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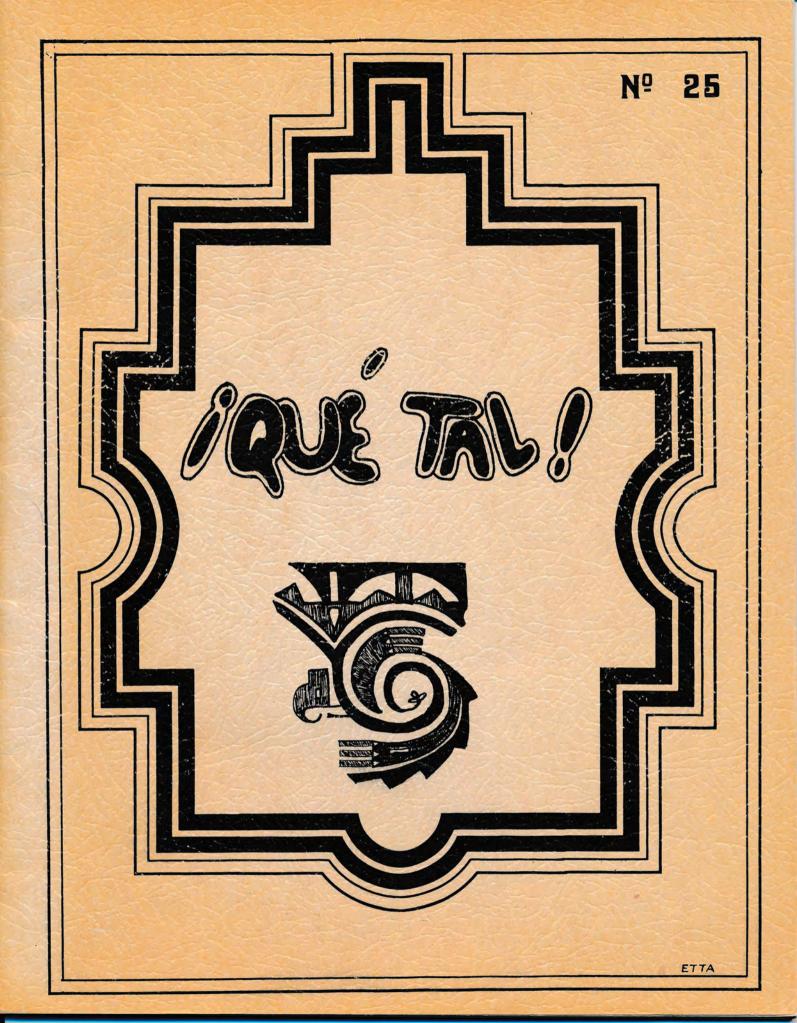
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Que Tal Publications Attn: John Luna Mexican-American Graduate Studies (MAGS) San Jose State University San Jose, CA

EL ABUE

Mis queridos muchachitos, mis buenos chavos, como se han portado? Yo creo y estoy seguro que todo marcha bien en el mundo de los Chicanos. Creo que después su todos las fiestas de el día de dar Gracias en Noviembre, Navidad en Diciembre, y el año nuevo 1976 <u>en el que</u> se celebrará el Bi-Centenial de este país de la GRAN GRINGORIA, o sea dos cientos anos de independencia de la Gran Bretaña, la qué fué la madre de todos los Anglos que a un habitan este territorio <u>que</u> fue nuestro. How do we celebrate the invasion by white folks?

Que vengas sus celebraciones y a la vez que vengas las elecciones de Presidentes y demas politicos, ahora su carino por los Chicanos esta mas despierto, por aquello de los votos que son los que cuentan para elegirse o para subir al poder, ojala y cuando suban con nuestra ayuda no nos desconozcan. Y la cosa Siga "Just the same." Sigue la descriminación, muchos anglos no quieren Raza, y si la toleran es porque son un atajo de bueyes convenencieros. Y que me dispensen los verdaderso animales por llamar a esos hombres con su numbre, mas valía llamarlos: Atajo de pendejos.

Bueno mis chavos, ponganse abusados y fíjense quienes son, para que a la hora de la hora no les demos nuestro voto, sabemos que si suben al poder nos tiran con el TOLEDE. . .

Quisiera hablarles de algo de la revolución Mexicana, cuando el gran Emiliano Zapata y otros patriotas desconocieron al gobierno que los robaba y les quitaba sus tierras para darselas a los hacendados de esto sí les podría decir mucho, pues yo VIVI en esa epoca, me dí cuenta de todo. Pero sera en otra ocasion si así me lo permiten los editores de esta revista. So I must finish, porque ya no hay espacio.

El Abuelo que los quiere

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*Also included are various poems and announcements

*Artwork by Etta and Lupe

EDITORIAL

Recently, I had the pleasure of attending a cultural festival at El Centro Cultural De La Gente, located in downtown San Jose. The program was presented by a Chicano Writing Class at San Jose State University as part of a class project.

For the few weeks that the class had to prepare for the function, to say the least, proved to be a very rewarding experience to all those present. The program itself was rich in art, crafts, teatro, literature, and folklorico.

After the show, and before going out for a beer, I decided to munch on a tamale made by several of the members of the writing class. It was then I was approached by several young chicanos who had also been present at the festivities.

The conversation that ensued ran in the direction of questioning the validity of the poetry just presented.

Biting my tamale, I listened tentatively to what they had to say.

They had the idea, it seemed, that the works of art being presented were not at all representative of real Chicano poetry. They went on to say that some of the poetry recited was not at all about Chicanos, and therefore, not representative of true Chicano poetry!

I again took a bite of my tamale and presented the question, "Well, what to you then is Chicano poetry?"

Is it poetry written solely by Chicanos? Or is it work written about Chicanos? One of them replied with the answer, "Chicano poetry could only be that which is written for Chicanos by Chicanos!"

Swallowing my last bit of tamale, I then asked the question, "What is true art?"

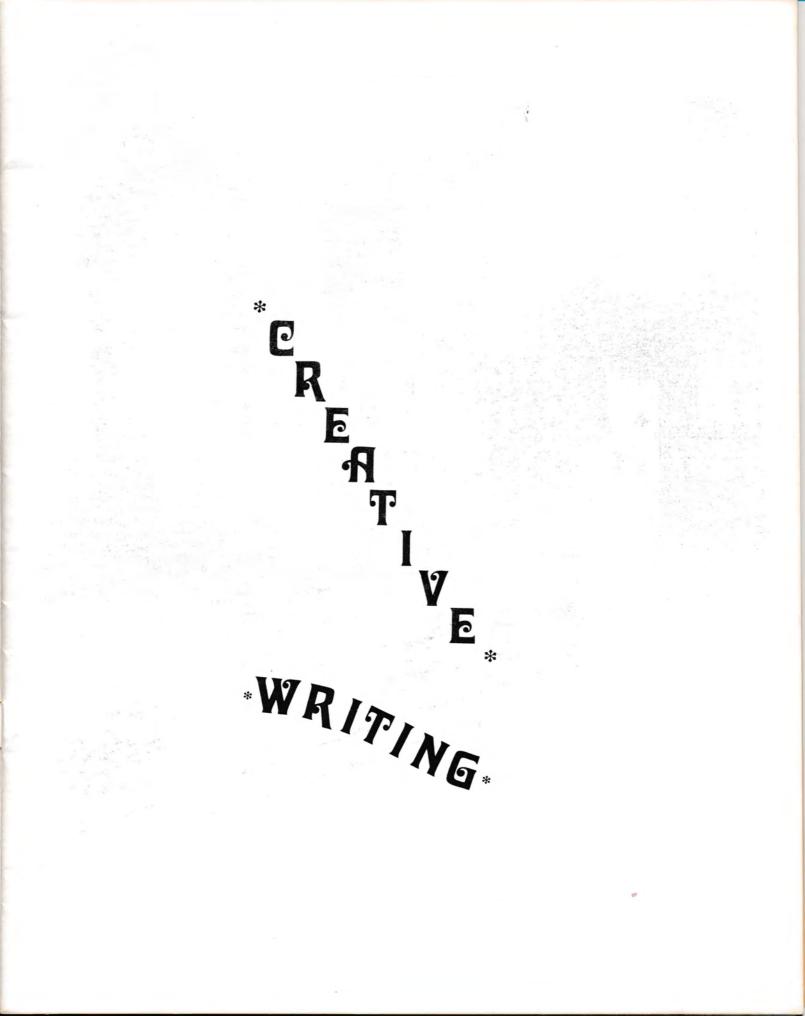
We all agreed that poetry is a form of art, and that art as we understood it must be, in order to be a true form of art, universal in nature.

