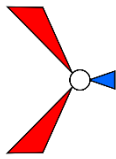


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bncdoc.id	FBL
bncdoc.year	1993
bncdoc.title	Esquire.
bncdoc.info	Esquire. Sample containing about 58743 words from a periodical (domain: arts)
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David Lee's classification	W_pop_lore

<961/c>	stop.' FATHER GREG BOYLE, SJ, has been pastor at the Mission Dolores Church in East Los Angeles for six years. In that time he has said 27 funeral masses for gang members who had died at gunpoint. It was Friday at Mission Dolores, when the probation officers came to met the boys on parole and Father Boyle paid the many youngsters whom he had working the church, the school and charity programmes in the parish. The boys called him Father Greg of 'G'. He called most of the 'Homes' or 'Homey' for 'homeboy'. He had just turned 38, but his beard was nearly all grey. His office, in a small building adjoining the church, was always open, and children of all ages cam in and out without asking. Amid interruptions from the telephone and boys coming into to ask for help, he talked about the parish, which is the poorest in Los Angeles. 'A few weeks ago, someone came up to a tagger with the KWS tagging crew,' Boyle said. Taggers were kids who painted their names on walls, not gang members, but unarmed graffitists. Some, like the famed Chaca, had put their names up all over the country. Chaca had even spray painted his tag 'Chaca' on the inside of the lift as he was leaving the criminal court building after being convicted of defacing public property. 'KWS are Kings with Style. The guy asked him what tagging crew he was with, he said KWS. 'Not any more you're not,' the guy said. And he shot him. This is a new thing, having a tagger kill another tagger. ' Perhaps no one was immune to the lure of war. When Father Boyle finished paying his workers at \$6 an hour, he took a stack of cheques to deliver around the neighbourhoods of East Los Angeles. 'A lot of them can not come to us, because we are near the projects. They'll be shot, so I take their pay to them.' We went from house to house, passing White Memorial Hospital, whose waiting room had been shot up when one gang went to kill the wounded members of another. We drove east along Brooklyn Avenue, the heart of Jewish Los Angeles 50 years earlier. People walked past La Farmacia, Botica del Sol and El Paso Shoes in the late afternoons as if they were making their evening promenade through a village in Mexico. The old shops along East Brooklyn Avenue were crumbling, but the people brought the street to life. The rest of Los Angeles moved only in
 <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p>the safety of cars</p>
	<p>, and the streets had become sterile and unwelcoming. On East Brooklyn, the walking people, who had lost more in this war than most, wandered gaily with their families and paused to talk to one another. LA LAW: Members of the Nation of Islam survey the wreckage after the riots. Above left, Bloods and Crips declare a truce. Above right, police chase a looter Father Boyle stopped the car to talk to a young mechanic in overalls. 'I hear two of your homeboys got killed. I'm sorry.' 'Yeah,' the boy said, wiping the grease from his hands with a rag. 'A taxi pulled up and two guys, a black and a Hispanic, shot him. They say it was Quatro Flats.' Quatro Flats were an old Mexican gang, founded 40 years ago. 'And the other homeboy?' Boyle asked. 'He got a gun and shot himself right in the head.' 'Why?' 'Over a girl.' There were more gang symbols on the walls of East Los Angeles than in Norwalk, where they seemed to be everywhere. And here, with so many gangs living close together, more names were crossed out with an X. That would have</p>

	<p>meant more killing. US Marines have won medals of honour dying to save their flag, and these kids died for their symbols as well. In a housing project car park, we watched as a white Cadillac stretch limousine pulled up to buy cocaine from the barrio kids, while Los Angeles's contribution to the economy of the underclass. Later, a black Mercedes. 'A woman organized the neighbourhood last year,' Boyle recalled. 'She had everyone standing out here at night, and they unfurled a banner across the whole street saying, 'If you came here to buy drugs, go home.' It worked for a while. People from West LA were embarrassed, but then the dealers shot up her house and she had to move away.' IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, a black cop sat in his office above the Criminal Courts and told me of his seven years with the Hardcore Gang Unit of the District Attorney's office: 'I have n't worked on anything but a murder since I started here.' In this war, Ken Bell has crossed the line. Born black in the Aliso Project, in the days before it became Mexican, he became a cop 20 years ago because he thought it was an honourable job. I wanted to help people, but I know now it's rare you can help people.' He has arrested</p>
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