THE REAL DRAGON PROJECT 1990

NELSON MANDELA IS RELEASED!

FREE SOUTH AFRICA AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!

photo: T.L. Litt

Yet another piece by Gran Fury, the AIDS activist art collective; this one at the corner of Broadway and Houston.

—M.S.

The streets of SAN SALVADOR
remember every gunshot
And the complete names of
the victims.
They keep statistics
with an elephant's memory:
the name and place,
and anguish AND the motive,
the irrationality of those in charge
and even the last scream of the dying.

JAIME SUAREZ Quemain,
30-year-old journalist murdered
by the military in SAN SALVADOR.

¡FMLN - EL PUEBLO VENCERÁ!

Know Your Rights

this is a public service announcement

Know your rights all 3
of Em. I say

Number 1 — You have the right not to
be killed

Murder is A crime!
unless it was done by a
policeman or Aristocrat

Number 2 — You have the right to food
money
providing of course you
don't mind a little
Humiliation, investigation
& if you cross your fingers

REHABILITATION.

WANG! — Young Offenders! Know your
rights

Number 3 — You have the right to frEEEEE
Speech as long as your not
dumb enough to actually try
it.

Know your rights o These
are your rights o
All 3 of 'Em

It has been suggested
in some quarters that this is not
enough.

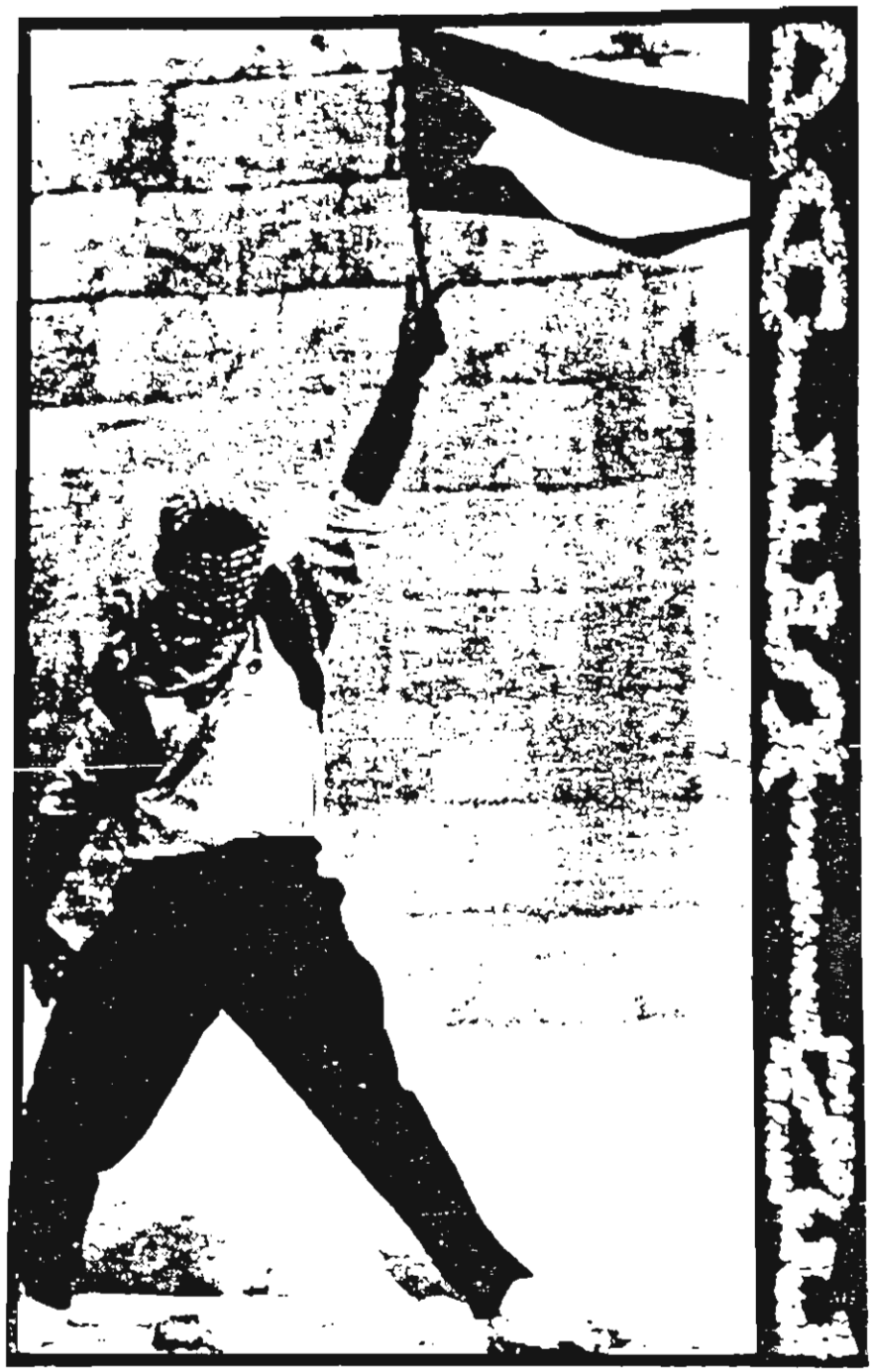
WELL.....

You Have The Right to Remain
Silent o You are warned
That anything you say o Can &
Will be taken down & used
As Evidence o Against You

---

words from *Know Your Rights*, The Clash

Brothers and Sisters:



Did you scare an occupation soldier today? Did you participate by agitating the uprising slogans? Did you participate in forming the national committee on your block? Did you read this leaflet to your friends and neighbors? Did you re-write it, copy it and distribute it on your block?

The National Committee of Merchants in Gaza has called upon all the merchanges to abide strictly by the prices and not to exploit present conditions. It will publish the names of those who exploit people. The Committee asks all merchants not to sell large quantities to individuals, but to sell so as to serve the largest number of consumers.

It also praised the initiative of dozens of blacksmiths who rewelded the stores free of charge immediately after the soldiers tried to break them in a failed attempt to break the strike.

The National Information Committees have confronted the authority's attempt to seal the area from the media, so they have established dozens of networks to pick up the news, immediately translate it and send copies to the news agencies.

And for those heroic arms behind the barricades in every alley, street and block in the camps, cities and villages, they are protecting the strike, preserving it from the early hours of the morning till night. They're consolidating their positions with huge barricades and chanting in one voice,

"Down with the occupation and the iron fist! We want self-determination and a national state. Our weapon is the strike and the popular committees. With the PLO until the cause is won!"

Gaza - January 13, 1988

Leaflet by "Nationalist Forces in Gaza"

Remembering Huey Newton

BLACK PANTHER PARTY 10-POINT PROGRAM

We want Freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black and oppressed communities.

We want full employment for our people.

We want an end to the robbery by the capitalist of our Black and oppressed communities.

We want decent housing, fit for the shelter of human beings.

We want education for our people, that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present-day society.

We want completely free health care for all Black and oppressed people.

