

P-1016 BROTANDO DEL SILENCIO – BREAKING OUT OF THE SILENCE: SUNI PAZ



THE WOMAN OF LA RAZA

by Betita Martinez

The history and oppression experienced by the woman of La Raza—"the Latin woman"—in the United States are not well-known, even in these years when so much is heard about women's liberation. By "La Raza" we mean the dominant population of the American continent, the peoples who are a racial mixture of native Indian, European and African. For us, the women of La Raza include Chicanas, Puerto Ricans, women from Central and South America. Our national or cultural backgrounds may vary but we have more in common than differences.

Before the Spanish conquest in the Americas, the native Indian woman was far from being completely free—but she often participated more fully in the life of the society than did her sisters in Europe. The

coming of the Spaniard, with his Catholic Church and feudal social system, was a turning point. La Raza itself is the product of rape and sexual oppression, with the European male taking advantage of the native Indian female in every way and thus producing a whole new race. Our roots lie in the act of rape: the rape of women, the rape of an entire continent and its people.

Inside the borders of the United States, the woman of La Raza lived first under Spanish rule, then Mexican rule and beginning in 1848 under U.S. imperialist rule. That year, the process of rape was resumed. The Chicana was raped by the invading gringo both in the literal, physical sense as well as in the sense of those forms of oppression imposed on all our people—both men and women.

Today we can say that the Chicana, together with the Puerto Rican and other Raza women, suffers from a triple oppression.

She is oppressed by the forces of racism, imperialism and sexism. The same can be said of all non-white women in the United States. Her oppression by the forces of racism and imperialism is similar to that endured by our men. Oppression by sexism, however, is her's alone. Sexism includes both social structures and attitudes of male superiority that are rooted in those structures.

The Latina of working class origin, like her Third World sisters in the United States, is born into a life pattern that we see repeated again and again. If she finishes her secondary education, she is lucky. If she does agricultural work, she is almost never able to accomplish this; she must go to work in the fields at an early age, along with other members of the family, and move with them around the country as they search for work. Eventually she will marry and become pregnant—or simply become pregnant. After one, two or three children, it is likely that her husband will leave the home. This will not necessarily happen because he does not love the woman and children but more often because of economic pressures. He simply cannot find work, to support the family.

The tension is increased when the woman is able to find work while the man cannot. This often happens because certain kinds of jobs, such as domestic service or working in the garment industry, are available to uneducated women. One of the ugliest forms of these economic pressures arises from the U.S. welfare system. Under that system, a woman with children cannot receive financial aid if there is a man in the house (her husband or any other). But she can receive it if there is no man. Some couples deliberately separate so that the woman and children can qualify for welfare aid. This was what happened to Reies Lopez Tijerina, leader of the land struggle in New Mexico, and his first wife Maria Escobar.

Despite the hard life faced by the working class Latina—and we have barely suggested it here—she is expected to live according to attitudes and prejudices imposed by sexism. These include ideas about virginity, false definitions of femininity and the double standard (one standard of sexual behavior for women, a different standard for men). She may be working 16 hours a day to support and care for her children, but she will still be viewed as a sexual object rather than as a human being. Unless she is over the age of 30 or 40, she will usually be seen more as a face

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and a body than as a fellow worker and fellow victim of oppression.

All this holds true not only for the working class Latina—who form the great majority of our women—but also for those of petty bourgeois origin. Often the spiritual growth of this Latina is even more stunted. From birth, her life is a predestined pattern based on passing from her parents' control to that of her husband. She goes through high school acquiring a strong sense of competition with other young women for the attention of the boys. This is the dominant feature of her high school years. Although she is expected to become a wife and mother, the whole subject of sexual functions and physiology is treated like a dark secret. Femininity is turned into capitalist consumerism; her womanhood is channeled into buying clothes and make-up, and driving her husband to worry about making more money so that he can buy more material possessions that will give the family "status."

In the last 10 or 20 years, there has been a growing number of Latinas from petty bourgeois background who go on from high school to university study and sometimes become professional workers. This group also falls prey to capitalist values and consumerism, but some members do develop a stronger political awareness. This group has added a new element to the situation of our women today.

In the current Chicano liberation struggle, "the woman question" was raised at an early age. One of the first organizations in which the demand was made for a more revolutionary definition of the Chicana was the Brown Berets of Los Angeles. This organization was dominated by male leadership, with women assigned to the predictable jobs of cooking, typing, running errands for the men and allowing themselves to be treated as sexual objects. The women in the Brown Berets protested these roles. That protest became known when they left the organization because, as they said, the attitude of the leadership made it impossible to bring about change from inside. The Young Lords, a Puerto Rican movement organization formed in the 1960's, struggled intensively with this problem and published an important position paper on women in their newspaper *Palante*. Los Siete, an organization in San Francisco composed mainly of young people of Central American background, also had its struggle against sexism and held classes on the subject.

Today there is a wide variety of attitudes found among Latin women on this issue. They might be outlined as follows: (1) The attitude that women should seek no change in their roles and should never challenge the status quo. This attitude is found among Chicanos of all classes and ages. (2) The position that women are very capable and can make important contributions as women without raising a fuss about it—in other words, without directly challenging the sexism that exists. This position is generally held by older, working-class Chicanas who often have strong individual personalities. (3) The position that women must fight sexism constantly, but as an isolated phenomenon. This position is generally held by younger Chicanas, often university students. (4) The position that women should and can be revolutionaries at every level of the struggle. They should struggle against sexism without fear, but within the context of our whole struggle as a people. We will not win our liberation struggle unless the women move together with the men rather than against them. We must work to convince the men that our struggle will become stronger if women are not limited to a few, special roles. We also have the right to expect that our most enlightened men will join us in the fight against sexism; it should not be our battle alone.

