



El Grito

A JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN-AMERICAN THOUGHT

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A JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN-AMERICAN THOUGHT

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COVER DESIGN BY RAMON RODRIGUEZ



Keep Up The Fight For Americanism

“There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people.

Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple. In the first place we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin.

But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American.

There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile.

We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is a loyalty to the American people.”

THEODORE ROOSEVELT 1919

Editorial

American formal education can be a vicious and degrading weapon. This is especially true when particular forms of it are aimed at Mexican-American children. An example of educational weaponry is found in the teaching of English to Mexican-American youth. Almost unbelievably, such teaching to this day is characterized by a puritanically rigid social sadism and linguistic imperialism.

Negative teaching practices aimed at Mexican-American children have been, and continue to be, an integral part of the traditional culture of the United States. These practices have been handed down from generation to generation, from mouth to mouth, from fathers to sons, from individual to individual, down to the present day. (For a good example of imperious attitudes toward the Mexican-American child that have been handed down for generations, see the editorial on the subject that appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor* on November 13, 1967.)

In many quarters of this country, Mexican-American children are still punished for speaking Spanish on school grounds. In Brownsville, Texas, children of Mexican-American parentage have been known to be fined in cash for speaking Spanish while in school!! As Mexican-American groups and individuals have risen to combat this social sadism, the exponents of imperious educational attitudes have petulantly retreated. Quite often, such retreats have been accompanied by fits of irrational emotionalism on the part of teachers and administrators, to the consternation of many Mexican-Americans.

But the exponents of imperious attitudes toward Mexican-American children have not yet disappeared. They are merely shifting to other tried and false methods. For example, today in programs in which English is taught as a second language (ESL), Mexican-American students are pounded with the idea that to speak English with an accent is totally unacceptable in the United States. *Now, once again as in the past, there is a massive effort to force the total disappearance of all traces of the Mexican-American students' cultural past.*

English-as-a-Second-Language programs are particularly guilty of this arrogance, as witness such teaching in San Diego, California. There, efforts are made to force the Mexican-American students to speak what their teachers call "inconspicuous English." Apparently the administrators and teachers in this program staunchly believe it

is a major crime when a child says “shair” rather than “chair.” Mexican-American children are constantly admonished not to speak with such an accent.

This is insidious arrogance. Many people in the United States speak English somewhat colorfully. A few of them are: President Lyndon Baines Johnson, Ladybird Johnson, May West, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Hans Morgenthau, Werner von Braun, Lawrence Welk, Roy Rogers, Senators Robert F. Kennedy, John Stennis, and Everett Dirksen, Willie Mays, Martin Luther King, Congressman Jacob Javits, ex-governor George Wallace, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Joey Bishop, Otto Preminger, Edward Teller, Georgie Jessel, and Peter Jennings. In addition, everyone knows that colleges and universities throughout the land employ administrative and teaching personnel who speak English with accents, either regional or foreign.

In the United States, of course, one hears the New England accent, the Bronx and Brooklyn accents, the accents of the American South with all their variations, the Boston accent, the Philadelphia accent, the Northwestern accent common to Montana and Washington, and the hodge-podge of accents found in Hollywood. Radio talk programs that are popular today also reveal an unending abundance of accents, none of which are “inconspicuous.”

To Mexican-Americans the message is loud and clear — in the United States today any accent is acceptable, except that of a Mexican-American who speaks English with a Mexican accent.

‘ ‘ ‘

Goodbye Revolution— Hello Slum

OCTAVIO IGNACIO ROMANO-V.

¡MÉXICO! ¡Viva México!

¡Que Viva México y la Revolución!

My Father and my Mother.

It was a good revolution. There was blood. There was music. And many people had no shoes, so they danced with bare feet on bare ground. There was an ample supply of bullets with which people tattooed little red roses on each other's flesh—little red painful roses. Ample cause, too. Personal cause. Family cause. Village, regional cause. National and human cause. Universal cause. *¡Viva la Causa!*

You could hear horses' hooves rumbling everywhere over the land. Even when no horses were near, you could still hear their running hooves moving, always moving, from village to village, from hut to hut, from citizen to citizen. After the violence of battle the sound of the horses remained in the air for a long time. Hooves and horses, horses and hooves, bullets and guns, and screams—the daily requiem of a revolution. Dried tortillas were the wafers with which people made their daily communion with life. A tarantula and a nightingale; a black widow and a meadowlark; a scorpion and a cardinal; a shoe, a shawl, and dance. *¡Viva la Revolución!* Song of the silver trumpet.

One day a troop of wary horsemen moved single-file over a granite mountain and around a cactus toward a village below. Meanwhile, from the village, a woman looked up and saw the horsemen descending toward her. "Look," she said, "like a serpent that is crawling over a woman's breast." She said it to no one. She said it to everyone. She returned to her washing. Hidden nearby, some village men and a few of their women waited quietly for the approaching horsemen. Suddenly, quickly brutal, comes a burst of

vicious gunfire. A lone cactus that stands between the firing guns is riddled with bullet holes. Green colored liquid oozes from its newly formed eyes. Ample tears for an ample revolution.

The horsemen turn and ride off. They say they will return. And they do. And they kill again. Ample cause. Universal cause.

¡*México!* Mexico and the Revolution. Song of the silver trumpet. My Father and my Mother. Adobe houses, people inside. To live within adobe is to live within the earth. Now a wall is falling, hit by cannon fire. A small redistribution of land, courtesy of the revolution. Another family now has no earth around them. They seek revenge in the sun. They extract just measure from the sun, and from each other. Blood. Everything turns red—except black. Black remains black. A black eagle now flies heavily through the liquid red air of revolutionary Mexico, over red mountains, over red cactus, over red people born under a red moon. There is a rumor that a soldier has bled black blood, a counterpoint of agony to the redness of the Mexican sun. For a long time to come people will talk about the days when the black eagle flew back and forth over Mexico.

As in all warfare, the Mexican Revolution taught individual Mexicans to fear themselves, especially peasants who for too long had known only how to fear others unlike themselves. As the historical event unfolds around them they personally experience what they can do to others as well as to each other. Such is the human condition, especially the human revolutionary condition. As each individual protagonist comes to realize, or feel, that he fears himself, then, at that moment in red time, he knows that he must fear others who are also like him. Inevitably, as the Revolution progressed, the day came when everyone in the land feared everyone else. On that day, Mexico was born.

Northward some people flee, north through the northern red desert to another country, later to return. Others flee northward never to return. But return or not, they make recurring visits to the dead. A just price for an ample revolution. Long after the shooting has stopped, red sounds are heard in the deeps of the blackest nights. A woman breathes heavily. A rusting guitar string sounds its final note. Cold leather shoes lie under an empty bed. Dead people rise to scream silent screams, while scores of foreign saints stand sightless and silent all around. Sometimes the fear returns.

The highest reward of revolution is fear of self. One cannot exist without the other. It has always been the same. The French Revolution was the same; the French citizens learned to fear them-

selves. It was the same in the American Civil War, in Russia, in Spain, and even now in Watts, New York, and Detroit where finally at last the American Negro is learning to fear himself rather than others. This fear of self, some people call it pride. Others call it identity. Still others call it the national spirit. ¡Zapata! ¡Villa! ¡Madero! Land and Liberty! ¡Viva México! The day came when everyone in Mexico feared everyone else. On that day, Mexico was born.

