¡Qué Tal! April 15, 1972

Mexican American Graduate Studies, San Jose State College

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Ajua! Bueno carnales, here we ago again. The Que Talistas just finished their junta y sabes que? There are a lot of new carnales that are going to keep putting out the /Que Tal! 

In this edition there is much information que el gabachito doesn't seem to tell el Chicano. Tambien hay otras cosas that are relevent (me avente) to the Chicano aqui en Sanjo State.

Yo creo que todo los Chicanos de Sanjo State have heard about the problemas with el Spartan Daily editor y la vieja tuercal O'Connell verdad? Siempre lo vamos a ganar pero no sin ayuda de todos los Chicanos en la escuela. Also I have been told that there is a new organization on campus called Los Estudiantes de Aztlan. Eso es a todo dar!

Otra cosa de importancia! Los vatos que hacen el jale por /Que Tal! se avientan. Y sabes que? (otra vez) If any of you have an article que you would like to have printed, lleva lo para la oficina de MAGS and put it in the /Que Tal! mail box.

Bueno carnales /Raton! (o como se dice en ingles, Right On!) Tu estimado amigo,

Abuelito

MESSAGES ARE:

Letters to the Editor
Between the Lines
Suavesote
Spartan Daily
After the Rhetoric
A La Orilla de Un Palmar
Politics of Would-be Politicians
Valley Medical Center

THE PAPER IS:

/QUE TAL!

Mexican American Graduate Studies
San Jose State College
125 S. 7th Street
San Jose, California 95114
277-2242
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sigue y sigue y sigue y . . . . .

Again the "controversy"! Gabacho media at San Jose State seems to incite more Chicanos into controversial situations than anything else on this campus. If it's not a conservative review by right-wing factions, then it's an established newspaper like the Spartan Daily. Clashes between Chicanos and gabacho newspapers at San Jose State College are as annual and legendary as Cinco de Mayo -- only much more derogatory in nature.

In 1968, a flamboyant and cynical gabachito sportwriter -- and quite a bigot in his own right, went to Mexico for the Daily to cover the Olympic games. Surely there was nothing wrong with that. Until some of his material was printed in the sports section of the Daily. He wrote ultimate "cabronada"! His story goes, that "everybody in Mexico looked like Cesar Romero and Desi Arnaz". Our daily staffer in residence further thickened the plot by proceeding to describe how he was "arrested by Mexican police in a house of prostitution." It's not that he had any bad intentions you see; mistakenly he thought that he was in a "family hotel". This was said four years ago and although gabachos have all but entirely forgotten, many Chicanos haven't. Chicanos reading such garbage in print were furious. Some twenty or thirty of them liberated every copy of the Daily they could find and littered the campus with it. Reactionist? That seemed the major consensus of most students --o mejor decir, gabacho students. Everywhere Chicanos were reprimanded for their "terrorist acts" and their "barbaric malignment" of a "free press".

In 1969, the Spartan bookstore imported some Mexican curios (huaraches, purses, hats) to sell to students. The manager of the bookstore felt that an advertisement in the Daily would be most becoming -- attract students, increase sales. So, the Daily advertising department decided they'd be extra original. The end product (the advertisement of Mexican imports in the Spartan bookstore) was a pen and ink drawing of a fat sombreroed little Mexican sleeping under a cactus tree. The words
accompanying the picture were something like: "Come and meet Jose at the Spartan Bookstore". That although "Jose was always sleeping" he would be "glad to wake up to serve you". Another indignity by the "free press" and another embittered group of Chicanos involved in "controversy". This time Chicanos approached the journalism department and demanded a minority supplement newspaper to the Daily for the remainder of the academic school year. O-O-o-o se ahuito el mundo blanco!! It was "an infringement of the rights of free speech and a free press". Obviously, to these people, degradation of the Mexican people was justifiable as long as a free press was doing it? Anything goes! Digo lo que me da la gana!

Y ahora que? The Mano a Mano column. "You can't print that in Spanish". Why? "Because the majority speak English". What happened to freedom of the press? "What about it?" Is that right reserved only to a monolingual in the English language? Is freedom of expression acclaimed only when men and women converse, read, and write in the language of the majority? "But, the minority should not tyrannize the majority". The majority is white, the minority is brown. "In a democracy the majority rule...... don't they....... don't they? To cut the story short, the Daily did finally and reluctantly agree to accept the Mano a Mano column in Spanish. When Chicanos extended their demands to include one-quarter (or a whole page) of the Spartan Daily los gabachitos were outraged. "We can't do that" You don't have to, we will. "You can't do it either". Why not? "Because then every other group on campus would also want a section of the Daily-- that would be irrational". Wouldn't that be a newspaper of the majority? "No". Why not? "Because it wouldn't be representative of the whole college". "And are you?" "Yes". Sigue y sigue y sigue ......... Even a black staff member for the Daily came out strongly against the actions of Chicanos. Not that its significant. It isn't. Only pitiful? I guess they set the bato up. Or maybe he was sincere. That would only make it even more pitiful. He seemed very disturbed when -- since he is the "minority reporter" -- a chico told him "Chale"? "You can report black news, not Chicano news". I'm sure this Chicano would rightfully maintain this same belief to re-
ply: "I can report Chicano news, not black news." This same black reporter expressed concern about people regarding him as a "black racist". Just because he uses gabacho media, which has rightfully earned the reputation in the minority community as being racist, ethnocentric, and discriminatory in word and deed, doesn't make him a racist. But how he uses it and for what purpose—discrediting a minority group which has chosen (as minority reporter) to write about and doing so in a presciential manner does leave much to be desired. In his staff comment he seems to say, "I understand but I can't accept." Let's be more candid about it. Maybe we are not "brothers" after all.
Que tal! Raza......
Aqui su carnal "El Suave"
Les traigo el chisme del Mes...

