Afro Caribbean Poetry
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Get Yourself Some Money
Ballad of the Little Black Dwarf

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as a social cultural vehicle of communication for writers and artists.”]

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Dedication to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
AFRO CARIBBEAN POETRY

NOEMI ESCANDELL

The black presence in the Caribbean goes back to early colonial times. After Indian labor had been exhausted in the Antilles, black slaves from Africa were brought to America to take the place of the Indians. Along with cheap labor they brought their culture, some aspects of which—religion, dance, music, folklore—have persisted with remarkable strength into the 20th century, especially in those regions where black population was—-and still is—-most numerous.

When, after World War I, a tired and disillusioned Europe discovered the artistic riches offered by the African continent, some elements of black culture were incorporated into European art and literature later on. At this time, Caribbean writers, artists and musicians realized that this rich African tradition had been preserved in their own backyards.

They also understood that their rendition of that black culture would have to be different from the way Europeans had portrayed African reality; what to the European was an exotic, bizarre spectacle, to the Cuban, the Dominican, the Puerto Rican, the Jamaican was an integral element of national life. Black culture in the Caribbean was a vital component of that rich amalgamation of cultures which has always characterized Latin America.

All poems written by Nicolas Guillen, and translations by Tanya Fayen-

GET YOURSELF SOME MONEY

Get yourself some money, get yourself some money, this is where I stop: I'm living on rice and crackers and nothing else.

I know how it is, but baby, you have to eat: get yourself some money, get yourself some money, cause I'm gonna leave you.

Then they'll say I'm a bad one, and they won't want to deal with me, but love and hunger don't mix baby, no way! with so many new shoes, no way! with so many watches, no way! with so many riches, baby, no way!

BALLAD OF THE LITTLE BLACK DWARF

by Nicolas Guillen, translated by Tanya Fayen

Spook, away with the spook! Little black dwarf, away with the little black dwarf!

The troubled waters of the river are deep and hold their dead; turtle shells; heads of black children.

At night the river sticks out its arms, and tears the silence with its claws, the claws of a frenzied crocodile. Beneath the shouting of the stars, beneath a moon of fire, the river bats among the stones, and with invisible fingers shakes the arch of the bridge and strangles wavefavors.

Spook, away with the spook! Little black dwarf, away with the little black dwarf!

Dwarfs with enormous bellies inhabit the restless waters; their short legs are twisted, their large ears are pricked up. Oh, they will be eating my boy, with his pure black flesh, and they will be drinking his blood and sucking his veins, and shutting his eyes, those great pearl eyes!

Run away or the bogey will kill you, run away before the bogey comes! My little dear, my little darling, may your necklace protect you...

Spook, away with the spook! Little black dwarf, away with the little black dwarf!

But Chango would not go. A hand stuck out of the water to drag him in. It was a little black dwarf.

He split his skull into two bits, he pulled out his white teeth, and tied his legs up in a knot, and made another knot of his arms.

My little dear, my little darling, with a smile on your fat lips, my sorrow is drowning at the bottom of your river, and of your dry little veins and your cooked heart...

Spook, away with the spook! Little black dwarf, away with the little black dwarf!

Oh, my little dear, my little darling, what I warned you of happened.

MORE AFRO CARIBBEAN POETRY

POEMS PG. 3
Hello! readers of the Noticia.

As you can see from the cover of the Noticia’s first issue, most writings that will be flowing through the pages of this paper will be of an Afro-Caribbean, Afro-American and Afro theme. Though, it does not exclude other works outside the theme. Journalistic writers, literary artists, and/or artist-in-general, have contributed to this paper in an effort to expose the Bard Community to other important social issues, information of cultural significance, or both; intertwined in their work.

What you’ll find is that the Noticia will function as a social cultural vehicle of communication for writers and artists. Feelings stem from concern personal experience and an obligation to enlighten people on matters affecting us all. Right—we’re aim is to raise consciousness in a way everyone can relate to. Art I believe is one of those ways.

