HERE COME THE PUNK CHAVAS

by Susana Quiroz
trans. Dean Brown

Here in the streets of the Insurgentes district the shop windows gleam with beautiful prostitutes. People at bus stops are shocked by the sight of a homosexual, who first stopped to buy a condom from the pharmacy in front of Sears, walking along after being fucked. Every Saturday, the drivers on the "100" bus put up with gangs of youth scrambling aboard at the plaza without paying. "I'll make myself respected, I give a shit about the society that watches me. I'll be a delinquent, a killer, and the worst that people want to add to that. I'm only a PUNK!"

In the Metro, chavas and chavos mingle, passing on addresses, telling of the latest fuck-up or clearing the air of bullshit. Rebellion in Tionguí del Chopo (El Chopo Marketplace): exchanges of friendships, betrayals, loves, suffering, ideas. They live lives full of repression, yet nobody gives in. Not one is willing to put up with the depressions of an agonado (trans: a person prostrated by the system). Here in the city one breathes more lend than anything else. I love Mexico City, where there are more dogs than in other cities; here one still dreams and drinks poison in nightmares.
In the well-off suburbs, nobody can complain anything to the chorvas. Nobody cares to know why injustice is always committed by the poor - who seek of expensive lotions to mask the stench of their corruption. These mutations conform to what the system gives them; they are the powerful who have honed their characteristics with no autopsy. On the outskirts of the city, the chorvas debate and discuss the next gathering of punks, where they can enjoy organization and disorganization while unbecoming their essence in the slums.

The chorvas spit on prejudices and false taboos around sexuality; they were very attentive in sex education classes. Now they know of infections, AIDS, abortions, pregnancies. In the theatres, on parties and in the streets, they understand that the world is phallicentric. They have elected to reject the condition of sexual object, to take the reins of their own sexuality, and to let the imagination run free with their nude bodies, free from shrieky, tear and lacrimes. They keep their distance with their locks: their force which express hostility against everything unjust and established are the shoals which protect them.

"In the collective we never said 'no men.' It was simply a necessity for us. It was they who said 'why only women?' and then took on this idea that we were anti-men. Some chorvas even left because of that. But we only separated in order to organise ourselves.

Rudolf or little, good or bad, everybody takes it up the same way: our body's subject. Alcohol is like the devil; drugs are like mother. They suckin her, they don't want to leave her, they can't leave her. Their Cepial destruction in the midst of the high prevents them from abandoning mother drug. In the barrios of San Felipe and the north there are always parties, raids, confrontations and death.

The chorvas lace up to go to church, to adorn their chest with a shiny red vitriol and show off the black, red and white coloured tattoos. Their eyes fill with love for men, eyes lined in black and blue paint. These women resist domination and now have no fear: 'We're against violence against women, against rape, the violation of HUMAN RIGHTS...'

Nostalgic artists create a wardrobe of garments that display fashion and danger, between signs and signals. They paint FOR THEMSELVES THEIR OWN DESTINY.

The are companions and friends overcoming difficulties, they march, they show their moulds to the rhythm of music. It is a rude noise full of energy, in their heads they hold the Zeus of creativity, revealing daily their courage in the streets, avenues, dead-ends and alleys.

With their heads up they flout their valor and nonconformity, and defend their dignity. They discover the attraction of struggle, continuing to seek beauty, not tiring in the search.
black market goods. Theaters, bars, cantinas and discotheques where the rich think they are so chic. But the poor beg a few coins, and in the brew-ery past the Tronjina del Chopo they sometimes pray for a few, sometimes scott a few. They rip off those with healthier hobbies, guilty or innocent, for walking the straight line and following the system.

There are those who write the cultural lies, who present truths that are not so, because the vanity of their fame blocks out the talents and desire of the rest. They see them-selves as perfect artists, as the only ones with any culture. Yet wait a minute! In those classes there is hypocrisy and a lot of shit is disguis. Indifference towards those thought to have no culture: urban, indigenous and subaltern cultures, street cultures.

