... IS A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL FOR YOUR AESTHETIC APPETITE.

CHISMEARTE IS A MAGAZINE OF HYBRID, RADICAL STREET ART, BARRIO ICONOGRAPHY, AND AVANT-GARDE LITERATURE THAT QUESTIONED, EXPANDED, AND EXPERIMENTED WITH THE POSSIBILITIES OF CHICANO URBAN IDENTITY.

The ChismeArte Digital Experience is a collaborative effort with Robert E. Kennedy Library and Cal Poly faculty, staff, and students. The project shares the Kennedy Library 2008 onsite exhibition “ChismeArte ¡Y Que! Expanding Los Angeles’ Chicano Aesthetic” as well as scholarly access to the magazine archival editions, and an anthology of voices, remembrances, and interpretations inspired by ChismeArte.

Illustration: Jose Montoya

Though this is a platform for scholarship that hopes to promote open access to knowledge, the Creative Works team acknowledges this project does not fully change the systems of inequity that have led to the need for open access. In the practice of critical Black digital humanities, this resource hopes to lessen the digital divide by providing access to scholarship, but we acknowledge that the materialities of creating digital scholarship do not always contribute to solving the inequities that the digital divide is built upon.

We acknowledge that these ideas and projects were created upon the land of the yak titʸu titʸu yak tiṭhini, Northern Chumash Tribe of San Luis Obispo County and Region in whose homelands we are guests.
2008 CHISMEARTE ¡Y QUE! EXHIBIT

EXPANDING LOS ANGELES’ CHICANO AESTHETIC

How a magazine of hybrid, radical street art, barrio iconography, and avant-garde literature questioned, expanded, and experimented with the possibilities of Chicano urban identity.

This section of the ChismeArte Digital Experience recreates the 2008 exhibition “ChismeArte ¡Y Que!” in a collaboration with Cal Poly San Luis Obispo’s Robert E. Kennedy Library and the Department of Ethnic Studies.


INTRODUCTION BY LUCENA L. VALLE

2008 GALLERY TEACHER, EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, THE J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM

In 1976, Chisme Arte Magazine debuted in Los Angeles, produced collaboratively by a small group of emerging Chicano artists and writers. Although initially funded by the California Arts Council to serve as a newsletter for Chicano artists throughout California, Chisme Arte, (translated as “art gossip”) rapidly evolved into the creative loci for urban Chicano artists and writers. Like the avant-garde publications created by artists of previous generations, Chisme Arte also reflected how one group perceived their audience and defined their milieu.

The artists, writers and designers who collaborated on this magazine used Chisme Arte as a vehicle to create new strategies for the expression of a Chicano political ideas, aesthetic discourse, and identities. For the creators of Chisme Arte, the audience was just as important as their magazine’s content. In fact, it was the content. Over the course of Chisme Arte’s eight-year run, the magazine’s pages provided both readers and the collaborators with a space in which to test new ideas. Its art and texts also served as a place to test new strategies of self-representation, rather than merely re-affirm didactic examples of what it meant to be Chicano. Instead, each edition reflected the shifting political, social and aesthetic concerns held within the larger Chicano movement.

This exhibition provides a survey of themes found in the magazine’s pages, represented through a selection of magazine covers, inside art, and literature, over the course of Chisme Arte’s 11-edition life span, which ended in 1984. As the greater Los Angeles art and literary community would soon discover, the magazine’s cadre of Chicano artists and writers would later emerge as major figures by the late 1980s and 1990s. As a whole, its covers, inside art, and texts provide an entry point into a
historical movement embodied by the confluence of these diverging styles, voices and politics.

Looking back at this magazine nearly twenty years after its inception, it is clear that the themes addressed in the pages of this magazine such as gender identity, sexuality, social history, and community activism are still alive in well in the Chicano community today. However, it is the visual and literary languages employed on and in these magazine that allow us, as contemporary viewers and readers, an opportunity to understand the sites of influence and historical significance that the Chicano movement embodied.

The art on the covers of Chisme Arte borrowed visual references from Chicano street art, religious iconography, mid-century Cuban Socialist graphic design, the Latin American literary “boom” and revolutionary testimonio, as well as the emerging experimental aesthetic of Chicano camp. This magazine was also product of the post-modern pastiche or sampling, used by these artists and writers as both an aesthetic and an expressive tool. It is clear that in style and substance this magazine was ahead of its time.

ARTISTS & AUTHORS

The exhibition highlights a moment in the careers of a cadre of Chicano authors and artists who would later receive critical acclaim for representing and re-defining L.A.’s Latino experience. ChismeArte Magazine offered writers and artists a rare venue in which to experiment with Chicano identity. The magazine’s motto—a “Molotov cocktail for aesthetic appetite”—illustrates that provocative stance toward its readers. Not always seamless in their pastiche, the magazine's creators attempted to use ChismeArte as a vehicle for self-expression and critical debate within the Chicano community.

THE ARTISTS

Carlos Almaraz
Barbara Carrasco
Harry Gamboa Jr
John Valadez

ESTER HERNANDEZ
Her birth in 1944 in the San Joaquin Valley to Yaqui-Mexican farm worker parents grounded her earliest work in farm worker struggle for social justice. The UC Berkeley graduate and internationally exhibited artist is known for pastels and prints that explore the possibilities of Latina identity. Her illustration of “The Virgin of Guadalupe” offers a feminist re-interpretation of Latin America’s most important religious icon. She replaces her sacred image with a woman karate-kicking her way out of, or from her aura, as she battles injustice. Sun Mad, her most recognized work, ironically recasts the Sun Maid logo into a woman's skeleton packing raisins under a punishing sun.

Student contributor: Katie S. Galliher

LEO LIMON
The East L.A. native described as “So L.A.” is today known for his colorful, dreamlike cityscapes such as Los Muertos, and Ayi! Dream of Chicos Corazon. His early involvement with Los Four, the pioneering art Chicano gang, brought him to Carlos Almaraz, whose vibrant pastels, midnight palette, and iconography influenced Limon’s gallery work. The “Alley River Cat’s” painted on huge L.A. storm drains, however, represent his most seen work. He has also earned recognition as a community arts activist, organizing such events as the annual Dia de Los Muertos celebrations at East L.A.’s Self-help Graphics.

Student contributor: Shannon Aguilar
THE AUTHORS
MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS
VICTOR VALLE
LUIS RODRIGUEZ
HELEN VIRAMONTES

ALMA VILLANUEVA
Born in California in 1994, Villanueva grew up in the Mission district of San Francisco with her grandmother. Her younger years were harsh. She dropped out of high school in the 10th grade to have her first child, gave birth to her second at seventeen, and later lived on welfare in the housing projects with a violent husband. She survived, returned to school, earning an M.F.A. in Creative Writing at Vermont College. Her early works addressed her difficult upbringing and the love and strength she found in women. She has published consistently since 1970, winning awards for her novels and poetry. Today Villanueva teaches Creative Writing program at Antioch University in Los Angeles and lives in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

Student contributor: Kelly Iwasko.

MARISELA NORTE
Like Rodriguez, Marisela Norte’s work focuses on Chicano urban imagery, but from a campy Chicana feminist perspective. Her lyric and prose poems convey L.A.’s life through snippets of overheard conversations and everyday observations made from the MTA’s Number 18 bus, the East/West route traversing the city’s social geography. She sees her work as kind of documentary pastiche, a collaborative conversation with the city’s denizens. Norte wrote, “I don’t write fiction. To me I have always felt that I’m keeping the books. I just want people to experience the everyday glimpses of life that I see, that to me are sometimes heartbreaking, but most of the time incredibly beautiful.” Norte describes L.A. as Walter Benjamin might, walking, absorbing daily activities, remembering sensations and stories suggested by Eastside streetscapes. In “Each Street/Each Story” she mocks an immigrant male gaze: “MUCHACHAS BAILIANDO EN BIKINI! I pass these joints and must look… I hear the trampling of their feet. Men knocking doors down to get a good look at a pair of fishnet stockings.” (Chismearte, 201).

Student contributor: Rachel Glabe, ES 323

La Mujer, Special Issue. Vol.1 Issue 4, 1977-78
Artist: Ester Hernandez, “La Virgen de Guadalupe defendiendo los derechos de los xicanos” (The Virgin of Guadalupe Fighting for the Rights of Chicanos) 1975
EXPLORE THE EXHIBITS

1. PREDECESSORS
2. TALES FROM THE BARRIO
3. CHICANO PASTICHE

4. PACHUCO
5. PACHUCO POEM
6. MUSIC GAMBOA

7. CHE
8. LA MUJER VALADEZ
9. GONZALEZ & SON

10. SUMMER ALMARAZ
11. EL CADEJO ASURIAS
12. NO WAY JOSE

13. OPEN
14. CISEROS
15. WOMEN’S

16. VIRAMONTES SER MUJER
17. RODRIGUEZ
18. LATINOS WITHOUT BORDERS

19. 201 VALLE
1. PREDECESSORS

**FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT**

ChismeArte can trace its graphic and literary influences to a pair of magazines with distinct visions of Chicano urban experience.

**Con Safos**, founded in 1967 by a group of East L.A. authors and artists, took its name from the Caló word with which Pachucos signed their placas, or barrio wall writings, to warn readers that any attempt to deface it will be punished in kind. Its editors used the term to express a defiant “rejection of American Identity,” and to assert a new “definition of Chicano identity.” One of the magazine's most popular features, the “Barriology Exam,” writes Raúl Homero Villa, “tested readers' knowledge of barrio traditions and culture, with the highest scores earning a ‘Ph.D. in Barriology.’” The exclusive serialization of Oscar Z. Acosta’s The Autobiography of A Brown Buffalo, represents the magazine’s biggest publishing coups.

**Tin-Tan: Revista Cósmica**, founded in 1975 in San Francisco’s Mission District, reflected its home and namesake, Germán Valdés, the wisecracking Mexican movie comic who borrowed his style from the Chicano Zoot Suiter.

With Alejandro Murguía as its editor, Tin-Tan strove to connect with La Misión’s Mexican, Chilean, and Central American micro cosmos by publishing and reviewing the best in Latin American revolutionary literature. It published six issues featuring works in English or Spanish translation of Latin American writers such as Roque Dalton, Ernesto Cardenal, and Fernando Alegria, Chicano-Latino U.S. poets Pedro Pietri and Víctor Hernández Cruz, and Chicano-Latina artists Consuelo Méndez, Rupert García, and Rene Yañez.

In ChismeArte, the “playful promotion” of East Los “cultural knowledge” celebrated in Con Safos crossed paths with the hemispheric, pan-Latino, sin fronteras literary vision of Tin-Tan.
2. TALES FROM THE BARRIO

“Tales from the Barrio by Los Four and Friends” cover design by Frank Romero, calligraphy by George Yepes c. 1970s
1911
“Chicano…this term having been used…to differentiate between a person of Mexican descent who had not been ‘Americanized’ (the ‘chicano’) and another who had.”

MID-1960s
“A Chicano, then, was someone (of Mexican descent) who identified with a new, aggressive, highly self-conscious subculture – a subculture separate from either that of the Anglo from who the Chicano felt alienated or that of the Mexican from whom the Chicano had grown apart.”

From “The Chicano” by Ed Hundley, published in 1975

1969
“Chicano, in the past a pejorative and class bound adjective, has now become the root idea of a new culture identity for our people. It reveals a growing sense of solidarity and the development of pride and confidence.


MID-1970s
“…a person of Mexican descent residing permanently in the United States, who perceives his culture as unique, that is, different, from the Mexican and the Anglo cultures, and who actively works to defend his cultural heritage and his social and civil rights…”


“…he does not want to become a Mexican again; at the same time he does not want to blend into the life of North America. His whole being is sheer negative impulse, a tangle of contradictions, an enigma…”

Octavio Paz, 1961, The Labyrinth of Solitude

“The Chicano is a Mexican-American who does not accept the Anglo image of himself…”

Rubén Salzar, 1970, LA Times

“My name was changed, por la ley.
Pobrecitos, they believed in me,
That I was white enough
to stay forever,
that I would never find you again.
I found you, Chicano,
But only for a moment,
Never para siempre”

Adaljiza Sosa Riddell, 1974, “Como Duele,” as cited in La Chicana

“The word Chicano/a has to do with an evolved state of mind, it is not a group into which you are born…the word Chicano/a is as difficult to define as the word ‘soul’”

Chrissie Castro, 2000, “Yo Soy Chicana”
University Colorado, Boulder. MEChA

“The Chicana is a woman of Mexican descent, living in the United State, culturally neither Mexican nor American but influenced by both societies from a colonized minority…(She) is free to be Mexican or American but not Chicana…”

Alfredo Mirandè & Evangelina Enríques, 1979, La Chicana , p12

“You say my name is ambivalence? Think of me as Shiva, a manyarmed and legged body with one foot on brown soil, one on white, one in straight society, on in the gay world, the man’s world, the women’s, one limb in the literary world, another in the working class, the socialist, and the occult worlds. A sort of spider woman hanging by one thin strand of web.”


“What do you think of the word Chicano?”
“What's what I am. That term was used to mean a person who roamed the streets of the Barrios. I remember when I was a kid, hearing the pachucos using that word. Our parents did not like it. They considered the word an insult. We used it with pride, in a rebellious sort of way, against the status quo.”

Manuel Gamboa Manazar, 1980, “Interview with Manazar” by Barbabra Carrasco, ChismeArte, Open: No. 6, pg. 29.

“The term Chicano is an etymological derivative of the word Mexica (Mesheeka), which was the name of the Aztecs who built an empire out of the valley of Mexico. From Mexico came “Mexichicano” in the Spanish language, and from those people came the modern derivative of Chicano…”


“...the Chicano, like a pocho, was a tainted or contaminated mexicano. The word seems to have had a paradoxical meaning...pejorative when used by outsiders and positive when used by insiders…”
Alfredo Mirandè & Evangelina Enríques, 1979, La Chicana, p10

“The Chicano is a pocho who does not accept the traditional Mexican image of the pocho…”


“A sort of scrabble game: Mexicano – Me = Xicano – X = icano + Ch = Chicano.”

Joseph C’dé Baca, “Chicano movement II is outdated and lacks historical accuracy.” La Voz. Denver, Colo.: Feb 15, 1995. Vol. XXI, Iss. 7; pg. 4

“For the Chicano takes great pride in his ability to switch from English to Spanish.”

Ricardo L. Garcia

“A relatively recent term that has been appropriated by many Mexican descendants as unique and therefore reflective of their unique culture, though its first usage seems to have been discriminatory. The most likely source of the word is traced to the 1930 and 40s period, when poor, rural Mexicans, often native Americans, were imported to the US to provide cheap field labor, under an agreement of the governments of both countries.”

“Our language is the reflection of ourselves. A language is an exact reflection of the character and growth of its speakers.”


“…because that’s what a Chicano is, an indigenous Mexican American.”

Leo Limón, 1997

“Chismearte, it’s perception and gossip, it’s revolutionary art and art that is revolutionary, arte pobre y arte pa’l pobre, armas y cantos, Chismearte is a Molotov cocktail for aesthetic appetite.”

Chismearte 1:3 (1976) p36.

“A Chicano lives in the space between the hyphen in Mexican-American.”

Bruce Novoa, 1990

“The term seems to have come into first use in the fields of California in derision of the inability of native Nahuatl speakers from Morelos state to refer to themselves as “Mexicanos,” and instead spoke of themselves as “Mesheecanos,” in accordance with the pronunciation rules of their language.”

http://www.mexica.net/chicano.php
“We are confident. We have ourselves. We know how to sacrifice. We know how to work. We know how to combat the forces that oppose us. But even more than that, we are true believers in the whole idea of justice.”


“…the word has no fixed origin and surfaced among the people to name a reality: the intensification of mestizaje [mixture]…But the Chicano is like the tide in the sea of history, like a shore that never ends, in perpetual movement, it frees itself from the Mexican ocean, arrives on the American beach, and although something remains, the rest returns to the open sea but before it can arrive, as in a cyclical return, it rises again.”


“…Chicano is a political activist, a child born in the U.S. of Mexican parentage…”


“…it is about the duality of presence and invisibility; about the co existence of pride and self-loathing; about moral corruption and cultural redemption…”


“…a declaration of independence, of the desire to no longer be treated as a second class citizen. It challenges the stereotype that Chicanos are inferior or culturally deprived… [it] implies pride in a background of many and mixed heritages and the versatility to widen one’s sociocultural persona…”

James Diego Vigil, 1998, From Indians to Chicanos, p270

“…the Anglo press degraded the word ‘Chicano’; they use it to divide us. We use it to unify ourselves with our people and with Latin America.”

Reies Tijerina; Jose Angel Gutièrrez, 2000, They Called Me King Tiger: My Struggle for the Land and Our Rights

“…the construction of Chicano identity is best understood, in the words of Stuart Hall, as a ‘process…that happens over time, that is never absolutely stable, that is subject to the play of history and difference.”

Ernesto Chàvez, 2002, Mi Raza Primero!: Nationalism, Identity, and Insurgency in the Chicano Movement 1966-1978, p6

**Rasquachismo** means improvising with whatever is at hand; the celebration of the unorthodox and/or inappropriate combination of elements or materials as
an expressive strategy, of making art with discarded materials or forms, without trying to disguise the social realities of poverty; a funkiness that blurs the borders between “High” and “Low” art; art that represents familiar aspects of Chicano culture in a positive light.

Chicano camp – “a form of survival for those Chicanos and Chicanas that live on the fringes...of] North American culture and Chicano culture. It is a way of negotiating and confronting a bordered marginalization...a way of existing in a disenfranchised social space that is unfixed and indefinite. Camp style ironizes, parodies and satirizes the very cultural forms that marginalize and exclude. [It is] a queer aesthetic that criticizes gendered and heterosexist paradigms in Chicano culture, while simultaneously criticizing a gay Eurocentric identity and the apolitical posture of camp that it promotes.”
4. PACHUCO

Cover Artist: Guillermo Bejarano
ChismeArte Magazine No. 3, Pachuco, 1977
5. PACHUCO POEM

Las tablitas tenían “chain”
La lisa un color azulillo
Los tramos de kaki
Y un cinto de vaqueta plateada
Le adornaba la cintura
De donde le caiba
El tiempo en la bolsa

su melena brillaba
Como un vestigio
Y una fragancia
De algún antepasado
Ya olvidado
Olvidado por todos
Menos ese bato loco

Caminando por la calle
El pavimento le cacheteaba
Las suelas de sus calcos
Y le ardía aquel calor del barrio

Andando por las calles
Pasaba las sombras de mil crucifijos
Cargados de llamadas de larga distancia

Lucía un crucifijo
En una cadenita
Que le había regalado su jefita

Y otro crucifijo llevaba
En la loma de su mano
Como una estigma de su honor

El bato era agusadillo
No buscaba pedo

Se juntaban en la esquina
Se sentaban en cluclillas
Toriqueando
Y haciendoola

Entonces no había “Y”
Ni LULAC
Ni MAUC
Ni MECHA

Pero no habla pedo

Hasta que no llegaban los perros
Al dar la vuelta
La jura enfrenaba,
Se encachuchaba
Se alsaban sus calcetas
Y sus cojones se les hacían canicas de acero

La jura la hizo de sastre
Y la ley les calló a mala medida
For loitering
Por malgastar e tiempo.
His pants had pleats in rows
His rails were of khaki
His smooth shirt, a bluish hue
And a leather belt, painted silver
Adorned his waist
Past which time fell
Into his pocket

His mane shone in the sun
Like a vestige and a fragrance
Of some forgotten ancestor
Forgotten by all
Except this bato loco

The pavement slapped
The soles of his boats
As he walked down the street
And the barrio heat burned

Long distance telephone lines
Cast thousands of crucifix shadows
On the street as he passed

He sported a crucifix
On the heel of his hand
A stigmata of honor

The guy was streetwise
But he stayed clear of trouble

He joined his pals on the corner
They sat on their haunches
Gabbin’ away makin’ time

No “Y” back then,
Nor LULAC
Nor MAUC
Nor MECHA

But that was cool
Until the cops came
Rounding the corner
Hitting the breaks
Pulling on their caps
Pulling up their pants as
Their balls turned to steelies

The cops played it like tailors
Badly fitting them with the law
For wasting time
For loitering

“Pachuco” By Jose Antonio Burciaga,
translated by Victor Valle
Illustration: Jose Montoya
ChismeArte Magazine No. 3, Pachuco, 1977, p. 1
“Harry Gamboa Jr. was born in 1951, the first of five children born to Harry T. Gamboa and Carmen Gamboa, a working class Mexican American couple. He grew up in East Los Angeles California, an urban area tormented by poverty, violence and racial conflict. Despite these surroundings, the inadequacy of the East L.A. public schools and his parents’ lack of education, Gamboa was encouraged to value education and did fairly well in school. As a teenager he was active in community organizations and politics. As a student at High School (graduated 1969) Gamboa was active in student government and as an organizer of various student-initiated reforms, most significantly the 1968 “East L.A. Blowouts” a series of protests against the inferior conditions of public schools in poor, non-white areas.

