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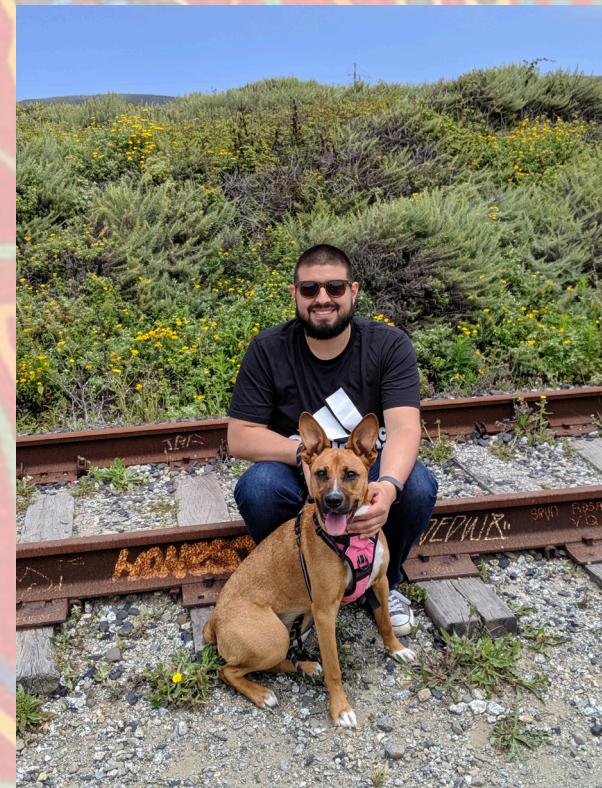
ZINE

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# About the Author

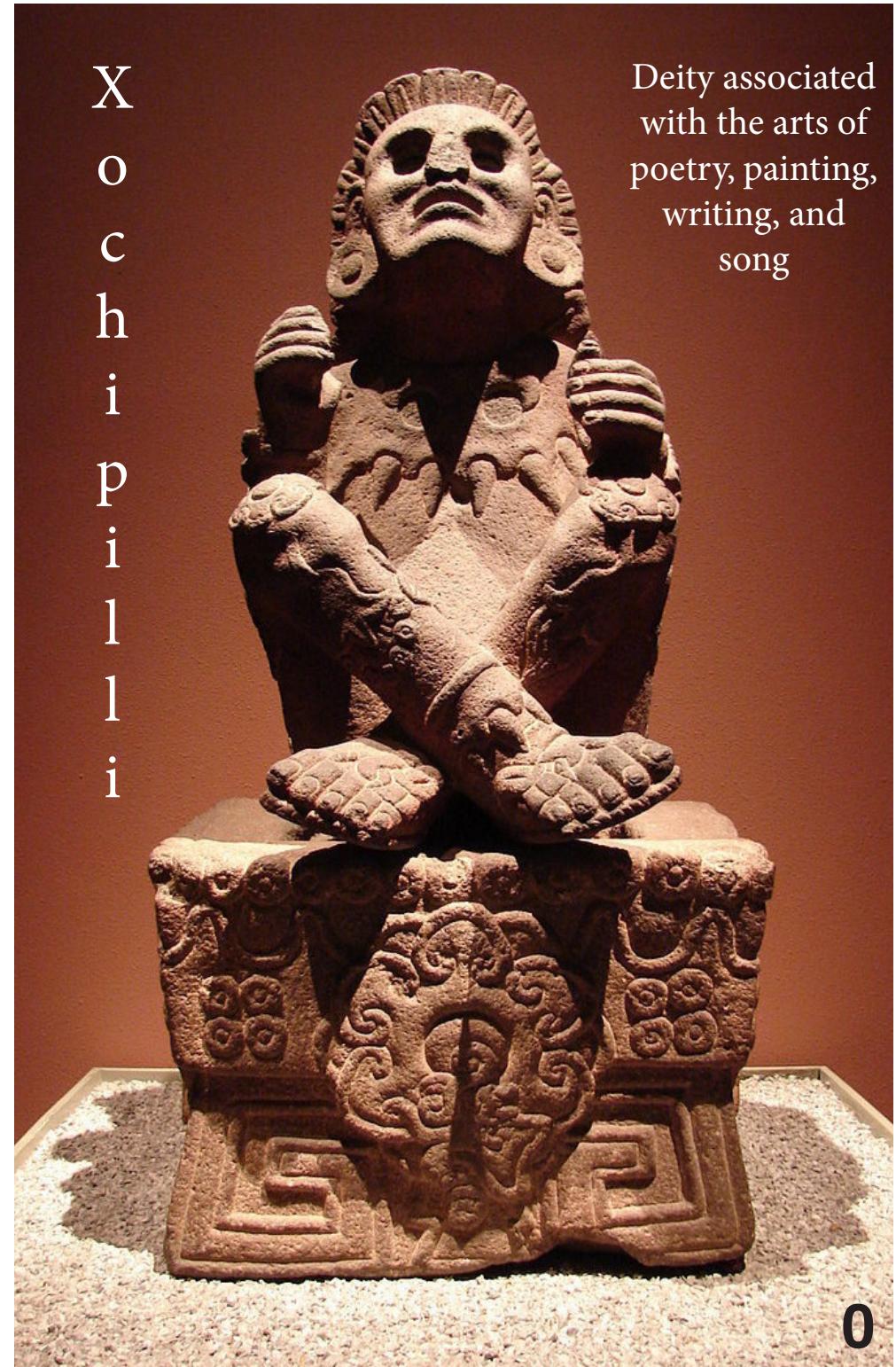
Victor Briones lives in Gilroy, California with his two cats and pup. Currently he is a student at CSU Monterey Bay majoring in Communication Design. His hobbies are few but they include long walks to his kitchen from his room, playing video games, and using the programmers mindset to the fullest.



