

Free!



EL DIARIO *de la* GENTE MAGAZÍN

Vol. II, No. 1

Cinco de Mayo, 1974

Boulder, Colorado



¡Viva el Cinco de Mayo!

TAKE A STAND FOR JUSTICE BOYCOTT GALLO WINES

BUY

Italian Swiss Colony

Annie Green Springs	Gambarelli
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Sangrole	Greystone
Inglennook	Cella
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Santa Fe	Betsy Ross
Mission Bell	Italian Swiss Colony
Jacques Bonet	Gambola
	Beaulieu

Almaden

Almaden	Le Domaine
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Paul Masson

Paul Masson

Christian Brothers

Christian Brothers	Mont La Salle
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Novitiate of Los Gatos

Novitiate

Vie Del

no labels, wholesale, bulk only

Perelli-Minetti

see page two wholesale, bulk only



SUPPORT THE FARMWORKERS

BOYCOTT

Gallo

Gallo	Boone's Farm
Paisano	Spanada
Thunderbird	Tyrolia
Carlo Rossi	Ripple
Eden Roc	Andre

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*Also, any wine which says "Modesto, California" on the label is Gallo. Gallo does not appear on all labels. Gallo is the only wine company with headquarters in Modesto.

Guild

Winemaster's Guild	Old San Francisco
Tres Grand	Parrot V.S.
Cooks Imperial	Director's Choice
Roma Reserve	Guild
Cribari Reserve	Tavola
Jeanne d'Arc	Mendocino
La Boheme	Famiglia Cribari
Ceremony	Garrett
Versailles	Alta
Cresta Blanca	C.V.C.
Saratoga	Virginia Dare
J. Pierot	Lodi
Guild Blue Ribbon	La Mesa
Roma	Ocean Spray Cranberry Rose
St. Mark	Vin Clogg (Parrot & Co.)
	Citation

Franzia

Table	Vermouth
Dessert	Louis the Fifth
Sparkling	Private labels

* Also, any wine which says, "made and bottled in Rippon, California." All Franzia products have #BW3654 on the label.

**Boycotts have been an
essential part of past
farmworker victories.
To help protect
farmworkers
rights**

**DON'T
BUY
THESE
LABELS.**

**Don't Forget
Boycott lettuce
and Grapes**

**Farm labor task force
UMC 186 ext. 8437
Univ. of Colo.**

Boulder, Colorado 80302



EL DIARIO de la GENTE

Much of this issue of El Diario has been set aside for poems, short stories and other forms of Chicano literature taken from a variety of sources. In no way does the staff attempt to take credit for the works, nor do we intend to take the authors' rights to publication.

In fact, it is our intent to stimulate an interest in the works of these artists and of other Chicano writers. Some of the writings have never been published before. Of the material taken from already published books, information concerning the author, the publishing house, etc., is provided for anyone wishing to order them.

In the past Chicanos have not had their works published. It is not surprising. With the average education for Chicanos at less than nine years and an attempt by the dominant society to ignore anything "foreign."

There are many outstanding works being produced in the barrios, los campos, the prisons and even the universities of Aztlan. These presented here are only a small sampling.

Special thanks to Tom Vallegos for contributing much of his time in the selection of these unique works of art.

EL DIARIO DE LA GENTE is an independent newspaper and magazine published by Chicano students at the University of Colorado at Boulder. We publish our newspaper bi-weekly during the school year, with a magazine at the end of each semester. The editorial content does not necessarily reflect the views of any Chicano organization on campus. Our offices are in the University Memorial Center, Room 416, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, 80302. You can contact us by writing our office or by calling 443-2211, extension 8836.

SEND LETTERS

EL DIARIO DE LA GENTE staff welcomes all letters and contributions. If you wish to have something published in our newspaper or magazine, send your manuscript to EL DIARIO, UMC 416, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, 80302. All letters must be typed, double-spaced, limited to 300 words and signed by the sender. All other articles will be considered on their timeliness and availability of space. Manuscripts will not be returned unless they are accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. We welcome information, poems, photographs and other contributions from our readers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

EL DIARIO is not presently able to offer subscriptions, but for a donation of \$2.50 we will send you a minimum of 8 issues. Make checks payable to EL DIARIO DE LA GENTE.

ADVERTISING ETC.

EL DIARIO is solely supported through advertising and contributions. If you are interested in insuring that Chicanos continue to have access to a free and independent press or if you have a product to sell, we urge you to contact our business manager, Guillermo DeHerrera, at our office.

We encourage our students to support our advertisers and we reserve the right to refuse advertising to any product business, or organization we feel is in opposition to LA CAUSA.

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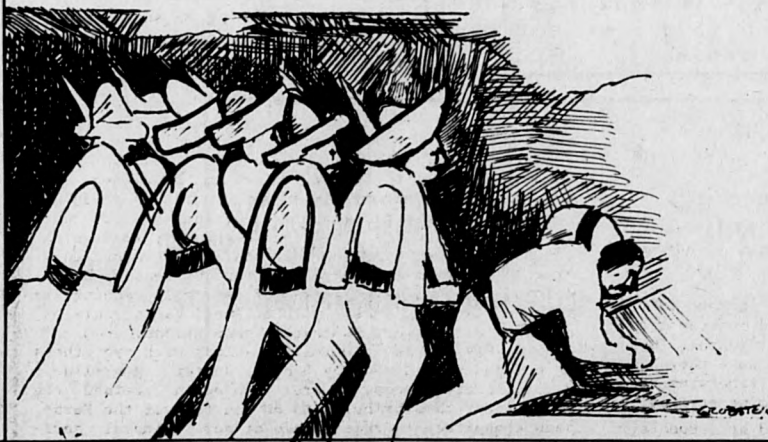
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CINCO DE MAYO



? university
BOOK
Center
IN THE UMC

History of

CINCO DE MAYO

por Evelyn Martinez

El Cinco de Mayo (the Fifth of May) is celebrated today as a commemoration of Mexico's defeat of the French army, at the famous Battle of Puebla. "History can either oppress or liberate a people, is the first sentence to Rudolfo Acuna's introduction in his book *Occupied America: The Chicano's Struggle Toward Liberation*. This statement can very well be applied to the oppression of Mexico throughout its history.

In order to place in an historical perspective the French intervention of Mexico during 1861 - 1865 the following must be considered:

- The Mexican government had just been overthrown recently in the civil war between the conservatives and liberal peoples of Mexico, the land owners and the church aristocracy. Ending in the Constitution of 1857, a democratic government was set up, with Benito Juarez as president.

- Under Juarez's rule, known as the Reform Period, foreign debts to France, England, and Spain had not been paid off.

- At the same time, Napoleon III, an imperialistic, power hungry dictator of France, saw Mexico's weak condition as an opportunity to seize Mexico and establish a monarchy there.

- Napoleon III convinced England and Spain to cooperate with France to invade Mexico, using the foreign debt as an excuse. However, after accepting an agreement with Juarez, Spain and England withdrew their forces, leaving only France to invade the Country.

