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I Am JOAQUÍN YO SOY JOAQUÍN

An Epic Poem

BY RODOLFO GONZALES

*with a chronology of people and
events in Mexican
and Mexican American history*

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TORONTO/NEW YORK/LONDON
A NATIONAL GENERAL COMPANY

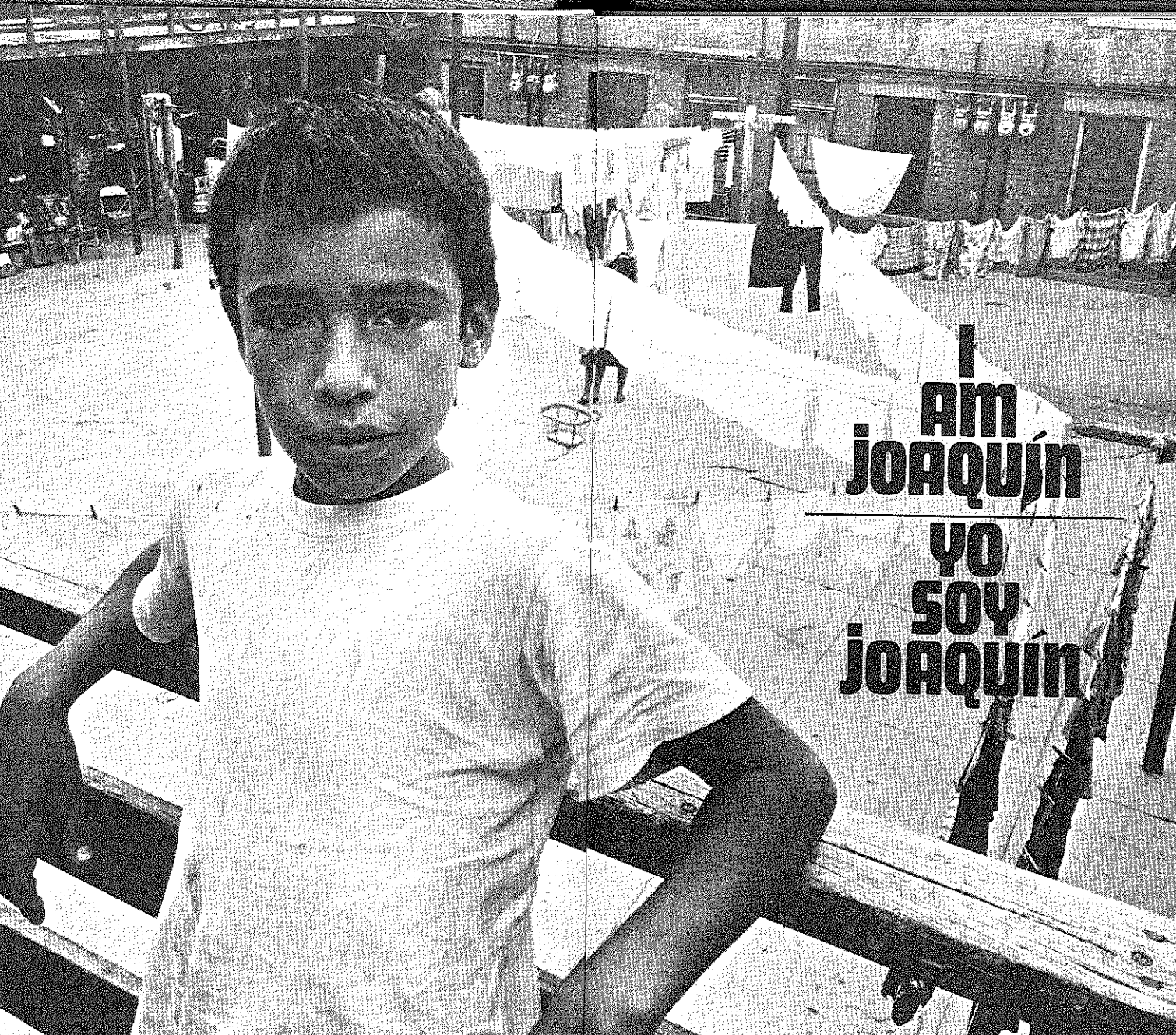
Introduction

Writing *I Am Joaquín* was a journey back through history, a painful self-evaluation, a wandering search for my peoples and, most of all, for my own identity. The totality of all social inequities and injustice had to come to the surface. All the while, the truth about our own flaws—the villains and the heroes had to ride together—in order to draw an honest, clear conclusion of who we were, who we are, and where we are going.

I Am Joaquín became a historical essay, a social statement, a conclusion of our *mestisaje*, a welding of the oppressor (Spaniard) and the oppressed (Indian). It is a mirror of our greatness and our weakness, a call to action as a total people, emerging from a glorious history, traveling through social pain and conflicts, confessing our weaknesses while we shout about our strength, culminating into one: the psychological wounds, cultural genocide, social castration, nobility, courage, determination, and the fortitude to move on to make new history for an ancient people dancing on a modern stage. In short, *I Am Joaquín* was written as a revelation of myself and of all Chicanos who are Joaquín. The sounds of movement, the literary and anthropological quest for our roots, the renewal of a fierce pride and tribal unity are the reasons why *I Am Joaquín* had to be shared with all my *hermanos y hermanas*, fathers, mothers, and grandparents. Their time, and now our time, could not be left behind and forgotten.

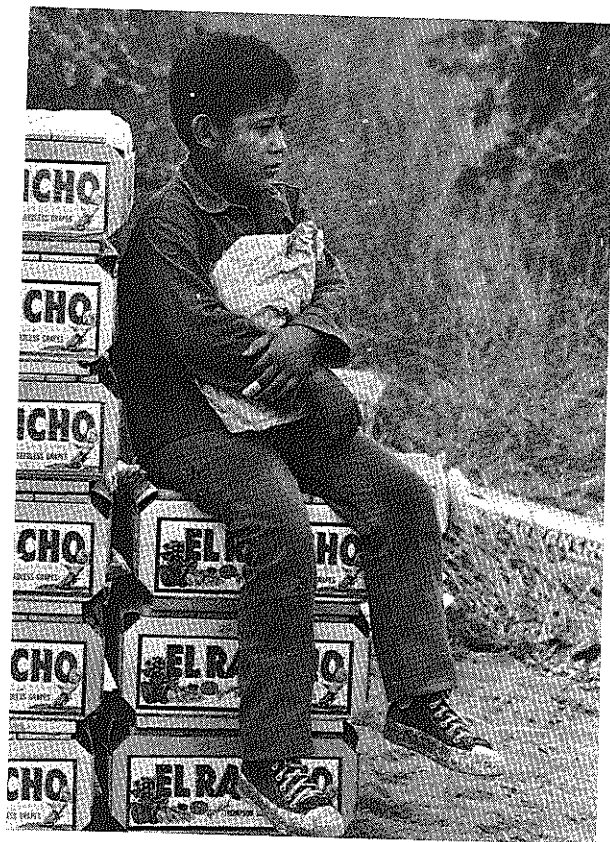
There is no inspiration without identifiable images, there is no conscience without the sharp knife of truthful exposure, and ultimately, there are no revolutions without poets.

—Rodolfo Gonzales

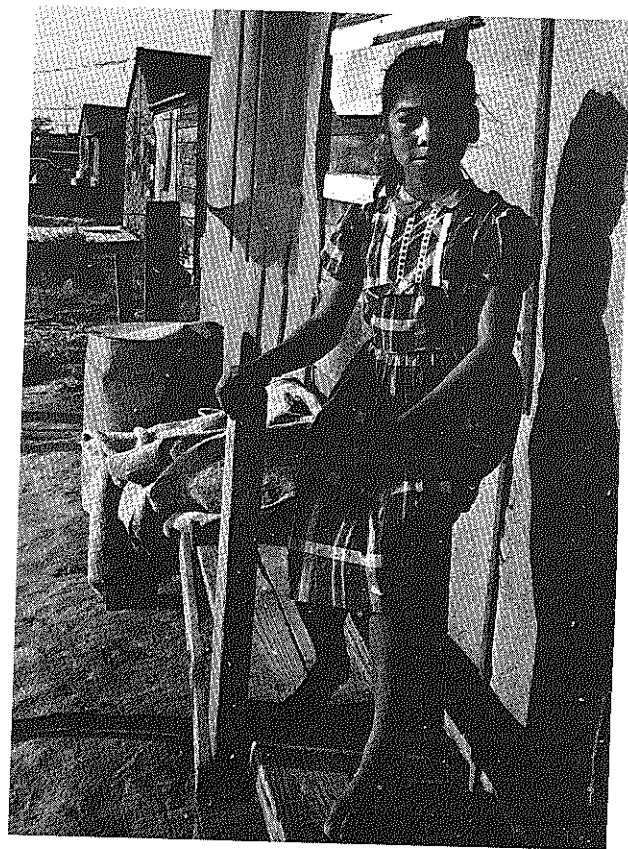


**I
AM
JOAQUÍN**

**YO
SOY
JOAQUIN**



I am Joaquín,
lost in a world of confusion,
caught up in the whirl of a
gringo society,
confused by the rules,
scorned by attitudes,
suppressed by manipulation,
and destroyed by modern society.
My fathers
have lost the economic battle
and won
the struggle of cultural survival.



Yo soy Joaquín,
perdido en un mundo de confusión,
enganchado en el remolino de una
sociedad gringa,
confundido por las reglas,
despreciado por las actitudes,
sofocado por manipulaciones,
y destrozado por la sociedad moderna.
Mis padres
perdieron la batalla económica
y conquistaron
la lucha de supervivencia cultural.

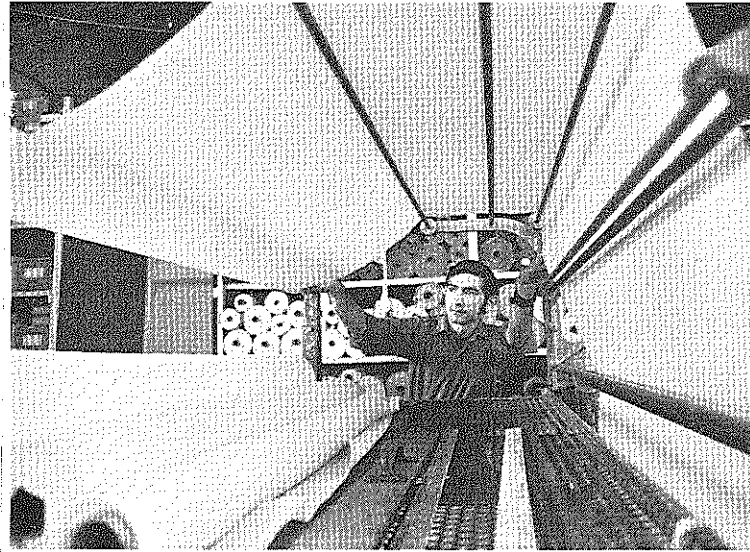


And now!
I must choose between
the paradox of
victory of the spirit,
despite physical hunger,
or
to exist in the grasp
of American social neurosis,
sterilization of the soul
and a full stomach.

Y ¡ahora!
yo tengo que escoger
 en medio
de la paradoja de
triunfo del espíritu,
a despecho de hambre física,
 o
existir en la empuñada
de la neurosis social americana,
esterilización del alma
y un estómago repleto.



Yes,
I have come a long way to nowhere,
unwillingly dragged by that
monstrous, technical,
industrial giant called
Progress
and Anglo success. . . .