# Mario Sifuentes - Chicken



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Deity associated  
with the arts of  
poetry, painting,  
writing, and  
song

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# Interview with an Immigrant

Interviewer: Victor Briones Jr

Interviewee: Victor Briones Sr. - My Father

**Question 1:** When did you immigrate to the United States and how?

**Answer 1:** I came here in 1972 when I was just two years old. We traveled here through a bus.

**Question 2:** Why did you and your family immigrate to the United States?

**Answer 2:** We came here for a better life in the United States. Also my dad found a job at the Ford motor company welding frames.

**Question 3:** What were some of the issues you had to deal with while growing up in the United States?

**Answer 3:** The biggest one was to learn English, but also having to adapt to a new culture. It didn't help that my parents split up when I was young as well.

**Question 4:** What are some of your favorite artist? As in musicians, painter/drawer, and /or actors.

**Answer 4:** Well for actors, I really liked Pedro Infante, a musician is Pedrito Fernandez, and my favorite artist is Diego Rivera.

Mario ifuentes



Ezequiel Matteo



Pablo Alfieri



David Galdamez



Adolfo Correa



Diego Sanches



Erendida Mancilla & Manolo Guerrero



Lourdes Zolezzi



# My Top Ten Graphic Artist

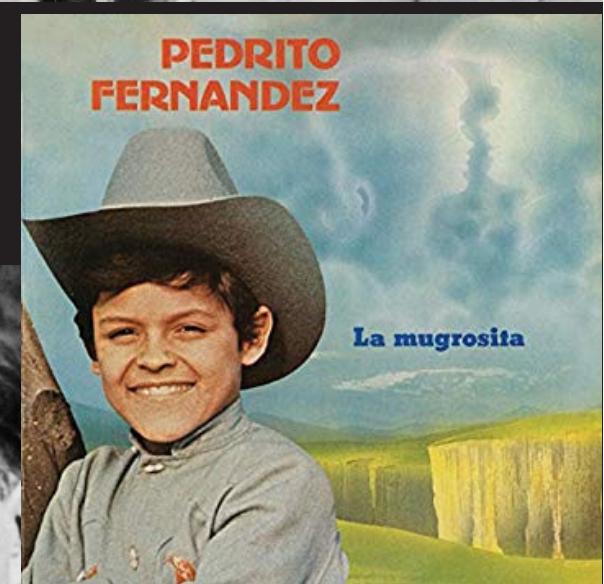
(In no particular order)

