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CODE-SWITCHING IN BILINGUAL CHICANO LITERATURE

By

Teresa S. Longo

B.A., University of Montana, 1978

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

1981

Approved by:

*Anthony F. Beltramo*

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*2/23/81*

Date

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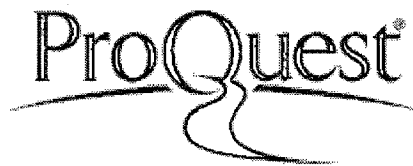


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Spanish

Code-switching in Bilingual Chicano Literature (93 pp.)

Director: Anthony A. Beltramo AFB

This study examines the use of code-switching in bilingual Chicano literature as it appears in three plays, four short stories, and six poems. They are *Jamanegs* by Lino Landy and Ricardo Lopez Landy, *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo* by Carlos Morton, *The Day of the Swallows* by Estela Portillo de Trambley, *Y Viene* by Diane de Anda, *Nambé--Year One* by Orlando Romero, *The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo* by Octavio I. Romano, V, *Letters to Louise* by Abelardo Delgado, *Put It On My Desk* by Marcela Trujillo, *Lonely Vietnam* by Pedro B. Anchondo, *Coachella Valley, 1973* by Cordelia Candelaria, *Nuestra Barrio* and *Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came* by Alurista, and *Jugábamos/We Played* by Tino Villanueva.

Chapter 1 introduces the origins of Chicano literature. Chapter 2 defines Chicano literature. Chapter 3 reviews the themes of Chicano literature. Chapter 4 is an overview of two journals, *El Grito* and *Grito del Sol*, from 1967 to 1978. All of the works investigated in this study were published in *El Grito* or *Grito del Sol*. Chapter 5 discusses the linguistic phenomena, interference, integration, and code-switching. Chapter 6 is a perusal of code-switching in three plays. Chapter 7 examines code-switching in four short stories. Chapter 8 scrutinizes code-switching in six poems. Chapter 9, the conclusion, addresses three questions: (1) what is the purpose of English-Spanish code-switching in bilingual Chicano literature? (2) is English normally the language of information or narration among Mexican-American writers and Spanish the language used for stylistic embroidery? and (3) does code-switching provide a bilingual author with stylistic alternatives which enhance the artistic value of a work?

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ABSTRACT . . . . .	ii
Chapter	
1. THE ORIGINS OF CHICANO LITERATURE . . . . .	1
2. DEFINITION OF CHICANO LITERATURE . . . . .	5
3. THEMES . . . . .	7
Themes from the Mexican/Indian Past . . . . .	9
Themes that Contrast the Mexican Past with Present Life in the United States . . . . .	9
Themes that Immediately Treat Life in the United States . . . . .	9
4. AN OVERVIEW OF <i>EL GRITO</i> AND <i>GRITO DEL SOL</i> . . . . .	11
5. LINGUISTIC PHENOMENA IN CHICANO LITERATURE . . . . .	15
Interference . . . . .	15
Integration . . . . .	16
Code-switching . . . . .	16
Metaphorical Switching . . . . .	17
Situational Switching . . . . .	18
Phonetic Switching . . . . .	19

Chapter	Page
6. DRAMA . . . . .	21
<i>Jamanegs</i> . . . . .	21
<i>El Cuento de Pancho Diablo</i> . . . . .	29
<i>The Day of the Swallows</i> . . . . .	36
7. THE SHORT STORY . . . . .	43
<i>Y Viene</i> . . . . .	43
<i>Nambé--Year One</i> . . . . .	50
<i>The Chosen One El Arco Iris the</i>	
<i>Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y</i>	
<i>El Consejo</i> . . . . .	56
<i>Letters to Louise</i> . . . . .	63
8. POETRY . . . . .	70
<i>Put It On My Desk</i> . . . . .	70
<i>Lonely Vietnam</i> . . . . .	71
<i>Coachella Valley, 1973</i> . . . . .	74
<i>Nuestro Barrio</i> . . . . .	77
<i>Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came</i> . . . . .	79
<i>Jugábamos/We Played</i> . . . . .	82
9. SUMMARY	
Conclusion . . . . .	87
Recommendations . . . . .	91
SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . .	92

## Chapter 1

### THE ORIGINS OF CHICANO LITERATURE

There are two basic theories concerning the origin of Chicano literature. The first maintains that, although the Chicano movement of the mid-1960s provided this literature with an identifiable classification for the first time, its actual origins began with the Mexican-American confrontation of the mid-1880s. A glance through any number of bibliographies supports this theory.<sup>1</sup>

The second theory, supported by Edward Simmon, author of *The Chicanos: From Caricature to Self-portrait*, maintained that Mexican-American literature did not come into existence until 1947. Simmon developed a social theory which asserted that the structure of Chicano society did not permit the emergence of Chicano writing to that date: the rich were not interested in writing, the poor were not trained for it, and the middle class was not inclined. It is Simmon's theory that the Chicano is an American of Mexican descent and an individual of radical ideas in regard to the social and economic order whose actions are often violent. He concluded that the social and economic movement, *el movimiento*, explains the recent origin of Chicano literature.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Francisco A. Lomeli and Donald W. Urioste, *Chicano Perspectives in Literature: A Critical and Annotated Bibliography*. Albuquerque: Pajarito Publications, 1976.

<sup>2</sup>Rolando Hinojosa, "Mexican-American Literature: Toward an Identification," *Books Abroad*, 49:423, 1975.



Luis Dávila, Chicano literary critic and founder of *Revista Chicano-Riqueña*, agreed that Chicano literature is of recent origin, but he also stated that there is a long literary tradition behind what is being produced today.<sup>3</sup>

In his doctoral dissertation, Philip D. Ortego said that

The Chicano Renaissance would not appear until the 1960s, actuated by a socio-political revolution that would grip the creative impulse of *la raza* in the United States as it has gripped *la raza* in Mexico during the first quarter of the 19th century.<sup>4</sup>

He also said that

Though Mexican-Americans have been writing for over a hundred years, the realization of Mexican-American literature as the *elan vital* in the life-styles of the people themselves has been a happening of extremely recent origin. We can point with vigor and certainty at the appearance of the literary quarterly *El Grito* in the Fall of 1967 and identify its publication as the anticipation and theme of a literary outburst which sparked a Chicano Renaissance.<sup>5</sup>

Charles M. Tatum has written a concise documentation of the developments in Chicano literature since 1848.<sup>6</sup> He said that prior to 1848 traditional *cuentos* transmitted orally concerning elements of folk existence were the most popular literary forms of the writers of Mexico's northern frontier. As the southwest and California grew, increasing numbers of creative writers appeared. In 1848 literary activity began to flourish. After the war between the United States

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<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 424.

<sup>4</sup>Philip Darraugh Ortego, "Backgrounds of Mexican-American Literature" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of New Mexico, 1971), p. 39.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 213.

<sup>6</sup>Charles M. Tatum, "Contemporary Chicano Prose Fiction: Its Ties to Mexican Literature," *Books Abroad*, 49:432-435, 1975.

and Mexico, writers (now Mexican Americans) continued to rely on forms, themes, motifs, and settings which were prevalent in Mexican literature. The *cuadro de costumbres*, a literary form depicting local customs and language, was popular in Mexico and was soon adopted by Chicano writers. The cuento made an easy transition to the cuadro in the United States. Along with poetry and the *actos*, published in English and Spanish, other forms were transplanted in Spanish speaking areas of the United States.

The years 1910 to 1940 composed a transitional period. Writers publishing in English continued to hark to nineteenth century Mexican forms using themes from their Hispanic Mexican past. The Mexican revolution brought new blood into the Mexican-American community; it also reinforced Mexican traditions. In the urban centers of the southwest and California, from 1910 to 1940, Mexican and Mexican-American writers were drawn into close associations. They exchanged views and influenced one another's literary development. Mexican novelists began to deal with deeply rooted social, political, and philosophical questions raised by years of bloodshed and civil strife, leaving behind the *costumbrista* tradition on a new path of critical realism. The novel of the Revolution influenced a group of Mexican-American novelists and short story writers of the late 1950s and 1960s.

The form cultivated by Martin Luis Guzman was a perfect vehicle for Mexican-American writers who set out to present the lives of suffering and deprivation of thousands of Mexican nationals and Mexican-American citizens in the United States. In the late 1950s

and 1960s, many authors began to deal directly with social, political, and economic problems plaguing urban and rural Chicanos.

Although the origins of Mexican-American literature can be traced to the mid-1800s, it seems appropriate in this study to agree with Edward Simmon and Luis Dávila. The body of literature studied herein is of recent origin; it is unmistakably distinct from literature written by Mexican Americans before 1950. The single most outstanding element which provides for the uniqueness of contemporary Mexican-American literature is the appearance of binary phenomena<sup>7</sup> within the literature. During the early to mid-1800s, writing was in Spanish. The transition from writing in Spanish to writing in English was a process encompassing the latter half of the nineteenth century.<sup>8</sup>

By means of its bilingual nature, the contemporary literature which appears in *El Grito* and *Grito del Sol* must be considered separately from literature written before 1950. I believe that it should also be considered to be of recent origin because the combinations of English and Spanish clearly set this literature apart from Mexican-American literature written before 1950.

---

<sup>7</sup>According to Ortego, the Chicano language deals not only with dialects of American English but with dialects of American and Mexican Spanish. Moreover, it has produced a mixture of the two languages resulting in a unique kind of binary phenomena in which the linguistic symbols of two languages are mixed in utterances using either language's syntactic structure.

<sup>8</sup>Ortego, *op. cit.*, p. 86.

## Chapter 2

### DEFINITION OF CHICANO LITERATURE

While looking through the library in search of an anthology of Chicano literature, it is common to find those that contain works written by Pablo Neruda, Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz, or Gabriel García Márquez. Although these literary greats may have influenced Chicano writers, and although their works undoubtedly provide interesting reading for the Chicano student, their literature is not Chicano literature.

There are several definitions of Chicano literature in existence to date. These definitions may vary as per the date when Chicano literature began or the purpose of Chicano literature. All definitions, however, ascertain that Chicano literature is that which is written by Chicanos, individuals of Mexican descent living in the United States. The terms Chicano and Mexican American seem to be synonymous; one is neither more nor less militant than the other.<sup>1</sup> Mexican-American literature may be considered a part of American literature; however, because it is sometimes written in Spanish, some may wish to categorize it as Mexican literature.

The bilingual aspect that makes Chicano literature unique also makes it difficult to fit into this or that slot of the curriculum.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Rolando Hinojosa, "Mexican-American Literature: Toward an Identification," *Books Abroad*, 49:423, 1975.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 422.

Chicano literature has its roots in Mexican literature and in the Spanish language, but Chicanos are American citizens. They are educated, for the most part, in American schools and in the English language. Despite the Mexican influence, the Mexican-American writer lives in and is directly influenced by his life in his native land, the United States.

In an effort to define Chicano literature, Mexican-American authors have attempted to explain what their literature is--its purpose or *raison d'être*. The Chicano poet, Rafael Jesús Gonzales, said,

La literatura chicana es literatura polémica, cuya meta no es explorar lo más personal del hombre y encontrándose transcender a lo universal, sino intenta de a raiz crear la cultura chicana, reclutar a la juventud a una nueva conciencia de si misma no sólo como seres particulares sino como fuerza política.<sup>3</sup>

Tomás Rivera believed that "la literatura chicana es un esfuerzo en darle forma, armonía, y unidad a la vida chicana porque se manifiesta ésta como vida que vale mientras esté la tierra."<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Guadalupe Valdes Fallis, "Code-switching in Bilingual Chicano Poetry," *Hispania*, 59:878, December, 1976.

<sup>4</sup>Tomás Rivera, "Chicano Literature: Fiesta of the Living," *Books Abroad*, 49:440, 1975.

## Chapter 3

### THEMES

Tomás Rivera said that *la casa*, *el barrio*, and *la lucha* are constant elements in the ritual of Chicano literature. *La casa* encompasses the constant refuge, the constant father, mother, and child. *El barrio* is a constant element in the lives of Chicanos and *la lucha* encompasses *la casa* and *el barrio*.

Rivera also promoted the image of the outsider as a prominent theme in Chicano literature. The images projected by Chicano writers during the last decade demonstrate an appreciation of Mexican-American culture which include historical, social, folkloric, and archetypal themes and images. One such image is the outsider, seen primarily from the sociopsychological perspective; it is also related to the concepts of alienation and *otredad* and reflects the *circunstancia vital* of the Mexican American. The image of the outsider has come to symbolize the Mexican-American experience. The Mexican American exists between two cultures. He has drifted away from Mexican culture, but he has not been integrated into American Society.

The Chicano is seen as an outsider in various respects: as an individual who no longer belongs within his culture (Octavio Paz, *The Labyrinth of Solitude: Life and Thought in Mexico*), as a representative of one subculture within another (Daniel Garza, *Saturday Belongs to the Palomilla*), as a wetback or a migrant or a *bracero* in cases

where the values of rural and urban Mexican Americans come into conflict (Miguel Mendez, *Peregrinos de Aztlan*), or as a Mexican American working within the framework of American society (Raymond Barrio, *The Plum Plum Pickers*). The Chicano often becomes an outsider in his most immediate social institution, the family, due to education (Enrique Hank Lopez, *Back to Bachimba*), conflicting values within the immediate family setting (Rudolfo Anaya, *Bless Me Ultima*), social class mobility (Oscar Zeta Acosta, *Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo*), or acculturation and assimilation (Ernesto Galarza, *Barrio Boy*; Antonio Villareal, *Pocho*).<sup>1</sup> Because of their images as outsiders, "some Chicanos identify with the pre-Colombian civilizations but this identity with the Indian has been largely lost sight of."<sup>2</sup>

Rolando Hinojosa provided a more general description of the themes of Chicano literature: "The one prevalent theme in Mexican-American writing is the Chicano's life in his native land, the United States."<sup>3</sup> The literary works that appear in *El Grito* and *Grito del Sol* support Hinojosa's statement. There are also examples in the two journals that support Rivera's statement that *la casa*, *el barrio*, *la lucha*, and the outsider are prominent themes in Chicano literature.

The works studied in this paper fall into three general thematic categories based on a combination of Hinojosa's and Rivera's statements about Chicano literary themes.

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<sup>1</sup>Tomás Rivera, "Chicano Literature: Fiesta of the Living," *Books Abroad*, 49:453-455, 1975.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 454.

<sup>3</sup>Rolando Hinojosa, "Mexican-American Literature: Toward an Identification," *Books Abroad*, 49:423, 1975.

Themes from the Mexican/Indian Past

1. *Nambé--Year One*, a short story by Orlando Romero, *Grito del Sol*, 1(1):39-61, January-March, 1976.
2. *Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came*, a poem by Alurista, *El Grito*, 3(1):11, Fall, 1969.

Themes that Contrast the Mexican Past with Present  
Life in the United States

1. *Coachella Valley, 1973*, a poem by Cordelia Candelaria, *Grito del Sol*, 1(4):33, October-December, 1976.
2. *Letters to Louise*, excerpt from the book by Abelardo Delgado, *Grito del Sol*, 3(4):9-21, October-December, 1978.
3. *Lonely Vietnam*, a poem by Pedro B. Anchondo, 3(3):3, Fall, 1969.

Themes that Immediately Treat Life in the  
United States

1. *Put it on My Desk*, a poem by Marcela Trujillo, *Grito del Sol*, 3(3):116, July-September, 1978.
2. *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*, a play by Carlos Morton, *Grito del Sol*, 1(3):39-85, July-September, 1976.
3. *Jamanegs*, a play by Lino Landy and Ricardo Lopez Landy, *Grito del Sol*, 1(2):31-35, April-June, 1976.
4. *Nuestro Barrio*, a poem by Alurista, *El Grito*, 2(1):9, Fall, 1968.
5. *The Day of the Swallows*, a play by Estela Portillo de



Trambley, *El Grito*, 4(3):4-47, Spring, 1971.

6. *Y Viene*, a short story by Diane de Anda, *El Grito*, 5(1):38-42, Fall, 1971.

7. *Jugábamos/We Played*, a poem by Tino Villanueva, *Grito del Sol*, 3(3):121-123, July-September, 1978.

8. *The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo*, a short story by Octavio I. Romano, V, *El Grito*, 5(3):37-42, Spring, 1972.

## Chapter 4

### AN OVERVIEW OF *EL GRITO* AND *GRITO DEL SOL*

The first issue of *El Grito* appeared in the fall, 1967. That issue was introduced by an editorial which defined the purpose for which the journal was founded.

Contrary to the general pattern of ethnic minorities in the history of the United States, Mexican-Americans have retained their distinct identity and have refused to disappear into The Great American Melting Pot. Not having the good grace to quietly disappear, we have then compounded our guilt in America's eyes by committing the additional sin of being glaringly poor in the midst of this affluent, abundant, and overdeveloped society.

In response to this embarrassing situation, American ingenuity has risen to the occasion and produced an ideological rhetoric that serves to neatly explain away both the oppressive and exploitative factors maintaining Mexican-American's refusal to enthusiastically embrace The American Way of Life with all its various trappings. Although recitations of this rhetoric vary in emphasis and degree of sophistication, the essential message is the same: Mexican-Americans are simple-minded but lovable and colorful children who because of their rustic naïveté, limited mentality, and inferior, backward "traditional culture," choose poverty and isolation instead of assimilating into the American mainstream and accepting its material riches and superior culture.

Formulated and propagated by those intellectual mercenaries of our age, the social scientists, this rhetoric has been professionally certified and institutionally sanctified to the point where today it holds wide public acceptance, and serves as the ideological premise of every black, white and brown missionary's concept of and policy towards Mexican-Americans. Yet this great rhetorical structure is a grand hoax, a blatant lie--a lie that must be stripped of its esoteric and sanctified verbal garb and have its intellectually spurious and vicious character exposed to full view.

Only Mexican-Americans themselves can accomplish the collapse of this and other such rhetorical structures by the exposure of their fallacious nature and the development of intellectual alternatives. *El Grito* has been founded for just this purpose--to provide a forum for Mexican-American self definition and expression on this and other issues of relevance to Mexican-Americans in American society today.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Nick C. Vaca, "Editorial," *El Grito*, 1(1):4, Fall, 1967.

