



CON SAFOS INC.

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C/S EDITORIALS 1968-1972

Compiled by R.F. Lopez-Urbina, a.k.a. Rafas, August 1995

Born in the creative storm generated by the artistic and ideological jousts of the staff members of Con Safos Inc. or Con Safos Magazine, including its founder R.F. Lopez-Urbina, a.k.a. Rafas, and co-founders Arturo Flores, Frank Sifuentes, Antonio Gomez, Rudy Salinas, and its editorial associates Peter Fernandez, John Figueroa, Sergio Hernandez, Oscar Castillo, Gilbert Lujan, a.k.a. Magu, Beto de la Rocha, and Gilbert Gonzalez, and written by Arturo Flores, the magazine's editor in chief, in the midst of the social, political, and cultural upheaval that was the Chicano Movement of the late sixties and early seventies, the Con Safos editorials are both a testament to the creative spirit of Chicanos in revolt and a vital document of that major turning point in Chicano history. The second generation of Con Safos Magazine staff members would be wise to consider the ideas expressed in these editorials as it rethinks and shapes its mission into the future.

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 1, Vol. 1; June, 1968.

The cause of CON SAFOS, if we must have a cause, has no ideology. It is rather an attempt at expressing the entire spectrum of feelings that are the soul of the barrio. The cause of CON SAFOS needs the hatred and the agony, as well as the love and the joy. It needs the humility of the *indio peon* as well as the arrogant pride of the *macho*. It needs the looseness of the *cholo*, as well as the discipline of the priest; and it needs the orgies of the *puta*, as well as the asceticism of the nun. It must be as drunk as Saturday, and as sober as Sunday. It must be as sturdy as Sequoias, and as frail as ferns. It must be poverty and richness. It must be big and small; city hall, the war on poverty, politics, and the government's millions, together with the simple *chante*, the hard earned wage, *la familia y la tortilla de cada dia*.

Thus, if CON SAFOS is to be, it must be the entire *barrio*. And subsequently, it needs the entire *barrio* to feed into its veins to give it life. CON SAFOS is faith.

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 2, Vol. 1; Fall, 1968.

It should come as no surprise, at a moment in history, when Chicano *barrios* are asserting themselves, and understanding the positive value of their own ethnic identity that an aesthetic should arise to complement this movement, this *causa de la raza*.

CON SAFOS magazine is a part of that aesthetic outgrowth, an aesthetic outgrowth which is ultimately the soul of the movement, the soul of any movement, the soul of history. It is the ingredient that not only reflects, but captures the heart and mind of man.

The CON SAFOS, title of the magazine, is a symbol from the CON SAFOS of "calá." Chicano walls in every *barrio* of the great US Southwest, with their graffiti dress of *cholo* print, are protected by this symbol of CON SAFOS. It is part of the experience in the development of the *bato loco*. It is gesture of defiance, and an overt rejection of the cold and indifferent *gabacho* imposition. It is an expression, and a reflection of reality. It is the experience of a belief.

Thus, CON SAFOS symbolizes for the magazine the rejection of the "American identity," and the beginning of a Chicano literary genre, a definition of the Chicano identity, and an assertion of the moral and aesthetic values of the *barrio* experience.

Other symbols,
Other times,
Hands of the artisan
Clutching the now,
Grasping the past,
Unfolding tomorrow.

Otros simbolos,
Tiempos otros,
Manos del artesano,
Aferrando el ahora,
Asiendo el pasado,
Desenvolviendo el mañana.

EDITORIAL: Con Safos magazine No. 3, Vol. 1; March, 1969.

This issue had no editorial, but in keeping with the spirit of the editorial in CON SAFOS magazine No. 1, Vol. 1, which suggests that CON SAFOS ". . . must be as drunk as Saturday . . .", read Flores's fie y homily to Nettie Peña's photo of a sliced chile and consider if it mightn't just be the ideal ingredient to spice up the CON SAFOS mission statement. Dare you risk Moctezuma's revenge? . . .

Columbus in his search for the West Indies and its spices landed instead in Mexico. Touching land, his eyes glistened at the sight of the rich herbs spread before him, and the tantalizing fragrance seeping upward from the ground raised him to such passion that he started tripping wildly through the fields, scooping herbs into his hands. He tasted them and savored, and became thoroughly intoxicated with their rich aroma. In the midst of his headbold orgy, he came across an innocuous cylinder. Driven by the joy of his discovery, he popped it into his mouth and immediately screamed and cried, *¡QUE VIVA MEXICO!*" (and almost died!)

