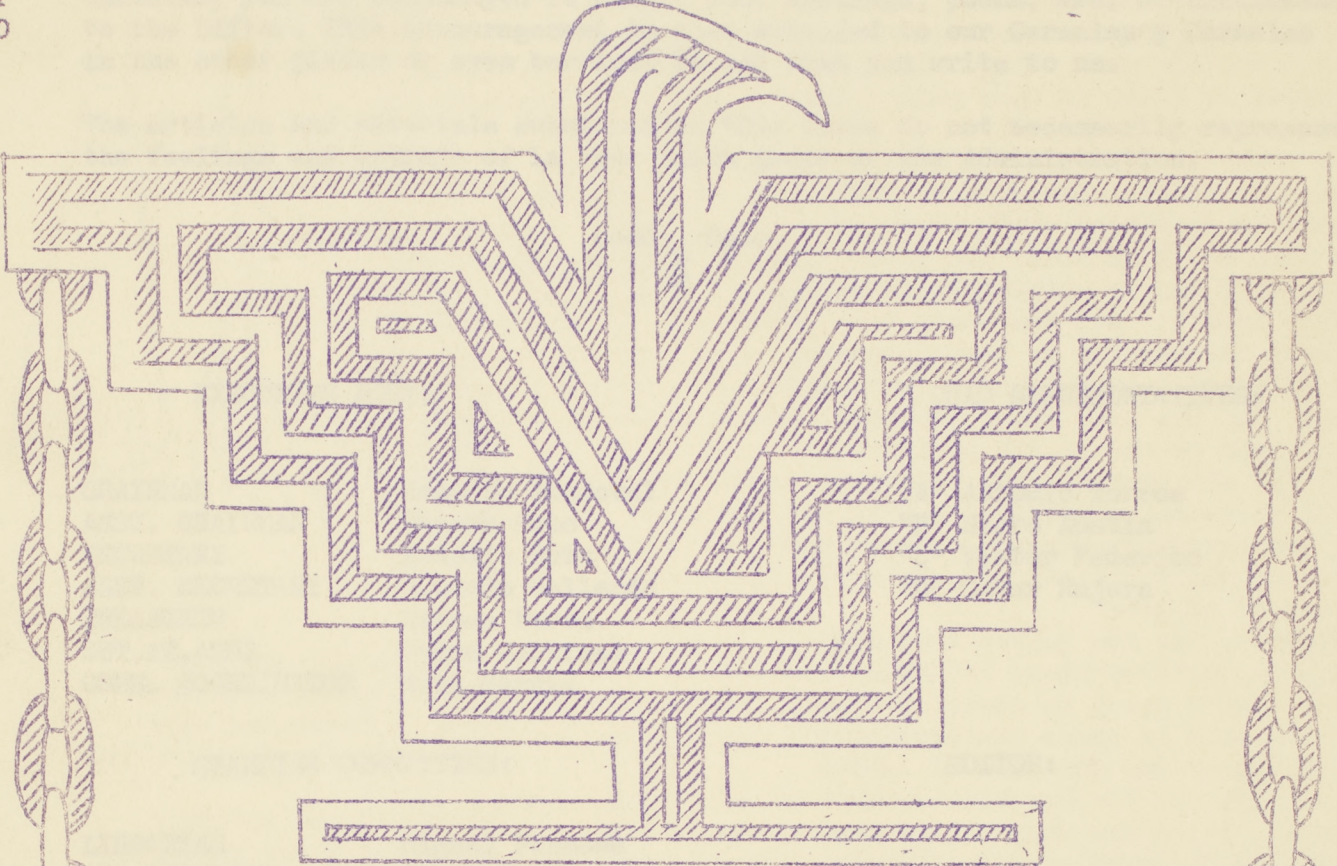


CALIFORNIA
SAN LUIS OBISPO
LA RAZA UNIDA

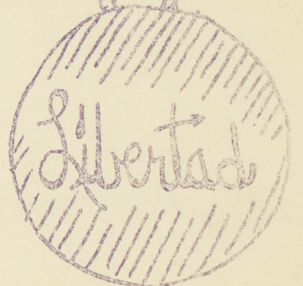
NO. 3
VOLUMEN
LA CADENA

La Cadena



de

La Raza



LA CADENA o
JULY 1972 o o AZTLAN!
VOL. 2. NO. 3. o

La Cadena is a monthly publication of La Raza Unida Organization at California Men's Colony, San Luis Obispo, California.