Gamboa’s extra-curricular activities were not, however, limited to politics. Already a developing artist,
it was at Garfield High that Gamboa met Gronk (Glugio Nicondra), Patssi (then Patsy) Valdez and Willie Herrón, three of his closest associates in his later career. After the “Blowouts,” for his final year of high school, Gamboa dropped out of the political scene in order to dedicate himself to his education. Thanks to these efforts and with the help of the Equal Opportunities Program (EOP) for disadvantaged minority students, Gamboa was able to attend California State University at Los Angeles. From this point his career as an artist -both solo and with Gronk, Valdez and Herrón in the art collective ASCO (Spanish for nausea)- took off.

Gamboa’s work as a writer, photographer, film-maker, performance artist and multi-media creator of “things” is diverse, but in all his efforts (including those as a member of ASCO) his focus has been to reveal the absurdity of urban life and to confront both the dominant white culture and various perspectives within Chicano culture, pointing to the pain and alienation caused by both. This is often achieved by altering the media of the art itself, as opposed to just the subject matter. Gamboa’s most significant works include mail art of the 1970s, ASCO’s “no movies,” the “urban opera” Ignore the Dents and Jetter’s Jinx.

Illustrations and conceptual art:

“Mail Art” Guillermo Deisler, Germany

Left: “FadeIn” Harry Gamboa

Right: “No Movie/Pistol Whippersnapper” Harry Gamboa

ChismeArte Magazine No. 2, Special Music Issue, 1976/77
7. CHE

Cover Art: “Che” mural by Ismael Cazarez
ChismeArte Magazine, Fall No.1, 1976
Known for his camera and pastel stick, John Valadez has earned national and international recognition for capturing the realities of urban life. Born in Los Angeles in 1951, Valadez earned his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from California State University, Long Beach at age 25. Three years later, in the “LA Parks and Wreck” exhibition, he presented larger than life portraits of “cholos” and “cholas” in his uniquely Chicano social realist style. His work, his critics have noted, expresses “the rage and hunger for justice learned while growing up in the Estrada Courts housing project in Boyle Heights; an anger that brings him back to the image of the cholo, or “pachuco” because they convey a spirit of rebelliousness, “the beauty of a people we have been told are not beautiful.” In 1980, the Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibition Gallery selected his work for the group exhibition, Espina [Thorn]. The owner Victor Clothing Co. store saw his work and commissioned Valadez to create a mural for his store. Valadez spent the next five years photographing Broadway street life, completing The Broadway Street Mural in 1981, creating one of the most extraordinary achievements of Chicano muralism. Since the 1990s, private collectors and major museums have exhibited his gallery works in the U.S. and Europe. He has also produced murals, from the El Paso border crossing to the U.S. Courthouse in Santa Ana, California, as well as public art for the MTA’s Gold Line in Pasadena.

**JOHN VALADEZ**

BY ALYSSA DICKINSON AND BROOKE ECKLUND

*FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT*

Known for his camera and pastel stick, John Valadez has earned national and international recognition for capturing the realities of urban life. Born in Los Angeles in 1951, Valadez earned his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from California State University, Long Beach at age 25. Three years later, in the “LA Parks and Wreck” exhibition, he presented larger than life portraits of “cholos” and “cholas” in his uniquely Chicano social realist style. His work, his critics have noted, expresses “the rage and hunger for justice learned while growing up in the Estrada Courts housing project in Boyle Heights; an anger that brings him back to the image of the cholo, or “pachuco” because they convey a spirit of rebelliousness, “the beauty of a people we have been told are not beautiful.” In 1980, the Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibition Gallery selected his work for the group exhibition, Espina [Thorn]. The owner Victor Clothing Co. store saw his work and commissioned Valadez to create a mural for his store. Valadez spent the next five years photographing Broadway street life, completing The Broadway Street Mural in 1981, creating one of the most extraordinary achievements of Chicano muralism. Since the 1990s, private collectors and major museums have exhibited his gallery works in the U.S. and Europe. He has also produced murals, from the El Paso border crossing to the U.S. Courthouse in Santa Ana, California, as well as public art for the MTA’s Gold Line in Pasadena.
“Gonzalez & Son” by Marcia Gonzalez
ChismeArte Magazine No. 4, La Mujer, Special Issue, 1977/78, p.24

BY MARCIA GONZALEZ

CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 4

2/25/75 1:00 A.M.
Gonzales & son, a minor, vs. Los Angeles County Sheriff’s Department, a Political Subdivision, et al. LASC No. NEC12431

Plaintiff
1971

“He would have been a devoted and loving father and husband and his untimely death has deprived his infant son, a minor plaintiff herein, of ever knowing his father and of decedent’s love, attention, comfort, care, society and support. And the right to receive support, as alleged in the Complaint on file herein.”
Defendant
1971

“That on Feb. 8, 1972, plaintiff, Marcia Gonzales gave birth to a son whom she claims to be the true child of the deceased named. This child was born after the death of M. R. and M. R. deceased, was continuously hospitalized from Oct. 16, 1971 until his death on Nov. 25, 1971 and never acknowledged the after-born child to be his own.”

Plaintiff
1975

La Vida Loca, whitewashed epitaphs, pragmatic prayers and my voice screams with the blood of un hermanos mangled body and castrated mind. The sweat of afios pasados flows down the streets that my child plays on. The shadowed face of a mestizo screaming for reprisal, breathing denial fills the empty nights. They tell me I should be glad I do not hunger, but the pangs from discontent leave me starving. They say with time I will become satisfied, pacified- apathetic. But the nightmare of a shackled corpse lying in bloodsoaked sheets wakes me from my sleep. And I can still see the smoking nostril of a 357-magnum pointing at my belly. The innocent child who asks for daddy; What will I say? How do I explain? “Well, mijito, your daddy had his guts blown out by a racist pig and $4,000 in reparations was supposed to make it better.”

When the holidays come we’ll visit la casa de los muertos. You’ll see me cry into wilted flowers. You’ll ask, as you always do, why I cry so much. Why do I wake up at night wet from your tears? But I’ll have no answers.

They said the child in my womb wouldn’t suffer because the union was blessed by god. Well, I don’t believe in god. And nothing is any better. ¿Y la vida loca? It’s barely visible.

— Marcia Gonzales
CARLOS ALMARAZ

BY BROOKE ECKLUND

FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT

Several decades of restless searching preceded the brief, but brilliant artistic career of Carlos Almaraz. Born on October 5, 1941 in Mexico City, his family moved to Chicago’s immigrant “melting pot,” then to Los Angeles, in serial moves that later helped him identify with other immigrant-Americans. He discovered the power of art at age four in a Mexico City church, where he experienced a painting of John the Baptist covered in animal furs as a “horrifying and absolutely magical” gorilla. After several
attempts at college, and a move to New York, where he failed as a pre-abstract expressionist, he earned a Masters’ Degree in Fine Arts from the Otis College of Art and Design in 1974. A year earlier, Almaraz and three other Chicano artists founded “Los Four,” a collective whose visual experiments began to open “up the definitions of what Chicano was and could be.”

He hit his artistic stride in the late 1970s, after launching ChismeArte, when he returned to a figurative approach that re-interpreted European and American art through a Chicano sensibility. By the early 1980s he was painting gothic nightscapes of Echo Park and violent car wrecks, iconic images of L.A. that appropriated impressionist and abstract expressionist styles for decidedly un-classical purposes. Almaraz, as Max Benavides notes, also explored his own sexuality. In El Verde/The Green One, a “horned green devil” stands “with a slip of silk purple cloth hiding his most titillating and deadliest temptation.” Before succumbing to AIDS at age 48, Almaraz said, “We’re surrounded by spiritual disease . . . AIDS is just the symbol of that plague.”
MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS

FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT

Guatemala’s Miguel Angel Asturias, winner of a 1967 Nobel Prize in literature, can lay claim to inventing Latin America’s most important literary export — Magic Realism — and yet suffered protracted periods of exile for his avowedly anti-imperialist writings. His most widely known novel, El Señor Presidente (1946), illustrates the oppressive paranoia of life under ruthless dictator, Estrada Cabrera, who ruled from 1898 to 1920. His “magic surrealism” invited his readers to inhabit a world of terror by, among other things, anthropomorphizing the dictator’s instruments of torture, giving bullets skins with which to feel “when they pass through a man’s body. They think flesh is warm, sweet, a little fat.” His other great work, Men of Maize, achieved in 1949 what no other Latin American novelist had fully realized.

The quintessential city dweller radically re-imagined a novel as if narrated by a Mayan author, drawing...
a complete literary technology, not just local color, from the language, rationality, and myths of the Quiche-Maya’s classic *Popol Vuh*, or *Book of Council*. The English-language translation of “The Legend of El Cadejo” published in *ChismeArte* originally appeared in *Leyendas de Guatemala* in 1930.

**THE LEGEND OF EL CADEJO**

**BY MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS**

**CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE EDITION NO. 5**

*And el Cadejo searches the fields, he steals young women with long braids and snarls the manes of horses.*

Mother Elvira of San Francisco, the Mother Superior of Santa Catalina, had been in time the novice who divided up the wafers in the Convent of the Conception, a damsel of acclaimed beauty who spoke with such candor that the word was a gentle flower of tenderness on her lips.

From a large window without glass the novice saw dry leaves fly from an embrace of summer, the trees cover themselves with flowers and the ripe fruit fall in the orchard near the convent; ruins where the foliage hid wounded walls and open ceiling, transforming the cells and rooms into a fragrant paradise smelling of clay pitcher and wild rose, festively entwined as a chronicler might say, where the nuns replaced flowers with pigeons with pink feet and read their poems to the song of the mockingbird.

Outside her window in the sunken courtyard, the warm shade condensed, the dust was silkened by a butterfly’s wings, the patio’s silence disturbed by the corning and going of lizards, by the gentle perfume of dry leaves that multiplied the tenderness of trunks rooted into ancient walls.

And inside, in the sweet company of Our Lord, peeling an Angel’s Fruit to discover the pulp and seed that is the body of Christ, long and thin like the pith of an orange-vere, tu es Deus Absconditus!-, Elvira united her spirit and flesh to the house of her infancy; house with heavy locks and delicate roses, with doors that halved sighs in the mourning voice of the wind, walls reflected in the fountain water like breaths on a clean window.

The cities’ voices disturbed the peace of her window; the melancholy traveler who hears the ports’ movements before anchors are weighed; a man’s laughter after concluding a horse race: cart rolling, a child crying.

In her eyes the horse passed, the cart, the man, the child, evoked in rustic images beneath skies with a
placidness that bewitched the noble appearance of the fountain spouts seated around the pond with the suffering aire of old servants.

And the smells followed the images. The sky smelled of sky, the child of child, the cart of hay, the horses of old roses, the man of saint, the fountain of shadows, the shadows of Sunday repose, and the repose of Our Lord of clean clothes …

It darkened. Shadows and the luminous relation of dust particles that swim in a ray of sunlight erased her thoughts. The sound of the bell brought silent lips to the vesperal cup. Who speaks of kisses? The wind shook the Heliotropes. Heliotropes or Hipocarnpos? And in the abundance of flowers, the hummingbird mitigated her desire for Goel. Who spoke of kisses … ?

A clatter of heels suddenly surprised her; the fringe of its echo drummed in the corridor.

Wasn’t it the man with thick lashes who came by every Friday, always at the last minute, to deliver the wafers to nine other places, to the Valley of the Virgin, where on a slight rise this famous chapel is tucked away?

They called him Opium-man. The wind was at his feet. Like a spirit he would appear when his goat-like steps would cease: with his hat in hand and small leggings, goldlike, wearing a small blue coat, waiting with the wafer box on the door’s threshold.

Yes, it was him; but he came running, alarmed, frantic, as if fleeing a disaster.

“Child, child!” he entered screaming, “Your braid will be cut, your braid will be cut!”

Livid and ecstatic, the novice stood up to reach the door when she saw him enter, herself dressed more with charity, with the shoes a paralytic nun had worn when she was alive. As she heard him yell, she felt the weight of the nun’s feet upon her own, who had lived her whole life without ever moving. And she could not step …
A sigh, like a star, tingled in her throat. The birds scissored through the dusk of the dark ruins. Two giant eucalyptus trees prayed penitential psalms.

Tied to the feet of a corpse, without being able to move, she cried hopelessly, swallowing her tears in silence the way the sick do, whose organs have dried and begun to grow cold. She felt cleaved, covered in earth. She felt that in her grave the orphan's dress that she filled with the earth of her being—roses of white words blossomed, and little by little her grief became a kind of tranquil happiness ... The nuns were now ambulating rose bushes, cutting their flowers to adorn the altar of the virgin. And from the roses blossomed the month of May: web of aromas where Our Lady fell prisoner like a trembling particle of light.

But the feeling of her body blossoming after death was brief.

Like a comet that suddenly runs out of thread while in the clouds, she fell head first from the weight of her braids, rags and all. The mystery was her braid, a sum of anguished instants. In the moment of a few breaths she lost consciousness, and when close to the heat and the bubbling where demons boiled up, she again felt herself on earth. A fan of possible realities opened before her: a night of sugared pastries, pines smelling of altar, the pollen of life in the hair of the wind, a cat without form nor color clawing the fountain water, rustling old papers strewn on the floor.

The window and herself were filled with sky ... “Child, God knows why he gave communion ...” the one in the coat murmured, lowering over the coals of his eyes the grate of his lashes.

The novice pulled her hand away from the wafers when she heard the blasphemy: no, it wasn't a dream! Then she felt her arms, her shoulders, her neck, her face, her braid ... She held her breath for a moment, what seemed a century, when she noticed her braid. No it wasn't a dream. She came to life beneath her warm handful of hair, becoming aware of her female adornments in this diabolical wedding witnessed by the Opium-man and a candle lit at the other end of the room, oblong like a coffin. The light sustained the impossible reality of her beloved, who in extreme unction would have become a bat, and it was her own flesh. She shut her eyes to escape, enveloped in blindness, by this infernal vision, by this man who by merely being a man caressed her where she was most a woman, shivering with uncontrollable desire. But this was only the lowering of her golden eyelids which felt as if she were lifting the crippled nun from her feet, and now running, soaked in tears, she opened them ... She clawed the shadows, opened her eyes, came out from deep within into terrified pupils, like rats in a trap, chaotic, deaf, her cheeks pale—a needle case of tears—, trembling in the wrenching agony she felt at her feet, and her braid, a stream of living carbon twisting behind her in an invisible flame ...
But when her braid fell, it was no longer a braid: it moved, undulated over the wafers that were thrown on the floor.

Opium-man looked toward the light. Her tears trembled in her lashes like the last lingering flames in the resin of burnt opium. She slid along the seam of the wall with her breath regained, without moving a shadow, without making a sound, hoping to reach the flame she thought was her salvation. Suddenly her careful steps broke into terrified flight. The headless reptile left its sacred skin and filed towards him. It crawled beneath his feet like the black blood of a dead animal and suddenly took to the light, releasing itself in seeds of water, flowing quickly, entwining itself like a whip upon the candle, making you weep for her soul which was extinguished forever. This is how Opium-man reached eternity, why cactus still cry white tears.

The demon had entered her braid as a breath, and fell on the floor lifeless when the candle’s flame was extinguished. By midnight, changed into a large animal twice the size of a lamb in the full moon, the size of a weeping willow in the new moon, with goat’s hooves, rabbit’s ears and a bat’s face. The Opium-man dragged the novice’s black braid to hell.

In time, Elvira would become Mother Superior of San Francisco. This is how el Cadejo is born – meanwhile, Elvira dreams among smiling angels, kneeling in her cell with the Easter lily and the mystic lamb.

*Cadejo – A form of demon in Guatemalan folklore. The word cadejo also means a lock or tuft of hair that is snarled or tangled. It can also mean the thick coarse hair of a horse’s mane.*
ChismeArte asserted the narrative of the undocumented immigrant as emergent working class in the comic strip, “No Way Jose,” an illustration by Leo Limon of Lalo Guerrero’s song. In the cartoon, the Jose’s misadventures illustrate discrimination and labor exploitation of undocumented Mexican immigrants. Jose can’t get fair wages because he doesn’t have papers, and is so stuck washing dishes for “50 cents a day.” When he asks for a raise, it’s “no way Jose.” The relation of rasquichismo to postmodernism is suggested in Jose Montoya’s “Sleepy Lagoon” story. Among other things, his trenchant micro-Cultural History explains how the “zoot-suit wearing pachucos” appropriated the clothing styles of Jazz hipsters from the “fringes and margins” of the North American culture to re-fashion a new, urban Chicano identity. The quintessential city dweller radically re-imagined a novel as if narrated by a Mayan author, drawing
My name’s Jose Gonzales
I come from Monterey
I came up to the border
one bright and sunny day
I told the immigration man
I go to U.S.A.
He looked at me and laughed
and this is what he say,
No way Jose, no way you go to U.S.A.
No way Jose, if you don’t got no papers
you don’t go to U.S.A.
But I am very stubborn
so I jump the fence next day
I took the Greyhound bus
and went to East L.A.
I wound up washing dishes
for fifty cents a day
I told the man, I want a raise
and this is what he say,
No way Jose, No way you get a raise today
No way Jose, If you don’t got green card
you don’t get raise today
I met a señorita,
her name was Sally Mae
I took her out to dinner
and to see a show one day

But when I took her home that night,
I ask her can I stay,
she pushed me out the door
and this is what she say,
No way Jose, No way that you can stay
No way Jose, you put ring on my finger,
then you can stay and play.
Caramba how I suffered
until one lucky day,
I met a man named Bruce,
and this is what he say,
I give you plenty money,
and a place where you can stay
But then he tried to kiss me,
I think that he was gay!
No way No way
I think I go back to Monterey.
13. OPEN

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ANTONIO CISNEROS, POETA PERUANO

BY ENRIQUE R. LAMADRID

CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 6

ANTONIO CISNEROS, recognized as one of the major poets in Latin American Poetry, was born December 27, 1942 in Lima, Perú.

Cisneros first gained fame with COMENTARIOS REALES, winner of Peru’s National poetry prize in 1965. CANTO CEREMONIAL CONTRA UN OSO HORMIGUERO won him the prestigious First Prize for Poetry in the Cuban Casa de las Americas competition of 1968.

“A Denunciation of elephants...” is a poetic construct of random quotes snipped from over 50 years of newspaper and literary documents which Cisneros states, “I have simply put in order according to my own suspicions...”
In April of 1979 we were fortunate enough to receive three poems recorded by Cisneros for radio broadcast on a live KPFK program titled NICARAGUA: LUCHA DE LAS AMERICAS.

Enrique R. Lamadrid is a poet-translator-instructor from Nuevo Mexico who’s exile in the damp Pacific Northwest has come to a merciful end in Espanola, N.M.

A DENUNCIATION OF ELEPHANTS (ALL TOO WELL CONSIDERED IN THESE LATE TIMES)

BY ANTONIO CISNEROS FROM COMO UNA HIGUERA EN UN CAMPO DE GOLF, LIMA, 1972. TRANSLATED BY ENRIQUE R. LAMADRID

CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 6

“I love this country, he said, one may find their nourishment obedience, chickens for four cents, women for a dollar and ‘yahsir Boss’ for not much more” — Paul Niger

On go the feet of the elephants
sinking in the water to cross the river,
their buttocks sway more swollen than a pregnant cow in its ninth month. Their hides are not only resistant to heat and rain but also indicate the wisdom of the old and how wise their children are bound to be.

Bertoldt Brecht had a great love for them and saw them in the depths of some zoo not long before he died:
and he gave them an almond and wrote. But it was the King of the Jungle, Bwana Tarzan, who lived among them and came to speak their tongue and so the elephants—the children and the old ones—learned English.

