





## Swapping Language And Culture With Mexico - Who Wins?

by Bárbara Renaud González

GUANAJUATO, México -- I'm just a Chicana. My mother is Mexican, and my father is Texan. So don't blame me for my field of vision.

But here's what I see happening here in Mexico:

First, the gringos are winning the battle on Spanish. It seems that every Mexican under age 30 wants to speak English; they feel it's super-good to know it, to pretend they know it or to speak to U.S. *turistas* in their native language.

Some Mexicans are so enamored of English, they think it's superior to Spanish. It's a class thing, the rich in Mexico who have access to English immersion.

The irony is that in the United States, the opposite is true. It is the child of the poor Mexican who has access to both languages. But thanks to NAFTA, Spanish is fast becoming a commodity, the privilege of businessmen and college students who take a semester in Cuernavaca. English is now required, and Spanish is for sale. Words are the real weapons, and whoever has more is the victor.

Though English is gaining by the day in Mexico, Mexicans still have the cultural advantage. They don't watch as much TV, more of them read newspapers, and they like a healthy discussion of politics.

Don't play Maratón (Trivial Pursuit) with them. They know their history and ours, too. They see Mexico as a part of the world, not Mexico as the world.

Mexicans know their Cantinflas and Charlie Chaplin, Silvio Rodríguez and John Lennon. They have heard jazz, they've seen the Dallas Cowboys, and they know who Che Guevara and Martin Luther King were. Most have seen "Gone With the Wind,"

and they are familiar with John Wayne, Elizabeth Taylor and El Rambo.

How many of us have seen "Tizoc" or recognize María Félix or Pedro Infante? The Mexican cultural repertoire includes Greek mythology, Catholicism (which is another world, with its *novenas*, *oraciones*, festivals) and feathered serpents.

We know the Pilgrims. So do they.

But don't worry, we're about even when it comes to where all this will take us. I'm talking about social change. Mexicans are imitating our bad habits, and we're absorbing some of their better ones. The *mexicanos* like a good pizza, *los donuts* and packaged nachos when they go to *el cineplex* to see "El regreso de Jedi." And we on this side are munching down *flautas* de pollo as we listen to *los rockeros* like Café Tacuba.

They are into instant coffee and *Coke de dieta*. We are playing soccer. They are listening to Sting and IceT. And we have discovered *la quebradita* and Salma Hayek.

It's as though we keep chasing each other in circles and somewhere we switched places. We don't have any children; they would love to have more if they could afford it. We are in therapy because of our alcoholic fathers; they have forgiven their *padres* for much more than this because they know that family is therapy.

The negative side of our individualism has made us alienated, depressed and suspicious. Mexicans think collectively, and they depend on each other. They are generous to a fault, laugh with gusto and trust the gringos. Being the puritans that we are, we don't know how to cry, so we get revenge. Mexicans cry, but they also go to church as though they mean it. They shun violence and are digni-

fied to the end. But don't provoke them.

We *norteamericanos* are forced to be liberal because of the Bill of Rights. Mexicans are naturally fascist because of their history. However, our civil rights movement has pushed them into feminism and a tolerance for homosexuality -- which I thought I would never live to see in Mexico.

*Las mujeres* are in the university and in national politics. They're reading books on *el orgasm*. Divorce is on the rise, and *machos* are suffering. Self-help books abound, and so do the talk shows.

Are you dizzy yet? Now, if only we would talk to each other. ...

My mother always said that if the United States and Mexico could get together, we would have a perfect world. But that means we would have to see each other as equals, not better. Not less. *Que lástima!* Because whoever wins this war, loses.

(Bárbara Renaud González, of San Francisco, is a free-lance writer.)

## En El Cambio De Idioma Y Cultura Con Mexico - ¿Quién Gana?

Por Bárbara Renaud González

GUANAJUATO, México -- Soy una chicana solamente. Mi madre es mexicana y mi padre es tejano. De modo que no me culpen por mi punto de vista.

Pero he aquí lo que veo que está pasando aquí en México:

Primero, los "gringos" están ganando la batalla sobre el español.

Parece que todo mexicano menor de 30 años quiere hablar inglés; ellos sienten que es "super-bueno" conocerlo, pretender que lo conoce o hablar con los "turistas" estadounidenses en su idioma natal.

Algunos mexicanos están tan enamorados con el inglés, el cual creen que es superior al español. Es un asunto de clase, de los ricos de México que tienen acceso a la inmersión en inglés.

La ironía es que en los Estados Unidos lo opuesto es verdad. Son los hijos de los mexicanos pobres quienes tienen acceso a ambos idiomas. Pero, gracias a NAFTA, el español está llegando a convertirse rápidamente en un

producto de conveniencia y privilegio de los hombres de negocios y estudiantes universitarios que estudian un semestre en Cuernavaca. El inglés se exige ahora y el español está a la venta. Las palabras son las verdaderas armas, y aquel que tenga más de ellas será el vencedor.

Aunque el inglés viene ganando por día en México, los mexicanos tienen aún la ventaja cultural. Ellos no ven tanta televisión; la mayoría de ellos lee el periódico y les gusta una discusión saludable sobre la política.

No jueguen al Maratón (el equivalente de Trivial Pursuit) con ellos. Ellos conocen su historia y la nuestra por igual. Ellos ven a México como una parte del mundo, no a México como el mundo.

Los mexicanos conocen a su Cantinflas y Charlie Chaplin, a Silvio Rodríguez y a John Lennon. Han oído jazz, han visto a los Dallas Cowboys y saben quiénes fueron Che Guevara y Martin Luther King. La mayoría ha visto "Lo que el Viento se Llevó" ("Gone with the Wind") y están familiarizados con John Wayne, Elizabeth Taylor y Rambo.