La Raza Unida assumes all costs for the publication of this Newsletter.

Carnales, you are encouraged to submit your writings, poems, art, or criticisms to the Editor. This encouragement is also extended to our Carnales y Carnales in the other pntas or even barrios. We ask that you write to us.

The articles and materials submitted in this issue do not necessarily represent the feelings and beliefs of La Raza Unida grupo or the Administration.

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You are all children of Aztlan, just as I am. And this moment that you read this is for the glory of Aztlan.

There is unity in our souls, because every time that we speak with one another either here or on the prison yard, my spirit reaches out to your heart and we become ONE.

We are all going to be free! This generation of La Raza shall be liberated, because it is the first to hear what the ages have never heard before. For many centuries mankind has seen visions, but we shall see the real thing! Right now the spirit of truth is upon this writing, blessing all who look on it.

The truth is that you men here in the prison have all the power of the universe. Because the spirit of truth is in this community, and I am under its power, and whatsoever I say or write down is coming directly from it, and the words that you read have the backing of heaven and the might of every faithful angel that handles a sword, and woe upon the oppressors! For just as soon as the spirit of truth is poured out all over all the prisoners it will cause an earthquake such as the earth has never experienced before, and swallow up whole cities; and the sky will melt and be no more!

Carnales, the new heaven that all history has written about is Aztlan. God said He wasn't going to reveal the name of it but only to those who are going to live there. And the name of Aztlan has been written in your hearts.

Really, there are many things that we are learning mysteriously. For instance, the more oppression I get, the more truth is revealed to me. It is like a diamond: the harder it gets, the more it is worth. Or like Cesar Chavez: the less he eats, the more the farmworkers get to eat. And I say to you, the more prison gates are shut to you, the more God opens up the gates of Heaven to you.

Carnales, for now, just remember this bit of precious wisdom: that nails and matches are two of man's smallest inventions, but shall be the two biggest ones at the very end of all things...



Chicanos who are poor
Are gathering with God:
Soon to suffer no more
And break the tyrant's rod.

Aztlan is our new land,
Brightest under the sun!
For we work with God's Hand,
So hold us back no one.

Here people all will get
A most profound wisdom,
And every heart forget
The wounds of falling down.

So if you see part of
This prophetic vision,
Aztlan is gracious love
And our heavenly mansion.

Cesar Chavez

There is a meek man on earth
That we call Cesar Chavez;
God blessed him at birth,
Ever since we've made progress.

Thank you, oh Jesus, that you
Have given us this great soul;
And Chavez is righteous too,
He doesn't like slavery at all.

While I was eating pig and sweets,
Cesar fasted for me faithfully:
The Word of God is what he eats
As I in sin kissed misery.

The workers of the field know that
Their confidence is in Heaven.
But our barrios are looking at
The fires of Hell that threaten.

Let us unite with Cesar Chavez
And obey his peaceful wisdom;
Forget the pride that we possess,
For ours is a heavenly kingdom.

Aztlan is not afraid of power
As long as God guides our spirit:
Chicanos who are very poor
History is giving you this minute.

All across the world we praise
Our Creator that proves us:
Lord Jesus, your mercy is always,
You alone are most precious.

Viva Chavez, now God's Mercy!
Remember our farm workers
Out on the field of slavery,
And support the strikers.

A Chicano



Yo quiero drogas
Y me gusta la mota.
A mi ya no digas
Que esto me mata.
Porque Yo soy Tu Dios
Que tengo misericordia:
Y esta es mi voz
Hasta el final dia.
El que es mi hijo
Yo le doy gracia;
No la ley de "ojo"
Mas todo mi alma.

David Reyes

Speech On AZTLAN

Carnales, tonight I should like to speak on matters that are closest to our hearts. We are one grupo, and must obey the best wisdom in order for us to function and accomplish what we live for. What is the best wisdom? What are we living for?

La Raza had better know! Or else we can just forget it! That's why we are here tonight, so that we can sit down and right now figure out if we have what it takes to do what we are going to do. Otherwise, we'll think we're building the nation of Aztlan and all the time what we're doing is destroying our good people and wasting a whole generation.