As in all wars, refugees. Many years before, the Aztecs walked their own walk in search for a place to live. Now the refugees of the revolution were walking. They walked to the north, to another country. They too walked in search of a place to live. And this too was a long walk. The Mexicans who fled northward, into Texas, left the hounding horsemen's guns at their backs only to encounter other guns before them, Texas guns, Texas rangers. Now once again people disappear in the night. Once again neighbors shot "while trying to escape." The Mexican refugee, called animal, traitor, and coward in Mexico, now in Texas is called greaser, spic, and bandit. For the refugees, this is for them the first step in the process known as acculturation.

This is how the long walk began anew. Or was it that it had never stopped? Northward now the refugee. Northward now to mesquite, rattlesnake infested South Texas. Into the so-called "Magic Valley" they walked, through places that sounded familiar—Los Fresnos, San Benito, San Juan, Madero, La Grulla. Other places did not sound so familiar—Pharr, McAllen, Weslaco. Here, in the "Magic Valley," the magic that the displaced migrants encountered consisted of Texas rangers, the national guard, and army troops who saw in every refugee's eyes the wily inscrutable evil of a foreign cattle rustler. World War I was drawing near, and with this event the troops and the rangers began to see in every Mexican refugee a dangerously sneaky agent of the Kaiser-German spies disguised so well that even their children were born looking like Mexicans. Pablo is shot "while trying to escape." His eighteen-year-old body hangs dead from a tree by the side of the road. It remains there for four weeks. It is an example, says a Texas ranger.

At the same time, other refugees were walking into Arizona and into the open oven of California called the Imperial Valley. But whether it was a "Magic" or an "Imperial" valley, the story was the same. In the imperial oven of California the refugees work on the railroad. Ten and twelve hours in the desert they work daily, lifting railroad ties, digging, pounding, falling. Back-carried railroad ties

rub flesh-burning residues of creosote into brown backs, bringing to each worker an agony to be suffered privately, completely, without the salving sweetness of litany or celebration. Meanwhile, the rest of the people in this northern land wonder why Mexicans are so lazy and always attending fiestas.

For the refugees, now, it is a choice between mesquite-clearing in rattlesnake texas, or the suffocating mines of Arizona; the spirit-breaking railroad, or the stinking fish canneries of California. Northward the refugees walked, looking for a place to live, only to find that there was little difference between the lords of the land in Mexico and those in the north.

Then came the roaring twenties—fun, dancing, money, prohibition, the great and the unforgettably mad, happy, roaring twenties. Fun for all. Money for all. The war was over. Democracy had been saved. Or was it the world. The melting pot became one continuous party with favors for all—except Indians, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, and Mexicans. In 1929 someone in far off New York stands at a window momentarily, then he jumps and kills himself. Perhaps it is the growing waves of labor strikes that lead that person to commit such an act of self-destruction.

“¡BASTA!” said a man one day. He said it to no one. He said it to everyone. For him, and for so many others like him, the pot had not melted, the twenties had not roared, and the Great Depression that followed was merely a continuation of the dismal life that had begun decades before. For the refugees, this is for them the second step in the process known as acculturation.

“¡Basta!” to the slippery celery fields, to the nose-numbing fish canneries, to the back-breaking railroads of California. “¡Basta!” to the suffocating copper mines of Arizona, the loss of lands to unscrupulous lawyers and legislators in New Mexico. “¡Basta!” to cotton-picking texas. “¡Basta!” to potato Idaho and sugarbeet Michigan. Strikes which began years before now grow in number. Mexicans and Mexican-Americans join in strike after strike during the roaring twenties and into the turbulent thirties. Thousands and thousands are protesting from California to texas to Michigan. The historians of the land stay away from these upheavals by the tens. They stay away by the twenties. They stay away by the hundreds. After all, such a “picturesque” and “docile” people simply does not say such things as “¡Basta!”

Years later it was a lawyer who wrote the history of this forty year struggle for a better life, while the historians of the land con-

tinued to write just as they had before—about the glorious and romantic Conquistadors; about dedicated priests and colorful missions, about gracious and noble Spanish grandees, all of whom were dashing builders of empires and savers of souls. They wrote about rolling California hills, vast and colorful haciendas, guitars and señoritas, missions and galleons, and everything else that was dead in the past, if ever, indeed, it had actually lived.

Meanwhile, the strikes grew in number. In those days there was only one answer to labor strikes—more money. More money was quickly made available. More money for Texas rangers, more money for sheriffs' posses, more money for the national guard, more money for police action and for strike breaking. Now the people of Mexican descent are forced into a unique place in American history—unlike that of any other immigrant group—massive, militarily enforced deportations of Mexicans and Mexican-Americans. Once again the raids in the night. Once again the military. Thousands and thousands and thousands of people deported; men, women and children. Twenty thousand men, women and children from one city alone, the rigidly segregated city of San Antonio, city of the Alamo. But now, thanks to the wonders of a developed industrial nation, the descendants of the Aztecs no longer have to walk slowly in search of another home. Now they are abundantly welcomed to ride in railroad freight cars—over the tracks their backs built—and also in cattle boats; by-products of an advancing civilization. Even Moctezuma himself would have marvelled at the power and the glory of these freight cars and cattle boats.