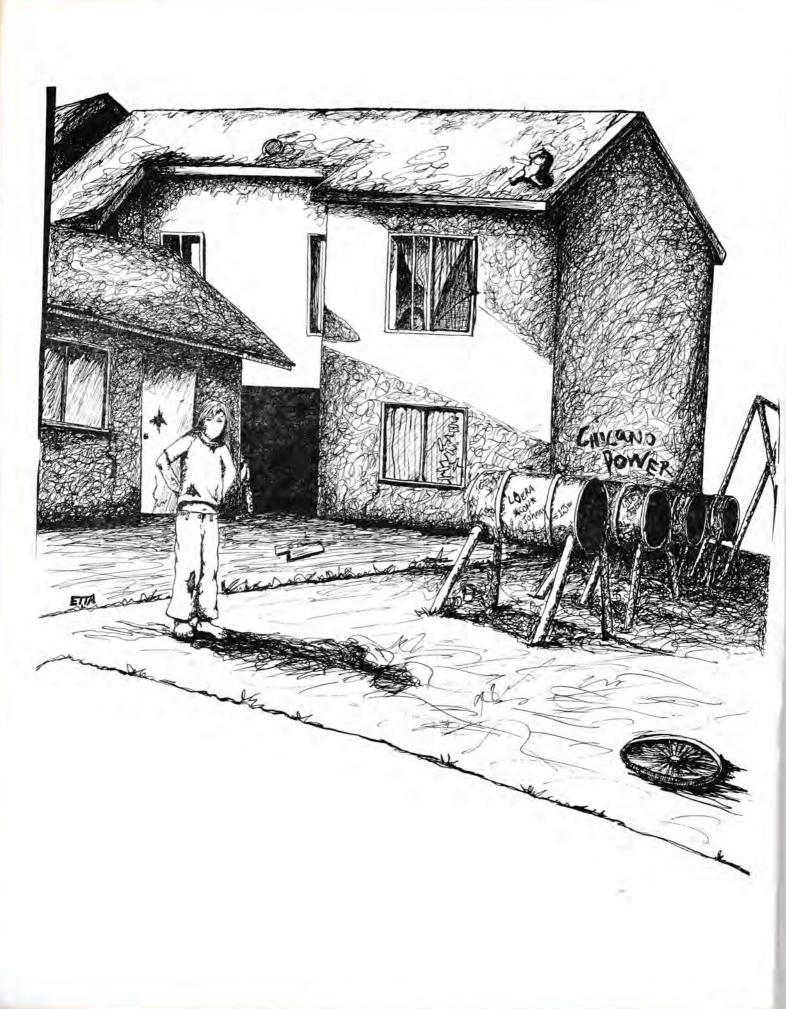
It therefore seemed, that to limit our artists or writers to fixes boundries would seem unjust. Maybe it is best we should let the artists, as well as the recipients of such art, make judgement for themselves as to what they themselves feel to be Chicano art.

So that in questioning the work of a Chicano, they should not ask themselves whether it is or is not Chicano, but rather does the work in question represent or express his or her own experiences as a Chicano.

By this time my mouth had dried and the chili was hot, so I excused myself. For the night was young and I myself had a thirst for persuing the fine art of tippling.

- John Luna -





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Have you ever been so hungry your stomach hurt? Have you or your brothers and sisters ever missed school because you didn't have shoes to wear?

Casa Apartments is a low-income federally funded housing project. Each box-like building, two stories high and flat roofed, is painted in depressing somber tones. As you pass the junky-jungle gym, broken toys, naked soggy dolls and dismantled bikes, you can see the dead grass with only a few hardy bushes or trees surviving. As soon as you step outside your door, all you can see is mud, mud everywhere.

Many of the apartments are infested with rats, silverfish and cockroaches. Also common are delapidated walls, bad plumbing and their results. One place has rusted pipes sticking out through the ceiling, caving it in. A woman has weeds growing right through the kitchen wall. Several of the units have electrical problems, wires sticking out all over and half the place is in virtual darkness. Broken sinks and stoves are usual. An old couple showed me that when the sprinkling system is turned on, it sprays into their living room.

I saw kids of twelve and thirteen years old already forming gangs, roaming the project with no direction or guidance. Little girls trying to look older, anxious to experiment with sex, desperate to get attention, seeking love.

As I walk around the project grounds and become acquainted with the children, I soon learn to ask, "Is your mother home?" and not for a father since there rarely is a father. So many children left unattended, their mothers' out working ten or twelve hours a day, trying desperately to stay off welfare.

Many of these mothers have been mistreated and neglected as children. After they grow up, they marry and their husbands abuse them. Then these courageous women carry on, trying to work, running the household and at the same time, trying to be both father and mother.

But what if her junkie ex-old man steals her food stamps or her car breaks down? Maybe she asks the manager to repair her heater in the apartment and he charges her damages and threatens to evict her.

Some women at the end of their endurance are unable to cope with the constant pressure and simply leave, abandonning their children. And what of the children left behind and all the others who can never get out? Their world is a jungle, a jungle of self-survival. Is this vicious circle to be their only destiny?

Life and Death

One can blantantly see the paradox of life and earth in the orange groves in Porterville. At the break of dawn, one can already see whole families feverishly picking the fruit. They must hurry before the stinging rays of the sun make this activity impossible. Little girls of twelve tug at their fourteen foot ladders. These splinter boxes are necessary to pick the topmost oranges. Young crying babies with hunger painted on their faces go unattended. The mother precipitously rushes down the ladder and pats the child's head as she dumps the fruit in a bin. The father, the head of the household, puffs away at his cigarette. This is his cocaine - his way of numbing the body. Finally it is one o'clock. The sun has reached its zenith and reigns supreme. The hot sweat falling from their forheads no longer permits these campesinos to see. The blood caused by the thorns mixed with the sweat creates discomfort. Dust, sweat, blood form rivulets that cruise down the bruised and battered body of these victims of poverty. All of a sudden, like a body, everyone descends from their ladders. It is time to go home. The feverishness is gone. Laughter echoes through the orchards. Little babies gurgle with happiness. They still don't know that they have witnessed a facet of death.



"Horale, ese, you gonna play that violin all night? I heard you up on my floor. Din't they say these dorms were sound-proofed?"

"You think you can do better, vato? Well try it. I betcha don't know which end to stick under your chin."

"It's awright. No hay pedo. No hay pedo. I din mean nothin', ese. Mire cunao, when I see them brown hands makin' that sweet musica, man I think we finally got a dude chingando la musica world. Me intiendes? I mean chingando! Your ruca probably don't mind them musical hands neither, eh ese? Pero, that's another story."

"Later, Castro! Didja come down here just to hurl verbal invective?" "Huh?"

"No me mires con los dientes en la boca, condenado. You got any yesca?" "Huh?"

"Que la fregada, loco. You don't understand English? I ain't got no mota, not even a joint. All I got is you, cabron, and you ain't makin' me too high."

"Hey man, I'm hungry. Me an Rita was gettin' it on at supper time. What'd

they have anyway?"

"Weenies."

"Horale! C'mon, you gotta have some bills. Les go to 7-11."

"Chale! I couldn't make change for a nickel. Let's go get Trucha. He's dealing again, ese. He gots to have something."

"No oiste? Esta en la carcel."

"No me digas? Que paso?"

"A snitch got him, eh."

" That baboso had all my money. He was gonna buy me a key. What'd they do with his bills?"