Thus follows the Battle of Puebla in May 1861, when the poorly equipped, inexperienced Mexican army lead by General Zaragoza, defeated the French. This was a moral victory for the Mexicans because they had defeated the powerful French army at a time when the Mexicans were weak, exhausted, and famine stricken.

Although the French were defeated at Puebla, once, the French intervention continued. The disas-

ter of Puebla taught Napoleon III that the task before him of conquering Mexico was not as easy as he had anticipated. He sent for more reinforcements for his army.

With the arrival of the reinforcements, the French army, for the second time, advanced upon Puebla in 1862, exactly one year after their first encounter.

The fall of Puebla, the gateway to the capital, was a serious blow to Mexico. Mexico City was in no position to withstand a long siege, nor was it good policy of the patriot army to risk a second serious reverse at this stage of the war. Juarez, therefore, withdrew his military forces, and removed himself from the presidency.

After Juarez' removal, the Second Empire was established in Mexico under which Maximilian of Hapsburg was crowned Emperor, which lasted from 1864 - 1867.

However, after 3 years of French rule, the Mexicans, having previously been defeated at the second Battle of Puebla, proceeded to slowly but surely drive the French out of the country. This fact is a remarkable proof of Mexican valour and vitality.

It was an effort and an achievement to which no modern nation can bring a parallel, but it left Mexico in a state of paralysis and degeneracy from which she has not recovered to this day. The most energetic and valiant spirits of Mexico cannot be destroyed through fifty years of struggle ending in three devastating wars, without leaving a terrible or damaging mark on her succeeding generations.

On May 19, 1867, Maximilian, along with two others were lined up and shot by Benito Juarez guerrilla revolutionary forces. Juarez once again gained the presidency, thus bringing to an end forever the European conspiracy to rule people of our cultural heritage.

El día cinco de May el ejército frances invadió a México, avanzando su ejército sobre la ciudad de Puebla.

El ejército frances superior en organización militar y armamento, fue completamente derrotado por el ejército Mexicano, formado por soldados bisenos, mal vestidos y plor armados -

Los soldados Mexicanos estaban al mando del General Zaragoza.

El Cinco de Mayo de cada año todos los nacidos en el suelo de México, dedicamos un recurado fervoroso y nuestra admiración a los héroes de esta gloriosa jornada.



Young Macho gets final inspection at Cinco de Mayo celebration in Pueblo.

LAFAYETTE

A Cinco de Mayo fiesta will be held at Centaurus High School on May 6, from 12 noon to 2:30 pm.. There will be music, dancing and speakers. Flo Saiz, teacher of La Chicana class at Community College in Denver, and Ernest Vigil, principle of Escuela Tlatelolco will be speakers. Inmates from the Colorado State Penitentiary will also speak on Chicano experiences in prison. There will be no admission charge, but there will be a small fee for food.

Cinco de Mayo

Fiesta en Boulder

May 5th

14th & Aurora

12:30 P.M. till it ends

**ALL IN THE STREET
VENGAN**

Sponsored by: St. Thomas Aquinas
Bilingual Bicultural Commission
Migrant Action Program
United Mexican American Students

Activities include:

12:30 Mariachi Mass

"Los Mariachis de Colores"

Teatros

UMAS Ballet Folklorico

Arabic Dancers

"Freddie and the Continentals"

Agustine "Augie" Cordova

Chicano Art with Carlos Rosas

Cultural Booths Chicano Games

Boulder Fine Arts Group

Refreshments Food — Mexican & American

PARQUE DE BARRIO LIBRE PUEBLO AZTLAN

Numerous activities will be provided during the Cinco de Mayo week in Pueblo. The week-long festivities will include dances, poetry readings, art displays, Mexican dancers and other activities.

In keeping with this year's Cinco de Mayo theme "En Nuestro Barrio," the activities will be presented throughout the different barrios of Pueblo.

The Cinco de Mayo Fiesta will be held in the Barrio of Dog Patch Community Park, 12th and Clovis. The park, to be dedicated at the Fiesta, will be named Barrio Libre Park.

The festivities for the Cinco de Mayo will include entertainment, speakers, food and game booths, boxing and souvenir booths. The speakers, tentatively, will include Jose Calderon, Raza Unida Chairman from Greeley; Ernesto Vigil, from the Crusade for Justice; Sgt. Enrique Rodriguez, Chicanos Unidos from Fort Carson; Marty Serna, Raza Unida activist; and, Moises Venegas, Teacher Corp Director from Pueblo.

The entertainment will include local talent from Pueblo and the surrounding communities.

A parade through downtown Pueblo will precede the Fiesta. The parade is scheduled to start at 10:00 a.m. at the Mineral Palace Park, 15th and Main.

This year marks the fifth annual celebration which was planned by the Chicano Cultural Week Committee (CCWC). The Cinco de Mayo celebration has grown steadily since it started. Last year's fiesta at-

ttracted an estimated 20,000 people, including the people from the Denver-Boulder area, Arkansas Valley and other parts of the state.

CCWC organizing committee is a grassroots organization made up of various Pueblo Chicano organizations and other interested individuals. The committee was established within four years following the first large-scale fiesta sponsored by La Raza Unida, Brown Berets and Madres de La Casa Verde.

The Chicano Cultural Week Committee functions under a statement of purpose which provides:

- The opportunity for the total community to learn more about the culture, heritage and background of the Chicano community and their long history in the Southwest.

- The encouragement and continuing development of local Chicano talent and leadership.

- The promotion of friendly relationships with Pueblo's sister city Puebla.

- Activities during the week of Cinco de Mayo on a no-cost basis or a minimal fee so that everyone can participate regardless of economic status, and let Mexican non-profit organizations have the opportunity to raise money.

- To promote and encourage a positive image of the Chicano.

- To recognize the Chicano movement which gains its strength from its youth.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

<u>Day</u>	<u>Activities</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Price</u>
Wednesday, May 1	Street dance	12th & Clovis Dog Patch	6-10 p.m.	Free
Thursday, May 2	Teen Dance	2601 Sprague Projects	6-10 p.m.	Free
Friday, May 3	Art display	814 E. 2nd Eastside	7-9 p.m.	Free
	Poetry reading	Recreation Center Salt Creek	7-9 p.m.	Free
	Spanish play	1600 Orman	8 p.m.	\$2.00-A \$1.00-S
Saturday, May 4	Dance with Los Cuates	Location & time to be announced.		
Sunday, May 5	Parade Fiesta	15th and Main	10:00 a.m.	
		12th and Clovis	1-6 p.m.	

