


9-20-1972

## ¿Qué Tal! September 20, 1972

Mexican American Graduate Studies, San Jose State University

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# ¡QUÉ TAL!

NO. 13 SEPT. 20, 1972



ROOM USE ONLY





# EL ABUELO

¡Que Tal Carnales! Como fueron las vacaciones? A todo dar eh? Bueno, now we go back to the books, eh? Let's hope this year can accomplish much of what was started last year.

Me contaron que Bunzel fired some Chicano instructors. Tisk, Tisk...eso no vale. What are we going to do? We are going to organize and fight this until he listens and does something to correct this situation. There will be juntas y leaflets explaining the situation, so pelen los ojos y las orejas.

WE REFUSE TO BE STEPPED ON!

( ¡ Cabron! Grité tan rescio, I scared myself.)

Para los nuevos here at State, this publication is ¡Que Tal!, of which I am a part of. ¡Y yo? A mi me dicen "El Abuelo." Bueno carnales, quidense entre este año y ponganle a los libros.

Amor por mi Raza...

Abuelito

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This publication is ¡QUE TAL!

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# EDITORIAL

107-25

¡Que Tal! Carnales, to another year at San Jose State University. This Thirteenth issue of ¡Que Tal! will mark our third year in circulation. And we sincerely hope that you as students, faculty, and community can contribute, as in the past, to the success of ¡Que Tal! This third year of circulation will make ¡Que Tal! the most consistent Chicano news publication at San José State University, as well as the oldest organized group on campus! These accomplishments were reached with your help, through sincere donations, along with well-written literary materials and hard work that was contributed by a number of students. These deeds make the ¡Que Tal! staff proud to serve you as your Chicano magazine on campus.

¡Que Tal! was started in the fall semester of 1970, by some very concerned Chicano students. These Chicanos thought it was very necessary to put out a meaningful and informative news publication to serve the Chicano student population on campus. These students knew there was a lack of communication with the Chicano students. So they decided they would attempt to start a publication so the active and inactive student could relate to it.

On September 16, 1970, after preliminary organizational efforts they came out with their first issue. Seven issues were completed that year and in 1971-1972 five more issues were completed, making the total for its first two years twelve.

This is the thirteenth issue of ¡Que Tal! and looking back at the last twelve issues one can see the messages that are being directed to the Chicano student. First, information to help us communicate with each other; second, education which we must learn to understand. We talk about educational racism, mis-education and

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irrelevant schools, but unless we learn how the educational system works against us, we will never be able to make it work for us. Third is the knowledge acquired through education. It's the short stories, poetry and art that we have absorbed through education. And if we can give and share with others, what we've learned, then maybe we can start making changes. So let us not get caught-up in the rhetoric of the past, for rhetoric cannot solve the problems of today--only work and knowledge will do that.

Looking back to last year, the ¡Que Tal! staff can remember the successful fund-raising drive that exceeded our goal of \$10,000, the fight with the Spartan Daily, the election of 7 Chicanos in Student Council, the changing of E.O.P. directorships and the Chicano Commencement. These were just some of the events that make last year a great one for all of us.

So, the present ¡Que Tal! staff enthusiastically awaits your contributions, regardless of what it may be--short stories, poetry, art, hard, dedicated workers and knowledge--anything but Rhetoric.

----- ¡QUE TAL! STAFF

---

EL MACHO GACHO

He drinks and beats me and treats me like dirt!  
He doesn't realize my feelings get hurt!

He praises himself when he is right and never admits when he is wrong.  
He hits me and cusses to prove he is strong.

He parties all night with chicks that are white  
Does he really think this is right?

When he arrives home he thinks he is macho  
But if he only knew he gives me asco.

----- Leslie Rubalcaba



### At the Market Place

Imagine yourself at a market place. Now don't reach the logical conclusion and tell yourself that you are a buyer looking to buy a certain product. Rather, look at all the tempting products for sale. They all have different things to offer; they all serve particular functions to achieve a service, otherwise they wouldn't be where they are, ready to be sold.



Notice that some of the products seem more appealing than others. This is perfect. The buyer is confused. He looks in all directions; he sees that he has many alternatives. He looks to his left and to his right. He notices that the older people enter the market place and go directly to what they want. They have their goals set and they achieve them. The buyer also notices that many more people are being more direct, and that they are getting younger every harvest season.