Now the thing that really divides and separates us is the question of AUTHORITY. Or leadership. If the man in power doesn't have our respect, then neither you nor I are going to consider him as our Guide. I myself, honestly, hate all authority; or rather I hate all leaders over me: until they overcome me with their wisdom or love. Can we say that our present leaders today have our hearts? To whom have we given our souls?

Consider this, right now I am standing on the platform, and am speaking to you as if I were not a part of you. I'm up here and you're down there. But we are face to face, or rather face against face. It should not be that way. If I'm any kind of a brother, I'll be where you are at, and together we'll both be facing the enemy. By coming up here, I have separated myself from you, and that is why I favor or wish with all my heart that we could meet in a big round circle, and every man would then be in the position of equal power. Like the early Indians, they stood, danced, and even sat, in a circle. Like when we smoked pot, and passed the joint around, we made a circle of a sort and each of us became equal. Even Jesus, when he was preaching out on the mountains and deserts and countrysides, he didn't have a hall like this, but he had the people all around him and the people could touch him if they wanted to. Up here, you cannot touch me, unless you do it with a bullet like they're doing nowadays to the politicians.

But I realize where we're at. I realize what has happened to us. We're much programmed into a system. We've been indoctrinated ever since we were children and here in prison especially we are made to conform the pattern of meekness. We are like plants. In Aztlan, are we going to be free, or are we going to be more than machines? robots? Be free, I say!

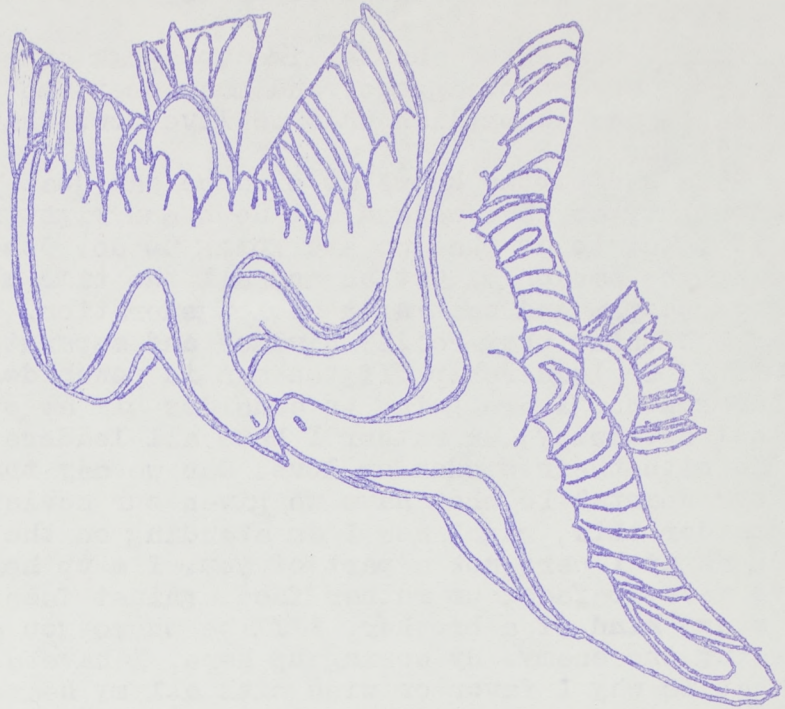
The Organizations of the world, like the USA Government, the British Empire, The Communist Order, or any other organ, all have a system that in nature is the same. Does Aztlan have to develop along the lines of their level? Do we have to comply to the standards of mankind: or are we strong enough and wise enough to change the course of history? Is it practical, you say? Is it at all realistic? Hear, O Assembly, this:

I believe Aztlan, Aztlan de los Chicanos, will get into the seat of world power only after we break away from tradition, and go into a territory of social experience that has never before been explored by man. Otherwise, from this very minute, all we shall be is but another nation and no more. We must not see the same vision that the world sees, or that other people see, but we must see the vision of God Himself. We must cope with the people around us and at the same time show them the Spirit of Aztlan is supreme and that the only change that is going to take place is right where they're standing!

And if you call yourself a revolutionary, I say unto you, Aztlan is the revolution!

