

TO
OUR
COMRADES
INSIDE

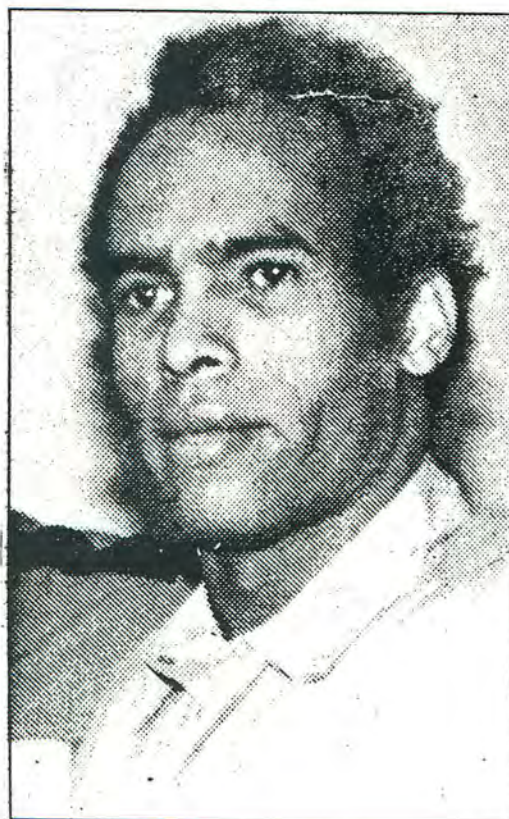


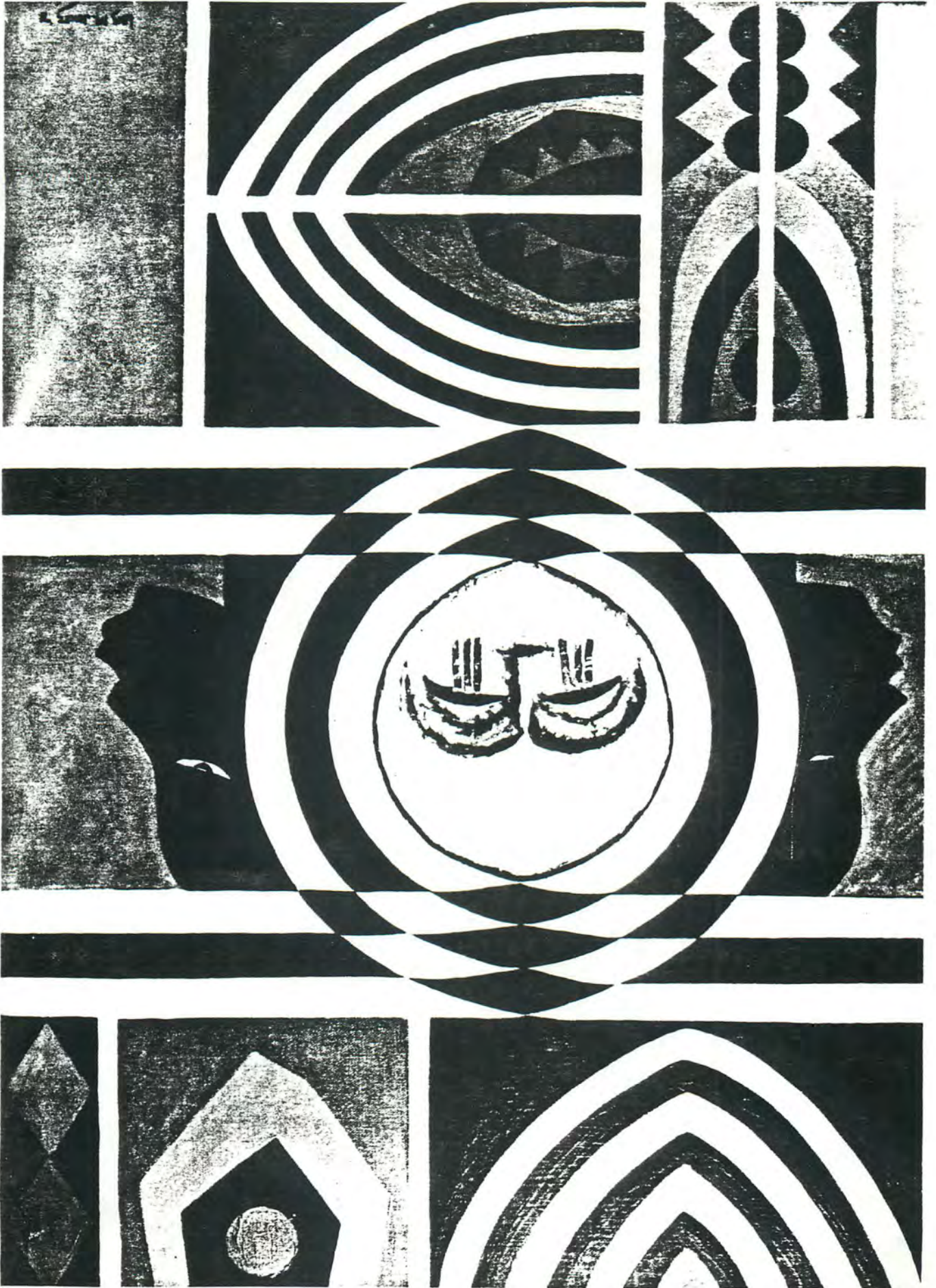
NEW YEAR'S
BOOK
1987

FROM
the
REAL DRAGON
PROJECT

THE LEAVES ARE CHANGING
TO SHADES OF FIRE
RUST N INDIGO
IN WAVES
AND ALL AT ONCE
AND ONE BY ONE
DIFFERENT IN THEIR DEATHS
LIKE ALL TIMES
AN LOVE ONES
AN MEMORIES OF PLACES
FADED FROM LACK OF PRESENCE
AND FALLEN FROM THE ATTENTION OF TODAY
TO LIE LIKE A QUILT ON THE EARTH
AND WINTER
AND CHANGE TO THE RICH PUNGENT GROUND
THAT FEEDS REALITIES TO COME
WITH NO QUESTIONS

--KUWASI BALAGOON





War In America #2

Charlie Harry and I
drove Charlie's chopped-down Mercury west
along the two-lane highway
that divided our town from Blacktown
forty-five miles an hour
windows rolled down
jasmine breeze blowing our hair
headlights surveilling unpainted porches
frontyard gardens
faces of Black children drinking sodas
in the front-door light of small grocery stores
across the border
I reached over Harry's shoulder
turned the radio dial till I heard James Brown
Charlie slowed to twenty-five
dual glass-packed mufflers growled
the red and blue Royal Crown labels on the soda bottles
the moths and blue-tail flies diving at the screen door
the children standing silent
moving only their eyes
as they watched us pull close
Harry stuck his head far out his passenger-side window
shouted: "Choc'lit babies!"--slid back inside
I said: "Harry, that was fucked up."
Harry said: "You're fucked up."
a soda bottle smacked against our rear window
Charlie floored the gas pedal
we tore out of there

Bill

Saturday the 9th: I Have No Peace

Saturday the 9th: I have no peace.
I live this Saturday sad for sadness' sake.
I had in my heart a dream made of stars
water for bread and love
and a sure way of speaking like a bell.

Today let my throat open up
and search me for a bud of hope.
Let them open my voice
and let them open ail of my body they can open
perhaps tenderness will be spared.
This Saturday as my heart is uncalm
as if love was not as I think
or as if all I said were fugitive.

I have something broken inside
as if someone had exploded their
suspicion on my forehead.
But although my soul is red
with fear and shame
and it is hard that they would have put
my last name to my outburst
the madness of my love cannot be still
and it keeps cutting capers and turning