Now imagine yourself as a product for sale on the market. You start thinking and before long you realize that you represent an investment. The farmer had to plant you; had to water you; in short, you were nurtured along until you were ripe so that you may provide a service. When you are ripe you stand alone. You do not need to be watched over. You simply wait for the time when you can fulfill your purpose. You wait for the time when the farmer can be pleased to have seen the results of his hard work and when the product can leave with a smile that is determined to succeed. Determined because of the simple fact that it was picked.

Now ask yourself, "Why was I picked?" Is it because I was the closest to the buyer? Is it because I was the last one to be sold? Stop! Remember that you were picked because you could provide a service. Stop! You are at San Jose State College on September 18, 1972. You are about to enter into a world that is fast, exciting, and at times depressing. Remember though, that you represent an investment and that you are a Chicano attending an institution of higher learning. Now ask yourself, "Where will I be on the market place four years from now?"

AMERICACA

A merry caca;  
A dairy vaca  
Chewing its own feces;  
A battered climate;  
A fattered primate  
Doing in a species;

Viscious visions  
Politi-shuns  
Losing friends and people;

People goalless  
Seeking solace  
In a soul-less depot;

Always hating,  
Masterbating  
Master of The Chalice;  
Guilt-enticing,  
Sacrificing  
Saviors of The Phallus;

Scummy, stinking,  
Double-thinking,  
Cigar-puffing porkers;  
Squirmy Squelers,  
Wormy Feelers,  
And other Mother-forkers;

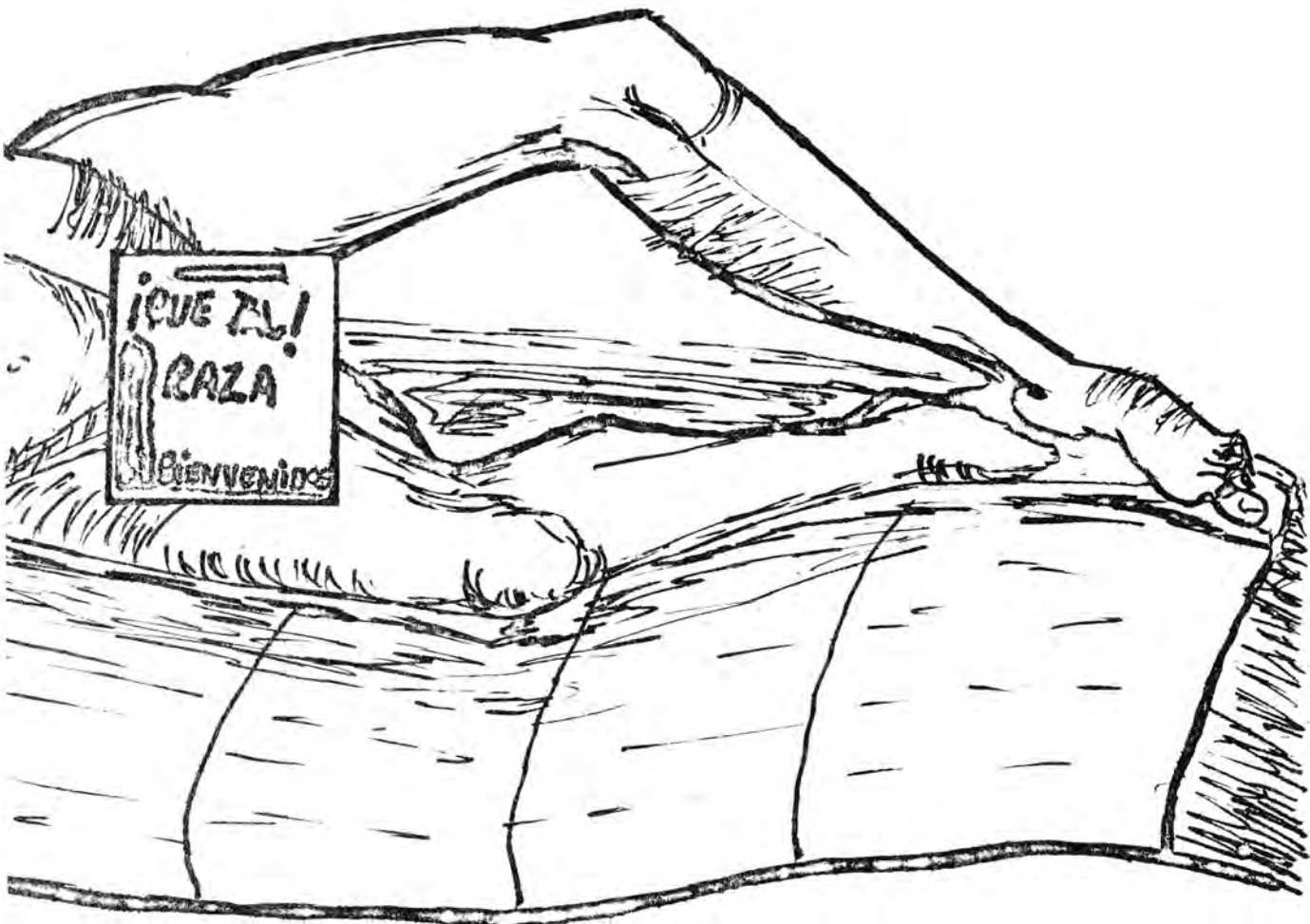
Foiled soils,  
Oiled spoils  
From sea to shining sea;  
Flaggelation;  
Flag-elation  
The Prison of The Free!