¿Cuántos de nosotros hemos visto "Tizoc" y reconocemos a María Félix o a Pedro Infante? El repertorio cultural mexicano incluye la mitología griega, el catolicismo (que es otro mundo con sus *novenas*, *oraciones* y *festivales*) y a las serpientes emplumadas (Quetzalcóatl).

Nosotros conocemos a los Peregrinos. También los conocen ellos.

Pero no se preocupen, estamos parejas cuando se trata de a dónde nos llevará todo esto. Estoy hablando del cambio social. Los mexicanos están imitando nuestras malas costumbres y nosotros estamos absorbiendo algunas de sus mejores costumbres. A los mexicanos les gusta una bue-

na pizza, los donuts y los nachos envasados cuando van al cineplex para ver "El Regreso de Jedi." Y nosotros, en este lado, estamos saboreando las flautas de pollo cuando escuchamos a los roqueros como Café Tacuba.

Ellos les gusta el café instantáneo y la Diet Coke. Nosotros estamos jugando al soccer. Ellos están oyendo a Sting y IceT. Y nosotros hemos descubierto la quebradita y a Salma Hayek.

Es como si nos persiguiéramos mutuamente en círculos y cambiáramos de lugares a veces. Nosotros no tenemos hijos; a ellos les gustaría tener más si pudieran costearlo. Nosotros vamos a la terapia debido a nuestro padre alcohólico; ellos han perdonado a sus padres por mucho más que esto, porque saben que la familia es terapia.

El lado malo de nuestro individualismo nos ha hecho enajenados, deprimidos y sospechosos. Los mexicanos piensan colectivamente y dependen unos de otros. Son generosos hasta el exceso, se ríen con gusto y confían en los gringos.

Por ser los puritanos que somos, no sabemos llorar, de modo que buscamos la venganza. Los mexicanos lloran, pero también van a la iglesia como si lo toman en serio. Ellos rehuyen a la violencia y son dignos hasta el final. Pero no los provoquen.

Nosotros, los norteamericanos, nos vemos obligados a ser liberales debido a la Carta de los Derechos. Los mexicanos son naturalmente fascistas debido a su historia. Sin embargo, nuestro movimiento de los derechos civiles los ha empujado hacia el feminismo y la tolerancia de la homosexualidad -- lo cual yo pensaba que nunca viviría para ver en México.

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# Despite Illness, Jordan Soars

By BOB BAUM

SALT LAKE CITY - Remember, he is Michael Jordan. The NBA's greatest player has done it again.

Sick in bed all day with a viral infection, so ill his teammate Scottie Pippen wondered if he could get his uniform on, Jordan took the Chicago Bulls to the brink of another NBA championship.

"Sometimes you've got to come out and do what you've got to do," Jordan said. "We wanted it real bad, and me as a leader had to do my best, and hopefully the team would have to rally around me."

Before the game, he couldn't stand up without being nauseated or dizzy. But on Wednesday night, Jordan scored 38 points, 15 in the final quarter, and led the Bulls to a 90-88 victory over Utah, sending the NBA Finals back to Chicago with the defending champions up 3-2 in the best-of-7 series.

The Bulls can win their fifth NBA title of the '90s with a victory at home Friday night.

"In the fourth quarter, I don't know how I got through that," Jordan said. "I was just trying to gut myself through it."

Even when Jordan failed, he turned it into success. After he missed the go-ahead foul shot with less than a minute to go, he scrambled for the loose ball and sank a 3-pointer that put the Bulls ahead for good 88-85 with 25 seconds to play.

Jordan called it his best performance, considering the degree of difficulty.

"I almost played myself into passing out," he said. "I came in and I was almost dehydrated and it was all just to win a basketball game."

Pippen, long accustomed to Jordan's achievements, said he'd never seen his teammate so sick.

"And the effort he came out and gave us was just incredible," Pippen said.

Before the game, Chicago coach Phil Jackson worried about how much Jordan would be able to play.

"He said, 'Let me play, and I'll regulate my minutes and I'll let you know how I'm doing out there,'" Jackson said, "and he played 44 minutes. That's an amazing effort."

Jordan said his energy level was down all night, and he was on automatic in the final minutes.

"Once I got in the act, I didn't have time to think about it," he said. "It was more or less instincts."

The Jazz, stunned by their first home loss in 24 games, had no idea Jordan wasn't feeling well.

"I don't think he was sick," said Bryon Russell, who tried to guard Jordan most of the night but left him for a double-team on the crucial 3-pointer. "Did he look sick to you guys?"

On the bench, Jordan did. In the first half, when he got a breather, sweat beaded on his head like a windshield in a rainstorm.

He seemed to pick his spots. He had just four points in the first quarter as Utah raced to a 13-point lead.

The lead hit 16 before Jordan's 17 second-quarter points brought the Bulls back.

In the third quarter, Jordan managed just four points. Then came the fourth-quarter

eruption. At the start of the game, the Bulls' dynasty seemed on the verge of crumbling. Jordan was sick. Dennis Rodman was in trouble with the NBA front office again, this time for his anti-Mormon comments. And the Jazz fanatics were loudly anticipating crowning a remarkable home season with their biggest victory yet.

The Jazz raced to a 16-point lead early in the second quarter. But they were under no illusions that the Bulls were finished.

"When you get down like that from the start and have any competitive spirit in you, you dig in a little bit deeper and fight a little bit harder," John Stockton said.

No one is more competitive than Jordan.

"We had made a lot of mistakes, but I didn't have the energy to yell at people," Jordan said. "I just had to sit back and wait until our defense kicked in and for some of the guys to get over their nerves and fight our way back into it."

Pippen struggled through a 5-for-17 shooting night, but had 17 points and 10 rebounds. On defense, he swarmed all over the floor, and on offense was able to take advantage of the smaller Jeff Hornacek a few times on post plays.

It was the threat of that play that freed up Jordan for his big 3-pointer.

Toni Kukoc emerged from hibernation to make 3-of-4 3-pointers. Luc Longley had 12 points on 6-for-7 shooting.