La Chingadera
Simply it that,
quemos one fourth
of the page of
the daily......
Y a huevo!
Cual Intimidacion
ni que la chingada!
lo que te voy a dar son...

Calmate loco...........
dejame el guante a mi......

What I sense
here is Intimidation
therefore ... (glop)....

Y yo creo que me
lo voy a tener que
dear con anyway I
can......

What do you
think? Carnales
when you're hot.....

Next Issue....
EL Suavesote
con piernas....
y en puros
Calzones!
This article is an explanation of what happened on February, 29, 1972, regarding the controversy between the Chicanos and the Spartan Daily.

The story actually begins around the first half of the Fall semester, 1971.

I had been perturbed about the absence of news concerning Chicanos at State by the Spartan Daily, so I decided to just ask for a column in the editorial page. I figured I could get in some advertisements in addition to opinions on what was happening around the school. The main problem was the ten dollar EOP drive and getting some word out for it. I went up to the Daily office and asked them for a column and to my surprise they said fine. I made arrangements to write a two page, double-spaced article that would be handed in every Tuesday for a Wednesday printing. I did this for the whole semester writing whatever came to me as well as getting articles from other Chicanos to use, as it seemed a good idea to have other Chicano opinions and news items besides my own. At the end of the semester there was a change of editors and I went and talked to him about continuing the procedure. He said yeah, it would be fine, just to keep on writing them. He said sometimes the column was not written too good and that I should try and improve it. I asked him if I could write the articles as I so chose. He said yes as long as I used no profanity. I had been using Spanish in the articles all the time so on this one particular evening, February 28, I felt like writing in Spanish or mostly in Spanish instead of the usual eight or ten phrases I had used before.
Anyway, on this particular Tuesday, Bob Pellerin said no because it contained too much Spanish. It really blew my mind and I thought he was kidding, so I pressed the issue. He flatly refused. He said that if I sat down and rewrote it in English he would be more than happy to print it. I told him I could not do that. I tried to explain it to him and when I realized that he was serious I told him I'd be back in a few minutes with a new copy. He smiled and I went to the MAGS to get a xerox copy and I went back and handed him the Spanish version. He said no and walked away. I called him back to tell him to take it and he officially refused it. He did so saying that it would not be printed.

By this time I was pretty blown out because he had not taken my bluff. I felt really down and I thought I'd go to the cafeteria and get a cup of coffee and maybe find a sympathetic ear. I was really pissed and I kept thinking, where is the Raza. I went to the cafeteria and found none. I walked over to MAGS and every one seemed so busy so I figured I'd get the hell home. I remembered that Los Estudiantes were having a meeting so I tripped on over there. It was good to see some Chicano faces. I realized the full importance of Unity. Just Unity for the sake of Unity, so when trouble strikes you don't have to be so goddamn alone. They were discussing some problems and I felt kind of like this was an issue we had gone over so many times. I mean how many times had we gone to the Daily in the last three years? I felt really pissed so I brought it out and everyone wanted to go there and talk to Bob. About 25 of us went and Bob told all of us no. He said that there would be an Editorial Board meeting the next day, Wednesday, March 1, and we told him we would be there. Some people made up some leaflets real fast (gracias a Josie y Rachel) and some others went to the Committee asking for an endorsement. We called for a lawyer and made up a list of demands.
The following day, Wednesday, March 1, we all met in the EOP basement. There were about 200 Chicanos and we marched up through the cafeteria picking up people on the way. It was beautiful. We went to the Daily office and we met with the Board. I gave a ten minute rap and then the Daily gave a ten minute rap, saying at the end they could not make a decision until 2:00. They wanted us to elect 7 representatives to meet with them in a closed meeting. The people did not want that, so we all went together and squeezed in the 200 Chicanos in the little room along with their elected 7 representatives. Bob wanted all the Chicanos out and threatened us, until the lawyer told him that he was in violation of a state code stating that public hearings must be open to the public. Bob backed down, but asked the Chicanos not to say anything (catcalls, etc.) and let the representatives do the speaking. So the proceedings went on and the seven representatives argued the points and La Raza was beautiful. We stayed in that little room till almost five when they voted 4-3 in favor of printing the MANO A MANO in Spanish or in whatever way the author deemed. The next day March 2, 1972, the refused MANO A MANO was printed, Spanish and all. All power to La Raza!
Entro-Traques

El sol, aunque todavía estaba un poco terco, por fin llegaba a dar sus últimos golpes en la tierra colorada. Este día los tronos andaban lejos --- tal vez mañana llegarían con sus cargas de gente y ganado.