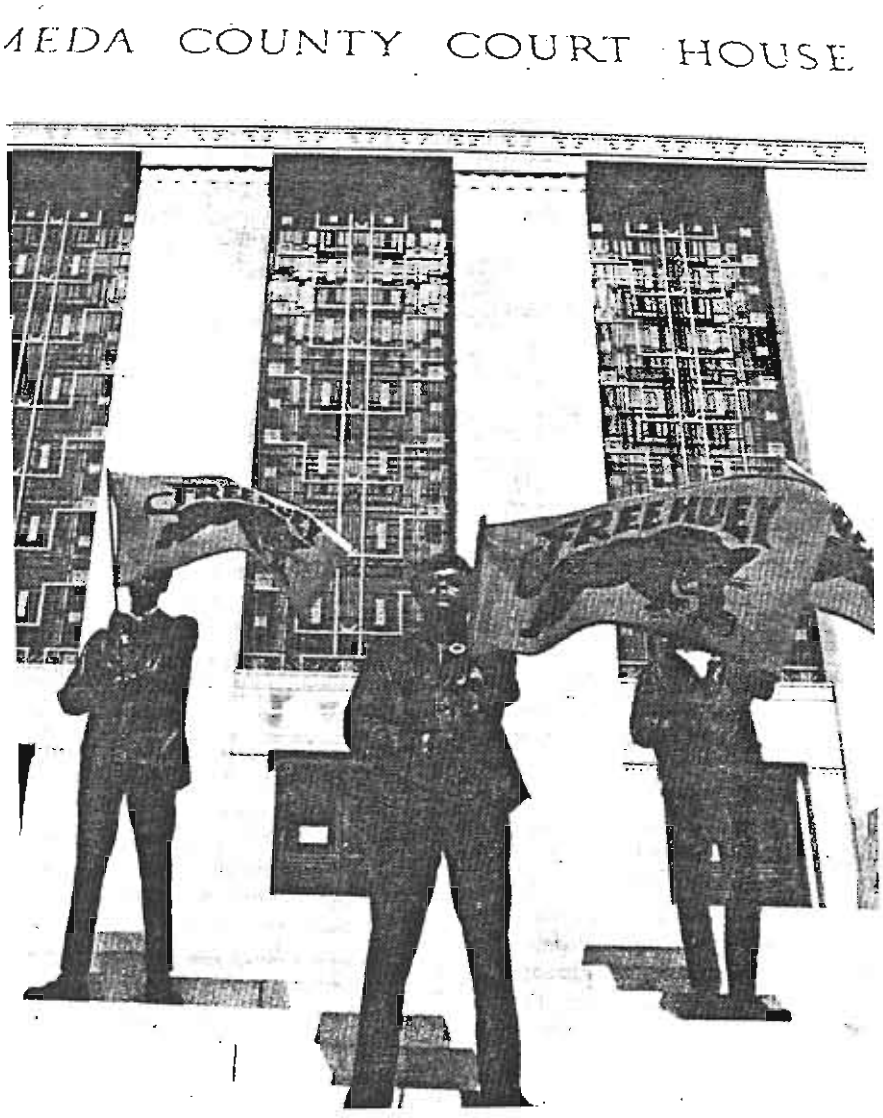
We want an immediate end to police burtality and murder of Black people, other people of color, all oppressed people inside the United States.

We want an immediate end to all wars of aggression.

We want freedom for all Black and poor oppressed people now held in US Federal, State, County, City and Military prisons and jails.

We want trials by a jury of peers for all persons charged with so-called crimes under the laws of this country.

We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice, peace and people's community control of modern technology.

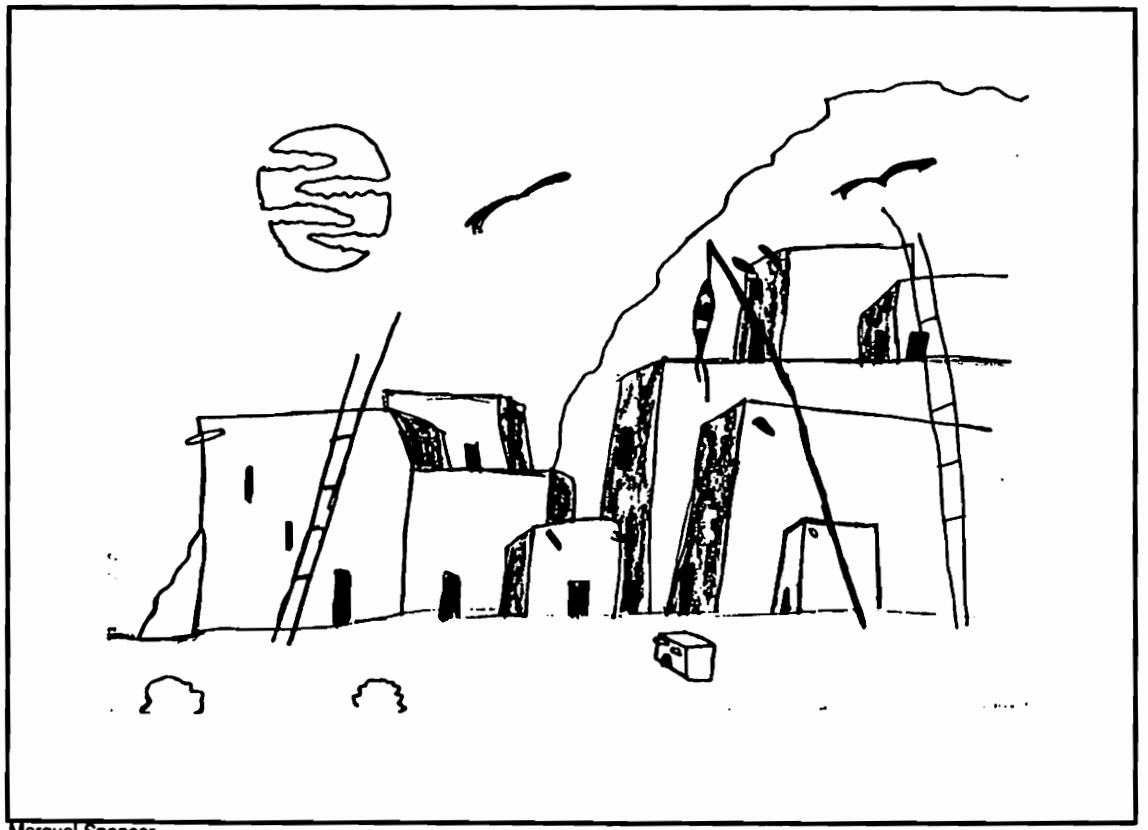


I am an American Indian who thinks
a lot about life.
I wonder what life will be like in
the 21st century if there is any.
I hear a lot of people crying in the distance.
I see destruction everywhere, innocent
people dead or disfigured lying on the
ground
I want to leave this horrible place
to a whole different world, a whole
different life.
I am an American Indian who thinks
a lot about life.

I pretend that I went back in time
to be with my people.
I feel so at home, although I've
been here before.
I touch a part of my life that I
never had before.
I worry that this feeling of being
at home will soon come to a close.
I cry for all the friends and family
I will lose in the wars and massacres
to come.
I am an American Indian who thinks
a lot about life.

I understand that I'm growing up in
a white man's world with the odds
against me.
I say I can accomplish anything
that I want to, only I have to
strive for my goals a lot harder.
I dream someday there will be no
more injustice in the world.
I try to get involved into a lot
of stuff so I could express my opinions.
I hope one day that everybody could
get along, no matter what race or people.
I am an American Indian who thinks
a lot about life.

John Lozano, Pomo
Grade 11, Street Academy



Marquel Spencer
Navajo/Laguna
Grade 3, Hintil Child Development Center

Each Generation
Must Discover Its Mission
(for Frantz Fanon)

Can't you see the distance is long
and the search prolonged anguish?
It may be you will not see the Dawn
and the first sunlight of the Day.
What do you say to this possibility?
Can you say, "Yes, that is possible!"
And struggle on in the dark?
Can you accept the questions unanswered,
your mouth frozen as you shape the words?
Perhaps you, in this time, have no words to utter,
only the deep groan of longing
pouring out of the heart,
flowing like a blood river.

by aneb kgositsile
(gloria house)

Suzanne Roden/Spare Rib

Los frutos sean

Cuando los sembradores se decidieron
a cultivar el campo
previeron que tendrían que apartar
las piedras
las espinas
las malas hierbas.
Que les sangrarían las manos
y se les cortarían los pies.
Que habría que cuidarse
del gusano roedor
y de la langosta
y de las ratas.
Que la limpia iba a ser dura
pero que al fin y al cabo
contra fuego y alambre
la cosecha se daría...

The Fruits That Would Be

When the sowers decided
to cultivate the field
they foresaw that they would have to clear out
stones
thorns
weeds.
That they would bloody their hands
and cut their feet.
That they would have to be careful
of the gnawing worm,
and the locust
and the rats.
That the weeding would be hard
but at the end
against fires and fences
the harvest would yield...

Daniel Ortega
president of Nicaragua

To the U.S.A.

I visited the tomb of Carlos Fonseca
and saw the bright torch
and the flame that rose from that torch
will never be put out by the winds of the North,
they will never put it out.

A EE. UU.

Yo visité la tumba de Carlos Fonseca
y ví la antorcha encendida,
y la llama que salía de esa antorcha
nunca podrán apagarla los vientos del Norte
nunca podrán apagarla.

Justo Fernando Vallejos
Literacy worker. Member of the 19th of July
Sandinista Youth. Poetry workshop of Ciudad Darío.

¡DOÑA CONSUELA ESTÁ PRESENTE!