The precision offense of the

Jazz, meanwhile, fell apart like a cheap watch when a victory in the Delta Center, where they had lost only three times in 51 games, would have brought them within one win of the title.

But the Jazz could not overcome Chicago's defense and their own mistakes.

All three of their big offensive weapons - Karl Malone, Stockton and Hornacek - failed to come through. Together, Utah's big three were 2-for-10 from the field in the fourth quarter.

"I don't practice lying," Malone said. "I'm really heartbroken as a player in a position like this."

Chicago's defense kept Malone away from the basket. The league's MVP scored a team-high 19 points, but was just 1-for-6 from the field in the second half and scored only one point in the fourth quarter.

"We forced Malone a couple of feet out from where he's much more comfortable shooting the ball," Pippen said, "and it made the difference."

Stockton made a crucial 3-pointer with 3:05 to play, but he had just five assists for the game, and only one in the final period.

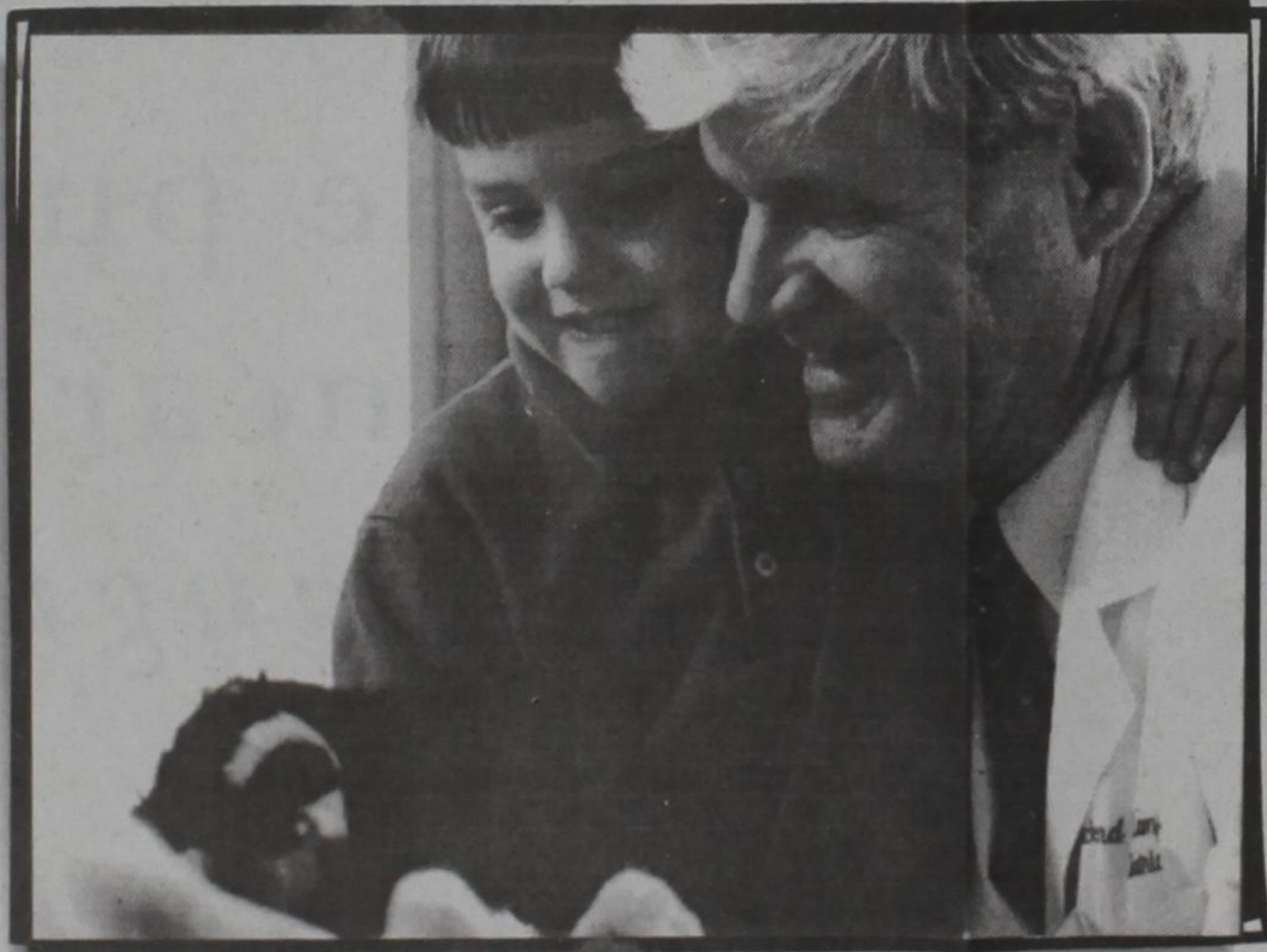
"When we don't do what we're supposed to do as a group, we end up taking a lot of outside shots, fadeaways, desperation shots," he said.

Now the Jazz must rise from crushing disappointment to try to force the series to a seventh game.

Jordan will have two days to try to improve his health. Pippen isn't sure he wants Jordan to feel a whole lot better.



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# Encontrando A Mi Padre

Por LOUIS AGUILAR

Escuché a mi padre antes de verlo nuevamente después de 23 años.

El había gritado algo en la calle a su segunda esposa, mientras ella cruzaba la puerta de su casa en San Luis Potosí, México. Ella estaba ansiosa de contarle sobre el inesperado visitante de los Estados Unidos que esperaba en su sala. Era la misma voz atronadora y enojada, que me había atemorizado cuando era niño.

Mientras él entraba a su casa, yo eperaba rígidamente. Mi mandíbula y mis puños estaban apretados. Aún a los veinte años, soñaba con este momento y me imaginaba lanzándome a su garganta. Entonces soltaría todas aquellas lágrimas profundas que nunca había permitido correr.