Yo, sentado estaba en un vagón de madera, por esto me pagaban --- bueno, cuando menos era bastante para mis tortas y cerveza. Alla como a las cuatro vi que de lejos se acercaba más y más un polvorón. Mis ojos, censados al punto de sentirlos empobrecidos por fin divisaron que de este polvorón salían dos figuras a caballo y mucho muy de prisa. Pense que tal vez serían mensajeros.

¡Me limpia el sudor de mi frente!
Y ahora que recuerdo de como sin tener conciencia, de prisa me resbale hacia el fondo del vagón a espiar entre las endijas de sus tablas; un poco más entiendo. Y entienda Ud. lector --- que no fue miedo, sino causa! Solo ahora se que bendición fue mi desición, digo desición porque aunque no sabía lo que hacía, pues --- lo hice!

Con el color de la madera y los últimos gritos del sol me marie y fue por causa de esto que me ocurrió lo estranho siguiente: empecé a notar todo, y todo me bailaba en colores maravillosos como si el color fuera de alma y vida. Lento. Así ocurría todo --- lentamente --- como si contra una presión o fuerza hechizera.

Fue entonces que me di cuenta que los hombres-animales que nadaban hacia mi eran dos. Se arrimaron al vagón más y más. El polvorón que habían hecho antes los seguía como un espanto alumbreado solo por la luz del cielo, azul oscuro. El sol se había acostado.

Puta! fue lo único que llegue a gritar al ver el pecho del hombre que floto por el aire, pego, reboto, y al fin cayó arropando el traque frío. Muerto estaba al fin y aun el pecho desgarrado vulvurata como una fuente sin dolor.

¿Pero al fin que vistes, Que vistes del otro hombre?
Lo vi flotar hacia donde el sol se había bajado.

Marco López

EL POBRE RATON

Con lastima miro
la migaja que se
da caído.

La miro.........
Y al mismo tiempo suspiro.
When I was a small boy of about six, my mother used to sing to me. It was really a good feeling because that was my mother's own special way of telling me she loved me. One song that she would sing stayed in my mind and the true meaning just hit me on the head. It's about a very young and beautiful girl who's alone. Alone, because other people don't take time to talk to her. Instead she passes the time by the edge of the sea, lost like one of its waves—kind of reminds me of state and its communication gap.

A LA ORILLA DE UN PALMAR

C
A la orilla de un palmar
G
Yo vi a una joven bella,
Su boquita decorar,
C
Sus ojitos dos estrellas
Al pasar le pregunte
F
Quien estab was con ella
C
Y llorando respondia
C
Sola vivo en el palmar.
G
Soy huerfanita,
C
No tengo padre ni madre.
C
Ni un amigo, que me venga a consolar
C
Solita paso la vida
F
A la orilla del Palmar
G
Y solita voy y vengo
C
Como las olas del mar.
SANTA CLARA VALLEY MEDICAL CENTER COLLECTION SYSTEM

The Santa Clara Valley Medical Center is a county hospital, and as half of the county hospitals, is a poorly administered institution.

This particular institution is so inadequately managed that the entire personnel are extremely confused as what the rules and regulations concerning the whole institution are, cooperation is unknown to the hospital staff, orders are not to be questioned, patients receive, if anything, very inadequate, slow, poor, and sometimes very unprofessional and inhumane treatment. "They're so slow around here and very unfriendly that I wished I hadn't come", a patient stated.

The admitting section of the hospital very seldom is accurate as to what is going on in the business phase of the system; consequently, the billing to the patients is as erroneous and as far behind as it can be.

The handling of Medi-Cal patients and their bills, which are to be paid by Medi-Cal, sometimes doesn't get correctly attributed to Medi-Cal, because some doctors refuse to sign these documents or some admitting clerk forgets or overlooks the correct procedure of getting documents signed by the proper persons. "What these people don't realize is that they get paid by these Medi-Cal accounts", a clerk commented.
In the collection department, the procedure is as follows: The billing clerks make out a bill from the information obtained from the admitting department, "Which is inaccurate most of the time", a clerk commented, and mail them out to the patients, nothing else is done on their part. Consequently, the collectors are the ones who bear the responsibility of getting the money from the patients under severe pressure from the administrative staff of the hospital, but the hospital is, as mentioned before, so poorly managed hospital that these procedures are not followed, bills somehow are never sent out and when they do get out, this is done on a last-minute basis.