I believe that, in *El Grito's* seven years of existence from 1967 to 1974, the journal "provide[d] a forum for Mexican-American self definition and expression on this and other issues of relevance to Mexican-Americans in American society today."<sup>2</sup> This goal was accomplished through the use of the essay which

seeks to destroy the negative stereotypes of Mexican-American history and culture and to present the historical and the intellectual aspects of the Mexican-American. These essays treat the modern state, anthropology, sociology, penal reform, and historical myths.<sup>3</sup>

Fifty-five essays appeared in the twenty-seven issues of *El Grito*. It is important to note that almost all of the essays were written in English. This is evidence that the Chicano writer hoped to speak, through the essay, not only to Chicanos but to the greater part of American society.

Poetry was also abundant in *El Grito*. In seven years the journal provided for the publication of the works of over seventy poets. According to Rolando Hinojosa, "Chicano poetry is a free-wheeling genre."<sup>4</sup> The poetry in *El Grito* was sometimes written in English, sometimes in Spanish, and sometimes in a combination of the two languages in the same poem or verse. The poetry provided a means for expression for the Mexican American but, unlike the essay, the subjects dealt with in Chicano poetry were not limited to political or social themes.

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<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>Rolando Hinojosa, "Mexican-American Literature: Toward an Identification," *Books Abroad*, 49:422, 1975.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*

The short stories in *El Grito* also varied insofar as language choice was concerned. "The short story is written in English, Spanish, sometimes in the Pachuco<sup>5</sup> dialect and occasionally in bilingual form."<sup>6</sup> Over fifty-five short stories have been published in *El Grito*.

*El Grito* also provided an opportunity for Chicano playwrights to publish their works. Examples of dramatic works, however, were not abundant in the journal. Hinojosa pointed out that

For Chicano playwrights the situation is different because they are more interested in seeing their work on stage rather than in print. Chicano theatre is a group of touring companies such as teatro campesino, and thus it is theatre in the true sense: it appeals to the people; it must be seen and heard for effect; and it does not lend itself to quiet, reflective, personal reading. It is experimental, ironic, and sarcastic, and because of these restrictive tendencies it also leans toward didacticism. The teatro campesino pieces are presented in both Spanish and English and at times abound in Chicano locutions with appeal only to a limited audience. The prime mover behind it is Luis Valdez.<sup>7</sup>

Only one example of a novel appeared in *El Grito*. The scarcity of examples of works by Chicano novelists was, probably, that the journal had a tendency to publish shorter works. There were, however, various book reviews that referred the reader to novels published by Chicano authors.

*El Grito* was discontinued in 1974. In January 1976 the first issue of *Grito del Sol* was published. *El Grito* was published by Quinto Sol Publications, Inc. in Berkeley, California. *Grito del Sol*

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<sup>5</sup>Octavio Paz has written a detailed explanation of the Pachuco in "The Pachuco and Other Extreme," *The Labyrinth of Solitude: Life and Thought in Mexico* (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1961).

<sup>6</sup>Hinojosa, *loc. cit.*

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*

is still being published by the same publishing company. Many of the authors whose works appeared in *El Grito* continue to be published in *Grito del Sol*. The editor of *Grito del Sol*, Octavio I. Romano, V, edited several editions of *El Grito*.

The major difference between the two journals is that *Grito del Sol* does not contain many essays. The majority of the works in this journal are creative literary works. Although some essays deal with the social sciences and education, several essays deal with literary and artistic topics. The essays continue to be written in English. As before, in *El Grito*, the Chicano writer hopes to speak not only to Chicanos but to the greater part of American society. Over forty poets and short story writers published their works in *Grito del Sol* between January 1976 and December 1978. The creative literary works continue to be written in English, Spanish, or a combination of the two languages.

The other difference is organization. Within each issue of *El grito* one might find several works which dealt with topics that had little in common with one another. Each issue of *Grito del Sol*, on the other hand, is dedicated to a specific theme. For example, the first issue of *Grito del Sol* was entitled "Canto de Aztlan"; the second, "Canto de la Peregrinacion"; the third, "Canto de la Invasion." The editions have followed an historical progression that concluded with the December 1978 edition entitled "Flores de la Raza."

## Chapter 5

### LINGUISTIC PHENOMENA IN CHICANO LITERATURE

Chicano literature is unique precisely because of the language or combination of languages in which it is written. In order to further study language use in contemporary Chicano literature, it is necessary to define three linguistic phenomena which occur within the literature.

#### Interference

Interference is a linguistic overlap that occurs when two systems are simultaneously applied to a linguistic item. The conditions for interference in Chicano literature are provided when an author attempts to represent speech. It is necessary to remember that instances of interference are found in representations of speech. As occurrences in literature, these may be edited to suit the author's purposes. They therefore differ from spontaneous speech material by not necessarily being precise recordings of a speech community. Four examples follow (the italics are mine):

*Gu mornin*, don Pedrito.<sup>1</sup>

a ver cuando aprende uste el *inglis*.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Lino Landy and Ricardo Lopez Landy, "Jamanegs," *Grito del Sol*, 1(2):31, April-June, 1976.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

cuidadito, *mister*, no se mande,<sup>3</sup>

*Jands, plis, mister Piter.*<sup>4</sup>

### Integration

Integration is a regular use of material from one language to another. Six examples follow (the italics are mine):

I lay relieved as I stared in darkness at the *adobe* wall.<sup>5</sup>

The eggs have been sprinkled with green *chile*.<sup>6</sup>

But in the *Barrios*, where my people have no land, the pack comes at all hours.<sup>7</sup>

The old truck's horn breaks the stare into the mirror that sees me dancing with her on the *plaza* tonight.<sup>8</sup>

Here, have another *peso*.<sup>9</sup>

The *mariachis*, the laughter, singing, dancing, and bodies close and pushing hard and erect in the crowded streets dramatize our slow procession to the cathedral.<sup>10</sup>

### Code-switching

Code-switching is an alternating of languages within the same discourse. In the present study the discourse examined is, in each case, a literary work. An example follows.

---

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*      <sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 32.

<sup>5</sup>Orlando Romero, "Nambé--Year One," *Grito del Sol*, 1(1):40, January-March, 1976.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 43.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 45.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*      <sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 47.

Unexpectedly  
 my night gloom came  
 injusta capa funebre  
 I realized devoured me  
 y mis tripas gnawed at  
 la luna y su eclipse  
 the cultural assassination  
 of my people<sup>11</sup>

Switching falls into two categories: metaphorical and situational. At least one author has applied these terms to the study of Chicano literature. I believe there is another category which involves an aural effect; it is phonetic switching.

### Metaphorical Switching

Metaphorical switching is topical. Selection among codes is meaningful in much the same way that choice among alternate vocabulary items is meaningful in monolingual societies. It occurs when the context of the subject can be better or more easily expressed in one language than in the other, or when what is being said cannot be expressed in the other language.<sup>12</sup> Two examples follow (the italics are mine):

But this womb is my pleasure, the same pleasure  
 that disguised itself and in reality can turn  
 into a prison. It was the same for my *antepasados*.<sup>13</sup>

In the *campo santo*, the wooden crosses, in their almost  
 tribal design, release splinters that fly at me in the darkness  
 and terrify my spirit.<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>11</sup>Alurista, "Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came," *El Grito*, 3(1):11, Fall, 1969.

<sup>12</sup>Guadalupe Valdes Fallis, "Code-switching in Bilingual Chicano Poetry," *Hispania*, 59:878, December, 1976.

<sup>13</sup>Romero, *op. cit.*, p. 42.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 49.



### Situational Switching

Situational switching occurs when an author, through a change in language, alters the relationship between himself and his audience. He may, for example, insert a Spanish phrase into a predominantly English work and, by so doing, he may speak more closely to fellow bilingual Chicanos.<sup>15</sup>

Que chistosa la maestra!  
 Por qué no aprende español?  
 Se rién a gordo los chicanitos,  
 Fulano, Mengano y Juanito.  
 "What's so funny?  
 "Why do you laugh?"  
 -Teacher, Juanito threw a pedo-  
 "Oh, you brats, you little pests,  
 "Whatever it is, put it on my desk."  
 Se rién de nuevo, los chicanitos,  
 Fulano, Mengano y Juanito.<sup>16</sup>

Repetition may be used situationally (demonstrating an overwhelming desire to be understood) or metaphorically (as a second adjective). Two examples follow (the italics are mine):

You know about Clara?  
*Unfortunate . . . pobrecita . . .* such a beautiful child.  
 She won't be coming back this time.<sup>17</sup>

Down the line, maybe two hundred more letters to you, Louise,  
 we may begin to find a pattern to my *insanity, madness, locura,*  
*abnormality.*<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>15</sup>Fallis, *loc. cit.*

<sup>16</sup>Marcela Trujillo, "Put it on My Desk," *Grito del Sol*, 3(3):116, July-September, 1978.

<sup>17</sup>Estela Portillo de Trambley, "The Day of the Swallows," *El Grito*, 4(3):39, Spring, 1971.

<sup>18</sup>Abelardo Delgado, "Letters to Louise," *Grito del Sol*, 3(4):15, October-December, 1978.

### Phonetic Switching

I believe that, occasionally in the literature, especially in poetry, switching is used for an aural effect. This occurs when the phonetics of one language better support the rhyme or rhythm of a line, a verse, or a poem. In the line, "of past cabrito picnics near ríos,"<sup>19</sup> the poet uses several A-O and I-O vowel combinations. The replacement of rivers for *ríos* or goat for *cabrito* would destroy the aural effect.

When one examines literature as a source of language mixture, the rules for interference, integration, and code-switching must be adapted from their sociolinguistic application to spontaneous speech. Because the language used in literature is not the same as the language found in a speech community, it is necessary to revise those rules of sociolinguistics which apply only to speech. A question is posed: how should they be revised? This study examines bilingual literature as a reflection of Chicano literary language. It explores the varying functions and uses of English/Spanish code-switching and its purposes and effects as a literary device.

Chapters 6, 7, and 8 analyze thirteen literary works from the *El Grito* and *Grito del Sol* journals. Chapter 6 studies Chicano drama. Chapter 7 examines the short story. Chapter 8 peruses poetry. Through the study of these literary works, three questions are addressed.

1. What is the purpose of English/Spanish code-switching in bilingual Chicano literature?

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<sup>19</sup>Cordelia Candelaria, "Coachella Valley, 1973," *Grito del Sol*, 1(4):33, October-December, 1976.

2. Is English normally the language of information or narration among Mexican-American writers and Spanish the language used for stylistic embroidery?

3. Does code-switching provide a bilingual author with stylistic alternatives which enhance the artistic value of a work?<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup>Fallis, *op. cit.*, p. 880.

## Chapter 6

### DRAMA

#### *Jamanegs*

*Jamanegs* by Lino Landy and Ricardo Lopez Landy is a short, one-act drama. It was performed for the first time in la sala de actos de San Javier in 1967 in El Paso, Texas. Like a true drama, it is meant to be performed. The spice and intrigue of *Jamanegs* lie not so much in the plot as in the flavor of the language. The leading characters are Don Pedro, "un hombre no corrompido por el bilingüismo,"<sup>1</sup> and Misis Manos, "manejadora de una jaus."<sup>2</sup> Misis Manos speaks English (or inglis). She has changed her name from Señora Muñoz to Misis Manos; it is later changed to Misis Jands.

1 ENREDO TOTAL<sup>3</sup>

Déjase oír una suave melodía, algo como "Las golondrinas," para que el telón se levante y saturar el ambiente de un ritmo bailable muy sabrosón, de manera que los personajes lo marquen al hablar. A la derecha se levanta el marco de la puerta de una casa de barrio--solo el marco--la escalinata y una barada; en el otro lado hay un restaurante--solo el marco--con su mostrador y un taburete. Un cartel luminoso, en lo alto del marco del restaurante, reza: "Cafitiria de San Buichi." Todo

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<sup>1</sup>Lino Landy and Ricardo Lopez Landy, "Jamanegs," *Grito del Sol*, 1(2):31, April-June, 1976.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>Excerpts from the works in *El Grito* and *Grito del Sol* appear as in the journals. If an accent mark has been omitted in any work quoted, it was omitted in the journal. The numbering of the lines in the quotations is mine.

- 10 es sencillo, de vivos colores y limpio. Misis Manos barre la puerta de la casa, al compás de la bailable melodía. Linda, la mesera, limpia vasos, tratando de emular como danzante a la que barre. Enseguida sale de la casa don Pedro y saluda a Misis Manos, marcando el mismo ritmo del bailable de fondo.
- DON PEDRO. -Buenos días, misis Muñoz.
- MISIS MANOS. -Gu mornin, don Pedrito.
- DON PEDRO. -Rosbif, misis . . .
- MISIS MANOS. -Manos, a ver cuando aprende uste el inglis.
- DON PEDRO. -Pos eso si quien sabe . . . Lengua tan aguada!
- 20 MISIS MANOS. -Pero mire, con harta lana, don Piter. Y si uste la aprende ya verá que hasta come mejor.
- DON PEDRO. -Pos eso si lo creo, porque ahorita nomás rosbif sé decir y ya estoy del mentado rosbif hasta los meros . . .
- MISIS MANOS. -Cuidadito, mister, no se mande, que uste se avienta cada leperada . . .
- DON PEDRO. -Ya, ya, la de los oídos de terciopelo!
- MISIS MANOS. -¡Que no se mande, don Piter!
- DON PEDRO. -Rosbif, doña Muñoz.
- MISIS MANOS. -Me llamo Manos, que pa eso me hice una sitisen.
- 30 DON PEDRO. -¡Ya hasta tronándose las, doña!
- MISIS MANOS. -No sea tarugo, que lo de sitisen quiere decir ciudadana, mister Rosbif.
- DON PEDRO. -¿Y lo de Manos?
- MISIS MANOS. -Pos en inglis es jands.
- DON PEDRO. -Ta bueno, misis Jands
- MISIS MANOS. -Oiga, don Piter, como que me gusta eso de Jands, suena mas a gabacho.
- DON PEDRO. -Nomás no olvide que su padre, que en gloria esté, se firmaba Muñoz, doña Jands.
- 40 MISIS MANOS. -¡Que Dios lo haiga perdonado!
- DON PEDRO. -Y era de Durango.
- MISIS MANOS. -Sí, por allá como que escriben muy raro. Pero acá costea más el inglis, don Pedro.
- DON PEDRO. -Dígame mejor mister Piter, pa ir agarrando el acentito. -¡Ah, si yo pudiera aprender a hablar como uste, aunque no fuera mas que pa salir del dichoso rosbif que me tiene ya frito!
- MISIS MANOS. -Yo fui al jiascul.
- DON PEDRO. -¿Algún fronton?
- 50 MISIS MANOS. -No, la alta escuela: el jaiscul.
- DON PEDRO. -Entendí jaialai.
- MISIS MANOS. -No, jaiscul.
- DON PEDRO. -Bueno, voy a echarme el rosbif de las doce, doña . . .
- MISIS MANOS. -Jands, plis, mister Piter.
- DON PEDRO. -YENDO HACIA EL RESTAURANTE- El Rosbif de las doce . . .
- MISIS MANOS. -¡Como le gusta el rosbif! -SIGUE BARRIENDO.
- DON PEDRO. -HACIENDO UN GESTO DE ASCO- ¡Otro rosbif más en mi

- 60 vida! -MIRANDO AL CIELO- Señor. ¡Hasta cuando esta tortura!  
 ¡Rosbif, rosbif, rosbif! -ENTRA EN EL RESTAURANTE- Rosbif.  
 LINDA. -Good morning, mister Pedro.  
 DON PEDRO. -Gud rosbif, chula.  
 LINDA. -RECTIFICÁNDOLE- Linda, señor, Linda.  
 DON PEDRO. -Chula suena mejor y pa el caso el lo mismo,  
 linda.  
 LINDA. -Yo no entiende poquito, Spanish.  
 DON PEDRO. -Ni yo ingles, chula: empatados.  
 LINDA. -Me mucho estudiar Spanish.
- 70 DON PEDRO. -Uste, chula, no necesita estudiar nada, siendo  
 tan bonita y con esos ojitos azules . . . Ay, mamacita linda,  
 mejor me da mi rosbif, pliss!  
 LINDA. -Roastbeef, again?  
 DON PEDRO. -No, nada de eguen: tostadito.  
 LINDA. -What do you want to drink?  
 DON PEDRO. -Rosbif.  
 LINDA. -What?  
 DON PEDRO. -Rosbif.
- LINDA SIRVE SU ROSBIF A DON PEDRO Y ÉSTE SE LO COME DANDO
- 80 MUESTRAS DE ASCO, CÓMICAMENTE, Y CONSERVANDO SIEMPRE SUS  
 BUENOS MODALES. LINDA OBSERVA A SU CLIENTE, CON TERNURA Y  
 COMPASIÓN, SUFRIENDO CON ÉL LA MISMA TORTURA, HASTA QUE LE  
 OFRECE ALGO DE BEBER.  
 LINDA. -Maybe with a coke . . .  
 DON PEDRO. -Rosbif.  
 LINDA. -To drink, beber, to drink . . .  
 DON PEDRO. -Venga el tudrín ese . . . A que sabrá el tudrín?  
 Bueno, deme un vaso bien grande de tudrín. ¡Con tal que sea  
 algo húmedo!
- 90 LINDA. -A coke?  
 DON PEDRO. - Bueno . . . Aunque lo que me tomaría de buena  
 gana sería una cocacola, pero como se dirá en ingles?  
 LINDA. -A coke?  
 DON PEDRO. -No, cocacola.  
 LINDA. -O.K., a coke!
- LA MESERA SIRVE LA COCA A DON PEDRO Y ÉSTE SE LA TOMA CON  
 AVIDEZ, COMO SI ESTUVIERA APAGANDO UN INCENDIO EN SU ESTÓMAGO.
- 100 DON PEDRO. -Eicoc! Pues sabe igualita a la cocacola. Mire  
 nomás como serán estos gringos, ya nos copiaron la cocacola y  
 la cambiaron de nombre, pa hacernos guaje, como siempre.  
 ¡Triqueteros! De todo hacen plata: nomás se traen la cola de  
 allá y la embotellan, la llaman eicoc, en inglés, y vámonos,  
 ¡a ganar dinero! No, eso si, listos lo son.  
 LINDA. -Did you like it? Biueno?  
 DON PEDRO. -PAGANDO- Mu bueno -CORRIGIÉNDOLA-, bu-e-no. Mu  
 bueno. Hasta lueguito, chula, hasta el rosbif de las cinco  
 -SALIENDO DE RESTAURANTE- Adios.  
 LINDA. -Bye, bye, dan Pidrito.  
 DON PEDRO. -Rosbif, linda -YENDO HACIA LA CASA- ¡Que a toda