Sí,
vine de muy lejos a ninguna parte,
desinclinadamente arrastrado por ese
gigante, monstruoso, técnico, e
industrial llamado
Progreso
y éxito angloamericano. . . .

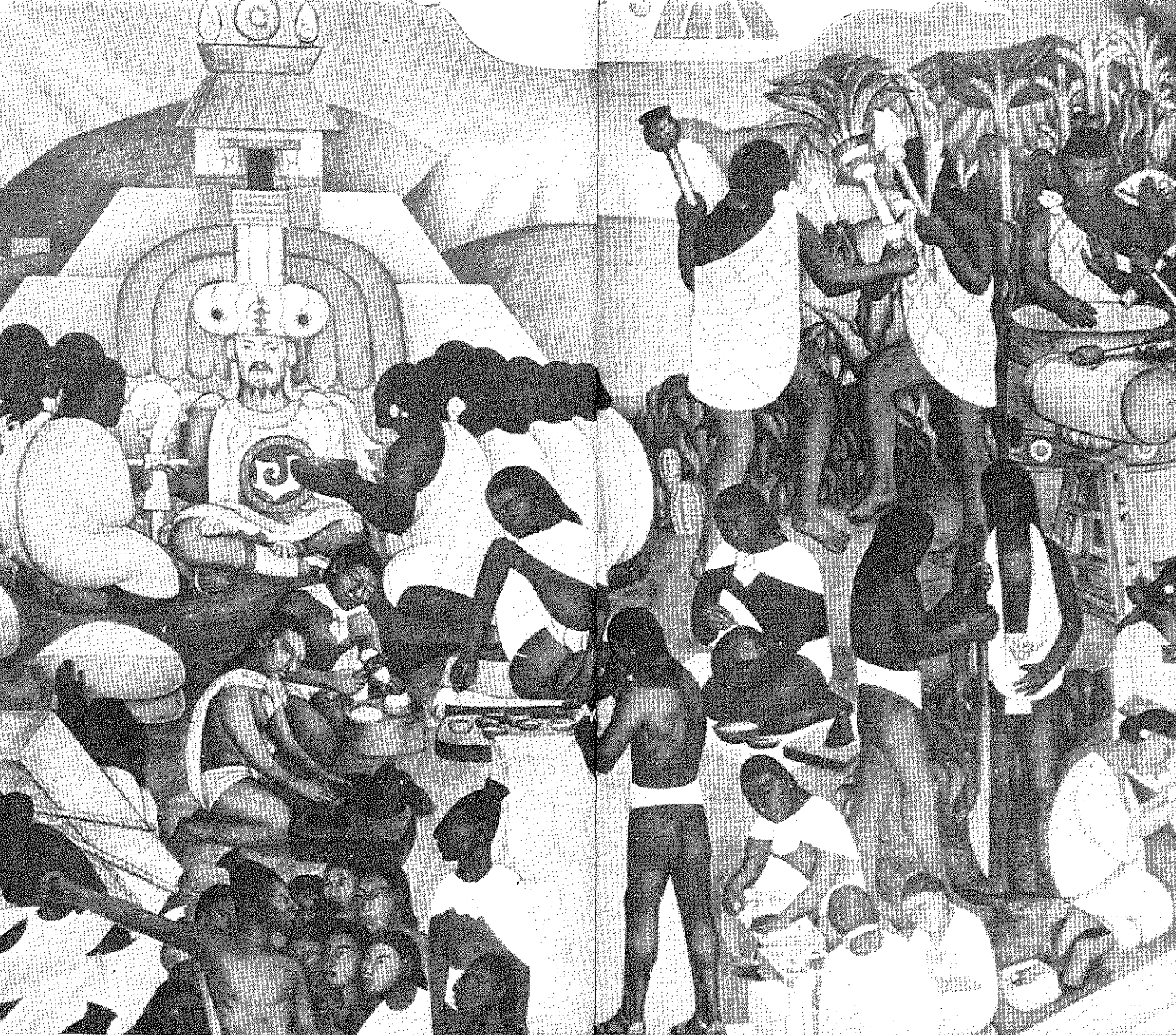


I look at myself.
I watch my brothers.
I shed tears of sorrow.
I sow seeds of hate.
I withdraw to the safety within the
circle of life—

MY OWN PEOPLE.

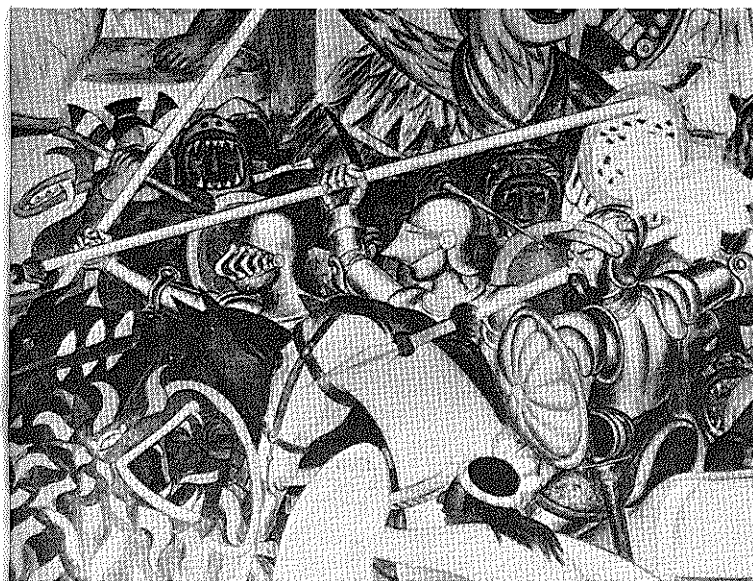
Yo mismo me miro.
Observo a mis hermanos.
Lloro lágrimas de desgracia.
Siembro semillas de odio.
Me retiro a la seguridad dentro del
círculo de vida—

MI RAZA.



I am Cuauhtémoc,
 proud and noble,
 leader of men,
 king of an empire
 civilized beyond the dreams
 of the gachupín Cortés,
 who also is the blood,
 the image of myself.
 I am the Maya prince.
 I am Nezahualcóyotl,
 great leader of the Chichimecas.
 I am the sword and flame of Cortés
 the despot.
 And
 I am the eagle and serpent of
 the Aztec civilization.

Yo soy Cuauhtémoc,
 majestuoso y noble,
 guía de hombres,
 rey de un imperio civilizado
 incomparablemente a los sueños
 del gachupín Cortés,
 quien igualmente es la sangre,
 la imagen de mi mismo.
 Yo soy el príncipe de los mayas.
 Yo soy Netzahualcóyotl,
 líder famoso de los chichimecas.
 Yo soy la espada y llama de Cortés
 el déspota.
 Y
 yo soy e águila y la serpiente
 de la civilización azteca.





I owned the land as far as the eye
could see under the crown of Spain,
and I toiled on my earth
and gave my Indian sweat and blood
for the Spanish master
who ruled with tyranny over man and
beast and all that he could trample.

But . . .

THE GROUND WAS MINE.
I was both tyrant and slave.

Fuí dueño de la tierra hasta donde veían
los ojos bajo le corona española,
y trabajé en mi tierra
y di mi sudor y sangre india
por el amo español
que gobernó con tiranía sobre hombre y
bestia y todo los que él podía pisotear.

Pero . . .

EL TERRENO ERA MÍO.
Yo era ambos tirano y esclavo.

As Christian church took its place
 in God's good name,
 to take and use my virgin strength and
 trusting faith,
 the priests,
 both good and bad,
 took—
 but
 gave a lasting truth that
 Spaniard
 Indian
 Mestizo
 were all God's children.
 And
 from these words grew men
 who prayed and fought
 for
 their own worth as human beings,
 for
 that
 GOLDEN MOMENT
 of
 FREEDOM.

Cuando iglesia cristiana tomó su lugar
 en el buen nombre de Dios
 para tomar y usar mi fuerza virgen y
 fé confiada,
 los sacerdotes,
 ambos buenos y malos,
 cogieron—
 pero
 dieron una verdad perdurable que
 español
 indio
 mestizo
 todos eran hijos de Dios.
 Y
 de estas palabras surgieron hombres
 que rezaron y pelearon
 por
 su mismo mérito como seres humanos,
 para
 ese
 MOMENTO DORADO
 de
 LIBERTAD.





I was part in blood and spirit
of that

courageous village priest

Hidalgo

who in the year eighteen hundred and ten
rang the bell of independence
and gave out that lasting cry—

el grito de Dolores:

"Que mueran los gachupines y que viva
la Virgen de Guadalupe. . . ."

Yo fui parte en sangre y espíritu
de aquel

padre aldeano y valiente

Hidalgo

que en el año mil ocho cientos diez
repicó la campana de independencia
y dio el constante—

el grito de Dolores:

"Que mueran los gachupines y que viva
la Virgen de Guadalupe. . . ."

I sentenced him
 who was me.
I excommunicated him, my blood.
I drove him from the pulpit to lead
 a bloody revolution for him and me. . . .
 I killed him.

Yo lo condené a él
que era yo.
Yo le excomulgué a él mi sangre.
Lo desterré del púlpito para encabezar
una revolución sangrienta para él y para mí. . .
Yo lo maté.



I fought and died
for
Don Benito Juárez,
guardian of the Constitution.
I was he
on dusty roads
on barren land
as he protected his archives
as Moses did his sacraments.

Yo luché y morí
por
Don Benito Juárez,
guardián de la constitución.
Yo fui él
en caminos empolvados
en terrenos estériles
cuando él protegía sus archivos
como protegió Moisés sus sacramentos.

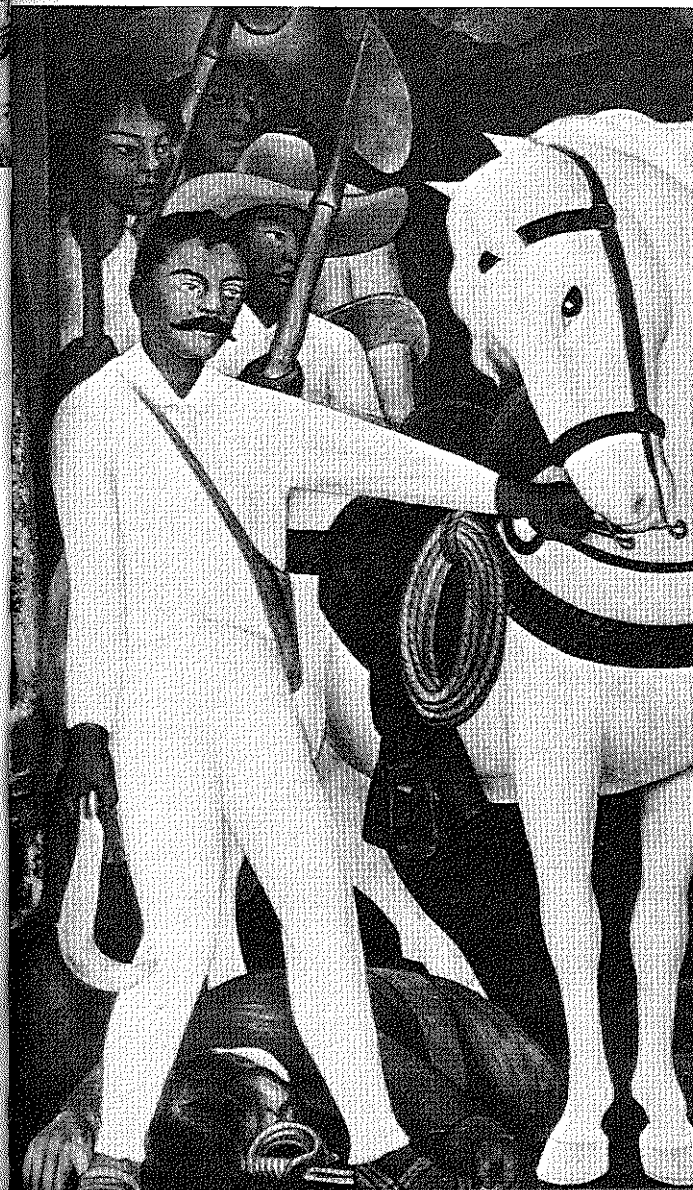


He held his Mexico
 in his hand
 on
 the most desolate
 and remote ground
 which was his country.
 And this giant
 little Zapotec
 gave
 not one palm's breadth
 of his country's land to
 kings or monarchs or presidents
 of foreign powers.

