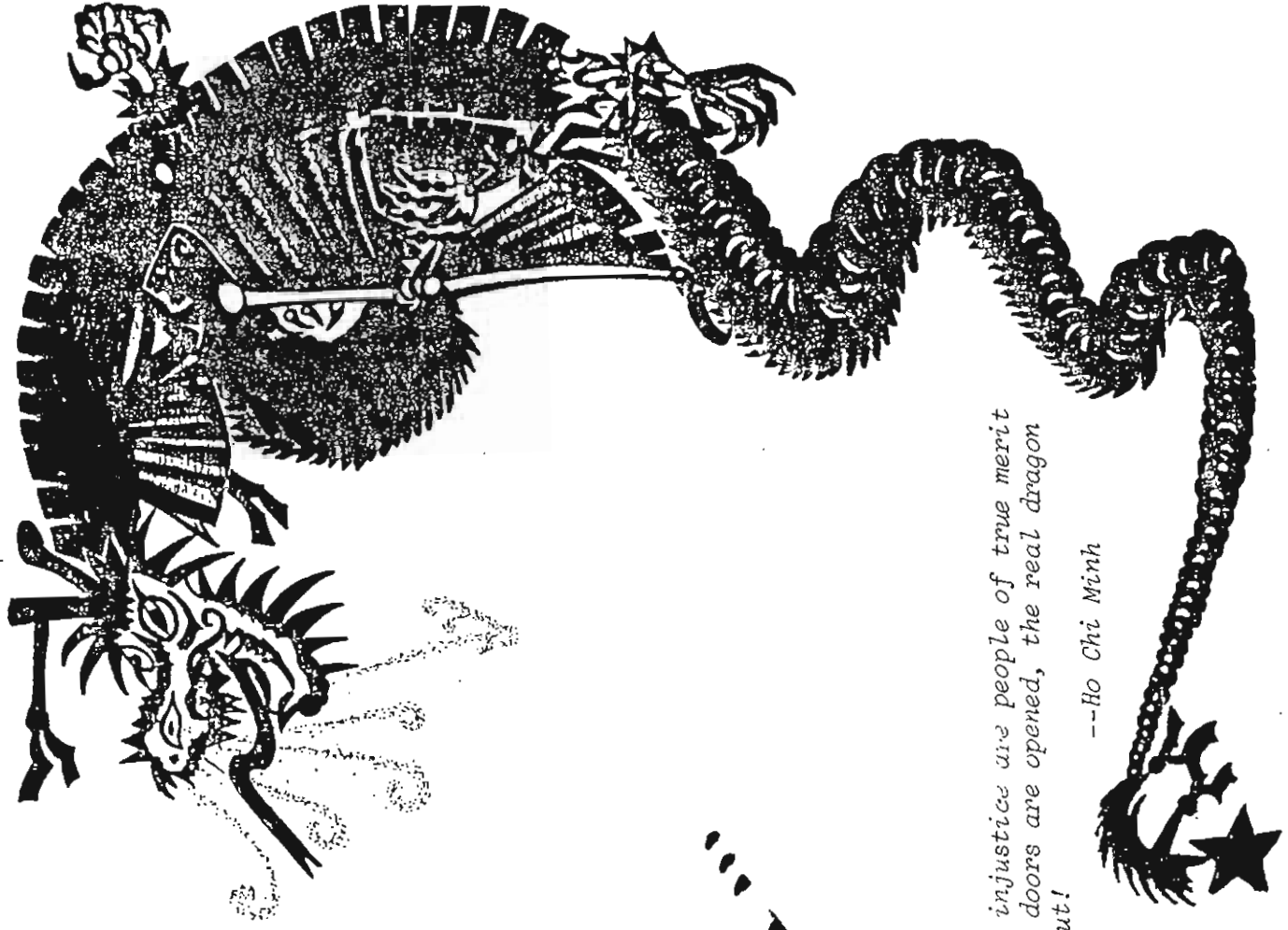


The Real Dragon New Year's Book, Vol 2

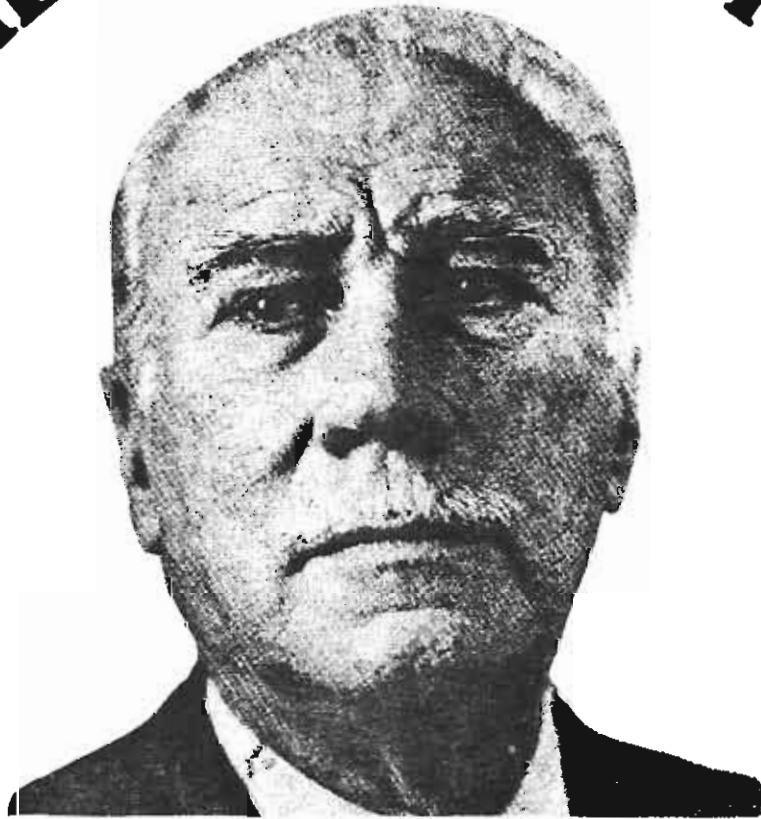
New Year's
Thoughts
For
our
Comrades
...
INSIDERS!



Those who fight injustice are people of true merit
When the prison doors are opened, the real dragon
will fly out!

--Ho Chi Minh

IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS LIFE



**Don Juan Antonio Corretjer
1908~1985**

One of Puerto Rico's greatest patriots passed away on January 19th. Don Juan Antonio Corretjer was the National Poet of Puerto Rico and Secretary-General of the Liga Socialista Puertorriqueña. For more than 50 years as a leader of the Puerto Rican independence movement he dedicated his life to the liberation of his people and all of Latin America.

1985, Eve of.....

Have we forgotten Grenada?
A torn and invaded country
who woke up one morning
and found itself on American soil,
bloody soil.

A small independent nation
building for its people
a peaceful people
joined in spirit, yet scattered
around the world.

A Proud African people,
with smiles in their eyes
and laughter in their hearts
emerged from a revolution
that webbed them together.

An enchanted land
of congas and steel drums
calypso and reggae
echoing their sisters and brothers
born in places never visited
yet known so well.

A movement of jewels
born in struggle
and torn in conflict
determined to carry on.

Grenada cannot forget
Every morning when they send their children off
to schools with Ameirkkkan flags and praise
for their yankee "liberators".

Every day when they pass by white men
in uniforms
with guns
guarding the jailhouse
and occupying their lives.

Every evening when they think of their comrades
huddled around campfires
in the surrounding hills.

Every night when they dream of a revolution
in hibernation.

There is no time to forget.
Our memories bring dreams for a new tomorrow
and a promise
that it will never happen again
anywhere.



The Bombing

There is no
air war
in my country, the
Salvadoran comrade said.
An air war -- that is when
our planes
and the government's planes
fight each other in the air.
But we have no planes.
No
it's the bombing
you should be telling
the North American people about.
It's increasing
because our guerrillas
are winning on the ground.
Daily the government's planes napalm us
bomb us with white
phosphorus, with
500-pound bombs:
 200 of these turned
 Suchitoto
 into dust;
hundreds of our people
are being killed.
The bombing scares everyone -- who
wants to die?
Even experienced revolutionaries
are scared of the bombing;
you can look at it like (he
boxed off two equal spaces in the air
with his hands) here is life...here is death.
But our people are finding the
ways to keep going. We are
building bomb shelters. We
are shooting down the planes.
I tell you, he said
nothing will keep us from our
liberation.