Internal Rivers

Some time ago, I learned to cry without tears
as thousands do, who suffer;
they fall on the inside, the tears.
Inexhaustible torrents.
They don't fill barrels, but bandoliers.
Many bandoliers, filled with tears,
tears as hard as bullets.
Cartridge belts that suffering fills
with bullets that are teardrops.
Every bullet with the name of someone who caused suffering.
Thousands of bullets! --and if one misses its target,
there are thousands that will reach it.
Many are the centuries of suffering.
In the time of the long-suffering,
every century is an enormous teardrop.
There are cartridge belts with the cries of children
In Vietnam alone they could have filled them
all with the tears of all the children.
There are bandoliers with women's tears.
A girl, a torch in Vietnam
A moth-- with her fertile belly ripped up.
Thousands of cartridges -
through the centuries they have been filling up.
Thousands of virile teardrops
to fill rifles by the thousands;
Thousands, because those that don't reach their target
suffice to overflow, to form a weeping sea
burning with molten lead, to smother and drown
the tyrants.
When one may have
a rifle without shooting it, and teardrops
have ceased to be gunshots,
and the land will have been cleansed of suffering;
the living will welcome the dead anew,
and there will flower anew, in the resurgence,
the human purpose deflected through the crying times.

--Dona Consuelo de Corretjer
1975

Doves

It's hardly practical,
even illusory, they say,
for us to raise doves here:
Their flight naturally
takes them invisibly
beyond the walls,
beyond our most fragile
touch with them.
And the place
swarms with soldiers.

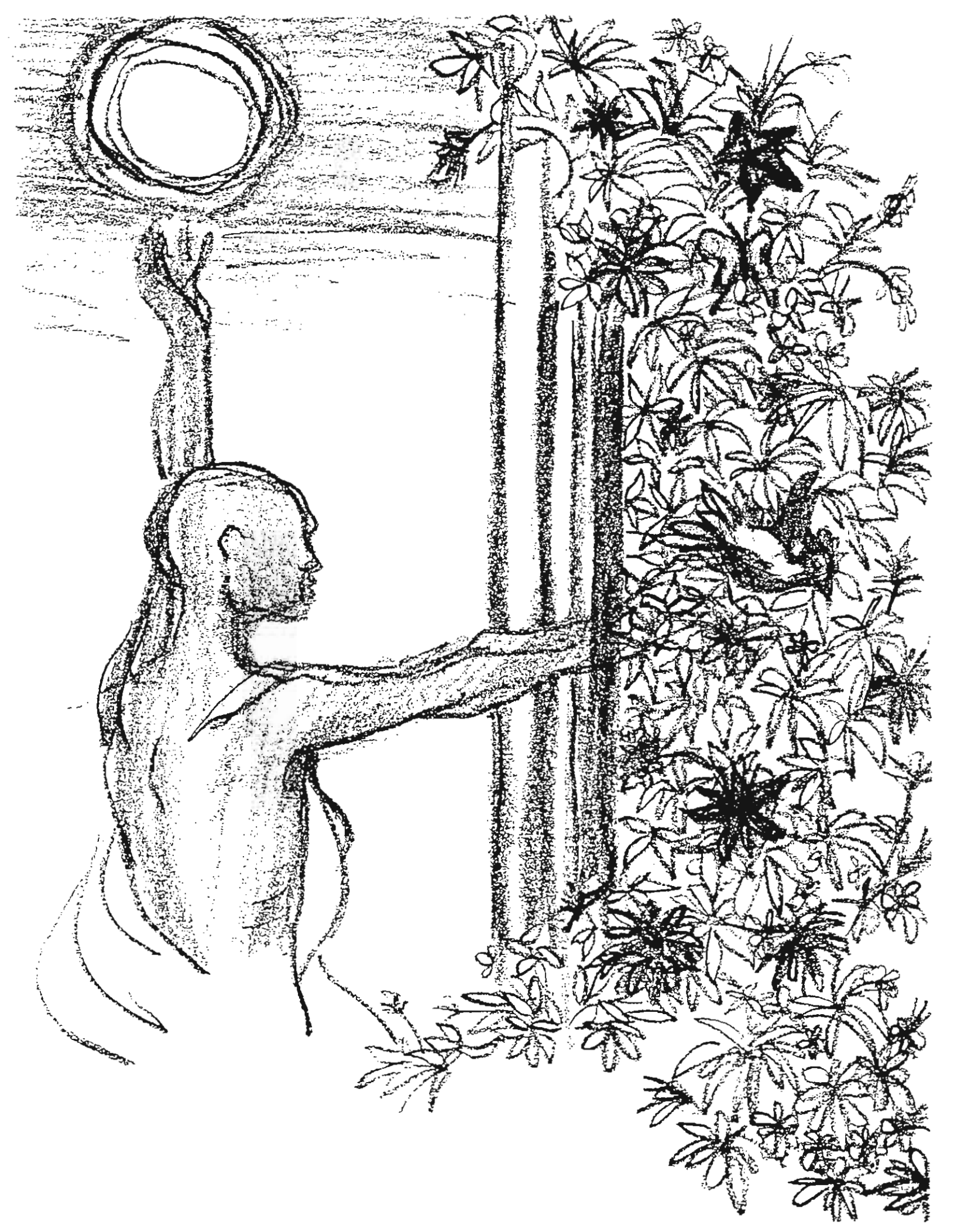
Still, we are obsessed
with the dove's qualities:
its embodiment of flight,
the splendid way it carries out
its frequent missions
into our future
that it risks
to home us with
in wingfuls of breeze.

A number have not returned.
We do not know
whether to worry,
or to understand.
But some have managed to
for us, as if
just to emphasize the risks.
We bled right
where they were hit.
We wanted
the rest protected,
kept caged
with us.

But then, we keep thinking
if flight's perfection
or its future
can ever be preserved
in cages.

(25 May 1984)

Father Orlando Tizon, Philippines



This is a poem dedicated to the African Mosquito fighting a lonely battle against the Pretoria regime occupying forces called SADF

Hail Beautiful African Mosquito!!

By Bethe ka Sibeko

I won't say "Jou Vabond Wag Ek Sal Jour Kry" again!!
No, never will I threaten you again!!
'Cause you are meting our
Revolutionary justice---
Death to the SADF Terrorist Army ravaging South Afrika!!

Times of London reports:
"Soldier dies of malaria on
His last day in the army"
Frans Van de Merwe 19, departs
This universe 'cause the Mosquitoes
of Afrika are up in arms!
Against the SADF Terrorist Army ravaging South Afrika!!

Adrian Vlok, Fascist Minister
of Injustice & Disorder has had
A feel of your fatal proboscis
Hail beautiful African Mosquito!
Fight your lonely battle against
The White Supremacist who
Invade your Privacy in the
Bushes of Angola, as they ravage Southern Afrika!!

You have always been there in the bush
Minding your own business, until the Settler
Colonialists dare to 'mess up with you'
BUZZ!! one bit is enough to bring one
Fascist soldier down! He wretches!
He shivers! He vomits! He hallucinates!
As he, on his heavy boots
Ravages Southern Afrika!!

"3000 Cases" screams the
Panicking SADF fascist Doctor
"Terrorists sent to Vietnam & Kampuchea
For training brought back the disease"!
They ignore that you are indigenous
To the forests of tropical Afrika!
You have "exercised your right of self-determination"
Since creation before they ravaged Southern Afrika!!