In May, 1971, the first National Chicana Conference was held in Houston, Texas and most of these positions were expressed there (Not only Chicanas but Puerto Rican women and other Latinas attended.) Because the conference was organized by the YWCA, a petty bourgeois organization which has the resources to hold such a conference, the women who attended were mostly teachers, students, social workers and others of petty bourgeois status. The woman on welfare, the agricultural worker, and especially the Chicana from the poor barrios of Houston itself, were not well represented. During the conference, conflict developed. It was basically a class conflict that was paralleled by an ideological conflict. Some of the petty bourgeois elements were primarily interested in having the conference adopt resolutions that concerned only sexism and made little reference to the general oppression that we suffer under U.S. imperialism. Other elements objected to the class nature of the conference, and adopted a separate set of resolutions whose focus was on the general issues of racism and capitalist oppression. It should be said that many women at the

conference were simply confused and took neither side.

What has been the reaction of the Latino men to all the discussion of "the woman question"? In some cases, the men have seen how they themselves are oppressed by the sexist attitudes that we call **machismo**. They perceive how they waste time, energy and even their lives in so-called fights over women. They perceive how our oppressor uses **machismo** against us—for example, by appealing to a Chicano's sense of supposed manhood in order to get him to kill Vietnamese. Sexism is a useful tool to the colonizer; the men are oppressed but at least they can beat and mistreat women, who thus serve as targets for a frustration that might otherwise become revolutionary. Some men understand very well that the full participation of women is needed if our people are to win the liberation struggle.

But the reaction of the Latino has often been disappointing. Again and again we hear two main arguments from the man against women who seek to play a larger and more diversified role. These arguments are: (1) You are being divisive and (2) You are acting like a gringa—a white woman. These arguments are not logical; they represent emotional self-defense and rationalization of fear. If anyone is divisive in these cases, it is the man. By resisting change, he forces the woman to feel left out—and he may even force her OUT. As for the accusation that she is acting like a white woman this is simply a trick designed to frighten us into silence. No militant Latina wants to think that she is being untrue to her people and her culture. All in all, both arguments reflect a reactionary instead of revolutionary nationalism.

The truth is that we need to re-examine and redefine our culture. Some of us do not believe that in our culture, femininity has always meant: weak, passive, delicate-looking . . . in other words, qualities that inflate the male ego. The woman of La Raza is traditionally a fighter and revolutionary. In the histories of Mexico and Puerto Rico, we find a long line of heroines—from Gertrudis Bocanegra in Mexico's war of independence against Spain to Lolita Lebron in Puerto Rico's struggle against U.S. neo-colonialism. The woman of La Raza is also, by tradition, a worker and she has been a major force in many labor struggles. These are the traditions, this is the culture, that the revolutionary Latina wants to revive. These are the traditions that a revolutionary nationalism will revive.

The revolutionary Latina has not usually identified with the so-called women's liberation movement in the United States because up to now that movement has been dominated by white women of middle-class or petty bourgeois background. Some of the demands of that movement have real meaning for the Latin woman—such as free day-care centers for children and reform of the welfare system. But more often our demands and concerns do not meet with theirs. For example, the women's liberation movement has rejected the traditional family. For us, the family has been above all a source of unity and our major defense against the oppressor.

Up to now, the U.S. women's liberation movement has been mainly concerned with sexism and ignored or denied the importance of racism and imperialism. For the Latina, the three types of oppression cannot be separated. They are all part of the same system, they are three faces of the same enemy. They must all be fought, with all our courage and strength. As we said earlier, the rape of ourselves as women and the rape of our continent, our peoples, are historically linked. To undo that wrong, we women of La Raza must understand that link, and struggle as one united force with all our allies.

courtesy of El Grito del Norte (Box 466, Fairview Station, Espanola, N.M. 87532)



photo by Marcia Emerman

ABOUT SUNI PAZ:

Born in Argentina, Suni spent five years living in Chile before coming to the United States in 1965. In California she worked with the Chicano movement and taught lecture-demonstration classes in Latin song and culture for students from grade school to

college. Coming to the East Coast in 1970, she has continued that work and sung for the Puerto Rican movement as well, through the Puerto Rican Socialist Party and other organizations. She is married, with children, and lives a busy life as student, teacher, poet, singer, and activist.

DICE SUNI PAZ SOBRE SU TRABAJO:

Cantando en barrios, café-teatros, esquinas, en escuelas o universidades, pude percibir hasta qué extremo han tenido que sufrir los latinoamericanos en general, tanto Chicanos y Puer-torriqueños, como Indios y Negros el que se les haya negado premeditadamente su herencia cultural que casi siempre debilita, cuando no borra por completo, el auto-respeto y la seguridad en uno mismo.

Ellos me enseñaron la aspereza de sus vidas y su constante lucha por sobrevivir y florecer. Ellos han inspirado, pues, mis canciones y fortalecido mi voluntad de salvar, a través de ellas, nuestra común herencia cultural, nuestras pérdidas raíces, nuestras vacilantes identidades. Pensé entonces que como seres humanos tenemos la posibilidad de elegir entre transformarnos en vientos portadores de inquietudes, sembradores de semillas, para hacer germinar en los corazones el amor por la justicia, o salpicarnos de arena los ojos y enneguecer a toda realidad. Me prometí, pues, sembrar con canciones el conocimiento de nuestra verdadera historia y la que escriben diariamente nuestros pueblos, las que los libros de texto y los medios de comunicación ignoran o falsean.