Off the Record

It's not the corpse
lying face down like
a big, brown, puffy doll
on a dirt street
in a village of
El Salvador. It's
not today's count that
describes this war.
It's the look on the young
boy's face inside the dead
man's house, his
consistent dullness, how
his eyes don't track, how
tightly he grips his
mother's leg as she walks
to the river, a bundle
of clothes on her head.
Watch him miss the bright
fish passing him
in the water.
Two deaths. The first
one quick. The second
lasts the length
of a light-eyed
boyhood.

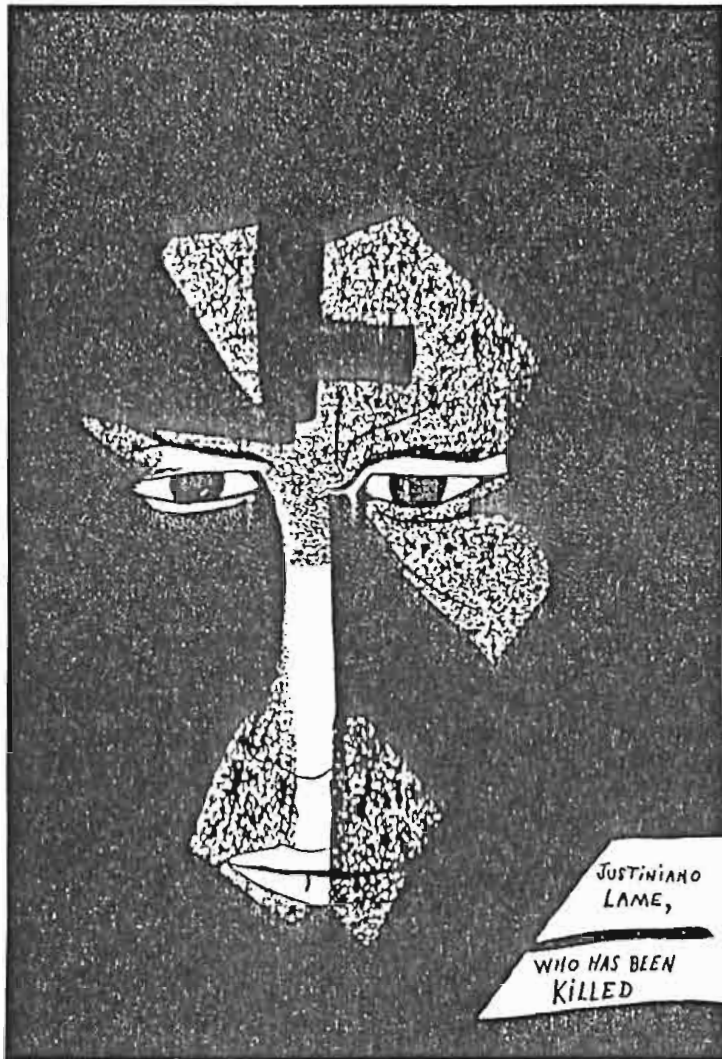
Gail Wiley

New School

Blood has flowed so long
in Central America
a whole generation has
grown up thinking
sidewalks and cotton fields are
red to begin with
and bleeding from the head
is natural.

It's up to the young, now
to stop the flow,
put color back
in the vein.

Gail Wiley



Justiniano Lame Has Been Killed

Justiniano Lame has been killed.
It doesn't matter what year—
This year. During this long season
Of Indians being killed.

Jimmy Little has also been killed.
Anna Mae Aquash has been killed.
Byron De Sersa has been killed.
Buddy Lamont has been killed.
Frank Clearwater has been killed.
Wes Bad Heart Bull has been killed.
Osceola has been killed.
Sitting Bull has been killed.
Red Bird Smith has been killed.

In Nicaragua Somoza bombs Indian villages.
In Paraguay the ranchers hunt Indians.
In Uruguay the last Indian was displayed in a cage,
And in Brazil Indians are caged in parks.

Before Justiniano Lame was killed
He used to say,
Viva la unidad de todos los explotados.

After he was killed
The people said,
La mejor manera de recordar los companeros caidos
En la lucha, es fortaleciendo nuestra organizacion,
Para enfrentar la represion, conquistar nuestras tierras
Y todos nuestros derechos.
"The best way to honor our comrades who have fallen
In the struggle is to strengthen our organization,
To confront repression, regain our land and all
Our rights."

Justiniano Lame has been killed,
But many have not.
I have not been killed,
And you have not been killed.

Justiniano Lame was a Jaguar,
And there are Pumas, Cougars, Ocelots,
Panthers, and Mountain Lions.

We are the brothers and sisters
Who can bring a new season
For Justiniano Lame .

Justiniano Lame was part of the Indian organization C.R.I.C.
(Regional Committee of Indians of the Cauca) in Colombia.

C.R.I.C. was one of the best and most responsible Indian
organizations in the Americas, and had an international reputa-
tion. In 1979 and 1980 the Colombian government began to
systematically hunt down and kill the leaders of C.R.I.C. and any
other Indian leaders.

Like the massacre of entire Indian villages in Guatemala
today, these atrocities have not caused much of an internation-
al outcry nor received much coverage in the press.

It will be up to us to make something of it.

This Is Not a Rhetorical Question
For Enrique and for the People in the River

There must be a singing river in Chile
In the land of the Mapuche.
There is certainly a song in that river
Of those people who call themselves
The people of the land
That sings in all these rivers.
In all these veins.

Kila pataka tripantu kuyfingekefuy in,
Inchin tain Mapu.
Tifa nitufun, lakonain kay.

That is the song the Mapuche sang in the summer
Before Senor Allende was voted into the presidency
Of Los Huincas.

"Three hundred years ago this land was ours,
Now we are going to take it back.
We are prepared to die."

Allende said I am a good Huinca and I
Will give you some land, Mapuches, put away your guns.
But later the Huinca Pinochet killed
Thousands
Tens of thousands
Of the people of the brave and crying land,
And dumped from trucks into the river
Their voiceless
Bodies.

How can a people prepare
For such a thing such a river?

Annie Murphy Don't Begrudge Those Chickens

I know they scared you
The Mexicans at your gate
Horses' reins in their hands
Their quiet words
You did not understand
Six in all
Pistols tucked under their belts
They watched everything.
They made your mama
cook all your chickens
Then they rode quickly
through that gate
of freshly cut wood
Past the newly cleared field
To disappear
Between the rolling hills.
You knew who they were
And, Annie Murphy, some of it
you must have understood
Because you passed this story down.

In the 1850s
south of old San Jose
You were living on land
stolen from Mexicans.
What your mother fled
Back in Ireland
Was happening before your eyes
But this time, Annie
Mexico was being colonized
And it was you
On the other side.

A day's ride from your gate
The Pinnacles hid
The men and women
who rode with Murieta
The white press denounced them
As murderers and thieves
The white ranchers feared them
As they feared vengeance for their deeds
While Mexicans prayed
to Our Lady of Guadalupe
To keep Murieta safe.

Driven from the mine fields
Driven off their land
White guns and lynch mobs
brought Murieta to your gate.
From Tejas to California
There were many more like him
"Notorious bandidos"
who defended their people.

I never knew you, Annie Murphy
But I heard the story's end
In the version that the white men tell
Murieta was killed
His head paraded through the streets
On a stick.
Displayed at county fairs
Preserved in a bottle
To degrade him,
To warn all who might follow in his path.

But the Mexicans say
Joaquin was not slain.
The white men so feared him
Any Mexican would do.
And Murieta rides still.

A hundred years later
Such warnings continued
This time, Annie, before my eyes.
Young brownskinned child
who dared to talk back
Defiant and angry
While Sister Mary Francis
stuffed a hot chili pepper
between his gritted teeth.

I hated the reality
that kept staring back at me
Yet I hated the isolation
of not fitting in
With other white kids
I wanted for my friends.
Only one side could win.
And I could not close my eyes.
Diana Circo's daddy owned an orchard
While Daniel's mama sorted grapes
and counted six maraschino cherries
into every can of fruit cocktail.

I could not close my eyes
To the bright police spotlights
shining on the crowd
of Mexican teenagers
who yelled back in anger
at the white cops with dogs
Vicious racism unleashed
Enforcing a Soweto-type curfew
at eleven o'clock
at the church dance.

