

# RAZA

## ART & MEDIA COLLECTIVE

### JOURNAL

Volume 1, Number 1, January 1, 1976

## To our Audience

The Raza Art and Media Collective is a non-profit corporation at The University of Michigan. It came into existence in the winter of 1975 when several persons in the arts and media felt the need to give expression and visibility to the art and media of nuestra raza. Work on the Journal began in the fall of that year. We take art and media to mean the gamut of print, pictorial and broadcast enterprises which entertain, educate and inform society. Information and expression are premium commodities and La Raza has been denied these valuable tools. As such, the Collective has set for itself the following goals:

1. To organize, create, and utilize various artistic/media resources, both public and private, for the enrichment, education, and enlightenment of the Spanish-speaking population of the State of Michigan.

2. To provide for the financial, intellectual, and physical support of the unique Spanish-speaking artistic/media needs.

3. To serve as a model for the

Spanish-speaking peoples in their struggle to end stereotypes in the arts and media by the projection of a Raza aesthetic.

4. To document the continuing Spanish-speaking culture through public exhibits, publications, films, archives, and other media projects.

5. To serve as an instrument for the training of those Spanish-speaking individuals and groups in their specific artistic/media pursuits.

6. To serve as a facilitator, both private and public, between the general population and the Spanish-speaking when there are educational concerns regarding the arts and media.

Through the *Raza Art and Media Collective Journal* the organization hopes to offer an outlet for articles, poetry, reviews, art work, and other material by Raza contributors. The *Journal* shall be a forum for the exploration of the Raza aesthetic.

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## Raza Art and Media Collective Journal

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## On the Masthead

The ancient Mexicans worshipped duality and myth. Life was death; gods were human and animal. Central to this philosophy was the wholeness of the universe.

Drawing on these many beliefs, rethinking myths, and delving into his artistic psyche, George Vargas created this masthead figure.

Inspired by a scene from the Codex Fejervary-Mayer, Vargas mixed myths, symbolism, and illusion to define this raza figure. The scene depicts the Mixtec god, Ometecuhtli, in a role as supreme duality breathing life into man/woman (the skull) via the fire butterfly.

The Vargas drawing is in reality a skillful interpretation of parts to create an illusionary whole. What appears to be wings are representative of a Quetzalcoatl dualism—two plumed serpents. Topping the figure are antennae which could be those of television and radio.

Replacing the traditional crossbanded skull with the crow quill and the paintbrush, the artist points to literature and art as representative of raza strength. This skull rests on an artist's palette of colors of the imagination.

Equally symbolic is the symmetry employed. The figure can be divided and redivided. But in the center is the omnipresent eye (television, god, CIA?). Aztec legend tells of the four worlds and suns with the fifth sun, "quinto sol," as the unifying center. The fire-butterfly is surrounded by an aura of figure "8's"—the symbol for infinity and for the mathematical brain teaser, the Moebius strip.

Given the importance of myth, literature, arts, and the media within the movimiento we can consider the figure as a worthy symbol of future endeavors.



# Bilingual-Bicultural Homogeneity for Sale

*In the world of chingones, of difficult relationships, ruled by violence and suspicion—a world in which no one opens out or surrenders himself—ideas and accomplishments count for little. The only thing of value is manliness, personal strength, a capacity for imposing oneself on others.*

*Labyrinth of Solitude*  
Octavio Paz

You can keep your Californian ways, your New Mexican manners, your mid-western style. Somos hermanos, somos raza. Somos hermanos until we disagree, then out comes the dagger in the name of el movimiento. Your roots shall be questioned, your motives made suspect. Te hacen mierda, but don't worry, it's all in the interest of the common good. The common good as seen through eyes twisted by the need for power. If you question or doubt you have fallen prey to the white man's ways. Your honesty is naive, your ethics laughable. They have shown you the way—now follow.

It is useless to resist the pearl drop smile, the movements smooth and slow, the battlecry "Chicanopowerhuelgami-raza," the favors, the gifts. Inflate your chest and allow the wind to sift through your lacquered locks. By all means avoid trust and sensitivity, they are exceedingly messy and will only spoil your polish. Trade in your mind for their friendship. They shall swaddle you with their politica, stuff you with their words. Pay homage to your model—Mr. Chicano Super Stud, the smile before you the finger behind, self-appointed carrier of the scales of Chicanismo. He offers acceptance, just hand him your mind.

Disculpame, Mr. Stud, pero soy persona y quiero ser, and I don't need you to tell me how. My dreams aren't up for barter and I won't submit myself to the chains of any man—white or brown. Señor Chingon, your pendejadas are leading el movimiento down a path whiter than any one I've known. You are grinding our spirits and filtering them through your myopic views. But this one won't go. This one does not need the comfort of uniformity. This one can see the insecurity behind your facade, the corrosive potential of your acts. This one can listen and will be listened to.

If we are raza and hermanos—treat me as such. Respect my individuality and my right to disagree. Your oppression is as distasteful as the Anglo's but sadder still; and if we will not sell ourselves to him we certainly won't to you.

Anna L. Cardona

## Dos Poemas

*Este Lado Del Sol*  
"Sunnyside"

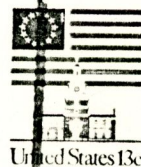
Bloody roots, Bloody leaves  
Smell of Burning Flesh  
Viento de animal muerto y perro mojado  
Ecurriendo con yerbas sangradas  
Vida Primal  
Gotas de Amor  
sonando en chorro  
de llamas encarnadas  
Sicatriz engarruñado de Amor Golpado

Low Moon

Caught in the brushing sage of Arizona  
Slow Moon  
blending into, flooding rivers of crying Chicharras  
Fluid gleam of rising golden Moon  
weaving through dark wet needles  
cuese esta tierra hecha garras

Laura Parra  
8-21-75

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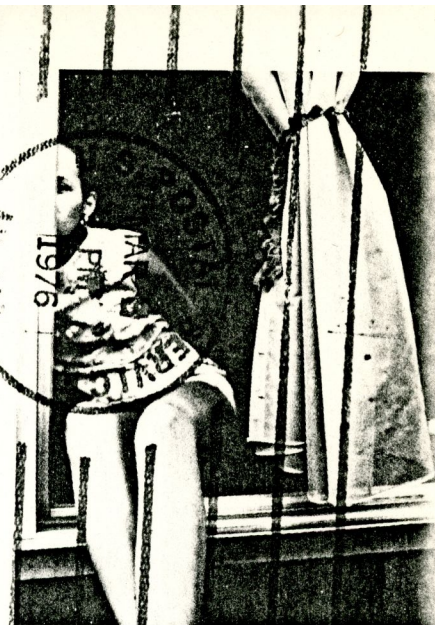


Photo by Julio Perez