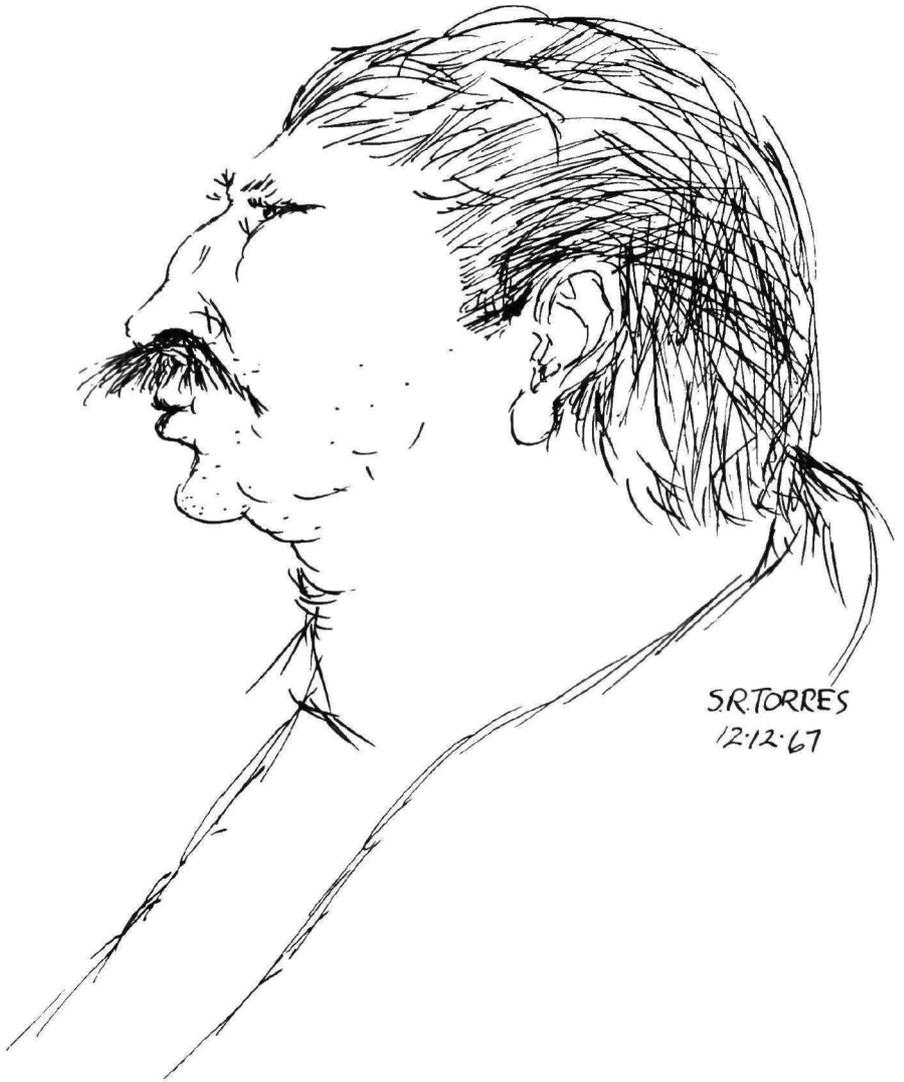
But unlike Moctezuma, who surrendered to a myth, the Mexican-Americans who remained behind continued to strike until World War II began, at which time they went forth to fight injustice in Europe and Asia. In Europe they fought against *fascists who shot, gassed, and burned, ninety percent of an entire people—over 3,500,000 European Gypsies*. In the Pacific they fought against a people that looked like those beside whom they had worked in the agricultural fields in California and who had been removed from their homes. Then they came back, those who had survived. They had participated in an international war, and that was a long long time away in red time from that troop of horsemen who had returned to the village in Mexico to kill again. Now the people of Mexican descent say goodbye to the Revolution. They say hello to a Slum.

The war has ended. The veterans return. In Corpus Christi, in San Antonio, in Las Cruces, in Phoenix, in Los Angeles, in Denver,

in Fresno, in San Jose, the unrest begins anew. For the Mexican-Americans things have not changed. The spreading unrest once again meets an opposition, but this time it is from a new breed—the professionals. It is a formidable army that the Mexican-Americans now face, an army with the social scientists as the principal strategists. No longer called indolent and lazy, living in a world of *mañana*, the Mexican-Americans are now said, by these social scientists, to be non-goal-oriented, underachievers, retarded, fatalistic, and resigned to their lot. The words have changed, but the meaning is still the same—the fifty years of struggle, the long endless strikes, the military strike-breaking, the mass deportations, the continuing protests—all this—the lynchings, the beatings, the tear-gassed, the murdered, the exploited—all this is now cleanly, antiseptically amputated from the history of the Southwest. This amputation is professionally performed by the social scientists wielding the scalpel of sociological and anthropological semantics. For how can such a “non-goal-oriented and fatalistic” people protest continually for so long?

In the millions of words about Mexican-Americans that issue from the pens of the social scientists, there is nothing of the breath of Zapata, even less of Juarez. In their writings about Mexican-Americans it is impossible to tell if there is less of Hidalgo than of Emerson, Thoreau, Jefferson, or Dewey. And since these social scientists are products of a competitive society, they compete with each other. They compete to see which of them can best avoid the spirit of Zapata, Juarez, Thoreau, and Dewey. They compete to see which of them can best ignore the lives of Don José Ruiz, George Sánchez, Cipriano Montoya, Ernesto Galarza, and Nick C. Vaca. Despite their exhaustive as well as exhausting studies, the social scientists never did understand that young Pablo's body had hung dead from a tree in Texas for a month, just as Hidalgo's head had hung in Guanajuato many many years before.

The social scientists came. They talked. The people talked with them. Then the social scientists left. They advanced in their careers because the pickers of cotton, the carriers of railroad ties, and the workers in the fish canneries took of their own time and gave it to them. More articles were written. More books were published. Then these social scientists were said to have become “experts” and “authorities”. They became chairmen of their academic departments. And while their careers were advancing, the carriers of railroad ties returned to ten hours daily in the desert sun, the pickers



Chon



Cachetes de TJ



El Bato de San Anto



El Pedorro



La del Piquito



La Chicharra

Rural Community Development

ERNESTO GALARZA

(Presented at the Cabinet Committee Hearings on Mexican-American Affairs at El Paso, Texas, October 26-28, 1967. The following is a part of the original presentation. Editor.)

The subject assigned to me is rural community development. I take this to refer particularly to the Mexican-Americans of the Southwest. I am making this statement under the rule that limits oral presentations to ten minutes. Two presidential admonitions have been made to all witnesses. The White House does not want soothing generalities, and, it does want proposals for solutions. Under these prescriptions, I feel it unnecessary to load my statement with statistical data. These are available in large quantities in the executive departments of the Federal government as well as in private publications and academic treatises.

Under these prescriptions I feel that what I recommend in the way of solutions does require some generalities. If I do not state them, my recommendations will make little sense. If I do, I might be contradicting the President's request. I find my way out of this dilemma by assuring the Chairman that my generalities will not be soothing.

We begin, I assume, with rural community development for Mexican-Americans, the Spanish surnamed, or however you wish to call them, as of 1967. Presently in these states there are some 350,000 hired hands working at farm labor, of whom a large percentage are of Mexican ancestry. The communities they call home are spread from McAllen, Texas, to Marysville, California. Between the tips of this enormous crescent there are hundreds of towns, villages, settlements and camps in which the Mexican rural people live, or through which they drift. Today these people are the rural residue of some 4,500,000 Americans of Spanish surname.

If we look at this sector of the Mexican-American population, we see the results of historical cycles that date back to the 1850's.

The latest cycle of this process can be dated roughly from the 1930's to the 1960's. A fitting title for this recent cycle is "The Industrialization of Western Agriculture." What was formerly called farming is now, by common definition, agri-business. The death of the family farmer has been announced time and again by agribusinessmen. We understand that this is a happy event, for we have not noticed any signs of bereavement in the announcements.

This industrialization of agriculture, as of manufacturing, has been the end product of massive, complex, and interacting changes that have resulted in the merging of scientific, social, and economic relationships. I have time to underscore only those factors which have directly produced the present condition of the rural working class of Mexican-Americans. Briefly, they are as follows:

The employment of Mexican citizens who have entered this country illegally has become a regular feature of the agricultural labor market. This illegal supply of labor rests on the willingness of corporate farms to hire, of intermediaries to transport, of Congress to tolerate, and of the Department of Justice to accommodate to this vicious black market in human toil.

The contracting and hiring of Mexican citizens as braceros became an elaborate process of collective bargaining between three parties—the United States Government, the Government of Mexico, and the associated corporate farmers of the Southwest. The other parties to the arrangement—the Mexican braceros themselves and the domestic Mexican-American laborers—have been missing. They have been excluded from the bargaining process.