Then, Annie, I must tell you,
I also met Joaquin.
A four-year-old child
at the daycare center where I worked
Joaquin Murieta
Every time I heard his name
it rang in my ears
promising a future
America thought it had stolen
Demanding something of me, Annie
your great granddaughter.

I never knew you, Annie Murphy
I never saw your farm
But its gate is clear in my mind
Old, now, and rotten.

I stand outside it,
looking at you
and looking at the land
that your daddy took
when he had no right.
Joaquin will regain it,
and I will help him fight.

who killed mcduffie? (a definitive question)

his brain was bashed
cranium crashed
skull fractured/broken
all the way around
but they said those who beat him
didn't kill him
so who killed mcduffie?
maybe it was the same ones
who didn't kill
clifford glover/randy heath/jay parker
claud reese/randy evans/luis baez
auturo reyes/bonita carter/eula love
elizabeth magnum/arthur miller &
countless others
when they musta tripped or
their fingers slipped
maybe it was the same ones
who didn't kill
jose torres/zayd shakur/fred & carl
hampton/jonathan & george/joe dell
twyman myers/spurgeon winters &
a few thousand others
perhaps it was those who didn't kill
lumumba/che'/amilcar/biko/fanon
mondlane/marighella/cordero &
quite a few thousand more
do you suppose it may have been those
who didn't kill
the indians & mexicans
who didn't steal the land &
claim that they discovered it
who didn't steal afrikan peoples
halfway across the planet
who didn't loot our customs/cultures/
religions/languages/labor/& land
who didn't bomb the japanese/
vietnamese/& boriqva too
do you think it might have been those
who didn't kill at attica/watts/dc/
detroit/newark/el barrios
at jackson state, at southern u
at the algiers motel
who didn't shoot mark essex for
16 hours after he was dead
ask them & they'll tell you
what they didn't do
but they can't tell you
who killed mcduffie

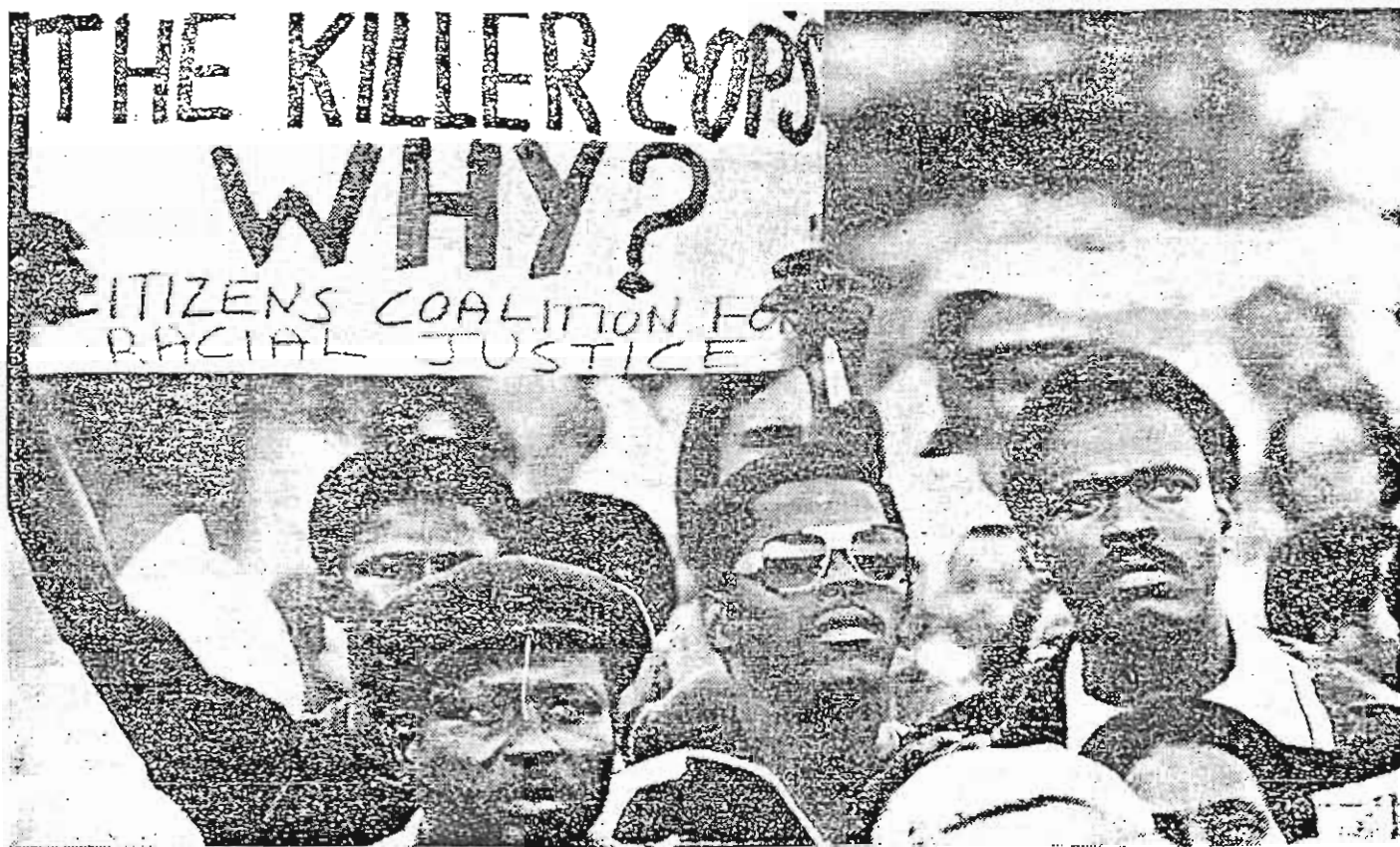
maybe it was one of those
seizures unexplainable where he
beat himself to death
it wouldn't be unusual
our history is full of cases where we
attack nightsticks & flashlights with our heads
choke billyclubs with our throats till we die
jump in front of bullets with our backs
throw ourselves into rivers with
our hands and feet bound
and hang ourselves on trees/in prison cells
by magic
so it shouldn't be a mystery that
nobody killed mcduffie
he just died the way so many of us do
of a disease nobody makes a claim to
the police say they didn't do it
the mayor says he didn't do it
the judges say they didn't do it
the gov't says it didn't do it
nixon says he didn't do it
the fbi/cia/military establishment
says they didn't do it
xerox/exxon/itt say they didn't do it
the klan & nazis say they didn't do it
(say they were busy in greensboro & wrightsville)
i know i didn't do it
that don't leave nobody but you
& if you say you didn't do it
we're back to where we started
looking for nobody
who killed mcduffie
you remember nobody don't you
like with de facto segregation
where they said the schools were segregated
but nobody did it on purpose
like when they said there's been
job discrimination for years
but nobody did it intentionally
that's the nobody we're looking for
the one with the motive to kill mcduffie
& you see, we *must* find this nobody
who slew mcduffie
because the next person nobody will beat,
stomp, hang or shoot to death
won't be mcduffie
it'll be you or someone close to you

CONTINUED

so for your own safety,
you should know the pedigree of
who killed mcduffie
you should know the reason of
who killed mcduffie
you should remember all those forgotten
who died of the disease nobody makes a claim to
so we wont be here asking
who killed you.

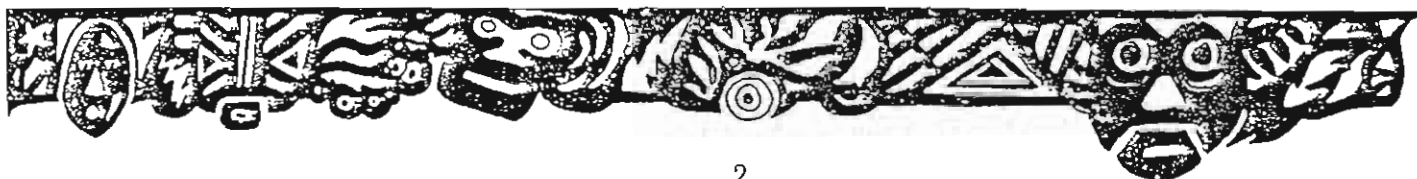
Hakim Al-Jamil
Leavenworth

-NAPO, Book 6



AP Laserphoto

Demonstrators listen to speeches in Miami's Liberty City Sunday after a march for Arthur McDuffie, who died after a beating a year ago. The acquittal of police charged in the case led to rioting in May.



