

The first and only collection of speeches, essays, plays, poetry and political prose by the famed Chicano civil rights leader.

One of the most famous leaders of the Chicano civil rights movement, Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales, was a multifaceted and charismatic, bigger-than-life hero who inspired his followers not only by taking direct political action but also by making eloquent speeches, writing incisive essays, and creating the kind of socially engaged poetry and drama that could be communicated easily throughout the *barrios* of *Aztlan*, the communities populated by Chicanos in the United States.

Gonzales is the author of *I Am Joaquín*, an epic poem of the Chicano Movement that lives on in film, sound recording, and hundreds of anthologies. Gonzales and other Chicanos established the Crusade for Justice, a Denver-based civil rights organization, school, and community center, in 1966. The school, La Escuela Tlaxiolo, lives on today some three decades after its founding.

In *Message to Aztlan*, Dr. Antonio Esquibel, Professor Emeritus of Metropolitan State College of Denver, has compiled the first collection of Gonzales' diverse writings: the original *I Am Joaquín* (1967), along with a new Spanish translation; seven major speeches (1968-78); two plays, *The Revolutionist* and *A Cross for Maclovio* (1966-67); various poems written during the 1970s and a selection of letters. These varied works demonstrate the evolution of Gonzales' thought on human and civil rights. Any examination of the Chicano Movement is incomplete without this volume. An eight-page photo insert accompanies the text.

DR. ANTONIO ESQUIBEL is a long-time political associate and personal friend of "Corky" Gonzales. He served as Vice President of Metropolitan State College of Denver between 1980 and 1991 and has been an administrator and professor at the University of Colorado Health Services Center and the University of Southern Colorado.

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Cover photo courtesy of the Denver Public Library, Western History Department.

Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales

MESSAGE TO AZTLÁN

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MESSAGE TO AZTLÁN

SELECTED WRITINGS

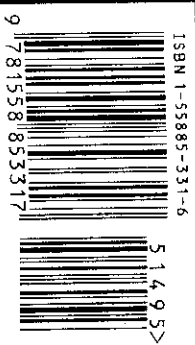


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I Am Joaquín: an Epic Poem, 1967

I am Joaquín
 Lost in a world of confusion,
 Caught up in a whirl of a
 gringo society,
 Confused by the rules,
 Scorned by attitudes,
 Suppressed by manipulations,
 And destroyed by modern society.
 My fathers
 have lost the economic battle
 and won
 the struggle of cultural survival.
 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.
 Yes,
 I have come a long way to nowhere,
 Unwillingly dragged by that
 monstrous, technical
 industrial giant called
 Progress
 and Anglo success . . .
 I look at myself.
 I watch my brothers.

*Reprinted from original 1967 book.

I shed tears of sorrow.
 I sow seeds of hate.
 I withdraw to the safety within the
 circle of life . . .

MY OWN PEOPLE

I am Cuauhtémoc,
 Proud and Noble
 Leader of men,
 King of an empire,
 civilized beyond the dreams
 of the Gachupín Cortez.
 Who is also 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 Cortez

the despot.

And

I am the Eagle and Serpent of
 the Aztec civilization.
 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.

As Christian church took its place
 in God's good name,

to take and use my Virgin Strength and
 Trusting faith,

or live
depending on the time and place.
I am

faithful,
humble,

Juan Diego

the Virgin de Guadalupe

Tonantzin, Aztec Goddess too.

I rode the mountains of San Joaquín.

I rode as far East and North

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 Alfego Baca,

living my nine lives fully.

I was the Espinosa 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 and principle.

Good or Bad.

Hidalgo! Zapata!

Murrieta! Espinosa!

are but a few.

They

dared to face

The force of tyranny

of men

who rule

By farce and hypocrisy

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 . . .

The Indian has endured and still

emerged the winner,

The Mestizo must yet overcome,

And the Gauchupín we'll 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.
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.

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,
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.

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.

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.
My knees are caked with mud.