The collectors therefore find themselves bullying the patients for payments on their accounts. "We are told to bully the patients and get as nasty as we can with them. These methods are used because the administration thinks this is the best way to get any results. I personally have found that this is not so", one collector stated.

Consequently the hospital is almost at the point of bankruptcy. With no exaggeration, it has gotten so bad that the management has come to the point of threatening the patients with charging them interest on their accounts.

The hospital no longer wants people who are paying $25 on $1000 or more accounts. Their accounts are sent elsewhere. Therefore, these people who by accident and misfortune end up in the emergency ward of the county hospital end up facing collection agencies and more nasty and embarrassing procedures ranging from attachment of their checks to losing their possessions through law suits.
Because of the bureaucratic system of this hospital, aliens are treated very poorly. If their English is poor, they are asked for their immigration papers and certain forms are filled out. At times their papers are attached until payment of their accounts and if the account is not paid within a certain time, these papers are sent to the Immigration Department for the deportation of these individuals. The group which is affected most seems to be Mexican immigrants. "These nasty, dirty Mexicans should go somewhere else with their problems, at least that's the opinion of the administrative staff", commented my source.

Lately, the collections department has applied illegal procedures in order to collect from patients. "This billing system is so messed up that we are billing people who were patients five and six years ago.

What these people don't know is that we can't collect legally after a period of four years, therefore we bully them, scare them, send their accounts to collection agencies, where the procedures get nastier, and if they don't know their rights and don't defend themselves and if they ever pay anything on it after four years on, then legal collection can be conducted", added my source.

According to the Statute of Limitations, no bureau, agency or office can pursue collections on an account which is four years old or older, or has not been paid on for four years or more.

"Every time patients come in the business office to discuss their accounts, we almost have to pick their pockets or we'll be reprimanded by the administration", concluded my source.

Shocking as it may seem and it is indeed unbelievable to the straight-laced citizen, it nevertheless is a fact.
Between the Lines

"They're trying to abridge our freedom of the Press. That's what they're trying to do! I'm going to write an editorial that will blast the hell out of all their whining arguments."

So saying, the editor of the Marshmellow Daily strutted like an angry rooster, red-faced, toward his desk. For a short time his typewriter chattered excitedly.

When the editorial was complete a group of Marshmellow Daily staffers gathered around their ired editor's desk. They were to be at the first reading of his scathing denunciation of the ignorant and self-serving minority group attempting to destroy a free Press by imposing their will on the majority.

The typewritten copy that lay on the desk read:

The Chicanos on this campus, a mere 6% of the total student body, are attempting to destroy one of the basic institutions on which our society is based. They wish to subvert freedom of the Press to serve their own ends.

They fail to understand the responsibilities of the Press. Our responsibility, as members of the fourth estate, is to objectively and impartially serve the needs of all the students.

Our responsibility is to present the news fairly and not allow special interest groups to sway our judgement. We will not allow the Press to become a medium for the spread of any minority's propaganda.

We will not be swayed by the efforts of Chicano agitators to impose their will on the majority.

We will have a free Press!

When he picked up the copy from the desk, though, and began to read it aloud for the group's approval, a strange look appeared on his face and what he uttered was:

"The Chicanos on this campus, a mere 6% of the total student body, and most of them nothing but a bunch of trouble-makers who don't think like we do and are not as qualified to be here as we are, want to destroy our freedom of the Press. They intend to do so by making the Press accessible to all the people and destroying our monopoly."
"We at the Marshmellow Daily are committed to furthering our free and open Press by limiting that freedom to us, and by denying others adequate access to the Press."

"We find it necessary to invoke the gods of objectivity and impartiality in order to hide our subjective, white, middle-class interpretations. We find it necessary to castigate so-called 'special interest groups' for attempting to present their viewpoints; while at the same time our middle-class mentality molds reality to fit our views, and then passes the result on to the public as 'objective news.'"

"We find it necessary to accuse minority groups of attempting to turn the Marshmellow Daily into a propaganda rag, yet we allow it to serve as the vehicle for the dissemination of the propaganda of the majority. Our propaganda."

"We find frightening the idea of a newspaper printing reality instead of masticated, molded pap acceptable to the computerized and plasticized, acceptable to administrators and advertisers."

"We find it frightening because such a move would keep the Marshmellow Daily from remaining a factory turning out molded news molders guaranteed lifetimes of security by their conformity to the master mold of white, middle-class values. Our security."

The editor lay the copy back on the desk, looked up at the shocked group, and said in a puzzled voice, "Something happened to me. My mind seems to have wandered. Did I read the editorial to you?"