Vida, Oficios

Insoslayable para la vida,
la nueva vida me amanece: es un pequeño
sol con raíces que habré de regar mucho
e impulsar a que juegue
su propio ataque contra la cizaña.
Pequeño y pobre pan de la solidaridad,
bandera contra el frío, agua fresca para la sangre:
elementos maternos que no deben alejarse
del corazón.
Y contra la melancolía, la confianza; contra
la desesperación,
la voz del pueblo
vibrando en las ventanas de esta casa secreta.
Descubrir,
descifrar,
articular,
poner en marcha:
viejos oficios de los libertadores y los mártires
que ahora son nuestras obligaciones
y que andan por allí contándonos los pasos:
del desayuno al sueño,
del sigilo en sigilo,
de acción en acción,
de vida en vida.

Poemas Clandestinos/Clandestine Poems

Roque Dalton (in the name of Timoteo Lue)

Life, Works

Inevitable in life,
the new life dawns in me: a small
sun with roots that I will have to water deeply
and push to fight their own battle
against the weeds.
Small and poor bread of solidarity,
flag against the cold, fresh water for the blood:
maternal elements that mustn't withdraw
from the heart.
And against melancholy, faith; against
desperation,
the people's voice
vibrating in the windows of this secret house.
Discovering,
deciphering,
articulating,
setting in motion:
the old works of liberators and martyrs
that are our obligations now
walking around putting us through our paces
from breakfast to sleep,
from secret to secret,
from action to action,
from life to life.

FSLN Hymn

adelante marchemos compañeros
avancemos a la revolución
nuestro pueblo es el dueño de su historia
arquitecto de su liberación
combatientes del Frente Sandinista
adelante que es nuestro el porvenir
rojinegra bandera nos cobija
patriá libre vencer o morir

los hijos de Sandino
ni se rinden ni se venden -- jamas!
luchamos contra el yanqui
enemigo de la humanidad

Ist verse again, then

¡PATRIA LIBRE O MORIR!



Giaconda Belli

PATRIA LIBRE: 19 DE JULIO DE 1979

Extraño sentir este sol otra vez
y ver el júbilo de las calles alborotadas de gente,
las banderas roji-negras por todas partes
y una nueva cara de la ciudad que despierta
con el humo de las llantas quemadas
y las altas hileras de barricadas.

El viento me va dando en plena cara
donde circulan libres polvo y lágrimas,
respiro hondo para convencerme de que no es un sueño,
que allá está el Motastepe, el Momotombo, el lago,
que lo hicimos al fin,
que lo logramos.

Tantos años creyendo esto contra viento y marea,
creyendo que este día era posible,
aún después de saber la muerte de Ricardo, de Pedro, de Carlos . . .
de tantos otros que nos arrancaron,
ojos que nos sacaron,
sin poder dejarnos nunca ciegos a este día
que nos revienta hoy entre las manos.

Cuántas muertes se me agolpan en la garganta,
queridos muertos con los que alguna vez soñamos este sueño
y recuerdo sus caras, sus ojos,
la seguridad con que conocieron esta victoria,
la generosidad con que la construyeron,
ciertos de que esta hora feliz aguardaba en el futuro
y que por ella bien valía la pena morir.

Me duele como parto esta alegría.

Me duele no poder despertarlos para que vengan a ver
este pueblo gigante saliendo de la noche,
con la cara tan fresca y la sonrisa tan encima de los labios,
como que la hubieran estado acumulando
y la soltaran en tropeles, de repente.

Hay miles de sonrisas saliendo de los cajones,
de las casas quemadas, de los adoquines,
sonrisas vestidas de colores como pedazos de sandía,
de melón o níspero.

Giaconda Belli

FREE COUNTRY: JULY 19, 1979

Strange to feel this sun again
and see the jubilation in streets overflowing with people,
red and black flags everywhere
and the city's new face awakens
with the smoke of burnt tires
and high rows of barricades.

The wind hits me full face
where dust and tears circle freely
I take a deep breath to convince myself it's not a dream,
that over there is Motastepe, Momotombo, the lake,
that we finally did it,
that we succeeded.
So many years believing against wind and tide,
believing this day would be possible,
even after hearing of the deaths of Ricardo, of Pedro,
of Carlos . . .
of so many others they wrenched away,
pulling our eyes out
but unable to blind us to this day
that now bursts in our hands.

How many dead well up in my throat,
beloved dead with whom we once dreamed this dream
and I remember their faces, their eyes,
the confidence with which they knew this victory,
the generosity with which they built it,
certain that this happy hour was waiting in the future
and was worth dying for.

Like childbirth this joy hurts me,
hurts me that I can't wake them up to come and see this
giant nation
of people coming out of the night
with a fresh face and lips smiling
as if they'd been saving it
and let it go suddenly, in a rush.

There are thousands of smiles coming forth from coffins,
burned houses, cobblestones,
smiles dressed in colors like pieces of watermelon,
or canteloupe or loquat.

Yo siento que tengo que gozarme y regocijarme
 como lo hubieran hecho mis hermanos dormidos,
 gozarme con este triunfo tan de ellos,
 tan hijo de su carne y de su sangre
 y en medio del bullicio de este día tan azul,
 montada en el camión,
 pasando entre las calles, en medio de las caras hermosas
 de mi gente,
 quisiera que me nacieran brazos para abrazarlos a todos
 y decirles a todos que los quiero,
 que la sangre nos ha hermanado con su vínculo doloroso,
 que estamos juntos para aprender a hablar de nuevo,
 a caminar de nuevo;
 que en este futuro— herencia de muerte y de gemidos—
 sonarán estrepitosas descargas de martillo,
 rafagazos de torno,
 zumbidos de machete;
 que éstas serán las armas
 para sacarle luz a las cenizas,
 cemento, casas, pan, a las cenizas;
 que no desmayaremos, nunca nos rendiremos,
 que sabremos como ellos
 pensar en los días hermosos que verán otros ojos
 y en esta borrachera de libertad
 que invade las calles, mece los árboles,
 sopla el humo de los incendios
 que nos acompañen
 tranquilos
 felices
 siempre-vivos
 nuestros muertos.

I feel I must enjoy and rejoice
 like my sleeping brothers would have done,
 enjoy this triumph so much their own,
 so much the child of their flesh and blood,
 and in the middle of the uproar of this day so blue,
 riding on the truck,
 passing in the streets, in the midst of the beautiful faces
 of my people,
 I wish I could grow arms to embrace them all
 and tell them I love them,
 that blood has joined us with its painful bond,
 that we are together to learn to speak anew,
 to walk anew;
 that in this future— legacy of death and laments—
 will sound deafening volleys of hammers,
 bursts of lathes,
 whizzing machetes;
 that these will be the weapons
 to draw light from the ashes,
 cement, houses, bread from the ashes;
 that we won't lose heart, will never surrender,
 that we'll know how, as they did,
 to think of beautiful days other eyes will see
 and in this rapture of liberty
 that invades the streets, sways trees,
 blows smoke from the fires
 that they'll be with us
 tranquil
 happy
 always alive
 our dead.

[M.F.]

CANTO A FIDEL

Vámonos,
ardiente profeta de la aurora,
por recónditos senderos inalámbricos
a liberar el verde caimán que tanto amas.

Vámonos,
derrotando afrentas con la frente
plena de martianas estrellas insurrectas,
juremos lograr el triunfo o encontrar la muerte.

Cuando suene el primer disparo y se despierte
en virginal asombro la manigua entera,
allí, a tu lado, serenos combatientes,
nos tendrás.

Cuando tu voz derrame hacia los cuatro vientos
reforma agraria, justicia, pan, libertad,
allí, a tu lado, con idénticos acentos,
nos tendrás.

Y cuando llegue al final de la jornada
la sanitaria operación contra el tirano,
allí, a tu lado, aguardando la postrer batalla,
nos tendrás.

El día que la fiera se lama el flanco herido
donde el dardo nacionalizador le dé,
allí, a tu lado, con el corazón altivo,
nos tendrás.