My hands calloused from the hoe.
I have made the Anglo rich
yet

Equality is but a word,
the Treaty of Hidalgo has been broken
and is but another treacherous promise.
My land is lost
and stolen,

El Plan del Barrio

We are basically communal people . . . in the pattern of our Indian ancestors. Part of our cultural rights and cultural strengths is our communal values. We lived together for over a century and never had to fence our lands. When the gringo came, the first thing he did was to fence land. We opened our houses and hearts to him and trained him to irrigated farming, ranching, stock raising, and mining. He listened carefully and moved quickly, and when we turned around, he had driven us out and kept us out with violence, trickery, legal and court entanglements. The land for all people, the land of the brave, becomes the land for the few and the land of the bully . . .

Robbed of our land, our people were driven to the migrant labor fields and the cities. Poverty and city living under the colonial system of the Anglo has castrated our people's culture, consciousness of our heritage, and language. Because our cultural rights, which are guaranteed by treaty, and because the U.S. says in its constitution that all treaties are the law of the land . . .

Therefore we demand:

Housing: We demand the necessary resources to plan our living accommodations so that is possible to extend family homes to be situated in a communal style . . . around plazas or parks with plenty of space for the children. We want our living areas to fit the needs of the family and cultural protection, and not the needs of the city pork barrel, the building corporations, or the architects.

Education: We demand that our schools be built in the same communal fashion as our neighborhoods . . . that they be warm and inviting facilities and not jails. We demand a completely free education from kindergarten to college, with no fees, no lunch charge, no supplies charges, no tuition, no dues.

We demand that all teachers live within walking distance of the schools. We demand that from kindergarten through college, Spanish be the first language and English the second language and the text-

Delivered at the Poor People's Campaign, Washington, D.C., May 1968.

books to be rewritten of the Mexican American Southwest. We also demand that the history of other minorities be included. We also feel that each neighborhood school board made up of parents and the school serves.

Job Development which would develop the inner city west. For those of our people who are unemployed and professional people, we demand that existing programs be implemented and administered.

In job placement tests be dropped and, qualifications necessary for employment by all private and public agencies.

We demand seed money for job development, welfare, housing, etc. We demand that existing discriminatory membership relations act.

Law Enforcement records of all prisoners be destroyed. We demand that the federal government stop operating in the inner city with extra heavy taxes and that the federal government stop spending money.

We demand immediate end to police brutality until a full bill is passed.

We demand suspension of the creation of a neighborhood watch program. In addition, we want to gradually increase the number of residents are hired to maintain safety or possible crime.

cation, the forming of a powerful block of people who relate to their own needs. If we don't help ourselves, they won't, and they never will.

They never have helped on those levels that would help our people, the masses, to rise and the masses to elevate themselves. It can't be done in the social structure of this country. You understand that Chicanos will not be needed very shortly. As farm workers organize and resist, machinery will take over. Eighty-five percent of our people are in the barrios, in the urban areas. Next year it will be ninety percent because corporation owners, ranch owners, don't want to deal with human beings or men. They would rather deal with machines or with slaves, and that's the difference.

As our people start to struggle toward the trade unions and the skilled work, you'll find out that we're not needed any more and neither are the Black people. Go to the South and the garbage collectors are Black people. Go to El Paso and Albuquerque and the garbage collectors are Chicanos. They don't need us or don't want us in the top levels. And little by little when they invent a machine that handles all the garbage, that handles all the refuse, that handles all the dirty work, they'll only need experiments, biological studies of a people or a cultural group that once existed but didn't have the courage to struggle.

And we're going to prove differently, standing, teaching each other, starting to look at the system, the educational system. We're looking at the establishments and the institutions, and we're understanding those things. You see, there are people who are coming out of the barrio. We are understanding why we have the poorest level of education, why we have the highest percent of unemployment, why we have the largest number in percentages of those killed overseas.

You see, we're out of the *campes*, out of the mountains, saying, "I don't understand that, that's radical shit," until it affects him or he becomes an instant militant after he's hit across the head by a policeman's club. That's the fastest way to learn. One man said, the police helped to organize us. They beat us either into submission or into activity, and we're going to get started into activity.