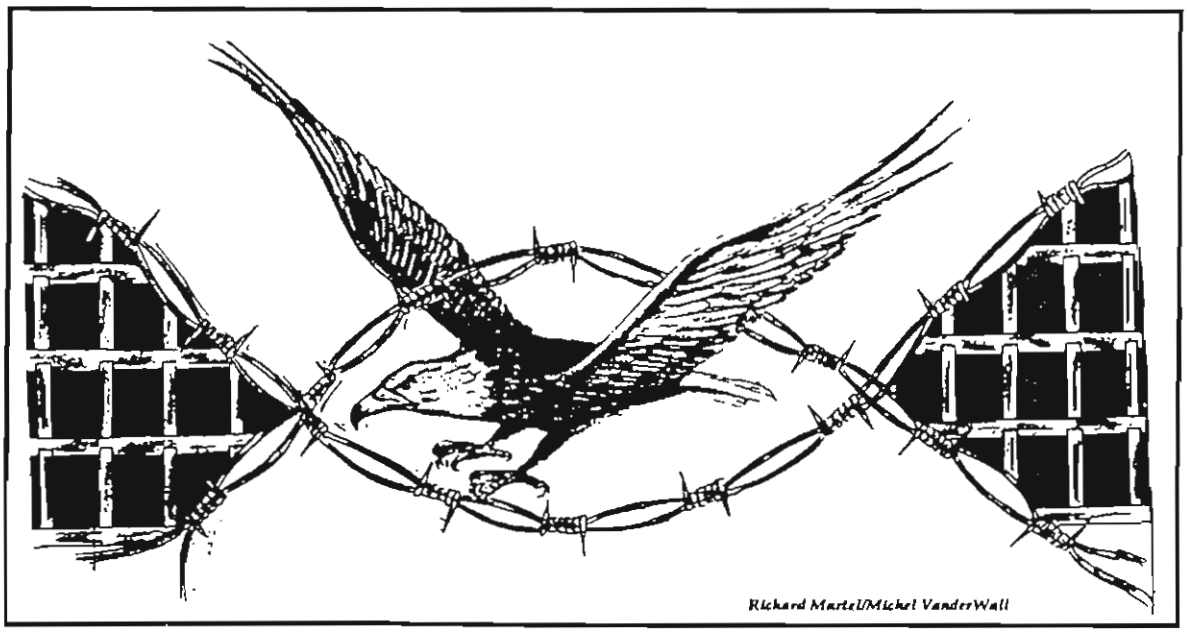
You may belong to the animal kingdom
My infinitesimal friend, but justice is
In your vocabulary, Frans Van de Merwe
Is dead from Malaria! SADF screams!
What about Mlungisi Luphondo at the tender age of 21!!!
Executed without mercy by the Pretorian Hangman!
Avenge us, Avenge us, you are the only Fighter
SADF can't shoot down!! as they ravage Southern Afrika!!

Thus my Infitesimal Friend of the Night
Carry on your lonely but effective combat
Against the settler colonialist Army—SADF
Never again shall I say "Jou Vabond wag Ek
Sal Jou Kry 'cause you are
Avenging Afrika's dispicable domination by
The Fascist Colonial Settlers
As they ravage Southern Afrika!!

For the Warriors

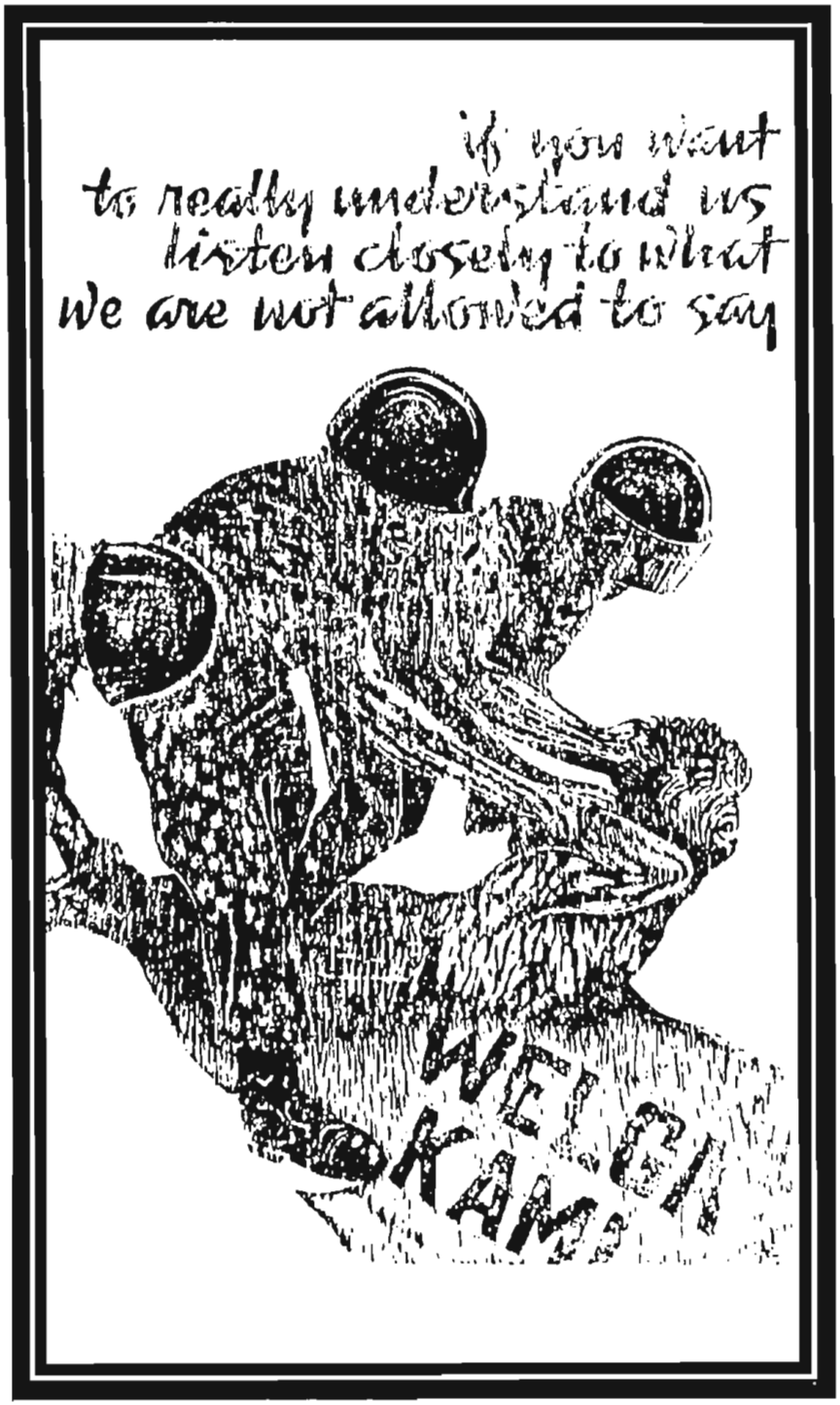
You've got to *want* to fight
the odds are so overwhelming:
they always have more money, more force,
(remember, it's force and not power they have more of)
more weapons and the means to use them,
more offices, typewriters, telephones, xerox machines,
secretaries to diligently type and mail memos,
men to deliver the charges,
all the many ways of keeping us busy,
distracting us from the work.
The work, the work...
You've got to *want* to fight,
want to do it from someplace deep, deep within,
deeper than the need to take vacations,
grow gardens, play with the children,
deeper than anything else,
from someplace deep enough
where truth is what matters,
where the truth of justice and freedom
is the only, natural truth,
as essential and unquestionable
as breath, or seasons,
or the rock at the center of Earth.
And this truth, and its sister the love of it,
makes you want to fight.
You've got to *want* to fight,
facing the terrible truths of oppression,
the deadly and violent acts
can grind you down, bleed you slowly,
if you're not careful.
The knowing can be a butcher knife in the guts
that slashes and twists,
or it can be a bitter poison dripping in the blood
like rust,
or, if you're lucky,
maybe it will only be
tired lines around the eyes and an occasional
tightening in the chest - maybe only that.
But whatever else, the knowing has got to make
you *want* to fight,
it's got to make
you *want* to fight enough
to know more:
to know that what is worth fighting for is
what lasts: grass, wind, flowing water, mountains;
to know that it will endure longer than
our own lives, to know that it is for what is
all around and through us, through our hands
and the work of our hands,
through our bodies, greater than any one of us.
Knowing that,
knowing that makes you not fear
their threats, their violence, their fear,
it makes you *want* to fight,
truthfully, honestly,
as hard as you've ever done anything,
because you want to,
you need to.
Like wanting to sink into the sweet earth
after a long day,
like wanting to linger in the blessedness of dreams,
like wanting to wake to clear dawn,
like wanting to rise and work through the sun until the
evening star
and maybe past,
first you've got to *want* to,
you've got to *want* to fight.

– Ellen Klaver –



The iris is strong not to be doubted. But the beauty will always stay.

By Iris Myra



Alan V. Jazmines

Song

Do you ever look back and grieve
At the years lost like
Pebbles tossed in the wild, wild sea?

See, how the trees adorn the sky
How this splendor of the leaves
Is offered to the earth so richly yet
Nothing's wasted.
Watch, How the flowers
Never stint of their colors.

All, all is for joy and giving. Even seeds
Are strewn in profusion and the earth
Is all the richer.

Do not count the days and the years
Not ever
Nor the songs and the tears
They are all ours for giving.