Sin embargo, como seres individuales somos una gota no más del sufriente mar humano, impotentes por tanto. Con el mar compartimos su poder y su tenaz acción que convierte las piedras en arena. Por eso es que siento como algo vital, la necesidad de vernos a nosotros mismos dentro siempre de un contexto continental o internacional para hallar nuestra fortaleza en unidad y así, aprender quién es el enemigo de la humanidad y por qué.

En esta sociedad apenas entreabierta, huraña, verdadero campo de minas, sólo las intenciones conjuntas, las acciones y las voces al unísono de la mayoría de la humanidad harán impacto. Ellas han llegado de a poco brotando del silencio. . . .

Booklet edited by Barbara Dane.

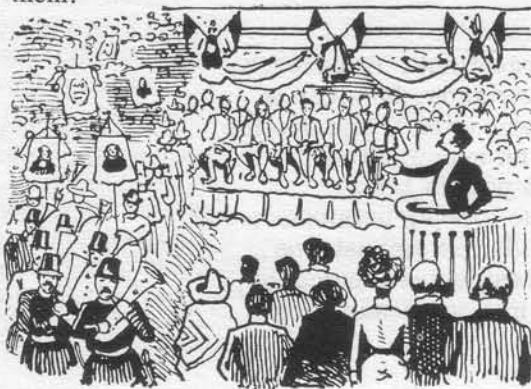
Song translations by Barbara Dane and Suni Paz.

SUNI PAZ SAYS ABOUT HER WORK:

The greatest strength oppressed peoples have is their cultural identity—an identity that endows them with the will to struggle. Like millions of Latin Americans who now find themselves in the U.S.A., I brought our cultural heritage with me. During years of singing in barrios, coffeehouses, street corners, schools, and colleges of the U.S., I witnessed the extent of the cultural denial with our Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Black and Indian brothers and sisters have been forced to endure. Our self-esteem has suffered, and at times has even been erased. But the cultural integrity and will to struggle which lies in the people can never be destroyed. Through the years they have taught me of their lives, and of their constant struggles to survive and grow. They have inspired my songs, and strengthened my commitment to do what I can to restore something of our cultural heritage, our lost roots, our shaken identities.

The work of poets and singers is like the wind. One may choose to blow sand in the eyes of the people, blinding them to reality—or one may scatter seeds of consciousness that help to nurture in the people's hearts a passion for justice. I promised myself to sow the knowledge of our true history through poems and songs, that history which is being written daily by our people—that history about which the textbooks and the media seem so ignorant or deceitful.

As individuals we are mere drops in the suffering sea of humanity. With the consciousness of our culture, working together, we can share the power and the relentless action of this sea. We can turn rocks into sand. To break the silence, to find strength and unity, we must see ourselves in a continental, an international context. This is how we will come to understand who are the real enemies of humanity, and how to defeat them.



Side 1, Band 1:

ABRELE PASO A MI FUSIL (1:45)

(Open the Way to my Gun)

guitar: Suni Paz

Abrele paso a mi fusil
Que está cansado de esperar el momento.
Abrele paso a mi esperanza de justicia,
Mi sed abierta,
Abrele paso a mi vivir!

Abrele paso a mi guitarra
Que no tiene fronteras;
A mi palabra sin frenos,
A mi lengua,
A mis pies decididos,
A mi cuerpo rebelde,
Abrele paso a mi vivir!

Abrele paso a mi grito
Ya sin miedo.

Abrele paso a mi espíritu
Que vuela, Ya sin traba ninguna,
Sin recelos,
Abrele paso a mi fusil!
Abrele paso a mi fusil!
Abrele paso a mi fusil...!

words and music by Suni Paz

Open the way to my gun;
It's tired of waiting for the right moment.
Open the way to my hope of justice,
My open thirst,
Open the way to my life!

Open the way to my guitar,
That knows no frontiers.
To my words that don't hesitate,
To my tongue,
To my determined feet,
To my rebellious body,
Open the way to my life!

Open the way to my cry
That knows no fear.

Open the way to my spirit,
That flies unfettered,
Without doubts,
Open the way to my gun!
Open the way to my gun!
Open the way to my gun!

Side 1, Band 2:

PRISIONEROS SOMOS (2:16)

(We are all Prisoners) - bailecito

guitar, charango: Suni Paz

bombo: Ramiro Fernández

Prisioneros somos si
De sistemas carcelarios
Que a inocentes torturan
Porque piensan diferente
Y no se asombra la gente
-Prisionera tantas veces
De un sistema carcelario-
Si matan a un libertario

(coro)

Argentinos, Brasileños,
Bolivianos, Mexicanos
Comparten triste destino
Y un enemigo tenaz
La policía falaz
Que tortura prisioneros,
Políticos embusteros,
Presidentes inhumanos,
Y milicos besamanos

words and music by Suni Paz
dedicated to the U.S. Committee for
Justice for Latin American Prisoners
(U.S.L.A.)

We are prisoners, yes,
of jail systems
which torture innocents
because they think differently.
And it no longer surprises anyone
(prisoners many times over
of a jail-like system)
if a freedom-fighter is killed.