That's the difference. There are those who know exactly what they are doing when they use the statistics of the poor and the Mexicano and the Chicano for every kind of poverty program to bilingual

education. We're going to prove differently, that they can take their studies and take psychiatric, psychological, sociological bullshit and stick it. What we think is taking place here and has taken place, what we hope will take place far into the future, is a unified movement of one people, one nation.

Those people who served as coordinators did a tremendous job, because even though there is friction, there isn't one family in this country that doesn't have an argument. When we come in front of the public, and the masses of society, we come out together. We come out in praise of each other, as long as our philosophies and our dedication are to the betterment of our people.

So, we hope that La Raza Unida, that leadership that's developing in every barrio in every *campo* and all across, from Tejas to Michigan and Illinois, to California and Arizona, we hope and we're sure that although today it looks like an impossible dream, that there will not be one issue whether it be a day care center, whether it has to do with food for a hungry child or the control of a school board, the control of one park in one barrio, one center, one agency, one nation, that La Raza Unida spokesmen will be the negotiators, because they're the only ones that will have the courage and the support of a national body that has the fortitude and the courage to stand up and say this is what we want. And not only have the brains; we've got the muscle. That is what we need.

I'd like to say that in the area of leadership, that the leadership is here. The leadership is developing and there is leadership already established, and many of our dreams were, again, that one day Mexicanos will come together and have their fights, have their arguments, will come out as one and say that we have representative leadership from across this nation, that can sit in a *congreso* that relates to every element and level of the Chicano Movement.

And that means that it will be related to politics, economics, the social struggle, unions, the struggle for the land...and the tremendous battle for community control in every barrio that we exist in. It can be done. *Políticos* from the two-party system cannot provide that. We have already started community control in many areas with young leadership facing the man and gaining the support of their *jeffitas* and *jeffitos*.

Message to Aztlán

I want to thank you for being here today to prove to the world that the Chicano Movement is alive and growing. While other people are taking abuse and misuse without taking a stand, without voicing their opinions or facing the raw truth, the Chicano still marches, sings, and carries on the struggle for justice and liberation.

Today, I have a message for all the people of Aztlán: to the children, the students, the *pintos*, the workers, the professionals, the critics, the *políticos*, the educators, the police, the *campesinos*—the masses of our people—and to the bloodsuckers, the parasites, the vampires, who are the capitalists of the world.

The Critics

First, I want to address myself to the critics, whether they be right-wing, left, radical, moderate, or conservative. What we express in the form of demonstration has made changes. We know that the conservative element wants the handcuffs of the law and justice taken in their hands so they can play "Cowboy and Indian," "slave and master," "greaser and Texas Ranger," "vigilante and victim," with all those who disagree with their violence, their repression, their jails, their prisons, their courts, their colonies, their wars, and their murders. The moderate who says, "I agree with your goals but I disagree with your methods," is like an anchor holding us back rather than an ally pushing us forward. The coffee shop and the cocktail leftists spout all the fine phrases and quotes of truly great leaders and continually remind us of our faults and errors, but take the easy way out when confronted with real revolution. And then there are those who could truly be our allies, but they spend more time using poison tongues against their own than they do against the power structure, the real ENEMY.

Speech delivered on the steps of the Colorado State Capitol Building, September 16, 1975, Denver, Colorado. See *El Gallo: La Voz de la Justicia: El Año de Luis J. Martínez*, 7/7 (Oct.–Nov. 1975): p. 8.

Remember that only those who do not take action or do not get involved are the ones who never make a mistake.

The *Políticos*

I want to say to the *políticos*, remember that we pointed at the establishment together and we said, "They are corrupt, they are two-faced hypocrites, they are liars, they are bought and sold political prostitutes." Then as the pressures of the truth became fully known to all people, those in the power structure opened their arms to embrace you and infect you with their political disease. Then you pronounced the same corrupt structure healthy, generous, democratic, and pure, because you were now part of it. We urge you to speak out. Don't be afraid to lose false friends; one action is worth a thousand meaningless, compromised bills. Because one work, one courageous stand based on principle will set the example for all of our people. If you are weak and you compromise, your children will compromise twice as much and be twice as weak. If you are strong and uncompromising, your children will be even stronger and never compromise to false rulers and false ideals. Don't perpetuate the same system that has enslaved the minds and bodies of those who are confused enough to believe it (the system).