- 110 madre está la grinquita! Rosbif, rosbif, rosbif . . . La  
 verda es que ya estoy harto de rosbif. Un mes comiendo rosbif,  
 un mes . . . Rosbif por la mañana, rosbif al medio día y, por  
 si fuera poco, rosbif pa cenar. Rosbif, rosbif . . .  
 MISIS MANOS. -¿Es que no sabe uste hablar de otra cosa?  
 DON PEDRO. -Rosbif . . .  
 MISIS MANOS. -Que tipo tan raro es uste, nomás pensando en  
 rosbifes!  
 DON PEDRO. -No sé decir, otra cosa, doña Muñoz.  
 MISIS MANOS. -RECTIFICÁNDOLA- Misis Manos.
- 120 DON PEDRO. -Miss . . . narices, señora.  
 MISIS MANOS. -¿Por que no, aprende uste a decir otra cosa en  
 inglis? Así podría comer mejor.  
 DON PEDRO. -Ya, le dije que no sé inglés.  
 MISIS MANOS. -¿Nada?  
 DON PEDRO. -Nadita.  
 MISIS MANOS. -At all?  
 DON PEDRO. -Atole, eso si, pa que vea, atole sí.  
 MISIS MANOS. -At all.  
 DON PEDRO. -RECTIFICÁNDOLE- Atole, se dice atole.
- 130 MISIS MANOS. -Pero en inglés se dice at all.  
 DON PEDRO. -Pero es atole, ¿no?  
 MISIS MANOS. -No, ese es otro, él que se toma con el dedo.  
 DON PEDRO. -Que se lo dan a uno . . .  
 MISIS MANOS. -Aprenda a pedir . . . por ejemplo: jamanegs.  
 DON PEDRO. -Jamanés . . . Retefacil: Jaman . . . ¿Cómo dijo  
 uste?  
 MISIS MANOS. -Jamanegs, jamanegs . . .  
 DON PEDRO. -Jamanés.  
 MISIS MANOS. -Gud, así: Jamanegs.
- 140 DON PEDRO. -Jamanés . . . ¿Y que es eso?  
 MISIS MANOS. -¿El qué?  
 DON PEDRO. -Pos eso, el jamanés ese.  
 MISIS MANOS. -Pos huevos con jamón.  
 DON PEDRO. -¡Huevos con jamón! -HACE ADEMAN DE SALIR  
 CORRIENDO HACIA EL RESTAURANTE, GRITANDO-: Huevos con jamón,  
 huevos con . . . PERO SE DETIENE, PARA PREGUNTAR A MISIS  
 MANOS-: ¿Como dice uste que se llaman en inglés?  
 MISIS MANOS. -Jamanegs.
- 150 DON PEDRO. -Jamanés, jamanés . . . CORRE HACIA EL RESTAURANTE,  
 SE PRECIPITA HACIA EL MOSTRADOR, Y GRITA: ¡Jamanés!  
 LINDA. -SORPRENDIDA, DESAFORDAMENTE-: What!  
 DON PEDRO. -DESALENTADO POR EL ESTENTOREO WHAT! DE LA MESERA,  
 SE DEJA CAER SOBRE EL MOSTRADOR, SENTADO EN EL TABURETE, Y DICE  
 TRISTEMENTE- Rosbif, rosbif, rosbif . . . -MIENTRAS LA MELODÍA  
 ARRECÍA, COMO AL COMIENZO, Y MISIS MANOS, BARRIENDO, Y LINDA  
 LAVANDO VASOS, MARCAN EL RITMO MUSICAL Y DON PEDRO GRITA-:  
 ¡Rosbif, rosbif, rosbif! -PARA QUE EL TELON CAIGA, DANDO FIN  
 AL SAINETE.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Landy and Landy, *op. cit.*, pp. 31-35.

The majority of the conversation is between Don Pedro and Misis Manos. Because they are both native speakers of Spanish and because Don Pedro speaks no English, the two of them communicate in Spanish. There are, however, instances where English occurs within their conversation. Seven examples follow (the italics are mine):

- 16 *Gu mornin*, don Pedrito.  
 . . . . .  
 18 A ver cuando aprende uste el *inglis*.  
 . . . . .  
 24 Cuidadito, *mister*, no se mande,  
 . . . . .  
 29 que pa eso me hice una *sitisen*.  
 . . . . .  
 34 pos en *inglis* es *jands*.  
 . . . . .  
 48 Yo fui al *jaiscul*.  
 . . . . .  
 55 *Jands, plis, mister Piter*.

These examples are from the speech of Misis Manos. Misis Manos wants to speak English. It is necessary to her survival in the United States. Her desire to conform to life in the United States is apparent in the words *sitisen* and *jaiscul*. It is especially important that these two words appear in English because the concepts they represent differ from the Mexican concepts of *ciudadana* and *secundaria*. The other English words Misis Manos uses are common. They are among those a person learns first when learning English and becoming part of a new country.

Interference from Spanish occurs in all of Misis Manos' English phrases. In line 16 the vowel sound in *good*, which does not exist in Spanish, is replaced by its closest Spanish equivalent *u*. The final *d* sound in *good* is omitted. This sound is not common in Spanish; when it does occur, it is hardly audible (*hablad*, *comed*). The final sound in



*morning* does not exist in Spanish, thus it does not occur in Misis Manos' "Gu mornin."

In line 18, Misis Manos pronounces English as *inglis*. One cannot determine from the written example if the stress falls on the first or last syllable. If the stress falls on the first syllable, Misis Manos is correctly applying English stress rules. If the stress falls on the last syllable, her speech is being influenced by interference from Spanish (the stress falls on the last syllable of the Spanish word *inglés*). The vowel sound in the last syllable of English has also been affected by interference from Spanish. The vowel sound in *ish* does not exist in Spanish. Misis Manos has replaced it with its nearest Spanish equivalent *i*. Likewise, Misis Manos appears to avoid a final *sh* in favor of the more acceptable Spanish *s*.

The vowel sounds of English are also affected by interference from Spanish in line 24. The [I] sound in the first syllable of *mister* and the *shwa* sound in the second syllable have been replaced with the Spanish sounds [i] and [e].

In line 29, *sitisen*, it is likely that Misis Manos has replaced the English vowel sounds [I], [ɪ], and [ə] of the English word *citizen* with the Spanish sounds [i], [i], and [e]. It is also likely that, in line 34, the vowel sound that occurs in the word *jands* is the Spanish [a] and not the vowel [æ] that occurs in the English word *hands*; that vowel does not exist in Spanish.

In Lines 48 and 55 the vowel sounds in *jaiscul* [u], *plis* and *Piter* [i], are relatively similar to the vowel sounds in *high school* [Uw], *please* and *Peter* [Iy]. It is likely, however, that Misis Manos

pronounces them as they are in Spanish without the glide that occurs in English. The final *l* in *jaiscul* has probably also been pronounced as a Spanish i-colored [ɫ]. The *s* in *plis* is probably a voiceless [s] in contrast to the voiced [z] in the English word please. Interference from Spanish also occurs in the final syllable of the word *Piter*. There is no *shwa* [ə] sound in Spanish, so the final sequence is likely to be the Spanish [er].

Misis Manos is the most bilingual of the characters in *Jamanegs*. Her English shows a great deal of interference from Spanish, but she can communicate. Don Pedro knows only the word *rosbif* and, consequently, it is all he has had to eat in two months. Linda, the waitress, knows equally little Spanish. In an attempt to communicate with Don Pedro, she turns out phrases like "Me mucho estudiar Spanish" (line 69), "Did you like it? Biueno?" (line 104), and "Bye, bye, dan Pidrito" (line 108). Just as Misis Manos' speech is influenced by interference from Spanish, Linda's Spanish is influenced by interference from English.

The language in *Jamanegs* is representative of spoken Spanish; specifically, Spanish spoken by Mexican Americans in border towns. The play is humorous and entertaining, yet it serves as a commentary on the difficulties of survival in a new land, learning a new language, and the mistakes one makes that are at once funny and embarrassing.

It is necessary to note that, while the Spanish in *Jamanegs* is conversational, colloquial, and sometimes peppered with English, it is nonetheless Spanish. It would be understood by speakers of Spanish in Spain, Mexico, or Peru. Look, for example, at the narrative in the first paragraph.

2 Déjase oír una suave melodía, algo como "Las golondrinas," para que el telón se levante y saturar el ambiente de un ritmo bailable muy sabrosón, de manera que los personajes lo marquen al hablar. A la derecha se levanta el marco de la puerta de una casa de barrio--solo el marco--la escalinata y una barada; en el otro lado lado hay un restaurante--solo el marco--con su mostrador y un taburete. Un cartel luminoso, en lo alto del marco del restaurante, reza: "Cafitiria de San Buichi." Todo  
 10 es sencillo, de vivos colores y limpio. Misis Manos barre la puerta de la casa, al compás de la bailable melodía. Linda, la mesera, limpia vasos, tratando de emular como danzante a la que barre. Enseguida sale de la casa don Pedro y saluda a Misis Manos, marcando el mismo ritmo del bailable de fondo.

If the emphasis here concerned the perfection of language, *déjase* would be *déjese* and *saturar* would be *sature*. *Sabrosón* might become *sabroso* and *cafitiria* might become *cafetería*; but, the words *déjase*, *saturar*, *sabrosón*, and *cafitiria* do not in any way cloud the meaning of the paragraph. They merely stress that the language in *Jamamegs* is intended to be natural and imperfect. It is the language one hears and speaks, especially in border towns between the United States and Mexico.

Above all, the play is a description of language--of two different languages in contact with each other. It describes the way people speak. That speech includes errors, imperfections, and interference from the native language upon the second language. Finally, it is a humorous and sympathetic description of the problems of a newcomer in a foreign land.

*Jamamegs* demonstrates the linguistic phenomenon or interference seen in Chicano literature. The other works studied contain far fewer examples of interference. They are primarily concerned with code-switching and its purpose in Chicano literature.

*El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*

*El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*, a play, was written by Carlos Morton and dedicated to *El Teatro Campesino*. It is one of the few works in *Grito del Sol* (or *El Grito*) which clearly has an equal distribution of English and Spanish. For this reason, it is necessary to consider the play in a study of bilingual literature. Because the play is forty-five pages long, it is impossible to include the entire work herein; however, the first five pages should provide a sufficient understanding of the language and the action that take place within the play.

1 Los Actores

EL ESPÍRITU DEL TEATRO: A man or woman of indeterminate age (18 to 80) who serves as Narrador but is capable of playing any part imaginable. El Espíritu is somewhat of a clown or jester who wears ragged and tattered clothes, but at the onset he might appear in a top hat twirling a cane. El Espíritu is a cross between Cantinflas and La India María. He or she pulls around one of those portable hangers used by people in the garment district of New York--to facilitate changes.

10 PANCHO DIABLO: Un vato loco. A Pachuco type with bigotes who wears shades, huarachis, and a poncho. He has very long thick black hair which he ties back with a headband across his forehead. El Diablo has quit his job in hell in order to live the life of a common man en la tierra.

DIOS: God The Father--Not to be confused with the Holy Ghost or El Chuy (Jesus Christ) who are also in the acto. Dios is a very hip and unfathomable vato with a Zapata mustache who smokes Cuban cigars. Able to assume any number of disguises (in *El Cielito Lindo* he is a blinding light, while on Earth he is a Texas Ranger), Dios is actually very human with a zany sense of humor.

ADAN PELADO: Panco Diablo's sidekick and partner. Adan, 33 yrs. old, was recently shot to death by the Dallas Police. He cannot go to heaven, because, as he puts it, "I spent most of my time pistiendo en las pinches cantinas y chasing viejas." And he cannot go to El Infierno porque está closed. Originally from Mexico, he spent his life working in the factories of the USA.

EVA MARTINI: A Mexicana turned "Italian." She has dyed her hair blonde and pretends not to speak Español. She is 30 years

- 30 old and still very beautiful. Originally from Penjamo, Jalisco, she lost her padres as a teenager and was forced into prostitution in Ciudad Juarez and Las Vegas, Nevada. Her real name is "Martinez."
- OTHER PLAYERS INCLUDE: San Pedro, El Papa, Tecate, Pendejo, Bruja, Hombre de Negocio, Borachio, Marijuano, Pinto, Policía, Puta, Chismosa, Electra, Lee Trevino, A Taco Bell Customer, Una Putita, La Muerte, and the Mariachi Angel Marching Banda, among others.
- The scenes: Hell, Heaven, and Earth.
- 40 ESPÍRITU DEL TEATRO: Ladies y Ladies y Ladies y Ladies! Bienvenidos! Welcome to nuestro acto, "El Cuento de Pancho Diablo." Yo soy El Espíritu Del Teatro. Tonight I will not only narrate el cuento, but I will also play many other roles porque tengo el ability to slip in and out of scenes . . . and characters . . . with a little help from my portable dressing room here.
- Bueno, éste es el cuento de Pancho Diablo who once upon a tiempo was known as Satanás. I'm not just talking about any old Diablo--
- 50 Éste es el mero Chingon!
- se acuerdan que en el principio Satanás vivía en el cielo con los otros angeles; he was Dios's right hand man, almost as poderoso as nuestro Señor. But then he grew proud and presumido and tempted Adán y Eva en El Jardín; and so Dios banished El Diablo and his wicked ángeles and they fell like a swarm of flies to Hell. Heh, heh, heh, heh.
- 60 Hundreds of siglos have passed since that Fateful Day and the battle between good and evil still rages on Earth today.
- Y éste es El Cuento de Pancho Diablo who one day quit his jale en El Infierno and came to Earth to live the life of a common man. Un Día El Diablo gritó desde El Infierno que quería hablar con Dios. San Pedro, as usual, was watchando las puertas Del Cielito Lindo.
- 70 DIABLO SHOUTS UP TO HEAVEN, ST. PETE ON GUARD DUTY
- DIABLO: Oye vato, listen to me, man. I've been calling for the last half hour. ¿Estás sordo?
- SAN PEDRO: Now--who in the devil could that be?
- DIABLO: Soy yo, El Diablo. I want to talk to Dios, es importante.
- SAN PEDRO: ¿Qué, qué? You want to talk to Dios? No, no, no, no, no. He's very busy. Besides, He doesn't want to talk to you, Diablo.
- DIABLO: God damn it, Pedro, then you give him this
- 80 mensaje!

SAN PEDRO: Hey now, watcha tu language, hay mujeres presente!

DIABLO RIPS OFF HIS TAIL AND STARTS UNSCREWING HIS HORNS

DIABLO: ¡Chinga tu madre, cabrón!

SAN PEDRO: Such profanity! I'm going to send down one of the Arch-Ángeles to wash your mouth out with jabón.

DIABLO: OK, San Pedro. You listen and you listen good. Because I'm going to say this once. Tell Dios that I quit. Tell your master that I am giving up my job  
90 en El Infierno. ¿Do you understand, pendejo? Tell Him to find another chump to take my place!

SAN PEDRO: Pero que babosadas estás hablando? Cómo que vas a "quit." ¿A dónde vas a ir? You think you can get a jale anywhere? Why, we're in the middle of a severe recession. Que chistoso. Who would hire you? Pluto? Maybe you could find some Death Cult . . . or join the Hell's Angeles. Que Diablo éste . . .

DIABLO: You're laughing at me, you think I'm joking. You're nothing but a Tio Taco, un Agachado.

100 SAN PEDRO: Hay, me estoy muriendo de risa! I could just see you, Diablo, collecting unemployment and food stamps.

DIABLO: Ya basta! Ya basta!

I'm tired of this gig, you think it's been easy broiling in the fires of Hades drinking blood and eating babies?

For thousands of años I've been cast in the role venomous blasphemer.

Dios has coined me into his opposite--  
110 como el otro lado de un espejo--  
and used me as a scapegoat.

Condemned me for eternity in this prison of treachery and baneful woe.

Oh, I have been his Diablo long enough:

Here are my horns, put them on his own head, for I am but a figment of his own twisted imagination'

DIABLO THROWS HORNS UP TO SAN PEDRO WHO PICKS THEM UP LIKE DEAD RATS

SAN PEDRO: ¡Ay, chirión! ¡Se está poniendo bravo!  
120 EL ESPÍRITU, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING FROM THE WINGS, STEPS IN

ESPÍRITU DEL TEATRO: Acuérdense Raza, before the Fall no había pecado. El sin was founded in the mind of Satanás who was as close to Dios as one can be.

Entonces, a great chasm was created in El Universo. Pero, in a sense, fue Dios himself who created El Infierno.

SAN PEDRO: Oye, Diablo, deberás estar serious?

130 DIABLO: You damn right, ese, Éste es el colmo. Your all knowing Dios knew all along about my angry rise to rebellion.