Él detuvo su Méjico
 en sus manos
 en
 los terrenos más desolados
 y remotos
 la cual era su patria.
 Y este gran
 pequeño zapoteca
 no dió
 ni una palma de mano
 de la tierra de su patria a
 reyes o monarcas o presidentes
 de poderes extranjeros.

I am Joaquín.
I rode with Pancho Villa,
crude and warm,
a tornado at full strength,
nourished and inspired
by the passion and the fire
of all his earthy people.
I am Emiliano Zapata.
"This land,
this earth
is
OURS."

Yo soy Joaquín.
Cabalgué con Pancho Villa,
tosco y simpático,
un tornado a toda fuerza,
alimentado e inspirado
por la pasión y la lumbre
de su gente mundana.
Soy Emiliano Zapata.
"Este terreno,
esta tierra
es
NUESTRA."



The villages
the mountains
the streams
belong to Zapatistas.
Our life
or yours
is the only trade for soft brown earth
and maize.
All of which is our reward,
a creed that formed a constitution
for all who dare live free!
"This land is ours . . .
Father, I give it back to you.
Mexico must be free. . . ."

Los pueblos
las montañas
los arroyos
pertenecen a los Zapatistas.
Nuestra vida
o las vuestras
es el único cambio por tierra blanda y
morena y por maíz.
Todo lo que es nuestro regalo,
un credo que formó una constitución
para todos los que se atreven a vivir libre!
"Esta tierra es nuestra . . .
Padre, yo te la doy de vuelta.
Méjico debe ser libre. . . ."





I ride with revolutionists
against myself.

I am the Rurales,
coarse and brutal,
I am the mountain Indian,
superior over all.

The thundering hoof beats are my horses.
The chattering machine guns
are death to all of me:

Yaqui
Tarahumara
Chamula
Zapotec
Mestizo
Español.

Peleo con revolucionarios
contra mí mismo.

Yo soy Rural
ordinario y bruto,
yo soy el indio montañero,
superior a todos.

El galope truenoroso son mis caballos.
El chirrido de ametralladoras
es muerte para todos que son yo:

yaqui
tarahumara
chamula
zapoteca
mestizo
español.



I have been the bloody revolution,
 the victor,
 the vanquished.
 I have killed
 and been killed.
 I am the despots Díaz
 and Huerta
 and the apostle of democracy,
 Francisco Madero.

Yo he sido la revolución sangrienta,
 el vencedor,
 el vencido.
 Yo he matado
 y he sido matado.
 Yo soy los déspotas Díaz
 y Huerta
 y el apóstol de democracia,
 Francisco Madero.

I am
the black-shawled
faithful women
who die with me
or live
depending on the time and place.

I am

faithful
humble

Juan Diego,
the Virgin of Guadalupe,
Tonantzin, Aztec goddess, too.

Yo soy
las mujeres fieles
con sus rebozos negros
que mueren conmigo
o viven
según el lugar y el tiempo.

Yo soy

leal
humilde

Juan Diego,
la Virgen de Guadalupe,
tambien Tonantzin, la diosa azteca.

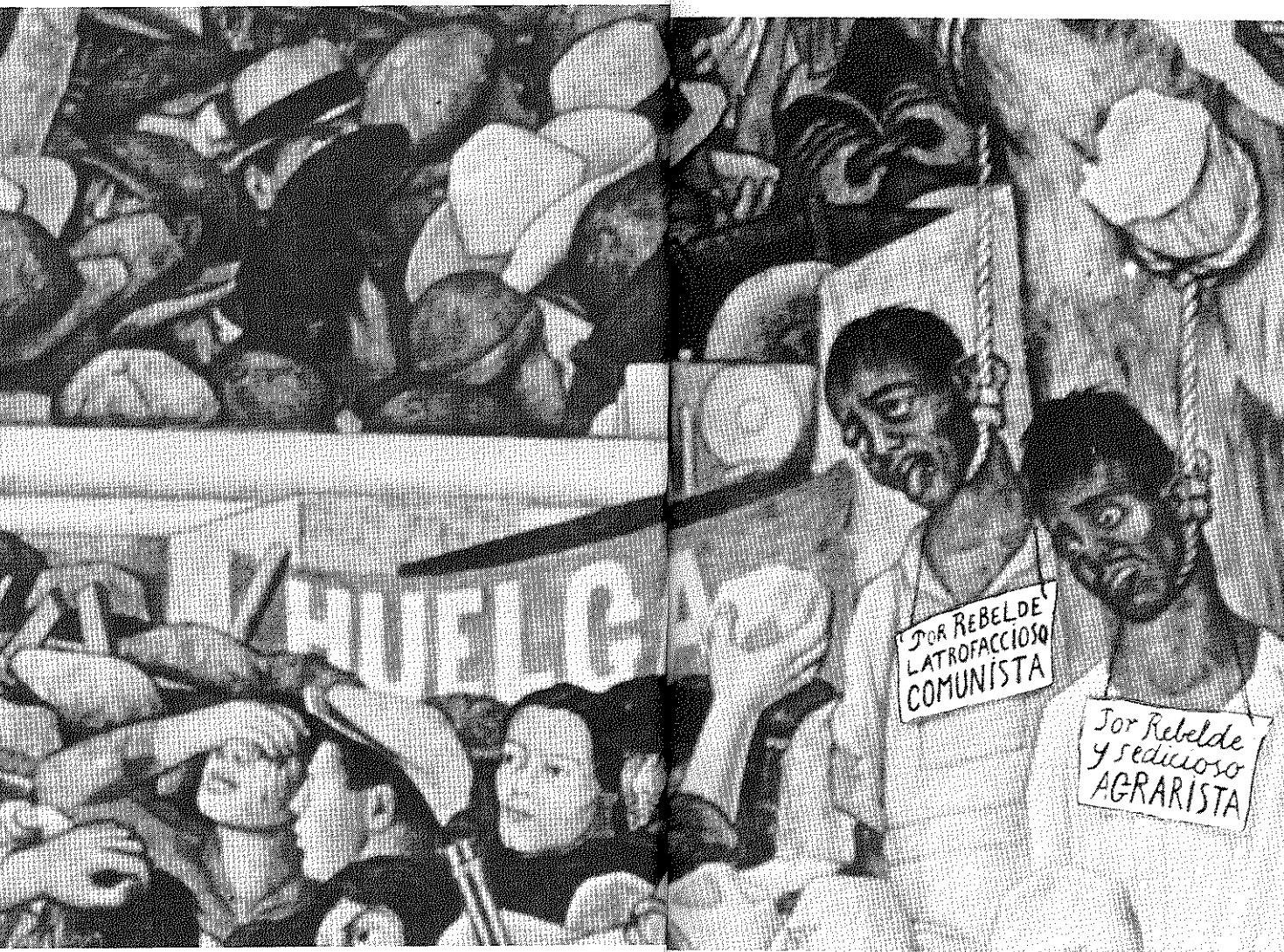


I rode the mountains of San Joaquín.
I rode east and north
as far as the Rocky Mountains,
and
all men feared the guns of
Joaquín Murrieta.
I killed those men who dared
to steal my mine,
who raped and killed
my love
my wife.

Then
I killed to stay alive.
I was Elfego Baca,
living my nine lives fully.
I was the Espinoza brothers
of the Valle de San Luis.
All
were added to the number of heads
that
in the name of civilization
were placed on the wall of independence,
heads of brave men
who died for cause or principle,
good or bad.

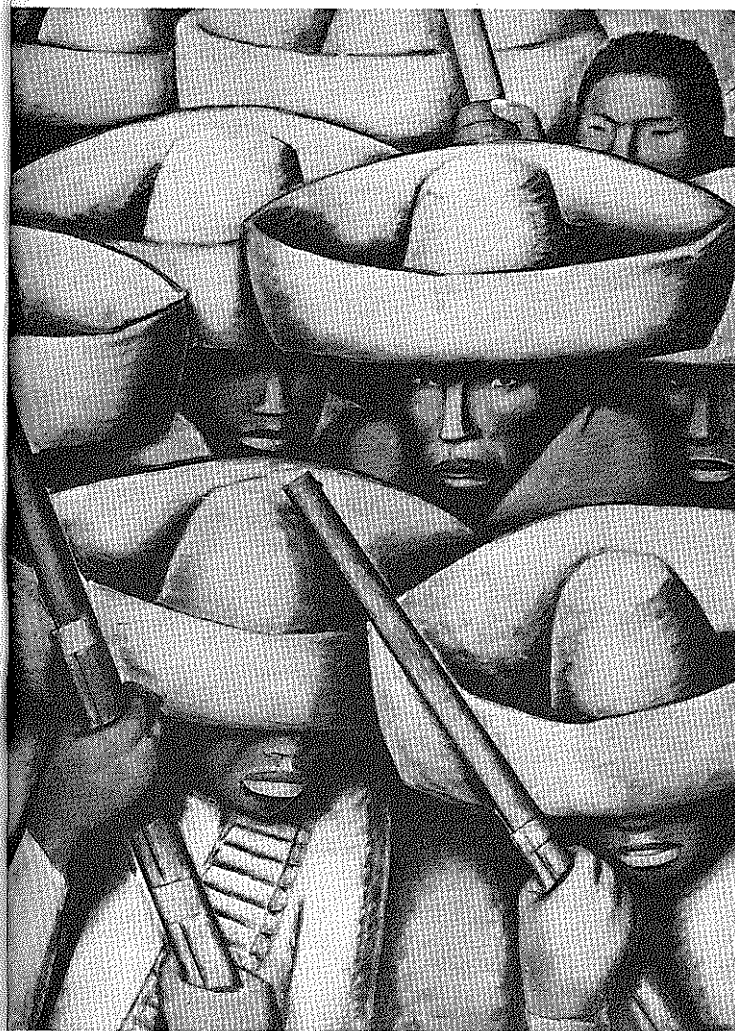
Cabalgué las montañas de San Joaquín.
Cabalgué al este y norte
hasta las Montañas Roqueñas,
y
todos los hombres temían las pistolas
de Joaquín Murrieta.
Maté a esos hombres que se atrevieron
a robar mi mina,
que violaron y mataron a
mi amor,
mi esposa.