Ahora tengo 31 años de edad. Recibí mi Licenciatura y he tenido una carrera bastante exitosa. Todavía me siento emocionado por todas las oportunidades que hay delante de mí, y estoy muy agradecido por mi vida.

Sin embargo, en el fondo de mi alma, permanecen la tristeza y el hacia mi padre. Cuando yo tenía ocho años, él abandonó a sus seis hijos y a su esposa y nunca volvió a comunicarse con nosotros. Ahora es de febrero de 1997 y no quiero traer conmigo este dolor sin resolverlo.

El entra a su sala llena de retratos de su nueva "familia" -- otra esposa y seis hijos más en San Luis Potosí. En un destello, mientras me aferro a mi apariencia apretada, siento el gozo de mirar a alguien que luce exactamente como yo.

Su cabello permanece maravillosamente espeso. Su sonrisa ilumina toda su cara y lo hace lucir humorístico. Mientras camina hacia mí, siento un flujo extraño de júbilo, porque ahora soy más alto que lo que él. La última vez que lo ví sólo le llegaba a la cintura.

Después de estrecharnos las manos, él pregunta: "¿Nos conocimos en Detroit?"

Sí, nos conocimos, le digo, y le digo mi nombre también.

Primero, la sonrisa abandona su cara y retrocede rápidamente. Después vuelve a sonreír. Tentativamente me pone la mano en el hombro. Yo mantengo mis brazos cruzados y no me muevo.

No recuerdo mucho sobre él, porque no quería recordar.

Mi padre es un mexicano analfabeta que emigró a Detroit para trabajar en las fábricas de automóviles. El se quedó allí durante casi 30 años. El se quejaba siempre

del calor intenso dentro de las fábricas y de los frios inviernos de Detroit.

Sus hijos, especialmente yo, hablábamos un idioma que él escasamente conocía. El venía de una cultura que no parecía tan fresca como la tierra de los "Big Macs" y de "G.I. Joe". El era muy tímido en lugares públicos, avergonzado de su acento. El acostumbraba caminar dentro de nuestra casa como si estuviera en una jaula. El bebía tanto como pudiera.

A menudo, él se balanceaba alrededor de nuestra cocina en un estupor alcohólico, aullando con su música ranchera, pretendiendo ser feliz. Algo siempre lo provocaba y pronto se disparaba.

Fué durante uno de esos episodios que él disparó unas cuantas balas de su revólver. La recámara de mi madre estaba exactamente sobre la cocina.

Cuando vino la policía, saltaron sobre él y lo sujetaron contra el piso. Su cara feroz estaba tan roja como el demonio. El gritaba sin dirigirse a nadie específicamente, gritaba que los iba a matar a todos.

Nunca volvió a poner un pie en aquella casa. Regresó a San Luis Potosí para vivir de su pensión de la General Motors.

Yo solía pretender que no tenía nada en común con mi padre. Pero empecé a beber cuando tenía 12 años de edad y sólo fué hasta hace poco que dejé de hacerlo en exceso. Me convertí en pandillero, porque encontraba su brutalidad y tristeza absolutamente atractivas.

La universidad y la carrera me salvaron de todo eso. Desgraciadamente, las personas a quienes amo mucho me dicen que ven surgir en mí el enojo y el dolor ocasionales, y que eso los asusta.

Después de hablar con mi padre durante dos horas, bombardéandolo con preguntas, haciéndole contarme la historia de su vida, sé exactamente lo que quieren decir mis amigos. Me dice mentiras y da malas excusas. Cuando le hago preguntas difíciles, hay una actitud defensiva en su voz y sus ojos hierven de cólera. Lo que me impresiona es lo claramente puedo ver el dolor que hay dentro de él.

El empieza a hablar con menosprecio sobre mi madre. Admiro mucho a mi madre. Su estabilidad y su fuerza son mi inspiración. Dime tu historia, no la de ella, le digo. El continúa hablando insensateces y me pongo en pie. Sus puños ya están apretados aún antes de que él salte de su sil-

la. Su cara está sólo a pocas pulgadas de la mía.

Le digo que me pegue si quiere hacerlo, pero que si lo hace nunca volverá a verme. Le digo que vine porque quería conocer a sus otros seis hijos, pero que todo eso no ocurrirá si le vuelvo a oír hablar de mi madre de ese modo nuevamente.

El gruñe y se da vuelta. Entra arrolladoramente en su cocina, donde lo veo beber una copa de alcohol.

El regresa a la sala, se sienta y empieza a llorar. Me siento como que estoy flotando sobre la sala, trascendiendo un temor profundamente arraigado, del cual ya no tengo que huir.

Me marchó poco después. Nos estrechamos las manos y prometo escribirle.

En este Día de los Padres, he dado a mi padre el mejor regalo que puedo para nosotros dos. Ya no lo veo como un monstruo ni como un fantasma. Me permitiré a mí mismo verlo como un ser humano complicado -- exactamente como a todos los demás en esta vida loca.

## From Page One

time.

Unity has become involved with the Center's News Watch project, launched last month. It will track news coverage of people of color and gays and lesbians. It will also set up a home page and publish a quarterly 20-page magazine highlighting both positive and negative media portrayals.

Unity also plans to implement a program examining coverage of people of color in four target cities. Additionally, it has signed diversity goals with the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Newspaper Association of America and the Radio-Television News Directors Association.

It sponsored a town hall meeting during the Hispanic group's convention in Chicago last year and is scheduled to hold another in the same city during the black journalists' convention next month.

Roman sees projects such as News Watch helping forge a stronger and more active working relationship among the groups.

Still wary on some matters, Salazar points out that Unity, in spite of its complex planning and occasional conflicting interests, has already produced the nation's first successful joint multiethnic convention. "There is," he says, "no other working partnership like it."

# Finding My Father

By LOUIS AGUILAR

I heard my father before I saw him again after 23 years.