(chorus)

Argentines, Brazilians,
Bolivians, Mexicans,
share a sad destiny
and a tenacious enemy,
and lying police
who torture their prisoners,
lying politicians,
inhuman presidents,
and bootlicking militia.

Argentinos tantas veces
Lucharon por libertarse
Como peces de las redes
De españoles y de ingleses
Hoy de los Americanos
Y de los pillos burgueses
-Prisioneros tantas veces
De sus propios intereses-
(chorus)

Argentines many times over
have fought to free themselves,
like fish from the nets,
from the Spanish, the English,
and today the Americans,
and from their own thieving bourgeoisie
(many times over prisoners
of their own interests).
(chorus)

Side 1, Band 3:

QUIERO DECIRTE (4:04)

(I want to tell you something) - guajira

guitar: Suni Paz

bongó: Ramiro Fernández

collectively written by Suni Paz, Juana
Díaz, and other Puerto Rican sisters, 1972

Mira este canto será
Para el hombre y la mujer
Vamos a hacerlo sencillo
Pa' que se pueda entender.

This song is written
for the man and the woman.
I tried to make it simple,
so it will be understood.

Mujeres y hombres estamos
Prisioneros sin buscarlo
De avaros capitalistas
Que nos usan como esclavos.

Both men and women
are unwilling prisoners
of avaricious capitalists
who use us as slaves.

Las frustraciones el hombre
Se las saca en la mujer,
Después le toca a los hijos
Y al último al jefe de él.

The frustrations of the man
are first taken out on his woman,
later touch his children,
and only at the end, his boss.

A la mujer me dirijo:
Tú también debes luchar
Para salir de una vez
De tu gran pasividad. (2X)

To the women I say:
You must struggle to abandon
your conditioned passivity,
and to leave it behind.

Al hombre le toca ahora:
Entiende que la mujer
Sabe pensar y sentir
Y tiene derecho a ser. (2X)

To the men I say:
Try to understand
that a woman can think and feel,
and has a right to exist!

Si dialogan y si enfrentan
Diferencias y conflictos
Si el hombre ayuda en los platos
Con los pisos y los niños

If you both can talk over
and confront your differences,
if the man takes his part
with the dishes, floors and kids,

Si los dos juntos se ayudan
A superar el machismo
Y como dos compañeros
Luchan por el socialismo

If you work together
to overcome machismo,
and, like two comrades,
struggle for socialism,

La liberación vendrá
Para los dos y los hijos
Para la gente del pueblo
Y para tu Puerto Rico

Liberation will come
for both, and for the children,
for the masses of the people,
and for your Puerto Rico.

La liberación vendrá
Para todas las chicanas
Para la gente del pueblo
Y todas nuestras hermanas

Esto no quiere, ay bendito,
Decir que hay que abusar
Del pobre y dejarlo estar
"Sentadito en el baúl"

Compañera socialista
Vendrá la liberación
Si con el hombre y los hijos
Haces la revolución

Side 1, Band 4:

CUECA DEL AUTO (1:25)

(Cueca about the car)

guitar: Suni Paz

bombo, tambourine: Ramiro Fernández

Yo te digo que el auto, compadre, no
es cosa buena
Y que lejos te llevan, m'hijito, también
las piernas
Y el corazón camina mejor, mejor con
ellas.

El auto envenena, compadre, nuestra
existencia.
Humos en los pulmones, m'hijito,
pronto te entierran
Y "smog" en la ciudad, compadre,
mucho la afea.

El auto representa clase y dinero,
¿Dónde has visto un paisano, m'hijito,
monta'o en eso?

Compadre hay prioridades, te digo,
que dejan huellas,
Y otras que sólo ahumnan (que no!)
nuestra existencia.
Mejor son bicicletas, compadre, que
Citronetas;
Nuestra existencia, ay sí,
La ciudad en niebla
Y no se alcanza a ver, m'hijito,
la cordillera.

!Mejor son bicicletas, compadre, que
Citronetas!

** m'hijito - hijo means son or child,
m'hijito is like "kid"

*** Citronetas - small Citroens, here
any imported car

Liberation will come
for Chicanas too,
for the masses of people,
and for all our sisters.

This must not be interpreted
as overlooking the man,
leaving him out in the cold,
or abusing him in any way:

Socialist comrade sisters,
revolution will come
if, with the men and the children
you make the revolution!

words and music by Suni Paz

NOTE: This song was inspired by a
lecture on the Chilean economy by
David Barkin.

I tell you that the car, compadre,*
is no damn good.
Your legs can take you, m'hijito,**
as far as you want.
And the heart works better after a walk.

The car, compadre, poisons our
existence.
Smoke in your lungs, m'hijito, will
finish you fast!
And smog makes the cities look really
ugly.

A car is only a symbol of money and
class.
Where have you ever seen, m'hijito,
a plowboy mount a car?

Compadre, there are priorities, I tell
you, that leave their mark.
And others that just smoke up (yeah!)
our lives.
Better bicycles, compadre, than
Citronetas.***
Our existence is threatened, yes,
The city in a cloud of smog,
And you can't even see, m'hijito, the
highest mountains.

Better bicycles, compadre, than
foreign cars!

* compadre - the godfather of one's
child, therefore, good friend

Side 1, Band 5:
ALBIZU CAMPOS, SEMBRADOR (2:33)
(Albizu Campos, Sower)
guitar: Suni Paz
bongó: Ramiro Fernández

Desde que supe de ti
Nunca te olvido.

Te acunaron machetes
Que cortaban las canas
Como tu, a tu paso
Desgajabas cizanas
Que anudaban tu patria.