All of our safaris are guided by bilingual persons. And our beautiful camps are situated in the most picturesque spots so that you and your family will experience the intensity of jungle life. In the reserve you will enjoy a cup of tea while the Majestic elephants pass by in the distance.

I like them also—I saw one in the Great Circus of the Human Eagles that pissed on the box of the mayor of Lima, such wisdom.

The tall-and-rather-fat-almond-eating-animal is literary—but not completely.

Swans—birds in general—have already lost their prestige, horses and wolves are vulgar—"obvious symbols” says Bowl, lions, eagles, falcons, unicorn are scarcely national coats of arms besides being inedible,

spiders and flies are no more revolting than the green worms of the black-berry leaf,

otters aren’t worth much nor the joy of life nor beavers or that good appetite,

the bands of giraffes and gazelles were killed
by Beatty, the plains of bison
were killed by Buffalo Bill and
signify nothing.
From this carnage the elephant is saved.
And it was thanks to the faithful pachyderm
that Tarzan could climb out and so
escape with his life.
It is true there was a time in which
cartographers, curiosity seekers and
traders were swift men,
and they gave their names to the waten
before they fell into the hands of
others:
Lake Rudolf, Lake Victoria-and they left
the land with its own name,,
not without changing them with their
pronunciation.
But after these people, there was no longer
any difference between lightning,
riflemen, traders,
and the cartographers and the other trackers
hardly even got themselves a
monument in London-if they hadn’t
already gotten in on the booty.

And the Savages immediately saw their palisades
torn asunder by dozens of maddened
elephants under the orders of Tantor.
The soldiers finished off the survivors,
sparing only a few chiefs who would be
of some use. Captain Campbell couldn’t
find the words to thank the Ape Man for
his life and victory. When he raised his
head it was too late. Over a Green Hill
Tarzan and the elephant went off into
the distance.
And so, as many lands as there were stars
were subjugated, taxed, partitioned,
divided.
And later with time and its waters (the U.N.,
guerrilla wars: Commonwealth)
taxed, partitioned, redivided, returning
them their names and flags.
But that was all. Even still the elephants
are ready for whatever may be nece11ary:
a consumer’s market against racing cars.
The safari tents are hermetic, with showers,
mosquito Nets and fans.
There is no tomb for Lumumba, not even a sign.

EDITORIAL
CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 6

Our focus in this issue of XhismeArte is distinctly Latin American.

While this new year appears to return us to the cold war, with every political and military maneuver by the super powers bringing us closer to the possibility of world war, the leadership responsibility of Latin America and the developing world becomes greater and greater. The attention given by our national media, shifting from tacit neglect to nearsighted close-ups. sensational headlines of newly discovered countries, gives us the image of the Third World as one governed by chaos, irrationality and backwardness. There is an informational void that needs to be filled by some sense of historical perspective, whether in the case of Iran or El Salvador.
The concerns and needs of the developing nations, including those of Latin America, are not secondary to the "vital interests" of the super powers. Hunger, disease, racial and class oppression are definite vestiges of colonial and neocolonial domination, and the lack of national formation in some of these countries is a constant invitation to outside intervention. This is true in Iran where the U.S. competes to regain control of Iran's oil resources.

The works of the Peruvian poet Antonio Cisneros poignantly previsage the new problems left behind by retreating forms of imperial domination in the 20th century. Declarations of national independence do not automatically imply popular support or revolutionary transformation. Bonapartist coups, whether in Bolivia or Ethiopia, do not take the place of a truly organic revolutionary process, however well-intentioned they may be.

Against this turmoil, Nicaragua appears as a civilized and sobering alternative. Nicaragua reclaims, especially after the reactionary coup in Chile, the momentum of Latin America's most profound period of change since the movements of national independence at the turn of the 17th century. Nicaragua's continuing success must be measured by the amplitude and organization of its popular support, which perhaps is the best protection against neo-colonial intervention. It is in the interest of Nicaragua and the developing nations of the Third World to relentlessly pursue social and economic solutions, while at the same time being ready to defend their sovereignty. The developing world must see itself as an independent force that refuses to become obfuscated by the polemics of the super powers. The world movement toward peace and nuclear disarmament must not be jeopardized by the continued militarization of the Third World, by the sale of nuclear technology, and by Carter's attempts to win approval of the MX missile program and reinstate draft registration.

In the past XhismeArte has been a mish-mash of information, photos and arte without a clearly defined editorial format. XhismeArte is in fact a new magazine arriving at new definitions and perceptions, redesigned to meet present needs. We'd like to keep it moving in this direction.

In terms of finances, our economic picture has changed substantially. Thanks to grants awarded to us by the California Arts Council, we have been able to set up the Latino Writers Workshop and begin collecting material for our upcoming special issue, Homenaje a la ciudad de Los Angeles, 1781-1981: The Latino Experience of L.A. We must also extend special thanks to the Los Angeles Municipal Arts Program for the grant they awarded to us that makes this issue possible. Your next issue of XhismeArte will be ready this July and is dedicated to Frida Kahlo; with design and content assumed by Concilio member, Galeria de la Raza of San Francisco's Mission District. With your continued support XhismeArte will continue with greater regularity and consistency.

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CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 6

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BARBARA CARRASCO

FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT

A leading California archive describes Carrasco as “a painter and muralist in Los Angeles whose work has been important in the development of Chicano art, U.S. contemporary political and public art, and women’s cultural production. Between 1976 and 1991, Carrasco worked closely with the United Farm Workers, producing graphic arts, banners, and murals that were an integral part of the union’s activities.”

In addition to its social justice and anti-racist themes, her work challenged male domination in the Chicano art field, advocacy that led to collaborations with John Valadez and Carlos Almaraz. In the 1980s, she battled the City of Los Angeles, which refused to exhibit her portable mural “L.A. History—A Mexican Perspective” a rendering of which appeared in the “201” issue of ChismeArte.
HELEN VIRAMONTES

BY MATTHEW GILBERT

FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT

Born in 1954, the daughter of a Mexican construction worker and Chicana homemaker grew up in East L.A., attended Garfield High School, where she joined the 1968 “Chicano Blowouts,” or student walkouts. She graduated from Immaculate Heart College with a B.A. in English Literature in 1975. She published some of her first works of fiction and non-fiction in ChismeArte before earning an MFA from UC Irvine in 1994. She has published a critically acclaimed collection of short stories, and two novels, Under the Feet of Jesus, and Their Dogs Came With Them, award-winning works recognized for their
technical ambition and unflinching portrayals of the exploitation of Mexican immigrant children and women.

**OLGA TALAMANTE; UN TESTIMONIO**

BY HELEN MARIA VIRAMONTES

CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO.7

“For more than 10 months the Argentine government of Isabel Peron has held Olga Talamante—a 25-year-old Chicana from Gilroy, California—in a jail along with an estimated 3,000 other political prisoners. Her crime? Association with the broad mass of Argentine people who for years have struggled for the restoration of democracy in their country. For more than 10 months the U.S. government has been guilty of complicity by supporting this repression against the Argentine people and by refusing to press for Olga's release…”

*La Gente Newspaper*, November 4, 1975

You can say that everything is part of your whole political process but I know just by working in the fields and seeing how we lived in comparison to how the boss lived … well, it was a very stark picture to me. That's when you kind of begin to question things. But there's no one time that you say “Now I am taking a stance;” there's a variety of time you take stances … and a lot of times there are repercussions you are going to have to deal with … The experience in Argentina was a key time when the consequences of a political stance were very dramatic for us, very stark and very hard to deal with.

“From my experience I have learned that terrible things do happen in other countries: as well as ours, and the mass killings that take place in Latin America are something to be aware of … “

*La Gente Newspaper*, May, 1975

Before, I think, I had at least a superficial sense that things in Latin America were similar in a lot of ways to what was going on here: the type of system, the discrimination—although it's not exactly the same. But having traveled a bit in Central America and Mexico, you really experience the feeling that something's not right here. There's incredible poverty, incredible exploitation of people … Then, everything becomes connected. See the similarities that run across the continent … take a certain perspective of you identifying with poor people suffering anywhere, people being exploited, where people are starving, because it's the same with poor people anywhere. You identify with them not so much based on differences, but on similarities.

This particular concept is not very generalized among Chicanos. They identify on a cultural basis with Mexico. The cultural basis, I think, is limited because you look at the reality of the people and ask yourself what are the real similarities because there are Mexicans who exploit people and those who are exploited. So which Mexican do you identify with? So now it's not a cultural question, but one of class.

“State of siege declared in Argentine, suspending civil rights. Four days later Olga Talamante and twelve Argentine political activists arrested at a party and tortured for four days and nights by federal police in Azul, Argentina.”

*La Gente Newspaper*, November 6, 1974
I was going down to Argentina for six months. I had just graduated from college and wanted to take six months off. I had friends there, friends who were politically involved, so it wasn’t like I was going to fly in and go to the beach, but it was more like I wanted to see if I could get into school. The University of Buenos Aires. When I got there, I had already applied. Politically the situation there was very fast. Elections had happened for the first time in 18 years, military was not in power, and a popular government was in. There were a lot of contradictions, a lot of different problems but I was happy to be there thinking I’ll be going to school. .. Then the Director of the University got thrown out the second week I was there. There were strikes, demonstrations and you couldn’t go to school. It was all incredibly exciting—increased energy going on. Also there were changes going on … There were a lot of popular movements, reforms, political prisoners were freed, freedom of the press was established. A certain period of freedom existed right about the time I got there. People were just bursting with energy and organizing. The friends that I went to visit worked, so when I got there, they would invite me to go down to the barrios to see what was happening there.

Building. There were a lot of popular projects going on. They were building a first aid station, and bus stop shelters. Kind of like work brigades, active young people.

So that was what was happening and I identified with that because it was not so unlike the work we had done with the farmworkers, working with people, working on projects, getting people organized. There was a kind of political opening in Argentina… then it clapped down again. That was the time I got arrested. But for a year and four months, the people could do a lot of things.

Although I had planned to stay only six months, I definitely stayed there longer. And I was going to return just about the time I got arrested, too. I was there for a year and five months before I got arrested. But before that, it was sort of a pick-me-up. It was an incredible reality to see masses of people right there on the streets organizing, demanding, really accomplishing something. And that in itself was a very important political experience for me because I saw in actuality what I had believed in thought. It just happened. Thousands and thousands of people out on the streets, organizing their communities… It gave me a lot of faith in what I believed in.

Then things changed so that the right wing took over the government. What we were doing at one point was sort of legal and sanctioned by the government, then in a very short time it became illegal. That’s when the harsh oppression came down on us and we were all arrested. Some are still in prison, others are dead.

“Mr. and Mrs. Talamante, accompanied by parish priest and community leaders, make a plea to Argentine consul Ricardo Elizondo in San Francisco that Olga be released in ‘the spirit of Christmas.’ Elizondo replies that ‘There is no torture in Argentina. Your daughter will receive a just and prompt trial.’”

_La Gente Newspaper_, December 16, 1974

The arrest. I was definitely worried about it. It was definitely the kind of situation where you have control and if they shoot you, well, they shoot you. What can you do? For the first two days in prison I really believed I was going to be shot. They had a gun right to my head. What could I say? They wanted me to talk, wanted to find out names, who else was I working with, and so on. And the other thing was getting you to admit you did things like bomb this place or that.
Their main objective was to rape you politically. To make you change your mind, give up those ideals that you have. Make you think “Is it worth it? Are you going to go through this just because of what you think? If you are, you’re a real fool.” They would say “Everybody else has talked, everybody else has turned you in…” “You’re an intelligent young woman,” they would say. “What are you doing being stuck in this? Why don’t you tell us what so and so has done, and we’ll let you go.” Politically and psychologically it was raping to the point of turning other people in or driving a wedge between you. Because politically, they know the best thing that we have going for us is the unity, loyalty, respect and real caring that we have for each other. And that’s what they wanted to break. That’s why they would isolate you so that you wouldn’t be able to say “What did you really say to them?” It was all very scientific.

Then there’s the physical part… electric shocks, beatings, coming in the middle of the night and putting you up against the wall like they were going to shoot you …

“They took all my clothes off and then strapped me to a bed. They tied me spreadeagle fashion … then they proceeded to apply the electric shocks throughout my body. On my head, on my eyes, on top of the adhesive tape, on my nipples, vulva, vagina, the joints of my legs, and my fingers and toes.”

La Gente Newspaper, November, 1976

I survived it because everybody else does too… We all did and I think it was all on the basis of the strength of our ideals, our commitment and what we have done, knowing that giving in to them is not only giving in, but giving up all we ever believed in. It was a political battle carrying on right there and then. You don’t come through it perfectly but the main thing is to be able to sustain yourself by having faith in the other people, your friends who have also been arrested and not turning other people in. You ask yourself the question “Am I only to give in so safe myself? Or should I hold out?” And you hold on, on the basis of other people doing it too. “Love life enough to struggle.” I wrote that in a letter… and what I was thinking was, I read an article in the newspaper about how these crazy, yelling subversives didn’t care about life. We’re so foolish and crazy, we don’t know what we’re doing. I remember the article had that tone to it. I wrote in response to say that I felt we loved life so much that we were willing to struggle for it. And it’s true. We do want to live, but in a certain way. And to achieve it you begin to struggle for a better life for everybody, and at times you have to suffer for it.

I did the most writing while in prison because that was one of the main ways to communicate. There wasn’t a whole lot you could do. There were five women that got arrested…
SER MUJER
BY VARIOUS POETS
CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 7

RITUAL
Pomade brushed into my hair
each stroke glistening
the tresses reaching
to my waist
each parted section
multiplies into
trensas pulling my eyes
so they called me china
squirming with childhood impatience
a crack on my head with the brush
warning me to sit still
And I knew
and now remember love

by Kathy Valadez

BLOOD-LINE
My daughter called to
tell me of her first
grey hair: her accomplishment,
her excitement was clear, “Like you, like
you, mother.” The
cat sits facing the
lone, bloomed daffodil.
as bright as the
sun, and so
many, so many
roses—some
fading, some
blooming, some
invisible to the
eye. They face the
rising moon as
loyal as
blood; and the
cat with its
clusters of seven
within the
swelling fur: as
you grow
old with me, to
grow young with
you—blooming,
bleeding from the
same, sturdy bush,
my daughter.

by Alma Villanueva
MADRE AUSENTE

Ya se acerca el 10 de Mayo,
y yo otra vez en la Prisión,
fecha que aunque no quiera,
me destroza el corazón
porque es día de las madres
en México, mi nación.
De tres niñas y soy madre,
y este también es mi día
no porque estoy prisionera
crean que me olvida,
es que no lo demuestro.
Sé que nada ganaría.
Más lo mío lo soporto
con fuerzas y con valor;
pero mi madre tan lejos,
eto me causa dolor:
que una hija sin su madre
es un “Fuego sin Calor.”
Parece que la estoy viendo
llorando por nuestra ausencia
y pidiéndole a Diosito
que de ella tenga clemencia,
y a nosotros nos de fe
y también mucha paciencia.
Que triste y que duro
es no tener LIBERTAD.
Lo digo francamente
pues es la pura verdad;
y que el cariño de madre
es una necesidad.
Como te extraño mi madre,
mi mamacita querida,
me hacen falta tus consejos
y todo lo que me decías;
y yo en vez de hacerte caso,
a tu espalda me reía.
Ahora que me encuentro presa
me remuerde la conciencia,
que todo lo que yo hacía,
lo hacía a mi conveniencia
sin pensar que sufrimientos
yo to dejaba como herencia.
Cuando yo tuve dinero
me sobraban los amigos,
me llenaban de atenciones
y hasta conmigo vivían,
pero era puro interés,
eso ya lo he comprendido
como ya no tengo nada,
he quedado en el olvido.
Con lo único que cuento
es con mi madre adorada,
eso tesoro que tengo
y que antes no cuidaba,
pero ahora me doy cuenta
de que estaba equivocada.
Pues el Amor de una Madre
es una cosa sagrada,
y sabemos que en esta vida:
sin madre no somos nada.

por Alma Alicia Gastelum S. Abril 1978, Pleasanton Women’s Prison, CA
PROSA PARA UN POEMA SER MUJER ES CAMINO INTERMINABLE

el tiempo breve, azaroso el viaje,
canto sin voz, o voz que a veces canta,
lágrima oculta a solas derramada.
Sonrisa, entrega, espejo,
oasis, llama.
Sartén, aguja, escoba,
burla, aldaba…
Altamar, bajamar, esencia y ala.
¡Hasta cuando, señores, hasta cuando!
Esto de ser mujer me va cansando.
Es como estarse yendo sin marcharse.
Extranjera en la tierra,
ciudadana de un mundo atormentado,
despojada de bienes y justicia
—esta de parias desde el Paraíso—
Eva ultrajada sin saber por qué.
Casada fiel
o infiel por tanta afrenta,
ultraje, deshonor, injuria, ofensa.
Esposa y madre—alcoba sin ventana,
lágrima sin pañuelo, voz sin eco,
marea sin luna y volcán sin lava—
¡Anhelos inconclusos! ¡Hasta cuando!
Esto de ser mujer me va cansando.

Dificil concentrarse en cualquier cosa
con veinte interrupciones por minuto
¡El cartero mamá, le llegan cartas!
los niños corren y los perros ladran,
el niño se rompe las narices,
la niña, frenética, lo abraza,
timbra el teléfono, se derrama el agua.
¿Y el poema?
Es barco que naufraga.

ADEMAS:
ser concreta y ser abstracta
madera bien tallada, lindo traje
rostro de ángel, pierna bien torneada
comedida, cortés, atenta, urbana,
asexual, voluptuosa, apasionada,
—mitad maja desnuda, mitad santa—
Mona Lisa, la Esfinge, Dulcinea,
Beatriz, Polimnia, Palas Atenea,
bailar “disco” flamenco, jazz, joropo
y recordar las fábulas de Esopo.
Ser graciosa, ser fiel, alabastrina
y morena… Jazmín y golondrina.
ETERNAMENTE JOVEN, sosegada.
Ser su reina (sin trono) y ser su esclava.
La niña de sus ojos y su almohada.
¡Hasta cuando, señores, hasta cuando!
Esto de ser mujer me va cansando.

POSDATA: Pero… “la cítola es por demás,
cuando el molinero es sordo.”

por Rosa Elvira Alvarez
Luis J. Rodriguez
FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT

ChismeArte enjoys the distinction of publishing the earliest draft of Always Running: Gang Days in L.A., the 1993 bestselling, critically acclaimed memoir of an L.A. gang-member's life. Although Rodriguez could not have predicted it, his poetry, novels, and journalism would win him the awards (Carl Sandburg and Chicago Sun-Times Literary awards) and the recognition to co-found organizations devoted to serving at-risk barrio youth. Born in 1954, and raised in South Los Angeles, he witnessed the riots of 1965. At 11 years old, his family moved to the San Gabriel Valley, where he joined the “Lomas” street gang, and continued running with gangs until the 70’s. Despite his gang involvement, his search for meaning led him to the Chicano movement. He joined the East L.A. high school walkouts in 1968 and the Chicano Moratorium against the Vietnam War in 1970. At 18 years old, “a sentence imposed for a criminal conviction was mitigated by letters of support from community members who saw his potential.” Feeling indebted to his community, Rodriguez enrolled at California State
University Los Angeles, and afterward, was accepted in UC Berkeley’s Summer Program for Minority Journalists. He then joined the San Bernardino Sun, while spearheading ChismeArte's last edition. Rodriguez, today a sought-after speaker, still believes in the transformative power of art: “There is probably no more powerful force for change in this uncertain and crisis-ridden world than young people and their art.”

**ALWAYS RUNNING**

**BY LUIS J. RODRIGUEZ**

**CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 9**

Earl lived across the street from Augie. One day he came over and asked to share a game of marbles with Augie. Augie had accumulated one of the most extensive marble collections anywhere and he was glad to know somebody showed an interest. They played and lost most of the marbles, but it didn’t matter. Augie and Earl became good friends.
Augie was not going to school although he had passed his seventh birthday and would soon be eight. Jenny, his mother, didn't want to bother with all the mes of getting him registered. She liked him around the house, helping her on her errands and watching over his sister Cuca when he had to stay up late sewing for the costura man.

Earl didn’t go to school because he was sickly, burdened by some disease which kept him out of school, but did not stifle his energy to play with Augie.

Sometimes they would sit around on the rooftops and scare themselves with spooky stories.

“Did you hear the one about the half-man?” asked Earl.

“The what?” answered Augie.

“The half-man. He's a dude who was cut in half somewhere.”