Abbreviations:

A + Adults

B + Students

alurista



Let yourself be sidetracked by your guiro

The voice of Alurista is a powerful plea for Chicano unity and self respect. His poetry brings it's beauty and an awareness of our own beauty. But it also brings a challenge. We must struggle and fight for the beauty and freedom that belong to us. We must stop crawling and letting ourselves be nailed to a cross that is beneath a man. When we face our fears, we will find the ancient beautiful sun of our Indio ancestors. The maraca rhythms of our native blood will flow once again if we work and live as one body. Alurista promises the life of one body-la Raza-"justos bajo el sol de nuestros padres."

let yourself be sidetracked by your guiro
carnal let yourself be free
to do your music when your heart pounds
in the melody of your ringing ears
unto death do not allow your love to pass
unto life embrace other carnales
help each other sweat the day away
eat your tortillas together
carnales we gotta share our joys
in the Quetzal pride
on the pyramid of sun glaze birth
get together
make your music
make your canto raza
make your barrios
make your lives carnales
make la raza live
unto life juntos
bajo el sol de nuestros padres

FACE YOUR FEARS CARNAL Alurista

do not ask of the sun
to give no light
or ask the moon to hide
her skirt of stars
do not torment your hearts
and tear your faces
learn to live
with the darkenss
with the wind
face your fears
die only once
or a thousand times hiding
your face
covering your ears
from the daring songs of your
heart
hearten your pace into darkness
learn to live without
asking your god
to be kind, gentle
and to change you walk
the moon will sing brighter
in her skirt of stars and open your ears

the sun will color your heart and open your eyes

Alurista's poems are from his book, Nationchild Plumaraja, which is available at Toltecas en Aztlan Publications, San Diego, California. 92011.





Offering of man to God

Alberto Alurista



Cuando la cucaracha camine

Alberto Alurista

Cuando la cucaracha camine
 en our libertad crucificada¹
 on the wooden planks petrified statues
 on the nail a cross beneath a man
 we will know the sound
 the bells of our impatience gone, by
 waterfallen sounds of solitude to joy
 i was then a little altar boy, kneeling
 while the cucaracha crawled
 muddling through the crumbs the cucaracha
 crawled, and crawled; dragging her soul
 not knowing bread to be abundant she lagged
 and went hungry
 pangs and clamor
 to be heard in the dusk of a
 morning dew
 chicano mass
 to preach about the kingdom of man and woman
 (god has been ruler long enough as god)
 men and women have to learn themselves about
 one another, to love each other
 (chicanos will then preach of the kingdom of god)

offering of man to god
 unwind
 unwind
 unwind the chord
 the binding breath of earth
 of our umbilical history
 unwind
 unwind
 unwind the mind
 that triggered shots to kill
 and rape the path, bleeding
 heart gasping into wilderness and sand
 a sun to see burn our fears away
 and bake our faith
 unwind
 unwind
 unwind your heart
 into a trunk that offers music to the spirit
 and the woman of red flowers
 offers melodies that trickle
 upwards to the flat topped pair of wings
 that flap, flap, flap, flying to
 the cloudy pillows of a dream
 of winds that wind
 around and upwards
 to the sun

¹When the cockroach walks on our crucified liberty





Raymundo "Tigre" Perez and Ricardo Mora write from a point of view that many of our people know all too well--the anguish of prison. They speak to us of madness. But the madness is not only theirs. It belongs to all of us. It is the madness created and nourished by the unjust and inhuman American society, a madness Chicanos everywhere can feel to some extent.

Hang tough, Chicano

there is still a little chicano
in your eyes.....

and an unsung ranchera forgotten
on your lips....

there is still the ghost of memories--
azteca, maya, pueblo, navajo, apache

zapata, murlata, el chante, tus padres--
somewhere inside of you,
your blood, your heart, your soul.....

but the gringo ways, the gringo pesos
are coiling about your guts
like a snake burying its fangs deep into
the self, the will....

chicano
don't weaken on me
don't die on me.....

for i must weep sorrowful tears for you
i would be that much less myself without
you.....

chicanos, hang tough.....

--por Ricardo Mora



Ricardo Mora's "The Black Sun" is available at
Trucha Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 5223, Lubbock,
Texas 79417.

Raza

Raza

your on chile colorado dripping from the
edge of your mouth
trying to scream out an injustice with a
tortilla wrapped around your tongue.....

Chicanos,

you con el azadon growing from your fingers
trying to color DeLeon's gardens
of betabel with the blood of busted blisters
on the stumps of callouses three
hundred years old, pintando raices, rábanos
calabazas y mota red from the violence
of ages.....

nos dicen que el gobierno nos da derecho
poverty programs para aprender como hacerlos
como juntar batos locos y toda la
gente de chile colorado en conferencias,
meetings y bullshit sessions; alli los
ves, "Mister Shairman, i second las pinche
mentiras", just like it says in the book
of rober's rules of order.....

despues llegan todos a la casa de una
chava que esta on welfare, el mas chingon
no floja las tres, y un ex penco les
habla de M.D.T.A., Headstart, proyectos
y fondos para que los pobres puedan ir
a lambearse los dedos con las tortillas
de Mr. Taco, un pelón de chicago....

otro lambe culo de comiensa contar de
un gavo, "que es buena gente, sabe decir
chinga tu madre, y le caen las
rebanadas de rosita, la secretaria.....
hay otros pendejos que se pelan
los dientes a los acentos falsos
del diablo y se matan a ver quien puede
chingarse con los cheques la lana
de los programas, se ponen locos
y los ves en las calles con sus manos
sucias apretándolas en símbolo
de "chicano power"

Meanwhile rosita sigue tipeando
la carta por su director mayate; le pone
una efe a phuxiopoli y busca su
borador. Esculca su maleta donde se
le enredan los dedos en los hilos de
sus panties manchados con los sudorosos
líquidos cada vez que se le
hincha el ombligo; son de esos de
colores, verde que deben ser para lunes
pero es jueves, deben ser colorado
como el chile, pero el erasure
esta escondido pajo un libro
de food stamps.....

hoy es el día de colores colorados
para acabar las páginas del libro
de DeLeon; red como la sangre que
corre como rios de lumbre
de las piscas de Delano a la compañía
de johnson en lubbock; red como la
sangre de leonardo cedillo que mataron
a puñaladas en la pinta de colorado;

red como la pasión y las calenturas
de rosita y sus tortitas....
red como la violencia que esta para
romperse dentro de mi pecho.

red como del chile colorado que
recogian los padres de un chavo
que se le ha olvidado;

los dedos de acendon se prestan al
creola en la quinta fruta del libro
de DeLeon;

trae la grena en los ojos y mira
el jardín por lentes oscuros.

un botón en el cuello est
letreado con "TIERRA O MUERTE."

y ayer se le paso valentine's day.
a la
Raza
a los
chicanos
a la
humanidad.....

--por Ricardo Mora

A mad man

Raymundo "Tigre" Perez

Silent, unseen world that revolves within me,
No sound, no joy that the living depart from the dead,
Call of the wild, call of the mind
Pressed between fantasy and reality
Walking toward the horizon, the living dead
Panorama that surrounds lays so still,
Unseen abyss that lures everywhere and nowhere,
Try to cry, try to escape, but it's no use
Nor tears or hope can be seen
Walk over this weird joke, knowing there's no end
Look and see no one, hear no one in the midst of
a fanatic crowd
Hear nothing and see everything fall inside the walls,
Here I stand looking out, no one knows what I see
or think about,
Which I leave for you to reason or doubt...