The *Campesinos*

We are children of the same parents and the same tree. Our hearts and support have always been yours. As the farm worker wins victories in the fields and works toward politicizing to true liberation, do not fall to the fate of other unions who are more concerned with their pocket books than they are with humanity: unions who practice exclusion of minorities, the inclusion of criminals, and who create an appetite for power at any cost. We hope to see the farm workers win their great battle over the tremendous obstacles of the growers and the teamsters and, in the process, recognize that the reality of liberation is not being part of the system which tried to destroy them and that they use their organizing talents to change every facet of this society. Their victory is our victory and a victory for all humanity.

The Police

Let all police in this city, this state, this country, and around the world where the same mentality persists, understand that the real responsibility is to serve the people and not to profit the corporations and their political puppets. Their role is not to defend the privileges of the power structure, but to respect the rights of the people. For the future of our own groups and our name, I say remember that you have a position, a job, and a place in this society because of our stance to injustice and not because of your own great qualifications. We wear our identity as a Chicano as a badge of pride, not one of shame.

Serve, protect, and it can be reciprocated. Destroy it and treat our people with injustice, and you might only receive the same in return. Recognize that we have families and want respect, and that we too realize the same about you. Take your side with us, not against us. The Viet Cong forgave their brothers, the South Vietnamese. It is possible that we may become brothers again, as it was when you, too, were a spic, before our demands, our marches, our demonstrations, got you a job.

The Educator

Your responsibility is one of the most important in the Movement. To you lies the great task of teaching the truth about our history, our culture, our values, and our contributions to mankind. You, the Chicano educator, must encourage and develop confidence in our children and teach our people the history of our colonization and oppression, and you must in all honesty instruct and direct them to a sound political action that inspires them to commit themselves to the progress of our people and of all humanity. The schools are tools of the power structure that blind and sentence our youth to a life of confusion and hypocrisy, one that preaches assimilation and practices institutional racism. You, the educators, have to rise above this to be the urban missionary, to be the believer in the advancement of our youth to a new and progressive society, and to be totally dedicated to mold minds to learn to know their future role as builders, teachers, and leaders. The progress of a people is judged by their educational

attainment. Yours is the responsibility of truly educating our youth to the ideals of character, principle, and complete liberation. A teacher who loves to teach, loves people, and a person who loves, teaches the truth and stands by the students.

Artists and Writers

To our artists and our writers, we say, paint no murals of disgust and commercial garbage; write of inspiration to all mankind. Influence for progress and truth and not for money and perversion. Your paintings, your words, will influence for better or for worse. We urge you to choose for better, speak of growth, of success, tell of tragedy and relate a social message. It's better to say nothing than to mislead and confuse our youth, who rely on you to interpret life and its true meaning. We urge you to write and paint what we in turn will use as tools to teach our people.

The Workers

In every factory, office, packing house, laundry, business, relate to your group with pride. Share your talents and your work with your fellow workers, stand behind them and with them in the defense of their rights and yours. Organize yourselves as brothers instead of dividing yourselves as competing individuals. Recognize that our social problems are not created by the poor and disadvantaged but by the rich and powerful who take advantage of disorganization and division and use it for their empire building at the expense of the weak, confused, and misled. We are all part of the same struggle for survival. Don't let a few luxuries separate you from the reality that we are all economic slaves if we never share totally in the profits of their labor.

The Guerrillas

Yes, there are guerrillas not only in South America, Mexico, Africa, Asia; there are also guerrillas in North America who truly believe in their efforts and that armed repression and violence can only be met with armed resistance. Never commit a criminal act

A Chicano's Trial

JUDGE.

JURY.

PIGS.

FALSE CEILING.

FALSE MOUTHS.

GUNS.

LIES.

COMPROMISE.

DEFENSE:

white,

kiss,

beg,

crawl,

compromise.

