

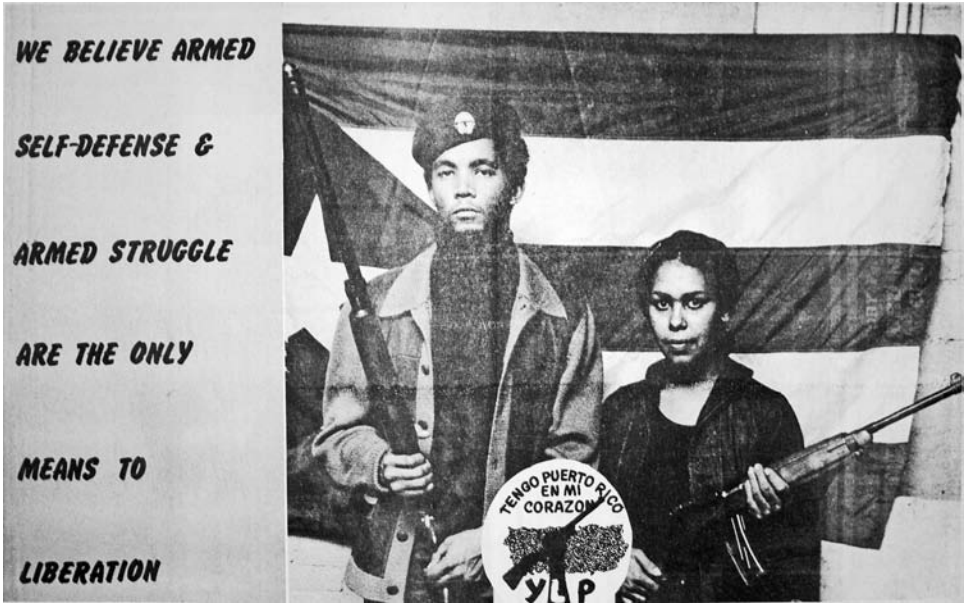
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## **Yanquis Own Puerto Rico**

(From the newspaper *Palante*, 11 December 1970, volume 2, number 17)

The Young Lords Party is a revolutionary political party, fighting for the liberation of the Puerto Ricans everywhere, inside the united states and on the island. Because two thirds of our people are on the island, it is necessary for us who are here inside the belly of the monster to know more about the conditions in Puerto Rico.

Gloria Gonzales—Field Marshall, Yoruba Guzman—Minister of Information, and I, Denise Oliver—Minister of Finance just got back from a ten day trip to Puerto Rico. In those ten days we tried to see as much as possible and to rap to as many people as we



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could. Yoruba and I had never been to Puerto Rico before. We set up better lines of communication so that we will be able to put more articles in *Palante* about what's happening on the island.

Before we could even get on the plane we were hassled by pigs in the airport who insisted that we were carrying “metal” onto the plane (Yoruba had a nail file). They are very uptight because of the last planes hijacked to Cuba was ripped off by a young Puerto Rican brother wearing a Young Lords Party button. When we got off the plane we were immediately grabbed by a Puerto Rican C.I.C. agent (the Puerto Rican C.I.A.) who looked like he was afraid we were going to shoot him or something. There were agents all over the airport, and we had our own very special pig (a pig with an afro—probably the only pig on the island with a fro) to follow us around. This was our welcoming committee.

The airport was full of gringos and gringas, all running around in sombreros and mums, trying to look like “native.” Most of the signs in the airport are in English and the people who work there are either Americans or gusanos. We went to a restaurant to eat our first food in P.R. but almost everything was American—hamburgers, coca-cola . . . , except for a few “native specialties” on the menu. As if the Puerto Rican people are savages. The sign on the clock over our heads read, “you have a friend at the Chase Manhattan—all over the Caribbean.”

We drove to San Juan and we were greeted by a sign saying “Welcome to San Juan—The oldest city in the United States.” All along the highway are signs advertising American garbage—Texaco, Ford, McDonalds Hamburgers. . . . Puerto Rico—Where are you? Puerto Rico is being turned into the “showplace colony” of the United States. American corporations are everywhere, all over the island, using Puerto Rican people as cheap

labor. Everything that cannot be sold in the states is dumped in Puerto Rico—plastic palm trees in people's homes instead of the real thing that grows outside, makeup that is not needed, wool maxi-skirts and boots to be worn in 80 degree weather. And the people are brain-washed into buying this shit. The radio blasts American music and advertisements—"radio San Juan—turns me on." We turned it off. You get better service if you speak English, the tourists act like they owned the island and the Borinquenos are just there to be servants and part of the scenery.