Pachucos

Chicanos
you thirty to forty year olds
you pre-world war two, w.p.a. children
your '29 shadows, hungry looking.....

Yea,
you've been through it all
you rap to atom's sons, and they say
"yea, man, i'm chicano...."
and they sound like paddies, pussy....

like they don't know about
your hassels with "no dogs, no mexicans"
your korean medals and your busted ass....

what do they know about
your 2.50 hod carrying gig
your bottle of wine, your huevos.....

Sure, the la raza pins and banners
are probably turned out by a gavo
and they dig the word trips about
justice, oppression, Tierra
pretty faces, disrespectful, lawless
and never picked a carrot in their lives
from their concrete gardens

but, listen, ex pachuco, ex pin ball setter,
you can't tell them shit about 1999.....

--por Ricardo Mora

Fighters

young chicanos
you are born fighters
how bad you are
jesus

you've already won
and you don't even know what you're going for-
to live like a white man?

look at you
with your gringo shades
your 2.50 timex
and your little skinny raggedy ass
you're really cool...

you smoke salems and grass
you drink 3.2 beer and do acid
you go to college and study law
you are independent and full of shit

but you are born fighters
jesus////

and wonder to myself
if you realize at what cost
to the loss of you language
your people
your selves/????????????????????????????????

--por Ricardo Mora

Un viaje a Mexico

dicen que los zopilotes
nomas a los muertos se comen

entonces

porque a mi, estaban esperando
cuando sali de Ojinaga?

andan siempre volando
en el cielo como sombras donde voy

pues, si muero lejos
de mi madre querida
lejos de mi tejana que quiero tanto

entiérrenme bien bajo muchas piedras
con un letreado que avise:

"ZOPILOTES, POR FAVOR, NO SE COMAN A
RICARDO MORA.....ESTA SALADO....."

WHICH KNIFE
DID HE
ATTACK US
WITH?



Mario Suarez brings us the lighter mood of the barrios. He makes us laugh at the fights, the crazy love of husbands and wives, and the healthy lust of young lovers. He even laughs when we foolishly try to copy the gabacho. He captures the Chicano spirit that jokes and dances, even in the face of sorrow.



Las Comadres

TUCSON ARIZONA: LAS COMADRES por Mario Suarez

Whenever two Chicanos find that they have many things in common they often end up baptizing each other's children and becoming compadres. If they work together, one compadre will often say to the other for all to hear, "Compadre, you are the best boilermaker in Arizona. Tell them who is number two." If they drink together it means they constantly seek each other's company, share the most intimate of secrets, and even cry over their beers, at least until they become cosigners. All of this automatically makes their wives comadres. When two comadres meet, no matter how much they criticize one another behind each others back, they hug one another as though they had not seen each other for years. Then they sit down somewhere and talk over the latest mitote, gossip, flying over El Hoyo's back fences.

In the late 20's two comadres, escaping the crowded tenements on Alvarado Street, bought adjoining lots in El Hoyo and in time moved into half-finished adobe structures. One of these, Anastacia Elizondo, was a stout comadre with four daughters and a husband named Lazarillo who worked for the railroad and who, it was known to everybody, beat her up now and then for being a lousy housekeeper. The other, Lola Lopez, was a comadre who, to escape the city laundry, had converted her front room into a store where she eked out a living by selling the five cents of yellow cheese, the ten cents of beans, and the chango coffee. She had two young sons, Tino and Kiko, as well as a husband named Nacho who constantly complained of the ailments he had incurred in a fall while building the house and therefore could not work but always came home drunk to serenade his Lola, as well as the neighbors, at daybreak.

Whenever Anastacia got one of her beatings she immediately ran next door to her comadre Lola with tears welling from her eyes to bubble, "Me p..pego. He...He b...beat me, c...comadre. Wh...what am I t...to do?"

"Oh, he will change, Anastacia. He will change," comforted Lola. "I am sure of it."

"Wh...what a m...miserable cr...creature I am," sobbed Anastacia. "I wish I were d...dead."

In the ensuing years, though the rest of the world was to experience such far reaching events as the stock market crash, the end of prohibition, a cruel depression and the rise of Schicklgruber, the human condition of El Hoyo and its inhabitants remained very much the same. True, a decade and a half had given Anastacia a slight down over her upper lip along with a few more pounds. However, her bad housekeeping habits continued, along with her usual beatings. Lola, in turn, had enlarged her store and ran it with the help of her two sons. She was still serenaded by her ever ailing Nacho at daybreak. Meanwhile, Anastacia's oldest daughter Maria Luisa and Lola's son Tino, who had scratched, bit, and kicked one another in the days when Anastacia came over after one of her beatings and who saw one another through the years with the familiarity of brother and sister, came to fall in love, an event which, once realized, was obvious and final.

Hitler's march, however, could not but have repercussions felt all the way to El Hoyo. And, Pearl Harbor, the ensuing trickle, then river, of money which found its way to El Hoyo via the air base, increased railroad activity, an aircraft plant and ultimately allotment checks, was such that even the

Cont. on Page 24





Sergio Elizondo's works are taken from his book *Perros y Antiperros*, una Epica Chicana and is available through Quinto Sol Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 9275, Berkeley, California 94709.

Elizondo speaks of nature. A voice of the Indio and the Chicano, he looks in disgust at the sterile American world of enamel and artificial money--cheap paper to feed the sweating hogs of greed. Elizondo proclaims the victory of the Chicano spirit. We are sons of the earth and cannot be destroyed anymore than our mother.

Antiperros

Elizondo

"Land lost, flame of love
Land destroyed; I am full of love"

My young brothers, full of life,
from pretend defeat arose,
to sing with me of pleasure and of pain.
All as one, they told to me
a tale without a book,
written now
across the tracks
where they the other live
in white enamel clinics,
that cover
the steel of their lost souls.
So much they told me,...too much
the quantity of filth
the others have amassed
hills of muck,
with green papers,
and the retch of fat swear.

They say that from here
to the moon they have gone
to plant insolence
of aseptic foot on silver sands,
and a fake rag stiff as death.

With these words
pure and good as days
in truthful poverty
my young brothers measure
what in other ways they know.



Antiperros

Elizondo

"Tierra perdida, llama de amor;
Tierra de basura, estoy lleno de amor"

Mis hermanos los jóvenes, llenos de vida,
se levantaron de su fingida derrota,
para cantar conmigo de gusto y de dolor.
Todos como uno, me dijeron
un cuento sin libro,
que se está escribiendo
al otro lado de la vía del tren
donde los otros viven
en clínicas de esmalte blanco,
que cubren,
el acero de sus perdidas almas. .
Me dijeron tanto, que es desmedida
la cantidad de pudredumbre
que han aquellos amasado
en cerros de lodo,
con papeles verdes,
y el asco de su obeso sudor.

Dicen que de aquí
a la luna han ido
a plantar la insolencia
de aséptico pie, en arenas de plata,
y falso trapo tieso como la muerte.

Con estas palabras
puras y buenas como los días
en honrada pobreza,
han sabido mis manitos medir
lo que en otra forma piensan.