- Fue Él who pushed me from the precipice.  
 I am sick of being the evil one  
 who tortures the lost souls in the ovens of Hell.  
 Have I not a heart to feel with?  
 And have not these eyes seen so much suffering  
 as to last them all eternity?  
 Basta! Me voy a escapar de aquí,  
 140 hace demasiado calor!  
 SAN PEDRO: Hey, I see you're having a change of heart.  
 Maybe I can talk Dios into giving you a minor post in  
 Purgatory.  
 DIABLO: ¡Chale con El Purgatorio! ¡Me voy para La Tierra,  
 para vivir la vida de un hombre!  
 SAN PEDRO: Híjoles, I better go tell El Jefe. ¿Que  
 Demonios vamos a hacer sin Satanás?  
 SAN PEDRO EXITS, ESPÍRITU DEL TEATRO ENTERS HALF DRESSED  
 AS A DIABLITO  
 150 ESPÍRITU DEL TEATRO: El Diablo regresó a su Infierno Chicano  
 que se llama La Gran Cantina;  
 donde los putos venden a sus mujeres.  
 Watcha, there's the neon lights of Hell  
 glowing red in the steaming night;  
 hay policías y políticos  
 who govern in the name of greed y corruption.  
 Vamos a entrar a La Cantina,  
 Hay tequila y hasta heroína--  
 160 y unas Mamasotas muy padres--  
 y hasta Abuelitas pidiendo limosnas.  
 Don't be afraid, come on in  
 everybody's smoking and drinking gin.  
 Es one great big familia, Raza.  
 Hasta tienen Mariachis.  
 Y allí está El Diablo paquiando sus maletas  
 y todos los otros Diablitos  
 ringed around him like a crown of thorns.<sup>5</sup>

In some lines in the devil's speech the devil switches from speaking English to speaking Spanish. It seems, in these lines, that the Spanish is secondary; it is not essential to the comprehension of the lines. For example, if "Oye vato" and ¿Estás sordo? (lines 71 and 72) were left out, the reader or viewer of the play would still get the devil's message. "El infierno" and "pendejo" (line 90) and "Tio

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<sup>5</sup>Carlos Morton, "El Cuento de Pancho Diablo," *Grito del Sol*, 1(3):39-43, July-September, 1976.

Taco" and "Agachado" (line 99) could also be left out without a loss in meaning. In the devil's long paragraph (lines 103-116) there is only one line (110) which is entirely in Spanish: "como el otro lado de un espejo." While it is necessary to speak Spanish in order to understand this line, it is not essential that the line be understood. Immediately before "como el otro lado de un espejo," the devil says virtually the same thing: "Dios has coined me into his opposite" (line 109).

There are lines in Spanish, however, which at first glance seem essential to the comprehension of the play. "¡Chinga tu madre, cabrón!" (line 84) and "¡Chale con El Purgatorio! ¡Me voy para La Tierra, para vivir la vida de un hombre!" (lines 144 and 145) are entirely in Spanish. Yet it seems that much of what is written in Spanish here could easily be omitted. "¡Chinga tu madre" is definitely not essential. One already knows that the devil is leaving hell; the only information conveyed is that the devil is going up to earth--this became apparent very soon in the play. It would seem that, although there is a substantial quantity of Spanish in the devil's speech, the Spanish is used for flavor, as a filler, or as a means for the playwright to identify with his Chicano audience. Switching from English to Spanish in the devil's speech is situational.

This use of Spanish is not consistent throughout the entire play. The Espiritu del Teatro often speaks entirely in Spanish (see lines 150-168) as do many of the minor characters who appear later in the play. An example follows:



BRUJA: Shhhhhhh. Silencio.  
 No despierten estos puercos,  
 inebriados y atascados  
 en su vómito y revuelta.  
 El Hombre de Negocio;  
 ese gran Señor vestido de cuervo  
 es poseedor de las llavas del Infierno.  
 Puta, vaya agil como gata  
 y sacarlas de la bolsa de ese gallo.  
 Vamos abrir las Puertas del Infierno  
 y dejar escapar a los espíritus perdidos  
 Para confundir a los hombres y acerlos perder la razón.  
 Y también para que todo El Universo sepa de nuestra maldita  
 condición.<sup>6</sup>

In this example Spanish is used so that the playwright can speak more closely to Chicanos or, in this case, Chicanas. The Spanish is not used merely for flavor. The comprehension of Spanish in this case is essential to the comprehension of the Bruha's speech.

Aside from those lines or paragraphs written almost entirely in English or Spanish, there are many examples of language which switch from English to Spanish or Spanish to English within a single sentence. Two examples are presented:

Y no se olviden del Maternity Leave, Day Care  
 Centers . . . y una voz mas grande in the decision making plans  
 of Hell.

. . . . .  
 A abrir las puertas, let them all escape,  
 espero con mis hermanas to decide our fate.<sup>7</sup>

Y ven, Women's Lib ha llegado hasta El Infierno.  
 Bueno, ni modo. Ahora vamos a ver como Pancho Diablo  
 después de haber hecho sus millones of dollars  
 empesó a sentir que perhaps there was more to La Vida  
 than success. Una noche, while working late at the mortuary  
 his consciencia began to price him.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 53.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 54.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 55.

In cases where switching occurs within a single sentence, especially when the language switches from Spanish to English, metaphorical reasons support the choice of English over Spanish in order to express certain concepts. "Maternity Leave, Day Care Centers," and "Women's Lib," for example, are concepts which can be better expressed in English because they are institutions of American invention.

There are, however, some instances where switching is neither metaphorical nor situational. There is no apparent reason, for example, why the author switches from Spanish to English and back to Spanish in "empeso a sentir que perhaps there was more to La Vida." The linguist, Lance, said that the Chicanos' "Spanish and English together constitute their linguistic competence in a singular sense and their linguistic performance can draw primarily upon Spanish or upon a willy-nilly mixture."<sup>9</sup> Because the language in *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo* switches from Spanish to English or English to Spanish for no apparent reason and with no particular communicative end in mind, much of its language exemplifies Lance's "willy-nilly mixture" theory.

There are examples of situational switching in which the author seems to be attempting to speak more closely to Chicanos. There are also examples of metaphorical switching in which the author better expresses concepts such as Women's Lib in English. Yet, neither situational nor metaphorical switching can thoroughly explain the

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<sup>9</sup>Guadalupe Valdes Fallis, "Code-switching in Bilingual Chicano Poetry," *Hispania*, 59:879, December 1976.

code-switching that occurs in *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*. It often appears that Spanish is used for flavor or stylistic embroidery; however, this use of Spanish does not hold true throughout the entire work. The code-switching in *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo* is best described as a combination of situational and metaphorical switching accompanied by a "willy-nilly mixture" of English and Spanish. Still, I do not believe that Carlos Morton used the combination of languages to his best advantage because there are but a few instances when his use of switching served any purpose.

The play is repetitious. Although it is not necessary to be proficient in both languages to understand its general message, a monolingual speaker of English or Spanish would most likely become frustrated to see a large quantity of writing in a language he did not know. Thus it would appear that Morton has successfully communicated, through the use of code-switching, an intent to write to bilingual Chicanos alone.

#### *The Day of the Swallows*

*The Day of the Swallows*, a drama in three acts by Estela Portillo de Trambley, is written in English with short Spanish phrases scattered throughout. Unlike the two previously studied works, *Jamanegs* and *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*, Spanish is minimal in this play. An excerpt from *The Day of the Swallows* should provide enough information to demonstrate sufficiently the author's writing style and the language used.

1       The tierra of Lago de San Lorenzo is within memory of mountain sweet pine. Then the maguey thickens with the ferocity of chaotic existence; here the desert yawns. Here it drinks the sun in madness.

          The village of Lago de San Lorenzo is a stepchild; it is a frugal mother and a demanding father. Its name comes from the yearly ritual of the saint-day of San Lorenzo when all the young women gather around the lake to wash their hair and bathe in promise of a future husband. The tempo of life,  
10   unbroken, conditioned, flavors its heartbeat with dreams and myths. The hacienda is the fiber upon which existence hangs. The church, the fluid rose, assures the future promise of Elysium fields. No one dares ask for life.

          What is this footfall beyond ritual, beyond livelihood? What is this faint unknown ache in the heart? It's more than just the rasp of hope . . . The young know this; and they go to the spring with lyrical intimacy. By the lake, eyes burn and feet dig the mud of the spring; someone traces mountain against the sky and gulf expands drowning. The obligation is  
20   remembered back in the village; the toll of the church bell offering sanctuary is a relief; the lake becomes too much for them.

          At daybreak the fiesta day is sanctified with a misa at sunrise; the choir rejoices the promise of a day. A holy procession is led by the priest and an "honored member" of the church. Offerings to the patron saint are generous amidst frugality. The animals are blessed; the people are blessed; all is washed clean.

          Perhaps secretly each villager senses the werewolf moon  
30   inside him; the bite into passions will be hard and fierce after sunset.

          On the day of San Lorenzo, in the heat of July, everybody goes to the lake; this day the lake is invaded by village life. When the church bells toll eleven in the sun, the late morning is the sole witness to the bathing of the virgins. The lake becomes a sacred temple. The high priestesses talk of hopes, lovers, and promises. In earnest belief, they wash their hair in spring water to insure future marriages in heaven. It is  
40   true, no one has seen a marriage made in heaven, but each girl hugs the private truth that hers will be the one.

          Two hundred years before the Esquinas family had settled in Lago de San Lorenzo on a Spanish grant of fifty thousand acres, the Indians were pushed out further into the desert. This was the way of the bearded gachupín, with his hot grasp and his hot looks. Their greedy vitality was a wonder to the Indian. It was also death.

          But now the barrio clustered itself around the hacienda. The conquered conquered the conquerors.

          There is a house, the only house close to the edge of the  
50   lake. Here our story begins . . .

- ALYSEA: She'll come right in if I'm not at the door to pay her.
- CLEMENCIA: Josefa! Alysea! My centavos for the week are not on the kitchen table. Hombre . . . do I have to beg for my money?
- ALYSEA: Buenos días, Clemencia . . . early?
- CLEMENCIA: (staring at Alysea) Qué horror! What is the matter? You look terrible. Have you been up all night?
- ALYSEA: (smooths her hair; looks at her hands guiltily)
- 60 Yes . . . I stayed up late. A new pattern in lace.
- CLEMENCIA: You work hard to please Josefa, don't you? (she notices Alysea looking at her hands) What's the matter with your hands? Not rheumatism . . . you're just a girl . . . Look at mine! Life has eaten them up . . . I feel pain . . . ay! . . . it is my destiny to suffer . . . You owe me seven pesos.
- ALYSEA: Yes, of course. (she goes to the household money box, takes a set of keys from her apron pocket and opens it. She counts out the money.) Cinco . . . seis . . . siete.
- 70 CLEMENCIA: Gracias . . . (looks at Alysea again and shakes her head.) Rest in the afternoon . . . you look all in. You can in this house. There is beautiful peace here.
- ALYSEA: Yes . . . here it stretches itself out to breathe . . .
- CLEMENCIA: You begin to talk like Josefa now . . . you like her . . . eh? She doesn't want you to work yourself to death . . . she is too kind.
- ALYSEA: The most considerate of persons . . . but there is so much to do.
- 80 CLEMENCIA: Of course, San Lorenzo . . . mañana . . . Josefa will be so grand leading the procession with the Father to the church . . . a happy day for the barrio . . . we all share Josefa's honor like we have shared her goodness . . . a great lady.<sup>10</sup>

A substantial amount of metaphorical and situational code-switching can be seen in *The Day of the Swallows*. Metaphorical switching occurs in the introductory narration in which the few Spanish words *tierra*, *Lago de San Lorenzo*, *fiesta*, *misa*, and *gachupín* appear. All of these words are better expressed in Spanish than they would be in English. Tierra is significant because it is probable that the land

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<sup>10</sup>Estela Portillo de Trambley, "The Day of the Swallows," *El Grito*, 4(3):4-5, Spring, 1971.

of Lago de San Lorenzo is associated with the past and its Spanish speaking inhabitants. Fiesta need not be translated because it is widely recognized. Gachupín cannot be translated because its English equivalent, a native of Spain, does not carry the same connotation. It is especially significant that the word *misa* appears in Spanish. Within this word there lies a substantial amount of information: it signifies that the people are Catholic, that they are Mexican Catholic, that they still practice their religion in the language of their ancestors.

Metaphorical and situational switching occurs in the dialogue of the play. At some point in *The Day of the Swallows*, each of the main characters speaks Spanish. Their Spanish serves as a reminder that the characters can and do speak Spanish at times and that their backgrounds are connected with the Spanish language. Although Spanish dominates their speech, occasionally the primary language through which they communicate is English.

Some of the Spanish in the dialogue is used metaphorically as a second adjective. It reinforces what has already been said. In "Que horror! What is the matter?" (lines 57 and 58), "What is the matter?" is essentially a repetition of "Que horror!" Both expressions convey the same message. A more obvious example of repetition in one language to support what has already been said in the other occurs later in the play when Father Prado consoles Josefa: "Unfortunate . . . *pobrecita* . . . such a beautiful child."<sup>11</sup> The English *unfortunate* and the Spanish *pobrecita* are synonymous.

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<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 39.

Much of the Spanish used in the dialogue is situational. It is a means through which the characters can communicate information about their identity to each other. It is also a means through which the author can communicate to the reader the idea that the story has ties with Mexico and the Spanish language. Spanish in *The Day of the Swallows* is not used as a primary source of communication; English conveys most of the important information. In "Josefa! Alysea! My centavos for the week are not on the kitchen table. Hombre . . . do I have to beg for my money?" (lines 53-55), the necessary communication takes place in English. It is in English that Clemencia demands what she needs. The expression *hombre* in Spanish adds flavor, but it does not communicate important information. In "Yes, of course. (she goes to the household money box, takes a set of keys from her apron pocket and opens it. She counts out the money.) Cinco . . . seis . . . siete" (lines 67-69), the important information is again conveyed in English; the Spanish ("Cinco . . . seis . . . siete") is used for flavor.

Similar uses of Spanish are scattered throughout the dialogue of the play. Words such as *gracias*, *mañana*, *hacienda*, *buenos días*, and *perfecta* are often inserted into otherwise English lines. In these instances the Spanish words are extremely common (*gracias*, *mañana*, *hacienda*, *buenos días*) or they are cognates of English (*perfecta*), therefore most English speakers should recognize them and understand their meaning.

Later in the play, however, a few lines are essential to the comprehension of the work. For example, one of the themes of the play

is concerned with the struggle between men and women. At the end of Scene I, Josefa reads from a book of poetry:

Santa Teresa . . . 'El hombre toma . . . toma y hiere, La Flor desnuda . . . temblorosa . . . ' In her world of God . . . she saw what I see . . . she knew the light . . . beauty . . . truth . . . yes . . . in a cloister."<sup>12</sup>

Although the reader will no doubt understand the play without understanding the Spanish in these lines, the quotation from Santa Teresa is a summation of one of the themes in the play; it is preferable that the reader understand it. Similar instances of Spanish are rare in *The Day of the Swallows*. The reader need not be bilingual in order to understand the play.

The purpose of an occasional switch from English to Spanish in *The Day of the Swallows* reminds the reader that there is a connection between this work of art and Mexico. Since there is likely to be a connection between many of the readers of this drama and Mexico, the Spanish in the play serves as a means for the author to relate more closely with her audience. *The Day of the Swallows* contains examples of metaphorical and situational switching. In the dialogue of the play, English is the language of information and Spanish is the language of stylistic embroidery.

It is believed that Ms. de Trambley used the semantic strengths of both languages to her advantage. An occasional switch from English to Spanish provided a closer relationship between the reader and the work. She used, to her advantage, instances where it was possible to insert a Spanish word as a second adjective in order to reinforce what had

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<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 13.



already been said in English. She placed words in the narration in Spanish when they better expressed a concept in Spanish than they would in English even though the play is a predominantly English work. This effort provided, from the beginning of the play, an atmosphere which suggests that the characters in the play and their environment maintain a relationship with Mexico.

## Chapter 7

### THE SHORT STORY

#### *Y Viene*

A short story entitled *Y Viene* was written by Diane de Anda. It is the story of an illegitimate girl abandoned by her parents and brought up by her grandparents.

- 1       The sun strew hard gold flecks across the three o'clock meadow. Marcela stood with her head tilted blink-eyed at the bright outline of the clouds, savoring the lush feel of the damp, sharp-edged devil grass on her legs. She stuck out her tongue to taste the moist air. She rolled the sweet liquid sky into her mouth and exhaled a full light laugh that tumbled across the flowered heads of the mustard plants. She lifted the edge of her red cotten skirt and began to dance through the bobbing mustard plants.
- 10       'Cielo rincon de la playa;  
          En tu espuma creció la primavera . . .'  
          The ocean rolled before Marcela's eyes, the fast swirl of blue water danced around her waist, covering her burgandy dress with its prickly white foam.  
          'Miro el cielo corriendo en el campo,  
          Pero el mar es mi casa verdadera.'
- 20       'Ha, now she's a mermaid--look at the mermaid.' The tall, dark haired boy pinched the knees of his pants legs and began to dance around: 'El mar es mi casa verdadera, el mar es mi casa verdadera.' Two light haired boys reared up out of the deep devil grass and began to dance with him. The fourth sun-streaked eleven year old rolled green striped into his t-shirt as he laughed, rolling across the gritty shore. The dark-eyed boy stopped; he turned his angular face toward Marcella--'Wait, she's no mermaid--it's a whale!--the great red whale has returned--arm yourselves, men.' He snapped off the long head of a mustard plant. His jeaned army snapped into formation. 'Charge!' Marcela turned and began to dash through the thin wet grass. 'Come on, box her in.' The boys split immediately,
- 30       catching her in a four-cornered wedge. 'Now, man the harpoons!' They ran up to her, pelting her with thin wet stalks.

'Carlos, stop it. Car-los. Car-ar-los,' Marcela hunched down into the grass.

'Now, men!' The four boys gathered around her, lifted their arms together, threw their yellow-green stalks down on her arched back, then ran away laughing through the meadow grass.

40 Marcela pushed her hand forward and gripped the moist earth. She felt the cool auburn earth-slivers slide under her fingernails and into the slit-edged cut on her thumb. She lifted her face up to the plants and watched them bounce their laughing heads at her. It rolled toward her, the yellow brine above the bubbling, bouncing sea foam. She leaned up to meet it, out to reach it. She breathed deeply into it; she let the sea pulse her body--she breathed deeper into the pounding, pulling blue. Slowly her face was sucked down beneath the twisting yellow foam to lie upon her hands and taste the salt that rode the crest of her back.