PROSECUTOR:

white,

blood,

society,

majority,

establishment,

prostitutors,

persecutor.

JURY:

dead,

racist,

white,

vultures,

bored,

fools.

JUDGE:

executor,

white,

political,

prostitute.

JUSTICE:

white,

blind,

racist,

christian,

lie, lie.

PEOPLE

CHICANO,

carnalismo,

love,

silent,

proud,

together.

WITNESSES:

Ours:

brothers,

friends,

reasons,

here,

how far?

Theirs:

pigs,

liars,

sadists,

white,

blue,

racists.

COURT:

due process,
 closed doors,
 white justice,
 corruption,
 prostitution,
 dead masks,
 white maggots.
 Equals,
 no compromise,
 no tears,
 no marching,
 no songs,
 no reform,
 only
 resistance.
 Equals,

REVOLUTION!

The Revolution

The revolution stands in life's
 dark shadows,
 Waiting impatiently for her, his
 troops.
 The revolution cries like a baby,
 sings like a woman and
 works like a man.
 The revolution watches brainwashed
 Chicanos, talk reform . . . and
 preach war.
 The revolution watches pasty-faced
 boards and commissions trimmed with
 brown window dressing.
 The revolution bleeds, while the
 politicos get fat.
 The revolution sees Mexicans
 turn into gray gringos and
 Negroes try to turn white.
 The revolution vomits . . .
 The revolution watches and waits,
 while men turn into whimpering
 Dagwoods . . . and women into
 frigid establishment prostitutes.
 The revolution watches our boys,
 prance like Ivy League fruits,
 and swagger like money-eyed
 Eye-talians . . .
 Sing like co-opted sequined jive asses,
 brag like washed up vendidos
 and kiss the man's ass.

Previously unpublished poem written in 1973.

The revolution watches brown
 mannequins with dyed yellow hair,
 talk like Boston . . . and look
 like the Virgin of Guadalupe.
 "Yeah-yes your number
 please Miss Gaa-leg-os
 speaking."

The revolution watches: humble
 Mexicans kiss the cossack
 of fat avaricious priests of
 hidden bank accounts,
 praise pale, ulcered teachers,
 hold hands with hypocrite politicians,
 bend to sweat, and mimic
 tough hard-boiled, rednecked Hemingway
 bosses.

The revolution waits and watches
 brown figures crawl
 across the gringos' earth
 while babies starve, mothers
 moan, old men toil
 and young men kill and die.

The revolution watches from the
 black barrio corners,
 waits over the shoulders
 of men, women, niños and
 points to roads and plans
 for future escalations.

The revolution wields
 a surgical knife to cut the
 cataracts of confusion from
 the eyes of los ciegos.
 The revolution cleanses
 and burns the wax from
 ears of lily-livered tapados,
 and

vacuums, sawdust-filled brains
 who say, "Look at me. I did it.
 You can do it, too,"
 become the gringo stooge.
 The revolution laughs at fools
 and calls to all Chicanos
 "Freedom . . . Liberation . . . Love . . .
 Carnalismo . . . Aztlán."
 Take what's ours, don't beg.
 The answer lies
 in the powder keg
 of action . . .
 The revolution lights the fuse.
 The revolution waits . . .

Mis hijos guerrilleros, 1973

We teach.

We preach.

We march.

We sing,

the song of revolution.

(Freedom. Liberation. Justice.)

to young minds.

Blood of our blood.

RESIST . . . RESIST . . . RESIST

It bombs in your ears.

Resounds in the virgin

cavern of your minds.

And plants itself in fertile purity.

The old scars of our ancestors,

blaze livid red and

scream of past atrocities.

Beg for angry vengeance.

RESIST . . . RESIST . . . RESIST . . .

You don't have to

spell oppression.

Your people are oppressed.

You don't have to

understand exploitation.

Your people are exploited.

You don't have to explain economics.

Your people are economic slaves.

You don't have to

learn about automations.

The masters push the buttons.

FREEDOM . . . FREEDOM . . . FREEDOM . . .

To be a man.

To be a woman.

Is freedom!

Talk, words, rhetoric,

without deeds.