Descancho

Elizondo

In another time after Eleven-Cane, Quetzalcoatl
went riding through the rounded hills,
breasts of Califas,
from San Diego to Sonoma.
They were stealing water
from the wells of others,
and putting wire fences on the lands.
I said nothing to them; all I did was watch.
If they were my own people
I would do them harm,
but they are not.

They are children and slaves of gold, worse yet;
with Winchester carbines
clouds of smoke resound in chorus.

I was born in nineteen;
in time my body became earth.
Every so many years I'm born again;
in the fruit of the fields
my brothers caress me
cutting grapes,
picking tomatoes,
moving the rocks off the track.
In sweet waters of my Califas
and Valley of the Rio Grande
the irrigators let me pass,
to wet the earth.
In hard air of the desert,
with its sun so hot,
I hurl myself.

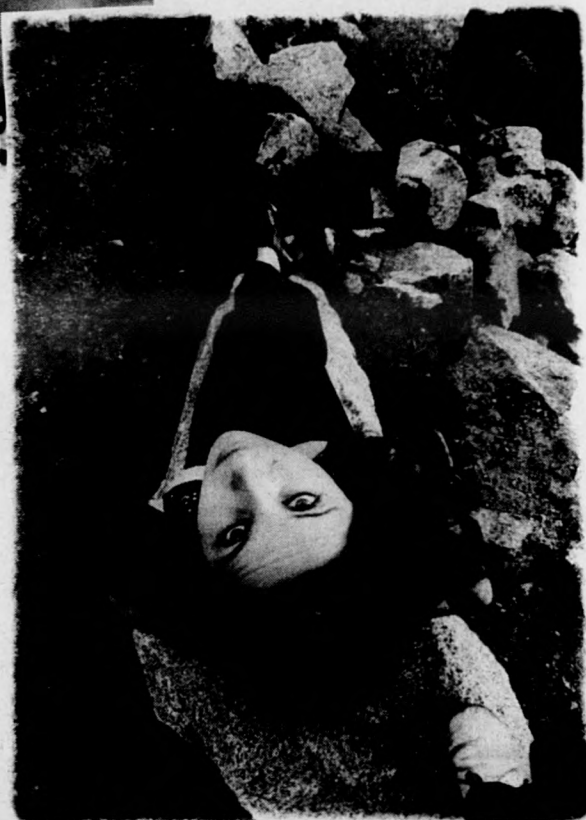
I will live as long as there are Chicanos.

Descancho

En otro tiempo después de Once Cane, Quetzalcoatl
iba montado por los cerros redondos,
chichis de Califas,
desde San Diego a Sonoma.
Andaban robando agua de las
morias de otros,
y a las tierras les ponían cercos
de alambres.
Yo nada les decía; nomas los veía.
Si fueran hijos de la chingada
nos heriría,
pero no son.
Son hijos y esclavos del oro, peor;
con carabinas Winchester
nubes de humo hacen corp.

En diecinueve nací;
en tiempo mi cuerpo se hizo tierra.
Cada tantos años vuelvo a nacer;
en la fruta de la labor
mis hermanos me acariciaban
cortando uvas,
piscando tomate,
removiendo las piedras del traque.
En aguas dulces de mi Califas
y Valle del Rio Grande
lo Zanjeros me dejan pasar,
a regar.
El aire dureo del desierto,
con tal sol caliente
me arrojé.

Viviré mientras haya Chicanos



A LA FLOR DE NUESTRA HERENCIA

por Roberto Cordova

Bella hija de la ardiente madrugada,
Miel esposa del hombre conquistado,
Gran madre de la raza deshonrada,
¿No te has huido del pueblo agobiado?

Fueron muchas otras a la llamada,
El cabello rubio lo han tintado,
Hasta usan la manera agachada
Pa' portarse del modo conformado.

¡Pero tú, no te has sacrificado!
¡Traicionarte no te has dejado
Aunque te lo suplica el tiempo!

¡Aunque sigue el torrente rabiado
Grita tu corazón apasionado,
Que eres chicana hasta tu dulce beso!

The whole world mourned the death of Chilean poet Pablo Neruda in the fall of 1973. Neruda received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971.

Following is one of Neruda's most famous poems, "La United Fruit Co."

"La United Fruit Co."

por Pablo Neruda

*Cuando sonó la trompeta, estuvo todo preparado en la tierra,
y Jehova repartió el mundo a Coca-Cola Inc., Anaconda,
Ford Motors, y otras entidades: la Compañía Frutera Inc.
se reservó lo mas jugoso, la costa central de mi tierra,
la dulce cintura de America.*

*Bautizó de nuevo sus tierras como "Repúblicas Bananas."
y sobre los muertos dormidos, sobre los héroes inquietos
que conquistaron la grandeza, la libertad y las banderas,
estableció la opera bufa:*

*enajenó los albedrios, regaló coronas de Cesar,
desenvainó la envidia, atrajo la dictadura de las moscas,
moscas Trujillo, moscas Tacho, moscas Caria, moscas Martinez,
moscas Ubico, moscas húmedas de sangre humilde y mermelada,
moscas borrachas que zumban sobre los tumbas populares,
moscas de circo, sabias moscas entendidas de tiranía.*

*Entre las moscas sanguinarias la Frutera desembarca,
arrasando el cafe y los frutas, en sus barcos que deslizaron
como bandejas el tesoro de nuestras tierras sumergidas.*

*Mientras tanto, por los abismos azucarados de los puertos,
caían indios sepultados en el vapor de la mañana:*

*un cuerpo rueda, una cosa sin nombre, un número caído,
un racimo de fruta muerta derramada en el pudridero.*



De Colores

De colores, de colores se visten los campos
en la primavera
De colores, de colores son los pajaritos
que vienen de afuera,
De colores, de colores es el arco iris
que vemos lucir
Y por eso los grandes amores
de muchos colores me gustan a mí
Y por eso los grandes amores
de muchos colores me gustan a mí.

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el
kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri,
La gallina, la gallina con el
kara, kara, kara, kara, kara,
Los polluelos, los polluelos, con el
pio, pio, pio, pio, pi
Y por eso los grandes amores
de muchos colores me gustan a mí
Y por eso los grandes amores
de muchos colores me gustan a mí.