He had shouted something on the street to his second wife as she paced outside the door of their home in San Luis Potosí, Mexico. She was anxious to tell him of the unexpected visitor from the United States waiting in his living room. It was the same booming, angry voice that had shot fear through me as a child.

As he entered his home, I stood rigid. My jaw and fists were clenched. Even in my early 20s, I daydreamed about this moment and I imagined lunging for his throat. Then I would unleash all those deep tears I have never allowed to flow.

I'm 31 now. I'm college-educated. I've had a pretty successful career. I still get excited by all the opportunities in front of me and am so grateful for my life.

Yet in the pit of my soul, burning rage and sadness toward my father remain. When I was eight, he walked out on his wife and six kids and never communicated with us again. I no longer want to carry that unresolved pain in me.

He enters his small living room that is full of pictures of his new "family" -- another wife and six more children in San Luis Potosí. In a flash, as I cling to my tight veneer, I experience the joy of looking at someone who looks just like me.

His hair remains wonderfully thick. His smile lights up his whole face and makes him look playful. As he walks toward me, I feel a strange rush of glee because I am taller than he is now. The last time I saw him I reached his waist.

After we shake hands he asks: "Did we know each other in Detroit?"

Yes, we knew each other, I say, and I tell him my name.

First, the smile leaves his face and he backs up quickly. Then he smiles again. Tentatively he puts his hand on my shoulder. I keep my arms folded and don't move.

I do not remember much about him because I did not want to remember.

My father is an illiterate Mexican who migrated to Detroit to work in the auto plants. He stayed for almost 30 years. He always bitched about the intense heat inside the plants and the bitter cold of Detroit winters.

His kids, particularly me, spoke a language he barely knew. He came from a culture that did not seem as cool as the land of Big Macs and G.I. Joe. He was so meek in

public places, ashamed of his accent. In our home, he used to pace around like it was a cage. He drank as much as he could.

So often, he would sway around in our kitchen in a boozy haze, howling to his ranchera music, pretending he was happy. Something always triggered him and soon he'd just go off.

It was during one of those episodes that he fired off a few rounds from his gun. My mother's bedroom was right above the kitchen.

When the cops came, they pounced on him and pinned him to the floor. His raging face was as red as the devil. He was yelling to no one in particular that he was going to kill them.

He never set foot in that house again. He returned to San Luis Potosí to live off his General Motors pension.

I used to pretend I had nothing in common with my father. But I started drinking when I was 12 and it's only recently that I stopped doing it heavily. I became a homeboy because I found their wildness and sadness absolutely alluring.

College and career saved me. Unfortunately, people whom I love very much tell me they see the occasional rage and pain surface in me, and it makes them afraid.

After talking with my father for two hours back in February, peppering him with questions, making him to tell me

his life story, I know exactly what my friends and lovers mean. He tells me lies and gives weak excuses. When I ask tough questions there is defensiveness in his voice and his eyes boil with rage. What strikes me is how clearly I can see the pain within him.

He begins to talk disparagingly about my mother. My mother is one of my heroes. Her stability and strength are my inspiration. Tell me your story, not hers, I tell him. He keeps talking trash and I stand up. His fists are already cocked even before he jumps out his chair. His face is inches from mine. My God, how long has this look been in my family?

I tell him to hit me if he wants, but if he does he'll never see me again. I tell him I came wanting to know his six other children, but all of that is off if I hear him talk about my mother like that again.

He grunts, then turns away. He storms into his kitchen where I watch him take a shot, of alcohol.

He comes back to the living room, sits down and begins to cry. I feel like I'm hovering over the room, transcending a deep-seated fear that I no longer have to run from.

I leave shortly afterwards. We shake hands and I promise to write him.

On this Father's Day, I have given my father the best gift I can both of us. I no longer view him as a monster or a ghost. I will allow myself to see him as a complicated human being -- just like everyone in this *vida loca*.

(Louis Aguilar of Washington, D.C., is editor of the national newsweekly Hispanic Link Weekly Report.) Copyright 1997, Hispanic Link News Service. Distributed by Los Angeles Times Syndicate

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**News Briefs**

opposed the fact it would be computed after the earned income tax credit for the working poor. "That would adversely affect a lot of relatively poor or low-income working people," he said.

Rubin said Archer's construction of education initiatives, worth \$31 billion through 2002, such as the HOPE scholarship to provide tax credits for college would "tend to disadvantage the less-well-off in our society."

Archer's proposal would give a 50 percent tax credit for higher education expenses of up to \$3,000, while the president had proposed a straight \$1,500 tax credit.

Democrats that Archer will have to deal with on his committee criticized the plan. Rep. Charles Rangel of New York who is the ranking Democrat on House Ways and Means said: "He's just pushed this envelope so far to the right."

Rangel said after seeing the bill he was not sure any of the Democrats would vote for it if the president opposed it.

Archer's package included about \$47 billion in revenue increases over five years from airline ticket taxes, departure fees and ethanol tax credit reduction. Also Archer proposed imposing a federal tax on income earned by Indian tribes from commercial activities including gaming.

**Treating Juvenile Offenders as Adults**

Associated Press reports that, as the U.S. crime rate subsides, the Clinton administration and Congress are preparing to confront juvenile offenders with tougher sanctions.

A House-passed bill would automatically transfer most youths 14 and older to adult court for federal violent crimes and serious drug offenses. To persuade states to try more juveniles 15 and older as adults, the bill offers \$1.5 billion in incentive grants over three years. To get the money, states would have to increase penalties gradually on young repeat offenders and keep juvenile records, potentially making them public and ending the practice of expunging juvenile records on adulthood.

Sen. Jeff Sessions, (R-AL) a sponsor of the evolving Senate bill, said he objects to juveniles sharing cells with adults. But he wants federal requirements eased to prevent release of young offenders when juvenile cells are not available. An aide to Attorney General Janet Reno said rule changes last December alleviated many of the problems rural jurisdictions had finding space for young offenders.

