "Better get it while the getting is good" is an admission of eventual death. Fifty years ago Mexico could have accomplished industrialization in a more humane manner, had not the American government chosen to assassinate Ricardo Flores Magon at Leavenworth prison.

Mexicans, basically an agrarian people, endure the capitalist phase with machismo, pistolismo, humorismo, borrachera, and much love for the family and so very much work, labor. Work and suffering are inherited realities for La Raza, without them they would become alien to themselves. The campesino is not alienated. But something unrecognizable is happening to our motherland: a very ancient people are in a tremendous hurry, as though the armed struggle of revolution had been won and now it is time to start working and building. The Mexican bourgeoisie, right-wing nationalists, are very adept at converting their ideology into progressive nationalist and revolutionary jargon.

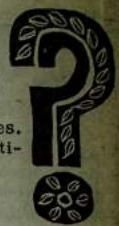
The government (dictatorship) claims there is no more land para repartir, to give out to the campesino. But the large latifundios are the same as ever: henequen, citrus, cotton, sugar cane, etc. All level land worth cultivating is in the hands of national and foreign latifundistas. Los indios pick oranges for 6 pesos a day (about 50¢) and cut cana for 12. The peon is the migrant worker, as many chicanos are migrants. Of little good was the nationalization of petroleum, of little good is industrialization, if the campesino and the peon--the bulk of the populace--do not have a kerosene cook stove. Fuel is becoming a problem for many a campesino since they hesitate to cut green lena, wood from the serros, because of past experience with erosion. But even on the land that becomes useless through erosion, there will grow the maguey, a plant as rugged as its cultivator and giver of the cherished nutritional booze, pulque. (And if the government says there is no more land, the peon and campesino will break up the latifundio as they did once before; they are experienced.)

La campesina, the female peasant, is the pillar of stability and endurance, the giver of hope and love to the children and the male partner. A family develops as close to nature as is possible in today's world, and with it are propagated the ageless communal traits of our people. A very large percentage of La Raza south of the Rio Bravo are bilingual; they speak their native ton-



adivanzas

Estas son unas adivanzas populares. Las respuestas se encuentran invertidas donde terminan las preguntas.



1. En un llano, esta Marino, tiene cruz, y no es Cristiano.
¿Que es?
2. Cuatro paradas, cuatro colgando, dos chuecos y un menador menando
¿Que es?
3. Anda y anda y no sale de casa de su amo
¿Que es?



4. En un llano, no muy llano esta un hombre, no muy hombre Tiene barbas y no es hombre, tiene dientes y no come.
¿Que es?

Rita, rita, en el monte grita, y en su casa, calladita.
¿Que es?

1. Un burro. 2. Una Vaca. 3. Un reloj. 4. Un ajo. 5. Una hacha.



gue, Huichol, Tarahumara, Zapotec, etc., and Spanish.

Most students in Mexico, and those born of the bourgeoisie who call themselves revolutionists, are very much prone to elitism. Note the ability of stupid pigs at Lecumberri Prison to turn so-called common prisoners against political prisoners. That never happened to the Magon brothers, born of Indian parentage, with not only the sincere ability to organize Mexico South but also the chicano in and out of penitentiaries.

Freedom of the press is dead in Mexico. The oligarchy fears truth, and Mexicans in general have a tremendous respect for the written message. Children in primary schools are marched and drilled to the blare of trumpets and filled with a sick patriotic spirit. Many children prefer to gather wood or take care of the goats than to go to school.

In the last ten years there have been many uprisings in Mexico and guerilla nuclei operate in various regions--in the state of Guerrero, the governor's helicopter, piloted by an American trainee, was shot down by guerillas. Pistolismo is part of the culture, the whole region is armed. Exteriorization of violence is a matter of time. Mexicans, like the slave, have a long fuse. But like a child being born, he is not concerned about the pains of labor.



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ANNIVERSARIO OF THE REBELLION
AGAINST INJUSTICE
TIERRA AMARILLA COURTHOUSE

The "Defendants":

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EZEQUIEL DOMINGUEZ
TOBIAS LEYBA
JOSE MADRIL
BALTAZAR MARTINEZ

MOISES MORALES
REIES LOPEZ TIJERINA
REIES HUGH TIJERINA
ANTONIO VALDEZ
JUAN VALDEZ
SALOMON VELASQUEZ

Saludos a todos!
Viva la Causa!

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