And so, comes back, rocking back and forth on his boots, "Not everything here is so obvious like in your songs. There's an interior landscape, too, Colonel."

By the time Maldita stumbles onto the stage, the walls of the club are sweating. Everyone's hair is tossed on their foreheads in the dripping wet air. I inch my way through the crowd, slipping on empty bottles on the unseen floor below. The balconies seen on the verge of collapse, dressed in kids hanging over the railing. The sound coming from the stage convolves, lurches: Rocco, Snax, Pato, Aide, and Lobo are floating away on tequila's inspired riffs (they've been partying since early afternoon), steamrolling crazily toward a
great abyss, drunk boys doing each other as they lock down into the darkness and laugh. The anarchy doesn't perturb the crowd in the least. On the dance floor a thousand bodies match Maldita's wild energy leap for leap.
Rocco loses his breath during the melodramatic, bold note on "Miserere." Snax stumbles through solos, barely keeping up with the rushed rhythm. Loping across the stage in his loose shirt, waving his arms, grinning. Lobo is oblivious to everything but his own private torpor, slumping away at bloodied cramps (he ripped his pants open during the second song).
Punkish youths leap on stage and tumble back into the crowd. Now Rocco himself takes a diving leap of faith into the midst of the sweating bodies. Now Snax. Now Rocco in pushing Pato, guitar all, into the pit. The band launches into "Quarantina," a hardcore cover of pop singer Juan Gabriel's hit. Rocco leaps upward so high that he brings his head on the red spotlight overhead. Small Magdalan suddenly climbs onto the stage in all his tall, dark elegance, plays with a microphone before his legs, hugging Rocco like a long-lost brother, throws his head back, closes his eyes, and then without warning he too dives out onto the dance floor, where the staggering youths edge ever closer to absolute madness.

As the crowd filed out afterward-punks, ex-Kippin's, ex-Marxists, kids from the barrios-Lobo is nursing his head, bleary-eyed in the arms of his girlfriend. Aida is downing more beer at the bar. Paco, the only one who played the gig straightly, is talking with a small group of fans. Rocco is nowhere to be found. Snax is back behind the percussion section, weaving into a friend's arms in a few minutes he'll make a bizarre attempt at totting off his pants and pass out.
Tonight, Maldita have fallen apart. Tomorrow they'll wake up hung-over as hell, in the city where roco never quite dies.

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Pilar Riaño

The Cadids of the Barrios of Bogota: Actors in

Space and Time

Popular Culture Studies in Latin America has criticized the reductionist approach of essentialist, romantic or exclusivist views of popular culture, insisting that "the popular" should be approached as a heterogeneous, dynamic and conflictual cultural matrix. In the case of Latin America, this cultural matrix is grounded in a history of colonization in which, despite the destruction of the political and social structures of indigenous populations, indigenous knowledge and cultural forms could not be completely exterminated. The particularities of colonial history of the region have accentuated ethnic and cultural fusions.

"Mestiza" represents not only the defining element of this popular cultural expression, but also the key device for social, economic and symbolic interaction of Latin American societies. This fusion, however, has not dissolved indigenous and local cultures into a unified "mestiza" culture. "Mestiza" is in the Latin American context represents not just cultural blending, but the creation of a new identity, "the mestizo identity," that is continuously and sectorally re-created with new fusions: the rural and the urban, the massive and the popular, the "modern" and the "pre-modern," the ethnic and the new social actors. Plurality and "impurity" are probably the best descriptive elements in approaching the curious mixture of cultural backgrounds and the systems of values contained in, for example, the cultural practices of poor urban dwellers. The various cultural practices of street youth of the barrios of Bogota that are described in this article illustrate the dynamics of such mestiza.