The Clinton administration opposes the Republican plan to overturn longstanding federal policy requiring states receiving certain federal funds to separate incarcerated juveniles from adults. But the administration itself wants to ease the transfer of violent youths to adult federal courts. The administration also wants to require safety locks be sold with every firearm, a provision opposed by the National Rifle Association, and seeks to bar people with juvenile felony convictions from buying or possessing guns. The administration also seeks to earmark some of the \$1.5 billion in new money for courts, prosecutors and crime prevention.

Despite the congressional consensus to get tough with the violent youth, some lawmakers say treating young perpetrators as adults should be avoided. "It's dangerous and potentially life-threatening" to incarcerate juveniles in adult facilities, said Rep. William Delahunt, (D-MA). Delahunt said youths in adult facilities are five times more likely to be sexually assaulted, two times more likely to be beaten by staff, 50% more likely to be attacked with a weapon and eight times more likely to have attempted suicide than those in juvenile housing.

According to AP, minors were responsible for 14% of the nation's violent crimes two years ago, up from 10% in 1980.

**LULAC 263 Wins 2000 LULAC State Convention**

On May 22-25, 1997, Lubbock LULAC Council 263 journeyed down to the 68th Annual LULAC State Convention in Odessa, Tx. LULAC 263's mission was to bid for LULAC State Convention to be held in the year 2000. That mission was accomplished, the LULAC state delegation voted to have the state convention in Lubbock, Texas. LULAC Austin was defeated for the convention site. On four different occasions LULAC 263 has bid and won the site for the LULAC state convention. "We are a perfect four and zero", states Past National Vice-President For The Southwest, Chevo Morazlez. There were about 260 delegates from all over the state to vote for this convention site. The Lubbock Convention and Tourism Bureau and other local organizations assisted in the effort.

The State convention held many workshops and events for the betterment of the Hispanic community, of which all were very well attended. Workshops were held on topics and issues such as information on Affirmative Action acts, HUD-First Time Homeowners programs, Southwest Voter Registration recruiting, Immigration Reform and Regulations acts, and Social Security Law Status seminars.

Council 263 in Lubbock's largest and oldest LULAC council, the main purpose for LULAC is assist and defend civil rights issues and to raise money for scholarships. Council 263 awards eight scholarships annually. Also, Council 263 sponsors a Young Readers Program, a summer reading enrichment program for first, second, and third graders. This is the first LULAC Young Readers Program to be held in West Texas.

Since its founding, LULAC Council 263 has taken a leading role in promoting education in our community. Council 263 has also provided leadership at the District, State, and National levels of LULAC.

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**Un Rayito De Luz**

por Sofia Martinez

Navidad, la "misión imposible" se vuelve realidad. Navidad es celebrar la llegada de Nuestro Liberador. Es ver que la aurora comienza a levantarse en medio de la oscuridad. No es por casualidad que los cristianos la hayan hecho coincidir con las fiestas de los Romanos, cuando la noche alcanzando se más larga duración, comienza a hacerse mas chica para dar lugar a que los días vayan siendo más largos. Los Cristianos Católicos, reconociendo en Cristo la luz del mundo, comenzaron a celebrar la "Navidad" como la victoria del día sobre la noche, la victoria del bien sobre el mal, y la victoria de la vida sobre la muerte.

La Navidad, que celebramos entre esferitas y luces, es en realidad celebrar la "locura de Dios" que se pierde en su pasión por la humanidad hasta unirse a nuestra carne y ... morir.

Navidad es, el comienzo de un temerario rescate, es la lucha de Jesucristo, vencedor del diablo, es Dios que se hizo hombre, para que todos nosotros nos hagamos hijos de Dios. Y esta no es película, ni es un cuento. Esta es la verdadera historia de Dios que, por amarnos vino a rescatarnos hasta dar la vida en la cruz. Es una historia que al final nos toca decidir a nosotros: o permanecer prisioneros, o correr el riesgo de la libertad y del amor. Encontrar "la vida" entrando en amistad con Dios y con nuestros hermanos, o permaneciendo "en la muerte" dejándonos engañar por ilusiones satánicas.

Navidad es "comprometerse" con una respuesta ante Dios ... ¡Respóndele! (San Juan 3, 16). (S. Mat. 19, 13-21).

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**From Page 3**

al. Ellas leen libros sobre el orgasmo. El divorcio va en aumento y los machos están sufriendo. Los libros autoterapia abundan, al igual que los "Talkshows".

¿Todavía no están mareados? Ahora bien, si sólo nos habláramos mutuamente. ... Mi madre decía siempre que, si los Estados Unidos y México pudieran unirse, tendríamos un mundo perfecto. Pero eso significa que tendríamos que vernos como iguales, ni mejores, ni peores. Qué lástima!

Porque cualquiera que gane esta guerra, perderá.

(Bárbara Renaud González, de San Francisco, es una escritora por cuenta propia.)

Propiedad literaria registrada por Hispanic Link News Service en 1997. Distribuido por The Los Angeles Times Syndicate.

**From Page 1**

Asociación de Directores de Radio y Televisión (RTNDA en inglés).

Igualmente auspició una reunión pública durante la convención del grupo hispano en Chicago el año pasado, y tiene fijado realizar otra en la misma ciudad durante la convención de periodistas negros el mes próximo.

Román ve que los proyectos tales como "News Watch" ayudan a forjar una relación de trabajo más sólida y más activa entre los grupos.

Todavía cauteloso respecto algunos asuntos, Salazar señala que Unidad, a pesar de su planificación complicada y de intereses ocasionalmente en conflicto, ha producido la primera convención multi-étnica con éxito en este país. "No hay", dice él, "ninguna otra asociación trabajando como ésa".

(Joseph Torres, de Washington, DC, es corresponsal de Hispanic Link News Service.)