Yo te quise, maestro machetero
Desde que supe de ti...

De asombro
Quise entonces medir tu inmensidad,
Pero,
?Quien puede acaso medir el mar?
Solo escucharlo
Y aprender de su tenaz accion
Que convierte las piedras
En arena...

Yo te quise, maestro pescador
Y no te olvido.

En las colonias,
La historia no transmite
Tu palabra de viento
Que acarreaba semillas
Para sembrar tu pueblo
De amor por la justicia

Los que te conocieron
Te siguieron a ciegas

Y aunque la historia
Se niega a registrarte
Porque te temen
Y quieren rubricarte en el olvido,
No pueden,

Tu tienes la ultima palabra,
Maestro sembrador...

words and music by Suni Paz. A love song.

Since I first heard of you,
I can't forget you.

Machetes that cut sugar-cane
Cradled you,
And as you went,
You tore out the weeds
That strangled your land.

I loved you, machete master,
Since I first heard of you.

Awed,
I wanted them to measure your
immensity,
But,
Who is able to measure the sea?
We can only listen,
and study its relentless action,
grinding stones
into sand.

I longed for you, master fisherman,
And I can't forget you.

In the colonies,
our history doesn't carry
your words as the wind
carries the seeds,
which germinate in the hearts
of the people
a passion for justice.

Those who knew you followed blindly.

And even when history books
in the schools ignore you,
because they fear you,
and would consign you to
a living death,
They cannot...

You have the last word,
master sembrador.*

* sembrador - one who sows seeds,
as a farmer in planting time

Side 1, Band 6:

LAS CONDICIONES (2:30)

(Our Demands) bombo: Ramfro Fernández

words and music by Suni Paz.

*senor - mister; **barrio - ghetto

I. They ask so many questions
About "what are your demands?"
So if you'd really like to know,
Listen to my song.
We are Chicanos, señor,*
And we live in el barrio.**
We want to organize ourselves,
In order to help ourselves.

II. My people are tired
Of being fed the history
Of America and California
And Mexicans never coming into it.
We want our own language,
Taught by our own teachers,
And some professors
Who can talk about the Aztecs,

III. About the Mayans,
And the Tiger King of New Mexico,
About the strikes and the troubles
This society has put on us.
Those of us who know very well
About the greatness of Mexico,
We want to be treated
With the proper dignity and respect.

IV. We will not be made to forget
The language of our people.
If 17 countries use it,
It's good enough for here at home.
We refuse your racism,
We reject your oppression,
With which you try to surround us,
That's worse than any prison.

V. Because of all this, we say
To all our brothers and sisters,
That when we are united,
We will win our demands!
And now you, too, know
What we are demanding,
So how about helping us
To get what we're singing about?

I. Y tanto que nos preguntan
-Y qué estamos demandando?
Pues si es que quieres saberlo
Mejor escucha este canto...
Somos chicanos, señores
Y vivimos en el barrio
Queremos organizarnos
Para poder ayudarnos

II. Se cansaron mis hermanos
De que les dieran la historia
De América y California
Sin que entraran Mexicanos
Queremos nuestro lenguaje
Enseñado por quien sepa
Y queremos profesores
Que nos hablen del azteca

III. Que nos digan de los mayas
Del rey tigre en Nueva México
De las huelgas y las penas
En que esta sociedad nos deja
Los que sabemos muy bien
De la grandeza de México
Queremos que se nos trate
Con dignidad y con respeto

IV. No queremos olvidarnos
Del idioma de la raza
20 países lo hablan
Está bien hablarlo en casa
No queremos el racismo
Rechazamos la opresión
En que tratan de encerrarnos
Que es peor que la prisión

V. Por eso es que les decimos
A todos nuestros hermanos:
Unidos conseguiremos
Todo lo que demandamos
Y ahora sí que ya saben
Qué es que estamos demandando
Y ¿qué tal si nos ayudan
A conseguir lo del canto?

Side 1, Band 7:

TANIA, GUERRILLERA (2:50)

(Tania, Guerrillera) - canción
words and music by Suni Paz.

Tania, soñadora incansable,
guerrillera,
portento de mujer,
corazón de bandera
estrella que cayó junto a sus compañeros
en el agua,
tu sangre se hizo flor.

*"heart of flags" means to say "with the capacity to
represent unity, high purpose, motion,
and a multiplicity of peoples, like many
flags"

Tania, Untiring dreamer,
Guerrillera,
prodigious woman,
heart of flags,*
star that fell with her comrades,
in the water
your blood became a flower.

Sonabas
en un amanecer de solcitos morenos,
jugando
en el alba primera de los pueblos
pensabas
el derecho a vivir no se mendiga
y peleaste por él
con tu fusil.

Tu nombre se grabó
en madera de sufrimientos
aromas de sacrificio
y ramazón de coraje.

Tania,
flor nueva de Bolivia,
tu raíces de sangre
crecerán como el mar.

Tania,
cuando tu voz calló
se hizo la noche
el trueno retumbó
en pleno mediodía
el eco de tu muerte
llevaron las montañas
en el agua dejaste el corazón.

Ahora,
tu nombre es acarreado por palomas
tu ejemplo
es conocido en todos los idiomas.

Tania,
te pronuncian,
te lleman las guerrillas
y eres para este mundo
nueva flor.

You dreamed
of a dawn filled with
little brown-skinned suns,
playing
in the daybreak of the people.
You thought
one should not beg for the right to live.
You fought for it,
with your gun.