No pienses que puedan menguar nuestra entereza
las decoradas pulgas armadas de regalos;
pedimos su fusil, sus balas y una peña.
Nada más.

Y si en nuestro camino se interpone el hierro,
pedimos un sudario de cubanas lágrimas
para que se cubran los guerrilleros huesos
en el tránsito a la historia americana.
Nada más.

(México, año 1956)

SONG TO FIDEL

You said the sun would rise.
Let's go
along those unmapped paths
to free the green alligator you love.

And let's go obliterating
insults with our
brows swept with dark insurgent stars.
We shall have victory or shoot past death.

At the first shot the whole jungle
will awake with fresh amazement and
there and then serene company
we'll be at your side.

When your voice quarters the four winds
reforma agraria, justice, bread, freedom,
we'll be there with identical accents
at your side.

And when the clean operation against the tyrant
ends at the end of the day
there and then set for the final battle
we'll be at your side.

And when the wild beast licks his wounded side
where the dart of Cuba hits him
we'll be at your side
with proud hearts.

Don't ever think our integrity can be sapped
by those decorated fleas hopping with gifts
we want their rifles, their bullets and a rock
nothing else.

And if iron stands in our way
we ask for a sheet of Cuban tears
to cover our guerrilla bones
on the journey to American history.
Nothing more.

"Fernando Gordillo Cervantes es nicaragüense desde 1940, y aunque murió recientemente (el 24 de julio de este año), sigue siendo nicaragüense. Murió a los 26 años. No sé desde cuando luchó. Yo lo conocí como en 1960 y ya hacía mucho tiempo que era uno de nuestros mejores combatientes. Fue uno de los mejores dirigentes estudiantiles. A los 20 años le atacó una enfermedad que lo dejó prácticamente paralizado, a pesar de lo cual continuó su carrera universitaria, y lo que es más, continuó luchando, escribiendo, amando. Fernando es uno de los mejores ensayistas, cuentistas y poetas de nuestra generación. De él decían también que tuvo una valentía desmedida."

De una carta, Managua, agosto 1967.

ANDRÉS

Andrés,
tu piedra es mi esperanza.
Ha pasado un siglo y ya lo ves,
todo lo mismo.
Pudo más el oro que la sangre.
Toda tu tierra, Andrés,
desde los lagos al Coco,
desde el Cabo hasta el San Juan,
es una sola lágrima donde la Patria llora
Lanza la piedra.
¡Lánzala!
A un siglo de distancia, el enemigo
es el mismo.

Andrés Castro es un héroe nicaragüense que peleó en la hacienda de San Jacinto contra los invasores yanquis al mando de William Walker. Al quedarse sin municiones, Andrés tomó una piedra y con ella derribó al primer yanqui que intentó atravesar la cerca que protege la hacienda.

"Fernando Gordillo Cervantes has been a Nicaraguan since 1940, and although he died recently (on 24th July of this year) he is still a Nicaraguan. He was 26 when he died. I don't know how long he had been fighting for. I got to know him in 1960 and for a long time he had been one of our best fighters. He was one of the best student leaders. When he was 20 he was almost paralysed by an illness, but he finished at the University, and what is more, went on fighting, writing and loving. Fernando is one of the best essayists, short-story writers and poets of our generation. He is known to have been exceptionally brave."

From a letter, Managua, August 1967.

ANDRÉS

Andrés,
your rock is my hope.
A century has gone and look
things are the same.
Blood is not the equal of gold.
All your land Andrés
from the lakes to the C'oco
from the Cape to San Juan
forms a single tear
the country weeps.
Throw the rock.
Throw it!
One hundred years
from where you stood, the enemy
is the same.

Andrés Castro is a Nicaraguan hero who fought against the U.S. invaders under the command of William Walker in the Hacienda de San Jacinto. Lacking munitions, Andrés seized a rock and with it he knocked down the first Yankee who tried to cross the barricade that protected the hacienda.



CARROLL ISHEE

A NORTH AMERICAN COMPAÑERO

Interview with Carlos
Spring 1982

Question: Who are you?

Answer: I'm an American citizen in El Salvador fighting with the Frente Farabundo Marti para la Liberacion Nacional.

Q: Why did you come down here?

A: Basically because I wanted the people here to realize that there were people in the United States that represent a different policy than the policy represented by Ronald Reagan

Q: Where do you guys get your guns from?

A: They are purchased in the black market, some of the arms we capture, (showing his gun), it says "United States of America-Property of the U.S. government."

Q: You know how to use this gun?

A: Yeah, right now it's in semi-automatic. We usually only fire in semi automatic because we don't have very many bullets.

Q: Do your parents know that you're here?

A: Um... I think so at this point, but I'm not sure.

Q: Did you tell them where you were going?

A: No I did not.

Q: Uh huh. What did you tell them?

A: That I was going on a vacation (laughter). Maybe they'll find out now.

Q: Where do you live?

A: I live up here. We're camped out.

Q: Do you want to show me the sights here?

A: OK. The people here are cleaning arms. This is the house where some of the people are sleeping, and some of the people sleep there (pointing away from the house).

Q: Do you live there? (pointing away from the house)

A: I have a hammock inside. I'm lucky. I was one of the first ones to be in this camp so I have a hammock.

Q: Why don't you show it? Why don't you show me where you live? (Carlos shows hammock) That's home?

A: That's home!

(Helicopter is hovering overhead.)

Carlos: Really we could probably shoot it down, yeah, but we don't want to locate our position. We've got more important things to do.

Q: So what do you guys do? Do you just go hide?

A: Well as you can see most of the people here are just doing what they normally do. Although when they come normally we're under trees or we're under this roof and so they don't see us.

Q: The first time you had to fight how did you feel?

A: A little nervous and well, its evident that its exactly this helicopter that is prolonging this war with the help of the United States government.

Q: What did you guys have for lunch today?

A: This is a combination of corn and sorghum.

Q: That's what you guys eat?

A: Well they make tortillas out of them. We grind it up over here.

Q: She's the grinder? (pointing at woman in kitchen.)

A: She's making them right now, and then we cook them over a flame.

Q: If you could have any food right now what would you like to have?

A: Friend shrimp. (laughter). And this is very ironic but I would like to have a cocacola. (more laughter.)

Q: Why don't you tell me about these people here that you've been living with?

A: Well, more than anything they're my companeros. And they're basically ordinary people here, mostly caught up in a historical circumstance where they're called upon to basically make a lot of sacrifice in order to free their country!

And well, I don't know, I feel a lot of respect and love for them and that's why I'm here.

Q: And if you die?

A: Well, that's a possibility and, . . . but it's worth it!

Q: Would you like to give a message to your family?

A: Sure, that I love them. That I love my family very much.

New Orleans, Louisiana,

January 25, 1984.

My husband Carroll, Carlos, as he was called in El Salvador, was killed by machine gun fire from a helicopter made in the United States in August of last year.

Carroll lived in the liberated zones in El Salvador for 2 years, and died as a combatant of the FMLN.