and because I'm human and loving a
flock of birds stirs in my breast
I want you to know that even this sadness
I have filled with banners
and that my love is a pure and crystalline force
without knots or dams,
I expect from the sun when it dawns
a bundle of wonders and delights
and an eternal way of kissing
the stars.

Prison of La Aviación, 1971

Sabado 9: no tengo paz

Sábado 9: No tengo paz.
Vivo este sábado triste para la tristeza.
Tenía en mi corazón un sueño hecho de estrellas
agua para el pan y el amor
y una manera segura de hablar como campana.

Hoy que se me abra la garganta
y se me busque un brote de esperanza.
Que abran todo lo que de mi cuerpo pueda abrirse
tal vez pueda salvarse la ternura.
Este sábado como que mi corazón no tiene calma
como si el amor no fuera como pienso
o como si fuera fugaz todo lo que dije.

Algo tengo roto por dentro
como si alguien me hubiera estallado su
desconfianza en plena frente.
Pero aunque enrojecida de miedo y de
vergüenza tengo el alma
y es duro que hayan puesto sobrenombre
a mis arranques
la locura de mi amor no puede estarse
quieta
y sigue haciendo cabriolas y dando vueltas
y porque humano y amante una
bandada de pájaros me agita el pecho
quiero que sepas que aún esta tristeza
la he llenado de banderas
y que mi amor es una fuerza cristalina y pura
sin ataduras y sin diques,
que espero del sol cuando amanezca
un cúmulo de asombras y regocijos
y una manera eterna de besar
las estrellas.

Cárcel de La Aviación, 1971

Ricardo Morales Avilés

Nicaragua

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*



Visit To Adjuntas, Puerto Rico

Flamboyant trees sear orange
western sky a dance in red tights
instant nightfall wakes the coqui's squeak
our van shudders over hidden bumps
regains its composure
continues its climb to Adjuntas
here the people of the mountains stopped the copper mines
seventeen great pits
each the size of eighty bomb craters
were never dug
hugs from our friends at Casa Pueblo
they walk us in the moonlight to the edge of town
so we can see for ourselves
the greenness

Bill

flamboyant=typical tree of Puerto Rico with beautiful flowers
coqui=tiny frog found all over Puerto Rico; symbol of resistance

DIALECTICS

Dialectics my friend, is not
Walking in the rain
Under an umbrella
Because Merina is a spoiled brat
And you can not shut out the noise.

