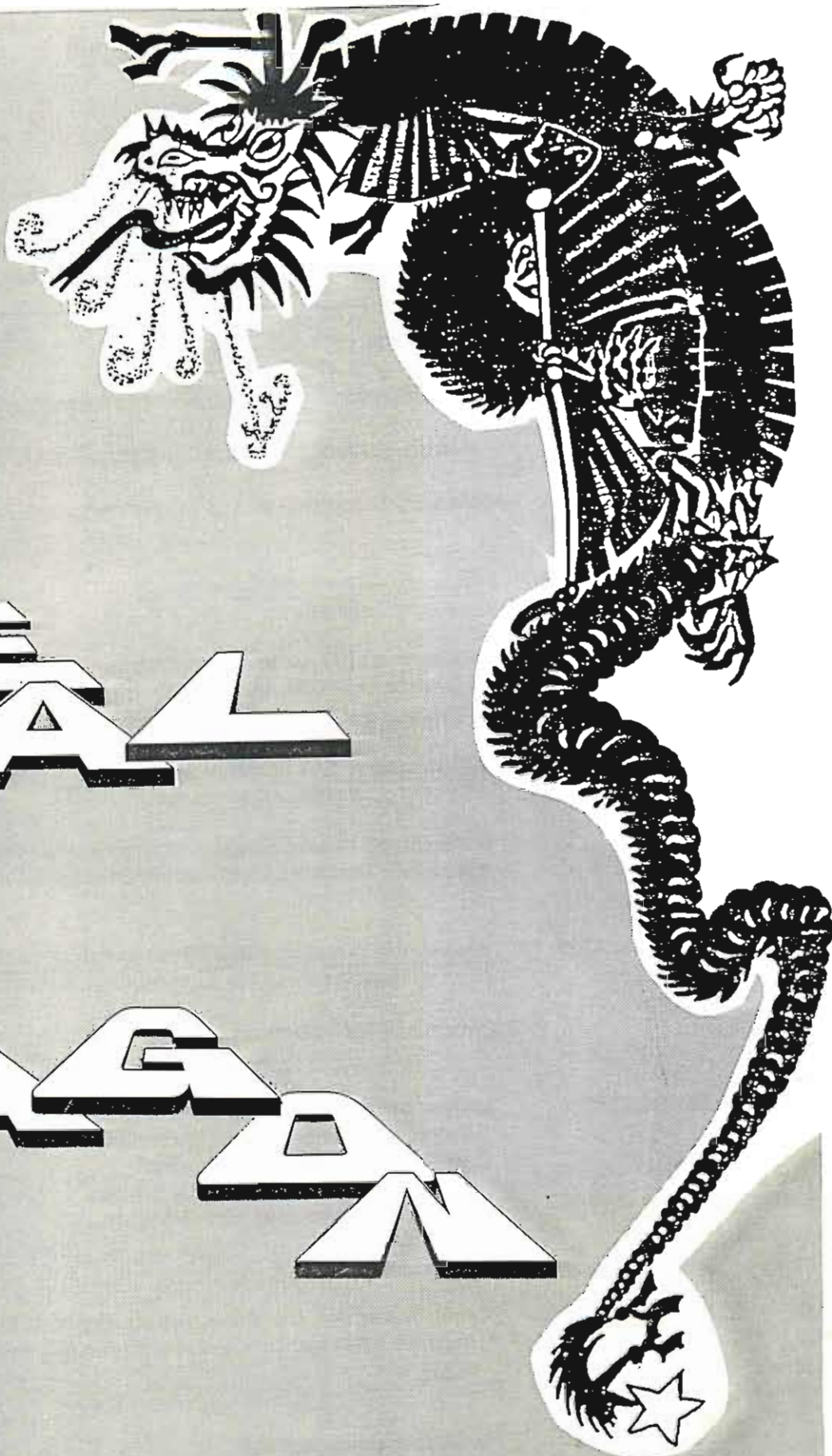


THE

REAL

DAGWOOD



**TO OUR
COMRADES
INSIDE**

NEW YEAR'S BOOK

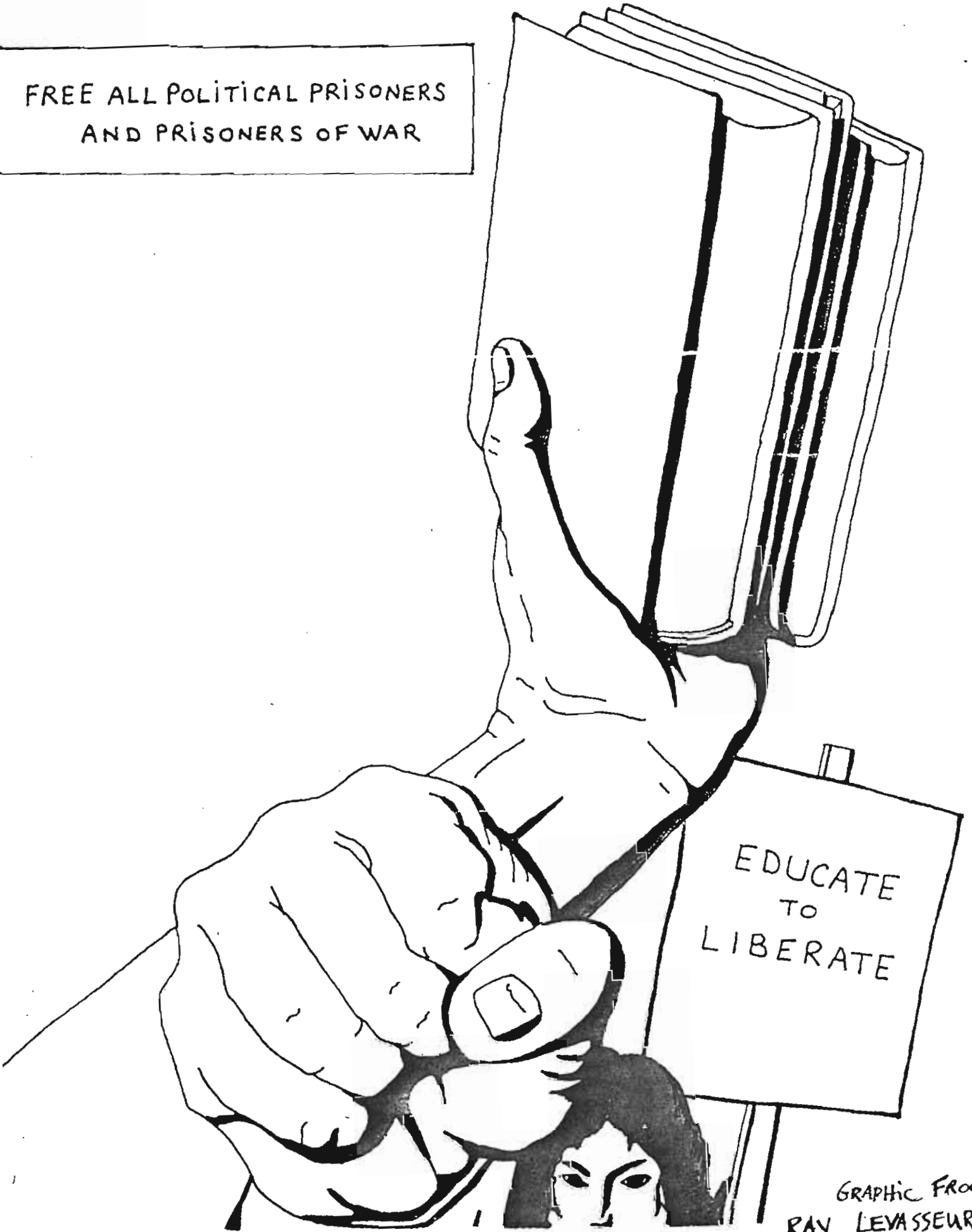
1989

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

--Ho Chi Minh

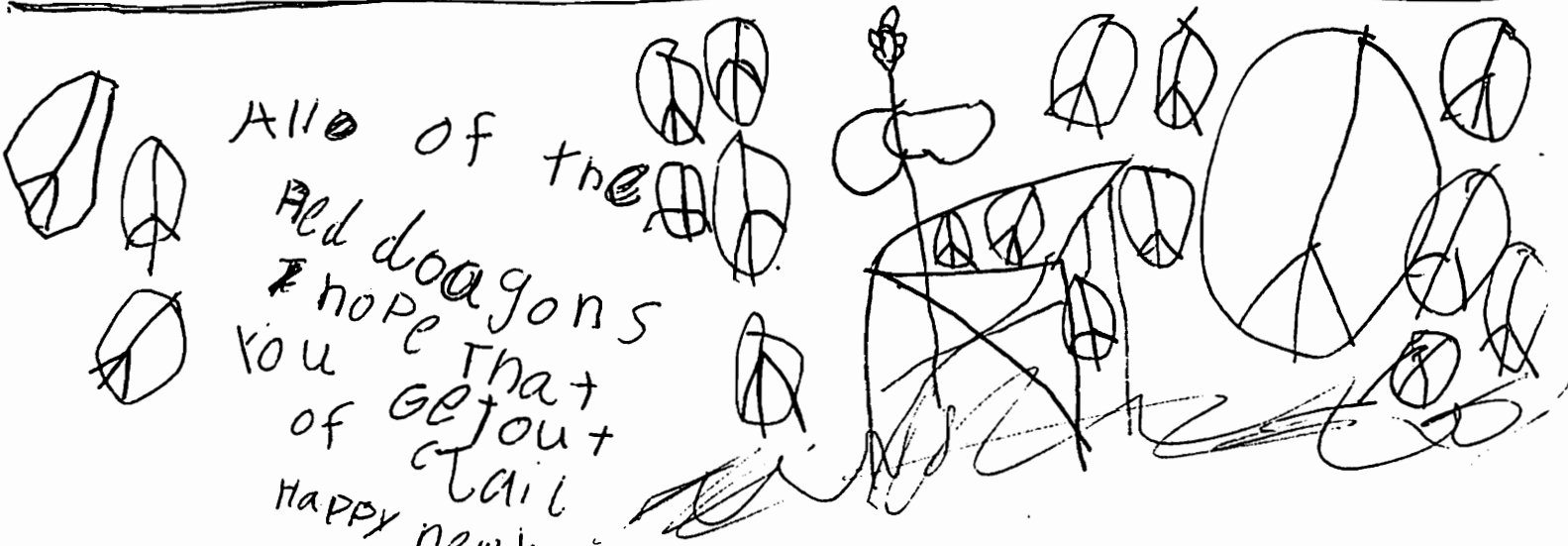
**FROM THE
REAL DRAGON PROJECT**

FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS
AND PRISONERS OF WAR



GRAPHIC FROM
RAY LEVASSEUR

LOVE FROM THE RED DRAGON'S KIDS GROUP



All of the
Red dragons
I hope that
you get out
of jail
Happy new year



The Red Dragons
are going to
send you a letter
wishing you a
very (belated)
Happy Holidays
and a Happy
New year!

All of the Red Dragons
wish you Happy Holidays
and a Happy new year

**REMEMBERING A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD PALESTINIAN WOMAN IN PRISON
CHAINED TO THE BED SPRINGS SHE HAD REFUSED TO STOP SINGING**

Marilyn Buck Summer '88

Singing songs
chained
for singing
clear melodic minor notes
welling from sweet young throats
and mouths
which have tasted the tightness of screaming silences
spit upon cursed and beaten
when children are dying from Boer bullets
 Israeli bombs
 and slave master's lashes
 sounding a whining wrath

And still songs soar

Sounds sung sweetly
soaring skyward
Reeling remembering revealing
souls and spirits
Women singing songs
 lullabies lovesongs
 and blues songs
 chanting cantillating song
 of living life
 and dying death
Searching sounds not yet noted
on bars
not yet ordered on scales
Exploring the breadth of hell
Seeking the expanses of the universe
and freedom

SONG No. 3 (for 2nd & 3rd grade sisters)

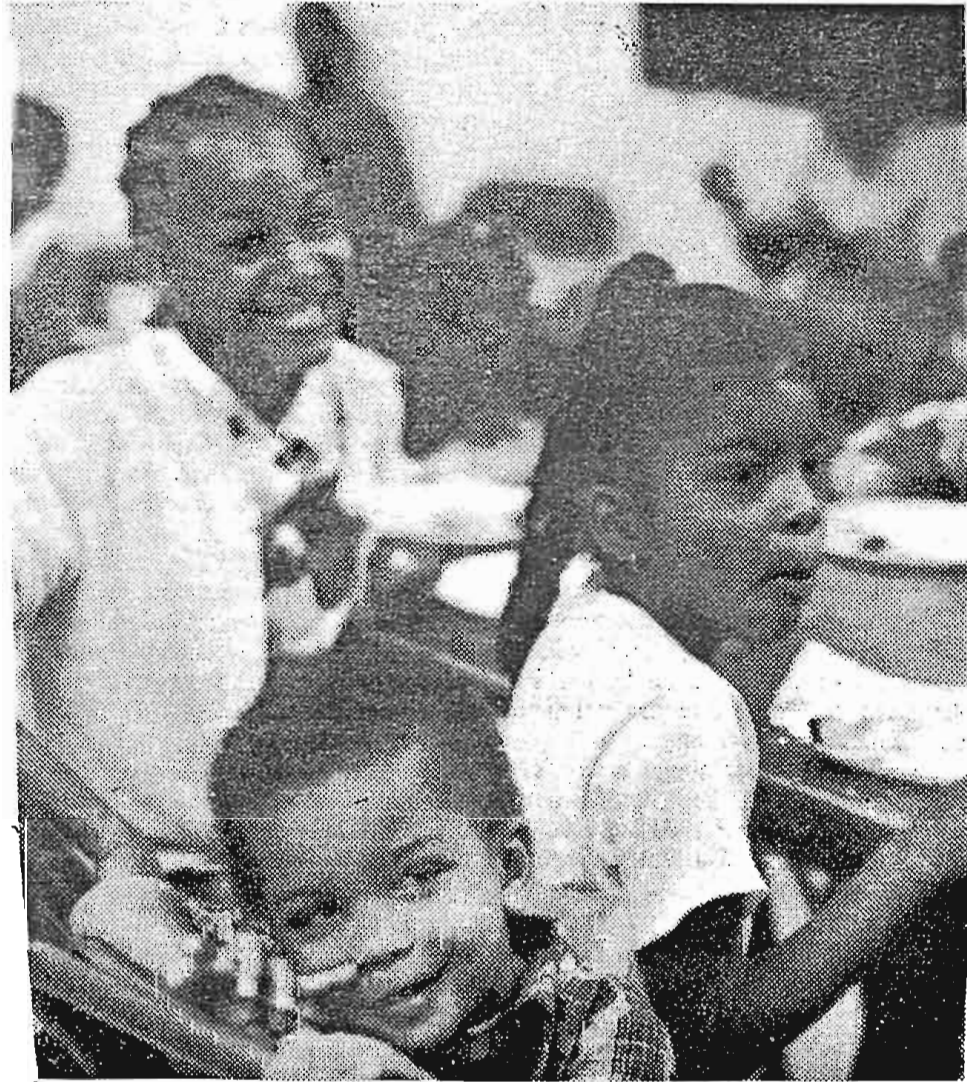
CAIN'T nobody tell me any different
i'm ugly and you know it too
you just smiling to make me feel better
but i see how you stare when nobody's watching you.

i know i'm short black AND SKINNY
AND my NOSE stopped growin fo it wuz 'posed to
i know my HAIRS short, legs AND FACE ASHY
AND my clothes HAVE HOLES THAT RUN right
through to you.

so i sit all day long just by myself
so i jump the sidewalk cracks knowin i
CAIN'T fall
cuz who would want to catch someone who looks
like me
who ain't even cute or even just a little tall.

CAIN'T nobody' tell me ANY different
i'm ugly ANYbody WITH SENSE CAN see.
but one day i hope somebody will stop me and say
looka here. A pretty little black girl lookin'
just like me.