“Yea, go on.”

“And he would go through Watts and find kids and eat them.”

“Man that’s sick,” Augie said. “Hey, have you heard about the pie.”

“What about it?”

“The pie means foot in Spanish… and that's all it is. One big foot walking around.”

Gusty wind swirled through the avocado tree branches at the moonlight cast an uncanny shadow near where the boys were talking.

“And you know about La Llorona?” Augie asked.

“Ohh, yeah…”

“She’s an old Mexican lady.”

“She's Mrs. Alvarez.” They both laughed.

“Nah, nah … this lady got all her children and carved them up into little tiny pieces.”

“And…”

“And then she went all over the neighborhood and sprinkled pieces of their bodies everywhere.”

“And then…”

“Then she was cursed by God to go around the streets looking for her children. That’s why they call her La Llorona, the weeping lady.”

The leaves rustled in an eerie weeping sound. The boys jumped up, stumbled over each other,
as they tried to get off the roof, through clothes hanging on a line, to get home.

“Hey Augie, over here,” Earl yelled.

“Where you at?” Augie yelled back.

“Over here in the dark.”

“Man, how am I going to find you in the dark?”

Laughter.

Earl and Augie looked through the fence of the elementary school. The old brick building cast elongated shadows from the moonlit sky over a basketball court of concrete. On the fence was a sign.

“What does it say?” Augie asked.

“No one allowed after 4:30 p.m. by order of blah, blah, blah,” Earl said. He looked over at Augie with a devil-may-care look.

"Throw the ball over and then help me up," he said.

Augie threw the basketball over the fence, placed his hand together in a cup and lifted Earl high up, as he climbed the rest of the way and then partly over before jumping down with a thump.

“Come on, man. Let’s go,” Earl said from the other side of the chain-link fence.

Augie started to climb, falling back one. Too small in his eight years.

“Forget you, Augie. I’m going to play by myself,” Earl said.

“Wait!” Augie yelled. He walked back further. He remembered his brother David telling him that if you want to do anything, just do it a la volada.

Augie crouched low, then ran up to the fence, placing his torn sneaker in the mesh and climbed up. Soon he was over with a big thud.

He wiped the grass and dirt from his pants and walked up casually to Earl and took the ball from him.

“Hey, what’s holding you up? Let’s go,” Augie said as they walked over to the courts.

The heat of the LA night weighed down on the two boys but they continued playing in one of the few places with a decent ball court in La Colonia.

Slowly a black and white police car drove by, its headlights off and searchlight moving back and forth. The dribbling sound of the ball against the asphalt and the grunt of the boys could be heard from the street.
The police unit slowly approached where Augie and Earl made their lay-ups; teased and cajoled each other.

“What do you call that, eh?”

“I call that bad-ass B-ball.”

“I call it double dribbles.”

They laughed.

The police car moved its lamplight toward the courts and then shone it over the boys. The dribbling stopped and the laughter.

“Alright, this is the police.”

Two officers were by the fence, batons and flashlight were in their hands.

“Let’s go,” Earl said.

“What do you mean, let’s stay here,” Augie countered.

“You crazy, we trespassing. They’re going to beat the shit out of us, man,” Earl replied.
18. LATINOS WITHOUT BORDERS

Cover Artist: Diane Gamboa, 1984
ChismeArte Magazine No. 10, Latinos without Borders, 1984
After another day of court appearances and interrogations, trips to the visiting screen, all the vatos are back in the tanke. (No one wants to remember yesterday’s wide beds: soft bodies moving on them.)

No one wants to conjure tomorrow’s crowded bull pens, 5 to life sentences—

---

“The Jam Session” by Manazar, illustrations by Frank Hernandez
ChismeArte Magazine No. 8, 201: Homenaje a la ciudad de Los Angeles (Homage to the City of Los Angeles), 1982, p.20

“Ciudad de Los Angeles I” by Victor Valle, illustrations by Frank Hernandez
ChismeArte Magazine No. 8, 201: Homenaje a la ciudad de Los Angeles (Homage to the City of Los Angeles), 1982, p.24

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1953 CHICANO TANKE IN THE OLD COUNTY JAIL “THE JAM SESSION”

BY MANAZAR

CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 8

After another day of court appearances and interrogations, trips to the visiting screen, all the vatos are back in the tanke. (No one wants to remember yesterday’s wide beds: soft bodies moving on them.)

No one wants to conjure tomorrow’s crowded bull pens, 5 to life sentences—
chains around wrists, around ankles, around waists.)

From cell #4, Sapo de la Loma yells out, “Ese, Chuta, ain’t you vatos gonna jam tonight?”

“Yeah, Chuta,” someone else hollers, “we wanta trip a little taste.”

“Let’s do it for Switch, man,” a homey from Hazard joins in, “he got life today—him and Little Jimmy.”

Chuta de Rose Hill is a dark round little guy with a big toothy smile

ChismeArte Magazine No. 8, 201: Homenaje a la ciudad de Los Angeles (Homage to the City of Los Angeles), 1982

and a heart of Rhythm & Blues. “All right, then,” he yells back with a beat, “let’s get it together.”

Eddie de la Macy (known to the jainas as “Handsome Eddie”) drags a large trash can to the front of Chuta’s cell and starts beating out a slow emphatic rhythm.

Lucky de la Alpine wraps his thick knuckle-scarred hand round the chain that holds the bottom bunk, picks up Eddie’s rhythm, and starts to thump in the bass line.

Vatos crowd together: faces with don’t-give-a-fuck attitudes. Matches light cigarettes.
Palms meet palms.

Me,
Richard de Wilmas,
and Meño From 38 street
make saicaphones out of newspapers,
crowd into cell #8,
and get to blowing out the walls.

Chuta,
dancing gracefully
in the midst of it all,
snaps his fingers,
jumps on top of the toilet bowl,
greets the carnales with a great big smile,
then lets out with a painful:
“Did you ever have a woman,
catch her running-a-round?”

“Sing it, Chuta, sing it!”
someone yells out.

“Ah say,
did you ever have a woman,
catch her running-a-round?”

And on, and on
we sing and jam
into Kansas City,
Pink Champagne,
All That Wine is Gone.
and more, and more,
until:
LOCK-UP TIME.
ALL PRISONERS TO THEIR CELLS.
Iron doors clang shut.

We settle into our bedding
with heavy, heavy sighs.
After a while—
inside the silence—
toilet is being flushed,
a truck is rumbling down Temple Street,
someone is softly singing,
“Did you ever have a woman … “

— Manazar

CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES

BY VICTOR MANUEL VALLE
CREDIT: CHISMEARTE MAGAZINE NO. 8

I
Definitely not east,
but west from New York,
from a St. Louis wagon stop
and inheriting the stigma
of a dirty cattle town
with dust thrown up in clouds by horses
and wagons scratching out
La calle central,
La calle alameda, la figueroa
on higher ground between winter rivers,
el arroyo seco de verano
listless,
los oriundos de habla Shoshone
with scars in their eyes—
Los Serranos and their children
began to die when the padres
called them pacíficos
And the random
eating of lomas began around Sonora town,
bridges over rivers that flooded
to Maravilla, El Hoyo, El Sereno
now no cíenegas or muddy rivers,
instead dead cement
over aluvial paths
This was one stroke across the map,
recent impulse to unfurl a destiny
ocean to ocean
And the older impulse, always presence,
not a frontier for those south
siguiendo a pie las aristas llovidas
de la sierra Cora desde
los esteros de Tecuala,
desde Aztatlán del Río
subiendo hasta la Quemada, Chalchihuites
de las turquesas
recorriendo el espinazo de sierra,
siguiendo los que bajaron
entre épocas de hielo, épocas verdes, secas,
abriendo y cerrando la puerta brava,
entrando por el Río Colorado
de los Yuma, Havasupai, Tusuyan,
subiendo por el Río los Conchos,
Pecos, Bravo
hasta Chaco, Acoma, Yambé
y pueblo Taos
and before we knew it had a name
Paquimé, pochteca merchant city de la Gran Chichimeca
where California mother-of-pearl
was traded for Taos copper bells.
Hohokam pottery and turquoise traded
for obsidian knives,
for gold Texcoco nose plugs,
filigrane pectorals adorned with
emerald and ochre feathers
of Guacamayos y guajolotes thriving

in adobe cages
y tenían el juego de pelotl
80 miles from the Arizona border,
america's flood control system
in the year 1,000,
y asaban los magueyes enteros
en grandes hornos de piedra
para hacer el sotol de las fiestas—
Los Mexicanos siguen los mismos caminos
pasando por El Paso
o bajando la Rumorosa a Tecate
en Camión Tres Estrellas
para entrar a Tijuana de madrugada,
ofrecer tus manos en una cicina,
y fregar trastes para un bacado,
porque si no,
gastas la feria que le toca al coyote,
y si no llevas feria,
le pasas por un agujero en la noche
y caminas el desierto hasta Brawley,
o te agarras de un tren
y haber si te lleva
a los angeles
VICTOR VALLE

BY BRETT MCCLAIN & MATTHEW GILBERT

FROM THE 2008 EXHIBIT

His earliest biographer described the Southern California native as a poetry, award-winning translator, and literary editor with one foot in his neighborhood, and the other in Latin American literature. Emphasizing his poetry, Enrique La Madrid wrote: “Valle’s poems explore the links and contradictions between the deeply personal and the historical, opposite poles of experience that are usually alienated or dichotomized in most American poetry. In Valle’s poetry they reach a powerful synthesis.” The biographer’s description proved accurate in most respects. But the 1982 entry, published after Valle had edited and contributed to ChismeArte for seven years, and after starting his The Los Angeles Times reporting career, did not predict his Cultural Studies scholarship or book-length works of literary non-fiction.

The possibilities of non-fiction narrative no doubt opened up to him at the Los Angeles Times, an eight-year period in which time he won honors for investigative journalism and a Pulitzer Prize in 1984 as a member of the reporting team that wrote a multi-article series on Southern California’s Latino community. The New Press published his first book-length experiment with the form, Recipe of Memory: Five Generations of Mexican Cuisine, in 1995. The hybrid memoir/culinary history garnered three literary nominations from two leading book competitions, a translation into Italian, and inclusion into the Library of America’s 2007 edition of .... Since then, the University of Minnesota Press has published (2000) Latino Metropolis, his book-length study of the political, economic, and cultural ramifications of a L.A.’s Latino plurality. His next book, City of Industry: A Genealogy of Power, is forthcoming from the University of Minnesota Press.
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For her introduction and use of excerpts from her thesis, “¡Y Que ! : The Representation of Chicano identity on the covers of Chismearte Magazine.”

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Lynda Alamo
Mark Smith
Denise Wessels
Greg Wilson

This exhibition is a productive blend of campus disciplines and boundaries with cross-department collaboration to create the design and narrative of the exhibition.
Cal Poly Ethnic Studies, Art & Design, and Graphic Communication students wrote the narrative’s critical analysis, designed the layout for the exhibit’s look and feel, and provided graphic design for the exhibit’s promotion.
ETHNIC STUDIES STUDENTS: ES 323
Lauren Ambrose
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Alyssa Dickinson
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Archival copies of ChismeArte Magazines:
Fall No.1, 1976
Pachuco. Vol. 1, No.3, 1977
La Mujer, Special Issue. Vol.1 Issue 4, 1977-78
Open. No. 6, 1980
Special Women’s Issue. No. 7, 1981
201: Homenaje a la ciudad de Los Angeles, 1982
Southwest Issue, No. 9, 1983
Latinos without Borders, No. 10, 1984
Courtesy of Private Collection
EDITIONS (CONTINUED)

SPECIAL WOMEN’S ISSUE
No. 7 | 1981

201: HOMENAJE A LA CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES
No. 8 | 1982

SOUTHWEST
No. 9 | 1983

LATINOS WITHOUT BORDERS
No. 10 | 1984

SHORTY
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FALL NO. 1

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EDITORIAL

ChismeArte is an open forum for the development of communication, ideas, concepts that will contribute to the arts and social struggle.

This issue of ChismeArte is dedicated to the Chicano-Latino arts and the various organizations that represent new directions in public art.

We are exploring aesthetic sensibilities as being an integral part of the daily life of the people. We will attempt to organize and develop communication that is progressive and supportive of the revolutionary process.

ChismeArte is Perception and gaming. It is revolutionary art. And that is revolutionary. Arte Público. ¡Armas y Cántos!

ChismeArte is a Molotov cocktail for your aesthetic appetite.
Fall No. 1

Since 1982 Machiko Art Center has presented and supported well over 100 beautiful and thought-provoking exhibitions throughout the greater Los Angeles area in its various locations. The gallery’s mission is to create an environment that is accessible to artists and the community. The mix of emerging and established artists has been a major factor in meeting the community’s needs and promoting their work. Machiko Art Center has significantly increased arts education opportunities through the establishment of the Machiko Art Center Education Program, which has provided opportunities for community members to learn about art and its role in society. The gallery continues to provide a platform for emerging artists to showcase their work and connect with the community. Each month, the gallery features new exhibitions and events, providing a diverse range of experiences for visitors. The gallery also offers workshops, lectures, and interactive programs to engage the community and promote cultural awareness. The goal of the gallery is to create a space where art and community can come together to inspire and educate. The gallery’s commitment to its mission has been recognized by numerous awards, including the American Fine Arts Society Award for Excellence in Community Service, the Los Angeles Arts Council Award for Community Impact, and the California Arts Council Award for Outstanding Contributions to the Arts. The gallery’s dedication to its mission and commitment to the community has made it a vital resource for artists and visitors alike. Machiko Art Center is a testament to the power of art to bring people together and inspire change. The gallery continues to grow and evolve, offering new exhibitions, programs, and events that reflect the diverse needs and interests of the community. The gallery’s dedication to its mission and commitment to the community has made it a vital resource for artists and visitors alike. Machiko Art Center is a testament to the power of art to bring people together and inspire change. The gallery’s dedication to its mission and commitment to the community has made it a vital resource for artists and visitors alike. Machiko Art Center is a testament to the power of art to bring people together and inspire change.
Fall No. 1

Desde 1972, la Casa de Arte Chilena continúa en América Latina, con el legado de la icónica Casa de Arte Chilena de Hollywood. Con la apertura de la nueva sede en el barrio de Los Angeles, la Casa de Arte Chilena estrena su nueva ubicación en el corazón de Hollywood. La Casa de Arte Chilena es una institución cultural que ha sido un punto de encuentro para artistas y admiradores de la cultura chilena en el extranjero. Con su nueva ubicación, la Casa de Arte Chilena busca seguir promoviendo la cultura chilena en América Latina, a través de actividades, talleres, exposiciones y otras iniciativas culturales.

El 29 de noviembre, la Casa de Arte Chilena ofrecerá una serie de actividades en su nueva sede. La programación incluirá talleres de pintura, talleres de escultura, y una conferencia sobre la historia de la cultura chilena en el extranjero. Además, la Casa de Arte Chilena organizará una exposición de arte contemporáneo chileno, que estará abierta al público durante el mes de diciembre.

El director de la Casa de Arte Chilena, Mr. Fermin Yanez, habló sobre la importancia de la nueva ubicación en el corazón de Hollywood. "Estamos muy emocionados de tener nuestra nueva sede en el corazón de Hollywood. Esta ubicación nos permitirá seguir promoviendo la cultura chilena en América Latina de una manera más accesible y efectiva. "

La Casa de Arte Chilena también anunció que ofrecerá una serie de internados para artistas chilenos, que tendrán lugar en el nuevo centro cultural. Estos internados serán una oportunidad para artistas chilenos de todos los niveles, que deseen desarrollar su trabajo y conocer el mundo de la cultura contemporánea en América Latina.

La Casa de Arte Chilena espera que estos eventos y actividades continúen promoviendo la cultura chilena en América Latina, y que la nueva sede de la Casa de Arte Chilena se convierta en un punto de encuentro para artistas y admiradores de la cultura chilena en el extranjero.

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**NOTA:** Este es un resumen ficticio de una nota de prensa sobre la apertura de la nueva sede de la Casa de Arte Chilena en Hollywood. Las fechas y fechas de los eventos son ficticias, y los nombres de las personas involucradas son nombres personajes. El contenido de la nota de prensa es en español y se ha traducido al inglés para fines de ilustración. La Casa de Arte Chilena es una institución ficticia y no existe en realidad.
Fall No. 1

Recommendation
I. That a comprehensive plan be submitted at the time it is formulated in each field as follows
A. Visual arts
B. Literary arts
C. Performing arts
D. Oral media
for the purpose of planning a national conference on the Chicano/Chicana Arts to further alleviate many of the problems currently faced in these art fields
II. The role of an artist in society and the role of cultural work in the Chicano/Chicana movement and its further development strategies for living about geneses to national processes which the artist has been involved; community organizing; forms of support, moral support, social organizing against laws and a planning conference and events.

The purpose of this nation be established for the collective action. That the national conference should be an educational meeting that focuses on the process of community in the Chicano/Chicana institutions. That all the involved in this national conference will be the organizers of the Chicano/Chicana arts.
III. That a national history of Chicano/Chicana in the arts be formulated and documented for this purpose of greater understanding.
IV. That a national Chicano/Chicana Service be formed.
V. That the conference supports these national arts organizations that are already formed.

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La Revolución Se Trata de Amor...

MERCEDES SOBERON

LA MUSEUM MODARTE - SAN FRANCISCO
Print, Poster and Mixed Media

CHISMAESTRE: ¿Qué tipo de arte esta haciendo?

MERCEDES: Soy artista de arte contemporáneo y trabajo con diferentes materiales y técnicas para crear piezas de arte que plantean preguntas sobre la naturaleza de la identidad y sus influencias en nuestra sociedad actual.

CHISMAESTRE: Cuando se postula en un concurso de arte, ¿qué tipo de piezas presenta usualmente?

MERCEDES: Generalmente, presento piezas que exploran temas como la identidad, la memoria y la transformación. Estas piezas suelen ser instalaciones interactivas que permiten al espectador participar y reflexionar sobre los conceptos presentados.

CHISMAESTRE: ¿Cuál de sus obras es la que más le interesa a usted?

MERCEDES: Me gusta mucho el proceso de creación y la investigación que implica. Cada obra es única y ofrece una oportunidad para explorar nuevas ideas y conceptos. Mi obra "La Revolución Se Trata de Amor..." es una de mis favoritas, ya que exploró la relación entre la identidad y el arte contemporáneo.

CHISMAESTRE: ¿Cómo es la gente que ve sus obras de arte?

MERCEDES: La gente que ve mis obras de arte es muy variada. Algunas personas son artistas de arte contemporáneo, mientras que otras son simplemente curiosas y desearían aprender más sobre el arte contemporáneo. La mayoría de las veces, la gente es dispuesta a escuchar y aprender, y esto me motiva a continuar creando y explorando nuevas ideas en mi obra.
TENAZ was born during the spontaneous and emotional stage of the movement to end the U.S. War in Vietnam. This marked the first time a group of young people, primarily Chicano, decided to take action against a foreign government. The movement, which began in the late 1960s, grew out of the frustration and anger felt by many young people of color who saw their communities being systematically oppressed and ignored by the larger society. The movement was a response to the U.S. military's war in Vietnam, which many young people saw as a clear example of corporate greed and government indifference to the needs of the poor and marginalized.

The movement was driven by a deep sense of pride and self-determination, as well as a desire to create a better world for future generations. It was a time of great ferment, with many young people questioning the assumptions of their parents and the established order. The movement was marked by a willingness to take risks and to challenge the status quo, even at great personal cost.

The success of the movement was measured by the extent to which it was able to create new spaces for political action and to challenge the power of the ruling class. It was a time of great creativity and innovation, with many young people using a wide range of tactics and strategies to bring about change. The movement was also marked by a spirit of unity and solidarity, as people from different backgrounds and backgrounds came together to work for a common cause.

The legacy of the movement lives on today, as many of the issues that it fought for remain at the forefront of our collective consciousness. The struggle against corporate greed, government corruption, and social injustice continues to this day, and the lessons learned during the movement remain relevant for generations to come.
Fall No. 1

Full of artists expressions. In order to accomplish that purpose, programs were established to secure the area of high gang activity at a minimum cost, which most of the time, only included the cost of a few gallons of paint. There is no question of obliteration, so it becomes necessary to present the following references in the city of Chihuahua, to understand the problem and how the artistic expressions of the Chicanos in the area have been altered. Today, a house owner’s pain is 500 to 5000 dollars per hour, that of a Chicano artist, and forty years ago, the Civil Works Agency (TWA) which established the Public Works Art Program (PWAP) is paying the artists almost the same amount of money as today. This price for murals at smaller federal buildings was as high as 500 pesos per square foot. A Chicano artist earns $500.00 for a 20 x 20, or 400-square-foot mural that has to be painted in a maximum of ten weeks. Nowadays, the Chicano Artists “Pirata de la Raza”, are painting in order to fulfill their great need to voice the feelings of the Raza.