Dialectics is
Cherishing the work
That has yet to be done
Prizing each and every
Comrade's life
Dialectics is

Surmounting every difficulty
Be the difficulty
Desire or need.

The point is

To transform the world
Not to escape it.

Let dialectics gush out
Not only from your brain
But your arms, your legs, your face

Your whole being.

Dialectics is
Helping change Merina
Not just shutting out the noise.

MILA D. AGUILAR
Philippines



*No matter
how long
the night,
dawn with
sunny come.*



AQUITTAL

Thulani Davis

the state has no case
against freedom
there is no guilty
punishable by anything
for the liberation struggle
of a person/ of a people
our lives are determined
by our selves
our souls/ our love
there is no case
against what is right
there is no stopping
the forces of what will be
we are a wave, a storm
at one with the course of the cosmos
we have the strength
to leave it to the winds
to make the last step on faith
because we believe and have believed

have bled making nothing of it
because we have seen the mountain
we have seen and know
we are part of the mountain's life
those who seek to destroy us
fear death, fear living
fear belief, fear the natural
course of things, fear us
fear their indictment
make ready/ shoot to kill
frame us in little steel boxes
pass verdicts
they fear and do not understand
they do not see
the state can have no case
there is no case
against freedom.



"Apart=Hate" BLAISE TOBIA

Tel al Za'atar built on the wasteland of Beirut
Home of a people driven from their own land- Refugees
People from Haifa, Deir Yassin and Jaffa
People from all of Palestine
Palestine's people robbed of their life's blood
Forced to pay for zionist crimes.
Tel al Za'atar, camp of martyrs, camp of death
Tel al Za'atar, camp of blood and human flesh
Dying of hunger, dying of thirst,
Yet still to resist, they stand and fight
People of resistance armed and strong,
Their courage lit the long dark night.

All through the night the fascists attack and make their kill
Solves of death, they quench their thirst for blood and will.
Down in the camp a people determined
Raised their flag of freedom high
Death to oppressors, people's resistance
We will win or we will die.

Tel al Za'atar, symbol of our people's fight
Tel al Za'atar, statement of our people's might
Flames from that wasteland forged the way forward
Flames that will burn for ever more
Take up the guns of fallen martyrs
Victory to the People's War.



A CHANT FOR MY SISTERS

it's all right to be woman
dishwasher, big belly, sore back
swollen ankles

it's all right to be woman
the listener the waiter/sailor's wife
patient
by the seashore/looking out

it's all right to be woman
coquette

seductress

conniving bitch

it's all right to be woman
a chant for my sisters
strong before me
harriet sojourner emma and rosa
harriet sojourner emma and rosa

a chant for my sisters
rifke sorel rochel & mary
yema ya yemaya yemaya yemaya
yemaya yemaya yemaya yemaya
oshun.....
oshun.....

a chant for my sisters
strong in battle
la bandita killing generals with zapata
maria in mexico and mississippi

haydee with the rest at moncada
a chant for my sisters
dead before i could meet them
victorious
in havana
and dien bien phu

Marilyn Lowen Fletcher



images from Nicaragua

Machete

The woman
with her machete
in ancient, torn polyester clothes,
barefoot in the fields
she never had before.

Nicaragua libre is such a beautiful child.
Her children are fighting
in the mountains