Your name was carved
on a cross of agony,
with incense of sacrifices
and branches entwined with courage.

Tania,
new flower of Bolivia,
your roots of blood
will grow into a sea.

Tania,
when your voice fell silent,
day became night,
thunder resounded,
at high noon.
Your death
echoed in the mountains.
You left your heart in the water.

Now,
your name is carried by doves,
your example
lives in every tongue.

Tania,
they invoke your name,
the guerrillas call you,
for you are a new flower
for the world.

Side 2, Band 1:
A MI GUERRERO (3:00)
(To my warrior) - canción
guitar: Suni Paz

Cantaré a mi guerrero
Hasta que sin voz quede
Este canto de amor...

Generaste en el aire
Un fragor de delirio.
Estalló en las Américas:
Victoria hasta la muerte!
Aquello que creaste
Renovará en semillas
Apagando el dolor.

Entraste en combate
Reviviendo a Bolívar,
Negaste las mentiras
Ensanchando horizontes,
Sembraste la esperanza,
Temblaron los poderes,
Obligaste al valor.

words and music by Suni Paz, written
October 8, 1967 on the day of the death of
Ernesto Che Guevara. The first letters
of each line, in Spanish, form his name.

I will sing to my guerrero
until voiceless
this song of love.

Generating in the air
a clamor of delirium,
exploding on America:
Victory or Death!
What you have created
will be reborn,
easing our pain.

Engaging in battle,
resurrecting Bolivar,
negating the lies,
widening the horizons,
you planted seeds of hope.
Shaking the mighty,
you made the weak invincible.



Side 2, Band 2:
 CORRIDO DE AZTLAN (2:47)
 (The Aztlan Corrido)
 guitar: Suni Paz
 words and music by Daniel Valdez,
 Teatro Campesino

De los files a los campos
 De los barrios a los pueblos
 Dondequiera que haya raza
 Declaremos nuestras tierras
 Declaremos nuestro plan
 Nuestra gente es la raza
 Y nuestro pueblo es Aztlán

Ay ay ay ay, etc.
 Al grito de guerra
 Pa' liberar a nuestra gente
 Y hasta morir por nuestras tierras

Oye carnal, pen atención
 Nosotros somos raza del pueblo del sol
 Y aunque vengas tú del norte
 Y yo venga del sur
 Unidos venceremos
 Pa' acabar la esclavitud

Nuestra lucha es del pobre
 No de ricos y opresores
 Pues nuestro pueblo ha dicho "-basta!"
 Abajo la explotación
 Por todida la nación
 Esta vez llegaremos a la gloria

Somos hijos de Zapata
 Con el alma de la raza
 Espiritud de Pancho Villa
 Y para Aztlán lucharemos
 Que sus tierras protegemos
 Que nos une y nos guía como hermanos

Ya con ésta me despido
 Con el alma y mucho ruide
 Porque mi gente al fin decide
 Declaremos nuestras tierras
 Declaremos nuestro plan
 Nuestra gente es la raza
 Y nuestro pueblo es Aztlán

ABOUT THE INSTRUMENTS:

In addition to the guitar, you will hear on this record the high strong voice of the charanga, a small ten-stringed instrument usually made from the shell of a quirquincho, first cousin to the armadillo. It's original strings were of goat-gut, but now they are the more conventional steel or nylon. Originating in Bolivia, it is used in Chile, Peru, Argentina, and by the Los Indios Concheros in southern Mexico. The deep drum, hombo, comes from Argentina and Chile, and has two heads made of cowhide, with a body made from a hollow tree trunk. It is played with a padded stick on the drumhead, and a plain one on the rim, which gives the impression of two instruments. The higher drum sound comes from the bongo, twin drums with two different pitches. This drum comes from Cuba and the Caribbean, and is usually played with the hands. The guiro is a rasping sound, obtained by rubbing a small stick along a hollow gourd which has been notched. This instrument comes from the Caribbean and Central America.

From the grape rows to the fields,
 From the ghettos to the towns,
 Wherever there is raza
 We declare our territory,
 We declare our plan.
 Our people are la raza,
 And our nation is Astlan.

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay,
 With a cry of "war!"
 We'll liberate our people,
 And fight to the death for our lands.

Hey, blood-brother, pay attention,
 We are la raza, the children of the sun.
 And even though you come from the north,
 And I come from the south,
 Together we will win victory,
 And put an end to slavery.

Our struggle is with the poor,
 Not the rich or the oppressors,
 Because our people have said "enough!"
 Down with exploitation,
 Over the whole nation,
 And this time we will come to glory!

We are Zapata's children,
 With the soul of la raza,
 And the spirit of Pancho Villa,
 And we will fight for Aztlan,
 We will protect our lands,
 That unite and guide us as brothers.

And so I say farewell, now,
 And make a soulful commotion,
 Because my people have resolved:
 We will proclaim our lands!
 We will proclaim our plan!
 Our people is la raza,
 And our nation is Aztlan!

Side 2, Band 3:
CANTO A CULEBRA (3:10)
(Song to Culebra)
guitar: Suni Paz
bongó: Ramíro Fernández

Culebra, isla de pescadores,
Bombardeada te secabas al sol
Pero tu pueblo, cansado de sufrir,
A la marina desafió,
Culebra....

Una iglesia en la arena levantó,
Una iglesia en la arena levantó,
Las alambradas traspasando,
A la marina desafió,
Culebra....
(coro)
Culebra es parte
De Borinquen bella (3X)
Que a la marina arrodilló, Culebra....