SONIA SANCHEZ





HOSE WHO PROFESS TO FAVOR FREEDOM,
AND YET DEPRECATE AGITATION,
ARE MEN WHO WANT CROPS WITHOUT
PLOWING UP THE GROUND ~

~ They want rain without thunder and lightning
They want the ocean without the awful roar of its waters

~ This struggle may be a moral one;
or it may be a physical one;
or it may be both moral and physical;
but it must be a struggle ~

Power concedes nothing without a demand

~ It never did, and it never will ~
Find out just what people will submit to,
and you have found out the exact amount of injustice
and wrong which will be imposed upon them; and
these will continue until they are resisted
with either words or blows, or with both ~

~ The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the
endurance of those whom they oppress ~

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

August 4, 1857

Advice on Doing Time, from a talk with Rafael Cancel Miranda

San Francisco, 1986

My advice on doing time? It's the \$64,000 question. Tell me when you find out. You want me to cover 28 years in prison in only two hours? I'll probably miss my plane. (Laughter.)

If you go there thinking you're tough, you're going to find someone tougher than you. King of the world. But if you go there thinking you're soft, you're in trouble too. The point is how not to be too tough, nor be too soft. The other prisoners learn to respect you when you treat them right. Once they know you're not afraid, that you treat them right because you want to treat them right, they dig you. They dig you immediately. When they know that you don't come there to shove them around, you don't think, "I'm better than you because I'm here for a political reason." I'm saying how I act. They know they can have confidence in you, that you won't snitch. They respect that.

The other thing. If you're in prison, don't start daydreaming. You are there, try to make the best of right there where you are! In prison, you may be lying on your bed looking at the wall, and a prisoner goes by your cell, and they may say: "What are you doing, watching TV? What's the problem?" There's no TV there, it's your own TV, your own picture. You're daydreaming, "Wow, how great it would be if I were out, if I were with my woman, how good it would be..." Forget it! Because then you are punishing yourself. Because you're not there, you're here in prison.