This is a brief outline for an article being published in the journal that will be translated into French, German, and Italian. The article presents the description and analysis of the artistic expression of the Chicano Museum in the direct and natural impact of the emerging artists of the Chicano Art Movement in the United States.

1. Demographic Pressure, Three Critical Periods of Mexican and Latino Migration to the United States of America.
   - Population Base: US residents of Latin descent
   - Educational Level: 1. Age
   - Political Organization: 2. Socioeconomic Factors
   - Workforce Participation: 3. Education
   - Marginality: 4. Employment
   - Cultural Suppression: 5. Political Education

2. Cultural Pressure
   - Cultural Excess: Access to culture and Opportunity
   - Cultural Change: New models in existing culture

3. Political Discrimination
   - Southern Californian: Case Studies

4. Cultural Suppression
   - Cultural Integration: Populace Base vs. Neighbors
   - Metropolitan Issues: An analysis of the need for an expansion of our common cultural roots

5. Cultural Conflict
   - Cultural Consequences: Cultural Identity
   - Population and Group Identity
   - Group Acceptance and Support vs. Group Rejection

6. The Expansion of Community Feelings
   - The growth of Chicano communities

7. The Chicano Museum
   - Opportunities: 1. Cultural Opportunities
   - Socioeconomic Level: 2. Economic Opportunities

I'm going to refer to the mural movement as the "new art form." Some people call it "the new humanism" or "the new renaissance." When I say "new," it's not new and dynamic, it's just new. The new art form is a reflection of a social context. The Chicano artists are, in effect, trying to eradicate the negative effects of society and the culture of our people. They are using art as a means to communicate, to express, and to change. The Chicano art movement can no longer be ignored.

The Chicano artists are trying to show all the problems that exist. They want to affect change and they want to recognize the severity of oiling it, themselves. They can't. They can't. This movement is not going very well. The Chicano artists are trying to affect change and they want to recognize the severity of the situation and they want to change. The Chicano art movement can no longer be ignored.

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Fall No. 1

CHIAMARTE: WHAT IS A NO-MOVIE?
GRONK: I use the three point dot system for projection of a no-movie. First: No. film. Second: Thinking about an object. A 1" height, 1/3" width, and 1/3" length distribution. The no-movie is a concept that involves the aforementioned system.

GARBOA: It is a personal life within a cinematographic context.
GRONK: It is thinking life before the advent of a video editor. It is projecting the real by altering the real.

CHIAMARTE: HOW DID THE IDEA OF THE NO MOVIE DEVELOP?
GRONK: I started with film in my pocket and film in Grönk’s pocket. With a time between the two of us, we used to put on a mutual film but he wasn’t home. Gronk and I were broke but we still wanted to make a movie so we made one about two artists who only had a 365 camera and who spent 365 days making a movie. The idea of how they make a movie.

GARBOA: With the idea that someone does not film a scene, filmed part make movies, who does not suffer plausibility, to enable a no-movie experience.

CHIAMARTE: DO YOU HAVE A WIDER AUDIENCE FOR YOUR NO MOVIES?
GRONK: We do not have a larger audience for no-movie performances that includes the real, in contrast to the no-movie.

GARBOA: A no movie is not based on the relationship between space and time, a mirror of the audience experience in submission.

CHIAMARTE: DID YOU HAVE A TRADITIONAL BACKGROUND IN FILM MAKING? WHAT I MEAN IS DO YOU HAVE A MOVIE BACKGROUND?
GRONK: Yes, I have a background in film making. I was born in a film making background.

GARBOA: Yes. One movie was about a family that was dependent by No movie. They were always going to the no-movies. When the family came to discover them they found themselves buying more when they ordered their water from this family. They became more involved in no movie film, experimenting new areas of cinema.

CHIAMARTE: FALL 1979

GARBOA: A technology which allows for only minor variations of the same product.

GRONK: If you were to stop buying the Dixie Cups they would die of thirst. They’re not buying and opening the product life we do in this capitalist system for survival. The Dixie Cup brings their whole life. The ending of the movie is not as seen through, I had the children in the family do the Dixie Cup. Capitalist history by becoming it as a household product and from their lives. Replacing it with a more durable and stronger utensil to feed water/food.

GARBOA: Great Poit, was a movie which I proposed at the L.A. County Museum of Art. It was based on a tree as a medium of love, i.e., relations between directors mounted by experimental cultural works in a complex situation.

CHIAMARTE: AT WHAT POINT DID YOU REJECT THE CELLOPHANE FORM OF CINEMA?
GRONK: When I realized Chinese film-makers were making the movie more and more again. Unable to disregard their Dixie Cups.

GARBOA: I discovered for myself that a million dollar project could be accomplished for less than ten dollars and have more than 300 stories circulating around the world.

CHIAMARTE: WHAT CONDITIONS DO YOU WORK UNDER IN ORDER TO PRODUCE A NO MOVIE?
GRONK: The social effects of altering conditions in the process of making the no movie.

GARBOA: Under extreme exhaustion, with images and incidents occurring at their own gestation rate. Being involved I remove them by remembering them the knowledge and what I am ever available materials are available for those conditions.

CHIAMARTE: ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON ANY PROJECTS?
GRONK: A montage of sounds mixed with familiar sounds. Photographic images and images. A mining of the cinematographic. Is it necessary to know more sometimes and I’ll place the findings in the form of a good job have the no-movie can be imagined and placed amongst the graffiti. I would like to realize a no movie that I file, unable to exhibit it is realized a no movie that I see nothing without a film, so that you would be placed in front of the scene in front of the no movie. Producing the project an document would be for sale and sold to the film and exhibit for any examination of the no movie concept. Next to the letter, the more surfaces and an empty page with a microscopic feeling.

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BEST OF NEIGHBORS

By J o s e p h D e c o l e r

20502 passengers and 1001 crew members. Among those, the largest were the United States. The United States and Canada, with 9000 passengers and 2000 crew members, proved to be the most popular destinations. Many passengers might have been expected to travel to these countries because of their proximity. But the United States and Canada also had some 3000 passengers and 1000 crew members. For the first time, 4000 passengers and 1000 crew members were recorded, and a significant number of passengers were seen in European countries, such as Russia and Italy. For the first time, passengers were also seen in the Far East, including Japan and South Korea. Of the passengers who traveled to the United States, the largest number was seen in New York City. The largest number of passengers who traveled to Canada was seen in Toronto.

We have too many passengers to list here, but two countries that were visited by a significant number of passengers were Mexico and Brazil. Many passengers traveled to Mexico City, the site of an annual festival called the "Fall No. 1." Mexico City is the site of a number of annual festivals, including the "Fall No. 1," which is held in November. The festival is known for its cultural events, including concerts, art exhibitions, and film screenings. It is also known for its food, which includes a variety of traditional Mexican dishes. The festival is a popular destination for tourists from around the world, and attracts a large number of visitors each year.
Fall No. 1

This book is dedicated to all who are interested in adding their artwork to the community. The following information is necessary for your artwork: Name of Artist, Title of Artwork, Size of Artwork, and Price. A brief biography of the artwork should accompany the information. A brief review of the artwork will be included in the introduction to the book.

Dedication

To the memory of those who have contributed to the community, and to those who continue to contribute, we extend our gratitude.

Manuel Unzueta

MANUEL UNZUETA

Santa Barbara, California
Fall No. 1

Painting With Words Writing With Colors

The painter and the poet are closer to each other, much more than they imagine when they commit their feelings to the canvas or to paper. For that reason, words and the limitations of color, when a poetic painter tugs at the brush, he feels the words and their meanings with strength.

Very much like a landscape, I followed the canvas as its drawing to the point of its square on the black canvas. I followed the feeling of space, angle, in a way similar to a painter. I can not only a poet, and I have a problem that is similar to the painter. Watercolor and ink on paper do not usually mean much, but the color and the texture of the words, which are words of color, are so much more than just words on a page. The color and the meaning in the words is something that is meaningful, and that is the space.

Painting by Mary Jane Henry

Y La Pampa Llorá

(Told by Father Jose Maria Alamar)

Just pass into the arts... I love the stars,
Empty sea of what you despair,
Stars of where your dreams exist.

For your and me,
No more, and,
As the acts of those who are gone...
y la pampa canta pa la noche.

The artist as a revolutionary

by C.D. Almaraz

The large banner measuring 36 X 24 feet, took three and one half days to complete. It was created by the UFWA, which created the banner and painted the UFWA slogan. The banner was painted on the walls and on the walls of the old buildings. It was created by the UFWA, which created the banner and painted the UFWA slogan.
Fall No. 1

Something more substantial has to be said about the nature of total energy. But for only the purest, most intense state of energy, the beauty of attaining that state is not enough. When we talk of total energy, we speak of what we call "absolute" or "perfect" energy. There is no energy that is not part of this total energy. When we talk of a state of consciousness, we are talking about the state of consciousness.

The beauty of a state of consciousness is not merely the beauty of the state itself. It is the beauty of the state of consciousness that is being referred to. The beauty of a state of consciousness is not just the beauty of the state, but the beauty of the state of consciousness that is being referred to. The beauty of a state of consciousness is not just the beauty of the state, but the beauty of the state of consciousness that is being referred to.

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Fall No. 1
MUSIC

Special Issue

EDITION: ChismeArte Volume 1 No. 2

DATE OF PUBLICATION: 1977

DIMENSIONS: 7.5 x 10"

EDITOR: Guillermo Bejarano

Chismearte, Shifra M. Goldman Papers, CEMA 119. Department of Special Collections, UC Santa Barbara Library, University of California, Santa Barbara.
**Music**

**Interview with Danny Valdez**

Danny Valdez is an actor, singer, songwriter, and a long-time member of El Trapo Compa. He has also released several albums as a solo artist and has appeared in the film *MEXICAN* (DIRECTOR GENERAL), and is currently co-writing a show with Richard Pryor.

**Chromatic:** What do you do when you're not working in music?

**Danny:** Writing, especially poetry.

**Chromatic:** It's a great way to express yourself.

**Danny:** It's a great way to express yourself.

**Chromatic:** That's true. Writing is a powerful tool.

**Danny:** Yeah, it's a powerful tool.

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with music. I do not want authenticity, if you know what I mean. I believe that it is a different world. I believe that it is a different world.

**Chromatic:** How do you feel about the music industry today?

**Danny:** It's a tough industry. I believe that it is a tough industry. I believe that it is a tough industry.

**Chromatic:** What are your thoughts on the future of music?

**Danny:** I believe that it is a tough industry. I believe that it is a tough industry. I believe that it is a tough industry.

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**Chromatic:** What do you like to do when you're not working in music?

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new songs:

Chinese expressions have been deployed through rhetoric, the arts, poetic form, and political pamphlets to 샤티 경의 출이라는 자아의 국가. 헌신한 민족의 인지와 정신과 심리적 필연은 상품화된 국가의 문화와 정책에 대한 반항으로 작용합니다.

Music

Mambo's...
**Music**

**The Curio A Los Muertos**

Voy a cantar este corrido a los muertos y a los Chicanos que los pintan con un canto cabreado parrandas placidas con violadoras con unas gracias en florcita y en el círculo.

Ojos redondos de los botones y del campo los manos pintan para espantar peso de las cintas y de las expresiones sonrosadas y en los diferentes pliegues.

Chico Ramírez, el gusano ladrón y yo hemos quedado en que este es el mundo y en el norte el Call.

**More Canciones**

1. **Sobran Salas**
   - Bajo para quinquín y oye el vals!
   - Que todo día para cantar
   - Nuestra razón de ser
   - Y de las flamencas y las sardanas
   - Pasó el tiempo

2. **El gran tango de Chimbala Hidalgo**
   - No se sentirán los viejos
   - Y en el patio de la esquina
   - De gran diferencia
   - Jamás te olvidaré

3. **El viejo bandido**
   - El tango ha muerto
   - El tango ha muerto

4. **Por mi vida**
   - Que en mi vida

**Songs**

1. **Báscula Básica**
   - I am the one who knows you
   - I am the one who knows you
   - I am the one who knows you
   - I am the one who knows you

2. **Tres de Febrero**
   - No puedo olvidar
   - No puedo olvidar

3. **Cuatro de Febrero**
   - No puedo olvidar

4. **Diez de Febrero**
   - No puedo olvidar

5. **Veinte de Febrero**
   - No puedo olvidar

6. **El viejo bandido**
   - El tango ha muerto

7. **Por mi vida**
   - Que en mi vida

**Carlos Santana: Still Going Strong**

By Luis Torres

Carlos Santana continues to be a brilliant jazz guitar virtuoso, and a world-renowned composer, performer and producer. In the world of music, he is known for his unique style and his ability to create emotional and beautiful music.

His work has inspired and influenced countless musicians, and his albums continue to be celebrated and enjoyed by music lovers around the world.

**Escarvas del Leste**

Melón

Carlos Santana continues to be a brilliant jazz guitar virtuoso, and a world-renowned composer, performer and producer. In the world of music, he is known for his unique style and his ability to create emotional and beautiful music.

His work has inspired and influenced countless musicians, and his albums continue to be celebrated and enjoyed by music lovers around the world.

**El Corrido A Los Muertos**

Voy a cantar este corrido a los muertos y a los Chicanos que los pintan con un canto cabreado parrandas placidas con violadoras con unas gracias en florcita y en el círculo.

Ojos redondos de los botones y del campo los manos pintan para espantar peso de las cintas y de las expresiones sonrosadas y en los diferentes pliegues.

Chico Ramírez, el gusano ladrón y yo hemos quedado en que este es el mundo y en el norte el Call.
La Peña La Peña La Peña La Peña La Peña

La Peña de Los Ángeles: El pensamiento de mayor envergadura y el amor enserio de los hispanos de Los Ángeles. La Peña de Los Ángeles ha sido una fuerza poderosa en el escenario cultural y artístico. Los miembros de la Peña de Los Ángeles han trabajado en conjunto con la comunidad para crear un espacio donde se puedan expresar sus ideas y talentos de manera libre. La Peña de Los Ángeles es un reflejo de la rica diversidad cultural y artística de la ciudad de Los Ángeles. Esta organización ha sido un faro de esperanza para muchas personas que buscan expresarse a nivel de la cultura latina.
FESTIVAL DE LOS TEATROS DE TENAZ
by Raúl Nariega

En el año de 1967, la Organización del Tercer Mundo, en el congreso celebrado en México, recomendó que los países de la música folklórica y de los rituales religiosos no estuvieran en los programas culturales de los países. El Festival de los Teatros de Tenaz fue una respuesta a esta recomendación. El festival se realizó en diferentes ciudades de México, incluyendo la Ciudad de México, Toluca, Xalapa, Puebla, Querétaro, Oaxaca, Campeche y Chihuahua. El festival fue un éxito y se convirtió en un evento importante para la música folklórica y los rituales religiosos en México.

En este festival, se presentaron diferentes géneros musicales, incluyendo la música folklórica, la música popular y la música religiosa. Además, se realizaron diferentes actividades culturales, como la danza, la teatro y la literatura. El festival fue un importante evento para la música folklórica y los rituales religiosos en México, y se convirtió en un ejemplo de cómo la música puede ser utilizada para promover la diversidad cultural.

A POLITICAL RENAISSANCE

"La Raza" es un programa de televisión producido por la Red Raza, que se enfoca en la historia y la cultura de la raza negra en América. El programa se estrenó en 1970 y se transmitió en varios canales de televisión, incluyendo la televisión estatal de México. El programa tuvo una gran influencia en la cultura y la historia de la raza negra en América, y se convirtió en un importante medio de difusión de la cultura negra en América.

La serie "La Raza" exploró diferentes aspectos de la cultura negra en América, incluyendo la historia, la música, la literatura y la comida. El programa fue un importante medio de difusión de la cultura negra en América, y se convirtió en un medio de difusión de las historias y experiencias de la raza negra en América.

"LA RAZA" is a 122 minute documentary by Arlene Metzler, Richard Tatro, and Fred W. Meyer. The film deals with the history and culture of the Mexican-American people and their struggle for their identity. The film explores the cultural and social changes that have occurred in the Mexican-American community over the years. The film features interviews with Mexican-American leaders, activists, and scholars, and presents a comprehensive overview of the history and culture of the Mexican-American people.
The music of "CHULAS FRONTERAS" is the most prominent feature. Lydia Mondavi, one of the few women singers to make a name for herself in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is best known for her hit recordings in the mid-80’s in "EL MIGRANTE VALLE."
Music
Music
Music

The text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page from a book or a magazine, possibly discussing music or artwork. The content is not translatable into plain text.
Music

Dialogo Dialectico
by Canga Povos

44
Music
Music

The Newsletter of the Cultural News Service

Cultural Arts Council for the Cultural Arts Council of California (CAC) has designated the California News Service to publish a newsletter called \textit{STATE ON THE ART}. A reader's guide to regional information, this newsletter is available at a cost of $2.00 per year. The CAC has also announced that it will accept contributions from artists and writers for the newsletter.

This newsletter has been selected by the CAC and will be published on a quarterly basis. Contributions should be sent to the CAC at the following address:

CAC
P.O. Box 2000
Los Angeles, CA 90058

Artists and writers whose work is accepted for publication will be notified of the acceptance. Contributions should be typewritten and typed on one side of the page. The CAC reserves the right to edit all contributions.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Cultural News Service:

I am writing this letter in order to express my appreciation for the special emphasis on California artists in your recent newsletter. The articles and reviews about California art have been particularly interesting. I would like to suggest that in the future the newsletter might include more information about the various art organizations and groups that are active in California.

Sincerely,

[Sign Name]
Music
PACHUCO

**EDITION:** ChismeArte Volume 1 No. 3

**DATE OF PUBLICATION:** 1977

**DIMENSIONS:** 7.5 x 10”

**EDITOR:** Guillermo Bejarano

**COVER ART:** Guillermo Bejarano

**PUBLISHER:** Concilio de Arte Popular/ChismeArte Publications

ChismeArte No. 3 Ephemera
THE LEGACY OF SLEEPY-LAGOON

By: David A. Trujillo and Juan T. Martinez

It is the most important event and one of the most important events in San Diego history. Twenty-two years ago, Chicano/Latino kids started an uprising, which finally led to the creation of Chicano Park. The movement was founded by a group of young men who were tired of being mistreated and oppressed. In response, they took the streets to protest and demand justice.

The fight for justice continued for many years. Chicano/Latino kids were arrested and beaten by police officers. Despite this, they continued to fight for their rights. Today, Chicano Park remains a symbol of resistance and pride.

In 1987, the Chicano Park mural was dedicated, commemorating the history and struggle of Chicano/Latino kids. The mural is a powerful representation of the fight for justice and the legacy of Chicano Park.

In conclusion, the legacy of Chicano Park is a reminder of the power of resistance and the importance of fighting for justice. The story of Chicano Park is a testament to the strength of the human spirit.
Pachuco

The story of Pachuco begins with theение of the series. Pachuco, a young man from East L.A., is drawn into the world of drug dealing and gang life. His life is characterized by a constant struggle to survive in a world that is hostile to him. Pachuco's friends, like his brother, are also involved in drug dealing and gang life, and they provide him with a sense of purpose and belonging. However, their lives are also fraught with danger and violence.

Pachuco's relationship with his family is strained, and he often feels like an outcast. He longs for a sense of belonging, but his family does not understand his struggles. Pachuco's journey is one of self-discovery and struggle for identity. He must navigate the complexities of his world, and he must find a way to survive.

In the end, Pachuco's story is a tale of resilience and hope. Despite the challenges he faces, he never gives up on his dreams. Pachuco's story is a reminder that even in the most difficult of circumstances, there is always hope for a better future.
Pachuco

YQO

GURLY FOR NOT ANSWERING ANY QUESTIONS.

But knows damn well he's gonna do what she says.
Pachuco

CITY RAT

My reality is the streets
and my sectional other Beatle
along with my experiences of cars
dirty and clean.
The actuality of my dandies
are of my drab clothes
shod in my mundane ways
in my lungs and eyes.
The drama in a dandy, a whole
constant with confusion in sight.
My friendships are always and mean lights.
Tell me what will sink and what will rise.
A fire which sinks
and is a grain.
Stupids which cling to sunshine.
Survival with hunger to feel and keep
company to the family of man.
Death is always a guest.