Prompted by the burning desire, Columbus hurriedly sent a telegram to Isabella which read "Eureka! I have found it, MOCTEZUMA'S CURSE!"

Since that time the CHILE has been instrumental as a driving force in erecting the glorious history of fertile Mexico. The Mexican Independence could not have been won without MOCTEZUMA'S CURSE. Those brave *hermanos y hermanas*, who fought off the Spanish oppression, used the severe digestive effects of the marvelous CHILE to chuck off Spanish rule by slipping it into the Paella. Due to this ingenious strategy, the cathartic effects eliminated and flushed the Spaniards all the way to California.

Thus, we take this opportunity to salute el CHILE, the Mexican national food. To say "*QUE VIVA EL CHILE*" is to say "*¡QUE VIVA MEXICO!*"

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 4, Vol. 1; 1969.

El idioma de un pueblo, de una comunidad racial es el cimiento en que se basa su propia cultura y su propia existencia. Si se destruye el idioma se sofoca la cultura, porque sin idioma la cultura perece y sin ésta se marcha precipitadamente hacia la destrucción de esa comunidad. El idioma y la cultura no sólo le dan carácter y personalidad a los pueblos y las razas, sino que lo identifican.

Por eso es que experimento profunda tristeza cuando veo a diario el chorro de chamacos—los Alvarado, los González, los Figueroa y quien sabe Dios cuantos más—dirigiéndose inocente y alegremente a las escuelas compulsorias que intentan destruir eso que les da carácter y los indentifica: el idioma español, las tradiciones de sus antecesores. ¡Pobres niños! Lo que más me duele es ver que muchos de estos chamaquitos apenas hablan ya el español o lo hablan muy mal por desidia de sus padres. El resultado es que al cabo no le dan ni al *ingleesh* ni al *Spanish* porque, cogidos entre dos fuegos, acaban por no aprender bien ninguno de los dos. Así vamos viendo con nuestros propios ojos que por ahí van estos niños, nuestros hijos adentrándose en el camino que los lleva a perderse en la megalomanía gabacha, despersonalizándose transformándose en un producto híbrido, sin carácter ni cultura propia. Es hora de que se sepa ya que si nuestros hijos se pierden de tal modo, nosotros, los padres, quedaremos perdidos también.

¿Como es posible aguantar la indignidad de permitir que los educadores, para dar un ejemplo, nos digan: "Hablen inglés en sus casas para que sus hijos aprendan bien el idioma"? O que nos digan: "No debiliten a sus niños hablando solamente el español en sus casas. Ensenenles el inglés." Y quién—me pregunto yo—quien les va a enseñar a nuestros hijos, ha toda nuestra gente el idioma de sus padres, de sus abuelos, el dulce idioma español? Los educadores nos contestan muy sinceramente que el español se ofrece en todas las escuelas publicas secundarias para cualquiera que lo desee lo aprenda. ¿Debemos sentirnos, por eso agradecidos? La verdad es que muy poca gente de habla española toma estas clases de español. Las clases son, principalmente, para los alumnos que van a ingresar en las universidades. ¿Y que porcentaje de los nuestros en los barrios está en posición o tiene facilidades para ir a las universidades? Además, ¿quiénes son los maestros en estas escuelas? ¿No son acaso gringos que aprendieron la lengua española malamente en algún colegio gringo?

Resulta de todo ello que mientras existe la estructura de una sociedad con ideas de superioridad del inglés, y mientras nos dejamos zarandear como ilotas, quedamos sin defensas contra la corriente del inglés que ya nos ahoga y hasta nos lleva rodando y rebotando como monigotes, sonsiados y atontados hasta el mar gabacho donde (aunque a veces golpeando furiosamente) todo acabo por ir igualándose, ablandándose, agringándose. Digamos que hasta se les limpia lo prieto a nuestros *gringos de las colas prietas*.

Vemos así que nuestro último bastión, nuestra última defensa de la integridad radica actualmente en nuestros propios hogares. Si no queremos perecer, las paredes de nuestras casas tendrán que ser como las paredes de una fortaleza, tras las cuales hemos de atrincherarnos lo mejor posible, con tenacidad, con ternura por nuestras tradiciones culturales, contra el ataque despiadado del inglés gabacho que nos coge continuamente a garricazos por dentro y por fuera sin misericordia.