"Troca was with him. I think she was carrying it in her purse. They didn't bust her, eh, but they should have. I heard she tried to sit on the narc so Trucha could run."

"Ay, que la chingada, ese! I'd hate to have her sit on me. She was all pedo at the last baile and she tripped on a chair. She put out a hand to catch herself, but she hit a table so hard all four legs came off. I ain't kidding. If I met her in a dark alley I'd haul ass out a there and not look back. Don't get me wrong ese. She's a far out chick. Pero pesada? Ay, que pesada! Pero, que mala suerte la de Trucha. Que va pasar con el ahora?" "Wolfy says that Kiko's gonna come up from Denver. He'll get it on with the man for sure. That Kiko's one heavy dude!"

"For a little drug bust? Corky wouldn't let his man come up here for that."

"That's what I told Wolfy. But he says Trucha and Kiko are primos. Trucha's madre asked Kiko's. So that's why he's coming. Wolfy says he'll get Trucha off with probation."

"Andale pues. I got the munchies now too. Les hit up Ruben. He's always got bread."

"Awright, vato. He don' talk right. But he gots a good head. Pero, guachalo, cuando abre la puerta. He's gonna say, "Hello Robert. Hello Freddie. How are you tonight?"

"Well, hello Robert, hello Freddie. How are you tonight? I heard you practising a few minutes ago. I thought it was very good. How long have you been playing?"

"Five years, I guess. Hey, can you dig it, you really liked it huh?"

"Yes I did, very much. I once attempted to play the violin, but failed miserably. So I can appreciate the fact that you have mastered such a difficult instrument."

"Oh yeah. Thanks alot vato. Me an' Castro was wondering if you wanted to go to 7-11. We both got the munchies."

"Yes, I think I would like that. It would provide a good break from studing. I don't have much money. But I can get a couple of items."

"Yeah, we ain't got much money neither. But we can pick up a couple items too. Andale pues."

"Did the two of you hear about Sam and Angela? I'm told that Sam attempted to buy some marijuana from a narcotics agent. Angela tried to detain the agent, but Sam was caught anyway."

"Yeah, me and Dedo here was just sayin' the same thin, huh Dedo?" "Pos, simon ese, something like that."

"Frank Martinez is going to represent him, I'm told. He is a very intelligent lawyer. We lived on the same street as children. His brother was president of the high school student body when I was a junior."

"No kidding, ese. I guess all the vatos on your block talked like you." "I beg your pardon?"

"Hey, mira la guacha. Ay, me hace andar locote! HOSE!"

"Hose! Mira los chiches!"

"No anda puerco, cabezon!"

"I admit that is a very pleasantly formed lady over there. But she looks a bit annoyed."

"Mentiras, ese."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The vato says she loves it."

"Oh, well maybe. Anyway, let's decide what to get at the store before we go in. I have enough for some potato chips."

"That sounds good. Castro's broke. So why don't you two get the papas. I want to look around a little. Ay lo guacho afuera."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'll meet you back here, eh."

"Oh, ok. Fine. See you.

"Don't you think Freddie's plan sounds a bit odd, Robert?"

"No, ese. El Dedo moves in mysterious ways."

"Well, yes I can certainly agree with that. Here are the potato chips. I don't see Robert around anywhere though, do you? We had better pay the clerk and see if he's waiting for us outside."

"Chingao, cuando no tengo feria it's a bummer. I wish I could help you pay" "No problem, Freddie. Hey there's Robert going out the door. Let's go catch him.

"Hey Robert. Where are you going so fast?"

"Nowhere, guy. You got the papas?"

"Right here. Hey, didn't you get anything?"

"Pos, simon, ese. I got this ham, and this six pack, and this cheese."

"I don't think I saw you at the check out counter. Why did you throw your bag away?"

"What bag? I din't take no bag?"

"I told you Dedo moves in mysterious ways."

"You mean "

"Sure, ese, I scored "em. Neither of us got no feria."

"But how, how"

"I just waited till you were paying the checker. When he wasn't looking I got the stuff, put it under my coat and left." "Wow, that's pretty good. And I thought they called you Dedo because you play the violin. Man, you must have strong fingers to be able to hold onto a five pound ham, a six pack and some cheese through your coat."

"Just practice is all it takes man. You could do it too."

"I don't know what to say. Except maybe, why don't we walk a little faster."

David Johnson



THE AMERICAN DREAM

Carlitos Garcia had been born in Austin, Texas, in 1940, but had been raised in Candela Coahuila all fourteen years of his life.

His United States born Mexican-American mother had died in Candela when Carlitos was eight years old. His father had left to work in Texas and had never returned. He left Carlitos with his aunt Marta, who barely made a living to support her own five kids.

Carlitos, in his poverty-ridden life, dreamed of the land north of the border which had been his mother's home. He recalled many nights when his mother, Maria, had told him awe-inspiring stories of Texas, where there was plenty of everything. Maria had spoken of white houses with beautiful green lawns, of beautiful schools, and of plenty of places where a lot of money could be made. "En donde se barre el dinero con escoba," she had said.

His mother had slightly exaggerated the truth. She had failed to mention the other side of the story; such as discrimination and the not-so-nice treatment of Chicanos in Texas at the hands of the non-Chicanos.

Naturally, Carlitos thought of his mother's land as a Shangri-la. He dreamed of a better future and of someday going to live in Texas. He saved all the money he earned as a shoe-shine boy while going to school part-time. He had managed to learn some English from the American tourists. He read many books about the United States and Texas.

Carlitos would befriend the occasional Texas tourist and bombard them with questions about Texas and the United States. Of course the tourist had assured Carlitos that there indeed was a beautiful rich land full of opportunity and justice for one and for all.

Shortly after Carlitos' sixteenth birthday, he kissed his aunt and cousins good-bye. He placed all his worldly belongings into a small bundle and headed for Texas a week before Christmas. All his possessions consisted of two pairs of trousers, two shirts, a patched-up blanket, the equivalent of five dollars, a dream, and a lot of courage.

After two days of walking through the mountains and hitch-hiking the last day, Carlitos arrived at the border city of Piedras Negras Coahuila, across from Eagle Pass, Texas. Carlitos soon realized that getting across to Texas was not as easy as he had dreamed. It would take a lot of money and a passport and he had neither. He found a lot of men with the same hopes as his, but most of them could not afford to buy their papers to get across. But Carlitos was not discouraged. He knew that once he found his father and got a job in Texas everything would be o.k. So he asked some of the waiting men. "There must be a way, some way, to get to Texas," he confided to a courageous looking young man named Pablito Ruiz, who Carlitos had befriended.

"Mira muchachito," Ruiz whispered in Carlitos' ear. "There is a way to get across, but it is dangerous."

Carlitos' ears perked up.

"Puedes nadar?" inquired Pablito.

"Of course I can swim. But why do you ask?"

"Como estas verde chamaco!!" commented Pablito about the inexperienced Carlitos. "You have a lot to learn, but if you want to go to Texas I'll tell you how we can get there. Tienes huevos?"

"Seguro que si!" Carlitos assured Ruiz that he had guts to try anything. "We are going to Texas as wetbacks," explained Ruiz.

"Mojados?"

"That's right Carlitos. You want to find your father? And get there by Christmas? Muy bien. We leave this evening after sundown. Here's how we'll do it." Carlitos listened intently.

"But isn't that illegal?" inquired Carlitos.

"O que la chingada!" cussed Pablito impatiently. "Mira muchacho, it was illegal the way the gringos stole Texas, Nuevo Mexico, Arizona, California, and other sections of Mexico from our ancestors, so by going back to Texas as wetbacks is in a sense compensation for it. To them we may be aliens or wetbacks, but I can assure you that the biggest "wetback" that arrived in this continent was Columbus. He crossed an ocean as a wetback. Hell, we're only crossing one of our own rivers, in our own land." Ruiz laughed as he saw the quizzical look on Gerlin face.

Caro too.

"This falon-Bus, was he really the biggest wetback?" asked Carlitos.