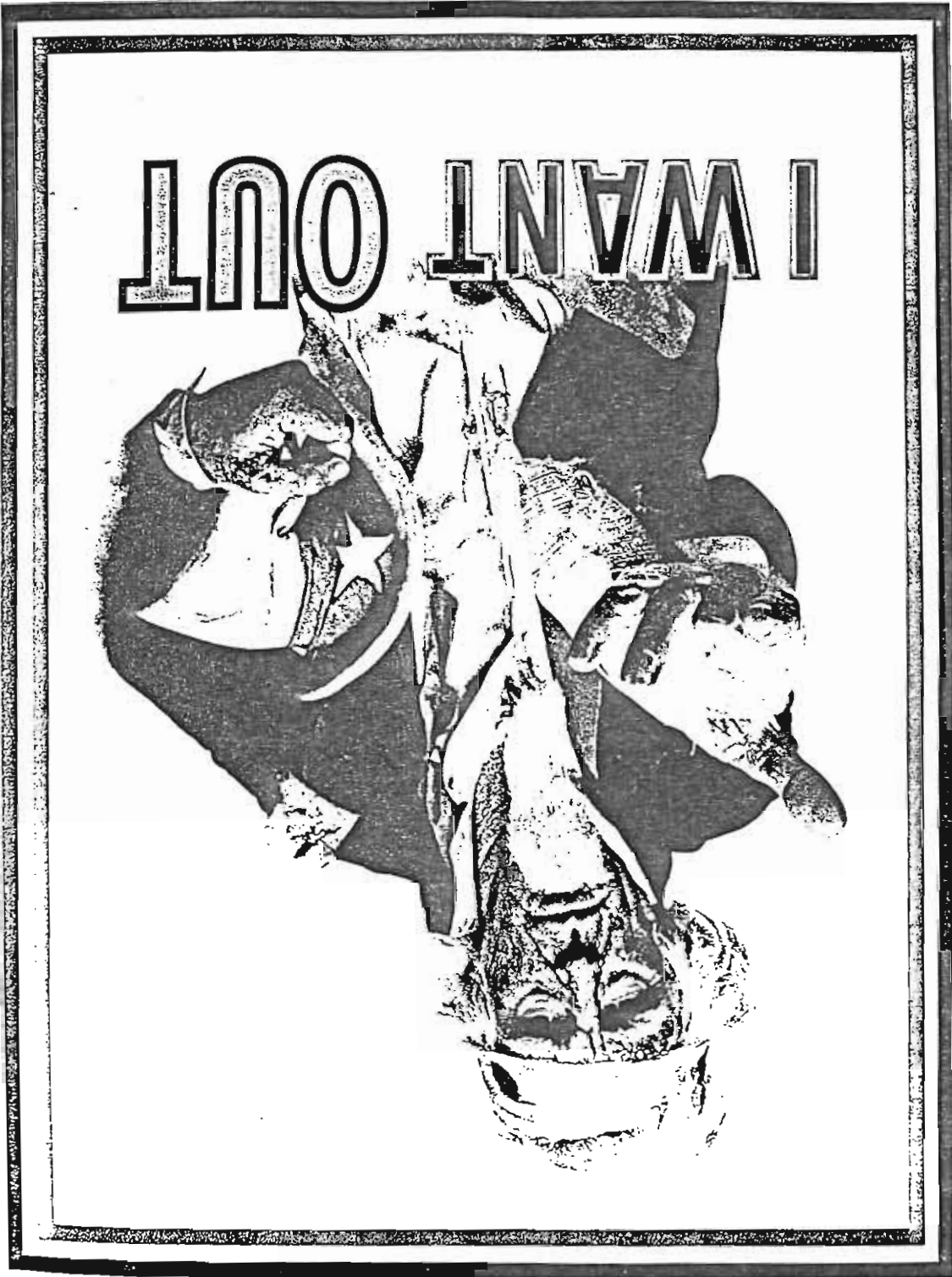
Carroll's opposition to U.S. military involvement in El Salvador originated in his repulsion to injustice, as people throughout the world have opposed misery, illiteracy, hunger and disease.

The growth of U.S. military aid combined with more and more civilians deaths at the hands of military and paramilitary forces increased Carroll's active opposition to U.S.

Carroll felt it necessary to demonstrate to the Salvadoran people that there is foreign policy which millions of U.S. citizens hold in their hearts. It is foreign policy on the side of the poor and the workers of the world, a fraternal and just foreign policy.

It was not easy for my husband to leave his home for an uncertain future; it wasn't easy for him to leave his family, his architectural studies or a familiar culture and language. His conscience obliged him to go to Central America to work with the Salvadoran people who fight for a true and lasting democracy.

Lauraun Ishee.

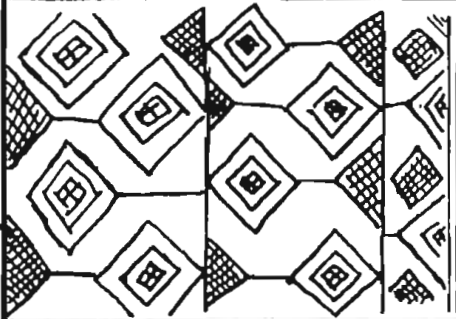


To a Vietnamese Facing Death, Whom I love but Whom I Never Met

Oct. 9, 1973

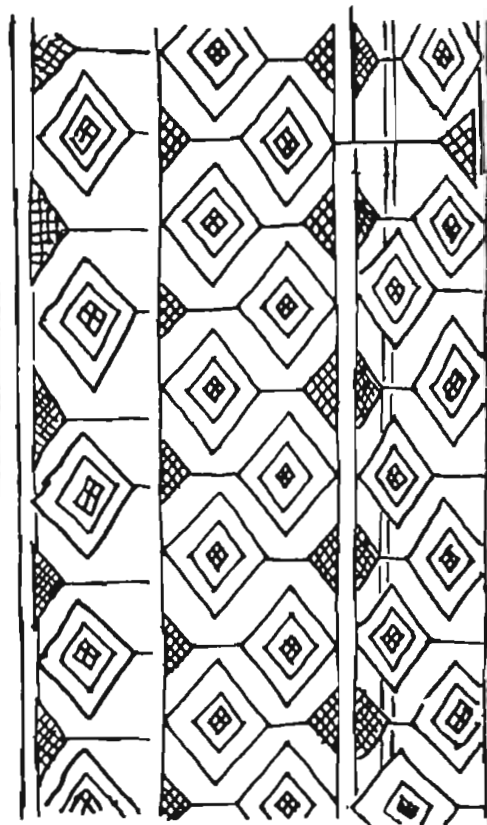
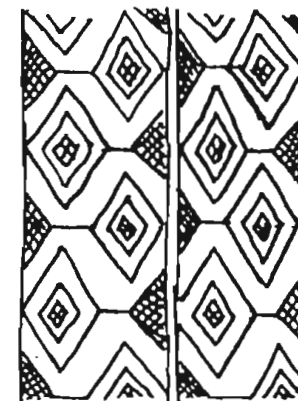
I listen to the anonymous cries
That come from the centuries
and the far away cries
Of those that come ahead
Of those that lovingly pick up
the duties that are left by the fallen,
of those of us who know that happiness
is to understand their obligation, to have the faith
that in this beautiful world,
nothing is lost, not even a moan,
not even a pain, not even a joy,
not even a horror; nothing that is faithful to the truth.
But their only responsibility is to carry on
anonymously that which is
everyone's, not one person's only.
They are those who pick up
lovingly the responsibilities,
those that are able to hand them over to someone
that can carry them as far as it's possible
to carry them by way of what we were and what we will be,
like an unbreakable human thread.

--Lona Consuelo



Revolutions are fought to get control of land, to remove the absentee landlord and gain control of the land and the institutions that flow from that land. The black man has been in a very low condition because he has had no control whatsoever over any land. He has been a beggar economically, a beggar politically, a beggar socially, a beggar even when it comes to trying to get some education. The past type of mentality that was developed in this colonial system among our people, today is being overcome. And as the young ones come up, they know what they want (land!). And as they listen to your beautiful preaching about democracy and all those other flowery words, they know what they're supposed to have (land!).

So you have a people today who not only know what they want, but also know what they are supposed to have. *And they themselves are creating another generation* that is coming up that not only will know what it wants and know what it should have but also will be ready and willing to do whatever is necessary to see that what they should have materializes immediately. — El-Hajj Malik El Shabazz (Malcolm X), "The Black Revolution," *Malcolm X Speaks*





This poem, by Christine Douts Qunta, was written shortly after her participation in the Soweto uprising of 1976.

Our mothers are weeping
their wailing is spiralling
dissolving into the sky
roofing the open graves
of their sons and daughters
tortured !

 slashed !
 shot !

Our mothers are crying
moist rivulets of despair
are running down the folds
of their dark skins
their sons and daughters
are imprisoned !

 beaten !
 hanged !