Canciones del movimiento

Yo Soy Chicano tonada de "La Realera"

Yo soy Chicano, tengo calor
Puro Chicano, Hermano con honor
Cuando me dicen que hay revolucion
Defiendo mi Raza con mucho valor
Tengo todita me gente,
Para la revolucion
Voy a luchar con los pobres
Pa que se acabe el bolon
CORO:

Yo soy Chicano, tengo color
Puro Chicano, hermano con honor
Cuando me dicen que hay revolucion
Defiendo mi raza con much valor
Traigo mi par de pistolas
Para la revolucion
Que me devuelva mi tierra
El gringo rete-chillon!
CORO:

Yo soy Chicano, tengo color
Puro Chicano, Hermano con honor
Cuando me dicen que hay revolucion
Defiendo mi raza con mucho valor
Tengo mi orgullo y machismo
Mi cultura y corazon
Tengo mi fe y diferencias
Y lucho con gran razon
CORO:

Tengo mi orgullo, tengo mi fe
Soy diferente, soy color cafe
Tengo cultura, tengo corazon
Y no me lo quita a mí
Ni un cabron

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MEETING MAY 7,

7:30 P.M. UMC 336

The organizer

Abelardo Delgado

"And the flock shall be one"
The job that should be done
Was not issued by
The U.S. government
But by a gent full of light
And full of obscure ideas
A classless society idea
Is full of the same message,
One flock,
And can you imagine
Anything sillier
That buddhism crossed up
With Christianity
And catholics sharing a bed
with protestants
and agnostics
And atheists eating off
The same plate
With believers
And yes
What is even more beautiful
Is the gathering
On the same floor

Of whores and homosexuals
Sadists, nymphos, masochists,
Thieves, adulterers and murderers
With saints,
How does that strike you?
A flock-----
E pluribus unum
The jig saw puzzle God
Fulfilled by us salmons upstream bound
Who having never been lost cannot be found.



Abelardo (Lalo) Delgado's poems are from the book, *Aztlan, An Anthology of Mexican American Literature*, edited by Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner. The book is available through Random House, Inc., N.Y.



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Pueblo, Colo.

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*Health Board	3
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Las Comadres Cont.

spirit of comadreada underwent a change. Soon comadres who had known each for years, on installing inside plumbing, suddenly turned their faces and but their noses in the air when they chanced on one another in the street. Other comadres, buying chenille bed spreads and venetian blinds for the first time,

soon said of other comadres not yet as fortunate, "Ai, those peoples. Esa gente. They do not know how to live." And still other comadres, moving out of El Hoyo, thanks to their husbands' steady encounter with the time clock, went as far as to say, "El Hoyo? Where is that?" The sickness even afflicted a few compadres.

Through all of this Anastacia, considering herself a very level headed person, merely said to her comadre Lola, "Ai comadre. What liars some women are. They have much more tongue than sense. As for me, you know how my Lararillo has always earned his good checks, especially now that he often works double shifts. Yet never have I given to bragging."

Lola merely nodded and said nothing.

One night Lazarillo's rage was so great on find-

ing that his food was not ready when he came home from a long shift that he blackened one of Anastacia's eyes. Immediately Anastacia ran next door to her comadre Lola with tears welling from her eyes. "He has tr..tried t..to k..kill me," she cried. "Ai comadre. What am I t..to do?"

Lola, often tempted to tell Anastacia to correct her housekeeping habits merely said, "Oh, he will change."

However, the following beatings Anastacia received were so violent that she decided on a separation. She cashed in a few war bonds and, with her daughters in tow, moved far away from El Hoyo and her tormenting husband Lazarillo. For a long time nobody saw or heard much of Anastacia. Mitote has it, however, that she was now working at the air base and had dyed her hair. And, mitote had it that one day she was overheard saying to another comadre who had also moved out of El Hoyo, "Ai, how good it feels to live away from El Hoyo, away from so many low class people. I am so glad my daughters now live away from there and will never marry beneath their class." As to her comadre Lola, Anastacia had been known to answer when asked about her, "I am sorry, pero yo...I do not know any Lola Lopez."

Anastacia's daughter Maria Luisa, however, kept on seeing Lola's Tino in spite of her mother's advice until the day Uncle Sam greeted him and gave him travel orders. Anastacia, overjoyed, sighed with relief and said, "Thank God he is gone. I am sure any daughter of mine can do better than to keep company with the son of an ex-laundry worker." But Maria Luisa, having given her beloved Tino the greatest proof of her love to take with him...

Months latter....When it was obvious, Anastacia became indignant. She cried. She cursed. She threatened to kill herself. "But what will your father say? What of our neighbors? What of..."

"I don't care about the neighbors, mama," replied Maria Luisa. "As for my father, I already told him."

"You what?" asked Anastacia, shocked.

"I phoned him and told him," said Maria Luisa, matter of factly. "All he asks is that I be a good wife."

Once again Anastacia cried, cursed, threatened to kill herself. But, realizing it was to no avail, the embossed invitations went out the minute Tino phoned informing Maria Luisa the dates of his leave.

On the morning the young couple emerged from the cathedral as man and wife, Anastacia, in white satin, white gloves, and a gigantic hat, excitedly went about

Las Comadres Cont.

her new friends, among them many Smiths and Hendersons, assuring them that her new son-in-law was of the most excellent family, scarcely noticing the presence of her comadre Lola and her compadre Nacho, both of these awed by the magnificence of the affair. At the reception, held at Anastacia's fashionable apartment rather than at Lola's house in El Hoyo as tradition dictated, it happened that Maria Luisa's corsets did their job so well that, to the surprise of the select guests, the bride's labor pangs began and even before she could be helped to the bedroom nature relieved the bride of a screaming, kicking Chicano. In the excitement the young priest who had arrived at the house for his chocolate and cake could do no more than start to make a half hearted effort to preach about sin. But with Anastacia crying, then fainting, the guests in a state of exhilaration and disbelief, and the affair in a general state of confusion, he smiled inwardly and poured himself some whisky from a nearby bottle. To have been heard above all the commotion he would have needed a bigger set of lungs.

Late that afternoon, the petals of Maria Luisa's bridal bouquet still fragrant, found Anastacia in El Hoyo, crying inconsolably on her comadre Lola's shoulder, "What a miserable creature I am, comadre. Today has been the most tragic day of my life. How I wish I were dead."

"Tragic? On the contrary," said Lola. "I think this day has been a very memorable one for both of us. We are both now mother-in-laws, grandmothers as well as comadres. And, because we are now more than comadres, I must tell you it would be best if you moved back to your house. Lazarillo is still there. I am sure he misses you even though it is said you have forgotten him."

"Bad tongues, comadre. Bad tongues. I have never forgotten my beloved Lazarillo. Ai comadre. What would I ever do without you?"

That very night, under cover of darkness, Anastacia and her daughters were back in El Hoyo. But if Lazarillo had once rained blows on her, more to Anastacia's dismay, he was now indifferent. Everyday Lazarillo got up, ate in silence, and went to work. Even though he often came home past midnight, Anastacia now had his food ready, not to mention the great care she took to wash his clothes, clean the house. Still Lazarillo remained indifferent.

"Que hare?" asked Anastacia, crying on her comadre's shoulder. What shall I do?"

"All you can do is cook his food, prepare his clothes and clean the house as you are doing," said Lola. "He will change."

"Alas, comadre," sighed Anastacia, the tears running down her cheeks. "I fear I have lost his love. How I wish I were dead."

A few weeks later, however, most of El Hoyo was awakened one night by wails, cries, and crashing furniture. For a while it seemed as though somebody was being murdered. A few comadres maliciously even thought of phoning the police because a good scandal would provide mitote for weeks. But nobody did and in a few hours all was peaceful again.