Viva Aztlan!

To Barrio Children:



One day in a land where all the angels live and sing, the moment came when the Father of Love said he was going to visit the kids that nobody likes, and find out why they are unloved. For instance, he said, there are children in orphanages that people don't want to adopt; there are young boys and girls in reform schools that people don't want to be with; there are children in many barrios that people mistreat and spank and don't want to cheer up and kiss.

So the Father of Love said, "I'm going there myself and make Aztlan a happyland because I'm going to do a miracle that I've never done before! Watch and see."

Now to all the barrios of Aztlan he went, the Chicanitos immediately loved him, saying it was better than rock-n-roll to be with him since he knew what to do. Instead of a new toy, he played with an old stone of earth and said it was the kind of diamond that angels wear. Instead of a doll, he got a little sister and called her the real thing! Instead of a radio, he turned on silence and you could hear the birds sing and the winds blew and the dogs bark. Instead of television, he opened the eyes of the poor children and they saw a beautiful world and by turning their heads they selected a new vision. Instead of an airplane, he released the canary out of the cage and the butterfly out of the box and they became the greatest airport in the universe!

For as long as we love each other, the Father is working his good miracle in us no matter where we live at or who we are.

...Meditations To Believe By

Lift me up from the fires of Hell;
Let your hand clutch my poor soul.
Jesus, with sins my body does smell,
Folded in Death I've lost control!
Yet that to see your Paradise
Have I entered the dark world;
They called me vain and unwise
For praising your Name times untold.
Now nail the roads and do it please
Unto the extremest ends of the earth!
Raise the dead and cure my disease,
Yourself in me having rebirth:
For by spirit am I invoking you,
Knowing no other God I can pray to.

Thank You

Thank You, O God of Mercy,
That we have You to help us!
You are deeper than the sea
And above the planet Venus.
You speak in soundless ways
Yet we hear everything of it!
Accept this our humble praise
Of your most merciful spirit.
And what are we that You take
So much mercy and pity on?
Every time a mistake we make
Your wisdom is our protection;
Your beloved Son we nailed,
Yet You promised us Heaven.
O God of Mercy, we've failed,
But You love us as children.
Thank You, Father, from our souls
For salvation by Grace;
Love the way eternity rolls,
Having hope of seeing your face.

Look on me, you men:
I am your God.
From the highest heaven
To deepest mud,
I extend my rule,
And call none a fool.

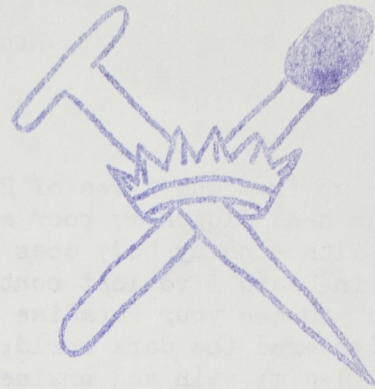
Search my face, you minds:
I am everywhere.
All things your eye finds,
I've made with care.
But me you don't see,
But God none may be.

Hear my voice, you souls:
I am in jail.
And as everyone knows
I shall not fail
To lift up my Sons
In spite of your guns.

Kind Lord of Mercy, all angels praise,
My Savior and my love always:
How great is your Kingdom of Grace!
How beautiful your heavenly place!
Your are with me forever and ever,
I shall rejoice everlastingly more:
O God of ageless and sweet Mercy,
Your Face is what I see
My eyes glimpse of beauty,
O Jesus full of eternal glory!

por Juan Garcia

SLEEPY GONZALES



YOUR DREAMS OF EQUALITY
MAY NEVER COME TRUE

IF YOU DON'T WAKE UP TO REALITY
AND FOLLOW THEM THROUGH.

YOU CAN KICK BACK AND GO ON
PLAYING YOUR GAME,

BUT YOU'LL BE LOOKED DOWN ON
BECAUSE OF YOUR NAME.

EDUCATION BOOKS AND SUCH
ARE LOUSY, AS SOME MAY AGREE,

BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE MUCH
WITHOUT SOME TYPE OF DEGREE.

SO WAKE UP SLEEPY,
COME OUT OF YOUR COMA!

WAKE UP SLEEPY,
AND GET A DIPLOMA.