"No Senor," replied Pablito, "There was another bunch that came across the ocean in a big canoe named the June Flower, or something like that. No, oh yes, the Mayflower. That's it. The Mayflower," said Pablito as he roared with laughter.

The other men, prospective "mojados", looked up, annoyed at the two happy, laughing youths.

The two young boys walked away, a distance from the group of men. The two boys laughed and slapped each other on the back as they walked away.

"Look. The ones we have to watch out for are the Rinches (Texas Rangers) and La Migra," Pablito cautioned Carlitos.

Two cowboy-attired lawmen waited patiently on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, just south of Eagle Pass, Texas. They sat cross-legged, rifle butts on the ground. The stars on the left side of their jackets left little doubt as to who they were. Both men peeked from the bushes as the sun set to the west. The tallest of the two finally spoke, tipping his cowboy hat. "Yea Jim, I'll tell yuh, it's just like shooting ducks, I've done it befoh. This is how ah git my target practice." The other rookie-officer appeared uncomfortable.

The tall freckled-faced lawman rose slowly from behind the bushes when he saw movement on the other side of the river. He cocked his rifle. His partner did likewise. They waited patiently.

Carlitos and Pablito swam against the strong current, their little bundles tied to their backs. Pablito, the strongest swimmer was twenty feet ahead of Carlitos and was almost in the middle of the river. Carlitos was getting tired of swimming, but his American dream gave him courage as he swam, trying to catch up with Pablito. The muddy river current was strong and Carlitos was scared as he saw the waves and whirlpools. Pablito Ruiz was almost on the other side of the river, his arms stroking furiously.

Pow! Pow! Pablito was surprised and scared when he heard the shots and saw the small geysers of water around him. He dove underneath to avoid the bullets, but he had to come up for air. He screamed as he came up again. He swam desperately back. He bobbed up and down screaming as the swirling water became crimsom around him.

Carlitos could not believe what he saw. He panicked as little geysers of water were now popping up around him. He held up both hands, trying to stay afloat, signalling that he was willing to give up. "Wait! Wait Please! Don't Shoot Please! My mother said that you people wereAh! Ah! No! Ah......"

The swirling water again became crimson around the screaming little boy. "Please.....Gulp.....Gulp.....I only wanted to.....

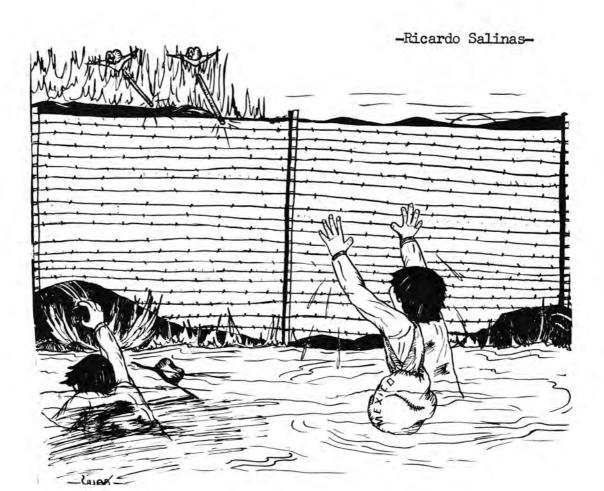
Pow! Pow!

"Ah....Mamacita!!....

The day after Christmas, two bodies were found tangled on the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande, ten miles away from the "target area".

A Mexican-American shepard, who had witnessed the incident, mentioned it on his deathbed, many years later. He had reason to believe that no jury would ever convict the lawmen, as in the past. The jury always believed the lawmen, instead of Chicanos. Besides, the shepard said, he had feared retaliation. He himself had come as a wetback.

It is estimated that between five hundred and five thousand persons like "Carlito and Pablito" met the end of their "American Dreams" in similar incidents along the two thousand mile Rio Grande, and some people have reasonable cause to believe that the - count isn't over yet.



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF: SUPER-COMMANDER ALFREDO LOPEZ & THE STARSHIP "EL CHICANO"

As you may recall, our story takes us back to the starship "El Chicano," where Super Commander Alfredo Lopez has just incountered Super-beings upon the unknown planet of "Kronkos".

Realizing their super intellegence, Super Commander seeks their help in landing instructions.

Yet, these strange creatures, who ever they may be, have set conditions on our beloved hero. Conditions which may prove to be fatal if gone unheeded!

Let us read on to find out exactly what our hero is up to !!

As the ship descended, the ship's inhabitants saw patches of farm land on the Earth-like planet. As they came to within one mile of the planet, a great metropolitan city could be seen. It was something out of a science fiction dream. There were super-modern structures with strange spiral-like buildings. Others were in symetric forms. Wide streets full of inhabitants and super-modern crafts, some flying and some on the streets and roads. Earthlings had never seen anything like it before.

The ship's engines roared like thunder as it descended. The ship's radio cracked again:

"This is PLONTOS of Pratos again. I would like to add one more statement for Super-Commander Lopez and his Earthling passengers. Being that we are a thousand years ahead of you Earthlings, I want to further inform you that there are many people here from other planets and galaxies. Some of them do not look exactly like Earthlings or Pratasians. We all get along here. Here we conquered the ancient "mental ailment" known on Earth as racial discrimination. (We understand that your civilization has almost conquered this ailment but some of you may carry this dreaded ailment through your forefather's genes. We would like to caution you.) A simple rule for you new arrivals to follow here, it is similiar to your old saying of, "When in Rome do like the Romans." Another simple rule for your people is, "Love thy neighbor as thyself", but here, we have added, "And live among them." We hope that your ancient systems of communism and democracy have prepared you to exist and live among us with our neighbors of the other galaxies her on Pratas. Our Pratas is the paradise of the galaxies. Here people rule and at the first signs of hostilities, or reactions of fear or horror may surely mean death. We hope that your intelligence has improved since the last time we "scouted" earth in our so-called "flyingsaucers", as you Earthlings called them. At that time when we lived among you, disguised as Earthlings, certain of you people still passed the ailment of "racial discrimination." Elacks, Browns and others among you known minorities suffered injustices because of this mental ailment. Especially in parts of a region called the United States. That is all."

The Earth ship landed smoothly and thousands of "Practacions" were on hand to welcome the Earthlings. Super-Commander Lopez felt a certain discomfort because he had a suspicion that some of his passengers may still possess the mental ailment of racial discrimination. He had never experienced the results of this ailment, but he knew that his forefathers had a few centuries back. He had sensed this in a few people assigned to his ship. He had noticed the facial expressions of blond Radio Technicians Jannette Smith, and Alice Davis upon being near the other members of the crew, especially when blacks and oriental engineers were nearby. But he hadn't let it bother him three years ago when he had been assigned as Super-Commander of the ship "El Chicano." After all, Lopez shrugged, people in the year 2051, didn't behave that way anymore.

There was extreme excitement, happiness and expectation among the personnel of "El Chicano." All the personnel were of many Earth nationalities, such as Chinese, Japanese, Africans, Chicanos, Caucasians, American Indians, Russians and many others. After being cooped up in the king-sized ship, the people were glad to touch tierra firma, even if it was a foreign planet.

After the ship landed, its huge doors opened and a stairway was lowered There was a red welcome carpet. A group of "beings" approached the strange ship to welcome the Earthlings. A tall inhabitant stepped forward and introduced himself as "Plontos of Pratos", the supreme leader of that planet. He and the first group of people to welcome the Earthlings were not too different then Earth people.

Plontos and Super-Commander Lopez shook hands and exchanged greetings.

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The Earthlings were amazed at the super-modern structures, higher than any sky scraper on earth. The strong sweet scent of multicolored flowers prevailed. They saw pleasant-to-the-eye strange contorted trees in what appeared to be a park. The Earthlings smiled at the multitude of mixed strange-looking inhabitants. Some had three eyes and looked like frogs, others had colorful complexions of red, blue, pink, purple, etc. These beings were of all heights, forms, and shapes, but all appeared friendly and were just as curious about the strange-looking Earthlings.