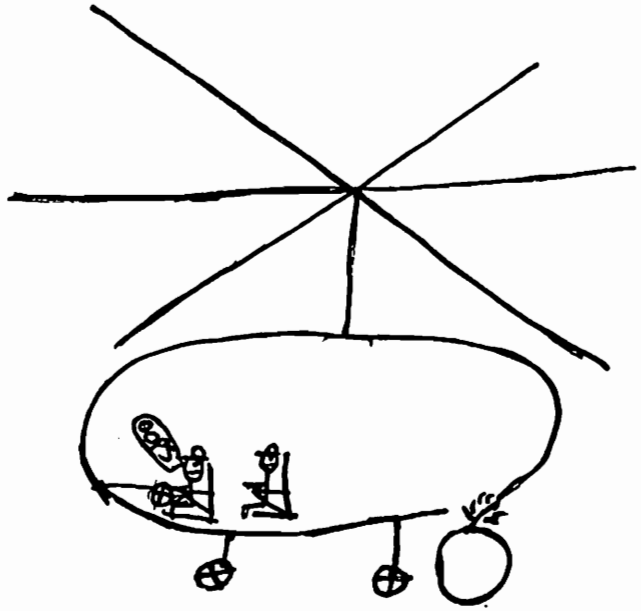
August 18, 1983

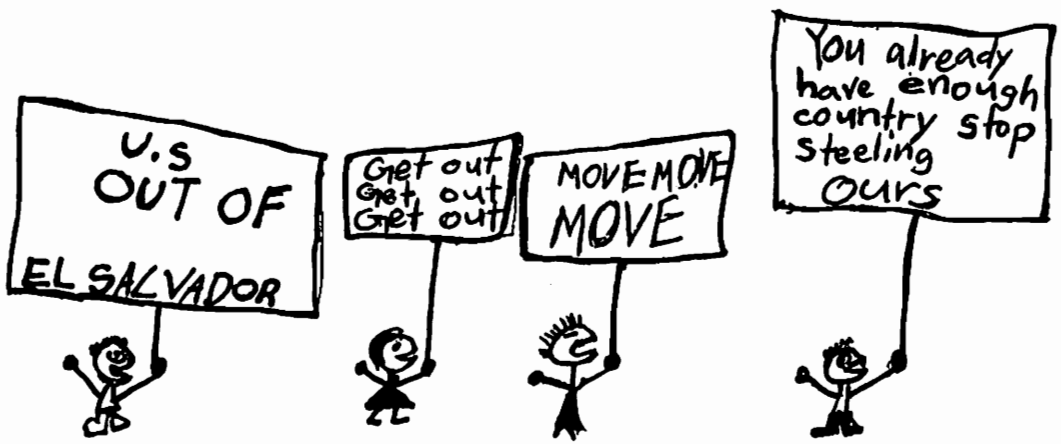
Father Orlando Tizon
Philippines

And when our primitive weapons could not match those which you had perfected through centuries of wars, we realized that peace could not be won, unless our mass destruction took place. And so we turned to treaties ... we ran into your cunning trickery ... we lost our lands, our freedom and were confined to reservations.

Beatrice Culleton, *In Search of April Raintree*, Winnipeg: Pemmican Publications 1986.

Jessica..




U.S
OUT OF
EL SALVADOR
Get out
Get out
Get out
MOVE MOVE
MOVE
You already
have enough
country stop
steeling
ours

Poem at the Midnight of My Life

I never thought that I would live forever:
Now I light a cigarette
surprised by pleasures lasting past
predictions from the hemorrhaging of fears
and I reflect on faces soft above my own
in love

The implications of all heated ecstasy that I have known
despite the soldier fist on broken bone
despite the small eyes shrinking flesh to stone
surround me in this tender solitude
like teenage choirs of gullibility
and guts

(How many bottles of beer will it take
to make a baby?)

I understand how nothing ever happens on a one-
plus-one equals anything predictable/
how time rolls
drunk around the curvilinear conventions
of a virgin
and eventual as passion's lapse
just peters out
indefinite

(92 bottles of beer on the wall
92 bottles of beer)

how sorrow brings you
to the graveside
on an afternoon of trees entirely alive

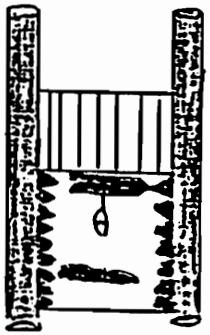
(if one of the bottles should happen to fall . . .)

the chosen focus tortured true
between a homeless woman lying frozen
on the avenue
and a flying horse or legs to carry you or race
into the hungers of a problematic
new embrace

(. . . 91 bottles of beer on the wall)

I understand the comfortable temptation of the dead:
I turn my back against the grave
and kiss again the risk of what I have
instead

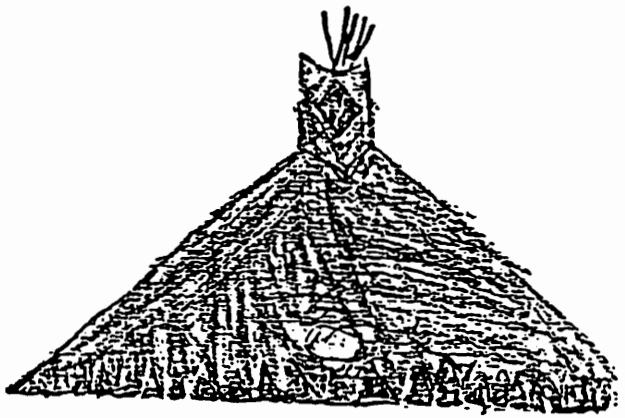
-- June Jordan



Aurora Sanabria, Shoshone

A grandma teaching
her granddaughter to make a rug.
The rug shows happiness and gratefulness.
When the grandma dies
the granddaughter will finish the rug.
So the tradition will go on and on.

Aurora Sanabria, Shoshone



Dyani Enos, Pima/Papago

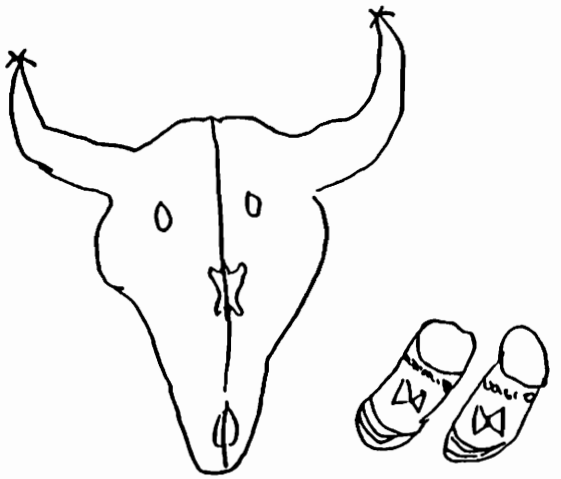
My Old Friend

Ruth is 59 and proud.
She likes to bead earrings.
They're so beautiful with colors like
red, yellow, blue, and pink.

Beading is her favorite thing
she likes to do.
It's great to have a 59 year old
friend.