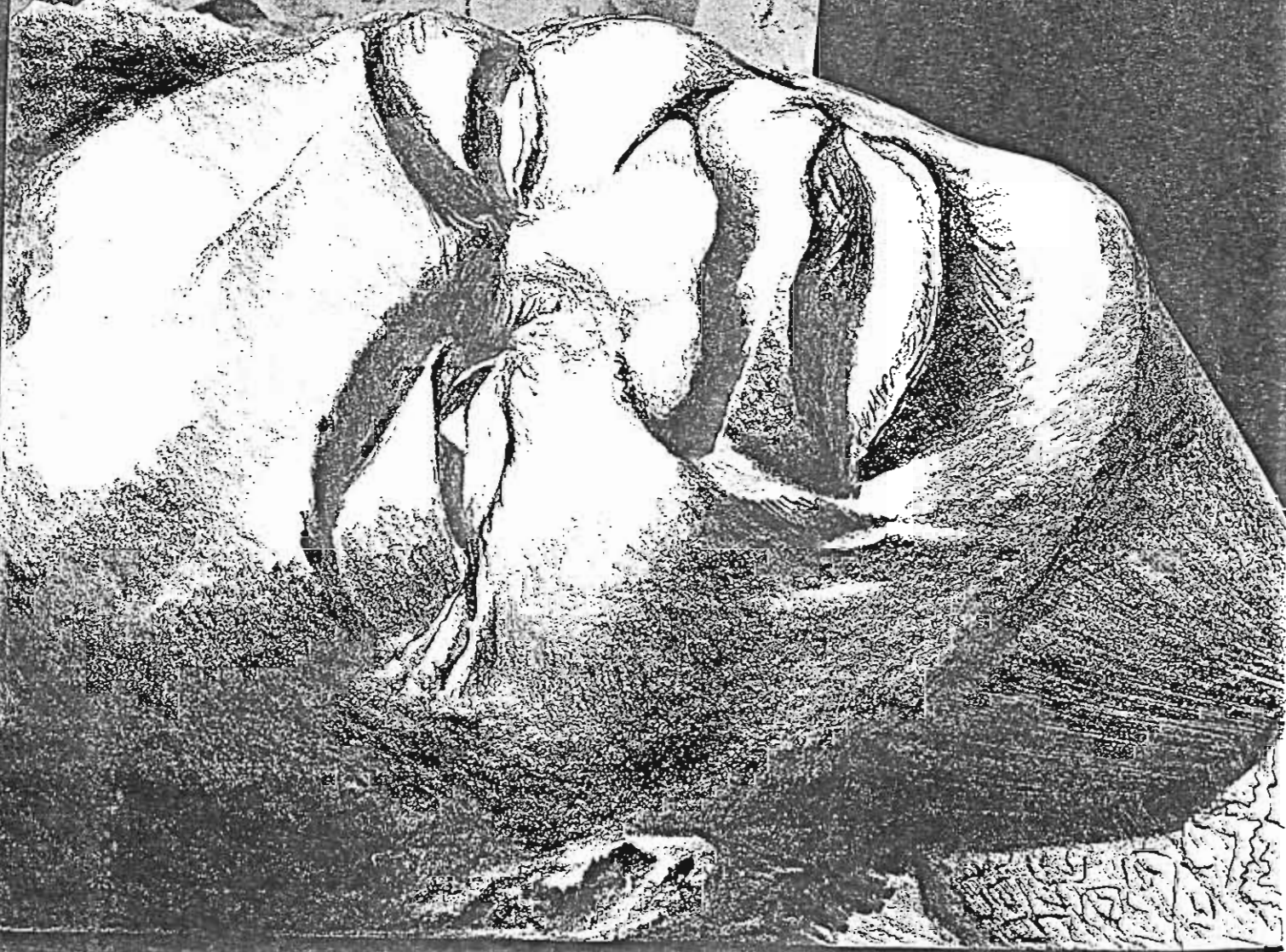
Our mothers with their empty eyes
and busy hands
through centuries of outrage
heard insults from white mouths
and sounds of gunfire and people dying
black souls felt the tremor
in their bodies
the cry in their blood

and
our mothers, robed in hues of anger
are now shouting!
bring your blue eyed men of iron and fire!
bring your batons! your dogs! your armoured carriers!
your endless laws and jails!
bring your saracens! your hippos! your sneeze machines!
your birdshot! and your sten guns!

BRING THEM!

for we, the bearers of sons and daughters
and men and women
smothered in lives of misery
we are also
the bearers of
guns for the tyrants
stones for the uniformed dogs
songs for our little black angels
garlands for our million heroes, dead and alive
disgust for the cowards
and death for the murderers!

Soweto



JAZZ NIGHT AT NOE VALLEY MINISTRY

Here it comes
The big one, the wave
We've been waiting for all night
Sitting on wooden chairs
Next to strangers
In an overlit room
Of a church turned play school,

Far out at sea
We feel it building,
Uncurling like the final sigh
Of the only breathing dinosaur,
Fragile heart pounding against monstrous rib,
Forgotten beast,
Roaming the polar region
Of our collective soul.
We know this animal,
We've seen him in dreams
Wandering alone over frosty slopes,
Digging through layers of snow
Past pine bow, sticker bush and stone
Searching for a scent, a spore, a paw print
That's not his own.

It's coming, our wave
Rising from the belly of a skinny black man
Flowing from his lungs and cheeks and lips
Into the belly of the sax held in calloused hands
Graceful as an angel,
We lean forward on our seats
'Til the room looks tilted, listing,
Listening as the breath wave travels the length
Of the gleaming, silver throat.

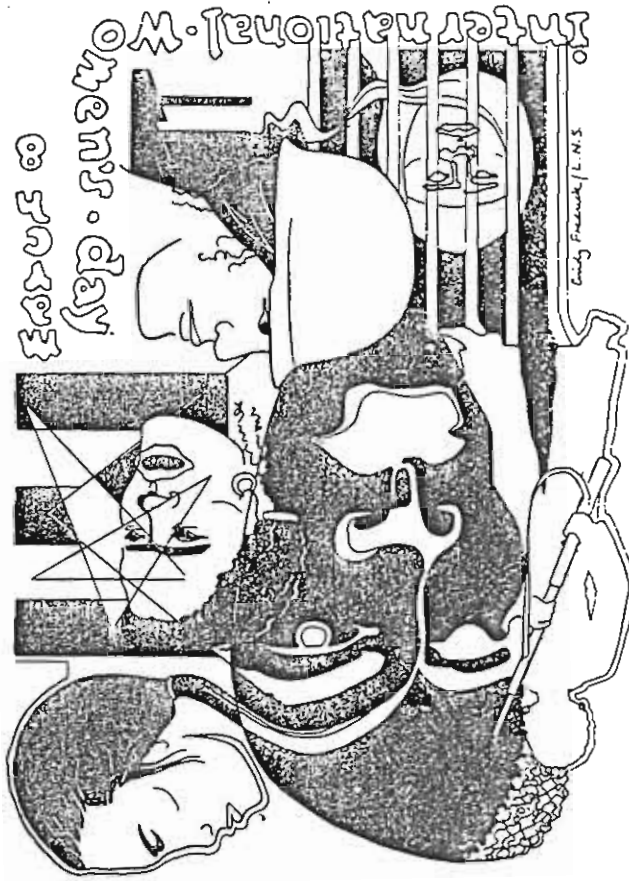
In the tense, too bright room
That is our lives
Beneath leather and silk and washed out denim
We're making this song together,
This hymn we offer silently
Through this man
His horn --
Finally
It sprays into the air and
Crashes down,
Great wave,
Wave of waves,
Our own voices tumbling back on us
Rippling over our heads,
Trickling through the cracks
In our brows, our hands,
Seeping, weeping
On the breast
Of the enormous fallen beast,
Body inside the body of muscle and nerve,
Transfusing it.
Our song hits,
Shuddering us with grief

Come and Create Black Unity

Come all ye faithful followers of
Marcus, Malcom, and Martin
listeners of
Mahalia, Monk, Mingus
join hands, minds, spirits, and bodies
come all ye faithful and create.....Create
schools to teach our children the truth;
debate to inform them of our existence,
our knowledge, and our rights as human beings
Come all ye faithful.....Create Song
"Lift every voice and sing"
Create music to soothe the savage breast
and to help our struggling Warriors rest
Wade in the Water Children"
Come all ye faithful and Create Black Unity

"THE ENEMY KNOWS THAT WOMEN ARE FIGHTING. THEY KNOW THAT ALL THE PAIN WE HAVE SUFFERED IS BEING DIRECTED INTO ALL THE HATRED THEY DESERVE, AND IT IS FOR THIS REASON THAT THE MOST BRUTAL AND CRUEL TORTURE IS DIRECTED AGAINST WOMEN, BECAUSE THEY CAN NOT UNDERSTAND THAT WOMEN HAVE A HIGHER DEGREE OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND A CONSEQUENT PRACTICE."