It took me three years to learn that. The first time I went for just two years and a day, for draft resistance. But when you're 23 years old and they give you an 81 year sentence, hey--forget it, that's it, you got it. I can say it lightly because I'm out here with you, but ...

You start daydreaming, wishful thinking, then you lose reality. But you better not lose reality, because that's the only way you can handle it. Not by escaping, escaping in your mind. Forget what could have been. You're here! Find ways to keep your mind busy. (Rafael played baseball, did guitar and painting at various times. Whenever there was movement to participate in, he set these activities aside to join in the struggle along with Chicano and Black prisoners.)

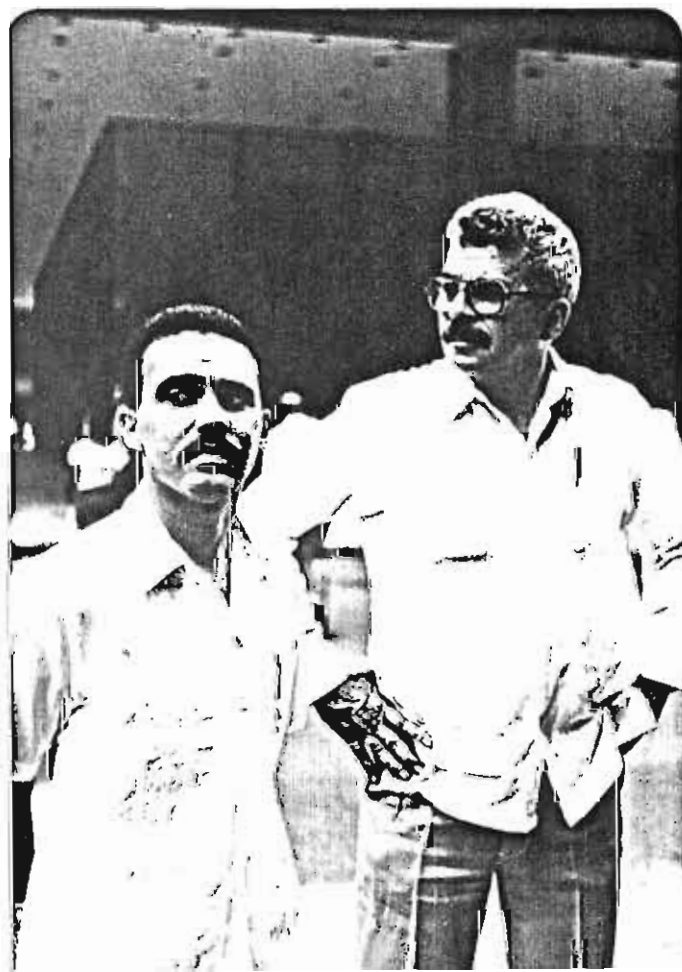
Try to be free, but don't be too anxious to be free. Because then they've got you. Campaign to be free, but don't become too anxious and desperate....because if they see a weakness in you, they will go through that weakness.

I was afraid of one thing--I was afraid of losing my sensibility. More than anything else. Afraid that if I came out of prison, I'd come out without giving a damn about anything. Because you have to go through certain things. You have to see so many nasty things--beatings, behavior modification, things like that. You're afraid that you'll become too hard.

When I went to Washington for the attack, I went out of love for my people. Respect myself, respect my people. I had some sensibility, no? I would give my life for my people...I know I'm brave, but have I lost my sensibility?

Then when I got out and we went to Chicago--There was a blind Puerto Rican girl, who used to write me. Martita. She used to write to me when she was very young. And she used to call me Uncle Pito. My neices and nephews used to call me Uncle Pito. And I got to love her, like a real neice. I heard she was blind, but I had never seen her.

And that was the very first day we came out of prison, we stopped in Chicago. The community and the school made a welcoming party, and it was crowded with many people. And I still hadn't seen Marta, the little blind girl. I wasn't really thinking of her. And all of a sudden, here is the little blind girl, calling, "Uncle Pito, Uncle Pito." I cried. I cried when I saw that girl who couldn't see me, looking for me. I cried like a little baby, I couldn't hold my tears. That was the moment I knew I still had my sensibility with me. All that time in prison and I hadn't stopped being a human being, a real human being.



JOHANNESBURG'S STREETS ARE CLEANED

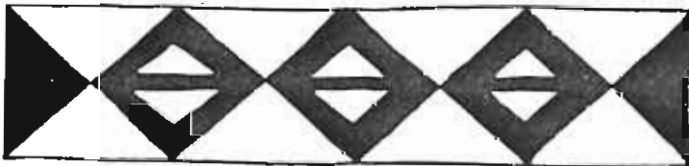
a sky ribbonized
by neonifying reds
pinks
and violets
of the day agonizing
deliberating over streets strewn
with the glistening shards
of dismembered bottles and
the grey molars of rocks that bit
and chewed through the tear-
gas sting of the afternoon air
in hungry bites of jaws hinged painfully on
an appetite for freedom kept
like a carrot from them
at a great arm's length and rolled
thornfully systematic in
the barbed wire
of the real
the raw meaning of
the sedate and sanitized governmental terms
the water from the power hoses
has already swished away the debris
and sent the scraps of sjambok lashed
bullet rent skin
to float like leaves of autumn
to the gutters
whose concrete throats
gargle
with a wash of blood.

sjambok: a short whip

POEMS BY

WOPASHITWE MONDO EYEN WE LANGA

(AKA D. RICE)



ELLIOT ABRAMS/AN UNAUTHORIZED PORTRAIT

the anger
like little tiny men behind his face
with tight-fisted grip on ropes
to hold high the corner of his mouth
in an ugly scowl
stretched so long as if to pop
doberman-lipped into a snarl
at any frothing seething moment
his nail-head eyes
riveted into a space
so narrow-mindedly closed
so hammered shut
they cannot see but red.

LOVING IN THE WAR YEARS

Cherrie Moraga

Loving you is like living
in the war years
I *do* think of Bogart & Bergman
not clear who's who
but still singin a long smoky
mood into the piano bar
drinks straight up
the last bottle in the house
while bombs split
outside, a broken
world.

A world war going on
but you and I still insisting
in each our own heads
still thinkin how
*if I could only make some contact
with that woman across the keyboard*
we size each other up
yes...

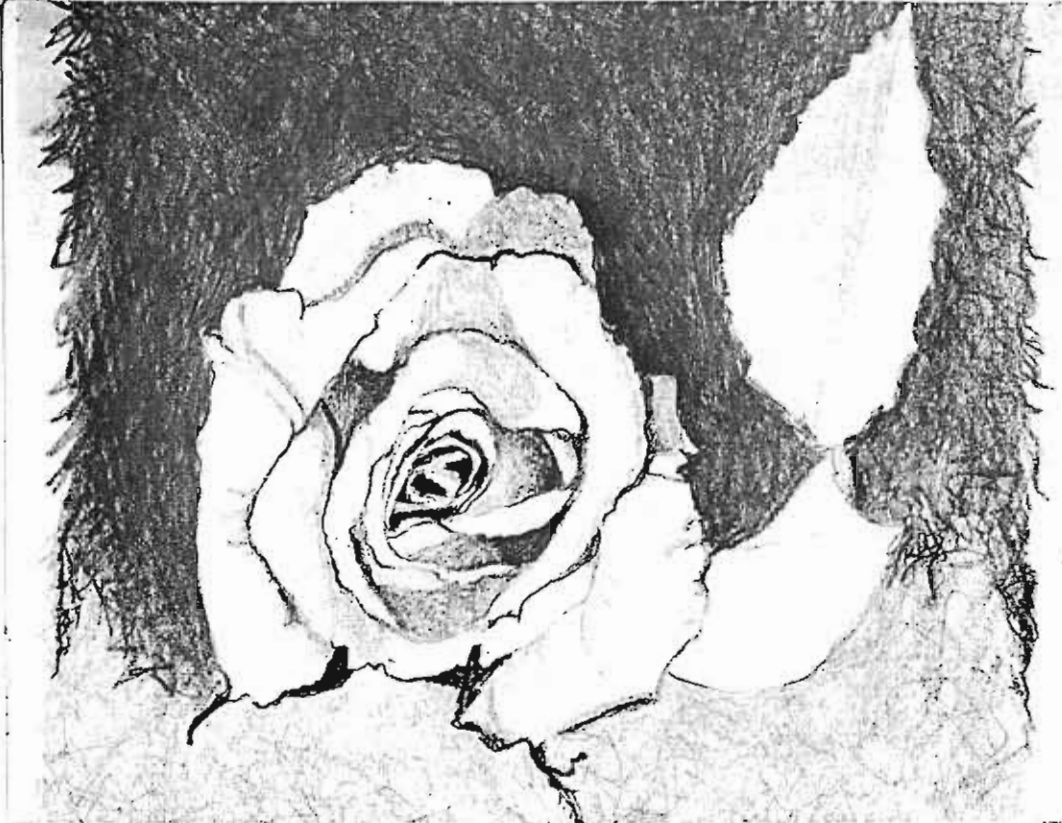
Loving you has this kind of desperation
to it, like do or die, I
having eyed you from the first
time you made the decision to move
from your stool
to live dangerously.