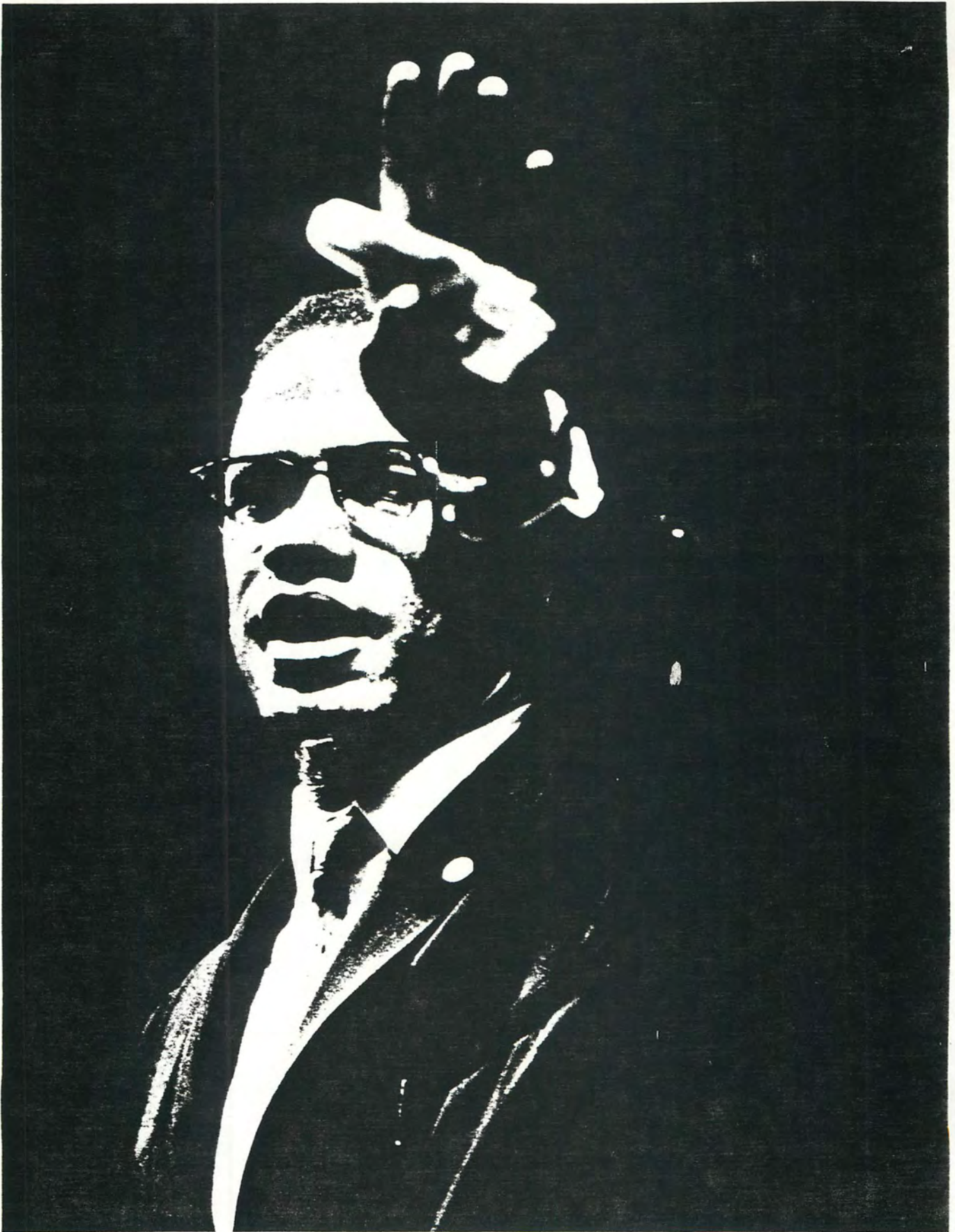
—one dead already.

Hard life etched
into her calloused hands,
Determination rooting
her mud-splattered feet
into Nicaragua's soil,
She plows the fields
and sows the future.



The Mothers Remember

The ground was hard.
It broke only
under violent blows.
Sweat and blood
poured into
the earth's dark furrows
and their children were planted
in the season of the insurrection.
Joy and sadness intertwined
as calloused hands
covered those precious seeds.



Gordon Parks, Malcolm X, Black Muslim, 1963, Silver print, 11 x 14 in.



GIVE ME THE RED ON THE BLACK OF THE BULLET
(For Claude Reece Jr.)

By Jayne Cortez

Bring back the life
of Claude Reece Jr.

I want the bullet from his head
to make a Benin bronze
to make an explosion of thunder
to make a cyclone

I want the 14 years of Claude Reece Jr.
shot on the 15th day of september
shot in the back of his head
shot by a police officer
shot for being black

Give me the black on the red of the bullet
i want to make a tornado
to make an earthquake
to make a fleet of stilts
for the blackness of Claude Reece Jr.
the blackness called dangerous weapon
called resisting an arrest
called nigger threat

I want the life of the blackness of Claude Reece Jr.
i want the bullet from his head
to make a protective staff for startled children
to make hooks and studs
for warrior masks

Give me the bullet with the odor
and the smoke and the skin and
the hair of Claude Reece Jr.
i want to make power
to make power
for the blackness of Claude Reece Jr.
the blackness called pent-up frustration
called unidentified negro
called nigger revolutionary

I want the life of the blackness of Claude Reece Jr.
I want the bullet from his head
to make a protective staff for startled children
to make a Benin bronze
to make an explosion of thunder
to make a cyclone
i want the bullet to bring back the blood
of Claude Reece Jr.
i want to make justice

I want to make justice for
the blackness of Claude Reece Jr.
bring back the bullet with the blood of the blackness
of Claude Reece Jr.
i want to make justice
i want to make justice for the blackness of Claude Reece Jr.





Poema que te Ayudara a Luchar

What is terrible
Is not when they suddenly arrest you
and torture you,
that one night
they might execute you.
Those walls
which perhaps await you
are not what is terrible.
It is not terrible
to have to leave forever
those whom you love
and be sent far away.
What is terrible,
what is truly terrible
is to let fear win.
Not to understand
that the price of freedom
is not free
compared to the oppression.
What is terrible is not to fight
for your dignity
to be a worm
which lets itself be crushed.
What is terrible is indifference
to live only for oneself
to have hope.
What is terrible is not to dream.