50 'Aquí está una viejita, juntando leñita. Aquí está una viejita, juntando leñita.' Mague watched the white pasty masa ooze out through her fingers and rest on the veins and wrinkled ridges of her hands to the slow, lulling beat of her song. Her arm muscles flexed weakly against the scratchy flannel of the nightgown masked beneath the cold smoothness of the jersey dress. Her head leaned slightly as she sang so the pins of her half-knotted molote glided across her collar. The words poured out of her sunken mouth, 'Y viene el aguasero . . . Y viene . . . Y viene . . . Y viene . . .'

60 The knob was hard and firm in Marcela's hand. Her eyes followed the dirt that rode the rivers of pores down her fingers as she opened the door and entered the kitchen.

Mague grinned at her sticky hands. 'Y viene el aguasero, siguiendo al aventurero. A dónde fuiste, Marcela? Why you go so far to the meadow? If trouble, I can't run help you--no puedo andar, no puedo . . .'

70 Marcela walked forward and leaned her face against the loose gray strands. 'Entiendo, abuela, entiendo.' She slipped her arms around the bent waist and leaned forward to kiss her cheek, creased and cushiony, but sweet smelling. She felt the cheek puff into a smile.

'Si entiendes, como siempre.' Mague looked up and pressed a stiff, tight lipped kiss on her forehead. 'Pues váyase con su abuelo. Váyase, go con su grampa.'

Marcela returned a slow, guarded kiss, then turned and walked out the doorway into the back yard. She listened a moment until the wheezing sound of the saw filtered out across the yard. Marcela walked to the garage slowly, rubbing worms of dirt from her hands.

80 Marcela examined the familiar bright yellow structure as she neared it. The turquoise door gaped open at her. The Mexican flag just below the roof waved greens, whites, and reds at her as she passed under it. Abuelo was standing to the right,

holding down a half sawed board with his foot. His chest heaved beneath the brown flannel shirt as he stopped to wipe the sweat from his heavy grey-and-black mustache. Marcela walked up to him slowly. '¿Que está haciendo?'

90 'Estoy cortando la madera para el timón.' Abuelo pocketed the handkerchief, leaned over the piece of wood again and continued sawing. Marcela looked across at the hull of the half built boat. Her eyes followed the pine, cherry, and ash panels of the patchwork hull. Her eyes laughed across the gaping spaces between the planks.

Abuelo began to whistle as he sawed. She sat on a nearby Foremost crate and leaned her head against the bow. The wood gave a sharp snap as abuelo cut through the final section. He cradled the longer piece in his arms and carried it to the hull. He leaned it up against the hull and grinned. He looked at Marcela and made swishing rudder movements with his hands.

100 She smiled softly.

'A México, con el tiempo vuelvo, con el tiempo. I ride back, con el tiempo, con el tiempo.' He dragged a grey-brown Foremost box along side of Marcela. 'Y van a gritar, ¡que barco tan maravilloso! Ah, Señor Alfonso, ¡que magnifico! Y voy a mirar a todos, tan encantados, tocando y tocando y tocando el casco.' Don Alfonso placed his knarled wood-colored hand on a cherry panel, closed his eyes and swayed slightly.

110 Marcela lifted her face, closed-eyed, to taste the salt spray that fell upon her grandfather's arms. Alfonso opened his eyes and smiled as he watched Marcela lick the salt from the corner of her mouth. He rubbed a brown, scratchy forefinger across her cheek. 'Ay, muchacha, vete, sonadora, vete.' Marcela opened her eyes and, slightly curving the corners of her mouth, lightly rubbed a finger across his purple fingernail. 'Pues vete, go help your grama; un hombre tiene su trabajo.' Marcela stood slowly. She grabbed on to her elbows and moved toward the door. 'Vamos a comer soon; I'll tell you when it's ready.'

120 Abuela sat hunched over a cup of coffee, rubbing her thumb around its chipped mouth. A woman with mercurochrome red hair and eyebrows, her breasts pulling round and tight across her pink sweater, sat across from Mague gesturing with her hands as quickly as she spoke. The woman looked up at the sound of the open door. Marcela put her hands behind her back, gripped the back of her skirt tightly, and leaned against the door. The woman pursed her lips at the grass-spattered skirt. 'Well, don't just stand there like a scrawny meadow weed. Come and say hello to your mother.' The red-haired woman jutted out an angular jaw toward her. Marcela looked up at 130 her grandmother, who tapped two fingers toward the other side of the table. Marcela slowly wiped her hands on her skirt as she approached. She bent down quickly, grazed the cheek, then slowly backed away.

'Que criatura tan miedosa! Where she got it I'll never know. Not from her father, cabrón marinero . . .' She swallowed the last few words. 'Remember, mamá, cuando yo era chica? I wouldn't run out in the meadow, como una gata. The boys came even then, mamá, didn't they . . . ?'

140 Marcela leaned against the door as her mother's voice droned on. A girl with flying orange hair danced before Marcela's eyes. As she moved, the glimmering blue satin rustled against her body. Five beautiful boys formed a half-circle around her, and she twirled harder and whipped her long hair across their faces.

'Marcela . . . Marcela. Wake up and go outside with the boys.' Marcela heard her mother's voice follow after her as she edged her way out the front screen door. 'You'd think that bastard of a husband of mine could take care of them just once while I go somewhere . . . No, 'she's your kid, not  
150 mine,' he says, 'I'm not going to be your babysitter every visiting day.' '

A slight breeze was drifting in and ruffled Marcela's skirt as she walked down the front steps into the yard. Joe and Louie's curly black heads bounced up and down as they laughed at Carlos' story. Joe, a chunky cheeked nine year old, turned around to the sound on the porch. He punched Louie to turn around, then pointed at Marcela arching his back in a hoarse, affected laugh. Louie tried to move his awkward, rounder body in imitation of his older brother.  
160 Carlos gave the boys a shove from behind and all three rushed up to the steps. 'Mermaid, mermaid, here's some water,' shouted Joe and all three spat at her. Marcela dropped her arms to her skirt and tripped backwards up the stairs to the door. She heard a shuffling motion from behind and quickly tore the palms of her hands across her face.

'Marcela, do you spend the whole day leaning on door knobs? Didn't you play with the boys?' Marcela moved aside for her mother to pass through the doorway. Abuela stood at the half-opened door. Her mother began to move toward her,  
170 then shrugged her shoulders and walked roughly down the stairs ordering the boys to jump into the car.

Marcela turned the edges of her skirt in her hand as the car pulled away. Abuela put her dry hand on Marcela's cheek then turned and went inside the house. Marcela looked down at her hand twisted skirt-red. Suddenly she lifted her head, freed her hands, and ran from the porch. She sailed down the road feeling the flying dirt flit across her cheeks. The wind was stronger than that morning and now plunged the heavy breath of the mustard stocks into her. She waded through the  
180 plants that pirouetted around her, to the middle of the yellow swaying meadow, and like a great shivering mustard plant, fell forward onto the ground. She rolled her body faster and faster in the racing yellow brine; she dived deeper and deeper into the swirling blue water. The salty water burned into her

cheeks and rolled down across her lips. Marcela stopped, lying with her back resting upon the gritty ocean floor. Her chest raced up and down blowing mad bubbles to the surface of the water. Slowly the swells of her body grew broad and calm and Marcela looked up into the clearing waters. A great shining dolphin twirled before her. Marcela watched the swift bobbing dance. She reached out her hand and stroked the dolphin's thick, strong back. Suddenly she lifted herself, climbed quickly onto the dolphin's back, and they danced wildly across the meadow.<sup>1</sup>

There is a major division between English and Spanish in *Y Viene* in regard to the distinction between narration and dialogue. Most of the narration is in English; most of the dialogue is in Spanish. Very little switching to Spanish occurs within the English narration. There are but a few Spanish words in the entire English narrative.

The dialogue, however, is more interesting than the narrative. The refrains are usually in Spanish. Three examples follow:

- 10            'Cielo rincon de la playa;  
              En tu espuma creció la primavera . . .'
- 15            'Miro el cielo corriendo en el campo,  
              Pero el mar es mi casa verdadera.'
- 49            'Aquí está una viejita, juntando leñita. Aquí está una  
              viejita juntando leñita.'

When dialogue occurs in English, there is evidence of a significant underlying message. A switch to English represents a change in the personal relationships between the protagonist, Marcela, and the persons with whom she speaks.

At the beginning of the story, Marcela is in a dream world. She is content and talks to herself in Spanish. Her dreams are suddenly

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<sup>1</sup>Diane de Anda, "Y Viene," *El Grito*, 5(1):38-42, Fall, 1971.

interrupted by some tormentors. From her point of view they are outsiders and antagonists. They speak English.

- 17 'Ha, now she's a mermaid--look at the mermaid.'  
 . . . . .  
 24 'Wait, she's no mermaid--it's a whale'--the great red whale has returned--arm yourselves, men.'  
 . . . . .  
 30 'Now, man the harpoons!'

Marcela responds in English: 'Carlos, stop it. Car-los. Car-ar-los' (line 31).

The same kind of antagonistic relationship is represented by English dialogue when Marcela and her mother are together. Like the boys, Marcela's mother is also a villain in Marcela's eyes. She, too, speaks English.

- 127 'Well, don't just stand there like a scrawny meadow weed. Come and say hello to your mother.'  
 . . . . .  
 145 'Marcela . . . Marcela. Wake up and go outside with the boys.'  
 . . . . .  
 166 'Marcela, do you spend the whole day leaning on door knobs? Didn't you play with the boys?'

Marcela has a more favorable relationship with her grandparents. She usually speaks Spanish with them. When a switch to English does occur, it does not necessarily represent a change in the personal relationships between the speakers. Switching in the grandparents' speech is usually a means through which the speakers can repeat or reinforce what they have already said in order to make sure that they have been understood. Moreover, the grandparents do not know as much English as the younger generation does. Three examples illustrate this point.

- 63 . . . . . 'Adónde fuiste, Marcela? Why you go  
so far to the meadow? If trouble, I can't run help you--no puedo  
andar, no puedo . . .'
- 72 . . . . . 'Pues váyase con su  
abuelo. Váyase, go con su grampa.'
- 101 'A México, con el tiempo vuelvo, con el tiempo. I ride  
back, con el tiempo, con el tiempo.'

Some of the dialogue switches from English to Spanish or Spanish to English within a sentence. In these instances the switch does not necessarily represent a change in the relationship between the speakers. The following three examples are representations of conversations the author included in her story in order to make the dialogue seem true to life:

- 115 'Pues vete, go help your grama; un hombre tiene su  
trabajo.' . . . . .
- 117 . . . . . 'Vamos a comer soon; I'll tell you  
when it's ready.'
- 134 'Que criatura tan miedosa! Where she got it I'll never know.  
Not from her father, cabrón marinero . . .'

Code-switching in *Y Viene* is situational. It often signals a change in attitude on the part of the speaker. Marcela's use of English or Spanish provides the reader with significant information about her relationships with the persons with whom she communicates.

Although, as previously mentioned, English is the language of narration (almost all of it is written in English), the Spanish in the story is not used merely for stylistic embroidery. Spanish in the dialogue is essential to the comprehension of the story. The combination of the two languages does not necessarily employ the semantic strengths of both languages; it did, however, provide the author with significant



stylistic alternatives in that, through a switch in language, she communicated changes in attitude in the relationships of the characters.

*Nambé--Year One*

*Nambé--Year One*, a short story, is a combination of several short stories in which the author, Orlando Romero, wrote of past and present events that shaped the life of his protagonist, Mateo. Included in *Nambé--Year One* are the stories *Irrigating, Part 1, Las Fiestas de Santa Fe and La Conquistadora, Las Fiestas de Santa Fe, Tea, Letters in a Chest, Nubes, and La Bartola or La Llorona.*

*Las Fiestas de Santa Fe* is included herein in its entirety. The language used in this narrative is representative of the language employed throughout the entire series of stories in *Nambé--Year One.*

1        Tonight, there will be joyous howling at the moon. Here in Nambe, the evening is serene and cool. And in my young heart, the sixteen passes over my chin as I shave represent my youth in years that know patience as a curse.

      Soon they will be here. Six splashes of aftershave. One more comb. The old truck's horn breaks the stare into the mirror that sees me dancing with her on the plaza tonight.

10       With my friends and two sixpacks, we arrive to music from golden horns. It is hot and sensual, and in the crowd a man in his fifties lets out a holler and a howl only people close to the earth can hear and experience. His joy and his agony inspire the mariachis to further heights and pitches of melodic sexuality.

      She is over there, with her friends. I've told my friends we should meet at the truck at one, no later. It can't be later than that. My mother worries about me and she'll sit up until I return. Her voice echoes.

20       "Be careful Mateo. Here, have another peso. Be careful with the gangs in town. And with the girls, be careful. And if they drive fast, you tell them you want to get off. Come home early."

"Look Mateo, they are landing on the moon." I get up; the hospital room shared with another cancer victim is nauseating with the heaviness of opiates. My mother is dying and for the first time this country is landing on the moon.

30 But that seems so long ago. My father's breath was fresh. He returned home to die, but ironically, he returned to comfort the dying. With some form of reserved courage, during my mother's last year he managed to bury her without touching the stuff.

"Look Mateo, they've landed."

I returned to hold her dying hand. It seems that what she suffers, I, too, must share. But it's a good night for landing on the moon.

"Goodnight Mama, I'll be okay. Please don't wait up for me. It's time for fiestas. I'll be all right."

40 The street lights around the plaza capture the mood. The glow and aura illuminate the atmosphere. Tonight the moon will sit on top of Santa Fe; it will not set. The moon is the mistress of the ritual. She guards her domain with unflinching determination. These are her people, night people. And fed by the sun and now stolen for a brief, pulsating interlude with the mysteries of her own conception, she will show her approval by forcing the sun gods to remain asleep.

"Hello Bernarda, how are fiestas? Let me buy you a coke?"

50 She walks with me and in me. Her energy is the intoxicant that fills my nostrils with fire. Her long brown hair touches her waist and seems to lick her hips. Her little breasts stand firm and erect, and she sways with the woman that surfaces in her walk. Her green eyes are as playful as the mood. She greets me with the care and sincerity of innocence.

"I'm glad to see you, Mateo. I was afraid you weren't coming. Would you like to walk with me to the Cathedral? I promised a visit during Fiestas."

"Yes, Bernarda, I would love to."

60 She takes my arm and we walk silently, almost staring into the depths of each other's eyes. The mariachis, the laughter, singing, dancing, and bodies close and pushing hard and erect in the crowded streets dramatize our slow procession to the Cathedral. The massive doors are kept open as if constant swallowing was expected or was symbolic of the ritual. The scene inside is cold and warm. Heat radiates from the crucified Christ and from the black-shawled old women who ache in their bones from the long hours of countless novenas and rosaries. Images of my grandmother on my mother's side arise with the smell of melting, dripping wax. The long hours of abstinence before communion as a child stir up the memories that I believed to be dead. In memory of the meaningful, nothing ever dies.

70       Bernarda genuflects. And the coldness of the lavish surroundings dampens my adobe spirit. To the left side of the main altar stands La Conquistadora. She gazes into the void. She is historical, venerated, and yet she can't see me. The adobe of my soul is dampened and the dreaded rivulets of rain wash at the primal essence. The Indian is evoked and a frenzy of numbness arises.

      La Conquistadora of Whom? Is this the perpetuator of the coldness that haunts this Cathedral?

      "To take possession by violent means."

80       In a few hours she will be paraded in the streets. A holy, religious procession. The lady we pray to. Before she saved us from the Indians, she was Christ's mother. And I'm tossed about in confusion. Why is it the Indian blood in us can allow her to take on the attributes of a conqueror?

      "Mateo, what's the matter? You look so sad? Pray for me and peace. Look, Saint Francis is surrounded by the birds and animals of our fields."

      I am renewed. She believes and her belief is that of kindness, love, and peace. And with St. Francis in his solitude  
90 and strength, she is the strength I need to see me through confusion.

      We leave the paradox of the Cathedral. The tantalizing smell of green chili and the various New Mexican dishes being prepared on the plaza fill us with a hunger that comes from the closeness to our own fields and plants.

      "Mateo, in the Cathedral . . . you looked different. You looked so old. You scared me. You looked older than my grandfather."

      To answer her would be to confuse her and to bring back  
100 memories of a night I'm not quite sure existed. I change the subject because it is natural for human beings to go on living.

      "Look over there, Bernarda! That looks like a good place to eat. That group cooking is from our valley."

      And she smiles with the smoothness of her skin and the glow of her eyes under the watchful moon. We eat, drink, and talk with the laughter that is in our age. We talk of the dance concert we'll be going to; a popular rock and roll group is coming to Santa Fe especially for Fiestas. The pounding of  
110 their drums is supposed to evoke a primitive frenzy in our souls. But, in me, memories are evoked at the slightest suggestion of earth smells, dark mysterious nights, and eyes that constantly search for me in the crowd.

      It is a dark night. My brother is somewhere behind me. Soon we will reach my uncle's house.

      I shout in the moonless night as if my young person were a cry from an eternally lost ark.

      "Miguel, hurry! Soon we will have to go by the campo santo.'

120 My shout echoes, but my brother's voice does not follow.  
Where is my brother?

In the campo santo, the wooden crosses, in their almost tribal designs, release splinters that fly at me in the darkness and terrify my spirit. I ponder and stumble in the stagnant air, suffocating with the smell of souls, tossing and turning. They call out and reach for mortals who are afraid of death.

My brother's voice breaks the stillness.

130 "Mateo, did you hear her? La Llorona, she's looking for her lost children! She's haunting the campo santo! Hurry, let's go! She'll get us! Come on! What's the matter?"

I can't move, I am paralyzed. Miguel has fled in fear. I can't see or feel, cold numbness is all around me.

Voices, crying. I hear wild laughter and the mad galloping of horses, then the creaking of heavy wooden carts.