Luego
yo maté para vivir.
Yo fui Elfego Baca,
viviendo mis nueve vidas plenamente.
Yo fui los hermanos Espinoza
del Valle de San Luis.
Todos
fueron añadidos al número de cabezas
que
en nombre de civilización
pusieron en la pared de independencia,
cabezas de hombres valientes
que murieron por causa o principio,
bueno o malo.



Hidalgo! Zapata!
Murrieta! Espinozas!
are but a few.
They
dared to face
the force of tyranny
of men
who rule
by deception and hypocrisy.

¡Hidalgo! ¡Zapata!
¡Murrieta! ¡Espinozas!
son solamente pocos.
Ellos
se arriesgaron afrontar
la fuerza de tiranía
de hombres
que gobiernan
con enredos e hipocresía.





I stand here looking back,
and now I see
the present,
and still
I am the campesino,
I am the fat political coyote—
I,
of the same name,
Joaquín,
in a country that has wiped out
all my history,
stifled all my pride,
in a country that has placed a
different weight of indignity upon
my
age-
old
burdened back.
Inferiority
is the new load. . . .

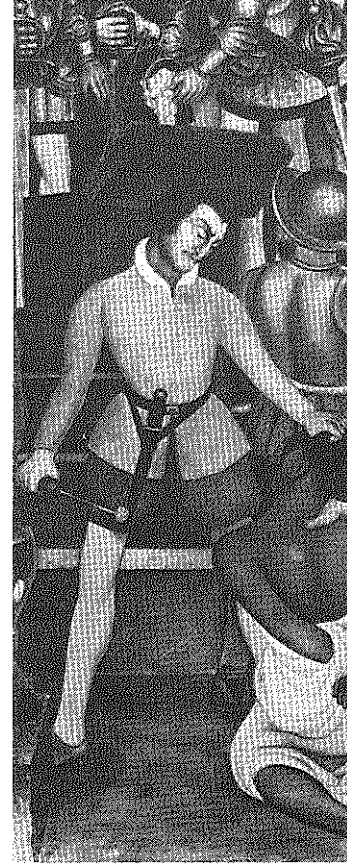


Aquí estoy mirando hacia el pasado,
y ahora veo
el presente,
y aún
yo soy el campesino,
soy el político, gordo y traicionero—
yo,
del mismo nombre,
Joaquín,
en un país que ha derrotado
toda mi historia,
sofocado todo mi orgullo,
en un país que ha puesto un peso
diferente de indignidad
en
mi
espalda
centenaria.
Inferioridad
es la nueva carga. . . .

The Indian has endured and still
emerged the winner,
the Mestizo must yet overcome,
And the gachupín will just ignore.
I look at myself
and see part of me
who rejects my father and my mother
and dissolves into the melting pot
to disappear in shame.
I sometimes
sell my brother out
and reclaim him
for my own when society gives me
token leadership
in society's own name.

El indio ha sobrellevado y todavía
emergió el vencedor,
el mestizo debe todavía vencer,
Y el gachupín solamente ignorará.
Yo mismo me miro,
veo parte de mí
que renuncia mi padre y mi madre y se
derrite en la mezcla de esta sociedad
para desaparecer en vergüenza.
A veces
vendo a mi hermano
y lo reclamo
como mío cuando la sociedad me da
liderato tésero
en el mismo nombre de la sociedad.



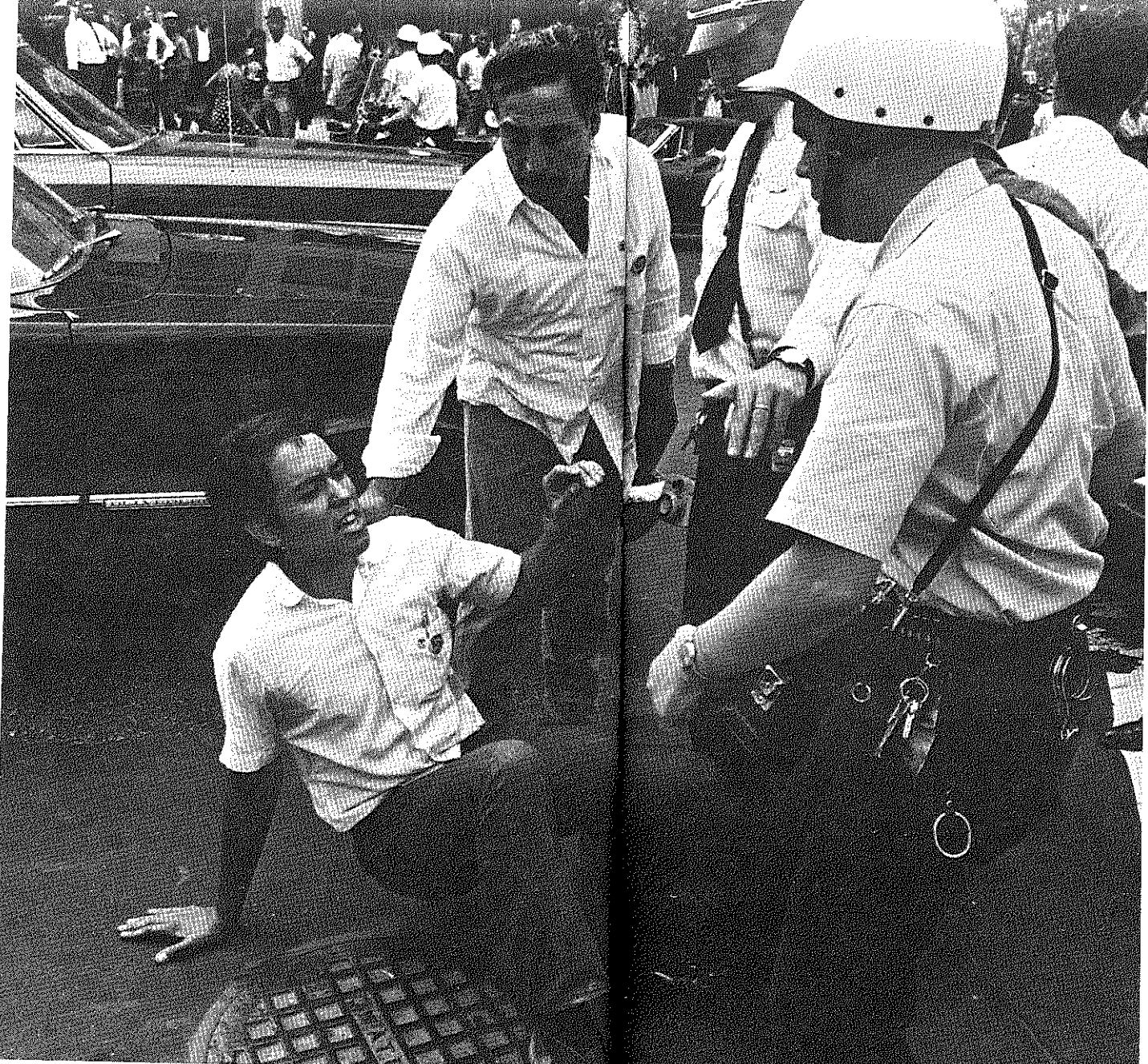


I am Joaquín,
 who bleeds in many ways.
 The altars of Moctezuma
 I stained a bloody red.
 My back of Indian slavery
 was stripped crimson
 from the whips of masters
 who would lose their blood so pure
 when revolution made them pay,
 standing against the walls of
 retribution.

Yo soy Joaquín,
 que sangra en muchos modos.
 Los altares de Moctezuma
 yo manché sanguíneo.
 Mi espalda de esclavitud india
 fué despojada color encarnado
 de los azotes de patronos
 que perderían su sangre tan pura
 cuando revolución los hizo pagar,
 parados en frente de las paredes de
 retribución.

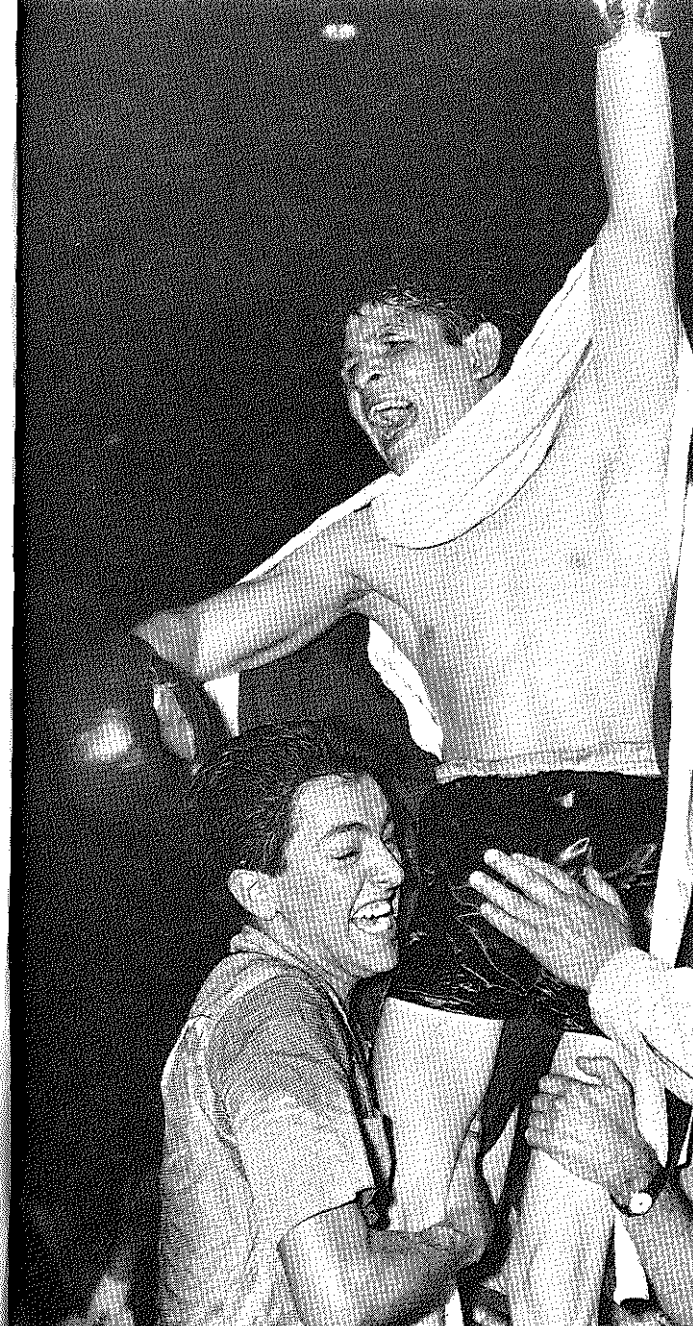
Blood
has flowed from
me
on every battlefield
between
campesino, hacendado,
slave and master
and
revolution.
I jumped from the tower of Chapultepec
into the sea of fame—
my country's flag
my burial shroud—
with Los Niños,
whose pride and courage
could not surrender
with indignity
their country's flag
to strangers . . . in their land.
Now
I bleed in some smelly cell
from club
or gun
or tyranny.

Sangre
he derramado de
mí
en cada campo de batalla
entre
campesino, hacendado,
esclavo y dueño
y
revolución.
Yo brinqué de la torre de Chapultepec
dentro del mar de fama—
la bandera de mi patria
mi sudario—
con Los Niños,
cuyo orgullo y valor
no pudieron entregar
con indignidad
la bandera de su patria
a extranjeros . . . en su tierra.
Ahora
me desangro en una celda hedionda
de garrote
o pistola
o tiranía.