All on the hunch
that in our exchange of photos
of old girlfriends, names
of cities and memories
back in the states
the fronts we've manned
out here on the continent
all this on the hunch
that *this* time there'll be
no need for resistance.

Loving in the war years
calls for this kind of risking
without a home to call our own
I've got to take you as you come
to me, each time like a stranger
all over again. Not knowing
what deaths you saw today
I've got to take you
as you come, battle bruised
refusing our enemy, fear.

We're all we've got. You and I

maintaining
this war time morality
where being queer
and female is as rude
as we can get.



POEM FOR MOM

Oh, how many flowers.
Don't worry she would say
the true beauty is in your heart.
I wish it would all stay the same.
The gentle breeze touches my cheek,
the cool grass under my toes.

A hawk circles above,
she is going home to her children.
They are hungry, she provides.

I love my mama,
we are a pair.
We run through the flowers
barefoot,
as if nothing matters - does it?
When I am with Mama, nothing does,
nothing in the world.
I am hungry,
She provides.

CARMEN LEVASSEUR

(DAUGHTER OF PAT + RAY LEVASSEUR)

Manlio Argueta (El Salvador)

from CUZCATLAN

Where the Southern Sea Beats

...First we were made of wood, but we had no souls, we couldn't speak. Then the gods burned us because we were useless in that form. They also experimented with clay and water, but we dissolved in the rain, we couldn't stand the storms. And our valleys and volcanoes are very rainy. Then they discovered corn in the age called Teosinte. And they made us of corn. They saw then that we could speak, we had souls, which meant we were made to love intensely, we could pass that love on to our children; move our hands, turn our heads, be stirred on dark nights by the moon, the stars, the wind, and the storms. We could be afraid of hurricanes; we were terrified by lightning and torrents of water cascading down from the volcanoes, before, during, and after it rained. As long as there is a soul, there is fear. If there is fear, man exists. We also tremble at the sunset, and at the death of a child we never knew.

We have souls. So the gods let us live. It was worthwhile for us to continue in the world, reproducing, growing. But our enemies did not know these things and treated us like shit for centuries and centuries: they beat us, they wounded us and threw salt in our wounds so we would feel unimaginable pain, they decapitated us and nailed our heads to stakes, exhibiting them, to mock those who dare to express human qualities. They hung us from trees in parks. In front of our children and mothers they disemboweled us. They filled us full of holes with their arquebuses and muskets, with their helicopters and planes; they destroyed us with bombs and burned us with white phosphorus. They wanted to extinguish our souls. Precisely that which led the gods to the decision to let us live and continue on earth. They cut off our hands, they poked out our eyes. Our enemies. Do we have enemies? Who are our enemies? How old are our enemies? How long have they torn our fingernails off and ripped out our eyes? Why do they want to exterminate us? Where do they come from? Who the hell invented them? Are the severed heads, charred bodies, and spilled guts real or imaginary? What are they looking for inside our bodies, what do they hope to discover, what frightens them, what worries them? Maybe our hopes are what terrify them. We will survive despite our enemies. We were made of corn. That was the raw material. The rest was a miracle of nature. The enemy will not be done with us until he discovers the secret of our survival. And we will not explain that enigma until he is no longer our enemy. Maybe then we can share the world with the same sensibility. No one knows. They come. We are here. We're not leaving. We live here. It is our land. Our volcanoes, rivers, mountains, lakes, birds of paradise. They will not remove us from here. Over our dead bodies.

Ivan Sillen (Puerto Rico)

Los he mandado a llamar

**Los he mandado a llamar
porque hay que aclarar un problema,
porque hay que aclarar algunas posiciones,
los he mandado a llamar
para que oigan lo que voy a decir,
para que luego no digan que no fueron convidados.**

**Los he convidado a todos,
a los políticos,
a los moralistas,
a las putas,
y para que todo el mundo esté contento
he hecho una excepcion,
he invitado,
qué remedio,
también a los religiosos.**

**No,
no se apuren,
es muy corto lo que tengo que decir,
tal vez lo han oído antes,
en algún bar,
a lo mejor en la cárcel,
lo pudo haber dicho
un borracho,
un comunista,
un pillo,
o tal vez un maricón.**

**Lo que voy a decir no tiene importancia
aunque puede escandalizar a muchos,
pero se puede publicar,
desde luego,
en la última página,
porque yo todavía
creo en el amor
o en el sexo,
en la placer,
creo también en Cuba,
y en la revolución,
en el sabotaje,
y en las ilusiones de los niños,
creo en el prójimo,
especialmente
los que odian la clase media,
creo también en algunos sacerdotes,
sobre todo
los que están en las montañas,
creo en todas las cosas
que ustedes desean olvidar
porque yo soy un inquisidor,
aunque sé que todo lo que he dicho
no tiene gran importancia,
porque lo puede decir cualquiera,
por ejemplo,
un borracho,
un comunista,
un pillo,
o tal vez un maricón.**

I SENT FOR YOU

**I sent for you
because we have a problem to clear up,
because some positions have to be clarified,
I sent for you
so you can hear what I have to say,
so later you won't say you weren't invited.**

**I've invited all of you:
the politicians,
the moralists,
the whores,
and to make everybody happy
I've made an exception:
I've also invited
--why not?--
the pious.**

**Oh,
don't worry,
what I have to say is very brief,
you might have heard it before,
in some bar,
maybe in a jail,
it could have been said
by a drunk,
a communist,
a thief,
or perhaps a queer.**

**What I have to say is not important
though many may be scandalized,
still it can be published,
on the last page,
needless to say,
because I still believe
in love
or sex,
in pleasure,
I also believe in Cuba,
and in the revolution,
in sabotage,
and in the dreams of children,
I believe in my fellow men,
particularly
those who hate the middle class,
I also believe in some clergymen,
above all those
in the mountains,
I believe in everything
you want to forget
because I question,
though I know what I have said
is not very important,
for anyone at all can say it,
for example,
a drunk,
a communist,
a thief,
or perhaps a queer.**

FREEDOM
By LANGSTON HUGHES



Freedom will not come
Today, This year
Nor ever
Through compromise and fear.

I have as much right
As the other fellow has
To stand
On my two feet
And own the land.

I tire so of hearing people say
"Let things take their course."
Tomorrow is another day."

I do not need my freedom
When I'm dead
I cannot live on tomorrow's bread.

Freedom
Is a shrunken seed
Planted
In great need.
I live here, too.
I want my Freedom
I waste all yours

RED OUR COLOR

by A.N.C. KUMALO

LET'S HAVE poems
blood-red in color
ringing like damn bells.

Poems

that tear at the oppressors face

and smashes his grip.

Poems that awaken man:

Life not death

Hope not despair

Draw not dusk

New not old

Struggle NOT submission.

Poet

let the People know

that dreams can become

reality.

Talk of Freedom

and let the phylaxist

decorate his parlour walls

with the perfumed scrolls of dilettantes.



Graphic: JAMN LAAMANI

Talk of Freedom

and touch People's eyes

with the knowledge of the power

of multitudes

that twists prison bars like grass

and flattens granite walls like pithy.