"Yes, brother everybody changes for good or for bad and they are distinct and I see the barrio and in spite of all the buildings and whatever I believe this is the same shit like when I grew up, like my best friend and my best brother, they never let me down. As the song says 'Time passes' and we grow older' and I believe mean fucked up than before. But, whatever, the best school I ever had was my barrio, the university of life, here in Kennedy..." (Paco el Temaz)
April 16, 1988. It was 8 p.m. when we reached the bus parking lot at the barrio “Moros Espanoles.” From there, an unlighted and unpaved space, we could hear the lively noises of a clean and warm Saturday night. The smell of diesel was in the air; dust spread out everywhere, on walls, doors and windows, covering stalls, sidewalks and buses. However, below layers of dust, a colorful scenery could be perceived. Houses in bright colors, doors and windows in combinations of colors. As we started walking, a cloud of dust circled our feet. Surrounding these rows of houses, the parking lot is located at the south-west side of the barrio. On the south-east side of the parking lot two young couples enjoyed the privileged darkness of the corner. In a straight line to the bus stop, three young members of a gallarda (young male group) stood by the outside stall of the stall (fried food vendor) drinking beer. The fresh smell of their still-wet hair was followed by the smell of the pork sausages, mortadella (blood pudding) and fried potatoes on display in the stall. Miguel, a barrio resident and a member of one of the gallardas, was walking with me. Looking at the three young men, he commented: “You see, they’re getting ready for the night, they look very pintaicos (tough). They’re getting together later to move on to their favourite tavern (small corner store). By this time, if they’ve not been invited to a party, they’ll go find one.” The three and some other groups from the same block have hung out together since their childhood. Their friendship is based on a three relations (fellowship relation) of common likes and mutual help.

The gallarda, an informal group, constitutes the basic cultural unit and most meaningful institution for young people of Bogota’s barrios. As the literature on youth cultures has emphasized, the informal group represents the space where youth find a collective response to their search of identity.

The group constitutes the culture’s material base that is tied by friendship relations and by an implicit body of group norms. In the gallardas studied, the group norms are basically defined in terms of: 1) loyalties to the group (when and how specific actions or attitudes are considered double-crossing); 2) a group’s ways of “mano a mano” (kidding), or as relating with women; 3) a group’s weekly routine (what to do, when and how). Group membership is highly recognized and valued. The sense of group is closely tied to the sense of belonging to the barrio.

The three young men standing in the fringantunza belong to a gallarda known as pitaicos (plastic people). Although this name is only used by other gallardas when they refer to those young people, Miguel explained, “pitaicos are guys (men) who always want to have the latest fashion, either in clothes or in hair style. They just want to know the latest dance movements and to listen to Disco music. They dress like manusios (the current trend group), tight t-shirts, slip-on shoes and chill fit ting pants. They are very pintaco (sharp, beautiful).” For young people, to be a pintaco means to belong to a kind of gallarda with a distinctive set of activities and likes (good clothes in light colours, disco music, rivalry with other gallardas). We walked towards the barrio’s main road. The barrio “Moros Espanoles” was the first settlement in this area 35 years ago, when it began as charity mission of a rich Colombian man who built 460 houses to be given to large, destitute Catholic families. He did not, however, provide public services. It was the community which did this through a system of self-help. The community built the access road to the barrio, opened the shops to install the savings system and demanded public electricity, water fountains, telephones, public school, public transportation and community centers. The barrio was considered an illegal settlement until six years ago when it acquired legal status.

Each one of the twenty-five blocks of the barrio faces the main road. Taking this road we walked down to the barrio’s final blocks. In the very last block (of the barrio there was a group of five youths. The dark clothes they had on seemed to me an echo of the mysterious darkness of the bushes next to this block. It is a place leased for its count less stories of hold-ups, murder and rape. Dark clothes, long jackets of imitation leather and boots signaled a gallarda of maos or, as they call themselves, viracos (hakras). By their esquinas, they stood making a circle, three of them leaning on the wall and the others facing it. The sequins is known and respected as belonging to the gallarda of Rioncho (nickname of its leader). They kept a very small distance between themselves. Their hands were in the pockets of their jackets and their eyes were watching.

Popular identities— who are we—are inscrutably rooted in a sense of place which popular groups build up throughout the appropriation of specific spaces as a stage for social relations and communicative exchanges. In the gallarda’s use of space one can observe evidence of this process. The sequins is probably the best representation of this. It has been marked as youth territory and the space has acquired a meaning related to the individuals, their group, and their social positions.

In the corner, what probably was a very good story told by one of the members of the gallardo produced a collective outburst of laughter followed by playful kicks and hootings around. As Esteban, a very well-known leader of a gallardo of viracos in this barrio, once told me:

When you’re not working, you meet your friends to have a joint, to drink, to chat. We went out last night to jump someone and look better what I got was a leg full of blood; it was a man that we were going to hold up. Yes, it happens any time you see a gallardo: ‘so what’s cooking (buddies; originally used for relations among parents and godparents), are we going to get high and go out to ’crackers’ (drink alcohol).