I bleed as the vicious gloves of hunger
cut my face and eyes,
as I fight my way from stinking barrios
to the glamour of the ring
and lights of fame
or mutilated sorrow.

Me desangro mientras los guantes viciosos de
hambre parten mi cara, mis ojos,
mientras peléo desde barrios corrompidos
al encanto del cuadrilátero
y luces de fama
o mutilantes pesares.

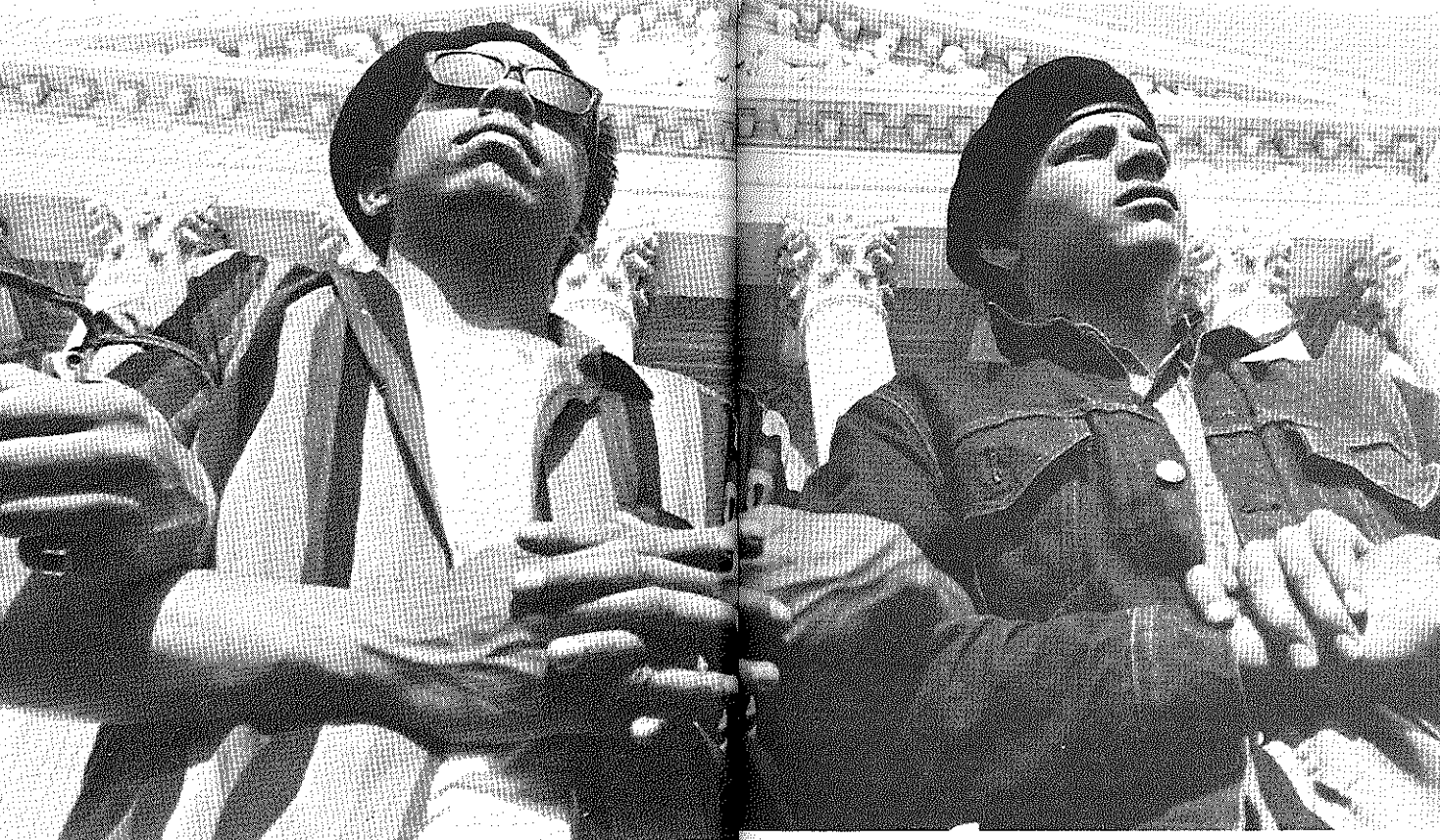


My blood runs pure on the ice-caked
hills of the Alaskan isles,
on the corpse-strewn beach of Normandy,
the foreign land of Korea

and now
Vietnam.

Mi sangre cursa pura en los cerros
escarchados de las isletas de Alaska,
en la playa derramada de cuerpos en
Normandía, la tierra ajena de Corea
y ahora
Vietnam.





Here I stand
before the court of justice,
guilty
for all the glory of my Raza
to be sentenced to despair.
Here I stand,
poor in money,
arrogant with pride,
bold with machismo,
rich in courage
and
wealthy in spirit and faith.

Aquí estoy parado
enfrente la corte de justicia,
culpable
por toda la gloria de mi Raza
a ser sentenciado a desesperación.
Aquí estoy parado,
pobre en dinero,
arrogante con orgullo,
valiente con machismo,
rico en valor
y
adinerado de espíritu y fé.

OPPORTUNITY



These then
are the rewards
this society has
for sons of chiefs
and kings
and bloody revolutionists,
who
gave a foreign people
all their skills and ingenuity
to pave the way with brains and blood
for
those hordes of gold-starved
strangers,
who
changed our language
and plagiarized our deeds
as feats of valor
of their own.

Estos son
pues los regalos
que esta sociedad tiene
para hijos de jefes
y reyes
y revolucionarios sanguinosos,
quienes
dieron a gente ajena
todas sus habilidades y ingeniosidad
para adoquinar la vía con sesos y sangre
para
esas hordas de extranjeros hambrientos
por oro,
quienes
cambiaron nuestro idioma
y plagiaron nuestros hechos
como acciones de valor
de ellos mismos.

They frowned upon our way of life
and took what they could use.
Our art,
our literature,
our music, they ignored—
so they left the real things of value
and grabbed at their own destruction
by their greed and avarice.
They overlooked that cleansing fountain of
nature and brotherhood
which is Joaquín.

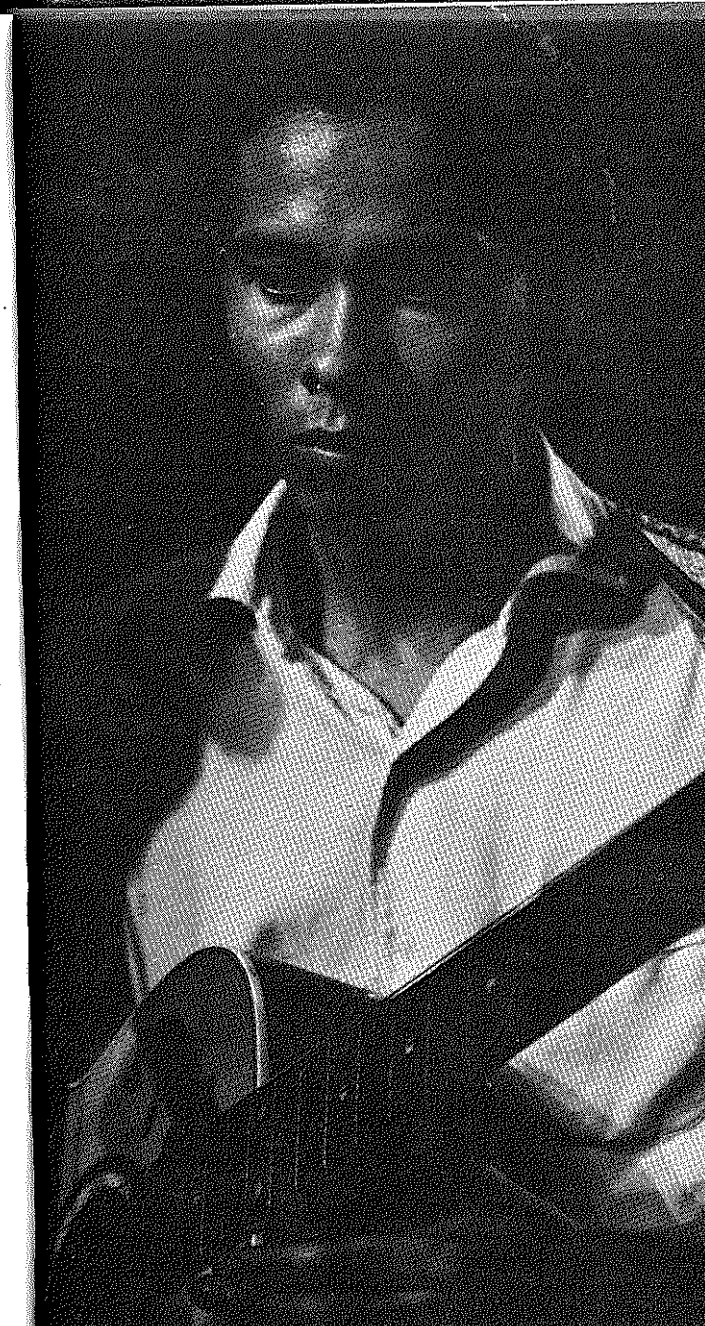
The art of our great señores,
Diego Rivera,
Siqueiros,
Orozco, is but
another act of revolution for
the salvation of mankind.
Mariachi music, the
heart and soul
of the people of the earth,
the life of the child,
and the happiness of love.

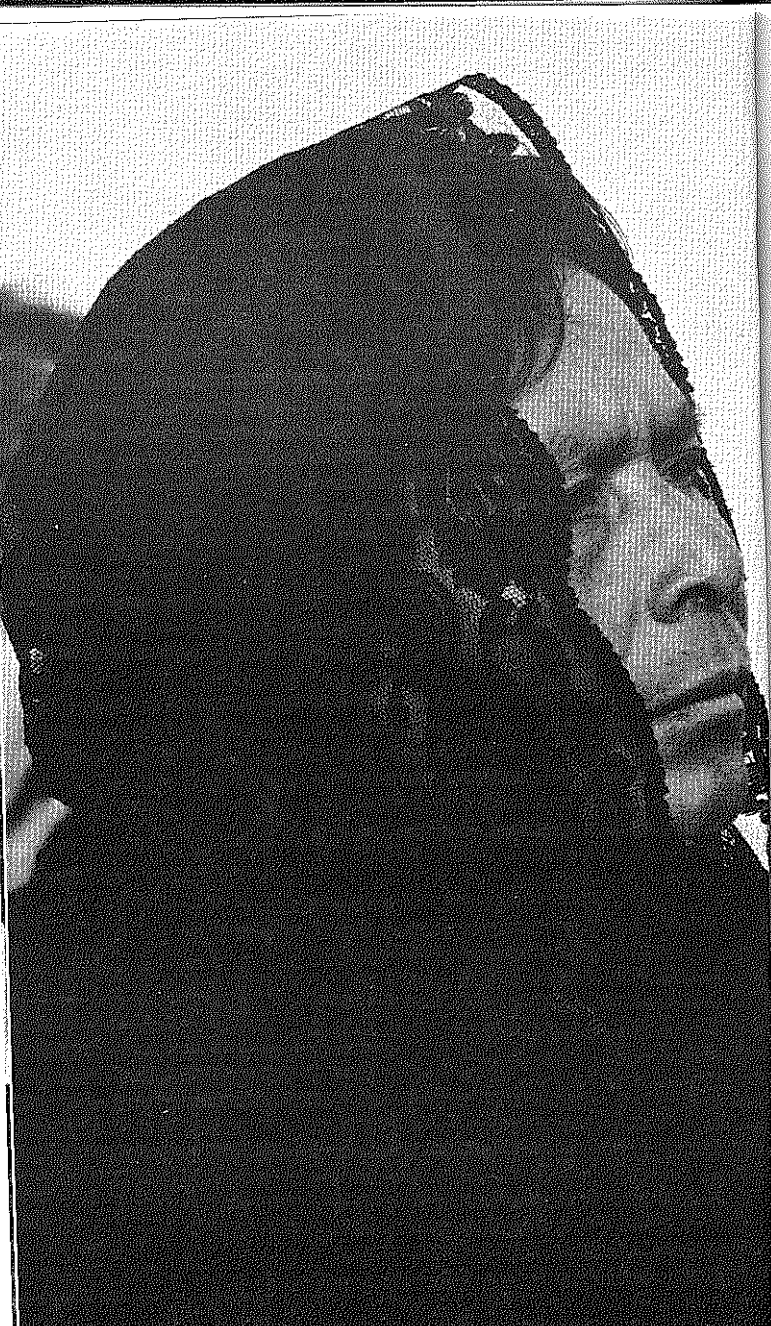
Desaprobaron de nuestro modo de vivir
y tomaron lo que podían usar.
Nuestro arte,
nuestra literatura,
nuestra música, ignoraron—
así dejaron las cosas de valor verdadero
y arrebataron a su misma destrucción
con su gula y avaricia.
Dismularon aquella fontana purificadora
de naturaleza y hermandad
la cual es Joaquín.
El arte de nuestros señores excelentes,
Diego Rivera,
Siqueiros,
Orozco, es solamente
otro acto de revolución para
la salvación del género humano.
Música de mariachi, el
corazón y el alma
de la gente de la tierra,
la vida de niño
y la alegría del amor.



