

















THE CHASERS

Renato Rosaldo

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To the memory of

MY FATHER, RENATO ROSALDO;

MY MOTHER, BETTY POTTER ROSALDO;

MY GRANDMOTHER, MAMA EMILIA



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Prelude

How to imagine the Chasers? A band of twelve high school guys, more club than gang. Their jackets made them visible at Tucson High, 1956–1959.

Eleven were Mexican-American, one Jewish. Ethnicity was trumped. You were or were not a Chaser.

I was a Chaser.

You're about to read an auto-ethnography. It's personal. It's about what it meant to be a Chaser, how it sustained us, how we sustained us, how they sustained me.

It could be seen as historical ethnography, a portrait of a small group, except that the purpose of what I learned through participant-observation was not social description.

It was personal.

My intention was to go native, become Mexican-American, not to write it up. To deepen my humanity. And I did.

After meeting up for our fiftieth Tucson High School reunion, we Chasers remembered what we never forgot, what we held close, the people and places we never let go.

Little wonder that, once we resumed, we couldn't stop gathering, looking back, unforgetting.

Poetry revived memories of my feelings. Personal losses gave me vital perceptions. Collective recollections of bygone camaraderie opened me to this book.