GET RID OF YOUR SHADES!
GET RID OF YOUR SHUFFLE!

OR SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS
ON A PICK AND SHOVEL.

por el 'Gibby' CORDOVA de Verdugo

As your Editor, carnales, this may be the last edition for me. I was told by the Council of Psychiatry that a recommendation for my release has been submitted to the Adult Authority. It is the first time that they have given me a complete clearance for the streets.

Yet Aztlan must go on! In the prisons Aztlan is our means of unity. All the institutions I've been in, including San Quentin, Soledad, Vacaville, Chino, and many others that I've served time at, have embraced the vision of Aztlan. Now let the barrios feel it too!

For many years I have been a prophet, and I have asked you to follow me in spirit. We shall organize the Chicanos on the streets. It is with trust in God that I write to liberate you, my beloved raza.

First, all must see Aztlan. Our people are scattered and dispersed throughout all the land: truth is the attraction that will bring us together. Aztlan is more than a dream. The moment that you and I saw Aztlan, we were no longer blind and hopeless. We began to have faith, wisdom, and trust. We started a search for power and feared no more the lions, bears, and giants of this world. Aztlan is our answer to all mankind. Either they will see it, or perish.

Second, comes work. We have been training and organizing. We exercised and learned to be adaptable. We see a plan and calculate the outcome. Carnales, now we get on with it! Our job is to reach every barrio and then save it. Aztlan is expressed in us, and we demonstrate to all Chicanos that ours is a glorious family. We are pure, good, and even holy. I say it to you. Aztlan is more than a paper plan, it is a living force in you and me.

Third, we do it by wisdom. Clavos y mechas! Even God is mixed in our blood. We actually are souls, and must sing the song of life. Am I really free as long as you are in jail? Even if my smallest brother was locked up, and a million of our Raza walked on paradise, I should not be free!

Last, only believe.

Ray Aguirre
de Chino, Aztlan



The little I can think
Shall be of Cesar Chavez:
A man my mind does link
To our poor people's progress.

For my blood was appalled
At the fasting by Chavez
When boycotts were outlawed
And power taken from us.

It's heart-breaking to know
Mankind is made of clay:
Strong spirits in us go
As the flesh must decay.

Amen, hear my prayer
You Almighty God above,
Restore please his power
And do double it with love.

I once was a worker
Or slave in Salinas lettuce;
And the pay grew worsen
Than the sins of Judas.

And so in poem I praise
Both Jesus and believer:
My Lord I love always,
Yet I sing of Cesar.

May he organize all
The poor of U.S.A.
And end the deviled law
That takes in but doesn't pay.

AGES

Our Chicano People have the Master-Plan
Guided in wisdom and proved by Jesus,
Because life on earth still is precious
And souls are fundamental to Aztlan.

Cesar Chavez in tears with pain,
Giving the Truth to a new generation!
Mahatma Gandhi in India was slain
And resurrected this side of the Ocean.

May God resume that spirit of peace
And bring happiness down upon us:
Support the boycott! We shall by this
Acknowledge the Age of Chavez.

FLASH!

Do you have a friend that you'd like to
make happy for once in this life? We offer
free subscriptions of "La Cadena"! Send us
your friend's name and address, and we will
mail "La Cadena" free. It's our way of
reaching the good people of Aztlan.
Join the movement! Mail today to---

La Raza Unida
c/o La Cadena, Editor
PO Box A-E
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401



Hasta un zorro sabe que si se juntan
todos los barrios en la pinta, no hay
quien los pueda oprimir. Y no olviden
lo que hizo Sanson, antes de Dalila,
fueron los zorros que el tuvo por su
amigos...

The Fast

In humility he fasted,
Having all compassion.
Against slavery protested,
While the senate ate on.

The many-hearted multitude
Awoke to Cesar Chavez
As he asked no food,
Living on God's promise.

His is the Jesus way,
Sealed with boycotts.
For all people equal pay,
The poor have happy lots!

His is God's silent power
Of irrigation water.
He feeds me forever
In farmlands everywhere...

H.D.D.