Tomás Fuentes





CHICAN



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COVER *Angel Campos 1972*



La Raza

Esta es tu Raza,

    Mi Raza!

But where has it gone?

Mi gente, se esta cayendo,

O quien sabe, ya se cayo.

We see depression,

We see oppression.

But que hacemos?

We talk,

Have legs, arms, and heads.

We sing, dance, and have feelings.

Pero los gringos,

Those pinchie gringos.

Pues que dicien,

You beaner,

Taco bender,

Y mas cagada.

They think they're better,

But they are not.

For La Raza es primero

Tu Raza, mi Raza,

    Venceremos!

Manuel Sanchez



### Third World Coalition

The results of the student elections on campus in the spring semester of 1972 proved very successful for the newly formed Third World Coalition (TWC).

The Third World Coalition was comprised of all minority factions on our campus. The minority groups represented were: Chicano, Black, Asian, and Iranian.

The result of this election had many interesting overtones. First, it showed how effective a coalition of Third World people can be in a carefully coordinated and unified campaign. Secondly, it illustrated that there is minority student interest in determining how student government will affect their lives as students on campus. Probably most important of all, it set a precedent as to what can be accomplished in the future. If at election time a truly collective effort is exerted, positions for academic council, student council, attorney general, and executive offices can be filled by minorities.

Let it be clearly understood that the goals of the TWC are not to serve only the needs of minorities on campus. Our main goal is to effectively serve the needs of the student body as a whole. However, since the electoral sweep gave the TWC domination over student council affairs, the needs of minorities will be adequately met.

#### TWC Graduate Representatives:

1. Juan Najera
2. Josie Torres Druehl
3. Jim Baily
4. Akbar Hajjarian



TWC Upper Division Representatives:

1. Bill Lostaunau
2. Armando Flores
3. Rudolph "Spyder" Sanches
4. Gloria Martinez
5. Sonny Cogo
6. Greg Englesia
7. "Boe" Morris Bean
8. Kewin Ng
9. Jamshiro "Jam" Basseri

TWC Lower Division Representatives:

1. Tony Gonzales
2. Larry Gonzales
3. Rosa Velasquez
4. Cookie Poingsett

---

NETA

neta, neta, camioneta  
que el burro te haga muecas.

y si a tu ventana  
llega un burro flaco

levantale la cola  
y echate un taco

Juan Avilla

## Vergüenza Extraviada

¿Por qué no es rara en los Estados Unidos, que donde se encuentran Chicanos, Mexicanos, o lo que se digan, que algunos de ellos tengan vergüenza de hablar Español? ¿Como es posible que descendientes de Cahatémoc, Moctezuma, y hasta de Cortez, que paisanos de Zapata y Villa, tengan miedo de quedar mal con alguien por hablar el Español, nuestro idioma natal? Apoco nosotros, aparte de ser prietos, chaparros, y feos, somos miedosos también?