Poet

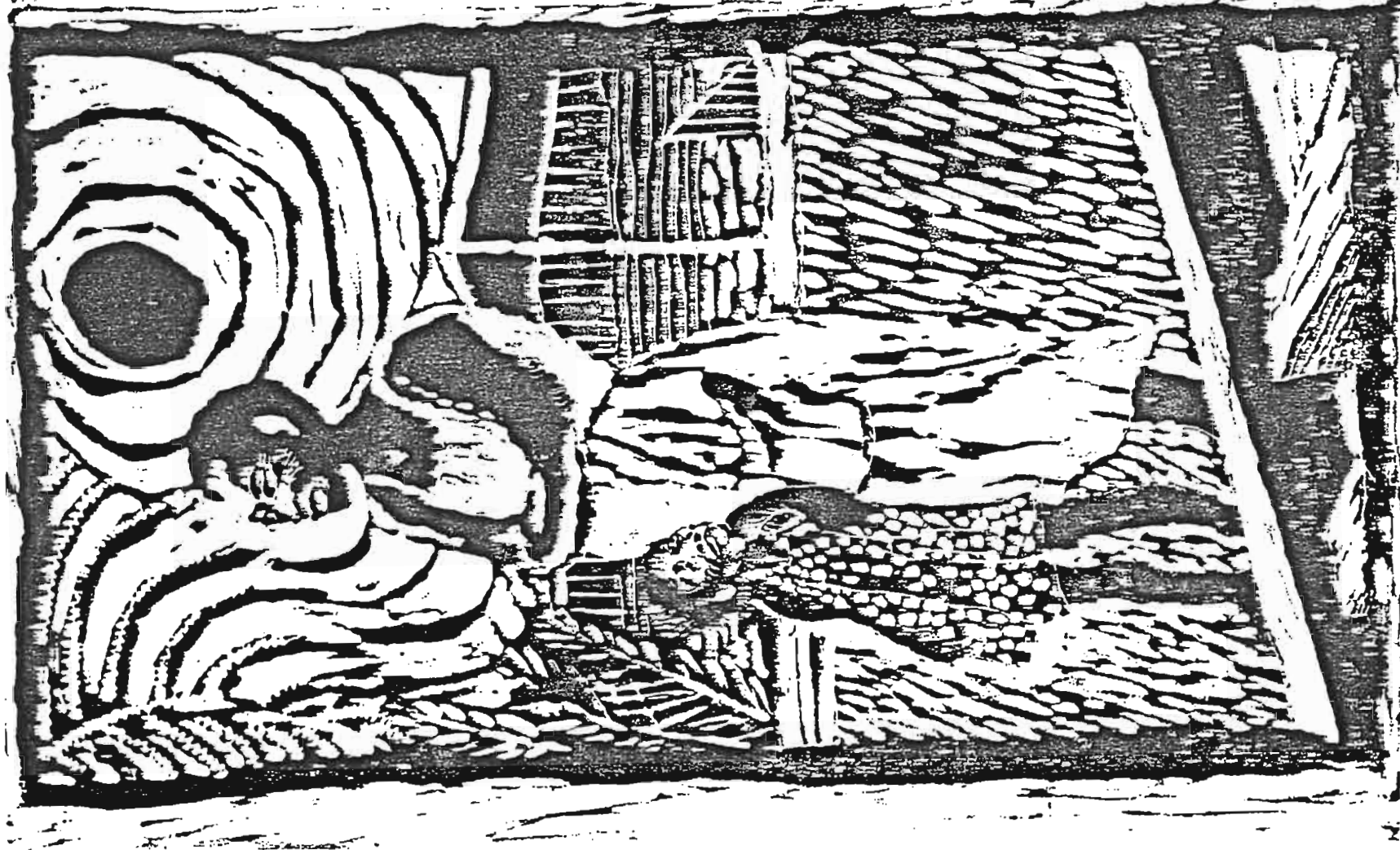
find the People

help forge the key

before the decade

eats the decade

eat the decade



Blueprints
10/52
TERRY FOLMAN 1984



THE MODELS

Everywhere, the women sit.

It's said they hungered for a slice of the pie.

See how fresh the dust on the bronze is.

Rumors have it it's cherry.

How thick and pulp-filled is our homemade pie!

Our wedge we hid, under the bed

Giacometti once sculpted

The Walking Man.

Surely, those women aren't starving.

And our pie! One slice is missing!

It's growing moldy, we

Tried our best to keep it hid

Everywhere the women are starving.

--Elizabeth Marino



DEFIANCE

*You may fasten my chains
Deprive me of my books and tobacco
You may fill my mouth with earth
Poetry will feed my heart, like blood
It is salt to the bread
And liquid to the eye
I will write it with nails,
 eye sockets and daggers
I will recite it in my prison cell—
 in the bathroom—
 in the stable—
 Under the whip—
 Under the chains—
 In spite of my handcuffs
I have a million nightingales
On the branches of my heart
Singing the song of liberation.*

Mahmoud Darwish

Ch'iu Chin (China 1879-1907)

A CALL TO ACTION

Without warning their nest
Has become dangerous to the swallows.
Our homeland, grown old, suffers
Under heavy burdens --
From the East the constant threat of invasion,
From the West, threats of devious plotting.
Scholars, throw away your brushes!
Secluded women, take up arms!
Only heroes can save us this time.
Together we can hold back the flooding wave.

TO THE TUNE 'THE RIVER IS RED'

How many wise men and heroes
Have survived the dust and dirt of the world?
How many beautiful women have been heroines?
There were the novel and famous women generals
Ch'in Liang-yu and Shen Yun-yin.
Though tears stained their dresses
Their hearts were full of blood.
The wild strokes of their swords
Whistled like dragons and sobbed with pain.

The perfume of freedom burns my mind
With grief for my country.
When will we ever be cleansed?
Comrades, I say to you,
Spare no effort, struggle unceasingly,
That at last peace may come to our people.
And jewelled dresses and deformed feet
Will be abandoned.
And one day, all under heaven
Will see beautiful free women,
Blooming like fields of flowers,
And bearing brilliant and noble human beings.

DESPISALS

Muriel Rukeyser

In the human cities, never again to
despise the backside of the city, the ghetto,
or build it again as we build the despised
backsides of houses. Look at your own building.
You are the city.

Among our secrecies, not to despise our Jews
(that is, ourselves) or our darkness, our blacks,
or in our sexuality wherever it takes us
and we now know we are productive
too productive, too reproductive
for our present invention -- never to despise
the homosexual who goes building another

with touch with touch (not to despise any touch)
each like himself, like herself each.
You are this.

In the body's ghetto
never to go despising the asshole
nor the useful shit that is our clean clue
to what we need. Never to despise
the clitoris in her least speech.

Never to despise to myself what I have been taught
to despise. Nor to despise the other.
Not to despise the *it*. To make the relation
with the it : to know that I am it.

Otto Rene Castillo (Guatemala)

REVOLUCIÓN

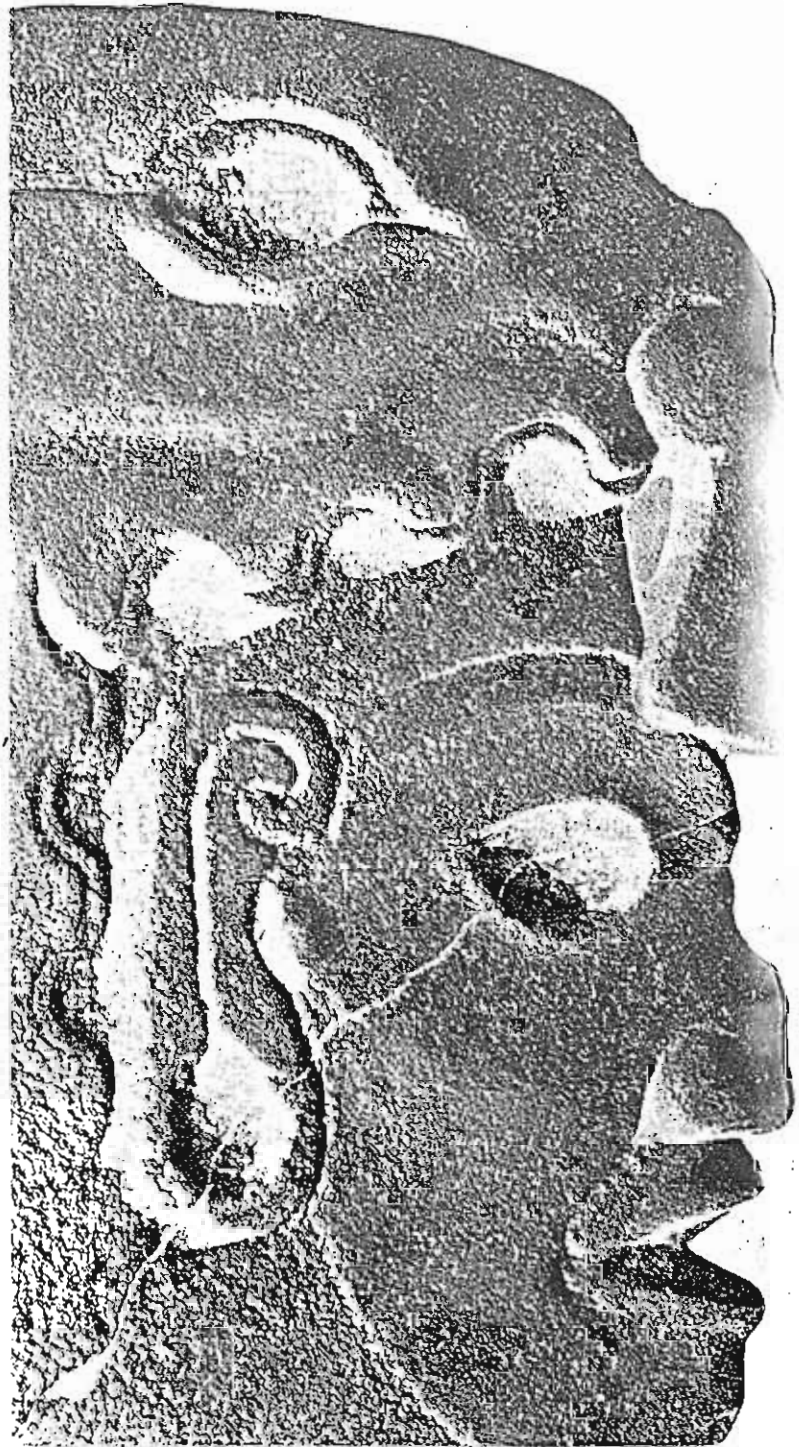
Los que no ven
nos dicen ciegos,
pero tú nos has enseñado
a ver el color
del tiempo que viene.

