The simplicity of nature, the first gift to man, but hopes of great advances beyond what was given change the land—and that which man has done overshadows that which he will do—the brightest hopes for the future are dimmed by the reality of the present.
Only one planet in a billion planets, only one galaxy in a million billion galaxies, and we swell with our own importance and die from our inability to live with ourselves.
Expediency at any cost—the world is made smaller by our technological advances, and in our efforts to tie the distances together some consider a filthy world a small price.
Man builds towers to reach ever upward, and success is measured in his height, yet the greatest reaching only makes folly of his attempts, for that structure which symbolized his progress is now the symbol of his pending doom.
The future has always held hope, but the careless pollution of water dims these hopes, and the bright future with success and abundance, fades in the shadow of mercury poisoning, and our last source of promise smothers in the waste of industry.
The intangibles of progress power and technology have become our basic goals and in the growing reach of our knowledge no dream seems unattainable. We have reached the stars and walked on the moon, yet in the midst of these growing accomplishments, we have forgotten man, and lost touch with our own world.
A growing technology,
created to benefit man,
now threatens to displace him,
and a careless society
allows its machines to grow
beyond its ability to control them.
The future has passed us
and technology rushes forth—
toward oblivion.
Men are used as pawns
in our haste to reach the stars—
the senseless risk of human life
to gain support for further risk,
and nations outweigh
man's worth—for glory,
and question the reality
of our respect for life.
To some, poverty is more than a condition. It's a way of life. And because we want for nothing, we forget that two-thirds of the world starves.
In this age where man has reached the moon, thousands die each day—from hunger, and in this nation that spends billions on a war no one wants, millions live in slums, for we too soon forget the feeling of hunger and the despair of loneliness, and cut our bonds with humanity.
In the simplicity of nature all things are provided for, all those of nature live within these limits—only man finds it necessary to reach out to take more than is given, and in taking—destroy the fragile balance of life.
To a child, there is no truth beyond his own existence, and what he can reach is all he will ever know, distant wealth and technology do not exist in a life of poverty, for poverty is a barrier few can overcome and growing society builds ever higher.
Wars are fought on premises none understand, and the possession of lands becomes more important than their use, as in a distant land this self dubbed great nation indignantly judges prestige more important than life.
A symbol dedicated to the preservation of peace, and in its year of celebration, guards were posted to protect lives. The hope of the future reflecting the reality of the present.
Violence, hatred,
mistrust—
the spirit of man
seeking something
higher than himself
to break away
from the present reality—
for there is an
independent spirit in man
when there is
no more room
for independence.
In our seeking natures all things must be asked, but in our haste to know the basic question—what we are, we have forgotten the simplest answer—why we are.
There is a miracle of nature that life calls man, and on the face of this World that cannot grow, man must grow—for man must reach out to create more men and build to create more buildings, and live to create more life, for this is the way of nature, and man is the child of nature.
Equality, violence, nonviolence—a movement to change the country’s ideas of race—hatred and bigotry on both sides and momentum that slows—the problems remain and America suffers.
La Raza; chicano, the clinched fist, the growing resistance to what has been, and the realization that things must change. The pride of a people that again awakens—yet the movement begins to seek more, and its own momentum tries to reverse the roles and destroy the goal it professes—equality.
CHICANO POWER
MEANS UNION POWER
RAZA HELP YOURSELF
GO UNION
7059
A system to protect each man's rights, yet a system that perpetuates itself and resists change—a society that abhors violence, but has left no alternative to those who know things must change.
A new scene,
an old story—
hard drugs,
soft drugs—
a quick way
to self discovery—
escape
mind expanding,
mind destroying.
Though we each must find our own way, we need the hand of another.