A los yanquis y a los "marines"
A acortar sus faenas obligó (2X)
Las alambradas traspasando
A la marina arrodilló,
Culebra....

Levantándose sola en el mar
A los yanquis desafió
Y con solo "culebrear"
A la marina arrodilló
Culebra....

words and music by Suni Paz. Written for
the Culebra Defense Movement. The word
"culebra" means "snake" in Spanish, and
"culebrear" is the motion the snake makes.

Culebra, island of fishermen,
Bombarded 'til your sun was drying up,
But your people, sick of suffering,
Defied the marines...
Culebra....

A chapel was raised on the beach,
A chapel was raised on the beach,
The barbed wires were trespassed,
And you defied the Navy!
Culebra....
(chorus)
Culebra is a part
Of beautiful Puerto Rico (3X)
That forced the Navy to its knees!

The Yankees and Marines
Had to give up their work,
Their barbed wires were trespassed,
And the Marines were forced to their knees.
Culebra....

Rising alone from the sea,
In defiance of the Yankees,
With one little wiggle
You forced them to their knees!
Culebra....

Side 2, Band 4:
INDIO Y NEGRO (1:28)
(Black and Indian) - poem
bongó: Ramíro Fernández

En el indio y el negro
Dos razas,
Dos espíritus se unieron
En una sola dimensión profunda
Oriunda,
De una misma concepción de la tierra,
Del mundo y la naturaleza

Los dos nacieron reyes
Soberanos indisputables de espacios
Sin dueños, ni fronteras
En profunda armonía con el mundo
Y los ritmos secretos de la tierra

Indios y negros comulgaron
En el idioma lento de las estrellas,
Figuras y colores fueron también su
lengua
Danzas y mitos que intercambiaron

poem by Suni Paz

In the Black and the Indian
Two races,
Two spirits are united,
In a single profound dimension
Resulting
From a single conception of the earth,
The world, and nature.

Both born as kings,
Indisputable sovereigns of space,
Without owners or frontiers,
In a deep harmony with the world
And the secret rhythms of the earth.

Indians and Blacks communed
In the slow language of the stars.
Shapes and colors were also their
tongue,
Dances and myths their means of
exchange.

Pueden hoy verse
Incorporados a las tres Américas
-Nada más natural
Que el uno al otro el corazón se dieran-

Indios y negros
Seres humanos primordiales nacieron
Y por el más inhumano entre los hombres
Saqueados fueron,
Despojados de sus credos y su lengua,
De su cultura antigua como el viento
Y a sujeción forzados,
Y a martirios sujetos
Y de esclavos vendidos por igual
Indios y negros!

Hoy,
Los mismos que amalgamaron sus
tormentos
Quieren borrar de la memoria de los vivos
Toda huella de aquel primer encuentro,
Negar que hubo una alborada
De la que fueron
Indios y negros los primogénitos,
Negar - hasta la muerte sí es preciso -
Que sus espíritus
En una sola dimensión
Se unieron
- Y volverán tal vez a unirse -
Partiendo
De una misma concepción del mundo,
De la tierra y el tiempo.

Side 2, Band 5:
LA BAMBA CHICANA (3:06)
2 voices: Suni Paz
guitar, charango: Suni Paz
guiro: Ramiro Fernández

Para ganar la causa
Para ganar la causa se necesita
Una poca de raza
Una poca de raza y otra cosita
Ay arriba y arriba
Ay arriba y arriba y arriba ire
Yo no sere vendida Yo no sere vendida
Nunca sere, nunca sere, nunca sere
Linda raza, linda raza, linda raza.

Para ganar la huelga
Para ganar la huelga se necesita
Un poquito de boycott
Un poquito de boycott contra la uvita
Ay arriba y arriba
Ay arriba y arriba y arriba ire
Yo no soy contratista Yo no soy contratista
Nunca sere, nunca sere, nunca sere
Linda raza, linda raza, linda raza

And today it can be seen
Embodied in the three Americas
(Nothing more natural
Than to find their hearts together).

Indians and Blacks
Born of the primordial human essence,
And by the most inhuman among mankind
Ransacked,
Denied their beliefs and language,
And their culture, old as the wind,
Forced into subjugation,
Martyred,
And sold equally for slaves,
Indians and Blacks.

Today,
The ones who brought together their
torment
Want to erase from living memory
Every trace of that first encounter,
Deny that there was a dawn
From which Indians and Blacks
Were the offspring,
Deny (until death if necessary)
That their spirits
In a single dimension
Were united
And will unite again,
Being born
From a single conception of the world,
The earth and the times.

words by the Teatro de Fantasia, Oakland,
Calif.*la causa - the cause; **la raza -
the race, the people (see Martinez article);
la huelga - the strike; *chicano -
North Americans of Mexican descent (see
article); *****gavacho - "whitey"

To win la causa*
To win la causa we need
A little la raza**
A little la raza and something else:
And higher on up, higher up
Higher on up I'll go,
And I won't be sold out,
Won't be sold, won't be sold out!
Beautiful raza, beautiful raza, etc.

To win la huelga***
To win la huelga we need
A little boycott,
A little boycott against the grapes,
And higher on up, higher up
Higher on up I'll go,
And I ain't no contractor,
Never would be, never would be, never.
Beautiful raza, beautiful raza, etc.