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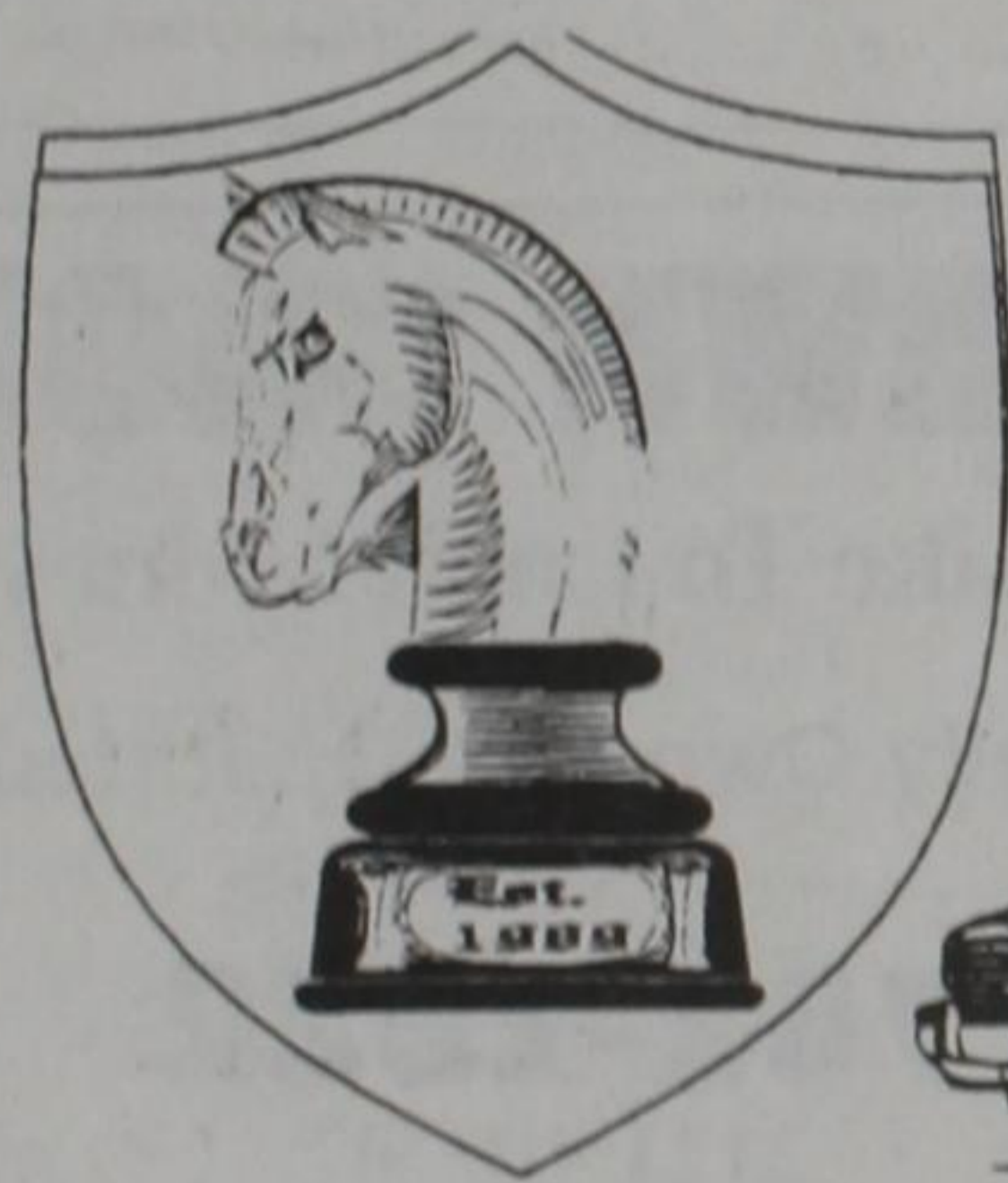
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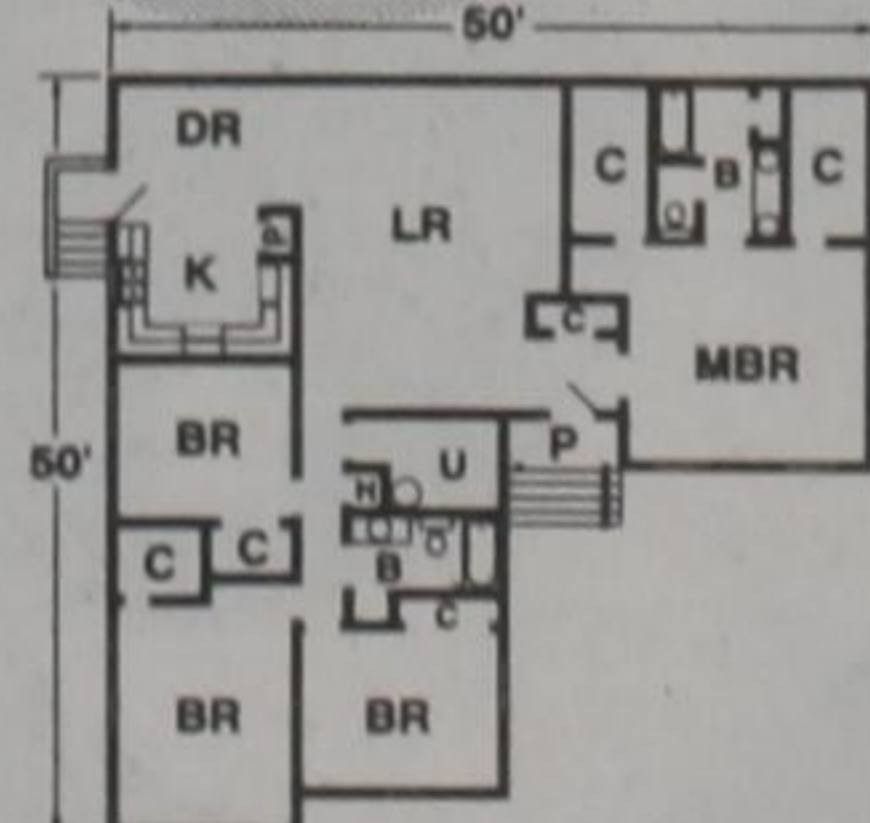