Oscar Fuentes T.
Killed April 9, 1985

*No es terrible
que de pronto te detengan
y te torturen.
No es terrible
que una noche cualquiera
te ejecuten;
no son terribles
aquella paredes
que quizás te esperen;
no es terrible
tener que dejar para siempre
a los que se quieren
y partir lejos de aquí,
lo terrible
lo terrible de verdad
es que te venza el miedo;
lo terrible es que no entiendas
que el precio de la libertad
no es nada
al lado de la opresión;
lo terrible es no luchar
por tu dignidad
lo terrible es ser como un gusano
que se deja aplastar
lo terrible es la indiferencia
lo terrible es vivir sólo para uno,
lo terrible es no tener esperanza
lo terrible es no soñar.*

El Salvador Poem

In civilian clothes
they splinter the door
of Maria Melendez' home
with one swing of a rifle butt
drag her daughter and son
into the street
shove them into trucks
Maria and the other
mothers of the disappeared
do not keep quiet
they demonstrate today
in the village square
walk up and down the dusty street
holding photos
of their missing children
National Guardsmen in uniform
surround the square
draw their rifles
a French journalist asks Maria:
aren't you afraid for your own
lives?
she answers: yes we are afraid
our fear is a wall
we've broken through and
we're on the other side
she shows him two photos

Bill

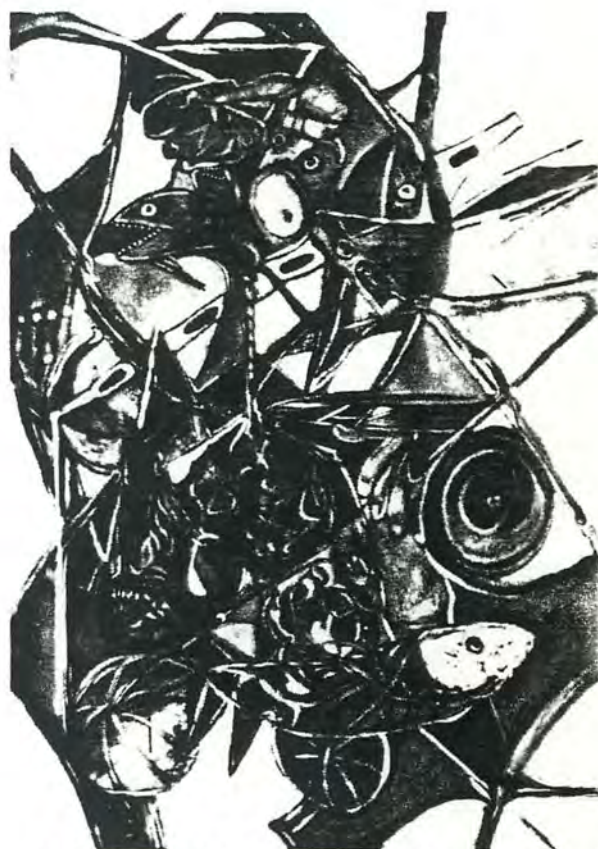


LAS ONEIRAS - April 28, 1985, Oxford, Wi., 50" x 97½", acrylic

Elizav Escobar



LOS INSOMNES DORMITANTES
(inspirado en 'Campesinas Durmiendos' de Picasso)
Nov. 13, 1983, Centralia, IL., 50" x 35", acrylic and gesso

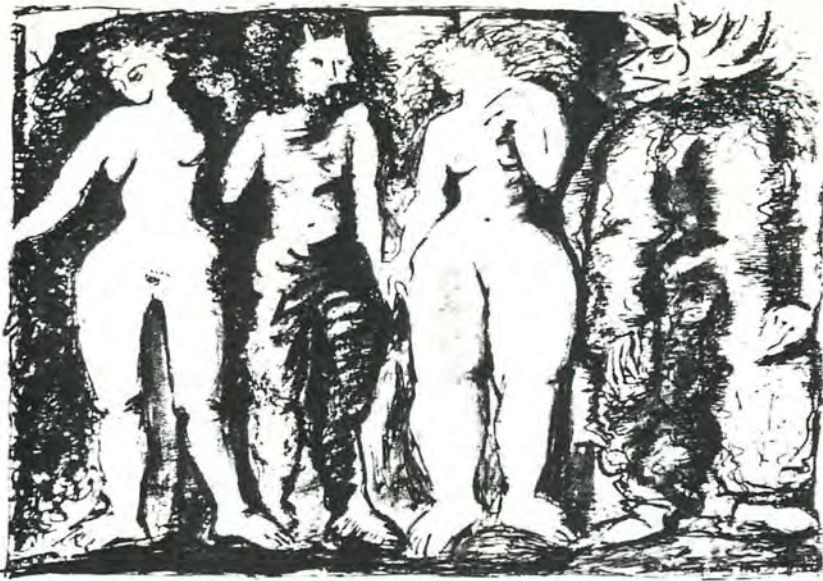


ENTREVISTA A MI MISMO (en invierno)
Feb. 24, 1984, Lincoln, IL., 50" x 35", acrylic