Message from Chilean women prisoners to the
Conference on International Women's Year



Women in Arms



MILITIA MEMBER

Photo by Amino Luno and C.S.T. photographers

I feel more a woman when I am in my uniform carrying my rifle. This is a women's revolution. We want to defend it.

Reflections on My Feet

Daisy Zamora

I have my father's feet
thin, long, pale feet with blue veins
bony men's feet
different from my sisters'
round, soft,
 slight women's feet.

I see my feet narrow as spatulas
wearing socks and schoolgirl shoes
trafficking corridors, noisy classes and breaks.
wearing stockings, fine sandals, patent leather, suede,
and my first dance slippers.

These feet have left some traces
in the combat zone
 some footprints
in the steep streets that rise and fall in Tegucigalpa
dark at night or deserted at dawn;
in the ever humid, rainy streets of San Jose
 at the change of the stoplight
in the hatchway of the underground Radio Sandino
in the buses, the streetstands, the foodstalls, the markets,
the security houses,
 in the underground hospital.
My feet with moccasins,
tennis shoes and boots
 splashing through puddles
with bluejeans, a shirt and eternally damp hair
--exile is a wet and cold-ridden memory...

I see these feet now walking freely
with sandals, heels or militia boots.
They walk through offices, outposts, ministries,
they visit art schools, workshops, libraries
and cultural centers in Ocotal, Camoapa, Matagalpa, San Carlos,
Bluefields, Puerto Cabezas, Siuna and other places.

My instep bone comes from my grandfather
and I don't know how far I will walk
the bottoms of my feet planted in our land,
this land for everyone given to everyone
so we can build with it
the future of everyone.

A MIS PADRES,
" LA LUCHA TENAZ DEL HOMBRE
HACIA LO PERFECTO,
ES VERDADERO AMOR;
SOMOS MAS AUTENTICOS
EN LA MEDIDA DE QUE
ROMPEMOS BARRERAS
Y LIMITACIONES,
ENFRENTANDONOS CON
VALENTIA Y OPTIMISMO
A LAS VICISITUDES
QUE SE NOS PRESENTAN
EN EL CAMINO;
Y LLEGAR A DESCUBRIR
ALGUN DIA, DE QUE SOMOS
CAPACES DE DAR MUCHO MAS
DE LO QUE SE NOS PIDE,
Y QUE PODEMOS LOGRAR LO QUE
PARA UNOS ES PROHIBIDO
O IMPOSIBLE."
con todo el amor que les profeso

ARLEN



ARLEN SIU BERMUDEZ

Nace en Carazo el 16 de julio de 1956.

En 1971 participa en las actividades del Movimiento Estudiantil, y en la Alfabetización de los sectores marginados en Jinotepe, integrándose como militante activa del FER (Frente Estudiantil Revolucionario) en 1972.

En 1973 realiza trabajo organizativo en el Regional del FSLN en Carazo. Sin abandonar sus actividades estudiantiles, en 1974 desarrolla trabajo Político - Organizativo en el Regional de Managua. Pasa a la clandestinidad y es ubicada en el Regional de León.

En 1975 es instructora Político - Militar en el Sauce, donde el primero de agosto al darse enfrentamiento con la Guardia Nacional Somocista, - Arlen, enferma y con fiebre, decide quedarse de retén, resistiendo hasta la muerte.

Translation of Arlen Siu Poem and Biography

To my parents,
"The fierce struggle of humanity
toward perfection
is my first love.
We are more authentic
in the measure that we break through
the barriers and limits,
confronting with valor and optimism
the problems
put in our path.
One day we discover
that we are capable of giving
much more
than what is asked of us,
and that we can achieve
that which for some
is prohibited
and impossible."

With all my love,

Arlen

Arlen was born in Carazo July 16, 1956.

In 1971 she participated in the activities of the student movement, and in the liberacy campaign of the marginalized sectors of Jinotepe, Nicaragua, integrating herself as a militant activist of the FER, Revolutionary Student Front, in 1972.

In 1973 she began organizational work in the Regional department of the FSLN in Carazo. Without abandoning her student organizing, in 1974 she began political-organizational work in the Managua Region. She went into clandestinity and was stationed in the Leon region.

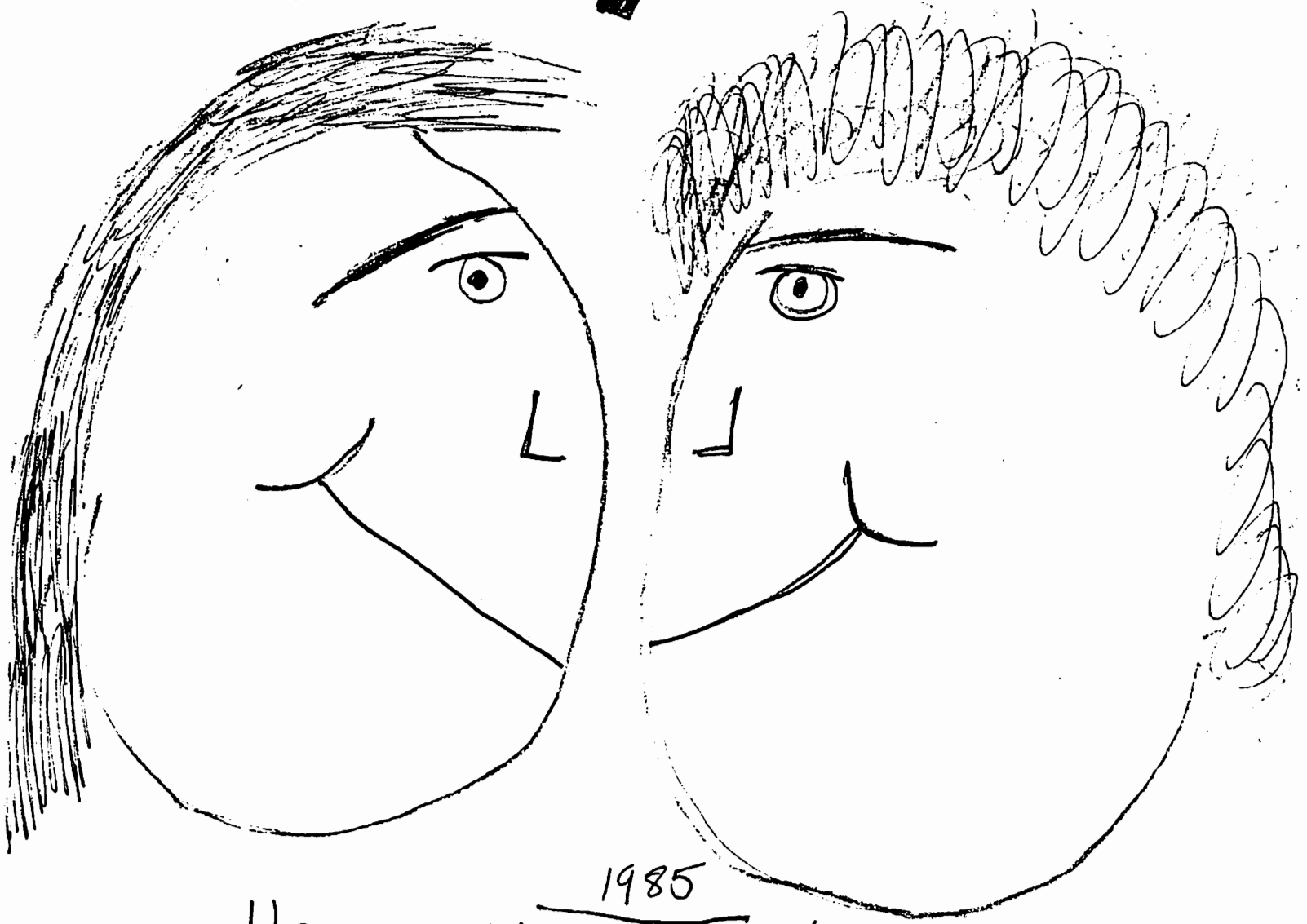
In 1975 she was a political-military instructor in Sauce, where on the 1 of August a group was confronted with the Somocista National Guard. Arlen, sick and feverish, decided to stay behind to cover the retreat of her unit, and resisted there unto death.

Arlen did important writing about women's liberation in the Nicaraguan revolution, and today her work is carried on by AMNLAE.





I Love all of the
P.O.W.'S!



Happy New year!
1985

- A Red Dragon
(age 9 1/2)