The corridos tell the tales
of life and death,
of tradition,
legends old and new,
of joy
of passion and sorrow
of the people—who I am.

Los corridos dicen los cuentos
de vida y muerte,
de tradición,
leyendas viejas y nuevas,
de alegría
de pasión y pesar
de la gente—que soy yo.





I am in the eyes of woman,
sheltered beneath
her shawl of black,
deep and sorrowful
eyes
that bear the pain of sons long buried
or dying,
dead
on the battlefield or on the barbed wire
of social strife.

Yo estoy en los ojos de la mujer,
amparados debajo
su rebozo negro
ojos hondos y
dolorosos
que llevan el pesar de hijos enterrados
o agonizantes,
muertos
en batalla o en el alambre de púas
de lucha social.



Her rosary she prays and fingers
endlessly

like the family
working down a row of beets
to turn around
and work
and work.

There is no end.

Her eyes a mirror of all the warmth
and all the love for me,

and I am her
and she is me.

We face life together in sorrow,
anger, joy, faith and wishful
thoughts.

Su rosario lo reza y lo pulsa
infinitamente

como la familia
trabajando una hilera de betabel
a dar vuelta
y trabajar
y trabajar.

No hay ningún fin.

Sus ojos un espejo de todo el calor
y todo el amor para mí,

y yo soy ella
y ella es yo.

Juntos afrontamos la vida con
pesar, coraje, alegría, fé y
pensamientos deseosos.



I shed the tears of anguish
as I see my children disappear
behind the shroud of mediocrity,
never to look back to remember me.
I am Joaquín.

I must fight
and win this struggle
for my sons, and they
must know from me
who I am.

Part of the blood that runs deep in me
could not be vanquished by the Moors.
I defeated them after five hundred years,
and I endured.

Part of the blood that is mine
has labored endlessly four hundred
years under the heel of lustful

Europeans.

I am still here!

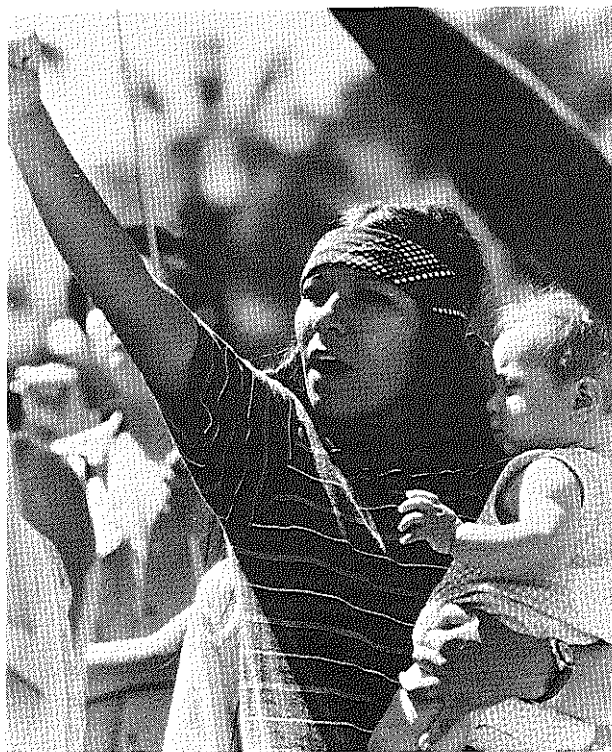
Lloro lágrimas de angustia
cuando veo a mis hijos desaparecer
detrás de la mortaja de mediocridad,
para jamás reflexionar o acordarse de mí.
Yo soy Joaquín.

Debo pelear
y ganar la lucha
para mis hijos, y ellos
deben saber de mí,
quien soy yo.

Parte de la sangre que corre hondo en mí
no pudo ser vencida por los moros.
Los derroté después de quinientos años,
y yo perduré.

La parte de sangre que es mía
ha obrado infinitamente cuatrocientos
años debajo el talón de europeos
lujuriosos.

¡Yo todavía estoy aquí!



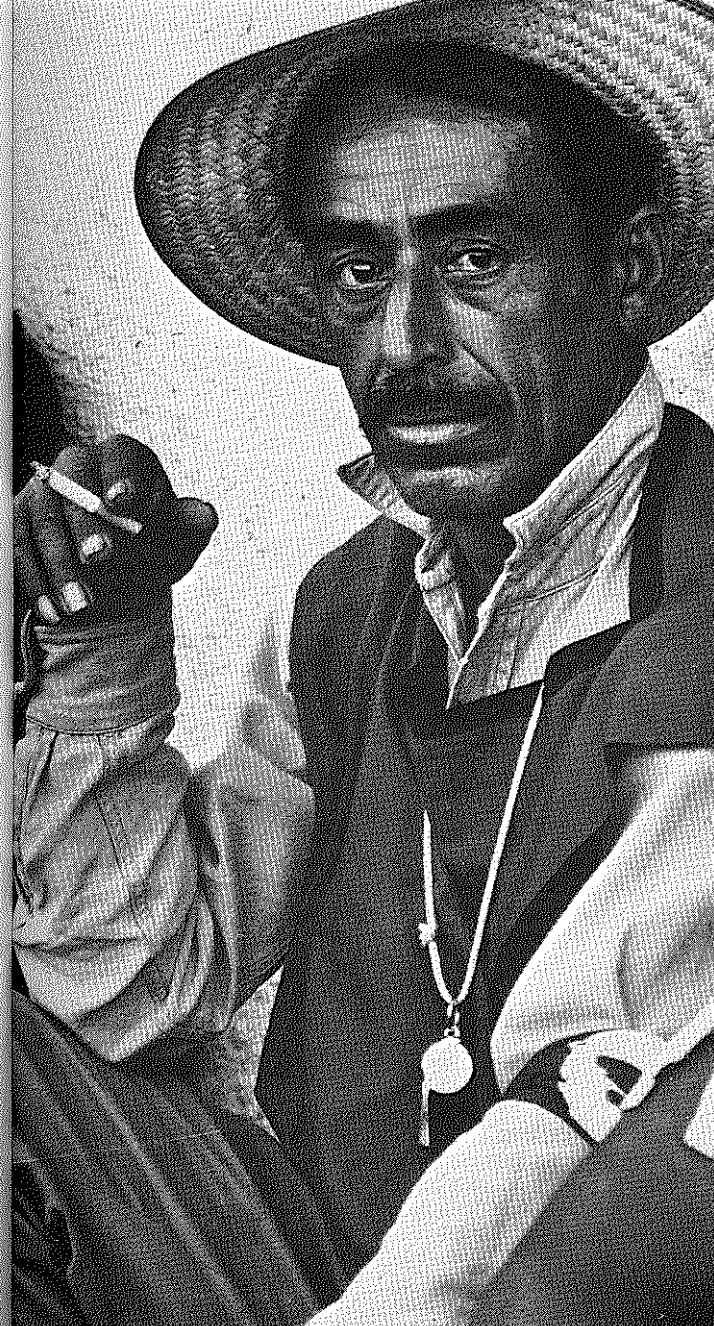
I have endured in the rugged mountains
of our country.
I have survived the toils and slavery
of the fields.

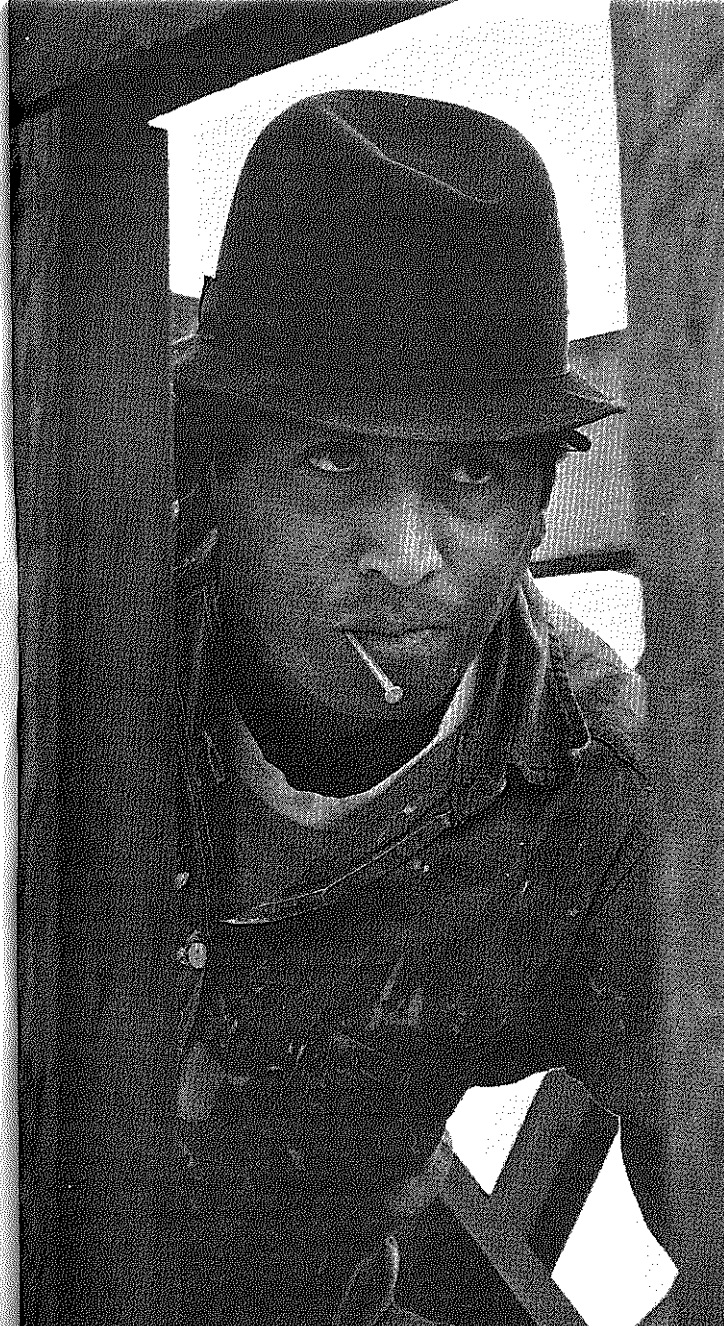
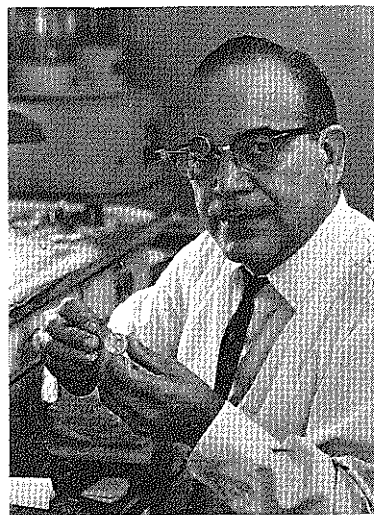
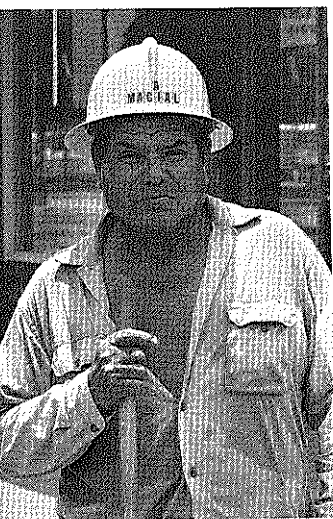
I have existed
in the barrios of the city
in the suburbs of bigotry
in the mines of social snobbery
in the prisons of dejection
in the muck of exploitation
and
in the fierce heat of racial hatred.