Our comadre Anastacia, lying in bed with a pair of black eyes and her hair dishevelled, bubbled on her pillow. As she heard her comadre Lola's Nacho start her serenade a few windows away, Anastacia breathed deeply of El Hoyo's cool summer air and sighed dreamily. Then she gently scratched her own Lazarillo's shoulder and asked, "Are you awake, my love?"

▼ The End ▼

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Slowly it came,



uninvited....

por Celestino

Slowly it came, unannounced and uninvited, like a veil of darkness it covered the land. Its dark shroud moving uncontested across mountains over trees leaving behind only darkness. With it came the frightening noises, the cowardly winds lonely wailing the rustling of leaves, the noises of frightened animals. The night laughed wickedly at its awesome display of power, and it ominously marched across the land.

The night and its eerie noises were scaring her, for tonight like many other nights she was alone with no one to protect her from the night's evil darkness and the many meanings that night seems to bring. She hated the night because of the things it did to her. It scared her and made her feel lonely. There was something mysterious about the night, something she couldn't explain. How she wished he were here to protect her whenever she heard those strange noises or saw those strange shadows. If only she hadn't sent him away. If only he hadn't been a captain they wouldn't have sent him away. She froze. There was that noise again. That eerie noise, that horrifying

Celestino is a Chicano student at the University of Colorado. The story he tells is the sad and eerie story of betrayal that has always made La Raza an oppressed people.

unannounced and

pleading noise again. She almost screamed. She grabbed the cross and pulled it to her chest. She closed her eyes, "God please don't let anything happen to this child, please let him be born." The night screamed louder and the noise got worse. Her eyes darted to the window, the shadow moved closer. "If only he were here he would protect me." The noise changed to strange and almost hypnotic sounds, its lulling came from everywhere. It was almost as if the night were taunting her. She closed her tired eyes and rested her exhausted body, no longer caring what happened. She fell to the floor and her weary mind yielded to the comfort of sleep.

The sun in all its majestic beauty, like a magnificent warrior sent from heaven to protect the innocent and combat the forces of evil night, rose over the land. Like a coward, the night fled, silently vowing to return again. With the new day came sounds of life. The sounds of birds merrily chirping, animals happily scurried about greeting each other joyously, and the sound of a new born baby crying for the first time. She silently stared awed by the miracle of birth and the new instincts of motherhood, for she had given birth for the first time and survived. "His father would be so proud of him, for even now the baby resembled his father. He would

grow up to be a captain just like his father. And he will be looked up to and he in turn would respect the people. He will grow up to be a great man, a man people can be proud of." Gently she pulled the baby to her breast and fed him. "Yes, he will be treated with the respect deserving of a captain." With the baby asleep she began to clean the house. She was so enthused and absorbed in cleaning that she didn't notice the figure till it was by the door. She instantly recognized him, and stood there staring at the captain who had finally come home. She silently thanked God for the two miracles and prayed for the third: that he would marry her and give her child a name, because he was a captain and she was a peasant girl. A peasant girl who had been given to the captain. She learned to love him and had given him a child. She would ask him to give her child a name.

After, he laughed at her and told her she was just a peasant girl. He threatened to kill her. He walked out laughing, saying he was already married to a general's daughter. She stood there bewildered, hurt with tears in her eyes. Many thoughts raced through her mind. "She had given herself wholly to him and he had discarded her." Her father was right, these strange people have no feelings. She had given him a son and he had discarded him too, he had treated his own son like a peasant. No, her son wasn't a

peasant. He was of noble blood. She would not let them treat her son like a peasant, to be laughed at, beaten and abused. Those strange people had come to her land bringing only misery and death. She would not let her son grow up in a world where men were less than animals, where men were reduced to mere slaves. She would kill him first. Her son's noble blood would not permit him to live like a slave. They would kill him. She had seen many men mercilessly killed because they refused to be slaves. She picked up the knife. "He will die free, never knowing the humiliating experience of slavery." She brought the knife down.

She wrapped the baby and put it in the corner by the small cross. She knelt before the cross and cried. "God, I have done what I had to. I have taken the life of my child so he may never know what it's like to be at the mercy of these people. I have no regrets and am prepared to pay for what I have done. I ask for no mercy." She got up and began to chant mournfully in her own language. She raised her hands and pointed to the south, then to the east, then to the door where he stood.

There was no expression on her face when he said he had come to claim his child. There was no emotion in her voice when she told him where the body was. He picked up the child and began to laugh at her. Then he saw the blood, and stared into the eyes of death, the eyes of his dead child, in anger then he charged at her and stabbed her.

The sun as if taken by surprise suddenly disappeared and the night triumphantly returned as promised. With the night came the eerie noises and the restlessness that night seems to bring. The lonely howlings and the mysterious evil that lurks behind the dark shrouds followed close behind. The night screamed triumphantly and wind howled. The cries, the agonizing moans all echoed in unison. The night beckoned to her. It called out to her and she understood. As she thought of her child and the many

other children had used to suffer because of men like her captain she screamed. And as her lifeless form joined the night she took one last look at her dead child and began to cry. Cries that pierced the night pleading, mournful, horrifying cries. Cries of a dying child, screams of a condemned captain. She cried for the world and its misery and she would continue to cry until men like her captain no longer existed, for such was her punishment. And as one of her haunting screams pierced the air, the night shuddered at the lifeless form of La Llorrona.

Cuentos Folkloricos de Colorado y de Nuevo Recogidos por Juan B. Rael - Modernizados por Felipe Jaramillo.

LOS DOS VIEJITOS

Había dos viejitos que vivían en su casa muy enfermitos, y le dijo un día el viejito a la viejita:

! Ah, como estamos de viejos! Ya no te puedo asistir. Estoy muy viejo.

Ni yo te puedo asistir a ti. Ya debía el Señor alzarnos al destierro.

A mí primero -- de digo el viejito.

A mí primero -- dijo la viejita.

En esto, estaban cuando se arrimó un lepero por fuera. Tenían la puerta atrancada y tocó la puerta. Entonces le respondió el viejito de dentro:

? Quién es?

Soy yo -- les respondió el lepero de afuera.

? Quién es yo? -- le dijo el viejito.

Soy un ángel de Dios, que vengo por uno de los dos.

Entonces le dijo el viejito a la viejita:

Ya vienen por uno de nosotros. Vete tú.

Vete tú -- le dijo la viejita --. Despues me ire yo.

EL PERRO BLANCO

A una muchachita muy bonita de Santa Fe le salieron unas llagas en la cara y los doctores no la podían sanar. Rezaban y rezaban y no sanaba. Al fin sus padres le hicieron un velorio de santos par ver si sanaba. Y, cuando la estaban velando de repente entró en el cuarté un perro blanco y muy grande, y quería llevarse a la muchachita. Pero al fin los padres ehcaron al perro y ya no lo volvieron a ver. Desde entonces, la muchachita empeza a sanar, y al fin sanó bien.