The crossing, or commuter, system has become a growing and decisive element in the border economy. Its effects can now be felt hundreds of miles north of the border.

Mechanization has displaced great numbers of farm laborers. The experts of the Department of Labor can tell you that in some areas mechanical cotton pickers are now harvesting ninety percent of the crop. Machines have displaced the stoop labor of the tomato fields. In the harvesting of nuts, two men with shakers and air cushions can do in one minute what a crew used to do in one hour. Machines are picking grapes. Electric, not human, eyes are sorting lemons.

Subsidized research has made possible the chemical, physical, and genetic progress that underlies mechanization. For decades the University of California at Davis has been the publicly-supported Academy of Science of agri-business.

A second form of subsidy has been the public financing of the farm placement services. I have special knowledge of the farm placement service of California. During the past quarter century this service has at no time been what it is supposed to be by law—an agency to pursue and guarantee the job security of domestic farm workers. It has, and continues to be, an extension into bureaucracy of the power and influence of agri-business.

The gigantic irrigation projects are a third form of subsidy which has been and continues to be a powerful element in the conformation of agri-business. This means that corporate farming takes water at bargain rates and capitalizes this unearned dividend into rapidly rising land values, placing that land out of reach of the small grower. The corporate farms can tap this no-cost benediction by laying a siphon into the nearest concrete ditch or sinking a \$75,000 well. Their promised land is not over Jordan; it is just over the Central Valley Canal. Verily, the Federal government has laid a water-table for them in the presence of their critics.

Housing for farm laborers and their families has become non-existent in some areas. For twenty years the barracks of the bracero made possible not only the elimination of the on-farm shanties, but in addition there followed the craven retreat of the Federal government from its wartime farm labor camp development.

The effect of the foregoing factors has been to destroy or hold in check the organization of Mexican-Americans into unions. I pass it on to you, Mr. Chairman, as the declaration of a high official of farm placement, that the policy has been to deal with associated agri-businessmen collectively and to deal with farm laborers individually.

The semi-urban farm labor pools have shrunk and their residents have migrated in increasing numbers to the cities. You will find more Mexican-American ex-farm workers in the central city, poverty barrios of San Antonio, Phoenix, Los Angeles, and San Jose than you will find in the fields. Urban redevelopment is demolishing even these temporary reservations of the Mexican poor.

The brilliance of the technical performance of government and agri-business I am not questioning. I am only giving it as my opinion that the historical cycle of the last quarter century is more of the same thing. What was accomplished between 1850 and 1880 by the United States cavalry, legal chicanery, tax frauds and treaty violations, is now carried forward by vertical integration, subsidies, mechanization, and urban renewal.

All the cycles of this historical process have one thing in common; the dispossession of the Mexican, the cutting of his economic roots, and the destruction of Community—his community—in the countryside.

These, then, are my generalities.

What as to solutions?

It should be national policy to give farm workers the rights of collective negotiation and bargaining with the government and with farm employers. In support of such policy I would recommend that the Federal government withdraw all subsidies, direct and indirect, contracts and services, from farm employers who employ illegals, braceros, or "green carders" during a strike. As a lesser evil, I would recommend that farm workers be included in the National Labor Relations Act.

I would recommend that land workers be given the necessary co-operation by the Administration so that they can organize and administer cooperative labor pools. These pools should replace the farm placement services. I recommend that such labor pools extend to and include the registration and organization of the farm laborers who have been forced to migrate to the cities. With the labor force still living in the country, they would represent a supply of labor that would be ample for all the needs of agriculture, even in emergencies.

These recommendations would not be solutions but merely steps in the direction of a national policy different from that of the past. They would affect only the hired farm laborers who are rapidly becoming a small minority of the Mexican-American population of the Southwest. The majority are now semi-rural or city dwellers. In California, for example, the Mexican ethnic group is now close to ninety percent urbanized.

What is the meaning of community development in that demographic sector lying between hired farm workers and the metropolitan Mexicans? This is the area of the smaller rural towns and those shoestring settlements that see and fear, but have not yet felt, the fatal embrace of urban annexation. Here community development might make a stand to draw and hold the Mexican family, to keep it from migrating into the poverty barrios of the central cities. But if this effort were to be made in good faith, it would require capital resources, the creation of new institutions or the revival of old ones, to guard them; it would demand the educating of a generation of youth to serve them. The economic tap root of such communities would have to be productive, not simply a small bone

to be taken home in a bow-wow bag when the affluent society has finished dinner.

But even productive economic roots would not be enough. The Federal government would have to find an answer to the emerging situation along the border. *A new frontier is in the making. Industrial capital from the north is moving to the border cities where it can combine with hundreds of thousands of poor Mexicans migrating from the south. Goods will be manufactured at Mexican wages and reimported for sale at American prices. This has been described as a Hong Kong type of production. It has already begun to threaten jobs now held by Mexican-Americans throughout the Southwest.*

I therefore want to resurrect a recommendation I made twenty years ago—the creation, by agreement between Mexico and the United States, of a joint international border development authority to bring the border areas of both countries into balance by raising, at their point of contact, Mexican levels of income to American standards, not, as is happening now, by lowering American to present Mexican levels. By presidential or congressional directive, the funding of this authority should be made the keystone of United States financial commitment to Mexico. On this authority I recommend that there be appropriate representation of the persons of Mexican ancestry on both sides of the border, through their own economic agencies, whose jobs and lives are affected.

Finally, a recommendation as to the Inter-Agency Committee on Mexican-American Affairs.

We have the impression that the President has set up this Committee to get things done, to solve the problems of the Mexican-Americans. But, as I understand it, the Committee has neither staff nor resources of its own. It has no policy control, and I know not what policy influence, over the participating executive departments.

We who have for thirty years seen the Department of Labor stand by, and at times connive, while farm labor unions were destroyed by agri-business; we who have seen the Immigration and Naturalization Service see-saw with the seasonal tides of Wetbacks; we who are now seeing the Department of Housing and Urban Development assist in the destruction of the urban barrios where ex-farm laborers have sought a final refuge; we who have waited for a Secretary of Education who would bristle with indignation, back it with action, at a system of production that continues to produce that shameful anachronism—the migrant child; we who have seen the Office of Economic Opportunity retreat with its shield, not

on it, after calling the Mexican poor to do battle for maximum feasible participation in their own destinies—We, may I say, are profoundly skeptical.

I therefore recommend that the Inter-Agency Committee on Mexican-American Affairs be staffed, funded, and possessed of authority sufficient to advocate the recommendations I have made, and others that may come out of these hearings.

‘ ‘ ‘

ERNESTO GALARZA was born in Tepic, Mexico. He attended public schools in Sacramento, California. Harvest hand and cannery worker, messenger and interpreter, he took his B.A. at Occidental College, his M.A. at Stanford University, and his Ph.D. at Columbia University. He has been a co-director and teacher at a private school in New York City; Latin-American affairs specialist with the Foreign Policy Association; Research Assistant in Education with the Pan-American Union; Director of Research and Education with the National Agricultural Union. He has been a consultant with the National Farmers Union on the Latin-American AID Program, as well as with the Labor Counsel of the Committee on Education and Labor, the U. S. House of Representatives.

