

Portrait — continued

of the insults the brave men in the land rover have just spat at her. Should I walk with her on her way back to her mother's? No need, she says, and is soon off.

Thousands fall in behind Charles English's coffin at 9 as it is carried from Cable Street to the church where his funeral mass is to be conducted. The procession is menaced on all sides by landrovers and army jeeps swarming with heavily armed men, and above by 3 cacophonous choppers.

After mass the procession begins its slow march to the graveyard. As we begin to mount the hill leading to it, the heavens unleash a cold hard rain.

Behind us a line of mostly gray haired women link hands to keep off a phalanx of land rovers lurking there. A few minutes later one land rover breaches security and is threatening to lead a flying wedge to the coffin. It is draped in the illegal Irish tricolor flag and carries Charley's black IRA gloves and beret. A uniformed and hooded IRA honor guard is marching on either side of it.

The crown forces usually attack such funeral processions with their vehicles, and wade into the crowd with clubs and firing plastic bullets to remove these symbols of resistance.

On Easter Day, 1981, 2 such land rovers struck and repeatedly ran over Charley's 19 year old brother and a friend as they were standing innocently on a corner. Two British soldiers charged with these murders were set free by a British court in spite of incriminating testimony by numerous eye witnesses.

But today Noraid is here, including banned publicity director Martin Galvin. And so American TV cameras are here, somewhat restraining the military. And now a youth of 14 or so has leaped onto the hood of the assaulting land rover and is pounding his fist furiously on its windshield. Cheers ring out from the crowd, spectators sprint down from a hillside to create a buffer, and the attack is blunted.

The massive military presence continues to threaten the procession as it approaches the cemetery, but the human buffer keeps it away from the coffin.

At Charley's grave it begins to pour again. The 3 helicopters hovering above make it impossible to hear the last words said over him. But words are hardly necessary.

I walk by joking British soldiers outside the graveyard on my way to the buses waiting to take us away. Someone calls my name and I turn to see Julie, dressed in denim and somehow looking a whole lot better than I imagine I must appear. We say goodbye and I put my arms around her, trying to express the inexpressible.

Interview — cont.

Q: What other experiences during your stay stand out most for you?

A: I attended many cultural events in Managua, two of which made a particular impression on me. I went to a New Song Festival featuring Nicaraguan and exiled Salvadorean musical groups, and the Folkloric Ballet, featuring indigenous costumes and dances. Both events were packed and sold out, but more people kept squeezing in. The tickets were dirt cheap—easily affordable for any Nicaraguan family. It seems that there has been an explosion of the arts in Nicaragua since the revolution—fostered by a real sense of cultural pride and dignity.

Overall, I'd have to say that the Managuan youth are incredibly inspirational. I'd like to make a comparison between one young woman I met in the Popular Militia, and a young marine I met on my plane flight to Nicaragua. The marine was going to be stationed on a ship off the Nicaraguan coast, and I talked with him about why he was going and what he was doing, and he seemed to know absolutely nothing. The only preparation he had was that he knew some physical aspects of Nicaragua, but he knew nothing of the people, of their revolution, or of the nature of their struggle. He did know one thing—that he wasn't going to get killed if he could help it.

By comparison, the young Managuan woman was very aware. She knew about our 1980 elections, and that Reagan's victory meant an immediate change in the U.S.'s policy towards her government. She was aware of the fact that her country was setting an example for the rest of the world—that if their revolution survived, then others could also succeed. She had a very high combative spirit—and the youth use that term to

From my seat on the bus I watch her holding Kevin in the doorway of her mother's house, and as the buses roll away we wave until we disappear from each other's lives. I am thinking of Che's saying that true revolutionaries are guided by feelings of love, and I am thinking that today no one knows that better than Julie Doherty. ■

characterize themselves—and I would say that she was very typical of many of the Sandinista youth that I met.

One of the things they always say is that "we don't want to fight, but if we are invaded, they're going to have to kill every last one of us to win." In thinking of this spirit of this young woman in comparison to the marine who was going to be sitting off her shore, I couldn't help but wonder which side would have the ideological edge in a confrontation. ■

Census — cont.

the city, representing from 5 to 10% of the totals, being integrated into many more predominantly White neighborhoods than are Black people. From the 1980 tally, only a handful of communities were in effect off-limits to the county's largest minority. These were southern Point Loma, most of La Jolla, a section of central Clairemont, University City, Del Cerro, San Carlos, and the Lake Murray area south of Waring and Navajo Roads.

Finally, looking at other tracts in the County apart from the South Bay, the main Mexican communities with concentrations of from 30% to 50% of the totals are found in Oceanside, Leucadia and Escondido. The cities with the lowest proportions of Mexicans are Del Mar with less than 4%, Coronado with less than 5%, and La Mesa with just over 6%—all considerably less than the official County figure of 14.7%.

Thus we have a picture of segregation San Diego-style. Anyone who knows San Diego well, particularly the minority areas, could probably have described it without looking at one census tract. But, at least, herein lies the documentation of our segregated town. ■

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