The ship's inhabitants saw the twin suns of Pratos in the pinkish eastern sky. Everything was beautiful and this indeed was the "paradise of the galaxies."

The Earth people disembarked from "El Chicano" in awe, they were glad to be given the chance to start a new life and civilization. The welcoming military-type band played a strange but agreeable music. The whole group of Earthlings were grouped together near the entrance of the ship while Plontos and Lopez faced the welcoming citizens of Pratos. Both smiled and waved.

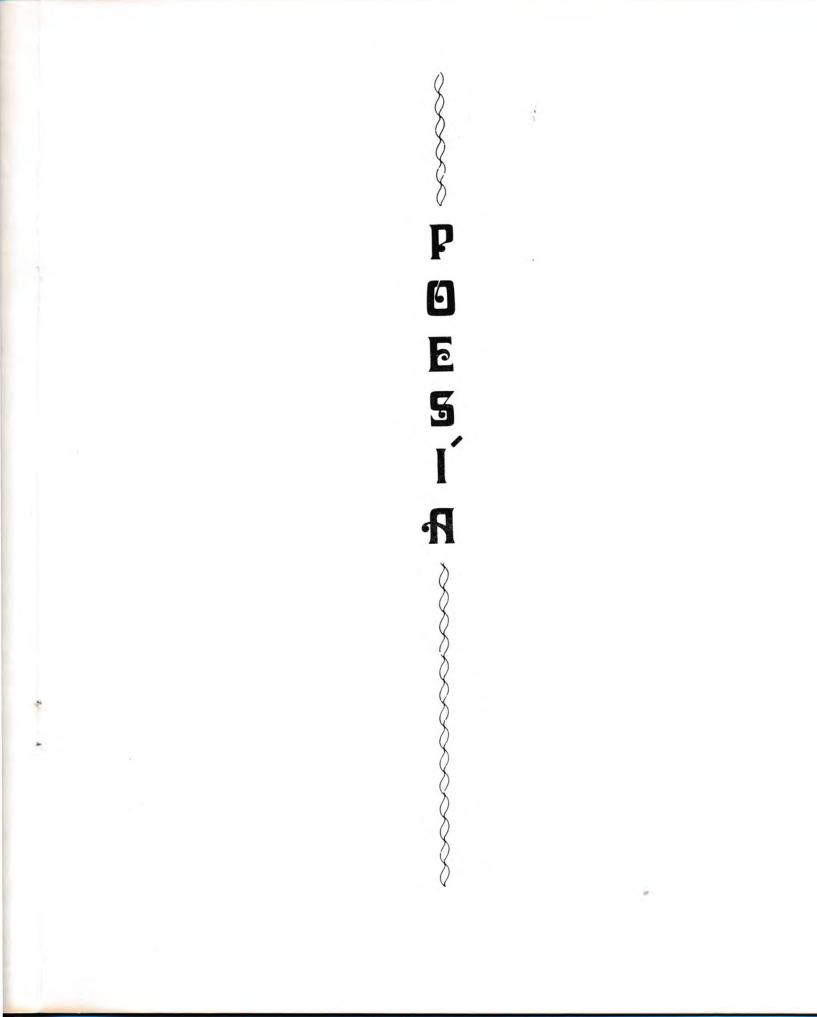
Then Janette Smith from Mississippi and Alice Davis from Georgia came out last as they had been turning off their instruments. A group of strange black-blob-jello-like people came to welcome the Earthlings on the side of the platform where the Earthlings stood. One of them, as was their custom, touched Janette to see if he could obtain a souvenir from Janette. Janette and Alice started screaming in horror and sort of reached for their sonicpistols in panic. The event happened so quickly. The black-blob-jello-like people recoiled back in horror. Plontos jumped from the platform to get away from the Earthlings. Lopez was dumbfounded. The Earthlings began to run back to their ship in panic. The offended black-blob being was indignant. He pointed a baton-like object at the ship and disentegrated the ship and all the inhabitants with a strange ray from the baton. The Earthling had been immaterialized into oblivian forever.

"You did the right thing Pssingg," Plontos told the black-blob being. "These Earth beings were not prepared to live among people who look "different" from them. Some of them still possessed the dreaded contagious ailment of racial discrimination. The galaxies cannot affort to be contaminated by such an ancient disease. It is odd that they knew about the Super Absolute Supreme Being of the universes which they called God and of his laws but yet they disobeyed them." The people of Pratas, with tears in their eyes slowly walked back to their homes and their super-modern structures. And the twin suns had set towards the Pratacian western sky.

-Ricardo Salinas-

If you would like to read future adventures of Super-Commander Alfredo Lopez as he streaks through the heavens in his starship "El Chicano" please

send your comments to: Que Tal Publications c/o Ricardo Salinas Mexican American Graduates Studies San Jose State University San Jose, CA 95192



Athlete's Dilemma

Booking, booking, never looking At all those things, happening around me. I can't get involved. It might hurt my career, or is it my fear of being labeled Chicano

Who me? no mano, Just look at my bumper stickers You can't say, I don't support the cause. But picketing's against the law, So hand me that ball So the coach won't get mad Let's all get out on that field And play it all out They'll tell us, What life's all about.

I can't tell that guy not to drink Gallo He's my friend and besides leave him alone, he's mellow. He don't know about the strike just cares about his honda bike That's his American dream Mine, might hurt my career or is it my fear of being labeled Chicano.

Jose Montes De Oca

Matte Your

THE LONELY ROAD OF

A LOVE CHILD

Have you ever been lonely Not having no one Not having a friend Not even just one

I feel like talking to strangers But oh, I don't dare If I led a life of danger Who out there would care?

I was not wanted at birth My life was a mistake And all because my mother forgot her pill to take

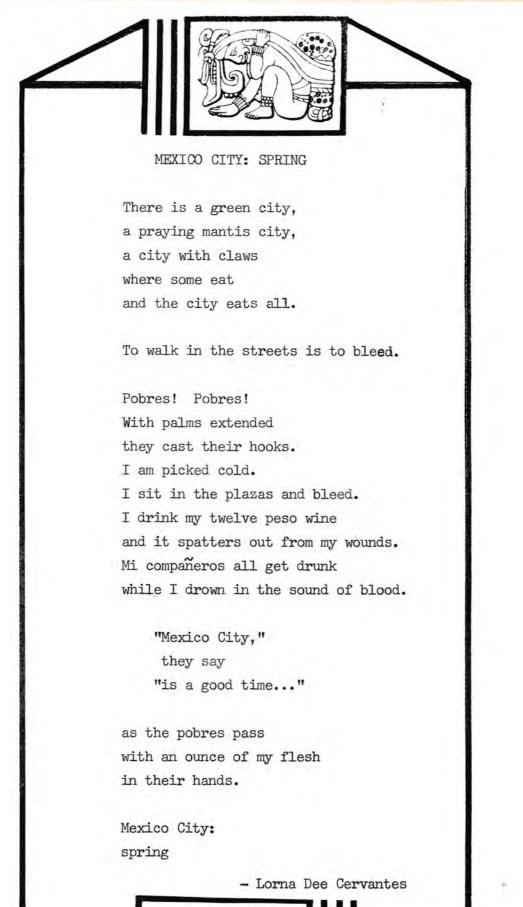
-Jeannie Garcia-

VIVA LOS BARRIOS

Being rich and having money Eating steaks to fill their tummy Living in mansions with built-in bars Swimming pools and driving four cars Three or four kids with a room of their own While the world has us disowned Little barrios with many a home Hey there, high society, stop laughing and leave us alone The high and mighty have us all stereo-typed Broken down houses with spiders and mice With prostitutes, winos, junkies there, too But you see my friend, this is not quite true Our barrio, like others, has it's ups and downs Just like all cities do, just look around We have our share of good and bad, young and old But there's a great love here, no matter what told We live as we want, and be as we shall be Together we walk the path of life and struggle to be free Like the saying goes "United we stand, United we fall" We're some right on together gente man, just living that's all Viva Los Barrios, Viva La Raza!