Think for a minute of the film, “Short Eyes.” If you viewed the whole movie, there’s no way you could walk out without having any impression at all of what the film conveyed. Considering the film was well-made, you could relate as much as possible to the artist’s view of the density of the social climate in jail. Especially when a taboo (Short Eyes), is concealed in the prison environment. The artist making the film takes the subject matter quite seriously. At best, Miguel Pinero took into account viewers and made creative ability the main tool, to fulfill his objective of portraying pertinent implications of certain variables in one particular process at hand; ultimately leading up to the murder of Short Eyes. However, keep in mind the fact that it is an art form.

The Dance Troupe that performed for the Bard Community in commemoration of Dr. Martin Luther King, was also part of a drive pushing for legislation to declare his birthday as a national holiday. This is also a fine example for those who viewed its entirety, of understanding and being able to relate to the very objective of this dance company, who portrayed through their art the love, dedication and sacrifice Dr. King made for the spirit of unity for all men and women. Also the fact that the performance was involved with a contemporary social issue exemplifies further the value of art as a reliable conveyer of social and cultural aspects confronting everyone.

Short stories, essays and drawings will be the projector of matters of social and cultural meaning, ranging from art world to large at this very campus. But when you think of it, that’s a very broad subject matter for contributors to the Noticia, considering all you could define as being socially and culturally important, from this campus to the world-at-large. Nevertheless, what’s going on to make this campus-based paper unique is the scope of the paper is refined by a particular theme, that inevitably leads to the focus of the paper. The main reason why theapper exists? We want you to see in a bull’s eye, our true aim—how important it is to make as concrete and absolute as possible, the Declaration of Dr. MLK’s birthday as a national holiday.

After Martin Luther King’s death on April 4, 1968, there have been movements developed to pressure the legislative decision-making process on a national and state level to declare MLK’s birthday a holiday. He led a march on Washington, D.C., January 15, 1981, following it up with a concert in the Capitol center in Maryland a few days later. I happened to have had the privilege to attend this concert, which overflowed with the celebration of King’s birthday all the way to the end. When Stevie Wonder sang “Happy Birthday” for Dr. King, he had everyone hand-in-hand singing along. Even when the concert was over everyone still walked out, arms linked, still singing King’s birthday wishes.

The closest it came to being a national holiday was during the Carter Administration, lacking the 2/3 majority vote by fourteen votes. On a state level, 16 states have that day declared a holiday, but New York is not one of them. Dr. MLK Jr. Commemorative Committee of Dutchess County has been one of the most active groups in New York State, as well as nationally—raising money, sponsoring letter campaigns, and organizing all kinds of other activities around the issue of having MLK’s birthday a holiday since its formation in 1969.

Stevie Wonder’s commemoration of Dr. King in his concert shows Dr. King’s spirit relived never to die. Everyone should know and respect the impact that King had and still has on American society, by honoring his-being an asset to Mankind annually as a national holiday. MLK is a symbol of fortuitous love. A love that worked as the foundation of his driving spiritual force he shared with all souls alike. We must match and acknowledge this love!! There’s no American man in time that could even come close to Dr. King–symbol of love we can look up to as a unifier of all people. That’s why we should have Dr. King’s birthday as a state as well as a national holiday. Think about it.
SON NUMBER SIX

I am Yoruba, I cry in Yoruba, lucumi.
As I'm a Yoruba of Cuba,
I want my yoruba cry to ascend to Cuba;
the happy yoruba cry should ascend
that springs from me.

I am Yoruba, I go singing,
I am singing,
and when I'm not a yoruba,
I am a congo, a mandinga, a carabali.
Listen, friends, to my son, which begins:

Riddle of hope:
what is mine is yours,
what is yours is mine;
all blood
forming one river.