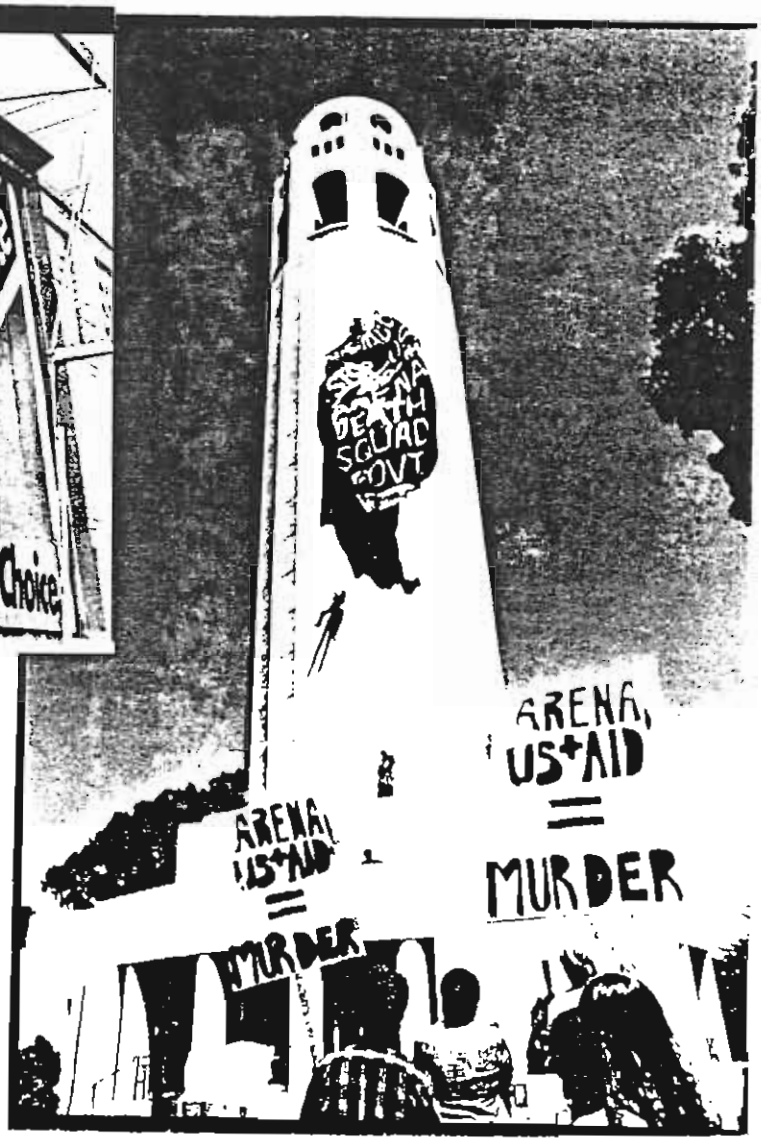
Ruth tells me what's
right from wrong
and that is one
reason I like her
very much.

Rosanna Sanabria
Shoshone
Grade 7, Montera Jr. High

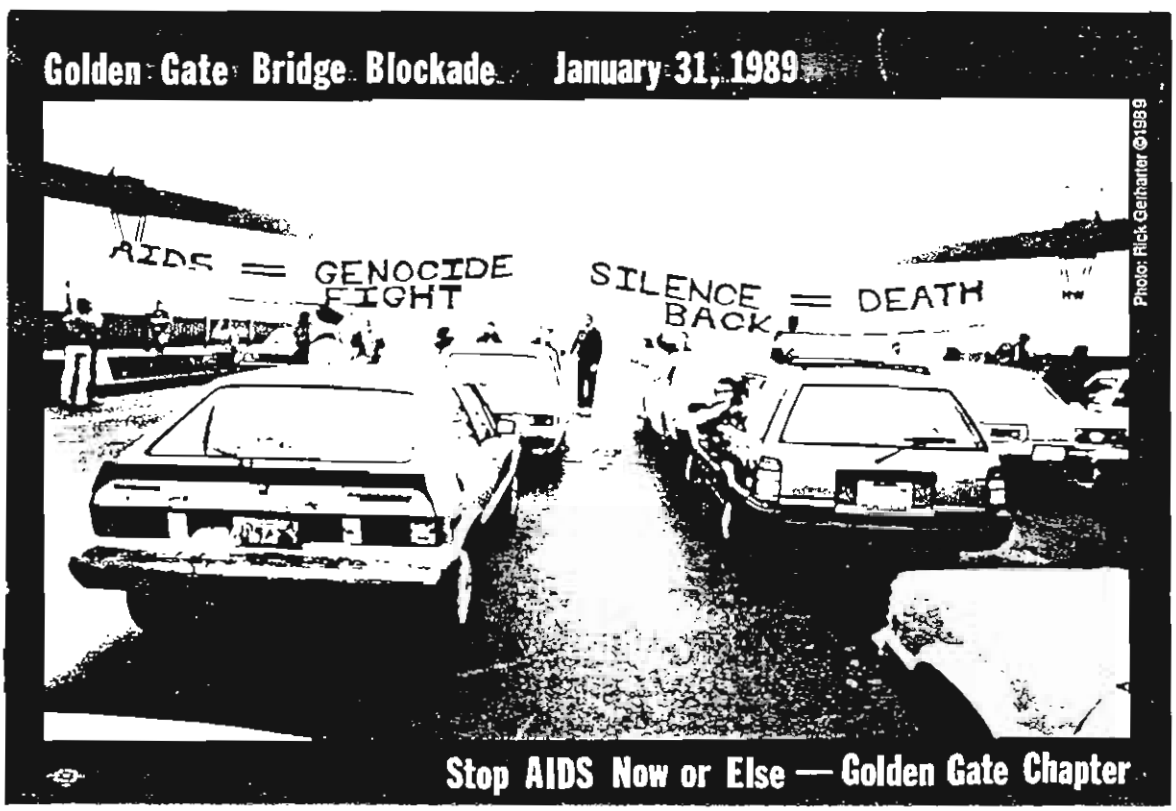


Redhouse Poncho, Navajo/Laguna

Colgate
The Wise Choice


ARENA
US+AID
=
MURDER
ARENA
US+AID
=
MURDER

TERRORISTS
with
Razor-sharp
perfection.
Marines


Golden Gate Bridge Blockade January 31, 1989
AIDS = GENOCIDE
FIGHT
SILENCE = DEATH
BACK
Photo: Rick Gerharter ©1989
Stop AIDS Now or Else — Golden Gate Chapter

The Mother

has changed her clothes.
Her skirt has turned into pants,
her shoes into boots,
her pocketbook into a knapsack.
She no longer sings lullabyes,
she sings songs of protest.
She goes unkempt and crying
a love that envelopes and frightens her.
She no longer loves only her children,
nor does she give only to her children.
She clasps to her breast
thousands of hungry mouths.
She is the mother of ragged children
of little children who spin tops on dusty sidewalks.
She has given birth to herself
feeling--at times--
unable to support so much love on her shoulders,
thinking of the fruit of her flesh
--far off and alone--
calling her in the night without answer,
while she responds to other shouts,
to many shouts,
but always thinking of the one and only shout of her flesh
one more shout in that clamour of the people who calls her
and pulls from her arms
even her own children.

Gioconda Belli / NICARAGUA

Translated by Electa Arenal and Marsha Gabriela Dreyer.

No Lady
Prison didn't improve me none.
There was ten of us girls in the county jail
five white, five black awaitin' trial for sellin shit.
The white girls, they all on probation.
Us black girls, we all go to Dwight. Me, three months gone.
An I ask myself sittin on them concrete benches in the county.
How come? How come me an my sisters goin to jail
An the white girls goin back to college?
Their mothers come in here an weep—they get probation.
My mamma come in here—nose spread all over her face—she weepin too
But I goin to Dwight
An I think about that—But I don't come up with no answers.
Ain't got no money for a lawyer.
Hell, I couldn't even make bail.
Met the defender five minutes before my trial
An I done what he said. Didn't seem like no trial to me, not like T.V.
I didn't understand none of it.
Six months to a year they give me. . .
They ride us out there in a bus.
See my playin' the game—goin to charm class an the body dynamics, (to learn my Feminine Role)
An I take keypunchin, an I do real well.
My boyfriend, he come to see me twice, and then he stop comin'
An when I have the baby, I give it up,
Weren't nothin else for me to do.
They give me twenty-five dollar when I get outta there
An I wearin my winter clothes in July, an everyone knows where I comin from
Six months I try to find a job, make it straight.
But every door I push against closed tight.
This here piece of paper say I'm a first-class keypuncher
But the man who give the job, he say I flunk that test
Sheeit man, I didn't flunk that test.
You think I'm a criminal. I done my time, but you ain't re-classified me.
I always be a criminal to you . . . .
One of the counselors say I "mentally ill,"
I needs treatment. Two hours a week they give me group therapy.
The other hundred and fifteen, they lock me up—like an animal.
An I ain't got no neurosis noways.
Sheeit, it's this place make you ill. . . .
Other night, I took sick with the cramps;
There weren't no doctor 'til mornin.
He poke me in the sore spot an say, "Girl—
You jus wanna go to the hospital. Get you some tea an toast."
Tea an toast!
My girlfriend—she die of diabetes, before they do anythin for her.
She come outta here in a box. Looks like it won't be no different for me.
That's how it is, Lady.
No. Prison didn't improve me none.