As I walked to the west alongside the main road, the barrio appeared as if it was breathing. Hundreds of people flowed around corners, streets, houses, tangle and restaurants to the main road and its corners. A communicative exchange expanded from the barrio’s beginning to its end. From sidewalk to sidewalk, the road had been occupied. There were kids playing, groups of people, men and women, either chatting in a circle or rocking back and forth. On the road, cars, motor bikes and bicycles moved their way through the frenetic movement. Human voices and the noise of car motors, horns and several stereo blaring created a constant din.

Public electricity is scarce in the barrio. The main road has a few lamp posts positioned far from each other. Somewhat, this dimness was counterweighted from below. Each house - and there are at least four in each block lining the main road - had its bright bulbs on, its doors and windows open. To my left was the panaderia (bakery) of Don Velasquez. In the corner, the gallardo of Milton (his leader) was waiting for a rumor or something to do.
It is this Friday's waiting-for-something-to-do which reveals a group of women regulated by a cyclical organization. The weekend is the cycle's point of departure and arrival. A cycle begins with the Friday-and-Saturday-rumba-style and continues through the day on Sundays (the sporting-day) and the evenings at the "esquinas" during the week. The expectations for the return of the weekend's ritual pull out group dynamics and tendencies. The second sense of time presents a significant continuity with a popular temporality that evolves around the community's "fests" and its return. This experience of time contradicts a linear organization of time intrinsic to production routines and hegemonic logic.

The well that members of Milan's gallinazo were leaning on displayed in big, messy letters the names and nicknames of some of the members of the group. Members of this gallinazo are between 22 and 25 years old. Those that are unemployed and constitute the most active and permanent members of the group. Depending on the job situation, gallinazo members will continuously enter and re-enter the group. The gallinazo is for them a place to which they do not have a full-time job. That night one of them was trying, as his tigreos, a new Salsa dance movement to a song on the Colombian Salsa group "Vinchos." Meanwhile they waited, Miguel commented.

You always try to feel alright but when you feel bored, then you say "well brother, what are we doing?". You're there in your corner speaking, manchando (to bathe, to poke fun at), goosing around, dancing but waiting for something, looking for what you are going to end up doing. You are always waiting for something.

Free time is highly prized by the gallinazo's members. It is group time and therefore low in this time represents one of the group's biggest concerns.

The leisure time of Latin American popular youth exhibited from European or North American working class youth. The "Barrio Popular" is not just a unit of habitation. The barrio has a multifunctional character (leisure, reproduction, work, education) that constitutes an autonomous social and cultural processes occurring there. The distinction between time for work and leisure for leisure is not clear in this place. Popular youth's leisure time, it is seen as "free time," cannot be characterized plainly as "non-work." As with other popular social solutions, it is characterized by its multifunctional quality. These processes tend to reproduce the social and cultural basics of security and basic survival. Gallinazo are part of a network of services and self-help that functions within the barrio. Community actions and social "etiquetas" (social labels) exchange favours and services as part of their group's take-on-for-granted duties.

In the tango of Don Jose, the 'social club' of the barrio, the other members of Milan's gallinazo have started a second round of drinks. Going for a drink to their favorite tango is part of a gallinazo's cultural rituals. The ritual activities during the week-end, as we all, the main occasion for social exchange with other youths and adults. The activity unites the group in long, intense sessions of drinking, chatting and listening to music. Gallinazo's drinking times are afterwards a favorite theme of discussion at the esquina. To remember drinking bouts provides an occasion for mockery, criticism and group reminiscences. For the drinkers, that night was a rumba night and this meant to be ready for anything, to drink heavily, to party until dawn, to hang out on the streets and to be alert because at any moment they might have to fight. These are the moments where the gallinazo's honour and bandido (manhood) are in play. But it is not only rumba night (hour of the fun and excitement 'philosophy') that gallinazo members share. As Miguel said, you see it's not a big deal, in a gallinazo you just want to feel all right and this is the way you see life, like you do on the weekends, to take 'life easy', giving time to time' because solutions come later, to have fun in life even though you might be in trouble, you just 'take it easy, mamon'!

We saw all kinds of small businesses in the next two blocks: five-and-dime stores, a roast chicken stand, a beauty parlor and a meat market. In the corner of one of these blocks were several young men playing a wild weekend. To come 'life easy,' giving time to time' because solutions come later, to have fun in life even though you might be in trouble, you just 'take it easy, mamon'!