Claro que nuestro problema como Chicanos no es que miedosos porque las pruebas al contrario abundan. Aparte de siglos de antepasados valientes, es cada de los guerras de los Estados Unidos han muerto muchisimos Chicanos para proteger las riquezas ajenas. Y aquí es donde llegamos al centro del problema.

Para los Estado Unidos, los Chicanos y las demás razas prietas les sirven solamente para albañiles y soldados quando hay guerras: Para detener a los Chicanos en este estado social es necesario convencerlos que son inferiores y asi sucede en los Estados Unidos una de los maneras con que se ha hecho. Ha sido con negarles la educación a los Chicanos. Los que debían de tener vergüenza no son los Chicanos, sino que la poblacion norte americano.

Joel Espinoza



## ENDURANCE

I have lived here.  
I learned to suffer.  
I learned to take segregation as it is given to me.  
Obligation was to determine my destination.  
Prejudice in this country has made me love and hate.

But out of the segregation I have learned to endure.

Endurance came gradually to me. You feel it come to you  
as segregation and prejudice grows.  
Endurance will overcome segregation and prejudice and it  
will bring triumph for all these years we have suffered.

They call us inferiors, they call us bastards BUT WE KNOW  
we are not inferiors or bastards. Inferiors and bastards  
exist only in their own minds; and if inferiors and bastards  
exist in their minds..... who is the inferior and bastard?

Raquel Perez

(Dedicated to all of the carnalalas)

ELLA

Cuando te veo a ti;  
mi corazon se prende como una torcha--

Cuando estoy cercas de ti;  
mi cuerpo tiembla--

Cuando te tengo en mi brazos,  
mi corazon se redite, come la nieve en el sol--

Tu eres mi vida, mi vida total--

Tu eres "ELLA."

----- Roberto Arras

## A Rivera Lo Mataron

A Rivera! A Rivera!  
A Rivera lo mataron  
Arribera, arriba muchachas. Andenle  
y levantense. Son las cuatro de la  
manana y tenemos un camino largo  
que caminar hasta llegar a la labor.

Al levantarnos perzosas y suenosas  
podiamos oler las tortillas y huevos  
rancheros que me mama nos preparaba  
para el desayuno.

El dia comenzaba como cualquier otro y  
nosotros trabajando.  
El frio de la manana parecia entumirnos  
pero al fin salia el sol calentandonos...  
y nosotros trabajando.  
Contando chistes, silvando o cantando...  
pero siempre trabajando.

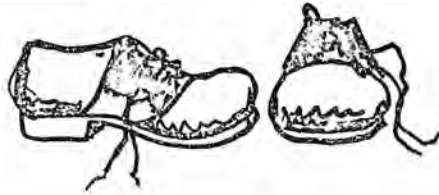
El sol quemandonos, el silencio  
ahogandonos hasta que al fin un  
pajaro aparecia cantandonos, pero el  
jefe por adelante siempre andaba  
jalandonos.

El gusto que nos daba cuando a las cinco se llegaba la hora de  
cinco se llegaba la hora de partir  
para nuestros hogares.

Nos ibamos a cenar, descansar,  
dormir y sonar para estar listos  
en la manana para volver a trabajar.

Janie Lujan





### A Pair of Shoes

The small boy kicked the cardboard box. It moved a bit but did not topple. He leaned forward and pushed the box with his chubby hands until it tipped over and bounced slowly down toward the bottom of the dump. Paper, tin cans and garbage scraps spilled out as the box tumbled over and over.

Solemnly the child watched the box until it bounced to a halt at the bottom. He took a step back and kicked a can over the lip of the dump. He then lined up several cans, carefully adjusting each one until they were in a straight row, and then he kicked each in turn toward the box.

Tiring of that he scrambled a few steps through the debris down the side of the dump, pushing over several more cardboard boxes. As he moved along he picked up a handful of sharp and shiny tin can lids. These he flung out one by one; watching them float out, first up and then down--pre-plastic, pre-commercialized fisbees.

Finding an old car tire, he pushed and pulled at it, unsuccessfully trying to stand it up and roll it down the side of the dump.