Belongs to cowards,

(as we were).

Shielded behind sad excuses

(now is not the time).

Then let us claim

our time and history

MIS HIJOS GUERRILLEROS.

the time has come

for action.

Time is growing short,

Like a sputtering fuse.

The masses of our people

are the powder keg.

Together . . . together, because

one lonely hand,

one strong body,

one pure mind,

one single rifle

one solitary resistance,

cannot liberate, eradicate,

justify, conquer

a mass of infected

brainwashed drones.

Teach, mis hijos guerrilleros.

Teach, truth will win out.

Justice is indestructible.

Honor cannot be tainted.

Love is incorruptible,

El Movimiento Chicano, 1973

Marchas, boleros, cantos
y corridos.
El corazón y el alma,
inspiración de nuestra gente.
Historia cantando y palpitando
su propio legado.
Un tono alineado con
latidos del corazón y puños cerrados.
Voces de ayer,
cargado con aspiraciones
demandando restitución
y la última liberación.
Zapata, Villa, Luis Martínez
cabalgan con mil
mártires y marchan
con guerrilleros de la libertad.
Guitarras, cantadores y canciones
apagan el fuego de opresión,
inspiran a una gente noble
a luchar por La Causa.
Desde Ayala a Aztlán,
el espíritu de liberación
resuena y recita cantos
de amor y victoria.
La sangre, la canción y la determinación
nos ayudan a elegir nuestro papel.
Nuestra música recluta soldados arrojados
a unirse a las filas . . . de
¡EL MOVIMIENTO CHICANO!

El Gallo: La Voz de la Justicia, 8/4 (July 1976): p. 11.

The Chicano Movement, 1973

Marches, boleros, songs,
and ballads.
The heart and soul
of a people's inspiration.
History singing and throbbing
out its legacy,
in tune with
heart beats and clenched fists.
Voices of yesterday,
laden with aspiration of the present
demanding restitution
and liberation.
Zapata, Villa, Luis Martínez
ride with a thousand
martyrs and march
with liberty's guerrilleros.
Guitars, singers and sons
silence weapons of oppression,
inspire a noble people
to struggle for Our Cause.
From Ayala to Aztlán,
the spirit of liberation
resounds and recites songs
of love and victory.
Blood, song and determination
helps us choose our role.
Our music recruits fearless soldiers
to join the ranks . . . of
EL MOVIMIENTO CHICANO!

El Gallo: La Voz de la Justicia, 8/4 (July 1976): p. 11.

America . . . America . . . America

The eyes of the world are watching.
 your sins are now exposed
 as the vices of the poor,
 the anguish and the suffering of
 the enslaved accuse you of

YOUR CRIMES

Now the world knows of

YOUR WORDS of TREACHERY

YOUR BIGOTRY, YOUR OPPRESSION

YOUR NUMBNESS to the NEEDS

of the poor of humanity.

No begging, no asking, no bent knees

No white fathers, no isms, just the TRUTH.

Pure, sincere, the knife of humanity cuts

Indiscriminately

Your hide is stretched out on the globe.

The lice, the maggots, the carrion are
 exposed.

The hair is falling off. We can see now

Oh Lord, we can see!!!

Put your ear to the ground,

feel the direction of the wind.

A new people are speaking!

An old word, *DIGNITY*, is the banner,

and the sons of Proud men will cleanse you
 of your parasites.

The young blood boils with fever

These are not ghosts . . .

They are the sons of ZAPATA.
 Hear the "gritos" of VILLISTAS.

Remember the courage of CUAUHTÉMOC.

Believe the words of JUÁREZ.

We are here! The sons of Kings

and Chiefs and bloody Revolutionists.

Hear the ghostly rattling of your chains

that no longer hold the Black man down.

Four-hundred years of anger, of vengeance

smoulder in his veins.

Burning in the belly of a powder keg.

Blood—Blood—of chiefs

of Princes of bold warriors.

Casting off the slave driver's burden.

Burn, baby burn! But no longer in the inside.

Flame up in anger. Let America know.