There were a few seconds of embarrassed silence until a voice from the back of the group around the desk said simply, "You read between the lines."
some love it,
    they may?
some leave it,
    others pray.
but who will,
in accordance with their mind;
LOVE IT,
    FREE IT,
TREAT IT RIGHT?

a country (or anything)
is not a law
created for
FALSE JUSTICE,
a hypocrite's assumption
that everything is cool
when blacks and whites
are kicking asses
- all the bleeding masses.
and dudes who were my friends
are dying
    and their ladies crying
porque un vato viejo (pito loco) wants,
    needs,
    and desires
to expand... his wealth
monopolizing the land, desgraciando a la gente
immediately coating it
gift-wrapping greed
    with fancy, (unfortunately)
meaningless words.
DEMOCRACY...
( and again) JUSTICE

traditional indigestion
regular heartburn
represed
by two tablespoon-fulls
    of guilt
    every ten years,
which when spilled (GOD FORBID)
burns a hole
in the hearts of children.

the ahmereekan dream scheeme...
full of mom's apple pie,
    cherry trees,
    base balls,
and sentimental journeys....?
i can't understand
pues soy chicano
and all these things
i haven't seen.
a country (as everything)
is not a law
or a dollar bill
safe in your pocket.

but, (and i hope i'm right)
a feeling,
as carnals have
in the cleanliness of the heart
in togetherness as a whole
... the pride of spirit

why love it or leave it
chale
stay here and free it.

Naguib Mansur
Soon after Que Tal is out, campaigns for the student body election will have commenced. Already one can notice some early public relations work of people trying to keep their name in the headlines by whatever means necessary. But soon there will be the usual leafletting, billboarding, and rapping by the prospective candidates. Hopefully, Chicanos will be in the thick of things under a unified ticket.

To those new Chicanos at SJS this might prove to be a novel experience. To those of us who were around last year, let us hope that it is not another pain in the culo.

In order to freshen that stinging memory let me recount the experience of Chicanos in the last two student body elections.

In 1970, the Progressive Student Coalition (PSC), which at the time was the political arm of MECHA, had six Chicanos elected into Student Council. By voting in a block these six Chicanos were able to get programs passed for the Chicanos at SJS.

In 1971, the PSC machine fell apart. Some of it's candidates went into playing petty politics, some went into playing the vote-getting game, and others simply ran for office without trying to help the ticket. Besides these internal problems, Chicano voters failed to go out en masse to the polls. And finally, a faction of Chicanos split from PSC to form Los Carnales which divided what little there was of the Chicano vote.

With Los Estudiantes de Aztlan, the Chicanos at least have a base from which to start with this year. The last two elections have shown the potential which Chicanos are capable of. Let us hope that when the time comes, we are all unified, and that we all vote La Raza.
CALIENTES CON MANTEQUILLA, TAN SABROSAS, TODA MI VIDA, CON CHILE Y CHORIZO, TAN BIEN QUE MI MAMA LAS HACIA.
YO TAN CHAMACO SIN DIENTES, COMIENDO TORTILLAS CALIENTES.

Y LUEGO LLEGO EL "bread", LOS GABACHOS DICIENDO QUE I WAS underfed. bread and baloney were the sign of the time, but i always knew they weren't mine.

bread . . bread . . bread . . .
your culture is now dead.
ORALE! GABACHO i'd rather be dead, than to eat your PINCHE GAFA bread.

you . .
tried so well; but instead i love them even more, does anything else have to be said?

my children will always say, "LA TORTILLA for us every day."
just me and my MUJER lying in bed eating TORTILLAS, knowing our CULTURA will never be dead. . . LA TORTILLA.

ANTONIO JOSE DE LA CRUZ HAYEZ
"Now after we have found a way to struggle non-violently and to make progress for ourselves and our children, the Republican Party is attempting to take away the boycott," writes Cesar Chavez in the latest boycott newsletter.

The Republican-dominated NLRA has decided to apply the punitive provisions in the National Labor Relations Act (NLRA) to the farm workers' union, although the protective provisions do not apply to the Union. Of this, Chavez charges that "the Republican Party has apparently decided to make a direct political attack on the farm labor movement... we must fight back."

Cesar urges us to write in protest of this illegal attack by the NLRA to Robert Dole, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, 310 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. (Telegrams cost $1.25 for 15 words.)

THE NON-UNION LETTUCE BOYCOTT IS ON!!!

UFNUC has just gotten the national charter as a Union. It is no longer an organizing committee, but a national union. There will be a farm worker convention sometime in the Fall.

Coca-Cola is the first company to sign a farm worker union contract in Florida. Minute Maid, a Coca-Cola subsidiary and largest citrus grower in Florida, signed with the Union after the overwhelming majority of their farm workers voted for UFNUC.

needs for the Farm Worker Weekend Pickets are: picket captains, cooks, office helpers, food, an offset press, and a flatted pickup. Any of these contributions or other, such as money, will definitely be appreciated.

UNITED FARM WORKERS UNION OFFICE (Local) 237 North 1st Street San Jose, California 95113 Ph. 292-4651
The Politics of Would-Be Politicians

The names have been changed to protect the innocent and of course the guilty too.