—anonymous, reprinted from *The Chicago Seed.*

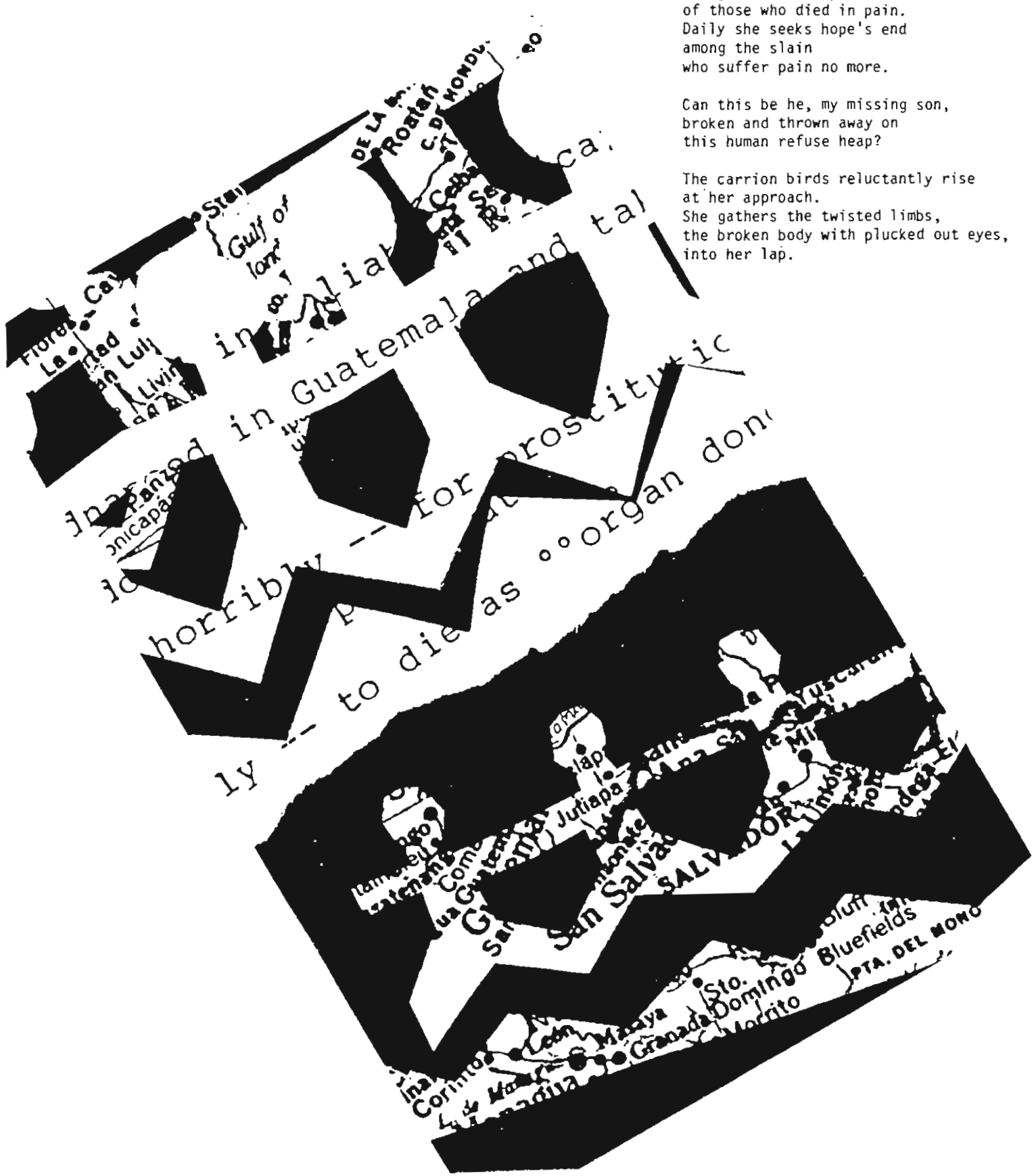
Pieta

Could this be he, my missing son?
or this one?
this one?

She follows rumor through
city streets, village lanes.
Daily she searches the carnal grounds
among twisted corpses
of those who died in pain.
Daily she seeks hope's end
among the slain
who suffer pain no more.

Can this be he, my missing son,
broken and thrown away on
this human refuse heap?

The carrion birds reluctantly rise
at her approach.
She gathers the twisted limbs,
the broken body with plucked out eyes,
into her lap.



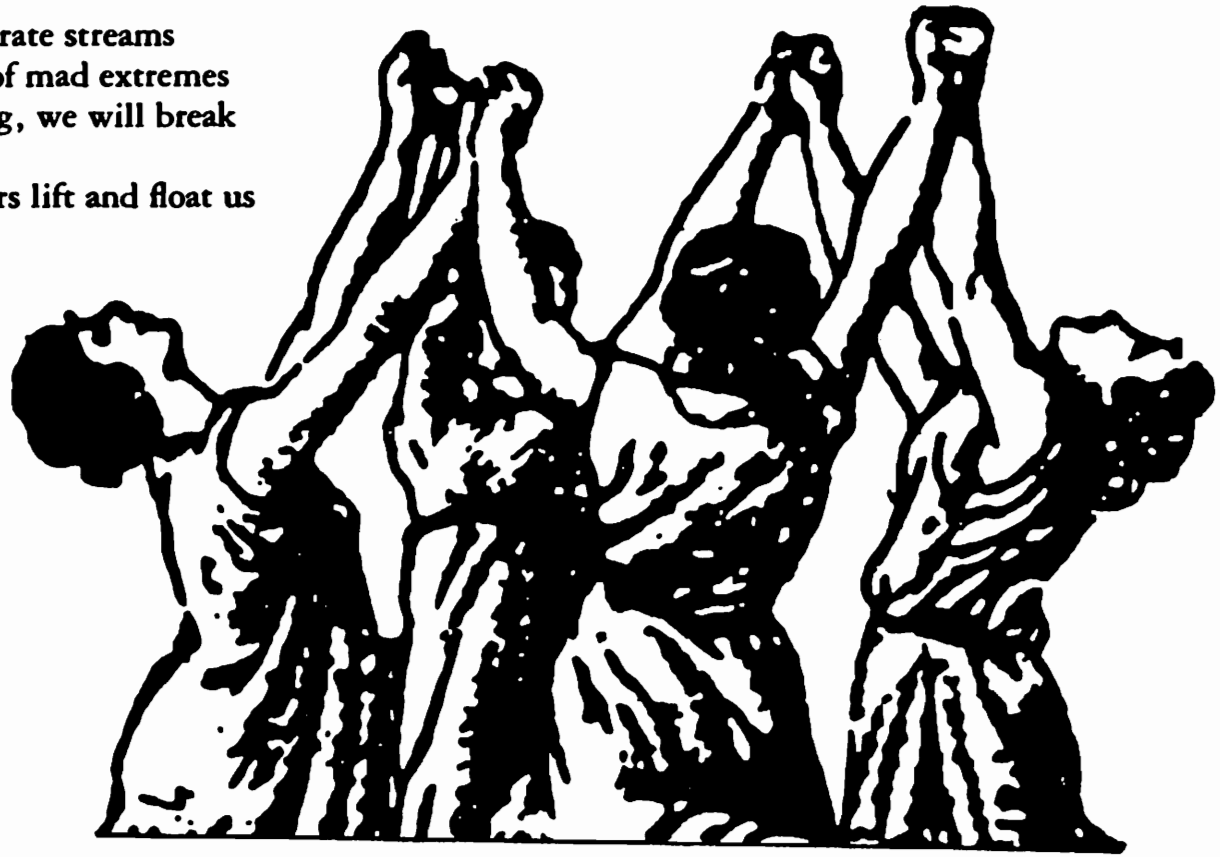
BREAKING THROUGH

The barriers to equality are mountains we must climb
Between us all as women, are barriers of another kind
We recognize our sameness, while our differences elude
In our fear and ignorance, the truth is misconstrued.

CHORUS: Oh, no, we're not the same, we're not in the same boat
But we've got to row together, or none will stay afloat
We can celebrate our rainbow, when we learn to share the rain
No more divide and rule, and each of us will gain.