Phi Beta Kappa, and Officer of the Order of the Condor, the Republic of Bolivia.

Author: *The Louisiana Sugar Cane Plantation Workers; Strangers In Our Fields; The Chualar Accident of September 17, 1963; reports on agricultural labor in Latin-America, Puerto Rico, Hawaii; and Merchants of Labor.*

Presently, Dr. Galarza resides in San Jose, California.



Chapo con TB

Poetry

BROWN POWER CONFERENCE CENTENNIAL

brown power!
¿qué?
Together we must . . .
¡Sí!
The problem . . .
¿qué?
It's your Fault . . .
who?
I mean . . .
¿qué?
brown power!
testing, testing, testing
uno, dos, tres . . .

CATHARSIS

Unique moments in the chaos
all doors want to be opened
they don't have to lead somewhere
but they Finally work

Buenos Dias, Señora
muy bien
let's go to tame the toros.
Señora will be in in a minute
then you'll be happier.
Here she comes!
Muy bien, gracias, Señora
How do you feel?
Let's go dance, Señora
Come, Señora.
I'm too tired.
Perhaps the other Mexican
will come.
I don't want the other Mexican
to come,
because you're also going to be
in court and
you're going to move your heart
and lose me.
I don't care, Señor.
Here she comes through the door
little baby.
Señora comes and the Mexican says
I don't care, Señora.

BUENOS DIAS, SEÑORA

HERE WAS A BABY

There was a baby all alone
He had no mother dad
but a big brother.
The big brother took care
of the little sister
but she kept on weeping.
They soon came upon a tree
when they went for a walk.
They didn't care for one nation
and under God.
God took care of them.
They stood happier in
the gate of the moonlight.
They came upon another tree.
They didn't care.

BROWN POWER CONFERENCE CENTENNIAL
CATHARSIS

by JOHN J. MARTINEZ

JOHN MARTINEZ was born on July, 1948, in San Francisco, California. He attended Fremont High School in Oakland from which he graduated in 1967. Presently he is attending the University of California at Berkeley, majoring in Mathematics.

BUENOS DIAS, SEÑORA

THERE WAS A BABY

by J. PHILIP JIMENEZ

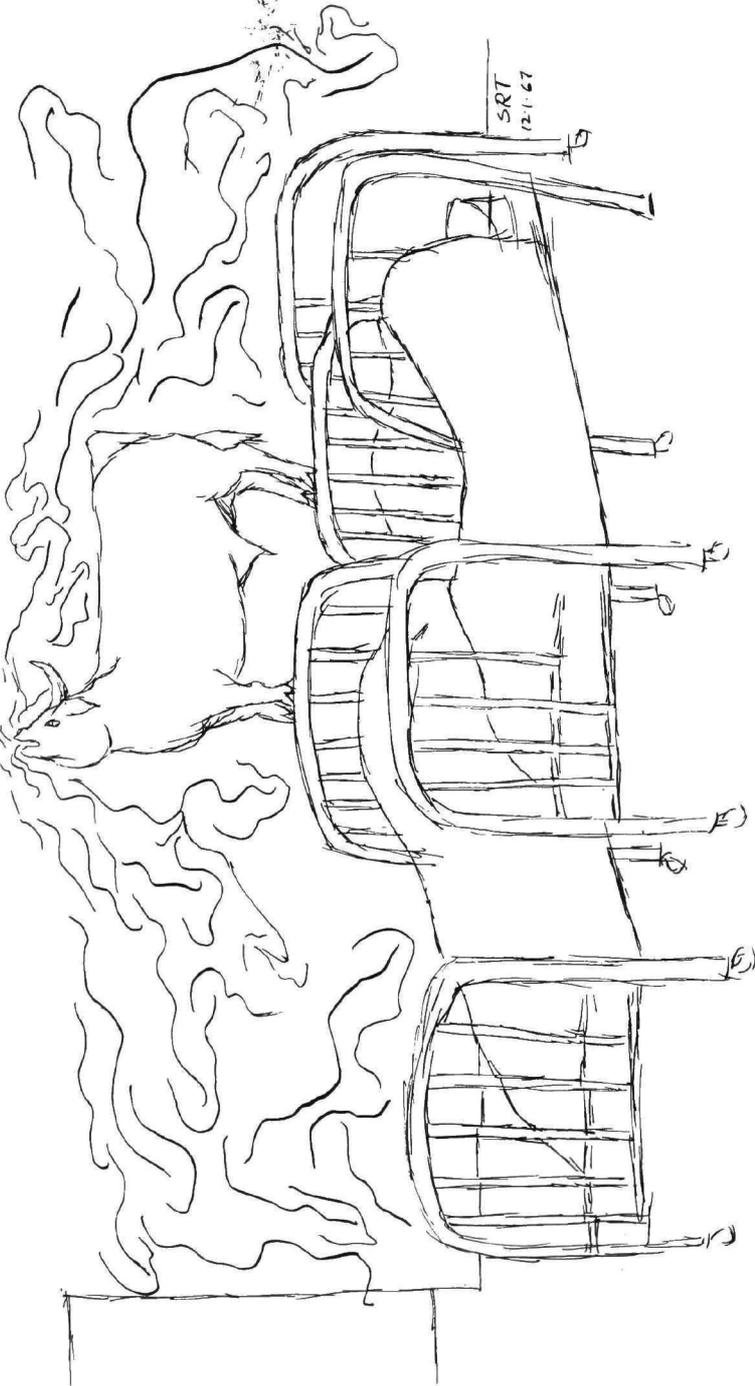
J. PHILIP JIMENEZ was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on October, 1963. He moved with his family a year ago and is presently residing in Berkeley, California. He has had no formal education. When not otherwise occupied around the house, he attends Willard Nursery School. He is four years old.