For the gallinazo, the corner is a very strategic space; it allows them to move and it is the 'best view' point: to 'watch' girls, the weird things happening, to know when the cops (police) are coming to pass and to make fun of everything you can." Moreover it is their 'liberated' territory: "nobody can make you pay from there." That day, nocturnal and weekend routines take the esquina as reference space. Miguel commented, "A day of vacations". The last hill of their street started at 7 a.m. Each one goes to the same esquina without having a shower. To let others know you are there, you use signals such as立项, clapping or throwing small rocks onto your friend's roof. Little by little, everybody drifts in.

Relations with women embody the basic structuring principles of gallinazo social values. Women are perceived as both objects of sexual pleasure, fantasies and humor, and as almost sacred symbols of high values of wisdom, intuition and care.

The ethnography reveals the new orientation of most gallinazo activities on the streets. Speaking of passing woman in terms of "Miss Ugly contests," the imagining of gardens of sexus (literally filthy women), the nicknaming of women according to their physical features, the sexual fantasies and retelling of sexual stories, all operate under the same principles: a vision that dissects and objectifies women.

Represented in the figure of the mother, woman is associated with tough wisdom, intuitiveness and sensitive provider (ugly and not ugly); mothers are not seen as wise and are sought after for advice.

On the other side of this street, a woman had a stall to sell arepas (corn breads) and pink sausages. The strong smell of the pork fat surrounded us. At the same time we perceived the smell of a roasted chicken stand and the smoke of a barro (cigarette) recently lit at the corner. The street is well-known for its drug dealers, ollas of bocaro (rock houses) and marijuañas. People come from all over the area to buy drugs here. Poor rivers were leaning against the wall, cigarettes held in their mouths, while their heads were slightly bent. One of them wore a black baseball cap, another a soccer cap. Their hands were in the pockets of their trousers. Standing at the corner that has been witness to their life-games, they watched people of the barrio pass back and forth.

These postures reminded me of Carlos Gardel, an Argentine tango singer who left to pursue his gestures and looks from the tango world (low urban world) of Buenos Aires. They are a gallinazo of tough people, real or virtual, young people who, through the action of their bodies and minds, inhabit this world in a matter of sharpnesses.

The members of the gallinazo of vidas creato us and asked Miguel the 'what's-happening-toughest question': the loyalties they maintain with the neighbors are very strong. Miguel commented,

When the police come to the barrio to a requisition (to ask for an ID and a military service card) or when the raya (secret agents) come around, the barrio's people have the door open and call you: "hola, momo, momo...".
When the police get there, you just get into any house that has the door open; it's not, anyway, somebody's going to open the door for you; because you use the front door, they're nice to you. Here, the viva protect you even more, they'd go and defend you and then they'll walk you home. Once something happened to me - it was a New Year's day - "Tunco" put his records to the beat and he said, Trini (Trini) behalf all that you have - and I said, "but what's wrong with you, don't you know why?" Oh sorry man, he had a large dog he hugged me, offering to walk me home but I told him I wasn't going there. That was on the dance of the New Year, "O.K. from Happy New Year" then, he kissed me. Fifteen days later he got killed.

As much as the kind of clothes worn, viva language differentiates them from other gullahs. As Edisto, the leader of a gullah group, said, "Our language is born from your own soul; from us, it is born with the vivas. It is not written down or anything."

Creating new words and expressions almost every day, viva language is full of metaphors and words of altered meaning. When the members of Edisto's gullahs talk, they use a drawl, stretching the words and always putting the accent on the final syllable.

A group's way of talking constitutes an important distinctive element for popular youth. Popular youth language appropriated the expressiveness of a popular language that is born on the richness of description and on the concatenation of discourse. It is a language full of metaphors, euphemisms and ambiguities. The language of gullahs offers a way of isolation from the 'oldsea.' Codes and signs define them as a group.

One block further, we saw the side wall of Señor Castillo's house completely filled with graffiti. Pablo, his son, in 16. His gullahs hanged around this area. The group was carefully listening to one of its members. His story was told by noisy laughter. Miguel commented, "Usually, you can't use your gullah group as a good storyteller. Everybody likes him because he can laugh at anything. You can stand out in a gullah for different things: for the way of gambing, for your toughness, for your street smarts, for the way you tease, but very importantly for the way you talk (del phbico but everybody down)."