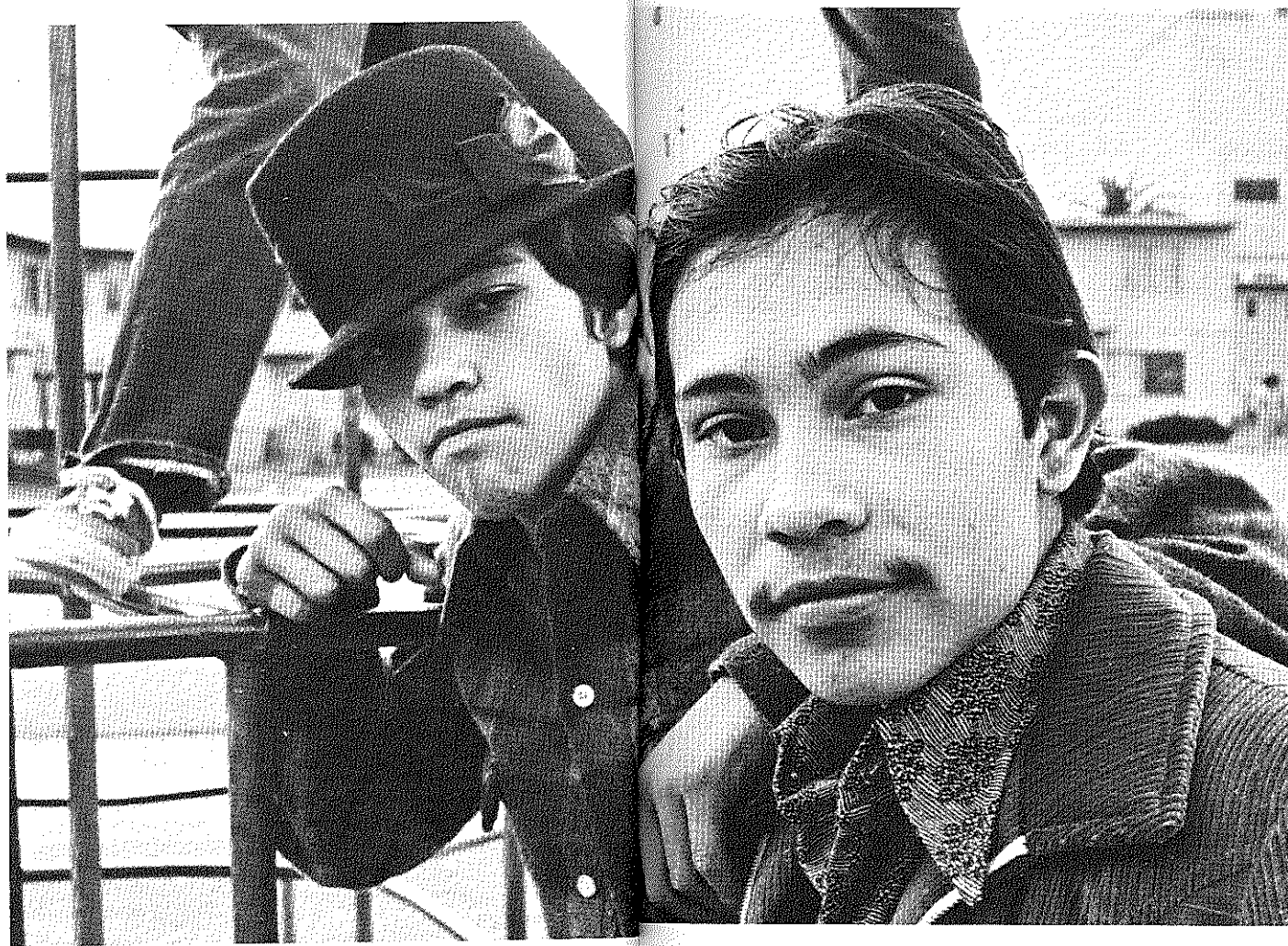
He perdurado en las montañas escarpadas
de nuestro país.

He sobrevivido los trabajos y esclavitud
de los campos.

Yo he existido
en los barrios de la ciudad
en los suburbios de intolerancia
en las minas de snobismo social
en las prisiones de desaliento
en la porquería de explotación
y
en el calor feroz de odio racial.









And now the trumpet sounds,
the music of the people stirs the
revolution.

Like a sleeping giant it slowly
rears its head
to the sound of

tramping feet
clamoring voices
mariachi strains
fiery tequila explosions
the smell of chile verde and
soft brown eyes of expectation for a
better life.

Y ahora suena la trompeta,
la música de la gente incita la
revolución.

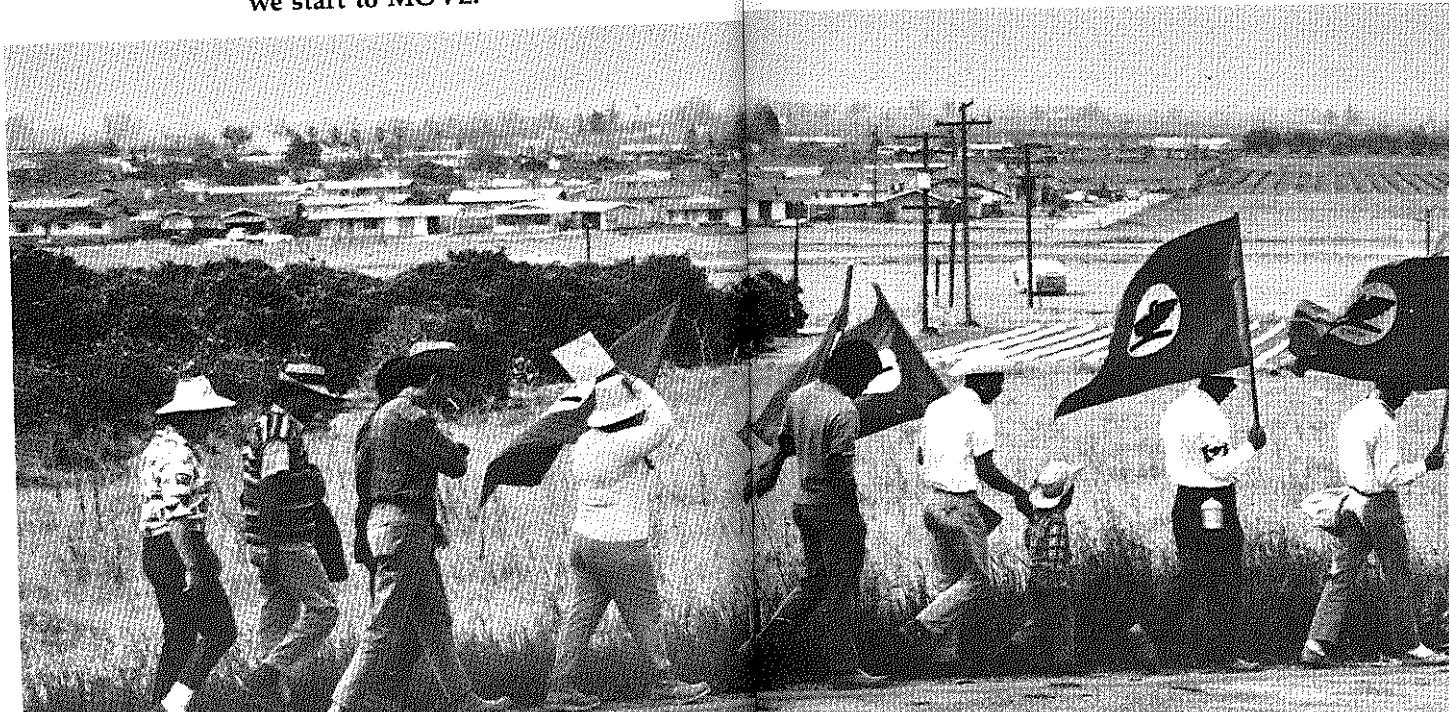
Como un gigantón soñoliento lentamente
alza su cabeza
al sonido de

patulladas
voces clamorosas
tañido de mariachis
explosiones ardientes de tequila
el aroma de chile verde y
ojos morenos, esperanzosos de una
vida mejor.



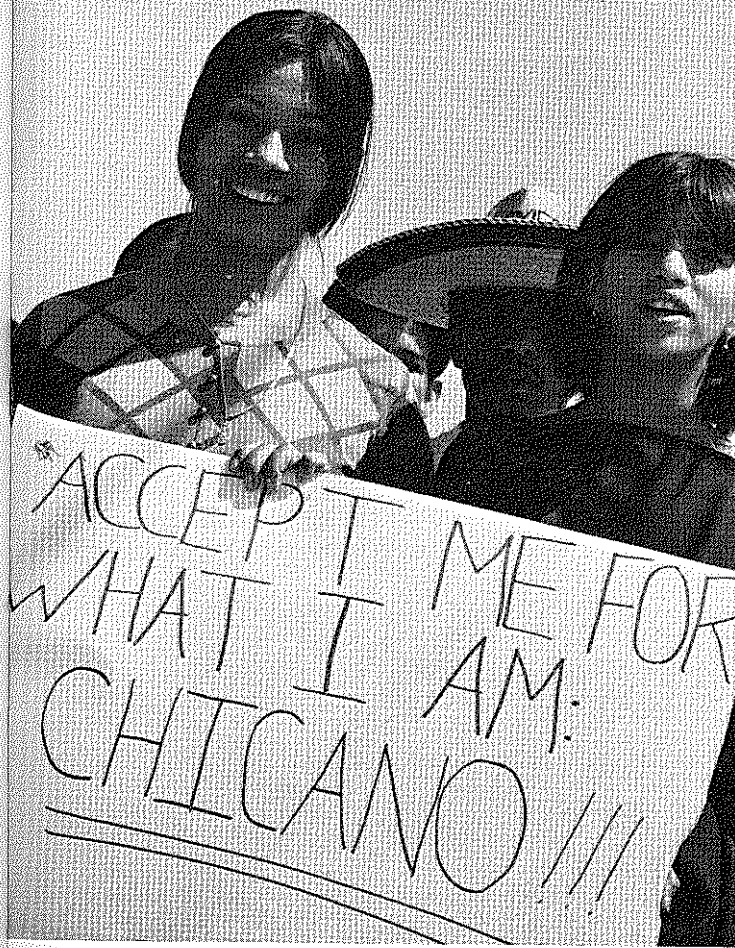
And in all the fertile farmlands,
the barren plains,
the mountain villages,
smoke-smeared cities,
we start to MOVE.