But the Condado is a war zone. Any Puerto Rican who values his life doesn't go there after sunset because C.A.L. is bombing everything—hotels, big gringo stores, banks, and they're doing a good job. . . . Right On! The hotels own the beaches, beaches where gringos lie around like red lobsters under our beautiful sun. Our children have to swim in sewers, or in flooded sections of El Cano, Fanguito or Loiza Aldea, where there are no sewers.

People are being brainwashed by the churches and the government. One old lady told Yoruba, "Puerto Ricans should not go to the beaches with the tourists because some dirty P.R. man would probably pinch a gringa's ass, and insult her. The beaches should be segregated because we need the tourist's money." Puerto Ricans—WAKE UP!

Construction is going on all over the island. Everything is built of concrete, ugly little houses that look like boxes, that cost \$8,000 to build and sell for \$25,000. Built so quickly that they start to fall apart as soon as they are finished, built of concrete owned by ferre the Puerto Rican cement company. Ferre, who gets fat and rich at the expense of the people. Construction workers try to strike but the judges controlled by ferre hand down orders stopping the strikes.

We drove to the country, to Fajardo, to Manati, to Guaynabo, the beautiful green country full of beautiful people with brown faces and musical voices, and everywhere the earth was rich but everywhere nothing is being planted because all crops are imported from the states. Everywhere the hills and mountains are being eaten up by the mines and the machines to make more cement for ferre's company. Huge petro-chemical plants in Humacao pollute the water and the air with poisonous gases—the same plants that they wouldn't build in the states because of the "harmful" effects of the gasses. El Yunque's beauty is no longer untouched—signs advertise "Your Happy Rain Forest Restaurants," and gringos drive all over the mountain in chauffeured limousines, driving the jibaros on their horses off the road.

Drugs are everywhere. ¼ of a million dollars worth of heroin is sold everyday. Prostitution is legal, for all of our people are prostitutes for the American capitalists. Our sisters are forced to sell their bodies to the Americans on the streets and in the factories. The machismo is so strong that there are almost no sisters in the leadership of the independence movement. Where are the Lolitas, the Blancas, the Viscals? Sisters dye their hair blonde to look like gringas and brothers process their hair to look like gringos. There is no such thing as "pelo malo" (bad hair). People wearing afros (very few) wear them because it's a fad. Indian hair is not "pelo muerto" (dead hair). We should be proud of our Afro-Indio culture. We must fight against racism because it is a tool used to divide us. Many Black Puerto Ricans wind up voting for statehood because the only Black Puerto Rican leader was Jose Celso Barbosa (an American puppet), and he was for statehood.

We visited many independence groups. At M.P.I. we rapped with Florencio Merced and visited the headquarters of Claridad. The exploitation is so heavy that M.P.I. pays 4 times as much money to print Claridad than we do to print Palante. We visited P.I.P. (Puerto Rican Independence Party) and Reuben Berrios, the president, drove us all over the island. We talked to old nationalists, and visited Blanca Canales. The Nationalist Party is printing our 13 pt. Program and Platform in their newspaper every issue.

At the Taller Alacran, a political artist's workshop in San Juan, we picked up some new political posters and looked at the footage of a film they are making about Julio Roldan. Julio was buried in Aguadilla and the Taller filmed the march and burial ceremony.

Our people are beautiful, Puerto Rican people have a revolutionary history, Puerto Rico is beautiful. Mar Chiquita is a beautiful beach because it is free of gringos—but how long? How long before the whole island becomes an advertisement for “fun in the sun.” “Y you tranquilo” (and I’m cool is now the hip slang of the youth; when it should be “fuego, fuego, fuego, los yanquis quieren fuego” (fire, fire, fire, the Yankees want fire). We cannot “be cool” much longer. We must unite our Nation, on the island and inside the united states, we must pick up guns to defend ourselves and liberate ourselves. We must follow the examples of Lolita Lebron, Albizu Campos, Julio Roldan, C.A.L. and MIRA. We must struggle against the american pigs and Puerto Rican vendepatrias.

NOSOTROS NO SOMOS “TRANQUILOS”! VIVA PUERTO RICO LIBRE!  
DESPIERTA BORICUA DEFIENDE LO TUYO CON ARMAS!

Denise Oliver  
Minister of Finance  
YOUNG LORDS PARTY