For King and Martyrs of the cause,

sing out together

"LET MY PEOPLE GO"

Poor white man, PAWN in the

Fat man's game

Listen to him, our ally,

against the Gringo's shame.

He knows the loss of humanity

When the Dollar becomes his God.

Every poor man must join in the cause.

America, your children leave you to escape

the responsibility of your guilt.

Indio brother, blood of mine,

now is the time.

Move, Move, arise new chiefs with the

Fire and courage of Old Chiefs.

Take those scalps,

the interest is due.

Trinkets and guns cannot pay for armed

occupation.

¡¡Cúídate, Méjico!!

Dicen que los españoles
conquistaron a Méjico
y que las madres indias
ganaron la batalla contra
los padres gachupines.
Y ahora los gringos
están chingando a los dos.

¡CÚÍDATE, MÉJICO!
de los Bank-Americans
Pepsi-Cola, Woolworths, Hiltons
Pittsburg Paint
y las colonias Yanquis.

Hijos del Sol,
dueños de la tierra
morena, blanda y mejicana,
no se dejen.

Y como don Benito Juárez
no les den ningún
puño de sudor ni fe
a los explotadores.

Ellos que vienen con dólares verdes
y corazones negros.

Sonriéndose con los dientes para fuera
y las bolsas llenas de plata.

¡CÚÍDATE, MÉJICO!
De los que te van a matar.
Hoy no vienen con armas.
Vienen riéndose con la mano traicionera
y bolsas llenas de verde.

Mañana te despiertas
como tu hermano, Puerto Rico,
un títere sin cabeza,
un hombre sin dignidad,
menos los soldados
de la Independencia.

¡CÚÍDATE, MÉJICO!
Tus hijos mejicanos
los Chicanos de U.S.A.
ya saben vivir dentro
del estómago del Tiburón,
ya conocen bien su brutalidad
su racismo,
su odio a los mejicanos,
negros y raza de color.

No te dejes, Méjico lindo,
patria de nuestros abuelos,
tierra natal de toda mi raza
de bronce.

¡CÚÍDATE, MÉJICO!
De los dientes del Tiburón.
Nosotros ya estamos en su estómago.
¿Cómo nos puede mascar?

¡CÚÍDATE, MÉJICO!
Cúídate del otro lado,
nosotros cuidaremos
dentro del cuerpo del monstruo

Raza Siempre . . .
Hermanos y Fraternidad . . .

¡CÚÍDATE, MÉJICO LINDO!

Here is a rough draft of this poem into English: Cuidate, Mejico!!

PROTECT YOURSELF, MEXICO!!

They say the Spaniards conquered Mexico
And that the Indian mothers won the war against
The Spanish father settlers.
And now the gringos are fucking both of them.

for 3rd grade?

PROTECT YOURSELF, MEXICO! From the Bank-Americards
Pepsi-Cola, Woolworths, Hiltons
Pittsburgh Paint and the Yanqui colonies.

Children of the Sun, owners of the land
Dark, soft and Mexican
Don't allow (it)
And as don Benito Juarez
Don't give the exploiters any fist of sweat or faith.
Those who come with green dollars and black hearts.
Smiling with their teeth out and their purses of silver (money).

PROTECT YOURSELF, MEXICO!

From those who are going to kill you. Today they don't come with weapons.
They come laughing with their traitorous hand and purses full of green.
Tomorrow you will awake as your brother, Puerto Rico,
A puppet without a head, a man without dignity, except for the
Soldiers of Independence.

PROTECT YOURSELF, MEXICO!

Your Mexican children (could also mean just "sons")
The Chicanos of the U.S.A. already know how to live inside the stomach
Of the Shark, they already know its brutality
Its racism, its hatred for Mexicans, blacks and race(s) of color.

Don't allow yourself, beautiful Mexico, homeland of our grandparents,
Native land of my whole bronze race.

PROTECT YOURSELF, MEXICO! Protect yourself from the other side,
We will protect ourselves inside the body of the monster

Raza Always...
Brothers and (fraternal) Brotherhood...

PROTECT YOURSELF, BEAUTIFUL MEXICO!