The air is broken by whips slashing the air in drops of blood. I hear something like music. It is a penitente pito, haunting and evoking my numbness into a state of sleep.

140 Green eyes. A black shawl. I feel the presence of a soul at ease. But is it real or is it in sleep that we are haunted?

"Mateo, don't be afraid. I'm your grandmother. The one who never held you close to her breast or stroked your fine, dark brown hair or sang "A ROO A ROO" to you. I am a spirit. Do not be afraid my child, my soul rests in peace and will not haunt your dreams. When you last came to see me, with your grandfather, and he cried as you placed flowers on my grave, I couldn't speak to you for fear of frightening you. But your grandfather knows. Mateo, you're almost a man.

150 Soon you will feel alone because you'll see, feel, hear, touch, and breathe ideas and things few can conceive. Accept it now, so that your life won't be filled with confusion and doubt. It is not a curse, it is a gift."

160 Ta-Ta-Ta, Ta, Ta, Ta, Ta-Ta-Ta, Golden musical reflections from mariachis horns push Bernarda and I further into the crowd. With the swaying exotic melody in an enormous circle and the clasping, clinging of hands to each other, Bernarda and I dance. With skirts flying up to heaven and Spanish filigree jewelry sparkling like the stars, the heat of the people dancing turns into the golden color the tiger lost as he chased his shadow around the ever-elusive moon.

Once again, the old man with the paper sack takes a drink from his endless fiesta well. He holds his sack in the air, straightens and lets the world know he is alive and whole by letting out a wild holler that amuses the tourists. It is the cry of the revolution he was never in or won, the woman he never had, and the joy of being able to tell God and the moon he's still going to live a long time . . . even if he dies tomorrow.

170        There in the crowd are many Gypsies, but we do not see or hear them because tonight we will all sing, cry, and dance.<sup>2</sup>

*Nambé--Year One* is written in English with Spanish words and phrases scattered throughout. Most of the Spanish serves as a reminder of things Mexican. Many of the Spanish words are names of persons, places, or songs: *Santa Fe, Mateo, Bernarda, Las mañanitas, Miquel, Las Trampas, Tres Ritos, Manuelito*. Others are Spanish words that have become part of the English language: *barrio, fiesta, plaza, peso, mariachis, adobe*. Although they may not evoke the same kind of feelings for an English speaker (who has no ties with Mexico) as they do for a Mexican American, their literal value is clear to English and Spanish speakers alike. They are a constant reminder that the surroundings and people involved in the story have a tie with the Spanish language.

There are also examples of metaphorical code-switching in *Nambé--Year One*. Some words in the story express concepts or evoke emotions more profoundly in Spanish than they would in English. Three examples follow (the italics are mine):

122        In the *campo santo*, the wooden crosses, in their almost trival designs, release splinters that fly at me in the darkness and terrify my spirit.

137        . . . . .  
 . . . . . It is a *penitente pito* haunting and evoking my numbness into a state of sleep.

It was the best *carne seca* I had ever tasted and soon I forgot about fishing.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>Orlando Romero, "Nambé--Year One," *Grito del Sol*, 1(1):46-50, January-March, 1976.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 59.

Many of the Spanish words seem to display a nostalgic relationship, on behalf of the author, with the past. Included in that relationship are memories of the earth (*italics in this and the two succeeding quotations are mine*),

From the light of the moon and the sun the maize would grow, but at this moment an owl was heard as if someone was directing a sensual symphony of owls, crickets and frogs, as the sweet smell of the earth in its virginity was once again being kissed by the water from the *acequia*;<sup>4</sup>

memories of ancestors, "But this womb is my pleasure, the same pleasure that disguises itself and in reality can turn into a prison. It was the same for my *antepasados*;<sup>5</sup> and memories of the folklore of the original inhabitants of New Mexico, "Mateo did you hear her? *La Llorona*, she's looking for her lost children!" (lines 129 and 130).<sup>6</sup>

In *Nambé--Year One* code-switching is used, above all, to remind the reader that the story being told and the characters involved still maintain a relationship with Mexico. The author also used code-switching in order to provide a more intimate relationship between his work and those readers who also have ties with Mexico and the Spanish language. In this work, English is the language of information and

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<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 41.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 42.

<sup>6</sup>La Llorona is one of the Mexican representations of Maternity, the "Long-suffering Mexican mother" celebrated on May 10, the "Weeping Woman" who wanders through the streets late at night weeping and crying out. This belief, still current in some parts of Mexico, derives from pre-Conquest times when La Llorona was the earth-goddess Cihuacoatl. May 10 is Mother's Day. See Octavio Paz, *The Labyrinth of Solitude: Life and Thought in Mexico* (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1961), p. 75.

Spanish is the language of stylistic embroidery. This does not, however, detract from the significance of Spanish in the story.

Romero has successfully used Spanish words and phrases to enhance his story. Not only does the Spanish in *Nambé--Year One* remind the reader of his constant relationship with Mexico which is present in the work, it serves to better express concepts of the past. Memories of the earth, ancestors, and folklore seem to convey more emotion when they are expressed, at least in part, in Spanish because those memories maintain a direct intimacy with the Spanish language.

*The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary  
Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo*

Octavia I. Romano, V wrote a short story entitled *The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo* in which he portrayed images of each of the elements in the title. At first glance, the divisions in the story are not immediately clear. The story of the chosen one seems to run into the story of the missionary and the story of the missionary seems to run into the story of Juan. The images occasionally cross over from one story to another. The remarkable aspect of Romano's story is that he used a change in language to signal a change in imagery or subject matter.

The story begins in English with a chronicle of the chosen one.

She was a medical doctor, out of New Hampshire by way of Boston, like a square-rigger. And, like a square-rigger, she had never married.

In the days of her young childhood, her parents had schooled

her in the belief that a vocation for adults was something quite special, yet normal. She had also learned that a vocation was a calling, a calling from God, and given by God to those in Grace. All of her people were in Grace. They had always been in Grace. She had asked her mother. The knowledge that this was the normal earthly condition of her people placed a considerable burden on the child's mind, a burden which she did not manage to lighten until years later when, at the proper and sanctioned time, she willingly surrendered herself to the calling of God. She entered the vocation of medicine.

During a brief and not too successful period of private practice, she slowly became convinced that God appeared to have changed His mind, for now there were so many doctors. And so many others were being called in steadily increasing numbers to the other vocations. It was disquieting. So many doctors. It seemed that God was calling everyone. This realization was accompanied by the more discomfoting suspicion that the lofty peace she had so longingly and lovingly anticipated as an especially chosen servant of God was not forthcoming. Following the death of her mother, her disquietude became even more persistent until, one day, she severed herself from her New Hampshire land until, "like a lost sailing ship," she had quipped, she arrived and settled in Santa Fe, New Mexico. There, in the land of the Indians and Mexicans, she proceeded especially to seek out those few others who, like herself, had previously sailed from Vermont, from Massachusetts, and from her own New Hampshire. These expatriates became her companions. They, too, felt they had been called. By the Sangre de Cristo mountains, once again, she was of the few among the many. And now, just as she had felt in her New Hampshire childhood, once again Elizabeth Victoria Shotwell Smith felt chosen, and the voice of her mother was heard in the land.<sup>7</sup>

The next major division is the story of the missionary. It is also written in English. The division between the chosen one and the missionary is made apparent by paragraphs in Spanish which separate the two.

El niño se iba fijando en la extraña gente, y ya le daban ganas de ser grande también. Apenas hacía unos cuantos días que había cumplido sus ocho años. De vez en cuando, en momentos inesperados,

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<sup>7</sup>Octabio I. Romano, V, "The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo," *El Grito*, 5(3):37, Spring, 1972.



se sentía como si él mismo fuera el padre de sus tres hermanitos. En otras ocasiones, igualmente inesperadas, le daba un sentimiento de tristeza, sin saber porque.

Precisamente por eso, quería ya ser grande porque seguramente de grande sabría claramente la razón primordial de su tristeza. Ya una vez sabiendo esa razón, él se figuraba que podría volver a ese lugar donde las tristezas tienen su origen.<sup>8</sup>

The story of the missionary then begins.

-I want to keep your books -said the missionary.

-What does that mean? -I asked.

-It means that you won't ever have to worry about keeping your own books -said the missionary.

-I don't worry about keeping my own books! -I replied.

-Someone has to worry about keeping your books. That's what I'm for -said the missionary.

-But I don't have any books -I said.

-But everyone has books. I'll make a set for you -said the missionary.

-Then I'll have to worry about where to keep them -I said.

-I will keep them -said the missionary.

-If you keep them, then they're not mine! -I said.

\* \* \*

-I want to keep your books -I said.

-What does that mean? -asked the missionary.

-It means you won't have to worry about keeping your own books -I said.

-But I don't worry about my books! -said the missionary.

-Someone has to worry about your books -I said -That's what I'm for.

-But I don't have any books! -said the missionary.

-Everyone has books. I'll make a set for you -I said.

-Then I'll have to worry about where to keep my own books -said the missionary.

-I will keep them for you -I said.

-But if you keep them, then they're not mine! -said the missionary.<sup>9</sup>

The story of Juan follows that of the missionary. It deals with a boy and his oneness with the land. The story of Juan is set apart from the others because it is in Spanish in its entirety.

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<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 38.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*

El niño Juan se levantó. Se levantó del suelo. Se había acostado para descansar un rato. El polvo de la tierra se le quedó pegado a la ropa, como si la tierra no lo quisiera soltar. Se sacudió y la tierra lo soltó. Libre, Juan se fue caminando por una vereda en el bosque donde se encontraba entre los árboles, las ojas caídas, los venados y las arañas. El sol del medio día le mandaba mensajes cristalinos por los espacios entre las ojas de los árboles, y el espectro solar se iba transformando al color café de su piel por medio de leyes antiguas de la naturaleza.

De pronto, un venado saltó ligeramente y cruzó la vereda por donde Juan iba caminando. Al terminar su salto, el venado inadvertidamente pisoteó y aplastó una araña que estaba allí entre las ojas caídas y secas. Ni se dio cuenta el venado. Ni se dio cuenta Juan. Ni se dio cuenta la araña.<sup>10</sup>

It should be mentioned here that the three divisions thus far share common elements. They all concern life in the southwest United States and, when considered as a whole, they deal with the coming together of many different types of people.

After the story of Juan the writing is again in English. In the following excerpt Romano speaks favorably of multilingualism and of the results of the merging of many races.

I was in bed with her. I had made points--she had made points. All of the preliminaries had been somewhat standard, with hellos and what's your names, and things like that. Now--in bed with her--every time I made a point I moved toward her. But, now--in bed with her--every time I made a point and moved in bed toward her, she would switch languages on me. It was the damnest dance I'd ever danced. Always before, I'd had women in one language at a time. It's not that I was caught totally unprepared, and, to be honest, at first I found it rather invigorating when we went from English to Spanish to Navajo, Quechua, Aymara, Huichol (she seemed to have a preference for Indian tongues), and then we went from Hebrew to Yiddish to Chicano over to Japanese and some Eskimo talk. Oh yes, it had been invigorating, and I was enjoying it--until she came at me in Cantonese.

It was that damned Cantonese that threw me. Damn her mouth! I can handle Mandarin pretty well, but not Cantonese. It shook me

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<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 38-39.

so much when she came on in Cantonese that I even forgot the few words I had picked up along the way. Her mouth just kept moving, but her words were changing--as her mouth would move, so, too, would her words change--like a psychedelic in which the colors keep changing, only with her it was the words as her mouth moved. Damn her mouth!

She was beautiful, except, now that I remember, except for her mouth, but the rest of her was beautiful, except for her mouth.

Funny. I can't even remember what her mouth looked like. But the rest of her was beautiful, including her two children.

Her two children, ages two and four, a boy and a girl, a brunette and a blond, a black and a white, were asleep across the room. It was not a large room and I can hear them breathing--like little birds being born, or, rather, like birds borning themselves. I look at the two kids and wonder if they would like to have some tortillas and rice and shrimp and bamboo shoots and chile and chicken soup and Peking duck and suppa Inglesa and plum pudding and tacos. Then I wonder if they speak Cantonese and I wonder if they mind borning themselves. It was that damned Cantonese that threw me.

I wanted her to speak more Cantonese. Was it her? Was it the language itself? Is there such a thing as a language that is beautiful no matter who speaks it? I never thought so until I heard Navajo. When did she learn Cantonese? How? Why? Perhaps it came with her, like her hair that was made from a paint spray can of wrought iron black, or like the inverted bowls of her eyes (two masterpieces by the Pueblo Indian potter Maria) done in escaping black. Funny, I don't remember what her mouth looked like. Two children not far away were busy learning. And I wanted her to speak more Cantonese.

Just then a sports cat-car roared into the bedroom and the driver said he was looking for the Golden Gate. I said, "You are in the wrong house," and he drove away after driving around her hair. I thought to myself, the sonofabitch is making hairpin turns. "What are you laughing about?" she asked me. "Borning birds," I answered.

She mumbled something in Cantonese and the two children stirred in their sleep, and I can't even remember what her mouth looked like, and I moved toward her again, and now she began to speak in Arabic. Then it dawned on me! I was remembering what was happening at that moment. I wondered, "How can a person remember what is just happening to him, at the same time that it is happening?" I turned toward her and started to remember us in bed again as she lay there next to me. "I must remember to get a sports car," I remembered to myself. Now I was remembering in the future! I wonder if other people are like me and remember only in the present and the future? When were you born?" she inquired. "Tonight," I answered.

"Do you remember in the subjunctive?" I asked her. She never

did catch on to my little joke. I looked around her bedroom and remembered her white silk screen on which no design had been made. She had put it on the window to keep out sports cars, but it didn't work because I could still hear motors in the distance.

"Can I watch?" The little girl had awakened and she had come over to the side of the bed. "Yes," her mother answered. I asked the child, "Can you see through bird shells?" "My mother will show me how," replied the youngster. "And who will show your brother?" Right away I was sorry because the child looked confused and as if she was about to cry. Right away I sang, "Birds fly over the rainbow, whythenohwhy can't you," and the child was no longer confused, just bored.

"I just want to watch," repeated the youngster quietly. "O.K." I answered. And that is how I made the child ask my permission.<sup>11</sup>

The preceding paragraphs in English are the story of the mestizo. Images of an arco iris, also in English, are interspersed throughout the story. Romano then interrupted, in Spanish, with a story of el consejo.

El águila siendo animal, se retrató en el dinero  
 El águila siendo animal, se retrató en el dinero,  
 Para subir al nopal  
 Para subir al nopal  
 Para subir al nopal  
 Pidió permiso primero.<sup>12</sup>

Next, the author returned to English and the story of el mestizo.

I was singing again, for the first time in a long time, and the sports car was roaring and the children were borning and the spray can was spraying and the Indian woman was making some fresh pottery and there was Arabic and Hebrew and Spanish and Quechua and Yaqui and Nahuatl sounds and the words were changing and the mouth was moving and I was oiling her skin with fine Mexican oil and there was shrimp and tortillas and bamboo shoots and chile and chicken soup and rice and tacos and cheese and nopalitos and there was the sound of bird shells cracking all around.

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<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 39-40.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 40-41.

And when it was all over I looked across the room and the silk screen on the window now had a picture on it--three children sitting under a sun . . .

newborn, two, and four  
a boy, a boy, and a girl  
a brown hair, a black hair, and a blonde  
a brown skin, a black skin, and a light skin  
and I could hear all three of the children breathing,  
right there on the silk screen.<sup>13</sup>

Romano then finished the story in Spanish with his memories.

Hijo. Tengo memoria. Tengo memoria en la cabeza--de cosas particulares y personales. Y también tengo memoria en la espalda de las labores y el peso del pan de cada día. Y tengo memoria en los pies, de andar, buscar, y bailar. Dicen que hay personas que tienen memoria en otras partes de sus respectivos cuerpos, pero yo no. Sólo tengo memoria en mi cabeza, me espalda y mis pies.

En mis pies recuerdo caminos y veredas, y árboles que gritaban se bailaba por encima de ellos. En mi espalda, recuerdo a mi hermano agachado en la pisca del betabel, y gatos que luchaban por la noche. Y en mi cabeza recuerdo cosas muy personales, como el día en que me desocuparon de mi trabajo en la caneria.

Los nopales cantan, hijo. Mucha gente no oye su canción, porque para terminar con una sola nota duran miles de años.

Las piedras andan. Se visitan una a otra, y guardan la fe entre ellas y las estrellas. Un día llequé al pie de un humilde nopal, el cual, en ese preciso momento, estaba comenzando a cantar su primera nota. Allí, más o menos por mil años, me quedé a escuchar el canto del nopal.<sup>14</sup>

Metaphorical switching is topical. Since all of the switching in Romano's short story is concerned with a change in topic, the switching in the story must be considered metaphorical: the story of the chosen one is in English followed by Spanish which separates the chosen one from the story of the missionary. The story of the missionary, written in English, is followed by the story of Juan in Spanish. The story of Juan

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<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 41.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*

is followed by the story of the mestizo in English and *el consejo* in Spanish. It is appropriate that the author used two languages in this work because one of the major themes was multilingualism.

If this story were written entirely in one language, it would be much more difficult to distinguish the divisions within it. This is why Romano used English/Spanish code-switching as a literary device through which he could better organize his story. Both languages were used for information or narration. Neither language was used for stylistic embroidery. Essential information occurred in both languages.

Code-switching has, in this story, provided the bilingual author with a unique stylistic alternative. Romano has, through the use of two languages, successfully and systematically combined several different images and minor stories into one work. He has, at the same time, maintained order in his work so that the minor divisions can be separated and considered as singular elements in the entire short story.

#### *Letters to Louise*

An excerpt from the book, *Letters to Louise*, by Abelardo Delgado was published in *Grito del Sol*. Seven of the letters appeared. One is included herein.

- 1        It is 1976 U.S.A. and I don't believe my friend's fear of witchcraft. He believes he is possessed or bewitched. Just because his car blew up in Denver and he has had a bit of bad luck. A few months ago he came to me with such fears. I agreed with him that he was bewitched and I even offered to tell him who had cast a spell on him.