The Scene: The Guadalupe Room, Student Union, San Jose State College.

The Actors: The members of the Committee on Mexican American Affairs, some good students, some bad ones, pendejos, coyotes, snakes, "COMMUNITY PEOPLE", Professors, administrators, and of course the applicants.

The Atmosphere: Tense, jokingly nervous, frank, scheming and gravely concerned.

The Objective: To select and recommend one candidate to the college President for the Chicano E.O.P. Directorship.

The Vote: Secret ballot.

"Why?"

"To avoid future personality problems."

"Good idea!"

"Bullshit! Everything should be aboveboard."

"We can't be like the gringos."

"I don't want anybody against me because I didn't vote for his candidate."

"The committee has already agreed to a secret ballot."

The Applicants: Some present, some absent, but all should be considered.

"The top two vote getters will be considered."

The Board Members: fearful, cautious, respectful, or ignorant

"Are we doing the right thing?"

A silent audience, the same board member continues:

"Please, audience, give us some feedback."

"Should the voluntarily withdrawn pintos be allowed to sit on the committee again for this business at hand?"

"Yes, Pobrecitos, they have suffered a lot."

A guilty board?
The Chairman: "Director, tell us what we should be looking for."

The Director: "What you should be looking for, I don't know. But, I will tell you what I think you need. In my opinion, you need somebody that has the support and respect of the Chicano students, somebody who can stand alone, knows how to deal with pressure, wouldn't give in to pressure and at the same time can and knows how to apply pressure. He must also be able to delegate authority and responsibility to his staff; listen to suggestions, recommendations, but never gives in to demands. He must also know the Chicanos on this campus. He has to know workers, rappers, pendejos, borderline cases, and most important, who is always willing to help. Besides this, he must have some administrative abilities.

The Interviews Begin

1st Applicant: Good candidate, presented an account of his involvement and the history of the Chicano student movement at S.J.S.C.

"I have been involved in all the programs, groups, and cosas here. I got arrested in the Fiesta de las Rosas in '69."

"What would you do to improve the E.O.P. Program?"

"I would set up a student policy board, controlled by students. I would have weekly staff meetings to get ideas and inform the staff."

"Which students would you work with?"

"I would work with all the Chicano students, but mainly with the aware student. You know, bato loco kind of guy."

"What would you do for the pinto students?"

"I would reserve five (5) slots for them."

"What would you do if a pinto student started to mess-up?"

"I would refer him to the pinto organization so that they can deal with him."

Opinions from the floor:

"He is a great guy and has all the qualifications."

"He has a lot of charm and is very articulate."

"He is a good guy, hard working, dedicated and has internalized carnalismo."

We owe this battle-scarred Chicano student a job.
2nd Applicant: Brief personal history.

Questions from the Floor:

- "What are the basic needs of the program?"
- "Closer ties with students, more student input, feedback is needed for approval, disapproval and change in direction."
- "How would you react if an Interest Group wanted something that would harm the rest of the E.O.P. students?"
- "I would go against them."
- "How would you screen E.O.P. student applicants?"
- "I would set up an E.O.P. student screening committee of E.O.P. students."
- "How would you deal with E.O.P. students who run around knocking E.O.P. students receiving E.O.P. monies when they receive these monies too?"
- "I would get them out of the program!"
- "Has the program been running as well as it can?"
- "I think I can improve it."

Opinions from the floor:

- "I differ with him--I do think that he is a leader. He doesn't run around shouting AJUA. He just gets involved with those projects that require a lot of work and very little philosophizing."
- "He is always there, working, listening, never gives up, and always ready to do more than his share of the work."
- "He led 200 Chicanos from San Jose to Sacramento."
- "He has done many things for the Chicanos."
- "He was the one who caused the split in MECHA last year."
- "You know he didn't, why would you say that?"
- "I think so. He, and others."

Short 5-minute break.

18 minutes later:

- "Should we discuss the resumes of the applicants who are not present?"
- "No!"
"Yes, legally I think we have to."

1st Resume: Read by the Chairman of CMAA.

"How come he is not present?"

"He has already been interviewed by the committee once."

"He stated to me that he was only interested in being considered if the 2nd applicant didn't get the Directorship."

2nd Resume: Read by the Chairman of CMAA.

"Sounds very good. Seems to have the most academic qualifications."

"Who is he?"

"Just got here from Texas. I think this is his first year here."

"I know him. He is a very responsible, intelligent person. I thought he would be here. Anyway, I support him."

"Any more discussion?"

"I would like to say that I am for both applicants who were interviewed. They are both good Chicanos, both are qualified and can do the job."

"Well, I don't know Juan Naranja very well." - laughter--

"I am not applying for the job!"

"Well, anyway, I don't know the other guy too well, but I don't think he is as good as the 2nd applicant, and I would like to see him get it."