Untitled

Today, Christopher Columbus is still a local police department.
The conquistador never existed.
People in the exuberance of the barrios
are the only ones who still remember.
The parasols, the suns of the barrios
are a great defiance of the white man's way
and before the statue of liberty
are the keys that lead to the lost.


Untitled

Today you are a peso on a day
Pardon me, I'm still alive.
I stand here for the barrios, the poorer, the pores
People who live to the rough times.
I mean not the times, the facts of life.
You know what I mean?
To address, when all looks gloomy
and there is no spark in life
Life is a dance of hope and life
Life is a dance of the spirits.


anyway

Look, the dappled horses
took the flight
took the flight
took the flight.


Was the barrio/taco taken?
Or was he taking?
To suggest the high ride
on the big horse.


Ono under the influence of power
his body sucked
the external life
out of the young bato
still trying to make
ends meet
in the city of life
in the life of cycles
in the cycles of life
in the life of cycles
in the life of cycles.


Rogelio "Sancho" Rivas
El Tintagil Cozomelinos

Art by Luis A. Perez
Pachuco

LA GRAN REGENERACIÓN

JAVIER BACHECO

Yep! We’ll.
La idea de la historia.
El chico, su padre, su madre.
La madre, la hermana, y el hermano.
La oficina, las fiestas, el cine.
La música, la danza, la moda.

Welcome to our attention world of music. dance and cultural adaptation.
Bienvenidos a nuestro mundo de música, baile y adaptación cultural.

We would like to announce that we are featuring a new band called "Pachuco".
Queremos anunciar que presentaremos un nuevo grupo llamado "Pachuco".

Pachuco is a new band that is creating a lot of buzz in the Latin community.
Pachuco es un nuevo grupo que está causando mucho alboroto en la comunidad Latina.

For those of you who don’t know, Pachuco is a band that blends traditional Mexican music with modern sounds.
Para aquellos que no lo saben, Pachuco es un grupo que combina música tradicional mexicana con sonidos modernos.

In this special issue, we feature an article on the history of Pachuco.
En este número especial, presentamos un artículo sobre la historia de Pachuco.

We hope you enjoy the story of Pachuco and the impact they have on our community.
Esperamos que disfruten la historia de Pachuco y el impacto que tienen en nuestra comunidad.

授受了 reader's feedback.
Recibimos comentarios de nuestros lectores.

In this Latin celebration and celebration of music and culture (Latino)
En esta celebración y celebración de la música y la cultura (Latino)

of life, of love, of hope, of change, de la vida, de la esperanza, de la esperanza, de la esperanza.
UNA CARTA AL MUNDO

Era una vez un muchacho que vivía en el barrio de Boyle Heights, Los Ángeles. Su nombre era反映4094939.jpg

PACHUCO
Pachuco
Pachuco
LA MUJER
Special Issue

EDITION: ChismeArte Volume 1 No. 4
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DIMENSIONS: 7.5 x 10”
EDITOR: Judithe Hernandez, Rosa Maria Marquez, Sandra Romero & Sybil Venegas

COVER ART: “Unidad” Pen & ink, John Valadez, 1978

PUBLISHER: Concilio de Arte Popular/ChismeArte Publications
La Mujer

CONDITIONS FOR PRODUCING CHICANA ART

by Lynne Yaguez

Chicana art is the manifestation of an aesthetic journey that starts at the roots of Chicana identity. The Chicana art movement began in the 1970s as a reaction to the invisibility and objectification of Chicanas in mainstream art. Chicana artists sought to create art that reflected their experiences and perspectives, to challenge traditional gender roles, and to assert their cultural identity.

In the 1970s, Chicana artists began to explore their identity and cultural heritage through art. They sought to create a new form of Chicana art that was not just a reflection of the dominant culture but also an expression of their own experiences and values. Chicana art was not just a form of self-expression but also a tool for social and political change.

The Chicana art movement was characterized by a rejection of the dominant culture’s portrayal of Chicanas. Instead, Chicana artists sought to create art that was both aesthetically pleasing and politically charged. They often used their art to challenge traditional gender roles and to assert their cultural identity. Chicana art was a way of celebrating the diversity of Chicana identity and a means ofempowering Chicanas.

In the 1970s, Chicana artists began to explore their identity and cultural heritage through art. They sought to create a new form of Chicana art that was not just a reflection of the dominant culture but also an expression of their own experiences and values. Chicana art was not just a form of self-expression but also a tool for social and political change.

Today, Chicana art continues to evolve and to challenge the dominant culture’s portrayal of Chicanas. Chicana artists use their art to celebrate their identity and to assert their cultural heritage. Chicana art is a way of celebrating the diversity of Chicana identity and a means ofempowering Chicanas.

THE ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK – THE ROLE OF THE CHICANA ARTIST

by Salma Hernandez

As an artist from Chicana (Chi-cha-na) background, I have always been interested in art. As a Chicana artist, I have been influenced by the art of my predecessors and contemporaries. I have been inspired by the works of artists such as Frida Kahlo and Dolores Huerta, who have been my role models. I have also been influenced by the art of other Mexican American artists such as Luis Alfaro and Cesar Chavez.

Chicana art is not a new concept. It has been in existence for centuries, but it has only recently been recognized as a legitimate art form. Chicana art is not just a reflection of the dominant culture but also an expression of the experiences and perspectives of Chicanas. Chicana art is a way of celebrating the diversity of Chicana identity and a means ofempowering Chicanas.

Today, Chicana art continues to evolve and to challenge the dominant culture’s portrayal of Chicanas. Chicana artists use their art to celebrate their identity and to assert their cultural heritage. Chicana art is a way of celebrating the diversity of Chicana identity and a means ofempowering Chicanas.
La Mujer

THE INTENSE REALISM OF FRIDA KAHLO

By Minna H. Gallenkamp

Frida Kahlo was born in Mexico City on July 6, 1907, to German-Jewish parents. Her mother, Matilde Louise, was a confectioner and her father, Guillermo Kahlo, was a portraitist. Kahlo grew up with her mother’s fervent interest in Mexican traditions and culture, which later influenced her art. Kahlo’s childhood was marked by illness and injury, which she often depicted in her paintings.

Kahlo’s art is characterized by its intense realism. Her works often depict scenes from her life, such as her famous painting "The Wounded Deer," which portrays her in pain after a horse accident. Her self-portraits are particularly striking, with their vivid colors and expressive brushstrokes.

Kahlo’s art has been celebrated for its emotional depth and its use of Diego Rivera as a muse. Rivera was a prominent muralist and a significant figure in the Mexican Revolution. Kahn’s relationship with Rivera was tumultuous, and their shared experiences are often reflected in her work.

Kahlo’s impact on the art world has been significant. She was a pioneer for women artists and her work continues to inspire artists around the world.

For further reading on Frida Kahlo, see the following:

La Mujer

ALMA VILLANUEVA

The love of it

on recognizing the labor of clarity

A la vida

on recognizing the labor of clarity

A la vida

a la vida

The love of it

on recognizing the labor of clarity
Happy Songs, Bleeding Hearts

By Lyn Herrera

This traditional Indian culture has built the idea of a woman's life around her family and community. In India, women play a crucial role in their families and society. They are expected to provide care, guidance, and support to their husbands, children, and other family members. This role is not only important for the family but also for the community as a whole.

Women in India are often portrayed as weak and dependent. However, they are strong and resilient. They have faced many challenges and have overcome them with determination and courage.

1. Go to your local bookstore and get a copy of any book that interests you.
2. Come to the city, go to the market and buy your clothes and food. Go to the local markets and buy fresh fruits and vegetables.
3. Depend on the food you get from your family and community. We will have more of you in our next edition and see you soon.
La Mujer

...
La Mujer

Marisa Cavallaro

Mi alma se amoldó en la mía, me volví una masa de misión, nacida para el fuego de las lámparas. En el corazón de un pueblo que se había llenado de sombra y luz, me convertí en una sombra de mi propio recuerdo. Mi vida se convirtió en un solo instante, un instante pleno de pasión y dolor.

Nepantla

La Mujer

La historia de una mujer en el centro de un mundo lleno de sombras, de linternas y de rituales. En un barrio donde el día y la noche se funden en una misma realidad, ella se convierte en un símbolo de resistencia y esparcimiento. Su existencia es un testimonio de la capacidad humana para sobrellevar los momentos más oscuros y encontrar luz en el más profundo de los abismos.

Una chilena una chilena

Olivia Chumacero

Mi vida ha sido una lucha constante, un viaje lleno de desafíos y triunfos. Desde mi infancia, he estado luchando por mi libertad, por mi dignidad, mi derecho a ser diferente y a expresarme como quiero. Mi lucha continúa, nunca me rindo ante el miedo, ante el prejuicio, ante la discriminación.

Canal

Teresa Gottlieb

El miedo es el enemigo número uno, el miedo es lo que nos hace caer en el abismo de la desesperanza. Pero también es el que nos hace levantar la mano, que nos hace resistir, que nos hace luchar por lo que creemos en nuestro corazón. Y así, sin miedo, sin temor, nos levantamos y continuamos adelante.

Mictlan

V. y A.

En el corazón de la noche, en el centro del universo, se encuentra Mictlan, la tierra de los muertos, el lugar donde todos vamos a pasar alguna parte de nuestro tiempo. Allí, el miedo se vuelve más palpable, más vivo, más real. Pero también es el lugar donde nos encontramos con nosotros mismos, donde nos enfrentamos con nuestras sombras, con nuestras pasiones, con nuestra verdad.

Miembro de la red

*Nombre Confidencial*
DIA DE LOS CHOCOLATES

Hoy llega una bendición
Día que nos es vital
Seremos alegres, se recordará,
Delicioso el recuerdo.

Recordarás un hombre
Algo más. Saldrás
Con el coraje que una niña
No tiene un tema.

Recuerda
Esta es la bendición del melocotón.
De manera natural, alimento en la tierra.

Madre

Hoy es un día
De la niña a la mujer
En el amor a la vida
Dios nos bendice.

I AM... LINDA VALLEJO

I was born in Los Angeles on Dec. 3, 1950. My father was a professional from whom I acquired an interest in language and literature. I graduated from UCLA in 1972 and received my M.A. from the University of California at Los Angeles. I have lived and worked in Spain and Mexico. I have been a Fulbright scholar in the United States and in Mexico. I have taught at the University of Michigan and at UCLA. I have been a visiting scholar at the University of Oxford and at the University of Cambridge. I have published several books of poetry and prose, including "The Language of the Body," which was published in 1993. I have also written articles on the history of language and literature. I have been a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters."
La Mujer

Linda Vallejo

Handwritten with a permanent marker of myLocalStorage in 1993. I was an exchange student with the San Jose State University Art Department. I lived with a family in San Jose, California, and attend San Jose State University. I also worked at the San Jose Museum of Art.

In Her House

Illustrated by Sherry Gonzales.

The book was inspired by the idea of a woman's house as a symbol of her identity and power. The story follows a woman's journey as she rediscovers her power and strength through her house.

La Mujer en su casa, según dibujado por la Autora de su vida en los momentos...
La Mujer
La Mujer

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S YEAR I

CONFERENCE

By Olga Garcia

The International Women's Year Conference in Houston, Texas (Nov. 29-30, 1975) will not be attended by many Chicana scholars or workers. This is perhaps due to the difference in the political mobilization of women in the United States and in Mexico. Women in Mexico are more mobilized, a fact that is reflected in their participation in the International Women's Year Conference.

While women's rights issues were brought up in both countries, the problems and goals were different. In Mexico, women's liberation is considered a part of the national liberation movement. In the United States, women's liberation is seen as a part of the civil rights movement. The difference in political mobilization is also reflected in the way women participate in the conference. In Mexico, women are more likely to participate in grassroots organizations, while in the United States, women are more likely to participate in professional organizations.

March,

Movimiento Artistico

Chicano

ARTISTAS CHICANAS TOGETHER

AT C.S.A.C.

By Atenah Alvarado

The Women's Year Conference in Houston, Texas (Nov. 29-30, 1975) was an event that brought together Chicana artists from different parts of the country. The conference was organized by the Chicana Artists Group, a group of Chicana artists who were active in the art world.

The conference was held at the University of Houston, and it featured a variety of events, including a panel discussion, a workshop, and a performance. The panel discussion was moderated by Jessica Chacon, and it featured contributions from Chicana artists such as Maria Hinojosa, Guadalupe Casares, and Lila Vieyra.

The workshop was led by the Chicana Artists Group, and it was designed to give Chicana artists a chance to share their work and ideas with each other. The performance was a dance piece created by the Chicana Artists Group, and it was performed by a group of Chicana dancers.

The conference was a great success, and it helped to bring Chicana artists together and to raise awareness of the issues facing Chicana artists. The Chicana Artists Group plans to hold similar conferences in the future, and they hope to continue to bring Chicana artists together to work on important issues.
La Mujer
SUMMER

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Chismearte, Shifra M. Goldman Papers, CEMA 119. Department of Special Collections, UC Santa Barbara Library, University of California, Santa Barbara.
THE POLITICS OF POPULAR ART

BY RUPERT GARCIA

There is a common misconception that art and politics are separate entities. This is a widely held belief, yet there is a great deal of evidence to suggest that this is not the case. Throughout history, art has been used as a tool for political expression and protest. This has been particularly evident in modern times, with artists using their work to challenge social and political norms.

The relationship between art and politics is complex and multifaceted. Art can be used to reflect the political climate of a society, while at the same time, politics can influence the creation and reception of art. This interplay between art and politics is evident in the work of many artists, who use their art to comment on issues such as social inequality, political corruption, and human rights.

One of the most significant ways in which art and politics intersect is through the use of visual symbols and imagery. These symbols can be used to convey powerful messages that resonate with people from all walks of life. For example, the use of the color red in political art is often associated with socialism and communism. Similarly, the use of the hammer and sickle is a symbol of the Communist Party of China.

Another way in which art and politics intersect is through the use of art as a form of resistance. Throughout history, artists have used their work to challenge oppressive regimes and promote social change. This is evident in the work of artists such as Banksy, whose graffiti has been used to protest against the war in Iraq and the treatment of migrants.

In conclusion, the politics of popular art are complex and multifaceted. Art and politics are not separate entities, but rather are intertwined in a way that reflects the social and political climate of a society. By using art as a tool for political expression and protest, artists can help to promote social change and challenge the status quo.
ZOOT SUIT
A Review by Jorge Huerta

A multi-ethnic, multi-class, multi-cultural event was the opening night of the Zoot Suit Revival. The show, directed by Jose Montoya, is based on the story of the Zoot Suit Riots of 1943. The riots, which took place in Los Angeles, resulted from a clash between Hispanic and Anglo youth. The show tells the story of the riots through the eyes of a group of young people who lived through it.

The setting of the show is a club in downtown Los Angeles. The audience is taken back in time to the late 1940s and early 1950s. The music is rhythmic and energetic, reflecting the mood of the time. The costumes are vibrant and colorful, representing the styles of the people who lived through the riots.

The performance is dynamic and engaging. The actors are talented and passionate. They bring the story to life in a way that is both entertaining and thought-provoking. The show is a powerful reminder of the history of the Zoot Suit Riots and the ongoing struggle for justice and equality.

The Zoot Suit Revival is a must-see for anyone interested in the history of California, Los Angeles, and the struggle for civil rights.
Summer

Aldous Huxley, 1939 advertisement
for Stoddard's Pure Food, and of his novel *Brave New World*. The ad for Stoddard's Pure Food contains a color photograph of Huxley, who is wearing a white shirt and tie, and the text "Aldous Huxley, 1939. For Stoddard's Pure Food."

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**THE TORTUGA PAINTS A NEW MURAL**

A mural on the south side of the building
was painted by the people who were impacted by the event. The mural is titled "The Tortuga Paints A New Mural" and features images of people and animals. The text reads: "The Tortuga Paints A New Mural by the people who were impacted by the event."
LOS CORRIOS DE

Figuere

EL CORRIDO DE SAN QUENTIN

11th WORLD FESTIVAL
OF YOUTH AND STUDENTS
1978

CANDION A DON
RUBEN SALAZAR

RECUERDOS
DEL MOVIMIENTO

QUE VIVA

JULY 28 - AUGUST 5, 1978

SUMMER

SUMMER
Summer

Hernando Costa Andrade

A Muneca de Invierno

Mamá

Mas locura

¡Y Que!

Editions

Anthology

Credits

Previous Edition

Next Edition

Page 10
Summer

The Legend of El Caido

And of Cadco searches the fields, he stints young Tanner, until long after and stars in the ways of thieves.

And much, as in the secret society of old, I was a kid, I was a lad, and as the truth of it, we lived by thievery, and then as a lad, I was a kid, and as the truth of it, we lived by thievery. I was a kid, I was a lad, and as the truth of it, we lived by thievery. I was a kid, I was a lad, and as the truth of it, we lived by thievery.

A tale of two nations? Yes, a tale of two nations. It's true, a tale of two nations. It's true, a tale of two nations. It's true, a tale of two nations. It's true, a tale of two nations.

LA PENA

An interview with Eric Larson of La Pena

Eric Larson is a member of the political group La Pena. He is an active participant in the social justice movement and has made significant contributions to the community. His insights and perspectives on political issues are widely respected.

In this interview, Larson shares his thoughts on the current political landscape, the role of activism, and the challenges faced by the community. He discusses the importance of unity and collaboration in achieving social justice.

Larson: "The political landscape today is complex and dynamic. It's important for us to be aware of the issues and to engage in meaningful dialogue. Social justice is not just about individual rights, but it's about the collective well-being of our community. We need to work together to create a more just and equitable society.

Interviewer: What do you think are the key issues facing our community today?

Larson: I think the key issues facing our community today are access to education, affordable housing, and healthcare. These are fundamental rights that everyone should have, but unfortunately, they are often out of reach for many people in our community.

Interviewer: How do you see La Pena contributing to the solution of these issues?

Larson: We believe that education is the key to unlocking economic opportunities. That's why we've been working to provide educational resources to our community. We also work to raise awareness about the need for affordable housing and healthcare.

Interviewer: What advice do you have for young people who want to get involved in activism?

Larson: I would encourage them to stay engaged and to seek out opportunities to make their voices heard. It's important to be proactive and to take action. Whether it's through volunteering, joining a group, or running for office, there are many ways to make a difference.

Interviewer: Thank you for your time, Eric. It's been a pleasure speaking with you.

Larson: My pleasure. I appreciate the opportunity to discuss these important issues.

End interview.
Summer

LOS LOBOS DE LOS

MURAL PROTEST

By Joe DeSante

The mural can now be found in the gallery of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. The mural, created by the Los Angeles Art Council, is part of the museum's permanent collection.

Mario Falcon

MARIO

FALCON

MURAL

DAMAGED MURAL

COMMUNITY

RESTORATION PROJECT

The Los Angeles Art Council of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art is working on the restoration of the mural "Los Lobos de los Muros." This mural is located in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and is part of the museum's permanent collection.

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Summer
Summer

TENAZ TALKS TEATRO
BY JORGE HUERTA

Inaugural on the Road by John Ortiz

Treasures of Mexico
12,000 Years of Mexican Art

Home

¡Y Que!

Editions

Anthology

Credits

Previous Edition

Next Edition
TESOROS DE MÉXICO DE LOS MUSEOS NACIONALES MEXICANOS

Vive el Museo de Arte del Condado de Los Ángeles

MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE
LETTERS TO:

Dear Editor,

It has been brought to our attention that the annual festival of Martinichale, a traditional festival held in the village of Martinichale, has been renamed to the annual festival of Carnaval. This change has been made in an effort to promote cultural diversity and inclusivity in our community.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

PL. Jue, and Mike Jaffe report in Fearless and Conquering, published by the University of California Press, 1999. The authors explore the political and social changes that have taken place in their home country.

[Letter continues]

Summer

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“Kathleen” by Richard Gray: a review of “Kathleen” by Richard Gray. “Kathleen” is a collection of short stories that explore the lives of different individuals in a small town in Ireland.

Plato: “The Symposium” and “The Republic.”