The punk chores are always searching for freedom, and while they live they will continue to protest. They are not bashing punks, nor pretenders. They drink their beer and move to their own rhythms, and those that doubt will fall behind. The chovas dance for animal liberation. My friend, if you were born fucked up, you'll remain so all your life. Amigos, you have to fight against marginality in order to surface and protest against your environment and your society. If you resign yourself to it, nothing awaits you but frustration, vice, drugs, mediocrity and hopelessness.

Everyday the chochas spit, vomit, shit, bleed, sweat, cry with rage; they wear scars or tattoos of ancestry on their bodies so we not to forget that sensibility or that consciousness. The Day of the Dead fills them with peace, not fear. They lament the loss of human beings - animals, children, women, chovas, chochas - a monument al and archeological heritage left unprotected in the filthy air and mutilated by the shamelessness who lost ancient cultures and sell them to the highest bidder. Destruction on all sides. Lost people who cry for the gods and goddesses in Parodos, for the rob-bery of ancient headshades, jewels in gold and silver, plumes, such marvellous things. And we let it go on, so we condemn ourselves for caring so lit-tle for our city. The history of pre-his-tory chills the future. We must escape. In Sanborns, VIPS, Denny's, Burger Boys and McDonalds, presumptuous, mon- eyed people allow each other in a rash of waste and gluttony, wallowing down hot meat, third grade chicken and beef bone. But these are exclusive places, so nobody questions what they eat and they pay good money for their fill. With their scraps of foreign and sophisticated meals, everyone is so contented to be in a multiracial place.

Taco stands on the street, single ears of corn - a squease on a little lemon to kill the amoebes and you still have something left over for a cup of habitus tee. You don't have to show off to anyone, and nobody does the same to you because they know where you are coming from. If you're on the same wavelength, great, give the fellow a tip!

The city lives, sleeps, dies, revives, reincarnates, survives. The girls, humans, women, punk chochas keep on going. They understand that they are slowly losing the hours of the watch. Punished with their future and bleeding their past, they rush on the present like an apple. While they con-tradict themselves in terror, they are stopping to cry and on the streets they sing a secular schizophrenic. The chochas don't accept wars or repression because they've stopped living the last


It is not WHAT you do, but HOW you do it: Cultural risks and HIV/AIDS in Chile

by Francisco Ibañez

When five of us from La Corporación Chilena de Prevención del SIDA (Chilean Corporation for AIDS Prevention) CCLPS - unloved that huge condom made of clear plastic with big red letters that used "Use me" and held it for dear life marching along el Paseo Ahumada, the main boulevard of Santiago, shouting "El ministro cartuchón no se atrevia a usar condon" (the prudish Minister of Health does not dare to use a condom) with a hundred others, I knew we were making history, the real one. Like small chat and gossip, this was one of those moments in which the stuff of life - the collectively shared codes and cul-
tural themes - is transferred, transformed, re-interpreted and re-thematized. This is how we celebrated the World AIDS Day's motto "Sharing the Challenge" on December 1, 1991.

Moments before starting the march, a Chingo who had been a teacher of mine at the Universidad de Santiago came up to me and told me that this demonstration was colonization at its worst, that the World AIDS Day was nothing but a North American orchestration. I told him to suck off, deep inside I had to recognize the ambiguities in what we were doing. But isn't that what cultures are all about, hybridization of themes and forms? Later, when I was visiting Antofagasta in the North of Chile, I read in a local newspaper that the archbishop of Santiago was scatteredized and had said that "multitudinous demon-strations" in downtown Santiago weren't leading to anything good. I was joyous, this was the greatest favour that the Catholic church could do to us. It was better than having a bunch of apoloildos (mooth-sets, leftist) trying to perk up their discourse to include quoes and other specimens that they had been ignoring (not attacking) a year before. Archbishop Carlos Osvaldo's sustained storms of attacks and the media-quoting that it provoked was more effective than the disempowered voices of many "pobliodes" (poor urban dwellers) who have organized themselves, but have not been heard seriously since 1973.

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