Portfolio II

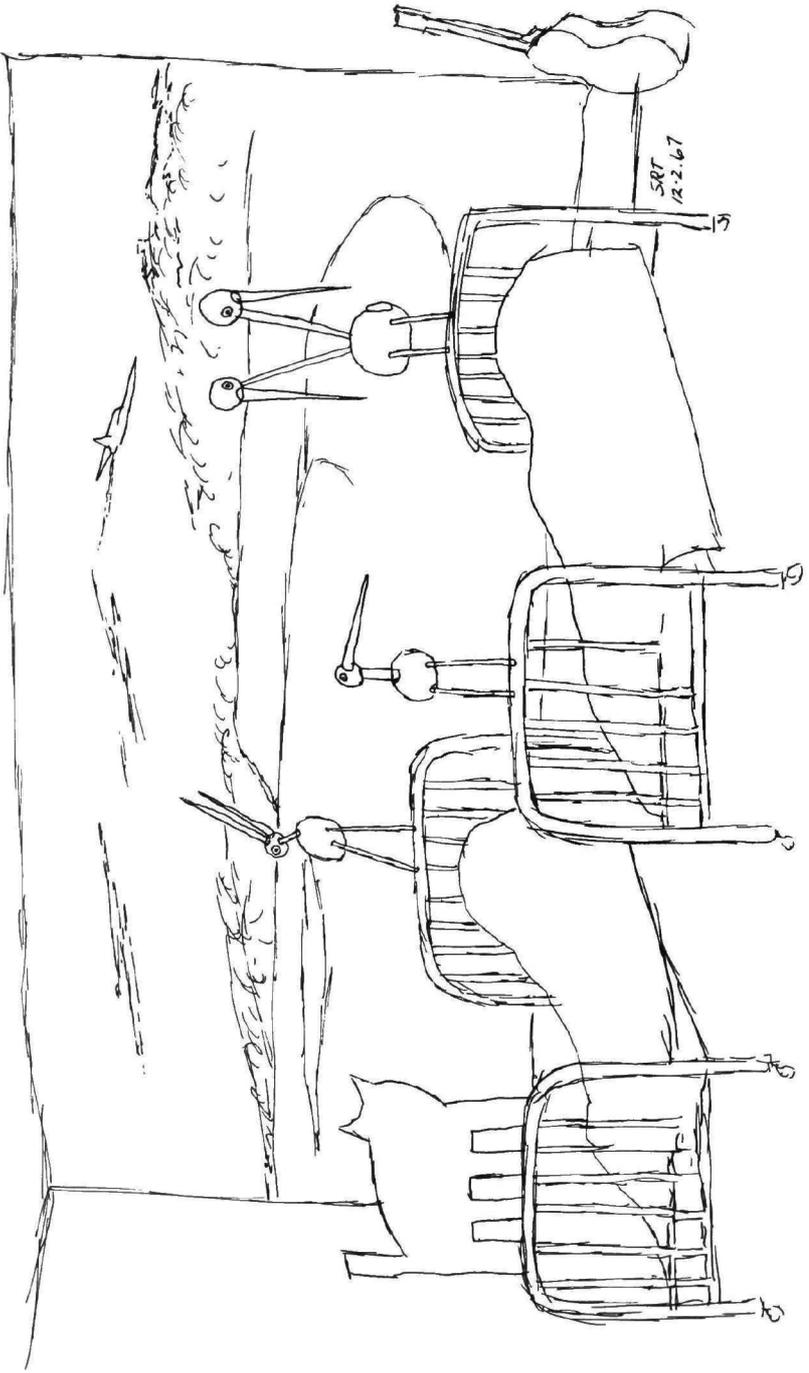
Salvador Roberto Torres

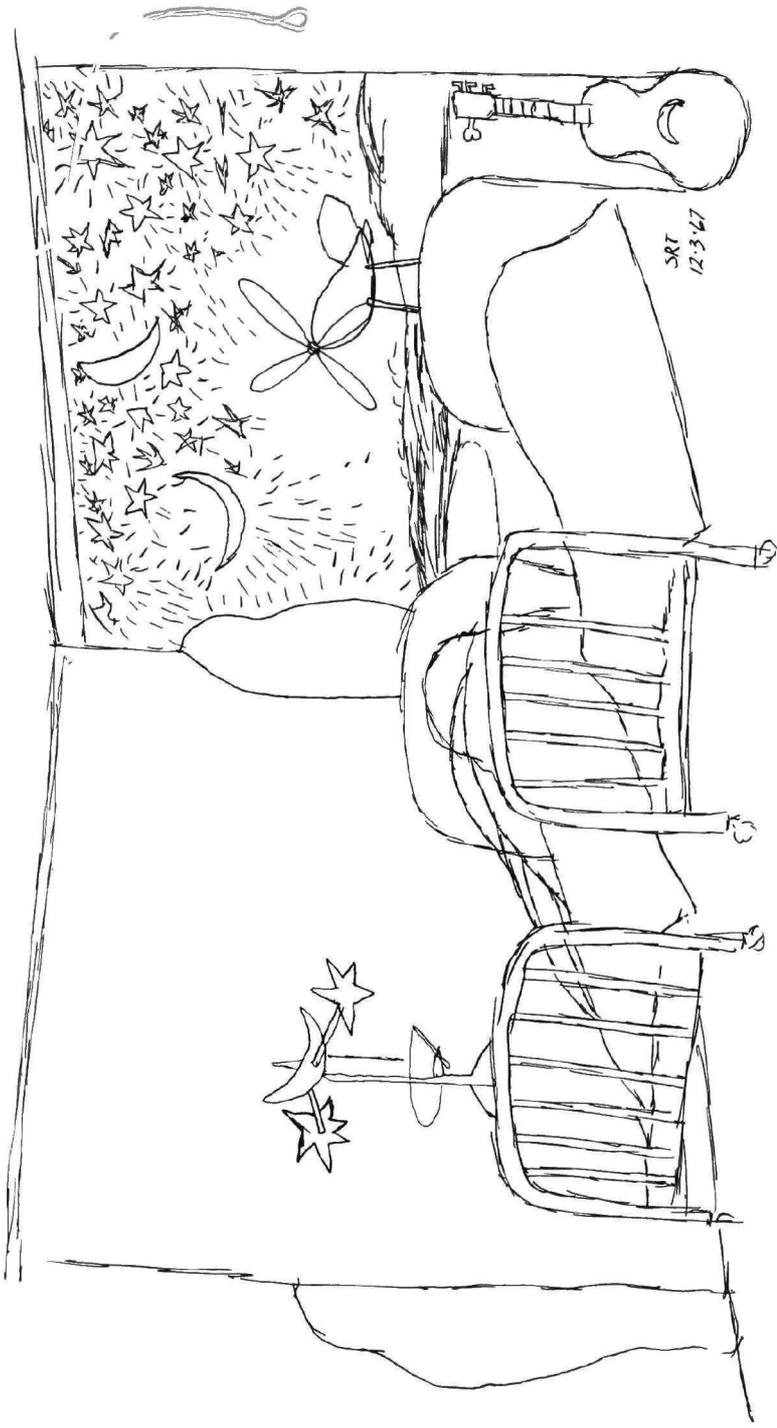
Day Dreams From a Hospital Bed

SALVADOR ROBERTO TORRES was born in El Paso, Texas. He attended San Diego City College in San Diego, California, and was granted a scholarship to the California College of Arts and Crafts, Oakland, California. He graduated in 1964 with a B.A. in Teacher Education. Presently he is at the San Diego University County Hospital, San Diego, California.