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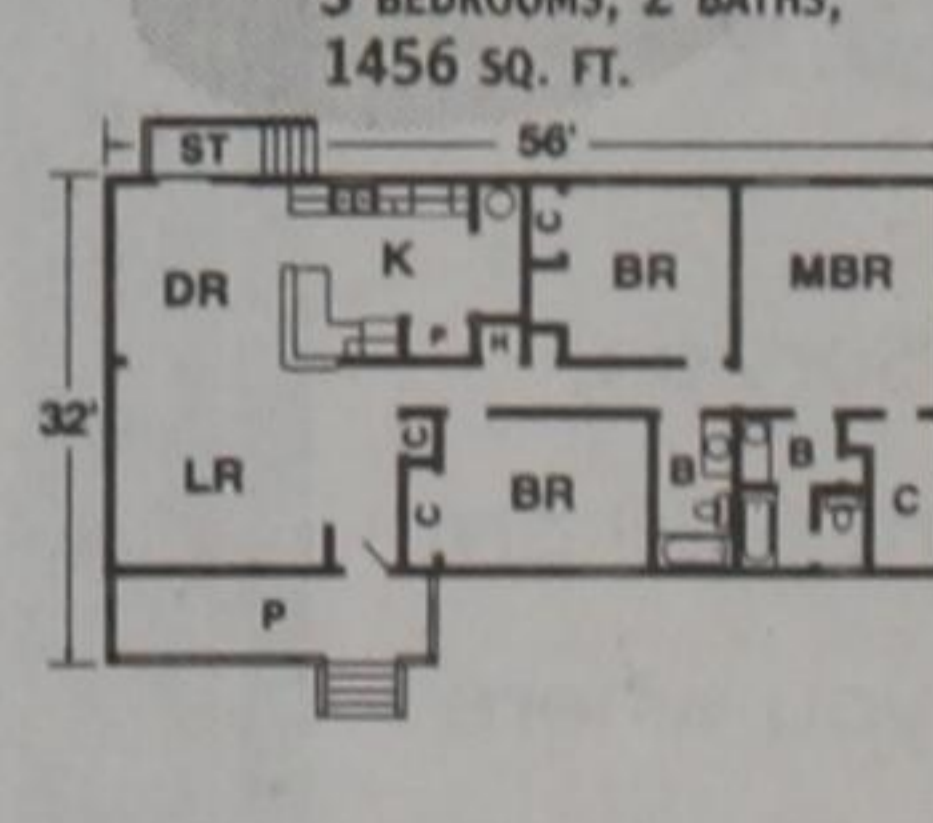
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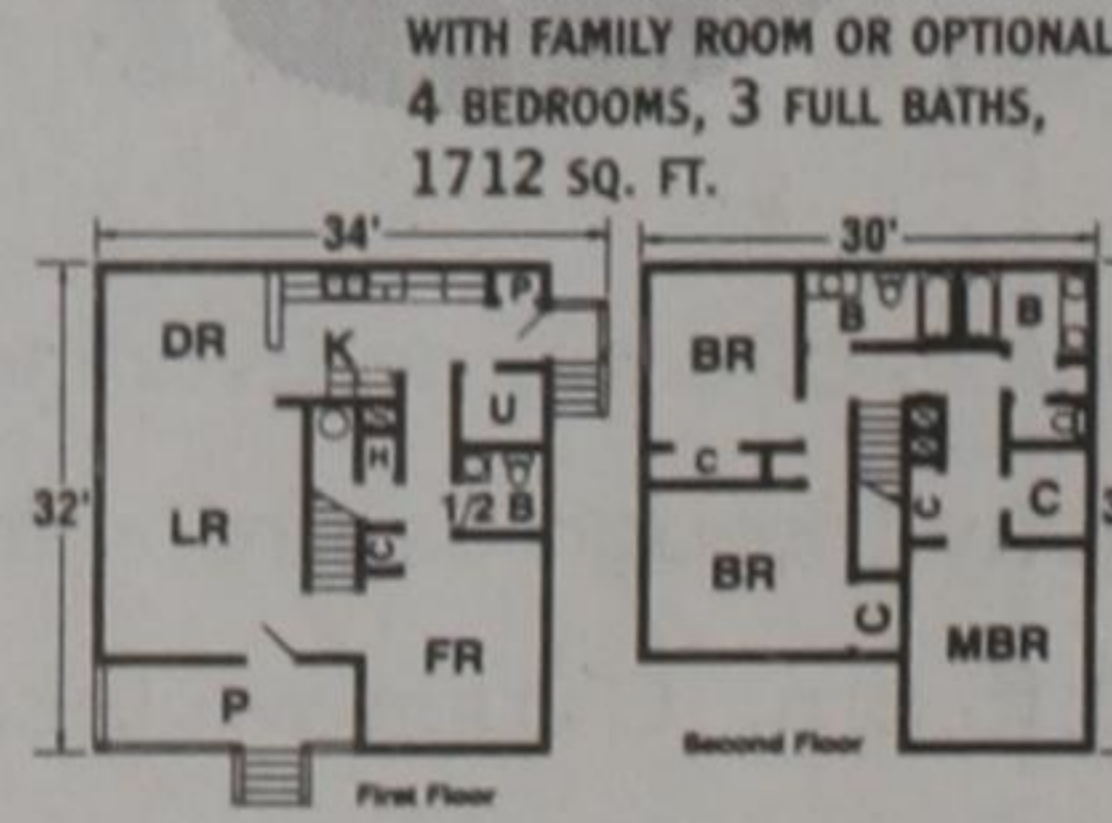
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