No hay ninguna duda de que vamos a aprender el inglés, podemos aprenderlo y tenemos que aprenderlo. No es posible alegar nada contra esta realidad. No es posible escapar de los bombardeos de la TV que atacan nuestras casas diariamente en inglés en las personas fantásticas de Batman o en los anuncios de cigarillos que nos matan menos pronto. O con el radio zumbándonos en la cabeza con el inglés del rock-and-roll. Y eso no es más que el inglés que nos azota dentro de casa. Fuera de la casa vemos como todas las materias de estudio en las escuelas son enseñadas en idioma inglés por maestros que no entienden ni la lengua ni la cultura ni la sensibilidad de nuestra gente. Además, no quieren entendernos. En los trabajos tenemos *foremen and supervisors who speak to us only in English*. Y en las tiendas, en las oficinas del gobierno, en las agencias de servicios sociales y hospitalarios, en todas nuestras actividades fuera del barrio, tenemos por fuerza que usar el inglés. Y si esta necesidad del inglés para poder funcionar en esta sociedad no fuera suficiente para demostrar que no podemos ni debemos excluir este idioma de nuestra vida fuera de la casa, bastaría solamente decir que debemos aprenderlo, además, por razones de orgullo de raza. Y en último caso, por puro coraje. Toda nuestra gente debe hacer un esfuerzo supremo, no simplemente para aprender, sino para dominar el idioma inglés a fin de llegar a usarlo con más efectividad—sin olvidar nuestro español—ante la mayoría de los gabachos que hablan un solo idioma.

La inmigración poco a poco está cerrando las fronteras de donde nos ha venido siempre la savia vital de nuestra lengua. Pronto vamos a tener que depender de nosotros mismos para subsistir para revivificar la lengua. Los que inmigran legalmente o los que cruzan la frontera ilegalmente son menos cada día. Ahora, más que nunca, recae el deber y la responsabilidad de perpetuar nuestra cultura en nosotros mismos. Ya sabemos que en la cima de nuestra cultura está nuestra lengua. El idioma español agoniza en nuestro país. El número de los nuestros que no lo hablan o lo hablan mal sigue creciendo, y si esta tendencia continúa, dentro de dos o tres generaciones—en el espacio de tiempo que cubre la vida de los padres que viven hoy—contemplaremos desolados la muerte total del español en los Estados Unidos del Norte. Otra vez vendrá a vencernos, a dominarnos, a conquistarnos el poder anglo-sajón.

Pero si todos cantamos con orgullo en nuestra lengua, ésta no desaparecerá nuestra gente de esta tierra de nuestros abuelos. ¡O avanzamos con nuestra lengua, o perecemos sin gacinate para echar un grito!

CON SAFOS

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 5, Vol. 2; 1970.

The CON SAFOS emphasis is on the literary and aesthetic forms that most accurately reflect our barrios and our people in the barrios. Further, its the C/S goal to help develop and formulate art forms that are truly ours. We have no literary genre that is our own. We have no body of visual arts that reflect our experience. We have no theater. We have no music. we have no defined or formalized aesthetics that delineate our ethnic relevance within the dominant culture of the United States. We are an ethnic group lost within a confusion of cultures and raging in silent agony with our own self-doubts.

This is all reflected in a multitude of socio-political problems that exist in our barrios today. The problems of our people, we can agree, are countless and quite serious. We are inundated by them in our daily barrio lives. The problem cannot be ignored. Now certainly C/S makes no claim to having the answers to our socio-political circumstances, and perhaps because of this, there are many who believe that C/S is simply avoiding the issues, and that such an aesthetic effort has little relevance.

The argument of these critics maintains that the validity of art depends upon its involvement in the socio-political issues of the time. But the weakness with these kinds of artistic attempts is that they lose their value as soon as the particular socio-political issues involved are no longer relevant; and even during the period that these expressions have meaning, they usually fail to deal, in depth, with the universal experiences of men, which are the aesthetic elements necessary for human growth. Although the socio-political problems dealt with are usually valid in their time and in their place, they are quickly lost when placed against the macrocosmic canvas of time.