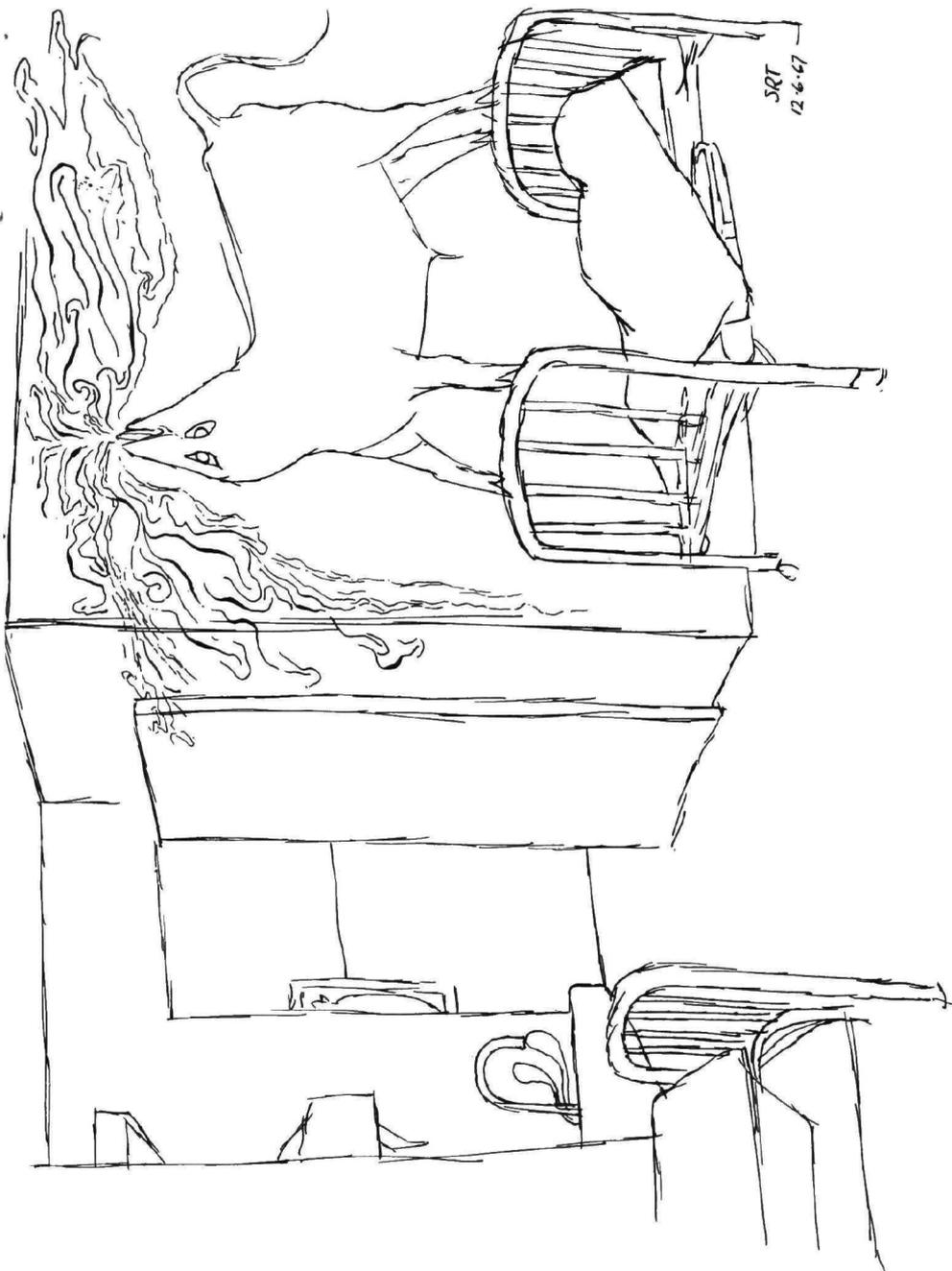


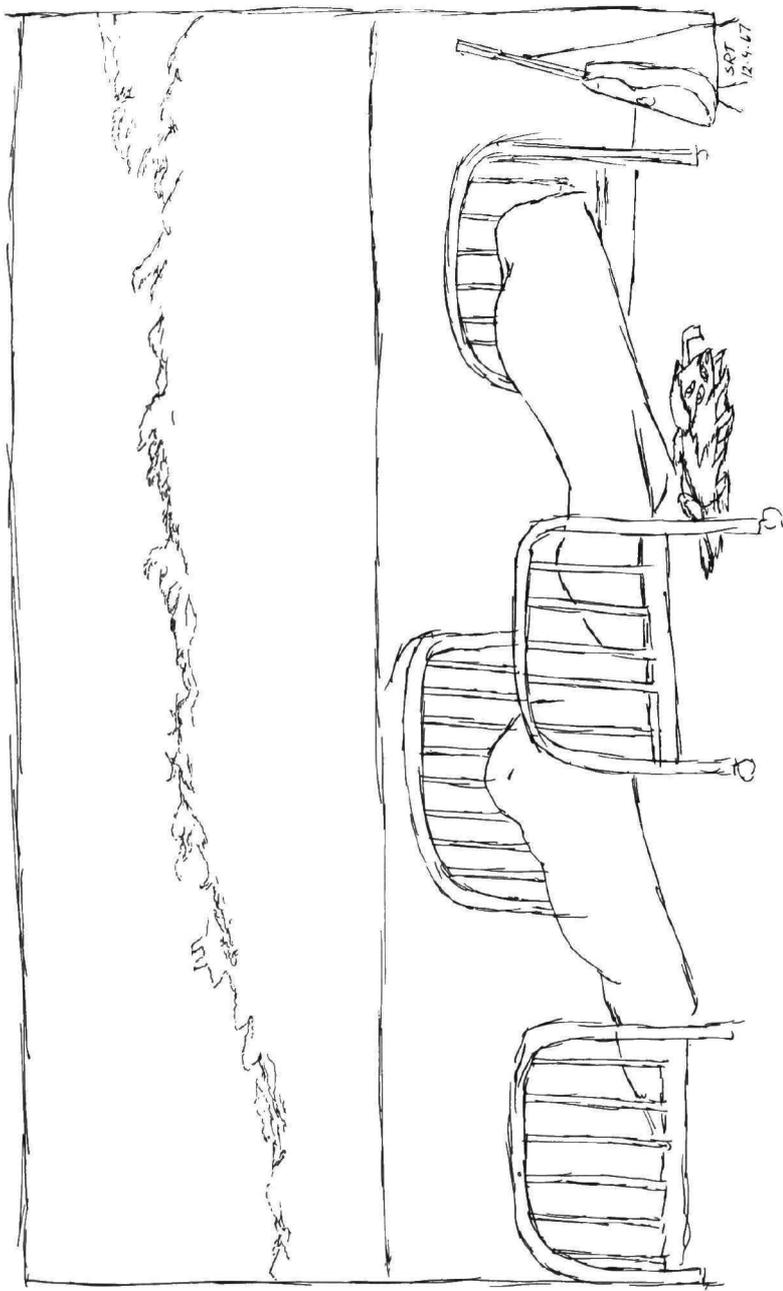
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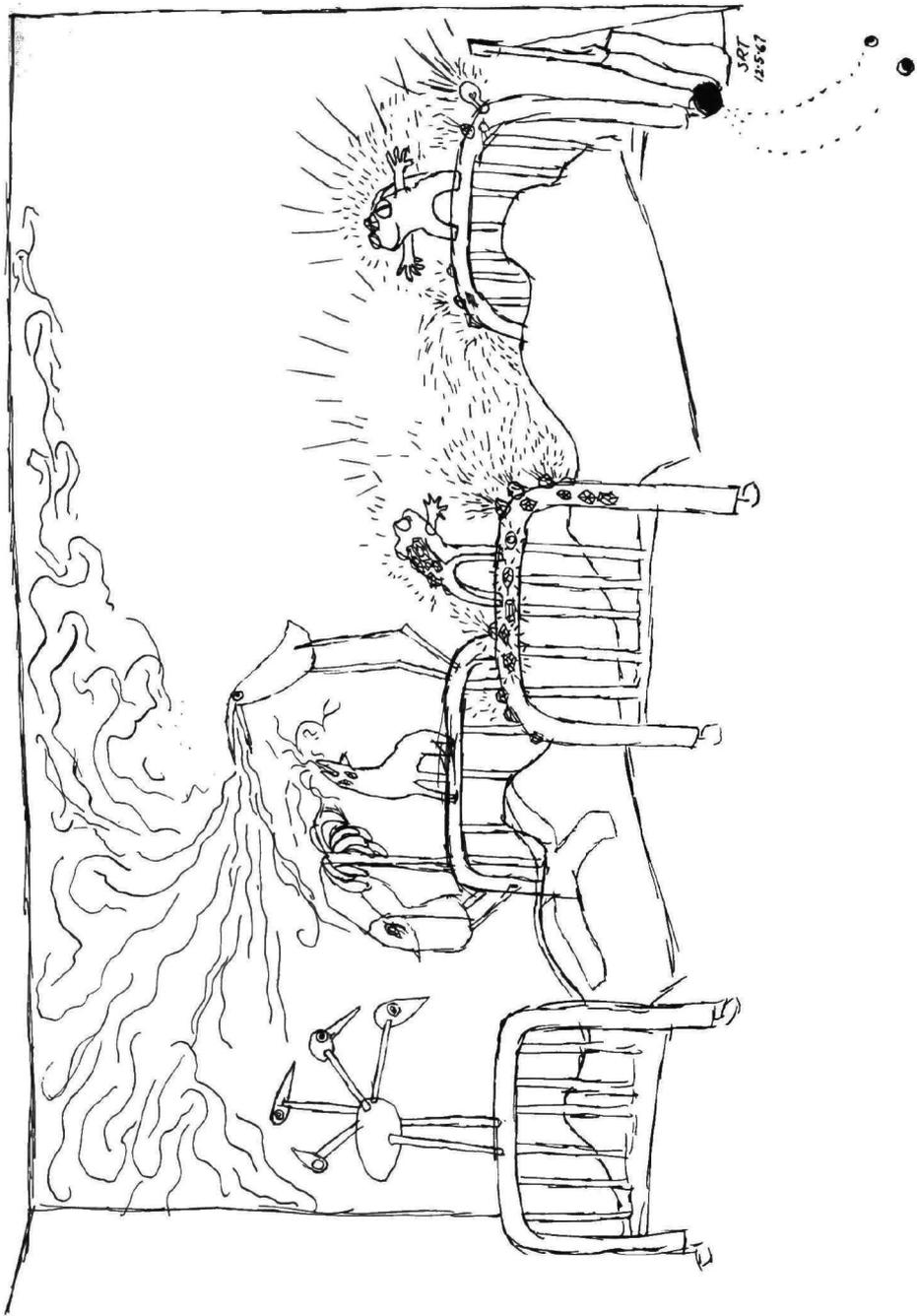