Los que no oyen
nos dicen sordos,
pero tú nos has enseñado
a escuchar en todas partes
el ágil sonido
de la ternura humana.

Los cobardes nos dicen cobardes,
pero contigo nos enfrentamos
a las sombras
y les cambiamos el rostro.
Los criminales nos dicen criminales,
pero contigo revivimos la esperanza,
le marcamos el alto al crimen,
a la prostitución,
al hambre.
Y le ponemos ojos,
voz,
oidos,
alma,
al corazón del hombre.
Los racistas nos dicen antihumanos,
pero contigo le damos al odio
su tumba mundial
en la ciudad de los abrazos.

Nos dicen tantas cosas.

Y los que las pronuncian
olvidan,
estúpidos que son,
que sus nietos
amarán mañana
jubilosamente
la palabra estrellada
de tu nombre:
 revolución.



REVOLUTION

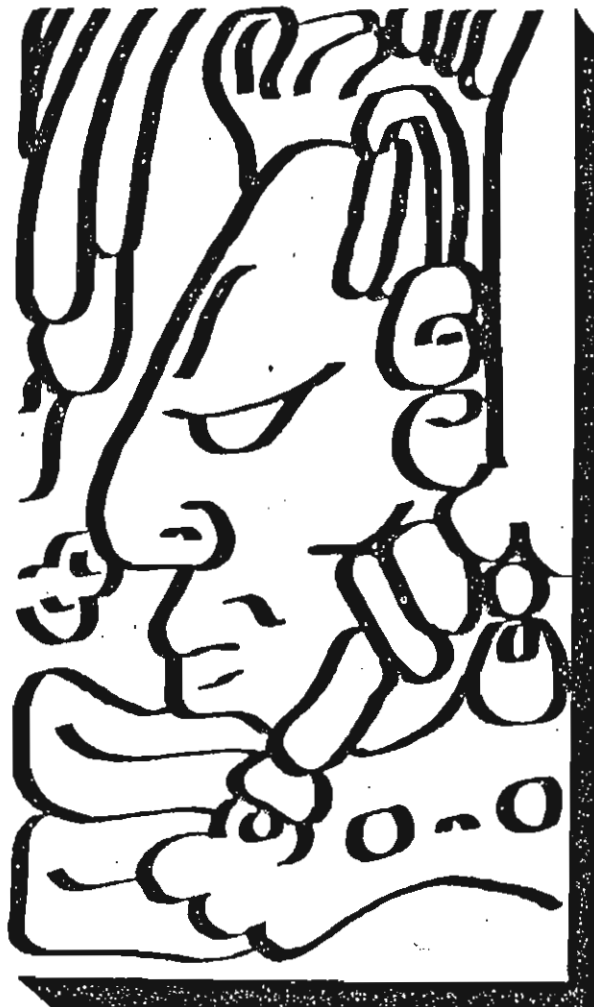
Those who can't see
call us blind,
but you have shown us
how to see the color
of the time to come.

Those who can't hear
call us deaf,
but you have shown us
how to hear everywhere
the supple sound of human tenderness.

The cowards call us cowards,
but with you we face
the darkness,
change its face.
The criminals call us criminals,
but with you we revive hope,
put an end to crime,
to prostitution,
hunger.
And we give eyes,
a voice,
ears,
a soul,
to the heart of man.
The racists call us anti-human,
but with you we give hate
its universal tomb
in the city of embraces.

The call us so many things.

And those who say them
forget,
they are so stupid,
that tomorrow
their grandchildren
will joyously
fall in love with
the star-filled letters
of your name:
revolution.



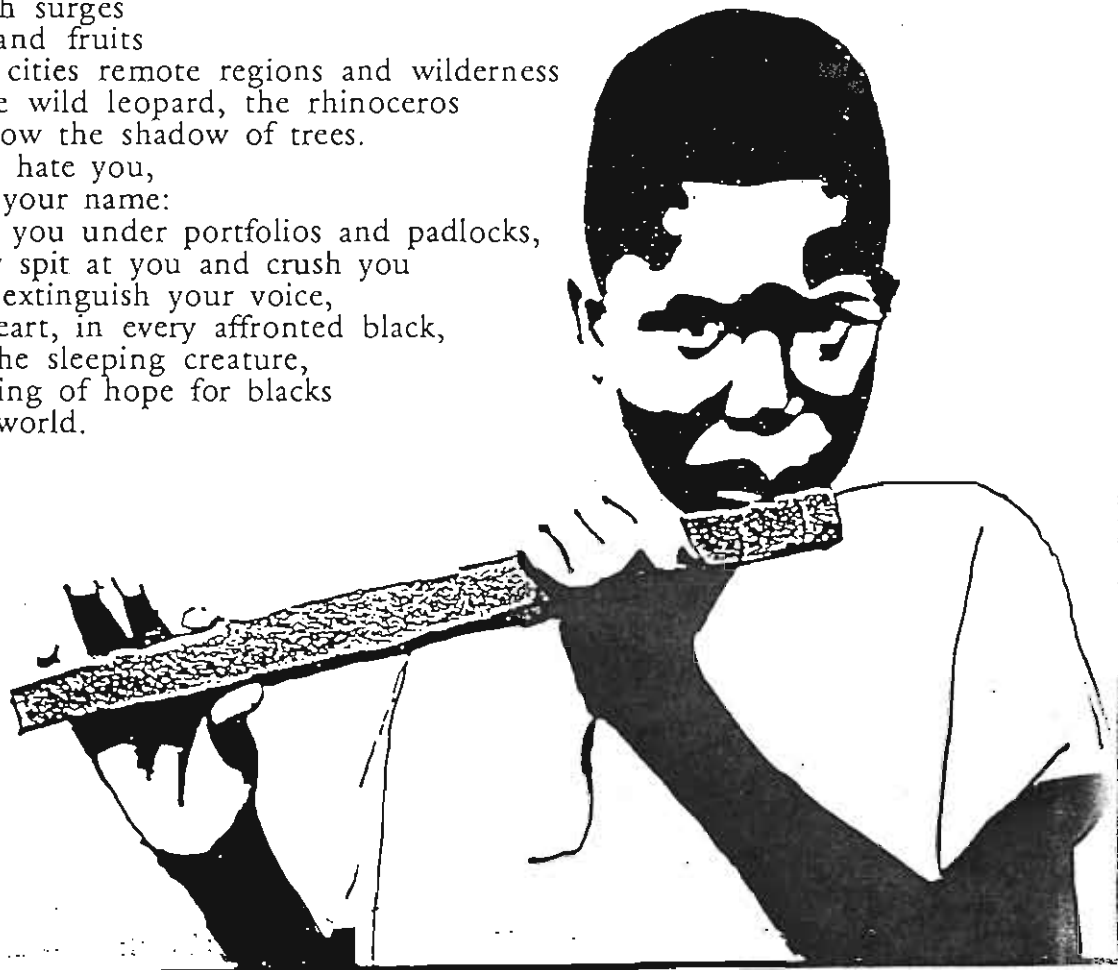
Roberto Armijo (El Salvador)

A PATRICIO LUMUMBA

La tierra ardorosa.
La tierra enamorada del pie descalzo del nómada galope
del antílope.
La tierra enstallada en bejucos en hormigas en manantiales
y geranios.
La tierra torturada trepadora en la enredadera salvaje
modeló tu carne tu lengua tu pecho de ruseñor tu silbo
asesinado.
Tú venías del dolor oscuro que sangraba en la honda noche
de Africa
venías de la aldea
y deseabas que la mañana del mundo también fuera del negro.
Tú no querías que el negro se apagara entre el estiércoco
y la oscuridad de las minas.
A tus hermanos les hablabas que más allá del mar del cielo
y de los árboles.
el hombre ya labraba su destino su misión su esperanza.
Tú sabías que era necesario abrir los ojos
extender las manos y encenderlas de júbilo
pero los que odiaban tu voz los que temblaban y rondaban
tu sombra
urdian tu muerte tu silencio
te asesinaron
te sacaron el corazón rumoroso
y ahogaron la paloma dormida de tu sangre
pero tu voz clara y silvestre no la pudieron segar
y desde entonces temen
te sueñan y medrosos buscan los sitios más oscuros de
tu habitaciones
para no oír el rumor dilatado de tus canciones
de tus poemas que en cada pecho joven
en cada labio indómito y segregado canta y se suelta temblando
para llegar matinal a los mercados donde se alza la tierra
repartida
en las flores las verduras y las frutas
tu voz recorre las ciudades las regiones remotas y agrestes
llega a las selvas donde se guarecen bajo la sombra de los árboles
el leopardo salvaje el rinoceronte y las pájaros.
Hoy más que nunca te odian ya no quisieran ni oír tu nombre
te arrinconan y bajo portafolios y candados
te ciegan y en su fiebre colérica te escupan te estrujan
pero no pueden pero no pueden apagar tu voz
porque en cada pecho maltratado en cada negro afrentado
estás tú despertando al hombre a la criatura dormida
y con tus versos cantas la mañana del negro y del hombre
del mundo.