The cottonwood, cottonwood with its phumage;
the father, father with his child;
the turtle with her shell.
Let the wild son begin,
let the people dance it,
arm to arm,
glass to glass,
water with water with firewater!
I am Yoruba, I am lucumi,
mandinga, congo, carabali.
Listen, friends, to my son, which continues:

We're all together from way back,
some and old;
black and white, all together;
one ruling and the other ruled,
all together.
San Berenito and another ruled;
all together,
black and whites from way back;
all together,
Santos Maria and one ruled;
all together,
All together, Santos Maria,
San Berenito, all together,
All together, San Berenito,
San Berenito, Santos Maria,
Santos Maria, San Berenito,
All together!

I am Yoruba, I am lucumi,
mandinga, congo, carabali.
Listen, friends, to my son, which ends this way:

Let the mulatto begin the dance,
toss off his shoe,
tell the white he's not leaving;
we're all in this together;
look and don't stop,
shock and don't stop;
run and don't stop,
live and don't stop;
The son of all isn't going to stop!
DEAR BARD COMMUNITY

In organizing the benefit performance by the "Young People's Dance Company" in support of the legislation for the January 15th National Holiday commemorating recognition of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., I was often inspired by Stevie Wonder's movement with the Dr. King committees. I was especially inspired by Stevie Wonder's movement to raise his fist as a protestive voice and medium to raise the conscience of his fans, hence, of the world. In admiration of Stevie's Success in raising the conscience of many, I wanted to copy his ingenuity on a smaller scale, thinking inspiration through entertainment might be even more effective, and useful for a petition drive. So I figured why not start with the Hudson Valley community. I set out to create that atmosphere that would be entertaining and that atmosphere that would equally prove the message:

"Dr. Martin Luther King's Day, January 15th must be a National Holiday!"

Continued on pg 6
PLAYING WITH FIRE

KENNETH WILLIAMS

There had been a crossburning. Yes, a traditional burning. Two posts tied together, then planted into the soil to stand erect, to resemble a crucifix, or perhaps it was just supposed to be a "T". Whatever it was, they surrounded it with papers and flammable objects, which was doused in gasoline with the two posts. A single match later, and it burned. It burned fiercely, and some stared with glazed eyes. Others laughed, and some, a select few, could be said to have been frightened.

"It all took place outside the town limits. So none of the action was noticed until certain townsmen spotted the flames lighting the night sky. The threat of fire, of their homes being consumed, drew them to their telephones. The town's sheriff, two of his deputies, and a fire truck went to the area.

As the sheriff drove up, he sat mute. The flames danced high, and the spectators were dancing, or just watching and smoking. Like flies, the fire seemed to bring their spirits to a boil. They were all young people, and in the firefight, he recognized many of them. He saw the daughter of his best friend, the son of the president of the nearby college, students of the grammar school, and his own wife's niece.

The headlights of the fire truck and police cars disrupted the scene. Warnings filled the air as they dispersed in any given direction. They tossed away illegal drugs, dropped their bottles of vodka and whiskey. The party was forgotten. Suddenly, everyone wanted to go home.

The sheriff had a knack for remaining composed in any stress situation. However, he was upon first seeing this was gone now. Even as the car skidded to a halt, he was leaping out, barking orders fast and sharp. The firemen immediately began attending to the fire. The deputies and sheriff went off to apprehend some of the participants.

Twenty minutes later, the cross, or "T", was silent. It was nothing more than a rotted charcoal substance, smoking heavily, with hovering ashes filling the air.

The sheriff and his men managed to arrest three of the party-members: two women and a black male, all under twenty.

The following day, the community buzzed with the news. There had been a crossburning outside of town. No one seemed to have all the facts, and before the daily newspaper was seen by the majority of the townsmen, there were many variations of the story, the most noteworthy being the Ku Klux Klan. There have been many variations of the story, the most noteworthy being the Ku Klux Klan.

The sheriff had quite a time trying to quench the rumors.