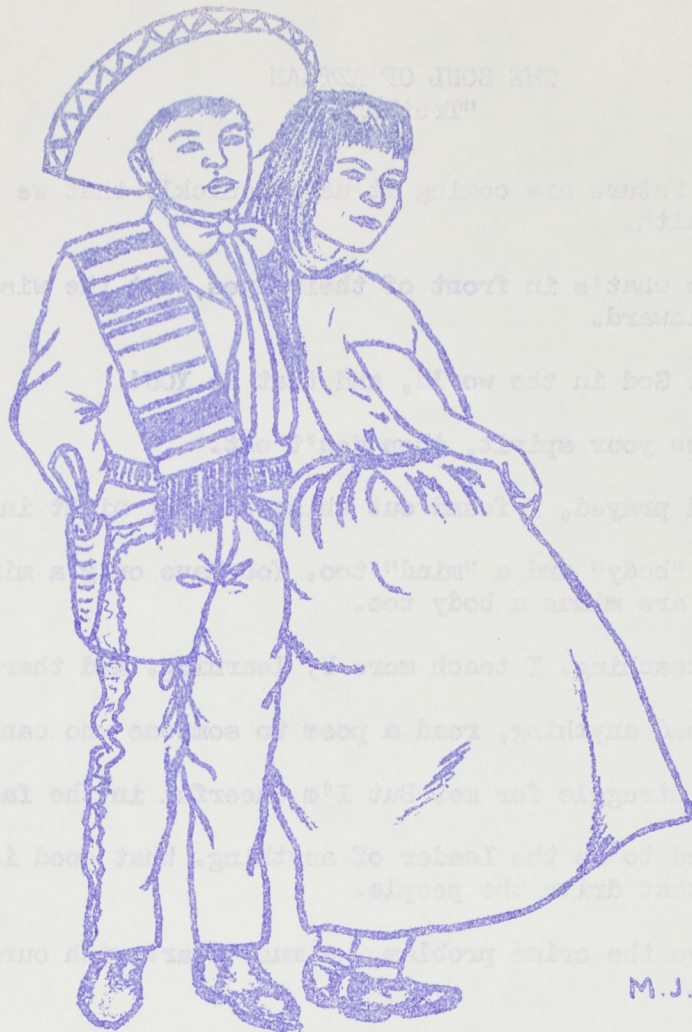
El Chili...



THE SOUL OF AZTLAN
"Truths"

1. The waves of the Future are coming at us so quickly that we must walk on water to keep up our faith.
2. Some men only see what's in front of their eyes, but the wisest look with their eyes closed and inward.
3. There is only one God in the world, and that is YOU!
4. If you want to see your spirit, then don't eat.
5. When I fasted and prayed, I found out this: that at night in my dreams I ate and ate.
6. You don't have a "body" and a "mind" too. You have only a mind; and if you don't have a mind, you are minus a body too.
7. I learn more by teaching. I teach more by learning. And there's no darkness, I say.
8. If you wish to read anything, read a poem to someone who can't.
9. Aztlan is a long struggle for me. But I'm cheerful in the face of misery and jails.
10. I have never asked to be the Leader of anything. What good is that? The real powers are the beliefs that drive the people.
11. If we are to solve the crime problem, we must start with ourselves. Who has convinced us of evil?
12. Rather than trying to make money, I try to destroy the love of money.
13. Words are so powerful, so all-conquering, that I have fallen in love with such active words as Love, Truth, Wisdom, God, Mercy, and Aztlan.
14. Jesus said, Give unto Cesar what is Cesar's, and give unto God what is God's. But I say to you, even Cesar himself belongs to God.
15. I teach that I am the Holy Ghost, simply because a ghost is unseen and the people see nothing holy in me.
16. Chicanos shall not be deceived by liars. For as long as we speak the truth, we hear only that.
17. On reading the many newsletters from the other pintas, it gladdens me to find so much soul among our family, La Raza.





M.J. Ruiz

Quisiera darles entender lo que nos pasa.

Saben, pues, que estamos preparando nuestras vidas para vivir en Aztlan. Unos tienen ya la educacion; otros todavia luchan con las letras y numeros. Pero siempre somos una raza unida, aunque cada miembro es distinto en su pensamiento.