TO PATRICE LUMUMBA

Fiery earth.
Earth in love with the bare feet of the antelope's nomadic gallop.
Earth exploded into reeds ants fountains and geraniums.
Tortured earth climbing in the wild vine formed your flesh,
your tongue, your nightingale breast, your assassinated whistle.
You came from the dark sorrow that bled
in the deep African night, you came from a village
wishing that tomorrow the world would also be for blacks.
You didn't want blacks extinguished between manure
and the darkness of mines.
You told your brothers that beyond sea, sky, and trees
humanity was already tilling its path, destiny, and hope.
You knew it was necessary to open their eyes,
extend their hands and ignite them with joy,
but those who hated your voice,
those who shook and hovered around your shadow,
those who assassinated you,
distort your death...your silence:
they pulled out your murmuring heart
and drowned the dove asleep in your blood
but they couldn't cut off your clear and wild voice,
and since then you haunt their dreams
and the fearful
search for you in your apartment's darkest places
so as not to hear the rumor spread by your songs and poems
that sing in every young breast, on every separate untamed lip
and is freed, trembling
to arrive each morning at the markets
where the partitioned earth surges
with flowers, vegetables, and fruits
as your voice travels over cities remote regions and wilderness
reaching jungles where the wild leopard, the rhinoceros
and birds are sheltered below the shadow of trees.
Today more than ever they hate you,
they never wanted to hear your name:
they corner you and blind you under portfolios and padlocks,
in their feverish anger they spit at you and crush you
but they can't, they can't extinguish your voice,
because in every abused heart, in every affronted black,
you are awakening man, the sleeping creature,
and with your songs you sing of hope for blacks
and all the people of the world.



U.S. Engineer Slain by Contras



**WILL THE KILLERS OF
BEN LINDER
BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE?**

On April 28, 1987, Benjamin Linder and six Nicaraguans were ambushed by contras in northern Nicaragua. Ben was wounded and then shot at point-blank range. A 27-year-old engineer from Portland, Oregon, he was the first United States citizen killed by the contras.

On April 20, 1988, Ben Linder's family filed a \$50 million lawsuit charging the contra leaders and their organizations with responsibility for Ben's murder.



(Photo by Oscar Cantarero)

COME WI GOH DUNG DEH

Linton Kwesi Johnson

come wi goh dung deh
mek wi tek a ride dung deh
come we goh dung deh
mek wi forwud dung deh
gonna badituppa badituppa badituppa...

come wi goh dung deh

de people demma bawl
fe food dung deh
dem cant get noh food
but food dung deh

de people demma bawl
fe work dung deh
dem cant get noh work
but work dong deh

de people demma bawl
feh sheltah dung deh
dem cant get a room
but palace dung deh

de people demma bawl
fe mercy dung deh
dem cant get noh mercy
mercy noh dung deh...

come wi goh dung deh
mek wi tek a stride dung deh
come wi goh dung deh
mek wi forwud dung deh
gonna badituppa badituppa badituppa...

come wi goh dung deh

de people demma fite
fe work dung deh
de people dem a fite
one annadda durg deh

de people demma fite
fe stay alive dung deh
de people demma fite
fe dem rites dung deh

de people demma fite
oppreshan dung deh
de people demma fite
fe dem life dung deh

de people demma fite
fe suvive dung deh
de people demma fite
demma fite deng deh

soh come wi goh dung deh
mek wi mek a stap dung deh
soh come wi goh dung deh
mek wi forwud dung deh
gonna badituppa badituppa badituppa...

come wi goh dung deh!

YOUR SMILE
(Poem for a Black Woman)
by comrade Rickke Green

Your smile - sister
is as pretty, as lovely
as flowers planted in a garden
by Grandmother

Your smile
radiates like warm sunshine
sparkles like luminous stars
glows like gentle moonlight

It fascinates
It motivates
It captivates

Your smile - sister,
moves in deeply
touches soul
touches heart
touches essence of being
in form powerful and dynamic

Your smile
It defines you
and what magnificent definitions
it portrays:

Pure Joy
Pure Bliss
Pure unadorned love

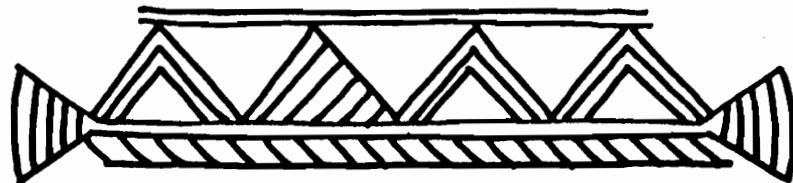
Your smile - sister,
is the smile of care
compassion understanding
and genuine beauty
It is the most beautiful thing
I've ever seen
In my life...

If I am down
all I need
is to see it
to remember it
to imagine it:

It lifts
elates energizes
inspires

Your smile - sister, yes
that wonderful womanly smile
symbolizes dreams
and all that one desires
dreams
to
be

...your smile.



AND
THE BLACK AGENDA

**(THAT'S WHAT THIS
NEO-BLACK RAGE
MEANS!)**

WHITE MAN ??????????

by Comrade Rickke Green

Those Who Pass between Fleeting Words

by Mahmoud Darwish (Palestine)

O those who pass between fleeting words
Carry your names, and be gone
Rid our time of your hours, and be gone
Steal what you will from the blueness of the sea and the sand of memory
Take what pictures you will, so that you understand
That which you never will:
How a stone from our land builds a ceiling of our sky.

O those who pass between fleeting words
From you the sword--from us the blood
From you steel and fire--from us our flesh
From you yet another tank--from us stones
From you tear gas--from us rain
Above us, as above you, are sky and air
So take your share of our blood--and be gone
Go to a dancing party--and be gone
As for us, we have to water the martyrs' flowers
As for us, we have to live as we see fit.


O those who pass between fleeting words
As bitter dust, go where you wish, but
Do not pass between us like flying insects
For we have work to do in our land:
We have wheat to grow which we water with our bodies' dew
We have that which does not please you here:
Stones or partridges
So take the past, if you wish, to the antiquities market
And return the skeleton to the hoopoe, if you wish,
On a clay platter
We have that which does not please you: we have the future.
And we have things to do in our land.



Jean Mohr

O those who pass between fleeting words
Pile your illusions in a deserted pit, and be gone
Return the hand of time to the law of the golden calf
Or to the time of the revolver's music!
For we have that which does not please you here, so be gone
And we have what you lack: a bleeding homeland of a bleeding people
A homeland fit for oblivion or memory
O those who pass between fleeting words
It is time for you to be gone
Live wherever you like, but do not live among us
It is time for you to be gone
Die wherever you like, but do not die among us
For we have work to do in our land
We have the past here
We have the first cry of life
We have the present, the present and the future
We have this world here, and the hereafter
So leave our country
Our land, our sea
Our wheat, our salt, our wounds
Everything, and leave
The memories of memory
O those who pass between fleeting words!





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
and 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 stern 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!

—Azania/South African poem

Poem
South african
children braided
in a colony
of charred scarecrows

SONIA SANCHEZ






*your honor
since i've been convicted of murder
and have taken the time to digest
just what that means
after noting what it means to my family
and how it affects people who read the newspapers
and all
i see now, that i've made an awful mistake!
and didn't approach this matter of a trial
in a respectful, deliberate or thoughtful manner
didn't take advantage of the best legal advice
and based my actions on irrelevant matters
which i can see now in a much more sober mind
had nothing to do with this case
i must have been legally insane thinking about:
the twenty-five murders of children in Atlanta since Wayne Williams capture
the recent murder of a man in boston by police
the two recent murders of two in Chicago by police
the shooting of the five-year-old little boy in suburban calif
the lynchings in Alabama
the mob murder of a transit worker in Brooklyn
the murders of fourteen women in Boston
feeling that this is evidence of something
and that there must be a lesson in all this — I thought murder was legal.*

— Kuwasi Balagoon





AFRICA WILL NOT RETREAT!
AFRICA WILL NOT COMPROMISE!
AFRICA WILL NOT RELENT!

AND SHE
WILL BE
HEARD!

- Mangaliso Sobukwe
1st President
Pan Africanist Congress
of Azania
(PAC)

CITY FARE

Paulina rides the el
for protection
from the elements
and time.

She ponders
the state of the world,
masticating
nothing,
but her own raw fingers.

She removes them
on occasion,
to serve
fresh
heavily spiced
word salads.