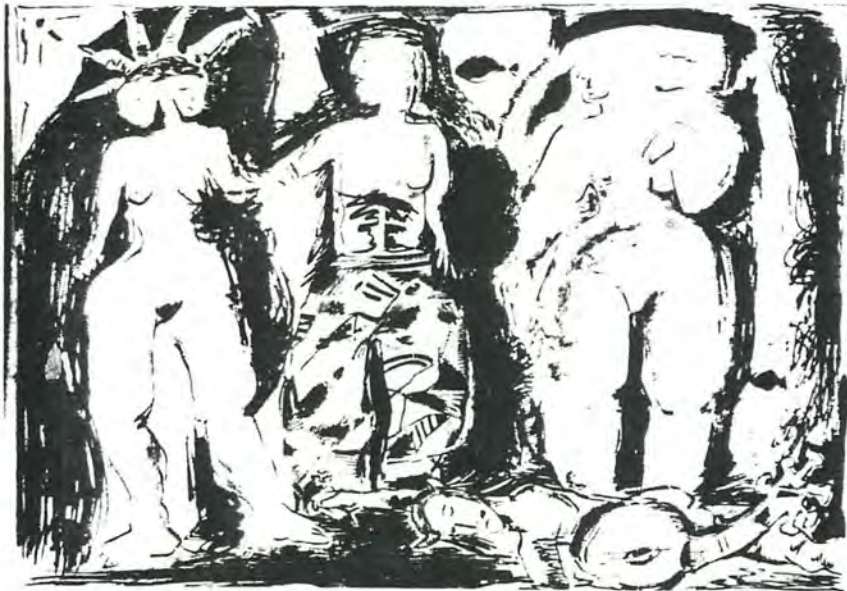
PAINTINGS
1983-1985



LA MAGA Y EL VEJIGANTE (El sueño y la Vigilia)
April 5, 1985, Oxford, Wi., 50" x 97½", acrylic



De Vuelta a la realidad (Return to Reality)
Brush & Ink, 14.75" x 20", 4 May 1985.



Camino a Casa (Road Home)
Brush & Ink, 14.75" x 20", 5 May 1985.



La Jineta Muerta (Death's Rider)
Brush & Ink, 14.75" x 20", 9 May 1985.

M g a " Ku w e n t o

stories from the Philippines



South Africa In The West (Auralpoem)

SEKOU SUNDIATA

this song comes from a gold
that does not tarnish or corrode
a human conductor of electricity and heat
a gold deeper than a gold mine
a mind holier than church
a starvation greater than flesh

this song sings South Africa in the west

this song comes from the moonwalk yard
where the latest dances break and pop
slide and spin, a secret code
between heart and earth
opposites mean the opposite
Monday is the day after Friday
nothing spooky, just a root need
for face and music
a logical flow of anything natural

this song comes from the democracy of time
punching out its stupid numbers

this song comes down the line
from a scene in the midAtlantic
expressed by the steady, fateful rhythm
of the good ship cutting the ocean
pressing an unspeakable, hypnotic madness
into a dangerous skin destined for a blazing sunset
where America would be

this song comes from the colors
red for the Left, white for the Right
blue for the ups and downs
this song comes from knowing too much

this song sings South Africa in the west

this song comes from the street corner routine
identification papers, murder
short of that, hard geography and murder style

this song comes from the women
who are telling everything they know
and the men who know
everything they're telling

this song comes from the absence
of a bleary eyed South Africa music video
not even a crossed over tune to sway the nation
no rocking, popping stars pretending integration
(some have sung a strange song in a stranger land)

this song comes from the nervous, vertical world
apart, tight, other than the bantustand
on the far right of the radio dial