Art is not then the creation of the ax grinding fiend or the drawing room dilettante. The quality of the aesthetic creation is related to the degree with which the artist can take, mold and formulate a true picture of a particular experience. He must absorb himself in the total experience and accept both the good and the evil, right and wrong in pursuit of truth. He must not preach, he must not moralize; he must not extol great virtues or great evils; he must not dictate answer or solve the world's problems; he cannot do any of these didactic or propagandistic things if he expects to express the soul of a people through the poetic manifestations of the art forms themselves.

Thus, the artist is the man who recreates human experience from an apolitical, asocial, amoral vantage point. This is the kind of aesthetic expression that has life, and through which history can know a culture and a people. but more important to our very existence, more important to the actual meaning of our lives is that the people from which an art is derived are the ones who receive the greatest benefit, because it is their being, their experience that is immortalized in the continuum of history.

So it is that the creation of art perpetuates, once and for all, the meaning of a particular human experience within the entire spectrum of human existence, but this requires a spiritual dimension not always present in the creation of aesthetic forms. The USA, for example, is probably without peer in the creation of industrial aesthetics; however, these forms lack the *spiritual* dimension. They have no soul and simply express the functional economy that drives the nation.

Accordingly, we easily see that not all cultures are capable of artistic creation, because the values and dimensions of particular cultures are not always relevant to the universal human experience. We must conclude then that a people without their own art forms fail *to live* in the spectrum of history, and that a people without clear and tangible art forms are a people with a doubtful culture; and a doubtful culture leads to a doubtful identity. Precisely here is where the greatest weakness of *muestra gente* lies.

Therefore, it is not economic oppression that is going to destroy our people, and it is not political exploitation that will push us into assimilative oblivion, but our own lack of identifiable culture. Socio-economic advancement for our people without a cultural counterpart advancing concurrently, can only lead to dissolution and disappearance of our ethnic being. We have the spirituality for artistic creation, but we have not disciplined ourselves enough to create the art forms which would express that spirituality. Sadly, we must admit that we, residents of the barrios of the great southwest US have no concrete aesthetic that we can point to and say, *es nuestro*.

This lack of an identifiable culture creates self-denial, feelings of inferiority and emotional insecurity. In our own ethnic group we see these symptoms manifested in the *vendido*, the drug user, the *bato loco*. And we have no one but ourselves to blame for losing these people, because we have failed to provide them with a culture, with values, with an identity.

The indications are obvious. If we attempt to meet the dominant society on its terms, we can only lose to it on its terms; but if we provide a culture with strength and character which can be, which must be expressed through our own art forms, then we can provide an indestructible ethnic pride which will allow us to meet any culture, any society on our own terms. Then is when we shall have our own aesthetic experience. Then when we shall truly feel, then is when we shall actually touch, then is when we shall surely know who we are and what we represent. But not until our art forms are thus created, crystallized and formalized can we assure ourselves of this ethnic relevance in the spectrum of human experience,

C/S is a hopeful step in that direction.

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 6; 1970.

The Chicano is hanging precariously between two cultures. This is an awkward posture because it creates an uncertain footing for cultural values. *What is moral? What is the "proper behavior? What do I identify with?* Questions Chicanos have always asked. No people can be comfortable or have peace of mind as long as they are "hung up" in such an indecisive position.

In the case of the Chicano, it has led to ethnic insecurity which has forced him to make self-defeating decisions. *Do I accept the Yankee system and assimilate away, forget I'm Mexican? Or do I clutch to my Mexicanism so that it prevents me from effectively using the Yankee tools?* But the answer can never be found in this sort of grappling for a foothold to the right or to the left. Either side will always be of uncertain ground in one way or another. The only solid footing the Chicano is likely to find is not to either side, but firmly between the extremity of his reaches. He can plant himself straight down, and hold himself up. Not until he does this will he be able to take the noose from his neck and breathe deeply as a whole and balanced man on his own *tierra firme*.

In terms of today's social dynamics, this will be a difficult thing to do because of the confusion amongst Chicanos between that which is *the body politic and cultural evolution*. That the words "cultural" and "political" can often be interchanged in most current movement rhetoric without affecting the intended meaning is indicative of this confusion, even though "the movement" is *primarily political and hardly cultural*. Most Chicanos are not, however, confused about their political allegiances. They are not hanging in the schizophrenic dilemma of having to decide whether they are Mexican political nationals or USA political nationals.

