

## Printer's Devil

*It's one or the other, says the owner  
of American Printing. I can't hire both.*

*But your ad said two, Tío reminds him.  
Tío Genaro is a prize-winning pressman; my father  
the best in Print Shop at Lanier High. It's 1945—*

war is over and there's a bright gleam in these young  
brown men's eyes—you can see it, the starburst  
of possibility that swirls in them. But the owner

tells my uncle—the elder, the fixer—*just one* 'Pedro';  
*I don't want no trouble.* As if together, my uncle, my father,  
and every Chicano like them, might spill blood,

not ink. Might print feisty manifestos, instead  
of hospital invoices. Might give new meaning

to “die-cut.” It is 1945 and radical acts are few  
in San Antonio. *Thank you, sir. My brother and I*

*will look elsewhere.* Tío says this even though *elsewhere*  
is not much better in that oddly peaceful year.