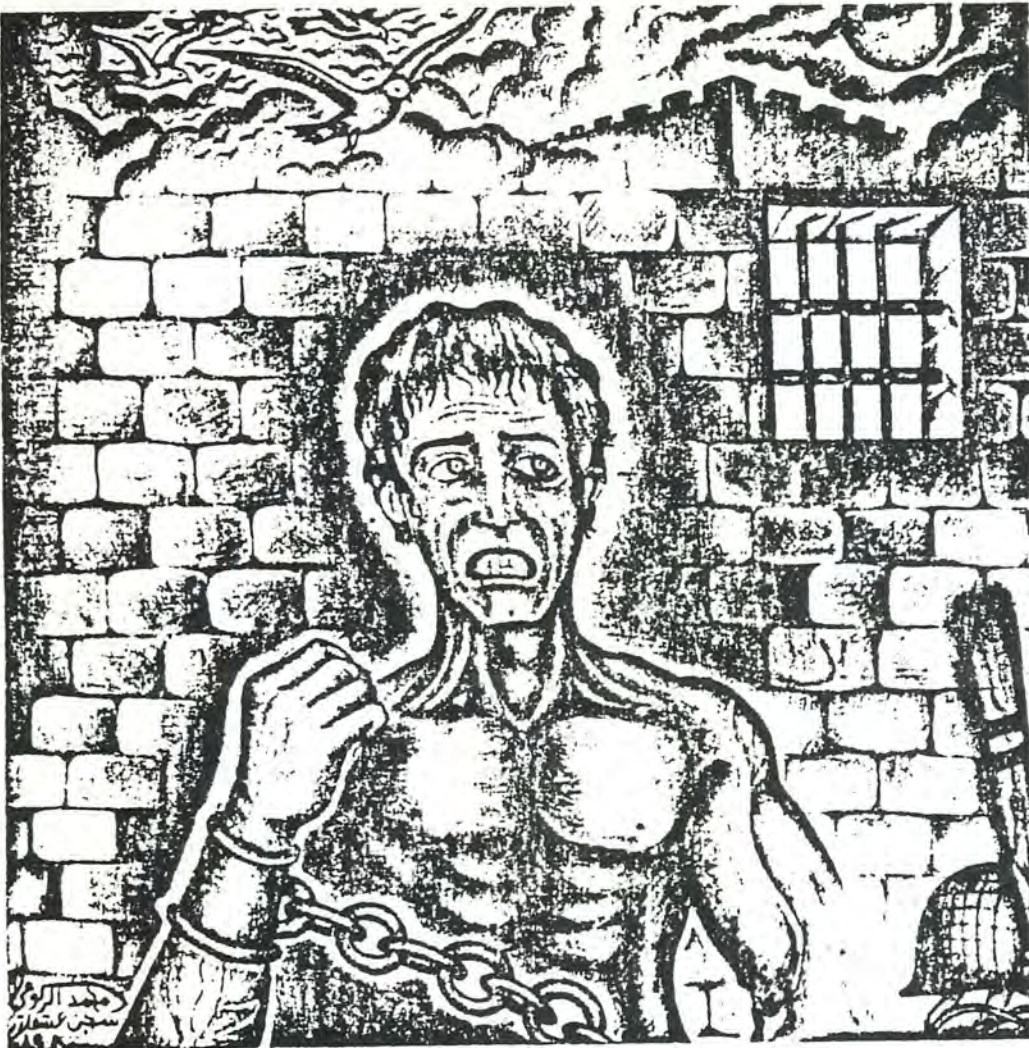
this song comes from a round earth
in a flat world, to be sung
wherever flatness happens in the harmony

this song sings South Africa in the west



Jacob Lawrence, TWO REBELS, 1963. Lithograph, 38¼ x 27¼ in.





*Painting by an imprisoned Palestinian militant, smuggled out of Ashkelon prison
in the 1948 occupied territories*

TENT #50 (SONG OF A REFUGEE) by Rashed Hussein

Tent #50, on the left, is my new world,
Shared with me by my memories:
Memories as verdant as the eyes of spring,
Memories like the eyes of a woman weeping,
And memories the color of milk and love!
Two doors has my tent, two doors like wounds
One leads to the other tents, wrinkle-browed
Like clouds no longer able to weep;
And the second- a rent in the ceiling, leading
To the skies,
Revealing the stars
Like refugees scattered,
And like them, naked.
Also the moon is trudging there
Downcast and weary as the UNRWA,
Under a load of yellow cheese for the refugees.
Tent #50, on the left, that is my present,
But it is too cramped to contain a future!
And- "Forget!" they say, but how can I?
Teach the night to forget to bring
Dreams showing me my village
And teach the wind to forget to carry to me
The aroma of apricots in my fields!
And teach the sky, too, to forget to rain.
Only then, I may forget my country.



Emilio Cruz, WHOSE BURDEN ARE YOU?, 1970, Colored ink on paper, 34¼ x 29¼ in.

FOR NELIA

Why are you so hard? they ask.
Why do you not bend a little?

They call it grace
Swaying like the bamboo

With the mind.
Listen to it weave

The music of compromise
While it kisses the ground

At your feet.

Even the bamboos however
Could only bend so much.
When the storm comes

Listen to their cracking!
They break one by one.

You could only bend so much.
I would prefer to be a rock

Smoothed by the years
But unswaying.

Why are you so hard? they ask.
Why do you not bend a little?



MILA D. AGUILAR

**namibian
folktale.
the jackal
and
the hen.**

hen. she work. lay her nest. and live up in a tree.
jackal. he scavenge. always wantin to eat for free.
so when he saw hen, in her nest, just coolin out
jackal stood under her tree and started to shout
"girl throw me down one of those sweet nest eggs
fore i fly up there and bite off your legs"
but hen knew what the deal was she said "man you a lie
ain't no such thing as a jackal that can fly"
at which jackal made a leap at that tree
so hen had to fly higher to keep herself free
"tomorrow i'll be back hen and you betta heed my word
else tomorrow, jackal, gonna fly like a bird."