When a Chicano says, "Soy Mejicano," he usually means that he is attuned to an emotional harmony, linked to a historical presence which makes him Mexican. *Su sangre y su politica tiene casi nada que ver, en actualidad, con el sentido de ser Mejicano o pertenecer a La Raza.*

Nevertheless, all the politicking, the *movidas*, *la causa y el movimiento*, as they relate to ethnic unity, are bound to fail in achieving greater ethnicity if there is no concrete culture to buttress the actions. A definitive culture would give the Chicano the security of a clear and stable identity in the US, and it would preclude the psychological liability of "being Mexican," an identity that no longer serves the needs of Chicanos, nor can be used to excuse the lack of Chicano cultural evolution.

Paradoxically, it is the Mexican culture, not Mexican politics, that has brought about the social collision in the Southwest between the Mexican and the Yankee. And now it is Chicano politics, not Chicano culture, that are attempting to resolve these social problems. To do so without a cultural foundation of our own is to deal with the Yankee on his own terms, and this can only lead to defeat by total absorption into the Yankee system. A Chicano culture must correspond with any and all political *movidas* in order to insure ethnic survival. Only then can we deal with the Yankee on our terms.

A secondary dimension of this same paradox is that it has largely been US *politics and economics* which have brought about the cultural schism between *Pochos* and

Mejicanos. And it is this divisive aspect that morally obligates us to a Chicano ethic which in turn should evolve into Chicano culture.

Our salvation rests upon our ability to set this cultural evolution into motion. It will necessitate the strength of being ourselves, and it will require the halting of the increasing current of Mexican American assimilation into Yankee society. We must cease trying to be someone or something else. Our ethnic identity can only be a social force if it is manifest in our own Chicano culture.

We must stop aping Mexican art and start molding our own stuff.

We must stop playing the US "socio-political" organization and start running our own.

Both the *cultural* and the *political* must hang together if we are to survive as a dynamic force in the society.

This is no easy task. To continue hanging in such precarious balance then can either totally exhaust our ethnic relevance or promote us into a dynamic social force. This latter posture burdens us with an undeniable moral and social responsibility which can be defined as the perpetuation of our culture as an ethnic off-shoot of our Raza.

We are dangling in unfamiliar space, a very difficult position. I know, because no one in my family was ever hung---until I came along.

CON SAFOS helps to bind us together.

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 7; 1971.

Creative literature is the violent core of revolution, or rather it is, as with all the major creative arts, at the core of the eternal revolution.

For what is the creative effort if it is not the human burst, the creative revolt from established norms and traditional forms? That is exactly what it is, but no iconoclastic creation occurs, as is too often assumed by the conservative mentality, in isolation from the human condition. On the contrary, the artist is more deeply involved in the human condition than normal human beings—that is the reason why an artist is an artist. He is a madman of expression, crazed with getting to the soul of human existence; frustrated to the breaking point with the available forms, intolerant with the gross imperfections of established communication.

Reformation, as opposed to revolution, is seldom a satisfactory solution for the artist, because to reform is to accept the limitations of the existing structures, this necessitates acceptance of the decadent institutional hull of a society for the purpose of reordering the same fossilized parts within the hull.

The true artist will eventually find a reformation more impossible than the previous schemata, because reformation can only serve to confuse the inadequacies of communication, to destroy the definition of the existing inadequacies of human relations. It does not serve to clarify or to bring into focus the liabilities of a system, but serves to impede the inevitable change. It serves to divert and regress the coming of the new order. Reformation is not the new order, but simply a reordering of the ineffective old.

And the true artist must be fully cognizant of these institutional liabilities, for therein lies his motivation and his purpose, not to create a perfect society, but to remake, to redefine, to recreate human existence out of what tends to be a reaction to human imperfection as is manifest in the inadequacies of societies prevailing systems. The artist then revitalizes and gives new birth by breathing aesthetic life into the new order, and in so doing can prevent a society from arriving at a premature, though stagnant death.

By this definition then, the artist is an anarchist. He is a law unto himself, and as such cannot be depended on to establish a new system, to create a new society, for the true artist will react just as violently to the new system with its new imperfections and inadequacies as soon as that new system is put into motion. He will react to the new system as he did to the previous system—even though the new system may have been patterned after his own writings.