Two of the three persons apprehended at the scene were students at the college. The other was the daughter of the town druggist. From their stories (much of which came from the daughter who didn't want to face her father's fury if he should find she had been uncooperative), the sheriff was able to piece together a statement for the newspaper: A group of an estimated thirty or less individuals, all between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, were cruising in at least two cars and a van. The majority of them had gotten together after the dance at the college that had ended earlier in the evening. (As a matter of fact, the sheriff's office had been flooded with calls all evening concerning the mischief this group was getting into.) It seemed while hanging out in the lumber yard, some of them thought it would be fun to take a couple of posts and burn them. So they did.

From the druggist's daughter, the sheriff had gotten quite a few names of participants. He was able to figure out at least four of the town's young people on his own knowledge. Not that there was much that could be done with these names. Some of these youngsters he had known since they were babies; their parents were his friends, and had been long before he came into office. So, the sheriff attributed it to mischief on their part, and since it took place outside of town and no one and nothing was harmed, he would let it pass. But he went to the high school and to the college, to make sure the word spread that he would not tolerate actions like this again. The president of the college requested the names of all students who possibly may have been involved. The sheriff was happy to comply. And though not all, several parents made sure their son and/or daughter regretted any part they had in the cross-burning.

The sheriff thought he had handled it satisfactorily, until the vice-president of the bank visited him at the end of the day. The town's black population was small, but it was a thriving one. Two of its members were admirable and respected citizens. The vice-president was one of them. He was a forerunner for the race in town, always making sure they were given no more or less than any other member of the community. So, when he appeared at the sheriff's desk, the sheriff knew he was here to speak on behalf of the community. The bank vice-president demanded to be informed. He wanted to know why nothing had been done to right this outrageous transgression. He stressed the crossburning's threat to the community's well-being and its well-established race relations. The sheriff's arguments did not deter him. This man adamantly felt that no matter what the intent behind the action, a crossburning had racial incriminations which could backwash unexpectedly in the town's face. When asked how, the bank vice-president had no response. But he continued to dispute the decisions in the matter, to both the sheriff and the community.

Over the next few days, the sheriff's actions were the height of almost every conversation in town. In front of the candy store, in the barbershop, over a beer; it was the controversy of the day. Some, feeling kids will be kids, agreed with the sheriff's decisions. Some, mostly blacks, disagreed, feeling that something had to be done to make one think twice about doing it again. The wife of the bank president thought drastic measures would perform no real accomplishment, only fill the jail. However, most attested her opinion to be bias, since it was common sense to figure that her son, a real hell raiser, was probably at the scene.

Some whites sided with blacks, feeling definitive action would have to be taken. One black felt it was being blown out of proportion, while another, in the privacy of his home, said they could do whatever they wanted, but once they threatened him or his family personally, they would be the ones to get hurt. And, yes, there were bigots within the community, who enjoyed the whole thing, both publicly and privately.

CONTINUED PAGE 8


"I cannot reach fulfillment without them; the self cannot be self without others selves.

and another performance rang out,

"Worship at its best is a social experience in which people from different levels of life come together to affirm their oneness and unity under God."

...Continued pg 7

A WOMAN'S REALITY — Mary Jenkins and Linda Sue Zobello of The Young People's Dance Co. perform "A Woman's Reality" at the Bard benefit honoring Martin Luther King Jr. The dance is from the suite, "Windows of My Soul," one of several pieces inspired by the words of

King.
Among our list of nationally recognized holidays, as acknowledged by leading card and calendar manufacturing companies, are: Lincoln and Washington's Birthday, Independence Day (Fourth of July), Columbus Day, Veterans' Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, the Jewish holidays and Christmas. But did you know that there are also other holidays that are recognized and celebrated that you may not know of, such as Secretaries Day (April 21), Friendship Day (August 1), and Grandparent's Day (September 12)?

We even have a holiday to celebrate "foot" (April 1). It seems strange that we, amongst our list of holidays, do not have a holiday to celebrate or commemorate peace in the world. No day is present in which all people can reflect and think in collective terms for unification and peace. Instead we have days for fools, secretaries and founders of this country. What type of reflection does this cast upon our society and our values?

Do we prefer to identify and celebrate things which are negative and not responsive to the real issues and problems we face today?