Puffing from his efforts with the tire, the small boy wiped his face with his hands and forearm, leaving more smudges than before. He looked at his tire-blackened, dirt smeared hands, and with exaggerated care wiped them on the front of his T-shirt and pants.

When he finished with his clean-up he began climbing toward the top of the dump. He was almost to the top when he saw the shoe. It was beautiful. It was dusty and scratched and the back of the heel was worn down at an angle, but before it had been thrown out with the trash it had been well cared for. It was a child's black and white colored shoe.

The small boy sat down in the dirt and rubbish and took off one of his shoes. Breathlessly he tried on the beautiful shoe. He gasped and laughed happily when his foot slipped into it easily.

Excitedly he kneeled and dug through the trash for the beautiful shoe's mate. He found it a few feet away, but instead of happiness his elation plummeted like a rock the moment he saw it. For someone had spilled an oily, tar-like substance on the shoe. It was ruined. Useless. Beyond repair. It was covered inside and out with the sticky stuff.

The small boy sat silently for a short time staring at a pile of broken bottles, and then he put his own shoe on again. Tears rolled down his cheeks when he picked up the beautiful shoe and its mate and climbed out of the dump.

He walked slowly with his little boy's steps toward his mother and father, who were sorting through a pile of rags and clothing they had gathered. As he neared them he began to sob and his mother looked up, startled, and asked with alarm, "Que es, hijo? Que es?"

In reply the small boy held out the pair of shoes for his mother and father to see. Then with a cry he dropped the shoes and ran to his mother, throwing his arms around her waist.

All during the ride home in the old pick-up truck the small boy lay with his head on his mother's lap, quietly crying. She had to turn her head toward the window to hide the tears that came to her eyes every time she looked at her son's dirty, torn, taped and sewn tennis shoes.

The little boy's father drove the old truck in embarrassed silence.

The weekly trip to the county dump had been a profitable one. They had found two pair of trousers that the small boy's father could use; and his mother had found a dress that could probably be repaired. A rusty pair of pliers and a half-full can of paint had also been acquired.

For some reason each one in the family--father, mother, and son, felt a deep, unexplainable anger and sorrow.



Hang Over

Seven o'clock  
get up  
and go.       Where?  
To school  
what else.  
How can I get up?

My head feels like it's melting into the pillow.

My eyes seem to be clamped together.

My mind  
is mixed up.

I think I'll just float around.

Guadalupe Garcia



¡La Cruda!

RICARDO CHAVEZ ORTIZ

Ricardo Chavez Ortiz  
Ayer fue sentenciado  
a vida  
Por defender sus principios,  
de una Raza muy  
Antgua.

Carnal tu acto fue de  
muchisima grandesa  
Te avientas un chingal  
al no pedir recompensa

Las cortes no interpretaron  
tu deber a la humanidad  
mejor te enterraron vivo  
que mirar la realidad

Hermano no me despido  
ni me olvedare de ti  
voy a vengarme con  
coraje lo que estos hijos  
de su rechingada madre  
me hieieron sufria

Solo le pito a mi  
Raza que nunca se  
den por rendidos entarraron  
a un carnal vivo y no  
es tiempo de reir.....

Ruben Reyna

WAR

War is ugly

Guns are deadly

So what in

the hell

are we

Fighting for

John Caldron

# CALENDAR

S	E	P	T	.	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12 Registration begins!	13	14 C.L.R.A. Meeting	15 Chicano Liberation Day! C.S.U.S.J. 6pm. to 12	16 AJUA! Fiesta in Gilroy.
17	18 Instruction begins.	19	20	21	22	23
24	25 Turn-in registration materials & pay fees.	26	27	28 C.L.R.A. Meeting	29	30

Sept. 12 Registration begins

Sept. 14 & 28, Comite de La Raza de Aztlan (C.L.R.A.) meeting at 6 P.M. in the Guadalupe room 2nd. floor College Union.

Sept. 15 Chicano Liberation day. Functions start at 6pm. in the Loma Prieta Room of the college union. There will be food, Mariachis, Teatro, Speakers, Films and a dance ending the festivities.

Sept 16 Sixteenth of September Celebration in Gilroy.

Sept 18 Instruction begins.

Sept 25 Turn in all registration materials and pay fees.