-Who, tell me who- he begged with his voice and eyes. His

eyes did appear to be in a trance but that was due more to Tibetan hash than to any witch.

10 -It's you . . . yourself. You've worked yourself into this state of mind. You are now suspicious of every act you make or every word anyone says to you. It is a state of paranoia and not witchcraft.-

-Estás bien loco, Santiago- he gave me one of his huge smiles and left. He knew he couldn't be serious about a problem with me and expect a straight answer or comfort.

Shortly after he took a trip to Baja California and in some town inquired about a witch or curandera who could rid him of the spell. He did find one who prayed over him for the small price  
20 of \$50.00, sprinkled something on him and then waved some leaves over him. This plus the closing comment that she would reveal the one who had bewitched him.

-¿Quién? Dime, quién- his anxiety grew as he sensed himself free of whatever spell had bugged him so much lately. Now all he needed to know was the identity of the evildoer. Maybe it was an ex-girl friend, his ex-wife . . . a friend who envied his (bad) luck?

-It's you . . . yourself, pendejo- she blurted out and collected her psychoanalysis session fee. What I had told him  
30 for free she told him for fifty bucks. After he came back he was very happy and together.

A few minutes ago he gave me a ride to the bank to pick up a couple of checks that had bounced. Again he is in panic about being "embrujado." Now he is seeing palmists and astrologists and numerologists, which is the same set of ladies delving in the three arts. He showed me a reading they had done on his palm. He compared my hand with his.

I, too, feel embrujado but my case is scientifically explainable because it is a maldito telephone which brings a  
40 voice to me at times. Like a zombie I stare at it, hear it ring when it doesn't. When it does ring, and it is a bill collector or someone else asking for something, I associate that with other witches interfering with the lines . . .

I remember my abuelita Luz talking about such things. Not about phones since we never dreamt of having one back in Parral in 1938, but about powers people have to cause others misfortune.

To feel deceived is worse than actually being deceived. There is an element of doubt, of not really knowing. Once you  
50 know, everything is cool. I write now to the beat of a ping pong ball being hit back and forth. The afternoon is hot, a bit humid. The scenario is Nampa, Idaho. The prison again: space. I move. I was, actually, in Boise just hours ago and in Salt Lake just about this time yesterday. Time just fascinates the hell out of me . . . yesterday . . . a year ago . . . an hour from now . . . tomorrow . . . never . . . always. Time gives me such a high just thinking about it.

I can bring to mind the trajectory of my childhood as my

60 grandmother and I moved from the village where I was born to the city of Parral. Actually we walked the distance, being too poor for a train ticket. We chased my mother who almost always seemed to be away from us . . . from me. I got old very early. It was in Parral. Parral was where I had my so-called formative years.

-Santiago, apúrate, ven, ándale- my grandma (my "mama" since that was what I used to call her) would call out. I have never called my mother "mother" except maybe in letters. My abuela Luz would hurry me as we would go to the city dump to see what we could find to use or sell.

70 There, under her able tutelage, I learned to hustle, to never come home with empty hands, not to visit people if you don't at least carry good tidings.

I learned much. Later, at the age of six or seven, I ran a bar and store. I would pour leftover beer from various bottles into one in the back room and cap it again and then sell it to the same borracho who had left portions of it before. I learned to fix the scale so we could cheat the customer out of a few kilogramos of beans or lard. Of course the customer knew, he or she always knew.

80 That's what I started out to say, wasn't it? When you know you are being deceived it doesn't hurt as much. When there is no trust at stake to begin with, nothing is betrayed. I tried to explain this to a woman by letter, by phone and face-to-face. I guess she did understand what I was trying to say. Sometimes I spread so many words that I myself tangle in them and fall.<sup>15</sup>

Two factors govern language use in Abelardo Delgado's *Letters to Louise*. The letters are a kind of stream of consciousness writing wherein the author seems to be talking to himself--sorting things out in his own mind--thus the writing is relatively natural and unaltered. It is representative of the language which first comes to mind. Secondly, the letters are written to a woman named Louise. It is probable that Louise understands very little Spanish because the majority of the work is in English. The author often explains in English something he says in Spanish, assuming that Louise or his intended audience do not understand the Spanish words. For example, in one of the letters he says,

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<sup>15</sup>Abelardo Delgado, "Letters to Louise," *Grito del Sol*, 3(4): 10-13, October-December, 1978.



They were doing it by the *zaguán* which was an entrance to the house with a sort of shelter to each side.<sup>16</sup>

Another part of the story told by the neighbors was that they were "duendes." Duendes are the souls of mischievous children who die as children.<sup>17</sup>

The two previous examples are evidence that Delgado's choice of language in his letters is governed by his situation. Since he has obviously assumed that his audience does not understand words such as *zaguán* and *duende*, he must have felt the need (in order to better communicate with his reader) to write in English, thus most of the book is in English. There are, however, a few instances when Spanish plays a role in Delgado's letters. It occurs, for example, when the author remembers previous conversations that took place in Spanish. In these instances the author has simply recorded the words on paper as they are remembered.

14        -Estás bien loco, Santiago-  
           . . . . .  
 23        -¿Quién? Dime, quién-  
           . . . . .  
 28        -It's you . . . yourself, pendejo-

These passages do not include the entire conversations. Short, representative phrases were inserted in order to exemplify the flavor and general meaning of the dialogue. All of these bits of conversation add to the flavor of the entire work; they remind the reader that the original conversations were in Spanish. They are not, however, essential to the total comprehension of the letters. A non-Spanish speaking person should not become confused because of the insertion of these phrases.

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<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 17.        <sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 19.

Three other examples of the addition of Spanish to add flavor without clouding the meaning of the letters follow:

- 39 . . . . . it is a maldito telephone which brings a voice to me at times.  
 . . . . .  
 78 . . . . . a few kilogramos of beans or lard.

I would bore my face out from under the cobijas.<sup>18</sup>

Often, when a Chicano author speaks of his ancestors (particularly of his grandparents), he refers to them in Spanish as *abuela* and *abuelo* rather than grandmother and grandfather. The choice of Spanish over English is logical and metaphorical because, in the author's childhood, he knew his grandparents as abuela and abuelo. To translate their titles would alter the identity of those well-known figures. Grandmother does not necessarily evoke the same image as abuela, yet Abelardo Delgado is an interesting artist because he does not always adhere to such rules; he sometimes thinks of his abeula and other times he thinks of his grandmother.

- 65 -Santiago apúrate, ven, ándale- my grandma . . . . .  
 . . . . . would call out.  
 . . . . .  
 68 My abuela Luz would hurry me as we would go to the city dump to see what we could find to use or sell.

In the same vein, it is common for a bilingual author to use colloquial expressions or refrains such as "when the time is ripe" or "time is golden" in the language in which they were first learned. Abelardo Delgado, however, as previously stated, does not adhere to the rules. He said, for example, "They would say in Spanish -when the time is ripe.-"<sup>19</sup> The choice of English in this instance was

<sup>18</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 20.

<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 16.

probably influenced by the author's situation. If he has assumed that his audience does not possess the same degree of bilingualism that he does, naturally some things must be translated to English. In the choice between *abuela* or grandmother, on the other hand, there is no clear explanation as to why one word would come to mind first or sound better than the other.

Delgado also uses Spanish in his work when he quotes something which was originally written in Spanish.

La palabra quiche, queche o quechelah significa bosque en varias de las lenguas de Guatemala y proviene de 'qui,' 'quiy' (muchos) y che (árbol) (muchos + árboles = quiche) palabra maya original.  
- Popul Vuh -<sup>20</sup>

Ésta era la capital de los Aztecas en 1519, vista a través de los ojos de los primeros españoles llegados a México. - Los Aztecas -  
Victor W. Von Hagen<sup>21</sup>

In these instances, although a non-Spanish speaker would not understand the quotations, Delgado does not bother to translate them to English. It seems, then, that he is writing them down in order to clarify something in his own mind while ignoring that his audience may not understand them. His choice of language is situational, as it has been in most of the work. By not translating the quotations to English, the author conveys the message that he is speaking to himself or to those who also understand Spanish.

There is, however, at least one example of metaphorical switching in *Letters to Louise*. At the beginning of one letter, Delgado says, "Down the line, maybe two hundred more letters to you, Louise, we may begin to find a pattern to my insanity, madness, locura, abnormality."<sup>22</sup> Delgado uses Spanish in this example to reinforce what

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 15.

<sup>21</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 16.

<sup>22</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 15.

he has said in English. The existence of *locura* in the sentence is not a necessity as far as meaning is concerned. The Spanish word is used as an adjective to underline that the author feels a bit mad in whatever language he is thinking or writing.

As previously noted, most of the language in *Letters to Louise* is in English. An occasional switch to Spanish adds flavor to the work. Spanish is inserted when the author remembers a conversation which originally took place in Spanish, when he remembers something from his childhood, or when he quotes something which was originally written in Spanish. When Spanish occurs, the meaning of a Spanish word is often clarified in English. English is the language of information and Spanish is used for stylistic embroidery.

Code-switching in this work enhances it only to the degree that the author has an opportunity to convey some of his memories, in part, in the language in which they took place. Unfortunately, Delgado's use of Spanish is inconsistent. At times he speaks of his grandmother and his past in Spanish. At other times he speaks of them in English. At times he translates phrases from Spanish to English, and at other times he leaves his audience uncertain of what he has said.

*Letters to Louise* would be a more interesting work stylistically if the author had consistently used Spanish in descriptions and conversations which refer to his past. Secondly, if the author felt that he must translate some Spanish expressions to English, it would have been better had he translated all of them. He otherwise leaves the reader uncertain as to whether he is writing to a specific audience or to himself.

## Chapter 8

### POETRY

#### *Put It On My Desk*

Code-switching in Chicano literature is often a situational switch that excludes readers who do not understand Spanish because it speaks more closely to those who do. Marcela Trujillo has created a precise representation of the concept of situational code-switching in the poem, *Put It On My Desk*.

¡Que chistosa la maestra!  
¿Por qué no aprende español?  
Se rién a gordo los chicanitos.  
Fulano, Mengano y Juanito.  
"What's so funny?  
"Why do you laugh?"  
-Teacher, Jaunito threw a pedo-  
"Oh, you brats, you little pests,  
"Whatever it is, put it on my desk."  
Se rién de nuevo, los chicanitos,  
Fulano, Mengano y Juanito.<sup>1</sup>

The message in *Put It On My Desk* is obvious. The Chicanitos speak two languages. The teacher speaks but one; therefore, she is at a disadvantage. The teacher's words are all in English. The rest of the poem belongs to the Chicanitos who willfully exclude the teacher from their joke by speaking Spanish. The Chicanitos give her enough information so that she knows Juanito threw something. That she does

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<sup>1</sup>Marcela Trujillo, "Put It On My Desk," *Grito del Sol*, 3(3): 116, July-September, 1978.

not know what a pedo is (the idea of putting one on the teacher's desk makes their conversation even more of an inside joke) further excludes the teacher who doesn't speak Spanish. If the reader of the poem does not speak Spanish, he will also be excluded from the poem's meaning.

The effect of situational code-switching in *Put It On My Desk* is that readers who only speak English are excluded; bilingual readers are included in the joke. The purpose of situational code-switching in the poem is even more far reaching. Through code-switching, Marcela Trujillo has conveyed an important message: teachers who teach Chicanos would be better off if they spoke the language of their students. Readers and writers of Chicano literature also have more resources from which they can draw in order to better understand or create literature.

In this poem, Spanish is the language of information. English also provides important information; through the use of English one learns that it is the only language the teacher knows. Another message conveyed in the poem is that code-switching provides a bilingual author with alternatives. In this poem, a particular audience has been excluded; it is the element that lends humor to the poem.

### *Lonely Vietnam*

*Lonely Vietnam* was written by Pedro B. Anchondo. Rolando Hinojosa said, "The one prevalent theme in Mexican-American writing is the Chicano's life in his native land, the United States."<sup>2</sup> *Lonely*

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<sup>2</sup>Rolando Hinojosa, "Mexican-American Literature: Toward an Identification," *Books Abroad*, 49:423, 1975.

*Vietnam* supports this proposal. The Vietnam war affected the lives of all United States Citizens. The poem appeared as an editorial in the Fall 1969 edition of *El Grito*. *El Grito* is abundant in essays that try to disprove the notion that Mexican Americans have not played a significant role in United States history. This poem essentially serves the same purpose in a more creative way.

1 Friday evening  
 Saturday morning  
 Sunday afternoon  
 que importa!  
 5 every day here  
 is patrol day  
 the only reality  
 is loneliness  
 I see the families  
 10 working together  
 in the rice paddies  
 and my heart shrinks  
 mi familia!--mi familia!  
 mi papá, mi mamá  
 15 y mis carnales  
 and their laughter  
 all of us together  
 working in our yards  
 far way dreams . . .  
 20 a bullet zooms  
 a buddy falls and  
 he is gone . . .<sup>3</sup>

The majority of the poem is in English except for four Spanish lines.

4 que importa!  
 . . . . .  
 12 mi familia!--mi familia!  
 mi papá, mi mamá  
 y mis carnales

"Que importa!" (line 4) is an example of a situational switch from English to Spanish. The line could be translated to "what's the

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<sup>3</sup>Pedro B. Anchondo, "Lonely Vietnam," *El Grito*, 3(1):3, Fall, 1969.

difference" or "what does it matter" without any significant change in the poem. It appears in Spanish, very early in the poem, as a signal that the person writing is a Mexican American. The remaining three Spanish lines are examples of metaphorical switching. Often, when a Chicano author writes about his memories (ones that concern his family or his spiritual family, *carnales*), he writes about them in Spanish, the language with which he associates them. The topics *familia*, *papá*, *mamá*, and *carnales*, are better expressed in Spanish because they more directly refer to the poet's own family.

The purpose of situational code-switching in *Lonely Vietnam* is to first provide the reader with information about the poet. Spanish is introduced early in the poem to alert the reader that the poet is a Mexican American. Metaphorical code-switching is used to better express concepts that are directly associated with a Spanish speaking past. English is the language of narration in *Lonely Vietnam* and Spanish is used for stylistic embroidery. This use of Spanish provides the author with a stylistic alternative. Through an occasional switch to Spanish, he can convey significant messages without directly stating them. In this poem, the author has conveyed two messages: he is a Mexican American serving in Vietnam and he is playing a role in the history of the United States.

Secondly, code-switching can be used as an alternative through which a poet can enhance the semantic strength of his work. Consider that the word *papá* and the word *dad* exist in the poet's vocabulary. Because he knows both words, he can choose the one which better describes his own father. In this case *papá* is a logical choice



because it better signifies his father without using an additional adjective.

*Coachella Valley, 1973*

*Coachella Valley, 1973*, a Proustian memory du temps perdu, was written by Cordelia Candelaria.

- 1 CRATED CLUSTERS OF GRAPES  
 BECKONED BY THE LONG BLACK FINGER  
 DEL PATRON, EL FREEWAY,  
 LINED WITH PICKET-WAVING BODIES  
 5 REPEATING EL GRITO-QUE VIVA!  
 Y SIEMPRE LA BANDERA:  
 BLAZONING RED, JAGGED BLACK, SCARCE  
 WHITE IN WINDBLOWN WAVES REMINDING  
 OF PAST CABRITO PICNICS NEAR NARROW RIOS  
 10 WHERE MAMA WASHED CLEAN THE GOATHEADS,  
 SENDING BLOODRIPPLES OVER CRAGGY ROCKS,  
 COAL DARK BENEATH FLOWING CLOUD WISP  
 REFLECTIONS. CABEZITAS ROASTING,  
 WE SPUN FLAT STONES HARD ACROSS THAT RIVER,  
 15 TODAY'S ASPHALT TRIMMED SUBURBIA  
 WHERE BRAND NEW EL DORADOS WAIT WITHOUT.<sup>4</sup>

The majority of the poem is in English. When a switch to Spanish does occur, it is usually a metaphorical one. Some elements in *Coachella Valley, 1973* are concerned with memories from the past or sensual descriptions which are better stated in Spanish. Line 9, "OF PAST CABRITO PICNICS NEAR NARROW RIOS" and the second half of line 13, "CABEZITAS ROASTING," are memories from the poet's past. While she remembers a picnic from her childhood, the word *cabríto* lets the reader see, as perfectly as possible, what kind of a picnic it was. For a Mexican American it evokes the same kind of imagery as a fried

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<sup>4</sup>Cordelia Candelaria, "Coachella Valley, 1973," *Grito del Sol*, 1(4):33, October-December, 1976.

chicken picnic in the park on the Fourth of July might evoke for a North American remembering his childhood. Like *cabrito*, *cabezitas* reminds the reader that the substance of the picnic is Mexican. Moreover, it is difficult to translate *cabezitas* because it would sound ridiculous if the line read, in English, "little heads roasting."

The entire poem is full of elements that touch the senses, especially the visual and aural. The most touching of these sensual elements appear in Spanish. For example, the second half of line 5, "EL GRITO-QUE VIVA!" should be heard. Above all, it should be heard in Spanish because that is the language in which it was originally said. Line 6, "Y SIEMPRE LA BANDERA:" introduces the second stanza. It is outstanding among the others in the poem because of its sensual effect and the vision it portrays. It is also the only line written entirely in Spanish. For the poet, *la bandera* is a symbol of the unity of her people. At the point wherein it occurs in the poem, it is the element that inspires the author to reflect upon her past, thereby unifying the present activity and her memories.

A final visual touch in Spanish is the mention of an El Dorado in line 16: "WHERE BRAND NEW EL DORADOS WAIT WITHOUT." In contrast with the poet's memories of times gone by, it is a symbol of suburbia--of things American. Candelaria includes *El Dorados* with, I believe, a touch of sarcasm. The myth of old has been replaced with a myth of a different kind.