Y en todos los terrenos fértiles,
los llanos áridos,
los pueblos montañosos.
ciudades ahumadas,
empezamos a AVANZAR.



La Raza!
Méjicano!
Español!
Latino!
Hispano!
Chicano!
or whatever I call myself,
I look the same
I feel the same
I cry
and
sing the same.

¡La Raza!
¡Méjicano!
¡Español!
¡Latino!
¡Hispano!
¡Chicano!
o lo que me llame yo,
yo parezco lo mismo
yo siento lo mismo
yo lloro
y
canto lo mismo.



I am the masses of my people and
I refuse to be absorbed.

I am Joaquín.

The odds are great
but my spirit is strong,

my faith unbreakable,

my blood is pure.

I am Aztec prince and Christian Christ.

I SHALL ENDURE!

I WILL ENDURE!

Yo soy el bulto de mi gente y
yo renuncio ser absorbido.

Yo soy Joaquín.

Las desigualdades son grandes
pero mi espíritu es firme,

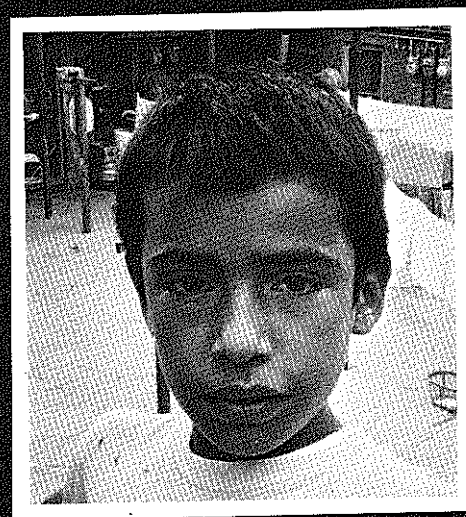
mi fé impenetrable,

mi sangre pura.

Soy príncipe azteca y Cristo cristiano.

¡YO PERDURARÉ!

¡YO PERDURARÉ!



Seven youths from San Francisco's Mission district are arrested on charges of murder and attempted murder after a plainclothes policeman who frisked them was shot. The subsequent trial of the seven, who were known as Los Siete de la Raza, becomes a national political issue.

Escuela Tlatelolco, Denver, Colorado, first private Chicano school is founded by Rodolfo Gonzales.

Colegio Jacinto Trevino, Mercedes, Texas, the first independent Chicano graduate school is founded by Narciso Aleman.

1970-71 The California grape growers capitulate to UFWOC, granting substantial wage increases, and the union next strikes the lettuce growers of the Salinas Valley. Violent demonstrations occur in East Los Angeles and Albuquerque. At the 1970 Chicano Youth Liberation conference, hosted by the Crusade for Justice in Denver, 3,500 participants from twelve states urged formation of a new nation called Aztlán, a term used to describe the former Mexican territory now in the United States. At the 1971 La Raza Unida conference in Colorado, some 400 activists supported *El Plan Espiritual Aztlán*, pledging to work for the Chicano movement outside the framework of established political parties.

1972 The Chicano struggle for self-determination grows across the country; struggles for community control continue, and Chicano studies programs sprout in universities from the Southwestern states to the Midwest and also to Eastern colleges. The youth nationalize schools, parks, swimming pools, recreation centers, and housing projects. Farm workers continue their heroic struggle. Chicano press newspapers, *teatros*, poets, writers, and artists flourish, providing the inspirational spark to the flames of revolution. Plans and manifestos provide the ideology, philosophy, and direction for the forward march of the Chicano movement.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATIONS

I am Joaquín . . .

4 Chicano boy in the barrio of El Paso, Texas.

6 Young grape worker at Delano, California.

7 Young Chicana at Three Rocks, California.

victory of the spirit, despite physical hunger . . .

8 Cesar Chavez at the end of his twenty-five-day fast for *La Causa* in March 1968. To the right sits his mother.

that monstrous, technical, industrial giant . . .

10 Migrant worker packing onions in New Mexico.

11 Garment cutter in Culver City, California.

within the circle of life—MY OWN PEOPLE

12 Delano, California.

an empire civilized beyond the dreams of the gachupín Cortés . . .

14 Quetzalcoatl, legendary god-king who discovered corn and the calendar, ruling over Aztec wise men, potters, painters, stonecutters, musicians (with rattles, drums, and flutes at right), farmers, jewelers, and weavers. From Diego Rivera's mural by the right-hand staircase, Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

I am the sword and flame of Cortés the despot . . .

17 top Hernán Cortés leading the conquistadores into battle against the Aztec jaguar knights. From the central panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

the eagle and serpent of the Aztec civilization.

17 bot The eagle perched on a cactus devouring a serpent—the legendary omen which in 1325 showed the wandering Aztecs where to build their city, and which later became Mexico's national emblem. From the central panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

I toiled on my earth . . .

18 *Slavery at the Mill*, mural of the Morelos sugar plantation, painted by Diego Rivera in the Palacio de Cortés, Cuernavaca.

the priests . . . gave a lasting truth that Spaniard, Indian, Mestizo were all God's children.

22 Father Bartolomé de las Casas, Spanish missionary and historian, protecting Indian slaves from Cortés. From far right panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

that courageous village priest Hidalgo . . .

24 Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, parish priest of Dolores, calling for revolution; fresco by José Clemente Orozco in the Palacio de Gobierno, Guadalajara.

all compañeros in the act . . .

28 White-haired Father Hidalgo standing beside Morelos (whose hand is pointing); other leaders of independence are Vicente Guerrero (with sword), Mariano Matamoros, and Ignacio Allende. From the central panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

- 29 **The crown was gone but all its parasites remained . . .**
The dictator-general Antonio López de Santa Anna with Bishop Labastide and "Padre Mangas," a fat monk. From the right panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

- Don Benito Juárez, guardian of the Constitution.**
31 Reform leaders with the new constitution of 1857; Benito Juárez (center), Ignacio Ramírez (left), and Ignacio Altamirano (right). From the right panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

- gave not one palm's breadth of his country's land to kings or monarchs . . .**

- 32 Execution of the French-backed Emperor Maximilian in 1867 by Juárez's troops. From far left panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

- I rode with Pancho Villa . . .**
34 Revolutionary fighter Pancho Villa. From left panel of Diego Rivera's mural in the Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

- I am Emiliano Zapata . . .**
35 Portrait of Zapata, from Diego Rivera's fresco *Revolt* in the Palacio de Cortés, Cuernavaca.

- soft brown earth and maize.**
37 Mural by Diego Rivera in the Escuela Nacional de Agricultura, Chapingo.

- "This land is ours . . ."**
38 *Song of Emiliano Zapata*, illustrating the agrarians' cry for "Land and Liberty". Mural by Diego Rivera in the Secretaría de Educación Pública, Mexico City.

- I have been the bloody revolution . . .**
40 *Zapatistas*, painting by José Clemente Orozco, from collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

- I am the black-shawled faithful women . . .**
43 *The Death of Zapata* by Luis Arenal, from the artist's collection.

- heads of brave men who died for cause or principle, good or bad.**
46 The execution of Communist and agrarian revolutionists. From Diego Rivera's mural by the left-hand staircase, Palacio Nacional, Mexico City.

- They dared to face the force of tyranny . . .**
49 *Mexican Soldiers*, painting by Alfredo Ramos Martínez from the San Francisco Museum of Art collection.

- 50 **I stand here looking back, and now I see the present . . .**
United Farm Workers leader Gilbert Padilla under a por-

- trait of Mexican president Benito Juárez.
in a country that has wiped out all my history . . .
53 Memorial Day parade in East Los Angeles.

- I am Joaquín, who bleeds in many ways.**
54 Demonstrator killed by Los Angeles County sheriff's deputies during Vietnam moratorium march, 31 January 1971.

- My back of Indian slavery was stripped crimson . . .**
55 Branding of the Indians, detail from *The Seizure of Cuernavaca*, mural by Diego Rivera in the Palacio Cortés, Cuernavaca.

- Now I bleed . . . from club or gun or tyranny.**
58 Youth demonstration at the White House during the Poor People's Campaign, Washington, D.C., April 1968.

- I fight my way . . . to the glamour of the ring . . .**
61 World lightweight champion Lauro Salas in victory, May 1952.

- and now Vietnam.**
63 Chicano soldiers training in California.

- Here I stand before the court of justice . . .**
64 Demonstrators at the Supreme Court during the Poor People's Campaign, Washington, D.C., April 1968.

- My knees are caked with mud.**
67 Chopping sugar beets in California.
top

- the Treaty of Hidalgo has been broken . . .**
67 Demonstrators at the State Department during the Poor
bot People's Campaign, Washington, D.C., April 1968.

- These then are the rewards this society has . . .**
68 "Opportunity Center" for children of migrant workers in New Mexico.

- Mariachi music . . . the life of the child . . .**
72 Young musicians in Los Angeles.

- The corridos tell the tales of life and death . . .**
75 Augustin Lira of the Teatro Campesino.

- woman, sheltered beneath her shawl of black . . .**
76 Worshiper at the outdoor Easter Mass held at the UFWOC's headquarters in Delano, California, 1967.

- like the family working down a row of beets . . .**
78 Migrant workers hoeing beets in California.

- I shed tears of anguish as I see my children . . .**
80 Migrant onion harvester in New Mexico.

- I must fight and win this struggle for my sons . . .**
 84 Antiwar demonstrator in Fresno, California.
 85 Father and son in Visalia, California.
- I have endured . . .**
 87 California grape worker.
 88 Street worker in San Antonio, Texas.
 88 California grape worker.
 88 Watch repairman.
 89 Construction worker building self-help housing in Kingsburg, California.
 90 Barrio youth in East Los Angeles, California.
- And now the trumpet sounds . . .**
 92 Luis Valdez on the grape-strike picket line, Delano, California.
- the sound of tramping feet . . .**
 94 Antipolice brutality march in Los Angeles, April 1971.
- in all the fertile farm lands . . . we start to MOVE.**
 96 Striking grape workers passing through Porterville, California, on their 1966 march to Sacramento.
- Latino! Hispano! Chicano! or whatever I call myself . . .**
 99 High-school students in Fresno, California, during a protest walkout.
- I SHALL ENDURE!**
 101 Chicano boy in the barrio of El Paso, Texas.

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