"Are we ready for the vote? O.K., please write two names on a piece of paper and give them to me.

The vote count: 8 - 2nd applicant, 6 - 1st Resume, 4 - 1st applicant, 2 - 2nd Resume.

First two candidates, 2nd applicant and 1st Resume.

The vote for 1 candidate:

2nd applicant #1 choice.

Meeting started to break up.
Outburst from audience:

"Why was the 1st applicant not even chosen? You guys already knew who you were going to vote for! Why did you guys go through this procedure?"

Five days later, in the cafeteria of the Student Union, a conversation between two Chicanos.

1st Chicano: "I have been thinking of maybe passing out a referendum to see who the E.O.P. students want for E.O.P. Director."

2nd Chicano: "Why?"

1st Chicano: "There have been rumors, chismes, that the Committee vote was rigged."

2nd Chicano: "What do you mean rigged?"

1st Chicano: "Yeah, they have been saying that most of the committee members already had made up their minds or at least had a choice before the interviews."

2nd Chicano: "Who is they?!"

1st Chicano: "Some of the 1st applicant's supporters."

2nd Chicano: "How can they accuse the committee members when they are also guilty of the same thing? Didn't they have a candidate in mind? Don't the committee members also have the same right? I will concede that the committee members may have to be more open-minded because of their additional responsibility, but they still have the right to have a choice."

1st Chicano: "Well, they claim that there was a lot of politicking going on before the committee meeting."

2nd Chicano: "Of course there was. Didn't they also do some politicking themselves? I understand that one of the committee members called every other committee member and tried to influence them to vote for the 1st candidate."

1st Chicano: "Yeah, man, but how about the rumor that the vote was rigged? How can you fight that?"

2nd Chicano: "Suppose you do have a referendum. Let's also suppose that the referendum proves that Gabe is the man that the students prefer. What are you going to do when the same people raise the question that the referendum was also rigged? What I am really trying to get across to you is that it does not matter what you do. Just because some Chicanos infer that the vote was rigged, does not mean that it was. It does not matter what you do. You will never be able to disprove the accusation. The only person who can disprove it is the individual who made the accusation. They have got to be made to prove
their accusation, or they have to be made to admit that it is just that, an accusation."

1st Chicano: "How can you do that?"

2nd Chicano: "Many ways. But let's consider one alternative. Suppose you call a meeting in which the participants would include a good cross-section of the Chicano student population, the persons who made the accusations, those that would want to know the truth, and those that are concerned about the seriousness of the accusation. In this meeting all the information would be presented by all sides and all individuals can be questioned. It is in this kind of situation where you try to arrive at the source of information, whether it is truth, opinion, or fiction. If it is the truth, they must produce the facts. If they can't produce the facts, then the statement becomes a value judgment. Something which is based on very little knowledge and a lot of speculation, something like a cuento. At which point, the accusation becomes a pre-fabricated lie.

1st Chicano: "Yeah, sounds good."

2nd Chicano: "Do you think it has occurred to them that their candidate might have lost because he was not the best candidate?"

—Humberto Garza
AFTER THE RHETORIC

A very important meeting of the Committee of Mexican American Affairs, recently took place in which a candidate for the soon to be vacated position of Chicano E.O.P. Director was chosen. Many people consider the choice of the candidate to be very wise, while others evidently don't think so. At this point, the choice has been made and the name submitted for approval to the college president. The next step is yet to be taken, that is our full co-operation with the, hopefully, new E.O.P. Director.

For a very long time there has been a lot of talk about the lack of communication and co-operation between the Chicanos on campus. Many of us seemed to have the time to engage in the rhetoric of carnalismo and co-operation, but that time, if it ever existed, should be over. It has always been easy to criticize the E.O.P. program, and its staff, and also it has been a relatively "safe", past time. But things have changed. We all should be mature and competent enough to get off our ego trips and start helping each other. Specifically, we need full support for our new Director.

The E.O.P. has to rely on the students in the program, and this means it must be responsive to the needs of the students. Too many times the real issues of the program are overlooked by students who aren't willing to keep in touch with the "community" that they want to tell everyone they represent. How many times do you hear the work "community" tossed around with nothing but criticism and no alternatives? This is the same rhetoric that has been applied to the E.O.P.

The E.O.P. hasn't survived in spite of the students, but because of them. We don't owe E.O.P. a damn thing--but we owe ourselves everything. The new director has done more than his share as a student, and will approach this job with the same attitude. Some people aren't happy to see him in this position, but he's there. Now he needs our support--not our promises and rhetoric--because what does he do after the rhetoric??
The Rosary

The handle on the unlocked door turned easily as Pedro entered the small battered house that was once his home. The stench of the un-aired kitchen hit Pedro immediately as he surveyed the deserted ruins where he had spent the first sixteen years of his life. Closing the door, Pedro walked to the sink and looked out the small window above the faucets. The scene was just as he remembered it, the walnut orchard across the way, the long road that led into the middle of the ranch where the barracks-type houses held the Filipino and Mexican laborers who came to work for Mr. Bucklin, the owner of the ranch, and the decrepit barbed wire fence that separated the orchard and his father's house. Turning from the window, Pedro walked toward the first of the two bedrooms of the house, where his parents and sisters had slept. The crunching sound of the dehydrated shells of dead cockroaches filled Pedro's ears over the sound of his own steps. Then he saw it.