-Jeannie Garcia-

20



LA CONQUISTA

Era un diá obscuro cuando mi madre me dió luz, Brindandome hacia al mundo gritó:

> Es mi hija Es mujer y es buena Es el amor, la paz, dulzura Es el placer, venganza y amargura Es la raiz de toda cosa que existe y a un existira Tiene habilidad, ambición, curiosidad

Te la brindo a ti Hombre Tu quien vas a negar la culpa de su ruina; Tu que vas a sonreir y tocarás sus trenzas de oro Trenzas virgenes que serán dominadas por tus mañas y tus deseosy todo esto pasará en la primavera.

Vendrá el verano y seras culpable por sus lagrimas de madre cambiará su rostro cambiará su modo y esperara que llegue el otoño.

Cuidate Hombre! que mandaras hacia los vicios y angustias y dolor y vas a desear que existiera Ella Ella quien te alimento Ella quien te dio fuerzas y ratos de placer Ella quien nunca habia hecho males contra tiy todo esto pasara en el otono.

Vendra el invierno Tiempo de tranquilidad Todo estara silencio y el mundo estara descansando Ni quien sospechera de quien.....

En la obscuridad una madre dará luz, y brindará hacia al mundo gritando:

> Es mi hija Es mujer y es buena Es el amor, la paz, dulzura

Es el placer, venganza y amargura Es la raiz de toda cosa que existe y a un existira Tiene habilidad, ambición, curiosidad

Te la brindo a ti Hombre Tu quien vas a negar la culpa de su ruina Tu que vas a sonreir y tocaras sus trenzas de oro Trenzas virgenes que seran dominadas por tus mañas y tus deseosy todo esto pasara en la primavera.

-Marina Campos-

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead, that in the cool earth lie Dust unto dust

The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die As all men must

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell Too strong to strive

Each in his steel bound coffin of a cell Buried alive!

But rather mourn the apathetic throng

The cowed and the meek

Who see the worlds great anguish and it's wrong And dare not speak

Vicente Quintana

El Toro Negro

Ya son las seis de la tarde, el sol ya empieza a morír Ya viene ese toro negro Viene suelto, va a embestír

El toro negro es la noche Y dos luceros sus ojos Viene haciendo un gran derroche Derrochando sus enojos.

Toro, toro misterioso No me vengas a cornar, Si te crees poderoso Deja a la luna torear.

El toro me esta mirando Con sus cjazos de sangre, Espumarajos echando Quiere matár, tiene hambre.

Al fin el toro se fué Porque vió la luz del día, Y a mi amada la encontré Con una gran alegría.

Ya son las seis de la tarde Ya parece que anochece, Y el toro no se parece Al toro bravo de ayér, Porque lo corno la luna Ya no puede ni corrér.

Augusto Medal

These songs are the expressions of my life as a Chicana living in this society. Writing and singing these songs have given me the opportunity to share my experiences with gente de la Raza who share and relate the same experiences as a Chicano in this day and age.

- Estella Ochotorena Nañez -

VIVA LA RAZA

Viva la Raza, Viva la Causa, Viva la Raza, Viva Zapata.

We are the people who worked so hardhot sun and picking we starve at times.

We lost our land but still we stand. Viva la Raza Viva our pride.

Things just haven't been right since we've been deprived but we'll get our land back and run our country right.

All we want is our piece of life. We've had enough of oppression and lies.

MUSIC

Our day will come and you'll hear us yell, "Viva la Raza!" "Viva our pride!"

Chicano Power! Chicano life. We want our culture to come back to life. Viva la Raza! Viva la Causa!

> copyright 1973 Estella Ochotorena Nanez

I REALIZE

In the middle of the night I was walking all alone. In the middle of the night I was feeling pretty low.

Looking at La Raza in El Barrio, seeing misery, sometimes I don't know where I, where I'm going to go.

When oppression and lies go beyond endurance I realize that La Raza is in pain.

Get yourself together, try to do better. One way or another we're going to be heard.

Oh I realize I've seen a lot of life. Don't let the little things in life get you down for I know people can be too much! People can - be too much, People can be too much.

I started to say, it's getting late Don't let the little things in life get you down. for I've been through a hell of a lot, but this isn't where I'm going to stop, for I still haven't seen the light.

MUSIC

I realize I've seen a lot of life, Don't let the little things in life get you down for I know people can be too much! People can - be too much, I realize I've seen a lot of life, alot about life.

> copyright 1973 Estella Ochotorena Nañez

POEMA PARA LOS CALIFORNIOS MUERTOS

"Once a refuge for Mexican "Californios"..." -plaque outside of a restaurant Los Altos, California

These older towns die into stretches of freeway. The high scaffolding makes a clean cesarean across belly valleys and fertile dust. What a bastard child, this city, lost in the lloras de las madres. Californios moan like husbands of the raped, husbands de la tierra. Tierra la madre.

I run my fingers across this brass plaque. Its cold stirs in me a memory of silver buckles and spent bullets, of embroidered shawls and dark rebozos. Yo recuerdo ellos, los antepasados muertos. Los recuerdo en mi sangre, mi sangre fecundo.

And what refuge did you find here, ancient californios? Now at this restaurant nothing remains but this old oak and an ill-placed plaque. Is it true that you still live here, somewhere in the shadows of these white high-class houses? Yo soy sola, hija pobre, ella maldicen, estos fantasmas blancos. Solo fantasmas deben aquí quedarse, solo ellos.

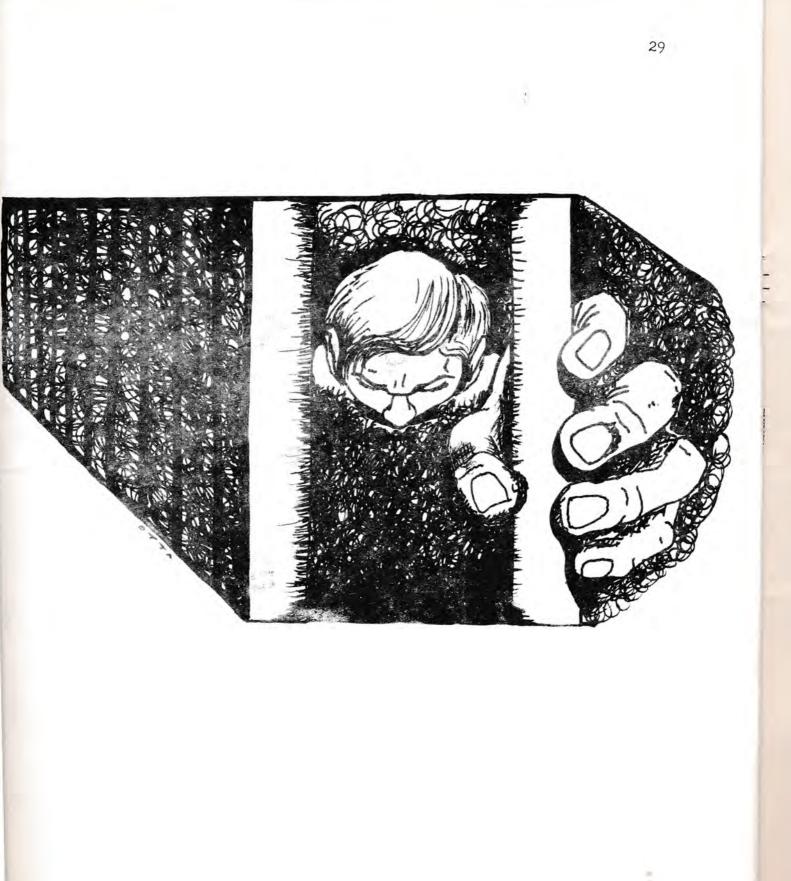
In this place I see nothing but strangers. On the shelves there are bitter antiques, Yanqui remnants y estos no de los californios. A shrill blue jay screams somewhere outside. I smell the pungent odor of crushed eucalyptus and the scent of rage

Rage

RAGE!