Phonetic code-switching also appears in *Coachella Valley, 1973*. It occurs in line 9, "OF PAST CABRITO PICNICS NEAR NARROW RIOS." Although *rios* evokes images of a Mexican past, the meaning of the line

would not greatly change if rios were replaced with rivers. In this case, rios is in Spanish in order to augment the aural beauty of the poem. In line 9, "OF PAST CABRITO PICNICS NEAR NARROW RIOS," the poet uses several A-O and I-O vowel combinations. The vowel sounds in *cabríto*, *narrow*, and *rios* complement each other. The replacement of rivers for rios or goat for *cabríto* would destroy this aural effect.

Code-switching from English to Spanish in *Coachella Valley, 1973* is used to describe memories and sensual elements of the poem and augment its aural beauty. Switching is metaphorical and phonetic. Although more English occurs in the poem than does Spanish, it is not necessarily true that English is the language used for information or narration and that Spanish is the language used for stylistic embroidery. Both languages provide essential information.

Code-switching has provided the author of *Coachella Valley, 1973* with significant stylistic alternatives that combine the semantic and phonetic strengths of both her languages. By switching from English to Spanish, Candelaria is able to describe a part of her past in Spanish because it is the language she associates with her past. She repeats a cry in Spanish which was originally said in that language. By so doing, she has added an element of authenticity to her poem. Because she has more to choose from than does a poet who writes in only one language, she has a better chance of creating interesting combinations of sounds.

*Nuestro Barrio*

*Nuestro Barrio* was written by Alurista. It contains fifteen lines in Spanish, five in English, and one switches from English to Spanish. The same amount of information is essentially conveyed in each of the languages.

Nuestro barrio  
 en las tardes de paredes grabadas  
 los amores de Pedro con Virginia  
 en las tardes  
 barriendo  
 Dust about  
 swept in the wind of our breath  
 el suspiro de dios por nuestras calles  
 gravel side streets of solitude  
 the mobs from the tracks are coming  
 en la tarde  
 mientras Don Jose barre su acera  
 mientras dios respira vientos secos  
 en el barrio sopla la vejez de Chon  
 y la juventud de Juan madura  
 en la tarde de polvo  
 el recuerdo de mi abuelo  
 -de las flores en su tumba  
 of dust  
 polvorosas flores  
 blowing free to powdered cruces<sup>6</sup>

There are two important elements in the poem which complement each other and from which the action of the rest of the poem is generated. The two subjects are *el suspiro de dios* and *Don Jose*. Dios or Don Jose perform the actions *respira*, *sopla*, *barre*, blow, and sweep. The English counterpart of *respira* or *sopla* is blow; the counterpart of *barre* is sweep. It is clear that the verbs describing the action of the poem appear in English and in Spanish.

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<sup>5</sup>Alurista, "Nuestro Barrio," *El Grito*, 2(1):9, Fall, 1968.

The objects of those verbs are *vientos*, wind, *polvo*, and dust. The objects also appear in both languages. *Vientos* and wind are English/Spanish equivalents; *polvo* and dust are also English/Spanish equivalents.

The blowing and the sweeping occur in the *calles* or streets of the barrio. Both *calles* and streets are used in the poem. The blowing and sweeping remind the poet of his grandfather's funeral. The adjectives in his description are *polvorosas* and powdered. Both mean approximately the same thing.

The words concerned with breathing or wind or sweeping or dust are powerful in the poem. They produce an image of the barrio street. Those which appear in English are breath, blowing, swept, wind, dust, streets, and powdered. By themselves, they evoke an idea of what is happening, but it is not complete. The image-forming words that appear in Spanish are *suspiro*, *respira*, *sopla*, *barre*, *barriendo*, *vientos*, *polvo*, *calles*, and *polvorosas*. The Spanish words also evoke an idea of what is happening, but it is not complete either. By combining English with Spanish, however, the imagery becomes much more clear. The message is reinforced and the languages are enhanced. Instead of being repetitive, Alurista's use of both languages in this poem serves the same kind of purpose as synonyms would in a monolingual poem where a poet tries to reinforce an impression. English and Spanish are languages of information in *Nuestro Barrio* and neither language is used for stylistic embroidery.

Code-switching in this poem provided Alurista with a unique stylistic alternative. He has, through the use of two languages,

created a stronger image of the barrio than he might have created with one language. By using English and Spanish, he had an opportunity to reinforce images without seeming repetitive.

*Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came*

*Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came* was also written by Alurista.

1 Unexpectedly  
     my night gloom came  
     injusta capa funébre  
     I realized  
 5 devoured me  
     y mis tripas gnawed at  
     la luna y su eclipse  
     the cultural assassination  
     of my people  
 10       de mis padres  
     the one that printed  
         on my sarape  
     fantastic colors  
         through the prism  
 15   -la pirámide del sol  
     at the sacrificial Teocatl  
     my fathers wore their plumage  
     to listen  
     and soplaron vida con sus solares rayos<sup>6</sup>

In this poem, switching was metaphorical. It was used in much the same way that additional adjectives are used in a poem that is written in one language only. Code-switching here is not, however, employed in exactly the same manner.

There are twelve lines in English, five in Spanish, one switches from Spanish to English, and one switches from English to Spanish. No obvious reason, insofar as meaning is concerned, explains why Alurista uses Spanish in five lines and English in all the rest. It is not

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<sup>6</sup>Alurista, "Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came," *El Grito*, 3(1):11, Fall, 1969.

immediately apparent what effect both languages have on the poem. For example, when Alurista speaks of his ancestors he writes in Spanish but not always. "De mis padres" (line 10) is in Spanish, but "my fathers wore their plumage" (line 17) is in English as is "of my people" (line 9).

Language choice, particularly in poetry, cannot be careless, because poetry is a type of writing in which every word is important. When the reasons that support a change in language are not obvious, a helpful method of analysis is to begin by replacing those lines in Spanish with their nearest English equivalents (because, in this case, the majority of the poem is in English) so as to see what effect it has on the poem. Following this method (the lines translated from Spanish to English are italicized), the poem might read as follows:

Unexpectedly  
     my night gloom came  
 unjust funeral shroud  
 I realized  
 devoured me  
 and my guts gnawed at  
 the moon and its eclipse  
 the cultural assassination  
 of my people  
     of my parents  
 the one that printed  
     on my sarape  
 fantastic colors  
     through the prism  
     -the pyramid of the sun  
 at the sacrificial Teocatl  
 my fathers wore their plumage  
 to listen  
 and they breathed life with their solar rays

When English is inserted for the Spanish, there is no overwhelming change in meaning. Code-switching can, in this instance, be

considered metaphorical only if the Spanish in the poem is representative of the entire poem; that is, the topic of the poem is concerned with the author's Spanish speaking ancestors; therefore, the Spanish language lends itself more readily to this topic than does English. Metaphorical switching, however, does not explain why some lines are in Spanish and others are in English. Switching to Spanish is only metaphorical if the poem's general subject matter is concerned.

There are a few examples of phonetic code-switching in *Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came*. The words *fúnebre*, *eclipse*, and *pirámide* (in lines 3, 7, and 15, respectively) are written in Spanish because they rhyme; their English equivalents, funeral, eclipse, and pyramid, do not rhyme.

The purpose, then, of English/Spanish code-switching in *Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came* is to relate the general subject matter of the poem (which concerns the poet's ancestors) to the Spanish language. Secondly, Spanish is occasionally used for phonetic reasons; some of the words in the poem are written in Spanish because they rhyme. The English and Spanish are used as languages of information. As far as stylistic alternatives are concerned, Alurista did not apply code-switching to his best advantage. The metaphorical switching from English to Spanish, in order to relate the poem with the past, is effective. It would have been more effective, however, if he had consistently written about the past (his people, his parents, and his fathers) in Spanish.



*Jugábamos/We Played*

*Jugábamos/We Played* was written by Tino Villanueva

- 1 jugábamos/saltábamos  
 jugábamos a todo.  
 era rito y recreación en el patio de mi barrio  
 in the just-awakening week: kneeling there  
 in sunny bronzed delight  
 when my kingdom was a pocketful of  
 golden marbles.  
 how in wide-eyed wonder i sought winning  
 two agates for my eyes/& so,  
 10 not knowing what it meant, i played for keeps.  
 \* \* \*
- jagábamos/y nos jugábamos la vida-  
 my posse always got its man/  
 i was the Chicano Lone Ranger/i was Tarzan  
 of backyard pecan trees/time-tall trees blooming  
 with the color of adventure/trees that ripened  
 with my age through rain-ruined days.  
 running/gamboling i played oblivious to  
 fine earth shifting in the cuffs of my fading jeans/  
 crawling/leaping always reaching/  
 20 alcanzando/alcanzando hasta las delicias del vacío  
 indomable/  
 corriendo por los rincones de mi patio  
 donde mi abuela tenía sembrado tulipanes y claveles/  
 correteando por entre sol y resolanas  
 en aquellas tardes de aquel fuego.  
 jugábamos/brincábamos/  
 jugábamos a todo.  
 era mito y sensación when the tree-house wind blew  
 in simultaneous weathers: era un viento verde  
 30 sabor a higo, a hierba buena, a veces a durazno-  
 esencias de nuestro jardín.  
 and in my Cracker-Jack joy of late saturday afternoons  
 my red wagon was full of dog/& my tricycle traveled  
 one last time every turnpike of my yard.  
 now the fun running to soothe the dry sun on my tongue/  
 now the tireless striding toward stilled water of  
 buoyant ice cubes in a glass transparent dripping  
 in the gripping of my mother's hand.  
 \* \* \*
- jugábamos/corriámos  
 40 jugábamos a todo.  
 era grito y emoción en mi predilecto pasatiempo.  
 thirteen years out of the womb i was  
 pubescent Walter Mitty fleet as Mickey Mantle  
 at the Stadium:



The choice of English or Spanish in the rest of the poem is closely related to the subject matter of the poem. Switching is metaphorical. For example, when the poet wrote of one of the games he played, he said,

4 . . . . . kneeling there  
 in sunny bronzed delight  
 when my kingdom was a pocketful of  
 golden marbles.  
 how in wide-eyed wonder i sought winning  
 two agates for my eyes/& so,  
 10 not knowing what it meant, i played for keeps.

Marbles, cat eyes, and agates are naturally spoken of in English because they are part of an American game familiar to most American citizens. To play for keeps is a colloquialism in American English. It is natural that it should be written in English in the poem. Moreover, behind the expression lies the concept of competition. Although competition is not unique to Americans, it is often considered an American trait. The poet has written about an American game and a fundamental of American life in, logically, the language of an American citizen.

Villanueva's heroes were also American.

13 i was the Chicano Lone Ranger/i was Tarzan  
 . . . . .  
 42 . . . . . i was  
 pubescent Walter Mitty fleet as Mickey Mantle  
 at the Stadium:

And the author's daydreams were American.

45 tok! . . . there's a long drive to center . . . Villanueva  
 is back/back/back/the ball is up against the wall . . .  
 . . . . .  
 49 yes, i dreamed of spikes and baseball diamonds/  
 . . . . .  
 54 so batter up 'cause i'm a portsider like  
 Whitey Ford/i've the eagle eye of Ted Williams.

Many of the physical things which composed Villanueva's surroundings were also American: a tree-house, a red wagon, a tricycle, a sea-blue cap that had NY on it, and Coca-Cola trucks. There are also reminders of Mexican elements that comprised the poet's past and influenced his present. When Villanueva wrote of his home and his family, he wrote in Spanish.

- 20 alcanzando/alcanzando hasta las delicias del vacío  
 indomable/  
 corriendo por los rincones de mi patio  
 donde mi abuela tenía sembrado tulipanes y claveles/  
 correteando por entre sol y resolanas  
 enaquellas tardes de aquel fuego.  
 . . . . .  
 29 . . . . . era un viento verde  
 sabor a higo, a hierba buena, a veces a durazno-  
 esencias de nuestro jardín.

In this poem, generally speaking, when Villanueva departs from his home, the words of his world are in English. Still, a Mexican influence exists even outside his immediate family. He said, for example, "i played descalzo en angostas calles polvorosas | (a dust decreed by the City Council, i know now.) | mis camaradas in bubble-gum smiles chose up sides/" (lines 51-53). Villanueva's playground, like his home, was his personal territory. Like most boys, he must have felt possessive about his turf. Perhaps this is why he spoke of his playing area and his *camaradas* in the same language in which he spoke of his home. His friends and his playground essentially comprised a second home.

English/Spanish code-switching in *Jugábamos/We played* is used to express typically American concepts in English and Spanish is used to express those concepts related to the poet's Mexican past (his

home and family). This type of code-switching is metaphorical. Phonetic code-switching is also found in the poem. It is used to augment the rhythm of the poem. The chorus, because it is written in Spanish, is reminiscent of the rhythms of childhood games. The English and Spanish are languages of information. Code-switching has provided Villanueva with an opportunity to relate the rhythm of his poem to its subject matter.

## Chapter 9

### SUMMARY

#### Conclusion

This study dealt with the purpose of English/Spanish code-switching in bilingual Chicano literature. It was concerned with whether English is normally the language of information or narration among Mexican-American writers and Spanish is the language used for stylistic embroidery. It considered the degree to which code-switching provided a bilingual author with stylistic alternatives that enhance the artistic value of a work.

The study addressed three questions.

1. What is the purpose of English/Spanish code-switching in bilingual Chicano literature?

Three categories, metaphorical, situational, and phonetic code-switching, were found to be useful in this study. In all of the studied works, at least one of the categories was a helpful means by which the purpose of English/Spanish code-switching could be described (with the exception of *Jamanegs*).

Metaphorical code-switching is used to express concepts that are better expressed in one language than in another (*El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*, *Lonely Vietnam*, *Coachella Valley*, 1973, and *Jugábamos/We Played*). It is used to signal a change in topic (*The Chosen One*

*El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo*), to reinforce an image (*Nuestro Barrio*), or to relate the general subject matter with the language which best expresses it (*Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came*).

Situational code-switching is used to speak more closely to Chicanos (*El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*), to provide a more intimate relationship between the work and the readers (*Nambé--Year One*), to exclude readers who only speak English and to include bilingual readers in the work (*Put It On My Desk*). It may be used to remind the reader of a connection between the work and Mexico (*The Day of the Swallows* and *Nambé--Year One*), or to signal a change in attitude on the part of a character in the work (*Y Viene*). Situational switching is also used to add flavor to a work (*Letters to Louise*) or to provide information about the author (*Lonely Vietnam*).

Phonetic code-switching is used to enhance the aural beauty of a work (*Coachella Valley, 1973*). It is used to specifically enhance the rhyme scheme (*Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came*) or the rhythm (*Jugábamos/We Played*) of a poem.

Code-switching is occasionally neither metaphorical, situational, nor phonetic. In the play *Jamanegs*, for example, it is used as a representation of natural, spoken language. In *El Cuento de Pancho Diablo*, some instances of code-switching seem to serve no purpose. In these cases, code-switching must be described as a "willy-nilly mixture"<sup>1</sup> of two languages. *I don't think it's that simple*

<sup>1</sup>Guadalupe Valdes Fallis, "Code-switching in Bilingual Chicano Poetry," *Hispania*, 59:879, December, 1976.

2. Is English normally the language of information or narration among Mexican-American writers and Spanish the language used for stylistic embroidery?

It is true that in all of the studied works, English is the language of narration or information. It is not true that Spanish is always used for stylistic embroidery. In two plays (*El Cuento de Pancho Diablo* and *The Day of the Swallows*), two short stories (*Nambé--Year One* and *Letters to Louise*), and one poem (*Lonely Vietnam*), Spanish is used for stylistic embroidery. In *Y Viene, The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo, Put It On My Desk, Coachella Valley, 1973, Nuestro Barrio, Unexpectedly: My Night Gloom Came*, and *Jugábamos/We Played*, Spanish and English are used for narration and information.

3. Does code-switching provide a bilingual author with stylistic alternatives which enhance the artistic value of a work?

Code switching does provide a bilingual author with stylistic alternatives which enhance the artistic value of his work. In most of the studied works, the authors took advantage of these alternatives. Because a bilingual author has a greater vocabulary from which to choose, he can select the English or Spanish work that he feels best describes his subject. He has an opportunity to choose his language (*The Day of the Swallows, Nambé--Year One, Coachella Valley, 1973, and Jugábamos/We Played*). The bilingual author also has an opportunity to repeat in one language what has been said in another. This reinforces an image or an idea. In this case the second language is used as a second adjective. The author can reinforce an image without seeming to be repetitious (*The Day of the Swallows* and *Nuestro Barrio*).



A bilingual author can use code-switching to provide an atmosphere which subtly reminds the reader of a constant relationship with Mexico--a relationship that is present in the work or in the author's own life. He can furthermore convey these reminders or messages, without directly stating them, through the use of code-switching (*Y Viene*, *Nambé--Year One*, and *Lonely Vietnam*).

Code-switching provides a bilingual author with an opportunity to communicate changes in attitudes that occur in the relationships of his characters (*Y Viene*), more effectively organize his story (*The Chosen One El Arco Iris the Missionary Juan El Mestizo Y El Consejo*), convey memories in the language in which they took place (*Letters to Louise*), and define his audience (*Put It On My Desk*). The bilingual author also has an opportunity to enhance the aural beauty of his work through code-switching by choosing words in the language in which they sound better (*Coachella Valley, 1973, Nuestro Barrio*, and *Jugábamos/We Played*).

In all cases, whether switching is used metaphorically (to express something that can be better communicated in one language than another, so as to influence the relationship between the reader and the work) or phonetically (to contribute to the aural effect of a work), a bilingual author has several stylistic alternatives at his disposal through code-switching. That he has, in his vocabulary, the elements of two languages instead of one, enables him to choose from the best of two worlds.

### Recommendations

I suggest that future studies of bilingual Chicano literature consider the differences and similarities between code-switching in Chicano literature and code-switching in Chicano speech. Further exploration is needed in the areas of metaphorical, situational, and phonetic code-switching. The syntactic elements that govern a switch from English to Spanish or Spanish to English should also be further examined.

I suggest that future studies examine the transitional state of the contemporary Chicano literature and that they address the question of whether code-switching will persist as a literary device or whether the use of Spanish will diminish as the Mexican-American audience becomes acculturated into an English speaking society.

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