well the next day he was back and talkin loud
puffing up his chest and actin proud
"... hen, can you hear, throw me some of those eggs
fore i fly up there and bite your legs"
but hen held her ground
turned her head around
said "man i know that you a lie
everybody know jackal can't fly."
he said "how you know"
and she replied "flamingo told me so"

well jackal ran off to the pond and he stalk the reeds
and poor flamingo didn't have a chance to cry or balk his deeds
fore he'd bit off her foot and part of her leg
and was running back to the tree to claim that egg
"your friend flamingo" he shouted to hen "was flying thru the sky"
but she ain't no better flyer than i
to wit he held up flamingo's bleeding leg
and repeated "now girl betta drop that egg"
at which, trembling, she dropped one and then another
until she just could not keep going any further
she had dropped three eggs and jackal was still shouting for more
and truth be told she was in the same bind as before
"jackal" she said "i can't take no more
you gonna have to kill me like you said you would before"
and she held her breath and waited to die
but of course nothing happened cause jackal can't fly.

hen paid three eggs to learn these things
and none of them is about no wings
the first is about getting past fear
how you gotta fight for what you hold dear
next bout being quiet on your source of edification
and the last one about trusting robbers for truthful information.

GALE JACKSON



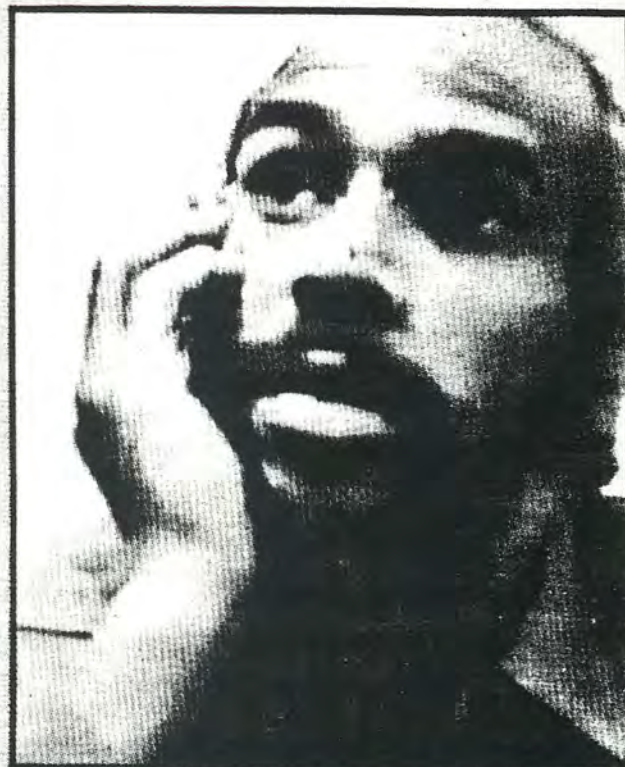
"Apartheid No" (detail) VALERIE MAYNARD

KUWASI BALAGOON

1946- 1986

your honor
since i've been convicted of murder
and have taken the time to digest
just what it 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



Kuwasi Balagoon, New Afrikan revolutionary and Prisoner of War, died in a New York state prison hospital of pneumocystis carinii pneumonia on December 13, 1986.

Kuwasi was a freedom fighter. From countering racist attacks in the military when he was 17, to blocking evictions as a tenant organizer, to working with the Black Panther Party and later as a soldier in the Black Liberation Army (BLA)—Kuwasi fought for the rights, dignity and independence of New Afrikan people. For over 20 years he dedicated himself to building a strong Black liberation movement. He influenced many through his commitment, and unyielding opposition to the U.S. state.

Kuwasi eluded police and went underground in 1968 after his indictment in the New York Panther 21 frame-up trial. He spent 10 years in prison because of his revolutionary activities, and managed to escape twice. His final stay in prison began when he was arrested in December, 1981 and charged with participating in the BLA's October 21 Brinks expropriation attempt in Nyack, New York.

Whether on the streets or in prison, Kuwasi was loved by those who knew him—for his strong character, care and concern for others, especially the children, and his ever-present sense of humor. Kuwasi's determination and courage, his love of life and freedom, remain an example to all who would dare to struggle for justice and a better world.



Bill Wahpehpah, a leader in the American Indian Movement, died January 2, 1987 of heart failure in Oakland, California. Many of us knew Bill and we feel a great loss on learning of his death.

Bill was active in the Indian movement for 20 years. As Director of Information for the International Indian Treaty Council, he brought the struggle of indigenous people of the western hemisphere to the world. He was a builder, creating bridges of unity between national liberation movements. Bill also devoted tremendous effort to education. He founded the AIM for Freedom Survival School in Oakland, California, in order to give Indian youth an education in an environment that would build their pride and strength as Native Americans.

Bill approached political struggle with joy and humor. He taught respect—for each other, for other nations, and for the planet on which we live. He never let us forget that we are standing on stolen Indian land.

Bill taught us about Indian culture because he thought it important that we, who live in a white American culture so alienated from nature, understand and respect the earth that sustains us. To Bill, being an anti-imperialist extended from ending the exploitation of people to putting a stop to the rape of the planet.

Prairie Fire Organizing Committee extends our condolences to Bill's family and to the entire Indian Movement.

Bill Wahpehpah

December 23, 1937- January 2, 1987