-Lorna Dee Cervantes-

28 POQUITO **⊲06**⊳ TODOT



THE PINTO EXPERIENCE

Today the ineffectiveness of prisons is understood generally just as their inadequacies and barbarities are generally accepted. Establishing a link between these two sets of circumstances has not yet been accomplished in the minds of the public who remain generally unsympathetic to the problems of prisoners. Public attitudes of officials in government and excessive media preoccupation with crime reporting and programming has had the effect of emotionalizing the issue of crime and distorting the images of criminals who appear as deprived or diseased subhumans generally undeserving of any special considerations or even it would appear, basic decencies.

Government studies and independent Chicano research, have documented gross injustices accruing to Chicano people from their contacts with the criminal justice system. Throughout the history of contact between Chicanos and the institutions of the criminal justice system this has been true. Excessive police attention to Chicano affairs and discriminatory practices in the courts have helped to criminalize Chicanos who today are overrepresented in prisons and underenrolled in institutions of higher education. Chicanos make up 28% of the California adult parolees and prisoners and 24% of the Youth Authority population. They serve longer sentences under the harshest conditions.

TIEVEN ALSO

-list

P

At home, in Chicano communities, family, friends, and neighbors of Chicanos earn incomes of less than \$3,000; unemployment runs as high as 25% in some parts of the southwest alone. Chronic illness, disease and infant mortality run higher than is true for the dominant population. Education levels of attainment seldom includes a high school education. In most cases, Chicano communities cannot provide the resources to help inmates get out of prisons and stay out.

The prison itself does not have any programs designed to help men or women make a place for themselves outside or help them settle into more constructive roles in free society. Recidivism rates are extremely high among paroled convicts.

In default of government responsibility, community groups have made an effort to alleviate some of the worst abuses of the prison and to press for social change. Most prison groups share the ultimate goal of abolishing all prisons. Most groups also share concern for the men and women in prison and their immediate problems. Groups working in prison depend on volunteer help and very little funding. They are limited as to what they can do and frustrated because they know what needs to be done.

So with the mass media sensationalizing the issue of "Chicano gangs" in prison, it's time for us, the Chicano people, to take a second look at the pinta.

Point one is that it is a small number of the total Chicano population in the pinta who participate in the gang activity. Point two is that those that do participate are not savages but <u>broke</u>. The problem is one of economics.

However, my point is that we have a responsibility to our people and that includes pintos. So those that are interested in this area might consider the class offered by MAGS, The Pinto Experience. And even better yet, why don't we get together and develop an alternative for the pinto who wishes to get it together. Because the forces that keep the prison full of Chicanos are by no means a natural phenomenom. How about us establishing an E.M.P.L.E.O. (El Mejicano Preparado Listo Educado y Organizado) Chapter here in San Jose.

Those interested in this school of thought should contact Vicente Quintana at either 287-9725 or 294-5324.

-Vicente Quintana-

DID YOU KNOW

You need not have carried a 3.2 grade point average throughout high school to be eligible to get into many of California's state colleges.

Under the Educational Opportunity Programs implemented throughout the state college systems, students who do not meet regular admission requirements are given the opportunity to attend California universities.

For more imformation about how you can get in, please contact:

Mr. James Medina Educational Opportunity Program San Jose State University 9th and San Fernando San Jose, CA 95192 #277-2344 A two part series

INVOLVEMENT SI O NO?

For years we have chastized traditional higher education institutions for not including a true perspective of the Chicano experience in academic casework in all schools within the institutional framework. Basically, our argument has been that in order for individuals to truly be prepared to properly function as a professional, an individual should know something about the cultural lifestyles, values, norms, etc. of ethnic groups other than their own; our concern being the Chicano community.

An example of this can be found in the school of education. When a teacher graduates with little or no academic preparation and experience in working with Chicano kids, that same teacher may eventually find a job teaching in a school with a large number of Chicano students. This teacher in actuality is doing little more than practicing on Chicanos and learning to teach through trial and error methods. Those who will suffer as a result of this lack of professional preparation are those that need this professionalism the most, our Chicano kids.

Each year the number of Chicano college graduates grow in number. It is assumed that those who graduate will go on to help the Chicano community. The theory is that the more brown faces we can put into the professional work force the more gains we can make as a people. In other words we will have more soldiers to do the work that needs to be done. A sound theory on the surface but unfortunately life doesn't work out that way. The average Chicano student in college is no different that his/her gringo counterpart; that is to say by the time they graduate from college, their involvement and exposure to working with problems confronting the community is very limited. Few Chicanos in college involve themselves in community affairs during their college years. Consequently, when they finally do graduate, they too will go out and do little more than <u>practice</u> their trade on those who need <u>immediate competent</u> help the most, other Chicanos.

Those who subcribe to the fallacy that being born a "Chicano" is in itself enough to go out and make an immediate constructive impact on the problems of the community, this person usually winds up as the kind of falso who is more of a hindrance than an asset to those Chicanos in the field serious about the need to initiate and develop alternatives to the traditional. If there is one thing that hinders the movement, it's the so-called Chicano professional (graduate) who gets hired to do a job and then finds out that being Chicano in itself won't get the job done. Being born raza is not synonymous with having instinctive abilities or inborn cultural traits which lend themselves to being able to communicate effectively with those most like themselves; other Chicanos.

One must understand that after four to six years of going to school, it becomes very easy to develop an estrangement from the realities that exist in the barrio. For those who doubt that this is a trueism, I challenge you to sit down and initiate a non-intellectual talk with your college professors. Check out their involvement with the local Chicano community. Most, you will find, can only speak from a theoretical framework because their reality is based on all talk and little active participation. Such is the **p**light of those who are educated (?).

So what's the answer? Do we give credence to the old adage "I dropped out of school so I could get an education" and give up college? No, I don't think dropping out is the answer. Students must come to the realization that the average college professor is a very limited individual who can offer but a grain of salt to their educational growth. Somewhere between going to class and going to sleep it is paramount that Chicano students involve themselves in the experience of participating in their community. To delude oneself that going to college is "where it's at" is to cheat both oneself and the community from mutual experiences that could eventually serve to benefit all of us as Chicanos striving to develop alternatives to our own problems.

Next issue: How does one get involved?

-Antonio Flores-

UN TANTITO DE MUCHO

Chicancs have contributed greatly to the material wealth and history of the United States. The early Anglo settlers that came to the South-Western United States found towns and small settlements already established. The Mexican Vaquero, through many years of existing in the Southwest, had developed many techniques which were adapted by the Anglo settlers. Many of the present cattle raising methods evolved from the methods of these early Chicanos.

Gold is discovered in California! That was the cry that went around the world. They talked about a place called Sutter's mill in January of 1848. Again, many of the techniques developed by Chicanos were used by the millions of 49ers that swarmed after the gold. And gold had already been discovered, by Chicanos more than a decade prior to 1848!

Many of the rivers, lakes, mountains and cities of the Southwest have Spanish names indicating we have been here a long time. Our people have a positive effect on this land, but why won't they recognize it? By "they" I mean the people in the news media, education, entertainment and other forms of mass communication that influence social thinking.

When Chicanos protested the Frito Bandido in the Frito commercial on the Boob Tube some said, "Can't the Chicano laugh at himself?" I, for one can laugh at myself, but there is a big difference. I am proud of the accomplishments and contributions to our country, but I rarely see a two-way street. The contributions are always going and very little is coming back.

If I'm rambling, excuse me but there are many things that must be said. A Gremlin commercial set me off again. In this one we see a clean cut all "American family" in a compact car, stopping to ask directions at a broken down old shack, where a fat sloppy Mexican lives with a very sexy wife (low cut blouse and all). The camera focuses on the shiny car which the Mexican woman is polishing. (In the middle of the desert!) There is more to the commercial, but I think you'll get the general idea. This reflects negativism as most reporting on Chicanos, Mexicans and Latinos usually does.

Do you want to know a few very positive things about Chicanos? Such as their contributions to the defense of our nation, the fact that no Chicano has ever been a turncoat, or ever succumbed to combat fatigue or that Chicanos received the most medals of honor per population. That we have contributed much to the arts; paintings, sculpture, music, dances and much, much more. We can laugh at ourselves but first show the world where we are really coming from. The stereotyped image is very old and we just can't buy it any more.