EL BORRACHO

Una vez estaba un borracho que había bebido mucho. En la tarde se le revolvió el estómagó y salió alla fuera y empezó a vomitarse. El pobre borracho ehcaba el vomito y abría los gjos para ver que echaba. Y si echaba frijoles, decía:

Estos frijoles me los comí en casa de mi compadre fulano.

Y si echaba chile, decía:

Este chile me lo comí en casa de mi compadre zutano.

Pues volvió este pobre borracho a vomitarse y volvió a cerrar los ojos. Y en esto se arrimó un chulito y empezó a comer del vomito. Abrió los ojos el borracho y cuando vio el chulo, dijo:

Este chulito si no sé donde me lo comí.

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El Santo Niño

Una vez en un pueblo de indios se estaban secando las labores de pobres indígenas y ellos no sabían que hacer. Pues, fueron a la casa del padre para pedirle el Santo Niño para ir a pasearlo por las labores para que así cayera agua. El padre les dijo que bueno. Que se lo quitaran a San Antonio, porque San Antonio lo tenía en brazos. Pues, llevaron los indios al Santo Niño y lo pasearon alrededor de sus labores. Cuando ya venían de regreso para la casa, los indios vieron que venía una nube muy fuerte. Ellos se contentaron much de ver la nube tan fuerte. Pero llegando los indios a la case, vieron que no era agua; era granizo. De modo que no pudieron ir a entregar al Santo Niño. Allí durmió el Santo esa noche. El granizo les acabo la labor. Pues, se juntaron los indios y se fueron a avisarle al padre lo que había hecho el Niño. Cuando llegaron a la iglesia le dejaron al padre:

Tata padre, aquí venimos a que nos des a Santo Antonio.

Pa' que?

Pa llevarlo a que vaya a fer no mas la porquería que hizo su hijo ayer.

Pues, ? Que hizo? -- les dijo el padre.

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La Muerte y el Señor

Había un señor que tenía la costumbre de salir todos los días por leña a las montañas, y cada vez que iba a comer, siempre llegaba alguna visita y nunca se acababa con lo que llevaba para comer. Un día le dijo a su esposa:

Valgame Dios, hija, tan pobre que estoy y siempre que voy al monte nunca puedo comer solo. Siempre que voy a comer, llega alguien y la tengo que dar de comer. Mañana quiero que me echés un lonche para acabarme yo solo.

Otro día en la mañana salió este humilde señor al campo para contar leña. Su mujer le había com- puesto una gallina y suficiente lonche para que se acabara. Cuando llegó la hora de comer, vio él a señor que venía dirigido a donde estaba él, y pensó, "¡Valgame Dios, que nunca pueda comer yo solo! Pero no lo voy a llamar a comer."

? Como le va, amigo? -- le dijo el hombre cuando llegó.

? Como le va, amigo? ?Quién es usted?

Pues, yo soy el Señor. ? Qué no me da de comer?

No, no le doy de comer a Usted, porque Usted hace menosprecio. A unos les da much y a otros no les da nada.

Se fue el señor. A poca rato vio venir a otro hombre y era la Muerte y le dice:

? Como le va, amigo?

? Come la va, Señor?

? Qué no me da de comer?

Pues, ? quién es Usted?

Yo soy la muerte -- le dice.

Pues entonces sí. Venga Usted a comer conmigo.

A Usted si lo invito porque Usted no le hace menos- precio a nada. Para Usted todos son iguales.



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LOS VIEJITOS

*La historis de los viejitos,
Es una historia que priva,
No hay quien les haga un favor,
Ni quien a ellos reciba.*

*Los viejitos mal tratados,
Usan su gorrita aguada,
Se ven sus codos pelados,
Sus camisas mal forjadas.*

*Los demás usan coton,
Y zapato enchancletado,
Un curioso pantalon,
Si no roto-remendado.*

*A que viejitos tan guapos!
Todos de buen corazon,
Esperan el viento,
Que les llegue la pensión.*

*Se encuentra bastante cerca,
Parese que estoy mirando,
Ya el cartero no dilata,
Los perros están ladrando.*

*Al fin me asomo a fuera,
A ver en ese cajón,
Le digo a mi compañera,
Ya nos llegó la pension.*

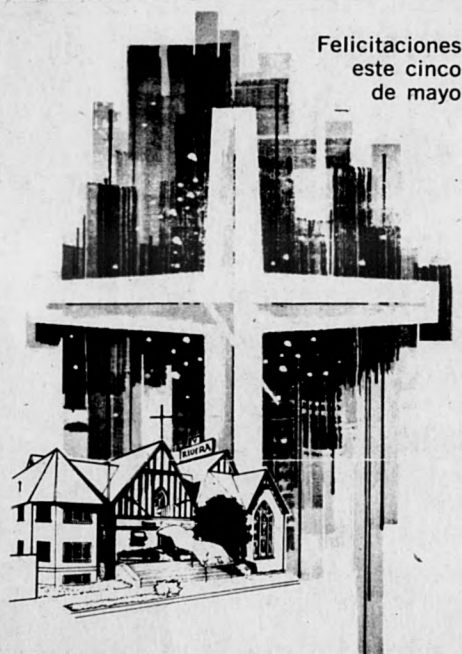
*Vistase vida mía,
Para ir por la provisión,
Pues nos ha llegado cheque,
Es una gran bedición.*

*Hay viejita de mi vida!
De gusto hasta pego un grito;
Si te queda algo de feria,
Compraremos un traguito.*

*Dice mi vieja querida,
"Que viejo tan sinvergüenza,
No piensas mas que en tragar,
El Señor me de paciencia."*

*No temas amada mía,
Porqué no es un gran delito,
Tú verás en el otro mes,
Nos viene otro quesito.*

—Por Enrique Chacon



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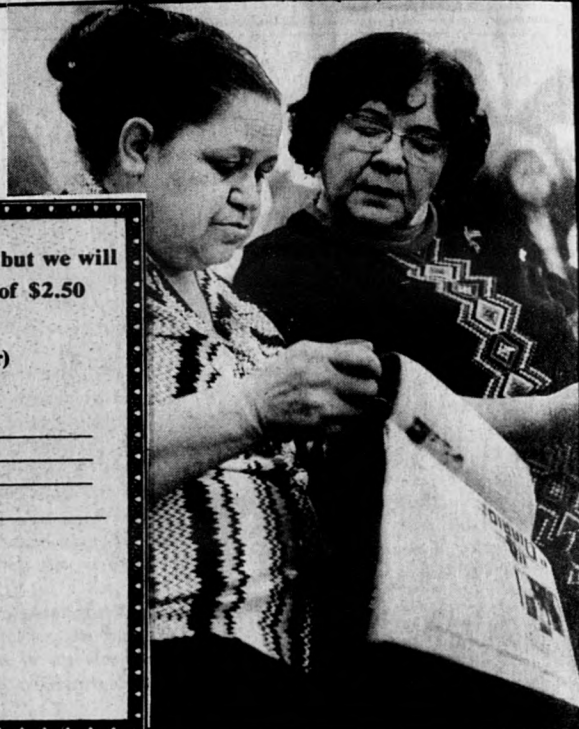
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