In our history we've had the privilege of knowing a man who dedicated his whole life to peace among races in our country and the world. His achievement in the Civil Rights Movement was dynamic and inspiring of his dream is still carried in many hearts today.

Dr. King has had a great impact on this country, if not greater than others, whose birthdays are national holidays.

So, if Christopher Columbus can be recognized for "stumbling" onto America, then Martin Luther King can surely be recognized for his dedication and aspiration for peace amongst all. Come on, let's be frank. If "Dr. King's Birthday" is refused to be claimed as a holiday with great importance to everyone, we might as well have holidays like "Capitalist Day," "Industrialist Day," "The Bourgeois Days".

~ Roxie E. Johnson ~

WHERE HAVE ALL THE PANTHERS GONE?

by Allia Abdullah

Where have all the panthers gone?

What happened to their movement?

It disappeared into thin air, why?

Is it because something they were doing was right?

Is it because they were just a crew of black militants?

Where have all the panthers gone?

Some were killed, a few took exile,

Some are still around preachin' different things.

But no more do we hear their songs.

And no one else has dared to pick up where they last left.

Is it because they were actually wrong?

Who knows but...

Where have all the panthers gone?

I am a black American.

What does this mean?

It simply means that I am black and an American citizen.

But, what does it mean to me?

I was born a black female in this US of A.

My citizenship is American because of this black and the fact that I am a citizen of no other country.

Now do I feel as a black American?

I'll tell you.

I take pride in the fact that I am a part of a race.

With this in mind, any race would have suited me well.

I do not think of much importance should be focused upon one race as it is in this American society. This is why I hate being American.

I do not only hate being American, but I would hate being a part of any society that places everything on skin color.

Should it matter whether I am black or not when I apply for a job being over qualified? It does not matter to me whether my boss is black or white, so why should it matter to them whether or not I am black or white, as long as I can do the job.

Should it make a difference whether I am black or white to my mate? Shouldn't it be based on the fact that I am a person and have the will to love whether or not I am black or white.

This society and others like it place so much value on race that I do not really know what it means to be a black American.

I do not feel as a black American, I feel as an individual and I think that this is very important and we should all feel as individuals and no other way.

by Allia Abdullah

I feel at its time, now, we must go beyond the entertainment and our sporadically responsive responses. We must seek to be inquisitive and knowledgeable to fully understand what needs to be done. I am grateful to see that the intercollegiate recording of Martin Luther King's "I have a dream..." in conjunction with the performance improvised with the spirit to face part in the active immediate inspirations to sign the intercollegiate petition to be sent to Federal and State Congress.

The intercollegiate petition is a legislative proposal, I started with a staff member, Neda Jeffers, at Eisenhower College through the BIAS (Black Intercollegiate Association of Students) conferenced. BIAS is a coalition of student seeking to unite and indoor Martin Luther King, Jr.'s life maxim and prophecy of struggle.

So that, I too, have been stimulated by BIAS's intercollegiate effort to inspire.

Sincerely,
Lisa Lanelo
At the college, students whose names were on the sheriff's list were being dismissed. On campus, the cross-burning had become a heated debate. It was believed at least three blacks, not including the one the sheriff caught, were at the burning. Before that young man himself was dismissed, he constantly found himself defending his actions against numerous verbal assaults. The college's black student organization held a meeting to discuss the incident among themselves. It was here he truly had to defend himself. They wanted to know how he could subject himself to such treatment. They asked if he knew how it must come across for a black man to be willingly present at an act which degraded blacks the world over. He testified everyone was coming apart over nothing. It was all in good fun. Laughter at the past was part of life, and that was basically his part in it. They were not attempting to sym- bolize anything. He did not feel threatened, and could not see why they were. One of the young women, an honor student, tried to make her friend see that a cross-burning was an attack. It tied into race relations, race wars, the K.K.K.; it was a symbol once used to represent a concept stating blacks cannot be allowed to stand strong, and make something of themselves.