Para ser un chicano
Para ser un chicano se necesita
Muy poquito dinero
Muy poquito dinero, mucha alegria
Ay arriba y arriba
Ay arriba y arriba y arriba ire
Yo no sere gavacha Yo no sere gavacha
Nunca sere, nunca sere, nunca sere
Linda raza, linda raza, linda raza

Para ganar la huelga
Para ganar la huelga se necesita
Un poquito de boycott
Un poquito de boycott contra la lechugita
Ay arriba y arriba
Ay arriba y arriba y arriba ire
No sere vendida No sere vendida
Nunca sere, nunca sera, nunca sere
Linda raza, linda raza, linda raza

Ay te pido y te pido
Ay te pido y te pido de compasion
Que se acabe esté canto
Que se siga la causa y revolucion
Ay arriba y arriba
Ay arriba y arriba y arriba ire
Que bonita es la raza
Que bonita la raza
Que florece, que florece, que florece

Linda raza, linda raza, linda raza

Side 2, Band 6:
CANTO Y AMENECER (2:25)
(Song and the Dawn)
guitar: Suni Paz

Te amo con la clarividencia
de los ciegos
Y la violencia del río
que se suicida en cataratas.

Tu piel tiene el color
del tronco de las viñas
Y el sabor de la caña.

Te busco en el arado
y en el cántaro de barro
Te descubro en las inscripciones
de piedra de Tikal
Te encuentro en las olvidadas
ruinas de Machu Pichu
Con la Luna y el Sol
te acompaño en tu rito
Germinado en cosechas
de maíz y de sal.

Me arrodillo junto a tí
en templos derrumbados
Y te adoro cada día
con mi voz hecha grito.

To be a chicano****
To be a chicano you need
Very little money,
Very little money and plenty of joy!
And higher on up, higher up
Higher on up I'll go,
And I'll never be gavacha*****
Never would be, never would be, never.
Beautiful raza, beautiful raza, etc.

To win the strike
To win the strike we need
A little boycott
A little boycott against the lettuce
And higher on up, higher up
Higher on up I'll go
And I won't be a sell-out
Never would be, never would be, never
Beautiful raza, beautiful raza, etc.

And I ask you, and ask you
I ask you to have compassion,
And to finish this song,
To keep on with la causa and revolution,
And higher on up, higher up,
Higher on up I'll go,
How beautiful is la raza,
How beautiful la raza as it blossoms,
As it blossoms, as it blossoms!

Beautiful raza, beautiful raza, etc.

words and music by Suni Paz

I love you with the clairvoyance
of the blind,
And the violence of the river
that destroys itself in cataracts.

Your skin has the color
of the trunks of vines,
And the taste of sugarcane.

I look for you in the plowshare,
and in the earthen jug.
I discover you in the inscriptions
of the Tikal stones.
I find you in the ruins
of forgotten Machu Pichu,
With the moon and the sun
I share your rituals,
Which germinate in the harvests
of maize and salt.

I kneel together with you
in the ruins of temples,
And worship you daily,
my voice a broken cry.

(recitado)

Te convoco en los desfiladeros
que el tiempo cubre de gramilla,
Te imito en la infatigable
obstinación de tu rebeldía.

Te recuerdo la resignada
paciencia de tu raza
Y te imploro, alma mía: (2X)

Vuelve tu corazón
a tus antiguos calendarios
Y a la dulzura rítmica
de tu lengua primera

Pues tú fuiste el tigre,
la serpiente y el águila,
El Sol y la obsidiana,
juez de vida y de muerte
Y hoy serás luminaria
canto y amanecer.

Side 2, Band 7:

HASTA LA VICTORIA SIEMPRE (2:30)

(Hasta La Victoria Siempre*)

guitar: Suni Paz

bombo: Ramiro Fernández

Dame un corazón
Bueno y sincero
Y una mano sin miedo
Y sé que llegaremos
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

Dame capacidad
De resistencia,
Infinita paciencia
Y sé que llegaremos
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

Si hay generosidad
Y una mente despierta
Que no tema preguntas,
Yo sé que llegaremos
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

Formemos un hombre nuevo
Con sentido de justicia,
Libertad y dignidad
Y sé que llegaremos
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

Pues ha sido un ejemplo
buenos fundamentos
Los que me hacen decir:
Yo sé que llegaremos
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

¡Patria o muerte venceremos!
Hasta la victoria siempre. (3X)

(spoken)

I call you to the narrow mountain paths
that time has erased with grass.
I imitate you in the tireless
obstinacy of your rebellion.

I remind you of the resigned
patience of your race
And I implore you, oh my soul: (2X)

Take your heart back
to your ancient calendars,
And to the sweet rhythms
of your primordial tongues,

For you were the tiger,
the serpent and the eagle,
The sun and the obsidian,
judge of life and death,
And today you will be eternal flame
of song and the dawn.

words and music by Suni Paz. "hasta la victoria siempre" is the way Che signed his last letter to the Cuban people, and can be translated "until victory always" or "everlasting victory"

Give me a heart
Good and sincere,
And a hand without fear,
And I know we'll get there,
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

Give me your capacity
For resistance,
Your infinite patience,
And I know we'll get there,
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

If there is generosity,
And an open mind,
One that fears no questions,
I know we'll get there,
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

We must form the new man
With a sense of justice,
Freedom and dignity,
And I know we'll get there,
Hasta la victoria siempre. (2X)

An example we have had,
And well-founded reasoning,
Make me have to say:
Hasta la victoria siempre! (2X)

Country or death, we will win!
Hasta la victoria siempre. (3X)