Y les digo que me contenta ver a todos ustedes poniendole. Por años yo le puse a los libros. Me aplique hasta que senti el espiritu de usar palabras sabias. Hoy, para nuestro mejoramiento, estoy listo. Los vatos que andan la yarda de esta prision, asegurense: yo soy vato loco. A mi me molesta vernos separados en clicas y barrios, especialmente cuando causa nuestra caida y nos dominan las placas.

La primera cosa que hacer para ser poderosos es tener un lider, un grupo, y un plan. Para mi el plan es Aztlan, el grupo es la Raza Unida, y nuestro lider es Dios, porque El nos hizo y da vida. Mientras que Dios este en el cielo, nuestro elegido Chairman nos guiara.

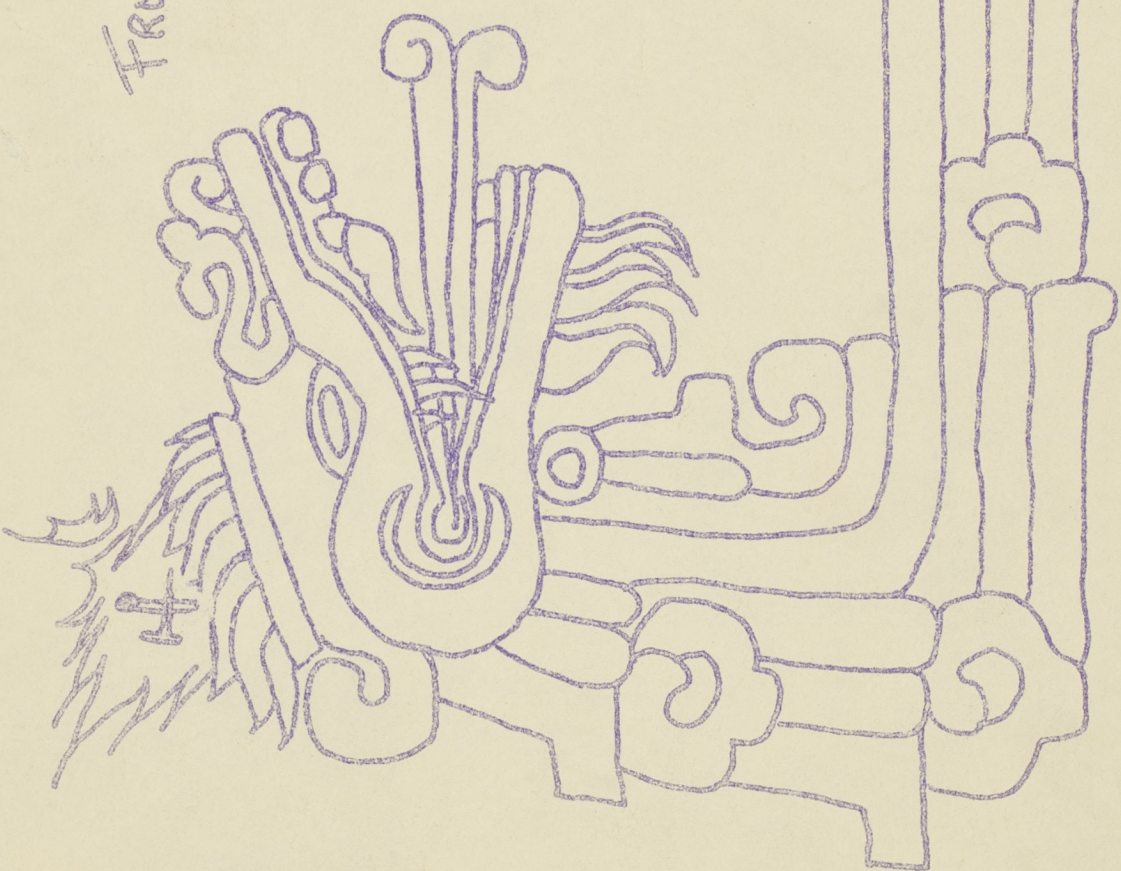
Hay que librar a todos los vatos; y darles algo mejor que una pinta. En verdad digo que el mundo afuera es debil si nosotros somos fuertes adentro. Aqui entre amigos y compañeros sera determinado el destino del Chicano. No hay imposibilidades para "La Raza Unida". Vengan a la junta este martes y curense.

Entonces, hasta mas alla.

VIVA AZTLAN!!!



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