From the school, we came to the light of one of the most popular meeting places for young people, the billboard room of Flaco. Colour-capped walls contrasted with the green billboard tables and the reddish of the floor. On one wall was a beer poster of "the sexy woman" and beside this, a poster of an unsmiling landscape of purple-white flowers, green-red trees and a river of very clean water. On Friday and Saturday nights, Flaco's billboard room receives more clientele than usual. All the billboard tables were in use with groups of men drinking aquavit and beer. The great number of cigarettes emoted and the absence of open windows created a curtain of smoke that filled the air of light coming from the light bulbs on the ceiling.

Young people come to Flaco's billboard-pool room belong to various gullahs from the middle part of the barrio Maria Eugenia or from the other two neighbouring barrios. Two billiard players, while writing their turn, faced the last beat of the band with the Meetneus rhythm, that was playing on the radio:

I do not know if time has ended or maybe if it started
about the future I dreamt that it was you who I love.
Make my day, without you I can not live. Maravillo.

The dancers host their hands up while their bodies swung with the rhythm; they moved their feet at a very fast pace to Caribbean Maravillo, the new king of rhythm. The swinging pace of this musical rhythm is vividly expressed in the excerpt from the novel Reina Rumbá:

I'm called negrita sanjuanera because I dance with a lot of swing, I do not know what it is that comes inside my body when I feel a maravillo, my hips get excited and my heart leaps.

A consciousness of body movement and of its endless rhythmic possibilities has been discovered by Colombian youth through dance. In their walking on the streets where risk and chance of dangerous situations are always present, popular youth have reinvented this consciousness of the body. On the street their bodies need to be always alert. Their bodies express the rhythmic sensuality organized with the dance but with the co-ordinated, measured and watchful movement learned on the streets. In the daily life on the street, in the gullah's most routine activities, music is a means to define identity and to remember.

Rafa, the billboard room owner, 25 years old. He has been a member of the gullahs of Deportistas since he was sixteen. As a member of this gullah he used to play on behalf of the barrio in mini-soccer tournaments. He started working when he was 13. When he was 16 he got a steady job in a factory. As many other people born in these barrios, he asked for an advance of his retirement payment to fulfill a dream he had held in mind for a long time: that of a small business in the barrio that could provide an additional income for his family. During the week, the billboard room is kept open by his parents, who own it in front of his brothers. During the nights and weekends Rafa has a job in the old-generation gullahs and gullahs of deportistas and viva. That night all the tables were occupied; bodies frequently touched and hopped into small groups but nobody seemed to mind. All through that evening Rafa's sound player shifted from nostalgic Tongo songs, through the humble reproaches of Bolero, to the rage and solemnities of the campesino music. The lyrics of this music are memorized from constant replay; it served as a background for endless conversations about "life."

This is the music, "where your heart participates" and when nostalgic remembrances come out.

A gullah's plurality of musical lined exhibits elements intrinsic to its cultural expression. It was with rhythms such as rock in the 60s, salsa in the 70s and disco and merengue in the 80s when a symbolic musical world, building up youth differences, was created. In the contemporaneous of those musical rhythms, popular youth have expressed their plasticity, the style created out of ways to bear these sounds, to walk with them in the streets, to dress according to them, and to dance with them. First of all, in the act of dancing, young people brought together the eccentric of body postures inherited from Afro-Cuban music and the total experience of rhythmic movement. However, the new rhythms could not provide popular youth with the words needed to communicate their experiences and passions. This role was filled by musical genres such as Tongo, Ranchera (Mexican music), Caribeñas and boleros which constituted the old musical rhythms. Old music is liked by everyone, by all those plasticists, viva, deportistas and parents.

In old musical rhythms, youth found a space and time to express their nostalig. While their parents' city experience was limited to discovering the ways and means to survive in the city, popular youth experience grew out of hanging out in streets and of the continuous dispersal of deportistas tied to these spaces. It was in old music lyrics where youth cultures recognized those stories of violence, horror, mystery and intensity and feelings (anger, enthusiasm, pity,
Four different groups were at the tables. After having spent some time posturing away (wearing down the side-walk) they came there for a drink. At one table was Adonel, a black male leader of the Guillada of deportees from his friends. The position for success held by Adonel’s Guillada is explained by its passion for Salser music. When Adonel and his friends stood up to a corner tape recorder, the rhythm starts right there.