What if, she theorized, this were to constitute the quiet bigotry which existed in the community? They were all aware of its existence. Refusal of a job, a white face shouting "nigger" as it passed on the road, statements scribbled on walls.

Though he could understand their point of view, the young black did not feel his actions were punishable by any standards. He was positive that besides himself, the other blacks present and even the whites, meant no ill to any race when they put their cross to flame.

One night, two men appeared at the bar. They were grim-looking characters, and were very interested in learning everything they could about the cross-burning. The town's tax accountant guessed they were members of the Ku Klux Klan, which was somewhat active in the next county. The idea spread throughout the community. Perhaps they had come to assess the situation. The black vice-president of the bank voiced his theory: they came to see if perhaps there was a silent group within the community who would be interested in working with the organization. Many, even some blacks, scoffed at this. Why would anyone be interested in this small town? But he hoped to make them understand a cluster of small societies can create a large following. None was too small to be included.

The newspaper carried the story about the two strange men, and the rumors which emerged from their visit.

Upon one of his black deputy's insistence, the sheriff kept an eye out for these men. But it seemed they weren't seen in the bar, or in town, after that night.

It was three weeks later when the vice-president of the bank got a phone call in the middle of the night. His twelve-year-old son was in the hospital. The pre-teen had turned a corner too fast and recklessly on his moped. The car that struck him had mangled the moped and left his son with a broken leg. This recklessness was not like his son, so the bank official was not surprised to find his son had reason for riding like that in the middle of the night. The boy had been riding outside of town along the road, when he saw two men dressed in white robes getting into a car. When these men saw him, they tried to get him to come over. Only the boy's father had on many occasions described these white robes to him, so when the men called to him, he rode off. He had been racing home when he got hit by the car.

The sheriff investigated the boy's story, but there wasn't much to follow through. The father wanted immediate disciplinary action, but the sheriff had no one to take it out on.

There was another sighting of a possible Klan gathering near the college. The committee was pressuring the courts to act swiftly and harshly against the black man's killer. Then one night, a couple stumbling outside of town was attacked by three men. The young man was the son of the accused white bigot. He claimed the men that attacked him were black. Only, due to conflicting statements made by the young lady who was with him, the sheriff found many holes in the man's story. Another man was openly questioned by blacks about his possibly being connected with the Klan. The heated argument almost turned into a fight.

The newspaper carried all the events, and the community was well informed. Both black and whites talked about how nice it once was. Some were giving serious consideration to moving away. They were afraid for themselves and their children. One black family woke up one morning to find their car covered with chocolate. A small black girl was beat up by two white girls who were her friends just the day before. The accused bigot got a light sentence, and his family moved away because of the excitement which resulted from this. A black family man went into the city and bought a double-gage shotgun, so he could make sure his family would be safe.

Then someone burned another cross...
In Central America there are causes to the strife that everyone seems to overlook. We forget that what is happening is a cultural revolution—the opposite of what is not happening in America. Behind the guns is the popular will to unify as a nation. In Nicaragua, it has been reported, the national consciousness has been raised by new efforts to educate the people. In many cases, the politics of the third world in turn has returned to the cultural roots, their history and art. They have researched their past, and found that civilization did not arrive with colonialism. Often, the culture of their ancestors has been much greater. The volume of art at the recent Metropolitan African Art exhibit showed that there was no lack of spiritual life for these peoples. The extensive ruins of the Aztecs, Incas, and Mayas leave no doubt of the potential of civilization in Latin America. This establishment of a link to the past has fostered a consciousness necessary for unity and liberation.