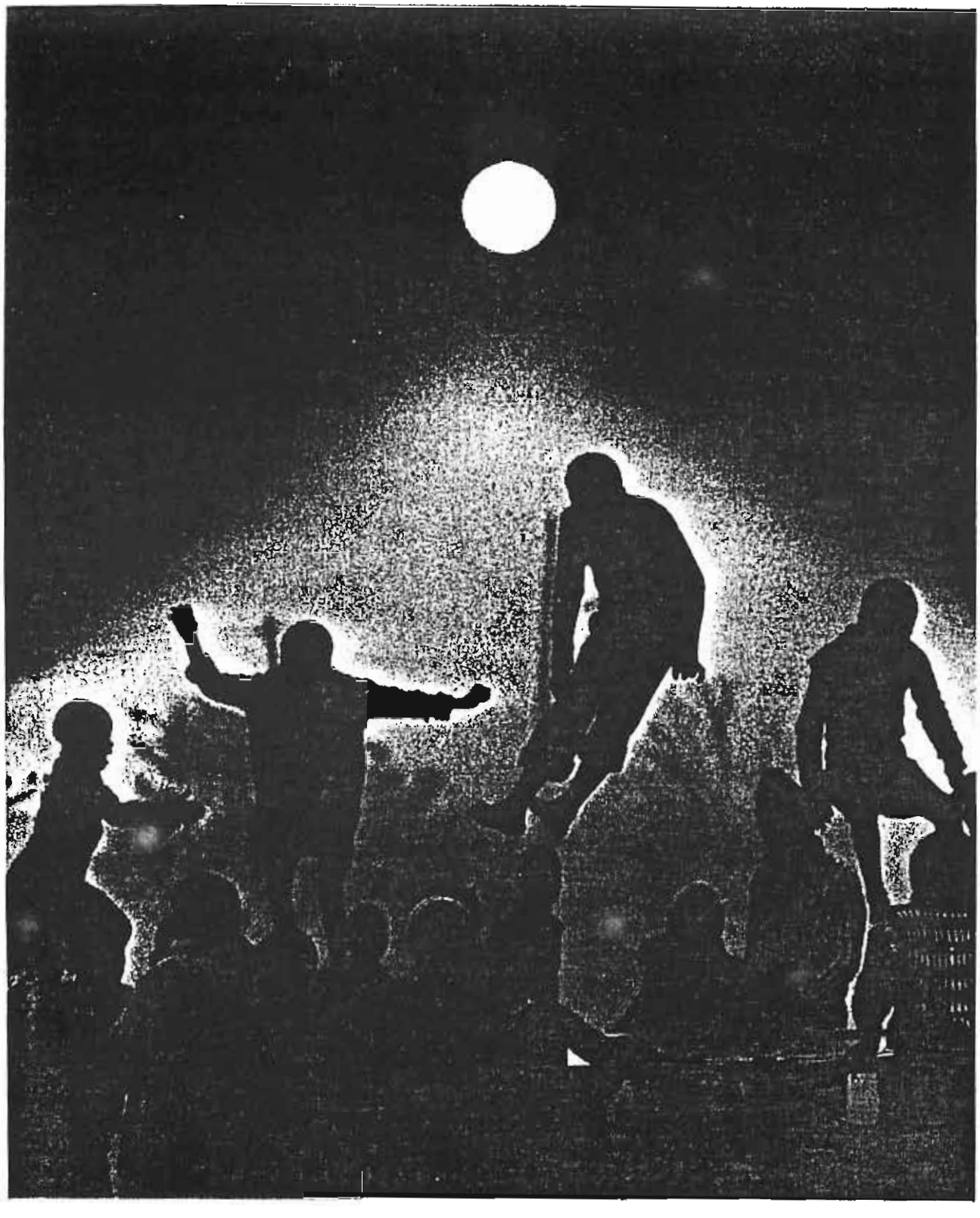
Like a mighty river forms from separate streams
Creating pools of sanity in a world of mad extremes
Sometimes gentle, sometimes raging, we will break through to the sea
Where salted by our tears, the waters lift and float us free.

By breaking through the barriers
Turning things around
We're doing it together
Finding common ground.



Upstream/Canada

Excerpt from a song written by Arlene Mantle with participants at CUPE Women's Conference, Calgary, 1989. The verses of the song address issues facing disabled women, lesbians, Native women and women of colour.



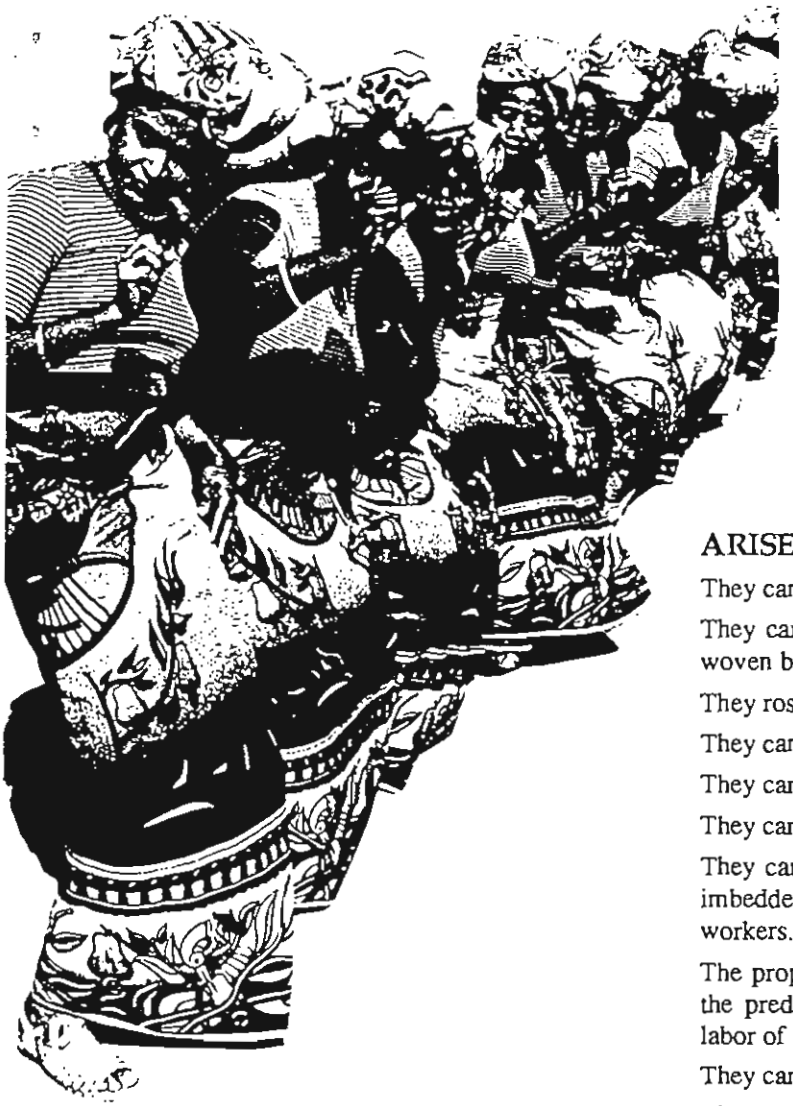
A POEM for a BLACK BOY

(For Andrew waiting for a bus on mt. airy corner)

What if they close their
windows as you WALK
near their CARS?
What if They lock Their
doors AND STARE SALIVA
STARES?

ON This cold december
morning
WAKing up from STARS
You ARE The wind
choreographing OUR
Flesh
You ARE The SACRED WATER
baptizing OUR tongues.

SONIA SANCHEZ



ARISE YE PRISONERS OF STARVATION

They came, bright over the old African horizon

They came, wave after wave with their wounds bandaged in flowered woven bandages.

They rose in great waves, earth in their flesh

They came out of slavery upon which the western world was built.

They came appearing in their massive soaring power.

They came rising out of the mortgaged stolen country.

They came out of the corrupt city of Nairobi, the skyscrapers actually imbedded in the starving breasts of thousands of starving farmers and workers.

The property sign brazenly, Standard Oil, Exxon, General Motors, all the predators from my country now looting the earth and the cheap labor of living beings.

They came in the thunder, carrying their dead children.

They drummed and danced and shook the gourds in flesh and power and survival.

Don't stop me, the Sudan woman cried, I came to speak of hunger.

Don't stop me, I appear at last.

I am not supposed to be here, I was not supposed to survive.

We are supposed to be gone.

But we appear in the thunder of our solidarity.

We claim our earth.

We claim our flesh

We have been nought

We shall be all.

I saw them. I am an old woman and I began to dance.

I will never be afraid again.

I will never feel alone again.

Dying in the old deathly world with the murderers.

Assassins. Vultures.

I will never leave the rising power of the oppressed.

The earth shall rise on new foundations, dancing, singing and the touch of love and the hosanna of freedom

They come.

-Meridel LeSueur

Victory to the Ohio 7

Free All Political Prisoners & POWs!