Salser rhythms are the best company for intense rumbas nights and enchanting evenings. It’s amazing how a powerful combination of fast-paced beat (tonic and forward) with slow sliding of the hips, shoulders make the beat while arms go up and down, and the dancing partner is taken to swing around. Salser is combined with clapping and singing and with non-stop dancing journeys through songs that all of them know; songs about love, friendship, the barrio, the street, mother, friends, and priests.

One block ahead was the communal room and the mini-encore and basketball court. The court is surrounded by the communal room, by a wall of the public school and by the main road. On the side-brick front walls of the communal room we could read graffiti written in English, “Punk Rock not the woodland’s nickname- and below that the initials J.R. Over the side-wall we could see more graffiti with large bold red letters in English: Henrex Metal, Anarchy (the symbol), Alex and Rock.

Over the whitewash of the back wall, there was graffiti written in a very careful, large style. “Me Termino,” I don’t think you ever go on a year a year, I think you never go on a year a year. On the other side were poems about identity and friendship, and master the cursive, in English: “Merry Christmas,” “love,” “peace” “kiss” and more sarcastic graffiti, “I want you to show me, you want me to show me, and more graffiti on the wall.” (You think of me, I think of you, who thinks of us at all?)

A few names, words and drawings on the wall can not define a youth culture. However, what calls my attention is the exploratory and different character of 80’s graffiti shows from what was the graffiti pattern of a few years ago. During the 80’s a depopulation of graffiti occurred. Social artists who have taken over. These are informal groups or just individuals painting a spontaneous and intimate wall on the walls.

A popular youth language speaks through these walls. They have completed a circle of space appropriations: the street, the corner and now the walls. It is a language built upon a particular use of space and time. In the creation and marking of their own time and spaces lies the heartbeats of youth’s difference.

The runners were left behind us. At night, the empty and noiseless court becomes a tranquil space either to have a joint, make a dangerous deal, or to find intimacy. It was 10:30, the streets were vacant, but the crowd of people walking on the road had dispersed. Now they were in tiendas, billiard rooms, corners, or houses. The smell of liquor and smoke, the noise of music and voices had deceased. All have gone inside. The night was young and could still offer many things. The runners was there, as was the excitement and uncertainty of the streets.

And without permission the runners took another course and we saw moved away from the bar because like a song such place has a special site in your life, in my barrio’s heart that loves so many things and in this surprising bar that amazes us every day. (From *Colin, Cielo Rumbas*).

From the corner of the final block we looked towards a large dark area on our right: the swamp, better known as the barrio’s (lighthouse). We could not see what was going on as we walked in the darkness: the dance, the tie, the smoke, the smoke, the smoke, the smoke, the smoke, and the smoke. The runners around the court were painted with all kinds of graffiti, especially political slogans: For vida hasta la vida misma, (for life and to life itself), For a Primera de Mayo combate y unificar (For a combative and unitary first of May), social statements: Problemas son de todos (problems belong to everybody). Names, short phrases: “Merry Christmas,” “love,” “peace” “kiss” and more sarcastic graffiti. “I want you to show me, you want me to show me, and more graffiti on the wall.” (You think of me, I think of you, who thinks of us at all?)

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we haven't had time to be guilty:
Youth Culture In Argentina

by Silvia Delfino
translated by Michael Hochman

Three years after the recu- peration of democracy in Argentina, this graffiti slogan was painted on the walls of Buenos Aires by the rock group Secuestro. In synthetic and elo- quent prose, graffiti condenses various key elements of 1980’s youth culture in Argentina, which despite its delimitation by age-group, is lived at a site of knowledge, images and modes of participation which cut across all social practices. In the Latin American context, graffiti not only permits an analysis of youth culture in its use and appropriation of the media and of urban consumption practices, but also as a strategic site of survival and political action during the dic- tatorships. Thus, for example, the signature *SECUESTRO* recognizes the devaluation of repression in the public space of a Buenos Aires street by superimposing upon it the rock concert, a recognized site of youth culture during the periods of greatest police vigilance.

Latin American Youth: From Modernization to Revolt

Latin American youth were protagonists in two major historic- al ‘moments’: the attempted social modernization implicit in the development model of the 1950’s, and the economic crisis of the 1970’s and 80’s which showed the deficiencies of this project.