The wallpaper of the bedroom was peeling. Its original light yellow color almost completely turned dark through age and the stain of years and rainwater that had seeped through the decayed roof of the house, leaving its vivid trails on the wall. But there, amid the trails and the torn paper, on a small nail over the spot where Pedro's mother's bed had once been, was the rosary.

Pedro hurriedly snatched the rosary from the wall, fingering the beads and crucifix while he disentangled the webs long abandoned by their maker from around the outstretched arms of Jesus. The rosary's once-white beads were now stained as the wallpaper, and only spots of their original brilliance could now be seen.

Pedro sat down in a corner of the empty bedroom, and stared at the rosary cradled in his hands. His mind began to wander furiously as scenes he had tried to forget flashed into his brain. Bitter memories became fresh in his mind, and he was not aware that the hands holding the rosary were now clenched fists and his ever whitening knuckles now more brilliant than the beads he held so tightly.

These were the beads Pedro held in prayer at his first Communion. The beads his mother held as she sobbed for Pedro's youngest brother and his father who died a month apart when Pedro was twelve. One dying from starvation while the other died from a broken heart and spirit for not being able to feed his children. "These are the beads," Pedro thought, "that were to be held when talking to God, when pleading to Him to show some divine mercy upon the people who filled the collection box in His name with the pennies and nickels saved when they went without to be closer to Him. And they died clutching their magic beads while twenty miles farther into town they could have been saved by a not so immortal doctor who never saw them because they did not have enough faith to go around."

Pedro sighed heavily, and clumsily rose from the corner. His dark trousers were white with the dirt of the floor, and he brushed them hastily while he prepared to leave. Pedro stared at the rosary he had left on the floor. The face of the crucifix was turned down and the beads were sprawled around the cross. Pedro kicked the rosary into the corner and walked out of the room and the house.
Outside, Pedro walked slowly to his car without looking back. The bright Summer sun shone brightly on the front seat of the new station wagon. Sixteen years earlier, Pedro had left this house on foot. It was the last time he saw what was left of his family. Now he had come home, surprised to see the old house still standing.

Pedro had driven over six hundred miles to visit this house, only to be sickened by it in a matter of minutes. He needed the time it took to make the drive to think since he had until Sunday to come up with an idea. Father Pedro Rios opened the door of his station wagon and stared at his Bible with the rosary between the pages. He smiled to himself as he got in behind the wheel and began the long drive home. He had his sermon for Sunday, but he would have to change it a bit.

Letter to My Comrades
(a Prose-Poem)

I have lived between the battles waged by my conscience and my heart, and exist in a void I am now too impotent to fill. My life has brought me scars of both pleasure and pain, while my mind has puzzled over the realities that today many men call values.

You do not know me, yet I am recognized by you. I carry the trademarks of our race, the features of which cartoons are drawn, the laughter that is legendary, and the voice that can either scream or sob with the melody of a song. You will recognize me when I pass your way. Not because you choose to, but because you will succumb to the perpetual mirror of my face. And you will know me as you should know yourself.

Were you born with me? Or have you inherited me? I do not know. I have been called friend by some, and bastard or worse, by others. I have danced with my bride, and whored with my women. My life has been full of love, experience and passion, and you have remembered me.

You have given me many names; Villa, Zapata, Nadero. You have spent your lives forgetting me and remembering me again. You have struggled to give me identity, to give a name to all of my ghosts, while my mortal body cringed in two-room shacks with my wife and children. Now I must ask you, did you find my soul when you found my ghost? Was the map of your destiny imprinted on my bones when you excavated them?

Why do you look to me for answers to questions that you ask yourselves? Look to yourselves. I do not give you the questions, and I cannot give you the answers. I am not to be idolized, with my picture made into posters, or my words made into creeds. I did not live for that. And you should not live for me.

You have given me identity, but what of you? You must also discover yourself. When I was young I came upon a pond, and when I looked into the clear, still water I saw myself—and I was alone. Now you must seek the pond in which your image is reflected, and you must be alone. Just as Paz Itzlapaplotl was the wound that does not heal, so is the anonymity of a man who does not know himself, an open sore, never healed, except through his self discovery.
¡Orale Raza!
Y no se les vaya a olvidar el "Chicano Commencement". IN OUR NEXT ISSUE... ¡todo dál!!

Y Hasta entonces carnales... esperamos que "el suavesote" no se ponga "pedo" por qué se pone bien loco... AND THIS HAPPENS AT THE PUBLISHING PLACE!!