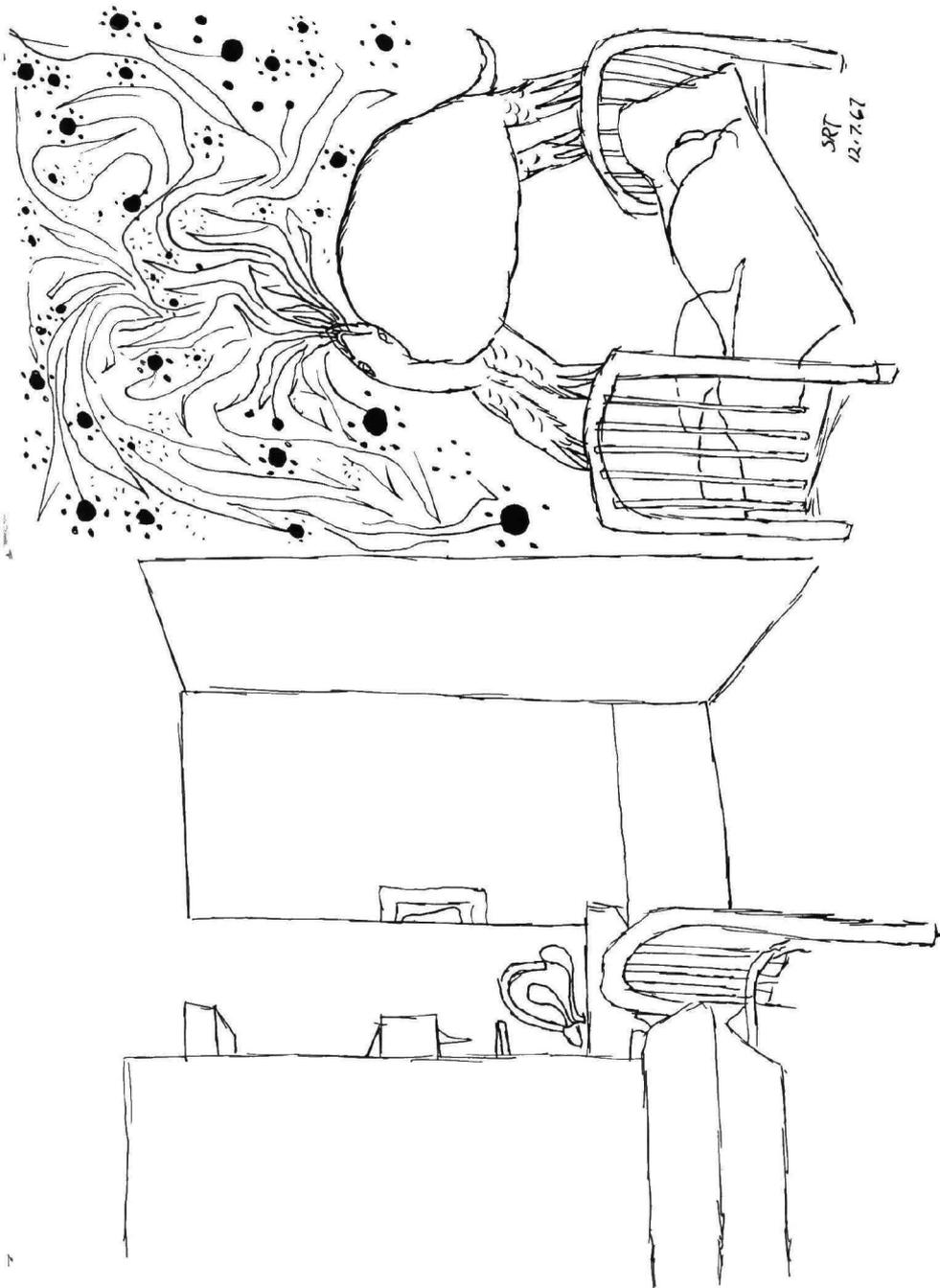
SRT
12-3-67







SRT
12-5-87



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To insure return, manuscripts and materials must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address all contributions to:

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