Like the revolutionist, the artist must confront the established forms and destroy them in order to build anew on the same ground, or he must separate himself from the oppressive limitations imposed by the existing structures for the purpose of creating a new order elsewhere, away from the tyranny of established society.

This is where the artist finds his social responsibility which is to keep the dynamic wheels of a culture turning through the creation of "living" aesthetic works, which, we must always keep in mind, are nothing more than reflective creations of the existing society. And because art, by its very nature, is created out of the conflicts of society, and because it is alive, must always portend death. It's as basic as the fact that all that lives must die.

An established society finds this threatening, because it cannot accept the truth of life and death and somehow subscribes to itself (historical contradiction notwithstanding) a place of immortality.

A system entrenches itself, and rather than make a graceful change to the inevitable takeover by a new system, it stubbornly resists until it is overthrown, usually by violence and revolution. A system will not give up the reins of power, and thus forces revolution upon the people.

The basic truth that is usually (and purposefully) overlooked is that the changing of a system does not in fact change anything. A culture of people will persist regardless of the system imposed on them. Though admittedly some systems facilitate the expression of a culture better than others.

There are many fine C/S supporters who have wondered why we place so much emphasis on creative literature such as the short story and poetry. Their feeling is that in a time of so much social turmoil, a movement journal like C/S is obligated to emphasize the didactic tale ("which is so much more popular anyway") and the socio-political essay.

But the problem with this kind of analytical literature that socio-political activists are wont to emphasize is that it addresses itself to the necessary social change of the moment. This is a very temporal kind of focus that neglects universal truths and that will likely be meaningless before a decade is out.

Further, analytical literature does not come alive, as does its creative counterpart, i.e., fiction and poetry. Analytical literature tells you about the revolution. Creative literature BECOMES, it IS the revolution.

Compare this to the political theoretician writing about the revolution. He is telling you about it, explaining it, analyzing it. This is in obvious contrast with the revolutionary himself who is carrying it out. He is the revolution.

And although the temptations are great to publish with emphasis on analytical, journalistic, didactic literature because of the immediacy of very real and pressing social problems, C/S must resist. The emphasis will remain on the living, creative literature that in the final historical analysis carries the most profound and lasting truths.

Art, or creative literature, is the recreation of human feelings and the innermost soul of man. It becomes the meaning of mankind. It is the essence of all that is human.

With this in mind, C/S prefers to be the lover, rather than to tell you how to love. Can you really tell anyone how to love? And likewise, C/S prefers to BE the revolutionary, with all those terrible and confused energies of love for mankind that every true revolutionary must have. We cannot tell you how to be a revolutionary, it must come from your heart, no more than we can tell you how to love.

And thus with violent aesthetic thrusts, C/S BECOMES what all our *mestisaje* of Aztlán now IS, and together force and forge and usher in the new and inevitable order.

C/S

EDITORIAL: Con Safos Magazine No. 8; 1972.

An editorial is not a place for excuse; however, in view of the fact that it has been a year since our last publication, I feel we owe our faithful readers something in the way of explanation.

As the theme poem on page one suggests, we are indeed "muddling in our own dilemma." You see, we created a little mag that won't stop growing. Even after a year of *no publication*, the mail continues to come, urging us to publish or chastising us for not responding to queries.

And it is not that we don't want to continue publishing. Not at all, but with each publication that we put out, our commitment to our readers becomes greater, and the weight of that commitment turns to guilt when we realize we may not be able to comply with that commitment.

This is the situation. We are a private nonprofit group of happy-go-lucky *batos* who practically by complete accident created CON SAFOS Magazine. We do not receive funding or endowments of any kind. Nobody on CON SAFOS receives any monetary compensation. Much of the cost for publishing of the magazine comes out of our own pockets. The staff members hold down regular jobs elsewhere, and each one has family responsibilities. Everyone volunteers his time. The mail stacks up. Distribution and marketing are practically non-existent. Yes, CON SAFOS is a labor of love that got us in deeper than we ever imagined.

Now the question is HOW DO WE MUDDLE OUR WAY OUT. This is our dilemma. We will welcome any and all help and suggestions. Please write to us, or if you live in the Los Angeles area, we would invite you to meet with us.

My personal bias suggests that the survival of CON SAFOS is in the interest of everyone.

C/S