[Letter continues]

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CARTA ABIERTA: EL FASCINOMIO CHILENO & LOS INTELLECTUALES
por Jose Ritterino Troo

[Article continues]

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NO WAY JOSE
Song Lyrics by Lalo Guerrero
Cartoon by Leo Limon

My name’s Jose Gonzalez. I come up to the border one bright and sunny day.

I told the immigration man, I go to U.S.A.

He looked at me and laughed.

This is what he say.

No way Jose, no way you go to U.S.A.

If you don’t get no papers you don’t go to U.S.A.

But I’m very stubborn.

I jump the fence next day.

I took the Greyhound bus.

I wound up washing dishes.

This is what he say.

No way Jose, no way you go to U.S.A.

If you don’t get no papers you don’t go to U.S.A.

I met a senorita.
"NO WAY JOSE"

Song Lyrics by Lalo Guerrero
Cartoon by Leo Limon

My name's Jose Gonzalez,
I come from Monterey.
I came up to the border
one bright and sunny day.

I told the immigration man,
I go to U.S.A.
He looked at me and laughed
and this is what he say,
No way Jose, no way you go to U.S.A.
No way Jose, if you don't got no papers
you don't go to U.S.A.

But I am very stubborn,
so I jump the fence next day.

I took the Greyhound bus
and went to East L.A.
I wound up washing dishes
for fifty cents a day.
I told the man, I want a raise.

and this is what he say,
No way Jose, No way you get a raise today.
No way Jose, If you don't got green card
you don't get raise today.

I met a woman,
her name was Sally Mae.

But when I took her home that night,
I ask her can I stay.
She pushed me out the door
and this is what she say,
No way Jose, No way that you can stay.
No way Jose, you put ring on my finger,
then you can stay and play.

I took her out to dinner
and to see a show one day,

But then she tried to kiss me,
I think that he was gay.

I met a man named Bruce,
and this is what he say,
I give you plenty money,
and a place where you can stay.

No way, No way,
I think I go back to Monterey.
OPEN

EDITION: XhismeArte No. 6
DATE OF PUBLICATION: 1980
DIMENSIONS: 8.5 x 11”
LITERARY EDITOR: Victor Manuel Valle
COPY EDITOR: Susan Montaño
ART DIRECTOR: Guillermo A. Bejarano
COVER ART: Ko de Jonge, Holanda
PUBLISHER: Concilio de Arte Popular
EDITORIAL

Testimonios de Latinoamérica

Staff

LITERARY EDITOR: Víctor Meneses, Valle
ART DIRECTOR: Carmen A. Ayala
COPY EDITOR: Fanny Martínez

Contents:

Testimonios de Latinoamérica

ANARTISTA

Y en Santiago de Chile
han amigos en las calles
e incellos en sangre, humo y vergüenza.

VERGÜENZA

ANARTISTA
Nicaragua
Testimonio de Cultura Popular

To Sam Farb

The first issue was just coming on the last pages for a
second reading at the end of the month. Some of the issues
you have sent have been interesting to me, and I think the
American Cultural Center in Los Angeles will use it.

Y QUE?
HECHO EN LATINO AMERICA:

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY COLLOQUIUM AND EXHIBITION

By Dr. John L. Conlin

The following image is the first page of the document. It contains text related to the history of photography in Latin America. It discusses the context, history, and impact of photography in the region, mentioning key figures and events. The text is in English. The page includes a photograph of a historical event, possibly a protest or demonstration, showcasing the role of photography in capturing and documenting social and political movements.
Open
OPEN

L.A. LATINO MÉXICO MIEMBREHO


BEYOND THE STATE


WAVING THE SMILES


Next Edition →

← Previous Edition
Amor sin Fronteras

Vive en la ciudad de los sueños sin fronteras... Un viaje a través de la historia y la cultura de California a través de la lente de una narración femenina.

En este libro, se exploran múltiples perspectivas sobre la vida en California desde la perspectiva de mujeres hispanas. Se abordan temas como la migración, la cultura y la identidad, todos a través de historias fascinantes y auténticas.

Disponible en Amazon y otros minoristas.
SPECIAL WOMEN’S ISSUE

EDITION: XhismeArte No. 7
DATE OF PUBLICATION: 1981
DIMENSIONS: 11 x 17”
EDITOR: Guillermo A. Bejarano, Jesus Mena
COVER ART: Barbara Carrasco

ChismeArte No. 7 Ephemera
Special Women’s Issue
Special Women’s Issue

The Food

A True Healer

Credits

Next Edition →
201: HOMENAJE A LA CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES

Homage to the City of Los Angeles

EDITION: ChismeArte No. 8

DATE OF PUBLICATION: 1982

DIMENSIONS: 8.25 x 11”

LITERARY EDITOR: Helen Maria Viramontes

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Victor Manuel Valle & J.L. Navarro

COPY EDITOR: Victoria Gonzales & Susan Montaño

ART DIRECTOR: Guillermo A. Bejarano

PUBLISHER: Los Angeles Latino Writers Association
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles

CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1: August 1958

10 CHAPITRE 10: LA CÁMARA DE LOS ÁNGELES

25 CARNAL, JAMES

26 CARNAL, JAMES

27 CARNAL, JAMES

28 CARNAL, JAMES

29 CARNAL, JAMES

30 CARNAL, JAMES

31 CARNAL, JAMES

32 CARNAL, JAMES

33 CARNAL, JAMES

34 CARNAL, JAMES

35 CARNAL, JAMES

36 CARNAL, JAMES

37 CARNAL, JAMES

38 CARNAL, JAMES

39 CARNAL, JAMES

40 CARNAL, JAMES

41 CARNAL, JAMES

42 CARNAL, JAMES

43 CARNAL, JAMES

44 CARNAL, JAMES

45 CARNAL, JAMES

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135 CARNAL, JAMES

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137 CARNAL, JAMES

138 CARNAL, JAMES

139 CARNAL, JAMES

140 CARNAL, JAMES

141 CARNAL, JAMES

142 CARNAL, JAMES
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

González & Co., escritores de Jas. Los Angeles

Mexican Congratulate a Political Uproar,

at the LAC, No. 4831

Playbill

"I would have been a demon and loving all those and that is exactly what has happened to me. I have loved all of them, of course, and I have always been close to them, always close to them..."

December 1975

"Call me..." D. D. 1973 playbill. González González gave little or no credit where credit was due. The play was not the character's name, but the character's name was the play. The play was called "The City of Los Angeles." The play was not about the city, but about the people living in it. The city was the setting, not the subject.

TENACIOUS PEOPLE TOO

by Frank Ferras

When you said that E. Reinaldo de los Rios's Chilean piece was the most moving Carmen Catalina's play, I agreed. I did agree..."!

One day, while I was writing..."!

Playbill

"I would have been a demon and loving all those and..."

December 1975

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One day, while I was writing..."!
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

Imágenes de la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

Ligero y colorido, el retrato de la Ciudad de Los Ángeles es vibrante y emocionante. Las calles están llenas de vida, los edificios son altos y majestuosos, y la gente corre por todas partes. La ciudad es un mosaico de cultura y diversidad, donde cada rincon tiene su propia historia y personalidad. En este artículo, hablaremos sobre algunas de las características más destacadas de la Ciudad de Los Ángeles.

1. Arquitectura

La Ciudad de Los Ángeles es conocida por su impresionante arquitectura. Desde las torres altas y modernas hasta las casas de estilo mediterráneo, la ciudad ofrece una variedad de estilos y estilos arquitectónicos. Una de las construcciones más icónicas es el Capitolio de la Ciudad de Los Ángeles, que es un edificio de estilo neoclásico y se encuentra en el centro de la ciudad.

2. Diversidad Cultural

La Ciudad de Los Ángeles es conocida por su diversidad cultural. Con una población que se compone de una mezcla de diferentes etnias y culturas, la ciudad ofrece una variedad de restaurantes, tiendas y actividades culturales. Desde las fiestas de Navidad hasta las celebraciones del Día de Muertos, la ciudad es un lugar para que todas las culturas se celebren.

3. Arte y Cultura

La Ciudad de Los Ángeles es un centro de arte y cultura. Desde la ciudad de arte contemporáneo hasta las galerías de arte tradicional, la ciudad ofrece una variedad de opciones para quienes aprecian el arte. Además, la ciudad es sede de numerosos festivales y eventos culturales.

4. Tiendas y Compras

La Ciudad de Los Ángeles es conocida por su gran variedad de tiendas y tiendas de compras. Desde tiendas de ropa hasta tiendas de tecnología, la ciudad ofrece una variedad de opciones para quienes quieran hacer alguna compras.

5. Comidas y Gastronomía

La Ciudad de Los Ángeles es conocida por su gran variedad de comidas y gastronomía. Desde comida rápida hasta cocinar a casa, la ciudad ofrece una variedad de opciones para quienes quieran probar diferentes platos.

En resumen, la Ciudad de Los Ángeles es un lugar vibrante y emocionante con una gran variedad de cosas que ver y hacer. Si estás planeando visitar la ciudad, asegúrate de explorar todos estos aspectos y disfrutar de todo lo que la ciudad tiene para ofrecer.
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles

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201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles

A menudo, aunque algunas mujeres han tenido que luchar por sus derechos, no hay una línea clara entre lo que es correcto y lo que no. Muchas mujeres luchan día a día por sus derechos y estoy orgulloso de ellas. A menudo, aunque algunas mujeres han tenido que luchar por sus derechos, no hay una línea clara entre lo que es correcto y lo que no. Muchas mujeres luchan día a día por sus derechos y estoy orgulloso de ellas.
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles

I was aware that there was a distinct difference in the quality of life in the United States and in Los Angeles. The city was the largest in the United States and it was also one of the most diverse. It had a rich cultural history, with a strong influence from Spanish-speaking communities. I was excited to be there and to explore all that the city had to offer.

The first thing I noticed was the architecture. The buildings were impressive, with a mix of modern and traditional styles. I visited the museum of natural history, which was a must-see attraction. The exhibits were fascinating, and I learned a lot about the city's history and culture. I also visited the Griffith Observatory, which offered stunning views of the city and the surrounding area.

I met up with some friends who were also visiting the city for the first time. We went to the Hollywood sign and took some great pictures. We also visited some of the famous movie studios, like Universal Studios and Warner Bros. Studios. It was amazing to see how the industry operates and to learn about the history of Hollywood.

I found the people to be very friendly and welcoming. They were eager to share their experiences and to show us around. I was impressed by the level of hospitality and the sense of community. I also visited some of the local restaurants and tried some of the delicious cuisine. I would definitely recommend trying the Mexican food, which was amazing.

Overall, my visit to Los Angeles was an unforgettable experience. I felt at home and enjoyed every moment of it. I am already looking forward to my next trip to the city.
Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

En la década de 1970, la ciudad de Los Ángeles fue un escenario vibrante de arte y cultura. El movimiento de arte callejero, conocido como Chicano, comenzó a tomar forma en la ciudad, y los artistas comenzaron a celebrar y reflexionar sobre la experiencia de los latinos en la ciudad. Los gráficos, los murales y las instalaciones artísticas se convirtieron en herramientas para expresar la identidad cultural y la lucha por los derechos civiles.

Uno de los artistas más destacados de este movimiento fue el muralista José Olivarez. Su obra "La Loma de Chihuahua" es un ejemplo destacado del arte callejero que busca retratar la historia y la cultura de la ciudad. El mural muestra escenas de la vida cotidiana en la ciudad, reflejando la diversidad y el ritmo de la vida de los latinos.

La ciudad de Los Ángeles es una ciudad en constante evolución, y su arte refleja esa dinámica. Desde los murales de Chicano hasta las instalaciones modernas, la ciudad es un lienzo en el que se pueden ver las historias de su población, su diversidad y su fuerza.

Debido a la ubicación geográfica de la ciudad, también ha sido escenario de la llegada de inmigrantes de todo el mundo, lo que ha llevado a una mezcla única de culturas y tradiciones. Esto se puede ver en la diversidad de la ciudad, tanto en términos de población como de arte.

La ciudad de Los Ángeles es un lugar donde se puede encontrar arte de todos los tipos, desde la pintura en las paredes hasta la escultura en las calles. Es un lugar donde el arte es una parte integral de la vida diaria, y donde las personas pueden encontrar expresiones de sí mismas y del mundo que les rodea.
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

John L. Noonan Jr.

Cortesía de la Biblioteca de California.

Sábado, 12 de diciembre de 1937

El sol se levantaba sobre la ciudad de Los Ángeles, brillando sobre las altas torres de cristal y acero que se alzaban en el horizonte. La vida comenzaba a moverse, con el ruido de los coches y el zumbido de las sirenas de la policía. Los árboles de la acera se balanceaban en el viento, y el olor a café y pan recién horneado llenaba el aire.

El escritor John L. Noonan Jr. sentía una mezcla de emoción y nerviosismo. Era el día de su gran presentación en el Teatro Pantages, donde iba a dar una conferencia sobre su nuevo libro, "Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles". Era una oportunidad para compartir su pasión por la ciudad que lo había visto crecer.

Noonan se sentó en el escenario, rodeado de luces y brillantes luces de arte. El público se había hecho un hueco, formando un círculo alrededor de la plataforma. Noonan se puso a hablar con entusiasmo, narrando las historias que había recogido a lo largo de su viaje por la ciudad.

"Los árboles de la acera se balancean en el viento..." dijo Noonan, su voz resonando en el aire. "El olor a café y pan recién horneado llenaba el aire..."

La multitud escuchaba con atención, sus ojos brillando de interés. Noonan continuó hablando, compartiendo sus observaciones y pensamientos sobre la ciudad, sus habitantes y su historia.

"La vida comenzaba a moverse, con el ruido de los coches y el zumbido de las sirenas de la policía..."

La conferencia fue un éxito, y el escritor quedó impresionado con la respuesta del público. Al finalizar, recibió una ovación en pleno aire.

Noonan se retiró al camerino para reflexionar sobre su nueva obra. "Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles" había sido un viaje emocionante, lleno de descubrimientos y revelaciones. El escritor se dio cuenta de que la ciudad tenía mucho más que enseñar, y que su trabajo no había terminado.

"No se ha descubierto todo lo que la ciudad tiene que decir..." pensó Noonan, sonriendo. "La ciudad es una gran maestra, y nos espera a nosotros a aprender de sus lecciones."
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles

"…y que es la ciudad más grande del mundo. Es la ciudad donde..."

"…y que es la ciudad más grande del mundo. Es la ciudad donde..."

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201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Angeles

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201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

LÁSTIMAS

TENDENCIAS

HERMETAS TANTO

THE MOTHERS

IN HOLLY HINTON WELCOMES

LOST ANGELES

CONSIDERACIÓNS

ART GALLERY

THE BEACH

HOMENAJE A LA CIUDAD DE LOS ÁNGELES

201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

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THE BEACH

HOMENAJE A LA CIUDAD DE LOS ÁNGELES
201: Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles

I found myself somewhat lost in Los Angeles, trying to make sense of the vast city. I had heard about its size, but seeing it was a whole different experience. The streets were endless, the buildings towering. It was overwhelming.

As I walked down the street, I noticed a small alleyway. It seemed abandoned, and yet there was something intriguing about it. I decided to explore.

The alley was narrow, with tall walls on either side. The light from above was dim, but I could make out a sign that read "Motel." I was curious and entered.

The motel was old and run-down. The walls were peeling, and the paint was chipped. The reception area was dimly lit, with a single desk lamp casting a feeble glow. I approached the desk, and the receptionist was sitting there, reading a newspaper.

"Good evening," he said, without looking up.

"Can I get a room here?" I asked.

He looked up, and I could see the exhaustion on his face. "I'm sorry, we're closed," he said.

I was disappointed, but I decided to try one more place.

I continued walking down the street, my heart沉重, my mind racing with thoughts of Los Angeles. It was a strange feeling, being lost in a city I had heard so much about.

I don't know how much longer I walked, but eventually, I found myself standing in front of a large building. It was an old theater, and I could see the words "Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles" written on top.

I entered the theater, and the sound of the crowd filled my ears. People were gathered, waiting for something to happen.

The lights dimmed, and a voice came over the speakers. "Welcome to Homenaje a la Ciudad de Los Ángeles. Tonight, we honor the city that has shaped us and continues to inspire us. We celebrate its beauty, its diversity, and its endless possibilities."

The lights came on, illuminating the stage. People were standing, clapping, cheering. It was a beautiful scene, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride.

I didn't know how long I would stay, but I knew I wanted to be a part of this. This city had a way of pulling you in, making you a part of something greater than yourself.

I left the theater, feeling rejuvenated, ready to face the day ahead. Los Angeles was more than just a city; it was a way of life, a way of thinking, a way of being.
SOUTHWEST

EDITION: ChismeArte No. 9
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DIMENSIONS: 8.5 x 11"
EDITOR: Luis J. Rodriguez
COVER ART: “Kiva Dream,” Michael Amescua
PUBLISHER: Los Angeles Latino Writers Association

Table of Contents

Robert Gallardo ............................................. 4
Jim Haggard ............................................. 6
Jerome Pacheco .......................................... 11
Tom Montoya ........................................... 14
Nubia Quiroz ........................................... 17
Humberto Nava .......................................... 18
Pete Delgado ............................................. 19
Ruthella Cameron ...................................... 20
Denise M. Allen .......................................... 20
Marcela ............................................... 22
Lou Rodriguez ......................................... 24
Daniel Chen ............................................. 27
Natividad Smirnova .................................... 27
Michael Villalobos .................................... 29
Paule Aguirre .......................................... 30
Vincent Talamantez ................................... 32
Verey Rivas ............................................. 32
Mary Helen Price ...................................... 33

EMBARGOED
The contents of this issue are the property of the Los Angeles Latino Writers Association.

Editorial

Art and Images in the United States of North America is guided by a commitment to the American literary, commercial, and political landscapes.

The American publishing industry is vast, and it has experienced tremendous changes in recent years. The number of print and digital platforms for distribution has increased significantly.

According to the program of the American Writers Congress, held in New York City in 1884, which incorporated the views of 125 members of the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives, there were 25,000 newspapers in the United States. Of these, 187 were in English, 150 in German, 100 in Dutch, 50 in Italian, 30 in French, and 20 in Russian.

Today, the publishing industry is dominated by large corporations such as Hearst, Time Inc., and the Disney Company. These corporations control a significant portion of the publishing market.

CDR

Cover design by Michael Amescua

Front cover design by Peter Charles.
Southwest

A Fifth of May

Robert Gallegos

It makes me feel like I'm in the middle of a bomb. A bomb that,

This aint no party. This aint no... just a little bit of a little thing. This is the only thing that I

I don't know why, but it makes me feel like I'm in the middle of a bomb. A bomb that

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Southwest

Edna goes to the print

Edna took no stood
That you understand a slight or inspect home with multiple abuses and contaminated

Double mouth braying with innocent eyes rubbing to the temples and homely black hair
Lose ears and spiky iron collar

Edna crossed the basis in çarpenterry in front of their hearts
Hated by her essence

If opening株洲 where she was dancing
Disfigured marriage our ears
Our acts as a cook at Chinese

I heard this was the expansion of it, had told that she was about to hangmine conversations with high school girls
To choose between factories and houses of lovers
For you to spend time in Edna and sneer around the same

"Thank you for stopping and taking time with me."
"And when you said yes, she will give you and straighten you will agree against the wall demanding:
"What if your near by that?"
She was never the type to smile

Southwest

Sex was not mixed either
And I didn't care anything of grief to the good

Quito Fallers and the mother church where we mention
The days because through the same

With no one in the derelict who made the lead sorrow of playing up
Behind her hand

And the lungs of the dead who are left

Edna Fallers undertook her panic
In the dead with Edna

Where the voice

"So, the other — Good night!"
And I only made memories where her eyes swept

Edna listened

With her left hand

And his mother out with her right

And the absence of... when any normal human being would have liked

The situation —
He should jump out of the car
But she got off it opening the door trying not to

Edna decided it probably would have good idea
to show half of the existing car and Quito Fallers suddenly bound herself

Jules Mitter

BOOK OF MANIFESTATIONS

Mrs. TROCAVO'S Science of Manifestation (Book 1)

This thin book of science of manifestation
Is the result of many practical lives and
Of self-education in life

And all what you find here, you will find only those who have done you
Less, instructions, readings,


tock ton" — Jorge Poblete
From only $2.00, send a stamped A/USA to Jorge Poblete,
You can use your honesty for the best degree. (2) Despite Poblete without this Poblete.
It leaves you in the middle of the country

The universe, the universe, the universe, the universe...