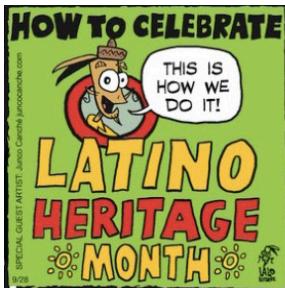
1. Mario Sifuentes
2. Diego Sanches
3. Pablo Alfieri
4. Ezequiel Matteo
5. Adolfo Correa
6. David Galdamez
7. Lourdes Zolezzi
8. Rafahu
9. Orlando Arocena
10. Erendida Mancilla & Manolo Guerrero



Pedro Infante

Diego Rivera





#### LA CUCARACHA



Here is the QR code to Pocho.com where Lalo Alcaraz post all his comics and news.

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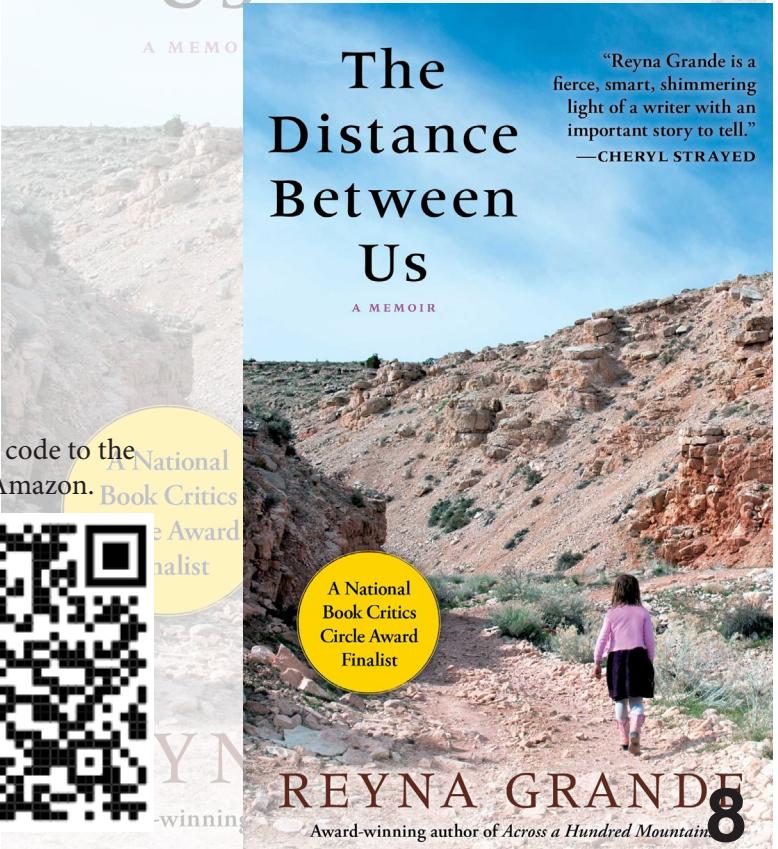
# The Distance Between Us

## By Reyna Grande

**Short Summary:** This is a memoir about Reyna's childhood in Mexico and her trip to "El Otro Lado". Reyna goes through many different trials and tribulations during her life. However, these issues teach her many things and formed her to the person she now is.

If you're into memoirs, this is a good read. I enjoyed it from beginning to end and it was somewhat of an emotional roller coaster. It tells a tale about life in Mexico as a child and shows what it's like to not have your parents around.