Let's hear about Archbishop Robert Sanchez, Dr. Ernesto Galarza, newsman Ruben Salazar, killed in the East L.A. riots, Mario Obledo, Secretary of Health and Welfare for California, Brigadier General Robert Cavazos and singer Vicki Carr. I could go on and on pero esto nomas fue un tantito de mucho.

Vicente Calderon

EL CALENDARIO CHICANO 1976

El Calendario Chicano is a continually revised and upgraded collective effort by Chicano researchers, writers, and artists to present Chicano historical information and artwork in a format that everyone can use. This information and artwork is available in no other single source. Past issues have been circulated across the United States and Latin America.

El Calendario Chicano 1976 recounts the long history of the Chicano movement by describing over 400 events from Chicano history on the day or month they occurred. The Calendario also presents original artwork by Chicano artists from across the Southwest on each month. It is especially important in this time of Bicentennial fervor to recognize the contributions and struggles that have made Chicano history.

If you would like to order your Calendario, please fill out and send us your order form today!

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MI DESPERTAR

The Mexican American Culture Class has awaken me to knowledge I was unaware of, and in doing so I have decided to write my feelings. This paper will be titled "Mi Despertar."

Despertar means to wake up. Little did I know that I was Culturally asleep.

My first "poke" to become awake was to hear and be called "Chicana." To say I had never heard the word before would be a lie. No, I had heard it but not been called one. What is a "Chicana?" Is it the Mexican American liberated woman? Is it the "label" the young people have picked, politically speaking?

God! What did my Texan birth and Texas education do to me? In my home town I was an equal; we, the Chicanos, were the majority. Our Raza can be seen in all levels of bureaucracy, and we also claim the first (in the country) Mexican American Federal Judge. The minority, guess who? That's right—the gringo. The politicos are Raza; once in a while a gringo runs and wins his place in the community.

The Education system is strict by rule. Teachers are "demanded" accountability for classroom teachings. No minimum days, its a 8:00 to 4:00 job that leaves little time for teachers to goof off. The classrooms are over loaded; I agree, and we have our share of problems. But, no juvenile hall for "problem kids." A year or so ago, a group of concerned businessmen, clergy, and city officials decided to have a home for boys, this would substitute for the "juvie" hall here in San Jose.

Marijuana, pills, and such stuff does get around the school campuses, but the school does teach "Drug abuse classes", and once the student has been exposed to that "knowledge" he decides what is right for him.

El Barrio, el compadre y la comadre share the good with the bad. To each his own en su casa yet always there if one needs help.

Cultura Mexicana-American, what is it?

Mexicana- - - la Raza speaks its warm language, colorful too - - Spanish. Come arroz y frijoles con chile y tortillas. Music is lots of movement, with a happy disposition.

American- - - the hot dog, apple pie and chevorlet, who wants to be equal but because of el color moreno, nos dicen que no.

Al despertar en California I find myself confused. I am labeled "Chicana" and must fight for my rights to get anything — housing, food stamps, education, and credit.

Here I am "minority" porque soy de color moreno. Odd! Back home my color moreno was as equal as the red, white, and blue on our flag.

Educacion for my hijitos is not worth un penny.

The teacher does not teach but cheat the taxpayer. Caramba! ¿Adonde vamos asi? Is it their intention (the mijority) to forget the minority?

In only a few days I will receive a paper that will say I have a degree. Que pruebo con esto? Soy "una" de tantas who believe through educacion everything is possible. Is it? Veremos.

Si! Educacion- - pero que trieste despertar, not all of us have the ability, the willingness, the urge, nor the time to become educated citizens of the United States. Especialmente cuando las teachers no les importa quien se educa, si al fin ellos ya have reached their place among the American Mexican or is it Mexican-American or have they been filtered and became Americanized? Raza! Vamos a despertar! Together we can help each other. Vamos a poner our talentos together so that we too may become equal citizens instead of sectionized as "Minority."

Al espertar encuentro a mi Raza de color moreno, and I have a satisfied feeling to have at last found my raiz, mi cultura.

Mi raiz que brota como un arbol. This tree has a branch that holds art. Another branch holds customs, while another holds our food and music. Still the branches of our tree named Mexican American culture, continue from education, government, and barrios. Un arbol de vida eterna. Our tree will not die! Pero, cuantos todavia no han despertado?

-Celina S. Davila-

LET'S COMMUNICATE!

Have you fulfilled your Speech requirement yet? Or have you been putting it off for fear you'll have to stand in front of the class and present a speech? If so, I have good news for you!

Armando Valdez is a graduate from San Jose State University and is presently teaching here at State in the Speech-Communication department. His Speech 10, Contemporary Dialogue, course is designed so that the class is divided into small groups for shared learning and mutual support on a cooperative rather than an individualistic and competative focus.

Communication is important. It can be simply a tool to get people to understand and share ideas, information and meanings. It is one of the most basic processes or functions of humans. This means it premeates every aspect of our lives. Because we communicate every day, we take communication for granted and don't really understand it. We need to take an objective look at it, understand how it is commonly used, the importance of it and how to improve it.

Valdez would like to have more Chicanos in his class. However, he feels students ought to realize that within the classroom he is constrained with large scale classes, standardized curriculum, grades, and a teacher-student relationship. He feels obligated to make the same demands on a Chicano as on other students. However, if a Chicano approaches him indicating difficulty with the material or simply wants to share and discuss his ideas as a person; he feels he can relate and offer more to him outside of the classroom.

Another interesting and enjoyable aspect of his class is that in group dialogues you discuss and analyze contemporary social issues. As a student in his class, our group discussed violence on T.V., gun control, and nuclear energy. Here is a chance for you to become informed, discuss current issues, and receive credit for it too!

Valdez states that he makes demands on students and although they initially resist, by the end of the semester he sees growth and he feels that this is where his responsibility as a teacher lies. He thinks it significant that students understand the different relationships; his role as a teacher, theirs as students as opposed to his role as a Chicano with Chicanos on campus.

Lydia Lopez

Carnales,

Did you like this month's issue of Que Tal? What type of articles would you like to see in the future? Any suggestions or ideas? Do you have artistic talent to offer or articles you would like to submit? Are you into photography?

Our success depends upon feedback from you! The staff of Qué Tal encourageous and welcomes any comments, criticism or inquiries. Please leave in Que Tal mailbox at MAGS or mail to: Que Tal! Publications

Que Tal! Publications Mexican American Graduates Studies San José State University San José, CA 95192

WORK STUDY JOBS AVAILABLE

If you are still having a hassle making ends meet, then go by financial aids and check out the 80 work-study jobs still available through financial aids, in room 234, second floor of the Administration Bldg.

"Most of the jobs pay \$2.25 to \$3.25 an hour," says Karen Scheel, financial aids coordinator.

Scheel says a majority of these jobs are located off campus and will require transportation. Many of the jobs are working for area schools, the city and county, recreation departments and clerical jobs.

Scheel encourageous students to apply for work-study clearance if they are not presently cleared.



We cannot teach people to be writers, we can only encourage people to write. And thus begins the creative process. We are all poets, we are creators of our own fiction. The poem, the novel, the creative essay are all products of ourselves coping, surviving, interpreting and reacting to our environment. Such is the life of a poem, a novel, a song, a film, a painting. It is proof of the struggle, documentation of a human existence, a record of life. Therefore, we must create! We must sing, paint and write. That is the only form of true sharing. / Que Tal! 1s such a document, and we would like to invite

you to share our collection with us. /Que Tal! is a Chicano magazine composed of creative Chicano literature and poetry written and expressed by Chicanos. /Que Tal's! purpose is to provide a means of literary communication between students, Chicano faculty and the Chicano community of San Jose. /Que Tal! was established on Sept. 16th, 1970 as a newsletter providing local Chicano related news. Since then, it has expanded into a literary magazine providing the Chicano perspective. The staff of /Que Tal! invites you to enjoy a journey into the Chicano experience through literature.

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