Careening down the aisle
as the el train lurches,
she sprinkles riders
with piquant meanings,
but her patrons
are not pleased.

The taste is
disagreeable.

They would prefer
plain
fare.

Elegy --by Clif Ross

Faces closed like locked doors in the streets,
guns camouflaged steel on concrete
and poverty with a million frightened eyes
a million deafened ears
and a million mute mouths.

San Salvador, rubble and ruins,
worse than the blood that dots your sidewalks
is the silence battered by speech,
the darkness called "peace"
and the fear that winds its way, night and day,
through the wounded heart of your city.

Every wall is pitted by bullets
painted with the quick strokes
of hope sprayed by trembling fingers:
"Yankis Fuera! Duarte y Reagan:
Asesinos del Pueblo!"

The angel of liberty is corroded,
green as a fifty-year-old coin,
its image is smooth with belief.
Beneath its feet, painted in red:
"Alto a la represion!"

I'm almost home, almost free to speak
again of love, beauty and the hope
the people create.
But today I sip coffee quietly.
It's bitter taste bites my throat.

The old woman at the hotel
searches the sky each day for signs
of a coup. I don't know what she
reads there but I've seen
the anger in her eyes--
it shouts louder than the headlines.

A cup of coffee costs a quarter.
A meal costs roughly a dollar twenty-five.
You can buy beer for fifty cents a bottle
and I hear a woman costs a few bucks.
Life here is cheap.
One word can cost your life.

(May, 1987, San Salvador, El Salvador)

Watching Robert Dole on Television

--by Clif Ross

The worms are beginning to crawl
just under the eyes, beneath the skin,
moving like the dot pattern
of the television screen;
you wonder how such soft creatures
are able to eat pure stone.

(9/1/87, Managua, Nicaragua)

JUDY GRAHN

A HISTORY OF LESBIANISM

How they came into the world,
the women-loving-women
came in three by three
and four by four
the women-loving-women
came in ten by ten
and ten by ten again
until there were more
than you could count

they took care of each other
the best they knew how
and of each other's children,
if they had any.

How they lived in the world,
the women-loving-women
learned as much as they were allowed
and walked and wore their clothes
the way they liked
whenever they could. They did whatever
they knew to be happy or free
and worked and worked and worked.
The women-loving-women
in America were called dykes
and some liked it
and some did not.

they made love to each other
the best they knew how
and for the best reasons

*How they went out of the world,
the women-loving-women
went out one by one
having withstood greater and lesser
trials, and much hatred
from other people, they went out
one by one, each having tried
in her own way to overthrow
the rule of men over women,
they tried it one by one
and hundred by hundred,
until each came in her own way
to the end of her life
and died:*

*The subject of lesbianism
is very ordinary; it's the question
of male domination that makes everybody
angry.*



SICK

Lisa Rudman

The women's blades cut through the grass
One. One. One.
Each with her own thoughts. Strokes.
The roof the grass would make --
 or of everything else but the grass.
Laundry waiting for her return. More rice.
Children coughing in warm sleep. More land.
Grass, cut, grab, shake. Cut, grab, shape.
Bundles of thoughts on the mountainside.

The tiny dried fish stared up from the plate,
 over the coconut tree tops, following the sun
The women fanned the fire.
Woodsmoke and clouds carried the murmurs
 of dinner over the barangay
 and toward the hills.
The fish continued to gaze there.

The papayas were nestled next to the house,
 beyond the rainfall but
 sweating from the mist.
A woman picked up 2 and weighed 1 in each hand,
 like a decision.
The knives hung on a rack, above the fruit,
 and pointed to the slopes.
The tall grass.

"Someone is here to see you.
He has malaria. Can you help?"
 year old Mayor, Mother, Midwife
 to the town of Sick.

After 15 years without a husband and
children -- 1 son killed, 1 daughter in the hills now;
She knew how to heal.



*She sat with him all night
Remembering the day the family dog
had come home with a note from her daughter
tied to its tail...
Remembering to fix a sack with
coffee, sugar, and rice
for her young patient.*

*He was beaming, as curfew lifted
And slipped out from her hands
To the waiting arms of the tall grass.*

--Philippines, August 1988





RAY DUREM

AWARD

*A Gold Watch to the FBI
Man who has followed
me for 25 years.*

Well, old spy
looks like I
led you down some pretty blind alleys,
took you on several trips to Mexico,
fishing in the high Sierras,
jazz at the Philharmonic.
You've watched me all your life,
I've clothed your wife,
put your two sons through college.
what good has it done?
the sun keeps rising every morning.
ever see me buy an Assistant President?
or close a school?
or lend money to Trujillo?
ever catch me rigging airplane prices?
I bought some after-hours whiskey in L>A>
but the Chief got his pay.
I ain't killed no Koreans
or fourteen-year-old boys in Mississippi.
neither did I bomb Guatemala,
or lend guns to shoot Algerians.
I admit I took a Negro child
to a white rest room in Texas,
But she was my daughter, only three,
who had to pee.

STERLING A. BROWN

STRONG MEN

The strong man keeps coming on.
--Sandburg

They dragged you from the homeland,
They chained you in coffles,
They huddled you spoon-fashion in filthy hatches,
They sold you to give a few gentlemen ease.

They broke you in like oxen,
They scourged you,
They branded you,
They made your women breeders,
They swelled your number with bastards....
They taught you the religion they disgraced.

You sang:

Keep a-inchin' along
Lak a po' inch worm...

You sang:

By and bye
gonna lay down this heaby load...

You sang:

Walk togedder, chillen,
Dontcha git weary...
The strong men keep a-comin' on
The strong men get stronger.

They point with pride to the roads you built for them,
They ride in comfort over the rails you laid for them.
They put hammers in your hands
And said--Drive so much before sundown.

You sang:

Ain't no hammah
In dis lan'
Strikes lak mine, bebbly,
Strikes lak mine.

They cooped you in their kitchens,
They penned you in their factories,
They gave you the jobs that they were too good for,
They tried to guarantee happiness to themselves
By shunting dirt and misery to you.

You sang:

Me an' muh baby gonna shine, shine
Me an' muh baby gonna shine.
The strong men keep a-comin' on
The strong men git stronger...

They bought off some of your leaders
You stumbled, as blind men will...
They coaxed you, unwontedly soft-voiced...
You followed a way.
Then laughed as usual.
They heard the laugh and wondered;
Uncomfortable;
Unadmitting a deeper terror...
The strong men keep a-comin' on
Gittin' stronger...

What, from the slums
Where they have hemmed you,
What, from the tiny huts
They could not keep from you--
What reaches them
Making them ill at ease, fearful?
Today they shout prohibition at you
"Thou shalt not this"
"Thou shalt not that"
"reserved for whites only"
You laugh.

One thing they cannot prohibit--

The strong men...coming on
The strong men gittin' stronger.
Strong men...
Stronger...

MUHAMMAD AL-FITURI (Sudan)

I AM A NEGRO

Say it and cry aloud
Say it without shame
Without cowardness Confront
The faces of human crowds
I am a Negro
Of Negro ancestry is my father
And Negro is my mother
I am black
Black with liberty
I possess the ownership of freedom
My land Africa
Long live my land
Long live Africa

My land the whites have molested
abused by the oppressor's occupation
Let my life become a sacrificial offering
And like me my children shall be martyrs
Behind death behind the land
Echoes the cry of my forefathers
My descendants
You are severed from your heritage
Until the winds
Have swept the persecutor's ashes

My children you are severed from your fathers
Until the aggressor tumbles in disaster
Stripped from the shrouds of oppression
Until the land explodes in light
And in victory the black flag
Shines highest
Until history's forehead
Responds in the pride of joy

The dawn pounds over
The walls of darkness
Listen to the song of victory
For here the oppressor
Claimed a failure
Falling in the abyss of terror
Here my people have risen from their trance
With naked chest
The black deluge
Chasing across the fortified rock
Witness
Here is Africa the great
Glittering
in the light of dawn.

trans: Halim El-Dabh

Juan Gelman (Argentina)

HISTORIA

Estudiando la historia,
fechas, batallas, cartas escritas en la piedra,
frases célebres, próceres oliendo a santidad,
sólo percibo oscuras manos
esclavas, metalúrgicas, mineras, tejedoras,
creando el resplandor, la aventura del mundo,
se murieron y aún les crecieron las uñas.

HISTORY

Studying history,
dates, battles, letters written on stone,
famous phrases, luminaries smelling of sanctity,
I see only dark, metallurgical,
mining, sewing, slaves' hands
creating the brilliance, the adventures of the world,
they died and their fingernails still grew.

David Fernandez Cherician (Cuba)

Sección de anuncios clasificados

Se solicita un mundo
sin monopolios
no policía.
Preguntar por cualquiera
en Asia, en Africa, en América
Latina.

Classified Section

Wanted: a world
without monopolies,
without police.
Inquire of anyone
in Asia, Africa, Latin America.