The  
Distance  
Between  
Us

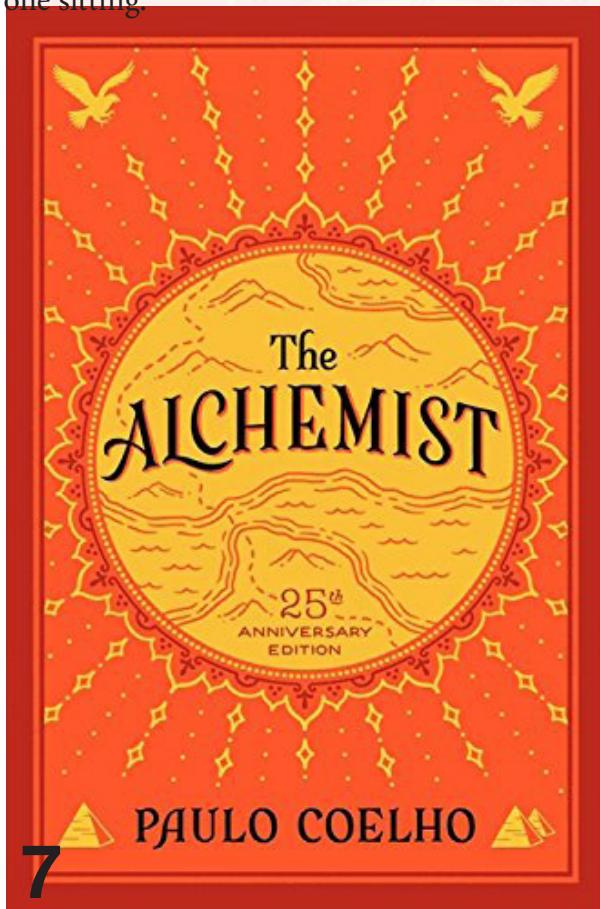


# The Alchemist

By Paulo Coelho

**Short Summary:** A young boy named Santiago has a reoccurring dream that he believes to be prophetic. He decides to act on this dream to find its meaning. Santiago then proceeds to go on a journey where things don't seem to go the way he wants but each negative scenario teaches him a different life lesson. Along the way he meets many different people who either help or impede his journey. However, in the end he realized that sometimes the thing we try so hard looking for is sometimes right back where we started.

I would recommend this book to anyone who likes stories of adventure and discovering yourself. Its not too long of a book either, I actually read it all in one sitting.



Here is a QR code to the novel on Amazon.