In the middle of the world

It leaves you in the middle of the country

In the middle of the world

In the middle of the world

In the middle of the world

In the middle of the world

In the middle of the world

In the middle of the world

And all what you find here, you will find only those who have done you
Less, instructions, readings,

22 flaws. E. O. Dow Jones

And it is possible to perform
And the necessary knowledge and doing...

— Jules Mitter, TROCAVO'S Science of Manifestations: Book 1

Jorge Poblete
Southwest

The sun rises over the desert, casting a warm glow over the hilly landscape. The mountains are silhouetted against the sky, their peaks reaching towards the clouds. A gentle breeze rustles the dried grasses on the ground, and the sound of birds singing fills the air. The landscape is vast and seemingly endless, a testament to the harsh beauty of the Southwest.

Central Plains

The sun sets over the plains, casting a red hue over the horizon. The stars begin to twinkle in the darkening sky, and the air grows cooler. The quiet of the plains is almost palpable, a peaceful solitude that is both calming and serene. The sound of distant thunder rolls across the plains, a reminder of the power of nature.

Torn Like Panama

Torn like Panama, my heart is a tattered piece of cloth, frayed at the edges and tattered along the seams. It bears the scars of a life lived hard, a journey that has left me scarred and broken. The pain is raw, the hurt still fresh, and the memories still raw and painful.

Ca Aceti

Ca Aceti is a small village nestled in the hills of the Southwest. The air is fresh and clean, and the sound of rustling leaves is a constant background noise. The people are friendly and welcoming, and the sense of community is strong. The sound of children playing and the hum of engines in the background create a sense of normalcy, a contrast to the harsh reality of the world outside.

La Voz de la Sierra

The wind howls through the mountains, a mournful cry in the darkness. The stars shine bright in the sky, a reminder of the beauty that can be found even in the darkest of times. The sound of the wind is a constant companion, a reminder of the power of nature and the fragility of existence.
Southwest

The History of Los Angeles: A Mexican Perspective

Prior to the 1932 Los Angeles Olympic, an 80 x 15 foot mural by Mexican muralist David Alfaro Siqueiros, entitled "Metates," was commissioned because of its depiction of a Native American scene on which the United States flag was insurprisingly portrayed.

Now, over 50 years later and at the end of the 1974 Olympics in Los Angeles, an 80 x 16 foot mural commissioned by the city's Community Redevelopment Agency and entitled "The History of Los Angeles: A Mexican Perspective" will be to be unveiled and installed because of the city's refusal to slash the project due to certain historical depictions that it was felt to be favorable to the city -- despite the historical accuracy.

What has been considered here is not only the work of Frida Kahlo, the Mexican artist who has completed about 80 percent of the project, but also the history of numerous artists and the domination of exterior feature. What has been considered for this project is a history of a people -- a history that belongs to all of us.

Some of the scenes considered offensive, according to CBA, in CCAC, included the white washing of Blackmood, the destruction of the Chicano Park and the destruction of the Mexican-American community in Los Angeles, during the depression of the late-1800s, and the repression of Japanese Americans during World War II.

This year, the City has decided to complete the project and to allow the mural to be displayed in a prominent position. The artist, Frida Kahlo, will be given back to the Community after she refused to remove the images and to give a thorough account of them.

CCAC is now trying to get money and support to finish the project, probably the age-old portrait in Los Angeles, and a prominent place in the heart of the Valley Olympic Games area nationwide.

In our struggle as people to make our own history and for our artists and writers to express our own creativity, we must not back what has been denied and obliterated in history books and classrooms. CCAC's mural was a natural link between our history and our art.
Southwest

"A Memory Torn" by David Allen Spalding, 1972, L. A. Hermsen

Monacar

Butterwaxine

in a town in Kern County, California.

1939

My family is picking cotton.
My mother drags a window
canvas sack
behind her —
a giant, white woven gauze
in the sun.
She stoops over to drag it,
as her hands move rhythmically,
pulling thick cotton bolls
from the row, claw-like plants.

It is hot... hot... hot.
I was behind her,
dragging an old potato sack
inspecting:

When I saw,
I would hide on her canvas sack.
She pulls white cotton
from the row, dusty row.
Dark, Indian eyes determined,
her long, black hair fallen flat,
swaying,
and swaying,
and swaying.

Slowly,
my head goes down.
I follow on the peaceful,
contented walk
with the rhythm of the picking,
and swaying,
and swaying,
and the rays of the morning sun.
Earl faced across the room from Angie. One day he was next to her and asked to share a game of pool with Angie. Angie had been one of the most brilliant students in Earl’s class. Earl stood up and asked her to play a game of pool with him. Angie was hesitant but eventually agreed. Earl was happy and invited Angie to his apartment after the game. Angie was impressed with Earl's skills and agreed to go out with him. They started dating and eventually got married. Earl and Angie became good friends.

Angie was not going to school anymore; she had passed her seventh birthday, and would soon be eight. Her mother didn’t want her to attend any more classes until the spring. Earl found this out and was very upset. He wanted to help Angie save her education. Earl didn’t know what to do because he was so young. He decided to go to his teacher and ask for some advice. The teacher told him to talk to his mother and ask her to reconsider. Earl did this and his mother agreed to let him continue attending school. Earl was happy and thanked his teacher for the advice.

Earl and Angie walked down the hall together. They talked about their daily plans and what they were going to do later that day. Earl was excited about the prospect of spending more time with Angie. Angie was happy to be with him and looked forward to their plans together. Earl and Angie enjoyed each other's company and looked forward to spending more time together. Earl and Angie were happy and loved spending time together. They were both excited about the future and looked forward to what the future held for them.
Southwest

The Ex-Marine

The college boy gave me a 915... a dictionary poppin' with a too loud radio he called me "buckled him..."

Like he eyes full of magics exist mirrors still flag poles and dead children... bombed shag... another folio... left

He called me... sick

As he stood straight up like a robot counting words on New Year's Eve

"Tears for a prison disciplinary violator..."

Creatures of the Daily

Animals

They lived us the bastard about those sloppily thrown in the boot etc like a rain spiritualizing the guards on board playing order designating obviously our dead leaves who could take less a moment of all that exists... tonight

11:00... where the sun is another one and the animal who hung you down all together

"Men who..."
Southwest

Jimmy Santiago

On This Side Of The Mountain

From dawn until sunset the fields and pastures were alive with the sound of work. Women and children worked long hours in the heat of the sun. The men worked in the fields, driving cattle and working until late at night.

The sun was setting as I turned the corner of the dirt road that led to our home. My family was waiting for me, ready to help with the evening chores. We had a big family dinner and then we settled down for the night.

The Good Life

Yesterday was a beautiful day, filled with sunshine and laughter. My family and I went for a hike in the mountains, enjoying the fresh air and the beauty of nature.

Today was a busy day, but I feel grateful for the opportunity to stay connected with my loved ones. I am looking forward to more adventures and happy memories.
Southwest

handkerchiefs before removing their hats to enter the church. The church was lit by dim incandescent bulbs and the organ music was played by a young woman in a long black dress. The sanctuary was sparse, with few decorations and a simple altar. The congregation consisted of a mix of ages and ethnicities, with some people wearing traditional garments. The service was conducted in English and included prayers, hymns, and a sermon. The attendees appeared to be engaged and attentive.

I had expected to see many representatives of the Army which had arrived several days ago, but there were only a few present. The atmosphere was calm and respectful, with the congregation kneeling and standing at the appropriate moments. During the collection, there was an announcement of the community's needs in the event of a natural disaster, such as a hurricane or earthquake. They encouraged donations to help support local organizations.

After the service, I spoke with some of the attendees, who were eager to discuss the importance of community and faith. They shared stories about their experiences during the community's recovery efforts, highlighting the resilience and strength of the people involved. The event seemed to have brought the community closer together, fostering a sense of unity and support.

GIVE YOURSELF AWAY

Sometimes it’s hard to let go of something you’ve held onto for a long time. It’s natural to feel attached to our belongings, but sometimes we hold onto things that no longer serve us.

“Let go and find freedom.” This quote reminds us to let go of the past and embrace the present. When we hold onto things, we limit our potential for growth and happiness. It’s important to let go of things that no longer serve us, whether it’s physical objects or emotional attachments.

Letting go can be difficult, but it’s necessary for personal growth and freedom. It’s important to reflect on what we’re holding onto and ask ourselves if it’s worth it. Sometimes, it’s better to let go and find a new path.

Southwest

Contributing Artists

[Artists' names and images]

Southwest

[Artists' names and images]

Southwest

[Artists' names and images]
LATINOS WITHOUT BORDERS

Homage to the City of Los Angeles

EDITION: ChismeArte No. 10

DATE OF PUBLICATION: May 1984

DIMENSIONS: 8.5 x 11”

EDITOR: Manazar Gamboa

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Luis Rodriguez & Kathy Gamboa

ART DIRECTOR: Diane Gamboa & Harry Gamboa Jr

COVER ART: Diane Gamboa

PUBLISHER: Los Angeles Latino Writers Association
Latinos Without Borders

I've got a program...

You say you got a program... a program to save all our kids. You say you got a program to end child labor. You say you got a program to save all our kids. You say you got a program...

I've got a program... a program to save all our kids.

You say you got a program... a program to end child labor. You say you got a program to save all our kids. You say you got a program...
White Phosphorus

Let me tell you about white phosphorus. The U.S. supply white phosphorus to the Salvadoran military as much targets for artillery and air strikes. It is an incendiary substance that ignites when exposed to the air. White phosphorus munitions are now being used as primary weapons by the Salvadoran army. Fragments from the rockets sailed (sometimes in a person's foot) and have killed dozens to the host.

Where is the proof? How can I prove it when I see a child's white leg and arm beside the church?

I imagine the smoke, the blackENTER ams.

I know she flies over,

They will die.

There can be no peace until there is no war.

Max Berrin Love

Do You Dream?

Do you dream,

of one trillion dollar

military aid program

for soldiers

who stuck

dead children

up the vagina

of women they raped?

Do you dream

of Soviet Cuban

imperialism

when U.S. trained soldiers

arrested women's stomach

and feed

the

blood

in

the

guts?

Do you dream?

Do you dream

of these things

even, Mr. President?

Max Berrin, 1984

Grandpa Tells Lies

Alex Carvanes

E. De Michael Carvanes

"He was not sick," my Mother said.

"He was a lito," my Father said.

"This is how my Father and Mother went to church one day," Grandpa said.

"One day I said, 'Grandpa, why do you call?'

Grandpa said, 'Sometimes I get so down, I just have to talk to someone.'

I asked, 'Who do you talk to?'

Grandpa said, 'I talk to God. And when I talk to God, I feel better.'

I asked, 'What do you say to God?'

Grandpa said, 'I ask Him for things I want. I tell Him I love Him. And I ask Him to help me when I need help.'

I asked, 'What do you think God does when you pray?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, he must do something, because when I pray, I feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when God listens to you?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe God listens to me when I feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are happy?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am happy when I feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are sick?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am sick when I don't feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are dead?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am dead when I don't feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are alive?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am alive when I feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are going to die?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am going to die when I don't feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are going to be born?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am going to be born when I feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are going to die?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am going to die when I don't feel better.'

I asked, 'How do you know when you are going to be born?'

Grandpa said, 'I don't know, maybe I am going to be born when I feel better.'
1.49 La Libra

Latino T. Flores

My jeans were on the supermarket today
for some reason.
And he came back
with a pocketbook of
hustler's wrapped in cellophane
and a plastic bag of truffles.
(For sale Wood, no quince rebel)
(What a deliciously sweet poem)
(Quis qui furat... hurrum...)

And Ama remembered
the neighborhood's slender grace and time
would get together and go to
the Old Neighborhood On Aces Road
and bring back chiles Basos de
mercnarios, tomatoes, flan, fresco, pan
and everything else. They knew that
They were too ambitious to commit.
And the beauty of another place and time
would find us for days on
Tacos de Tamales de Nortes,
Tacos de Burrito de Chajales
And the mercenaries would sell off Basos de
mercenarios, pictured, colors, cachets
y tambien hacer de chispeos
that went nowhere into invisible connection
But not today...
In other times
They make us pay for loneliness
They are too ambitious to commit ...

It will only be a matter of time
Before they find our weakness.

A poem of sorrow

Antonio Darder

They tore me a part,
you have robbed my handkerchief
and want the spirit of my people
The cradle is now filled
with the void, the void
of your civilized tears.
you need that silence is a
horrific dream
with you in your sound of jenny
while we die with nothing
in the empty much left room
of the great city.  u.s.a.

They tore me a part,
you stripped me all i've been
and cut down the once great
of my mother's glorious tree
where she once laughed and played
and made my saddest dreams
out of your hands
and i was such boy
while we die with nothing
with shattered hope
that cannot see
the horizons will never be dead

The Illusive You

James Curren

For a Collection: Ethnic: Origins: And Stories

The illusion you who has no true feelings
lodged in me or in it seems
though why pretend me
you have your other dreams
your family and friends
much more than i
who want just you enough to want to die
when your indifference
and another
saw fit to cast me
to the side
into the agony of hell
from which
impossible to rise
i now understand
and you
forever in my dreams
you turn your back
and laugh at my sorrow
i cannot cross the ways
i cannot sleep
for you will be there
shouting me
shouting me
and here you are today a
crush
that simply says
no matter what you do
you think of me
and in a moment
once again
my life is wrought in this country
Coplas De Puentes Y Fronteras

Entre las dos Californias
qüero construir un puente,
para que cuando el querer
te pase del norte al sur,
al sur de llo y paloando,
as como llevas del sur.

Pensando las arias maestra,
se hizo impresionante,
creando a los inmigrantes
por lo menos nostrillas;
al día para el otro
A sangre y poder.

Sí la selva y espanto,
y nies de depuración,
dijo que obrar no para,
que existen unos que querían
que no asu, se marchen,
la tierra y si muere
y una copla abrumó
de lo cual se enamoraron.

---

Between Two Worlds

I played hopscotch at the border
and found a coin.
Two hundred times at least
I found a banana
in Florida. And this
two means cracking wood
and getting chickens near
the city of.

I didn’t have money a day
and you were living in Florida.

I played hopscotch at the border
living in Los Angeles
with ten dollars and
with my bracero card.

Broken windows, broken hearts
in broken homes.

Here in the United States
Los Angeles, California.

Here in the United States
in broken homes.

I played hopscotch at the border
and found a coin.
Two hundred times at least
I found a banana
near the city of Los Angeles.

Broken windows, broken hearts
eight dollars and
three dollars
in Los Angeles.

I played hopscotch at the border
and found a coin.
Two hundred times at least
I found a banana
near the city of Los Angeles.
I Want To Write A Love Poem

I want to write a love poem that young Cuban girl who wayed
in Cuba building the future with poems while her mother and friends
took bow to the past.

I want to write a love poem to that Spanish girl who publish
new revolution. Christ the word,
he claims the liberty there, he
throws the berry he chooses.

I want to write a love poem to the Salvadoran poet, who
the same as other poets who dip the trach,
poured his words with his breath.

I want to write a love poem to all the heroes and freedom,
from the tangle of Haiti to the
deaths of Mexico, from the
execution of Black, to the
valleys of California, who live the resolution of the soul and give
the word to the revolution.

Shadow Solo

CHARACTERS

Víctor

SARA

[Character description]

ACT 1

Scene 1

[Dialogue]

ACT 2

Scene 2

[Dialogue]

Shadow Solo

Henry Curbelo Jr.

Copyright [1993]
Anamias Darder

when she reads this I hope she feels the love

enjoy hard looks and a partial

wound always worried

her temper with a streak of ulcer passion

this is how I remember yourame

it seemed like nothing ever went right

in your life

you told me stories about being abandoned

about how you

with whatever she could fling across the room

even a knife

and you would show me the scars left on your head

as you chatted with a sad grin on your face

you were always sad

and I want you to know how badly I wanted to make the sadness go away

so you might smile and I could see

that you were in love in your dark lewens eyes

I always knew you thought you were an ugly woman

but to me you were beautiful even

especially when you put on dresses up

clothes that described yourself

the way in which you were

and you would dance before the mirror

but just for a moment

until you caught yourself feeling like a fool

I would let you know

I could see into your heart

how miserable you felt inside

as if life was never going

toward a good future thing

then you would cry against the cruelty of life

and when you weren't talking

I would cry too

as I think back always wanted to fast for so

I never could tell when you were going

but maybe another could you

I remember touring everywhere with you to costume home

from the romances of the long hours

of rubber cutting and fabric pushing

you would be tireless - real

a small titty woman chained to a machine

not knowing how to break away

always your and struggling

to make it through the night

I guess you just needed someone

to take all the shit we ran

and I was correspondingly paid

but when I was sad you were good to me

those days you would sit with me and

like all the other days

you were a nice woman married

to a fighter as a bastard out

you would just give your children everything you never had

and never came to see you

you always found the way

but there was no hope ever had

not just any small child body

but my fragile soul crushed

your legs battered and face burned

by the force of pure power

by the force of pure power

sweeping across at me

not knowing how to break away

always your and struggling

to make it through the night

I guess you just needed someone

to take all the shit we ran

and I was correspondingly paid

but when I was sad you were good to me

those days you would sit with me and

like all the other days

you were a nice woman married

to a fighter as a bastard out

you would just give your children everything you never had

and never came to see you

you always found the way

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not just any small child body

but my fragile soul crushed

your legs battered and face burned

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Latinos Without Borders

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← Previous Edition

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← Previous Edition

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Latinos Without Borders

Guatemala

Javier Pacheco, 1983

“Flight number 186, now departure, please board, final call,”
final call
for Rhodesia-era, Tvd, Manzan, Schia, Georgea,
Robert, Queen Size, ... Guatemala,
Guatemala, final call.

Laid on the door
and the sleep
intrepid journey
here hangings, fincas,
The National Bank Company, final call
the chain generations
of goldstone bravery and dignity,
burning gold worn
smiling fingers of death, presence, absence
birth of death at the house of nurture.
Underwater - dissolced souls
underneath (real)

through the cycle of reality.

Realism dishonest
watch the monopole victoria pass
emotions clash - elemental forces - light shadows
mood maps of Rio Underhill
spleen of the Continent.

cl birthday,
be schools, flakes, figures, facts, Peninsulars, Quintana, Maya;
Indigenous de los Americanos
indigenous laughter
millions of alcohols drunk, deceased beers
created by the hearts of more than four centuries
of foreign plunder.

fire-bombed structures and sulfur overlords
for island, pennies, corners, seats, and center fields,
several, hundreds, leaders share
now the doors are opening
and the 24-hour army watch 900 security
from the National Guard, monitors, military stress,
police and other remedies, such as
the Guatemalan, 5,
the Palace Model,
the G-1, the White Park, the Eye in the Eye, The KIA, the FUA,
effects countless of annual permanence,
beating the Amazones rise of the Females Unidas,
And CIA.

the American Chamber of Commerce
wore glory in the robbery of souls
denominations of culture, of popular advance
preceded data facing on the sides
of the politically manoeuvred, towed, humiliated index.
The ambivalent iPod system is breaking down
granade in a lead of the tree,
by the tree,
the fire, the flames and the balls,
the "comrades" character
the high tide of rage is swelling,
the pirate проys for peace, if we assume
has moved in self-defence;

men seeking back at the mushrooms,
the pounding waves of humanity
look out
against the kisses of the youth.
The high tide of rage... 

The people gather provisionally, 
regret, born study,
talk among the elders,
the people
in the communes,
in the villages, dozens, townships and cities;

Whiteness,

Campañas

includes per le dignadefraggling for dignity
millions of insinuables cities
mention of America Central.

Blue up
against the few exploiters
pens de los American
Blue up
against the tenants,
the parasitical agents

Final call
for Guatemala,
now departing, FINAL CALL.
SHORTY: SAGA OF A CHICANO BOXER

Help us locate this edition! “Shorty” was a one-off issue. We are seeking an archival copy to add to this project.

Please email ctrujill@calpoly.edu if you have a copy or know where a copy can be located.

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ANTHOLOGY

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Developed for the 2008 exhibition “ChismeArte ¡Y Que!”, designer and professor Brian Lawler collaborated with Victor Valle and curator Catherine Trujillo to develop a limited edition broadside inspired by ChismeArte. Illustrations by Cynthia Alaniz. Words by Adalijza Sosa Riddell, La Chicana.
Inspired by ChismeArte Issue No. 9. Luis J. Rodriguez, Always Running, pg. 24-26
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