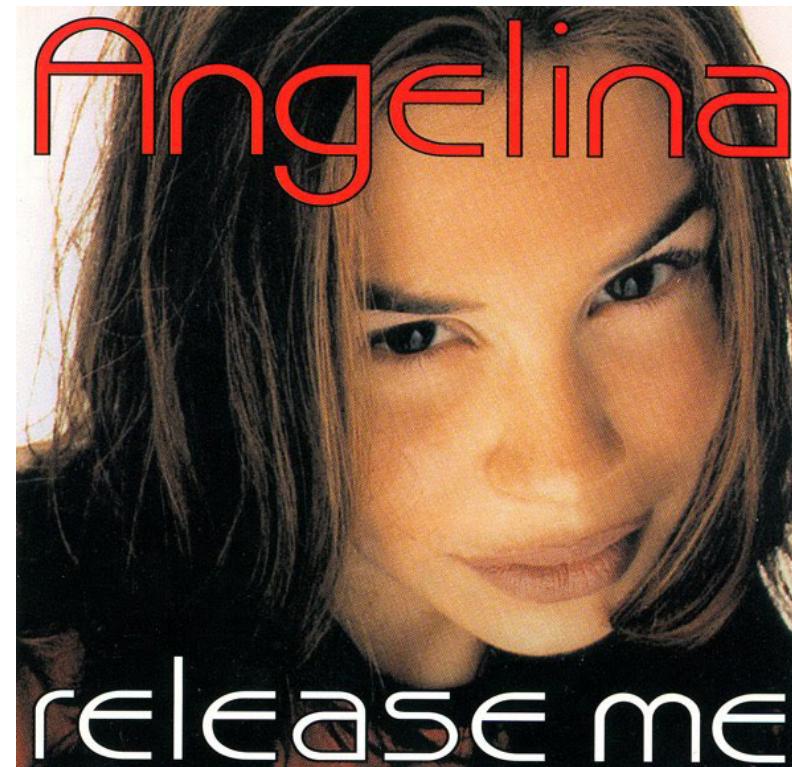


# Pop singer Angelina is now an East San Jose teacher after music stardom and tragedy

Music had a huge presence in my life, especially growing up. I remember my family would have parties almost every weekend, just because. I was super young then, so I don't remember too many details of those days but one thing that has always stuck in my mind is the music. And one artist is Angelina.

She was a freestyle artist in the late 90's till the early 2000's. She is of Latino decent and is from the bay area. Probably her most famous song was "Release me" which reached #52 on the Billboard. However now, she no longer performs and actually moved back to the bay area to become a teacher in San Jose.

If you haven't heard her music, I would say give it a try. She sings her music in English and Spanish which I thought was super cool and gives her a different and extended audience.



Here is a QR code to the article



Here is a QR code to the song "Release Me".



# Always Running by Luis Rodriguez

All night vigil.  
My two-and-a-half-year-old boy  
and his 10-month-old sister  
lay on the same bed,  
facing opposite ends;  
their feet touching.  
They looked soft, peaceful,  
bundled there in strands of blankets.  
I brushed away roaches that meandered  
across their faces,  
but not even that could wake them.  
Outside, the dark cover of night tore  
as daybreak bloomed like a rose  
on a stem of thorns.  
I sat down on the backsteps,  
gazing across the yellowed yard.  
A 1954 Chevy Bel-Air stared back.  
It was my favorite possession.  
I hated it just then.  
It didn't start when I tried to get it going  
earlier that night. It had a bad solenoid.  
I held a 12-gauge shotgun across my lap.  
I expected trouble from the Paragons gang  
of the west Lynwood barrio.  
Somebody said I dove the car  
that dudes from Colonia Watts used  
to shoot up the Paragons' neighborhood.  
But I got more than trouble that night.  
My wife had left around 10 p.m.  
to take a friend of mine home.  
She didn't come back.  
I wanted to kill somebody.  
At moments, it had nothing to do  
with the Paragons.

It had to do with a woman I loved.  
But who to kill? Not her—  
sweet allure wrapped in a black skirt.  
I'd kill myself first.  
Kill me first?  
But she was the one who quit!  
Kill her? No, think man! I was hurt, angry...  
but to kill her? To kill a Paragon?  
To kill anybody?  
I went into the house  
and put the gun away.  
Later that morning, my wife came for her  
things:  
some clothes, the babies... their toys.  
A radio, broken TV, and some dishes  
remained.  
I didn't stop her.  
There was nothing to say that my face  
didn't explain already.  
Nothing to do... but run.  
So I drove the long haul to Downey  
and parked near an enclosed area  
alongside the Los Angeles River.  
I got out of the car,  
climbed over the fence  
and stumbled down the slopes.  
A small line of water rippled in the middle.  
On rainy days this place flooded and flowed,  
but most of the time it was dry  
with dumped garbage and dismembered  
furniture.

Since a child, the river and its veins of  
canals  
were places for me to think. Places to heal.  
Once on the river's bed, I began to cleanse.  
I ran.  
I ran into the mist of morning,  
carrying the heat of emotion  
through the sun's rays;  
I ran past the factories  
that lay smack in the middle  
of somebody's backyard.  
I ran past alleys with overturned trashcans  
and mounds of tires.  
Debris lay underfoot. Overgrown weeds  
scraped my legs as I streamed past;  
recalling the song of bullets  
that whirred in the wind.  
I ran across bridges, beneath overhead  
passes,  
and then back alongside the infested walls  
of the concrete river;  
splashing rainwater as I threaded,  
my heels colliding against the pavement.  
So much energy propelled my legs  
and, just like the river,  
it went on for miles.  
When all was gone,  
the concrete river  
was always there  
and me, always running.