The liberation movements in the third world, while affecting the art of life, have also engendered new art. Whether its nature, as a simply subliminal expression of struggle, or a political act of defiance to the regime is hard to say. For sure, imperialism and colonialism have had a major affect on the minds of the third world. The literature that has come about is a graft of the goods of capitalist culture with anti-imperialism. On top of this is the optimism and energy of nationalism. The fact that certain novelists and writers—the intellectuals—support the people in their art gives strength to the movement. To this writer, there is no way of avoiding politics in art. In Garcia-Marquez’s One Hundred Years of Solitude, the individual life of a people is repressed by the destiny of the age they live in, by the politics of their era. Art, in a way, creates propaganda; the ambiguities of its dialectic are transformed by the power of its rhetoric. A book like this has force in so far as it brings reality together with the ideology of the time. Imagination of the reader and writer are linked in a gathering of the realities, and fused in the construction of a new culture, and of a new humanitarian ideal.

A purist, who believes only in the objectivity of art separated from the socio-political influences, mayreact against this. Who is to say that modern musical chords are directly attributable to the scientific discoveries of the 50’s? But it is rare that art can step outside its age. The revolution in technology caused a revolution in art because people now saw the world differently. To be seen as art, art must have some kind of aesthetic history. While the art may seem to be completely non-objective, the artist usually has society as a value reference point. Even in the work of, say, Paul Klee, there is an avoidance of the vulgar. The shift of an artistic aesthetic can be compared to the history of erotic nudes in the dream of American women. Here, the focus of beauty is differentiated from its sexual appeal. Likewise, the sound of the Beatles or of Stravinsky can never go beyond the effect of a vibrating tone on the human soul.

Today’s aesthetic has made the idea of revolution an institution. Impact is decisive, quantity is often more important than quality. It is the era of the ‘big noise’, enormous bland paintings, nine hour plays by Dickens. Revolution loses its mythic charm. The people today are unphased by the genocide of the military in Central America. A civil war is nothing new down there. The superpowers naturally treat the conflicts as an ideological struggle, unaware that they may be broadening problems that arose mainly out of socio-economic causes. Persuaded that its strategic interests are at stake, our government would damn the starving towards nationalism. It would condemn the imagination and art needed to revive a culture and let it determine its own identity. Americans have a unique perspective of the world situation today, but they fail to realize it. The 80’s have come to further alienate our society, isolating us from our own issues. The right kind of struggle always seems to get lost in our bureaucracy. We’ve let government try to cure the problems without putting much into the process ourselves. Because we’ve stopped participating, the issues have lose their clarity.

Today, perhaps for the first time, American imperialism is out in the open, blatantly challenging the world as it interferes interferes in Central America. And yet, we swallow the propaganda that legitimizes our involvement. Is it not true we must keep order in our hemisphere? Is it not true the military advisors don’t carry weapons in action? To continue to believe such things is to become an accomplice as well. As political thoughts reached a standstill, so does culture and art. There hardly seems to be any philosophy worth holding on to today. Our folklore and folk songs have gone the way of short memory. Art seems our best writers, our Saul Bellow, are now giving their last huffs, repressed by the heaviness of the moral climate—a kind of inversion whose absolute permissiveness stops any kind of creativity. The newsstand hype gives us a hundred different headlines, but says nothing new. Instead of seeking to strengthen our laws, we find them meaningless. We see the police standing huddled on streetcorners fearing for their lives. We see our art running decadent, as it overflows the market place with its modern imitations. We have been passified, without realizing we’ve been anesthetized, dehumanized. We wait for the government to throw us our sustenance, our usual snack, and even if it’s on the ground, we’ll eat it. In this movie wonderland, where does the end of civilization lie?

There is really nothing to get alarmed about. What will happen will happen out of necessity, perhaps out of a need to rediscover our humanity through art. In this respect, we cannot be ignorant of the movements in the third world. They have put energy back into art by their will to fight the status quo. Their culture is richer by their struggle. Our country might have such a revolution in the 60’s, and we’re still feeling the repercussions. But when the time comes, we must recognize the struggle for culture in the third world as our own struggle. We must transform this notion of life, this petty costumery, into art. We must turn off the propagandizing, and let loose our imaginations.

Noticia

**ART & REVOLUTION**

by David Buger

In Central America there are causes to the strife that everyone seems to overlook. We forget that what is happening is a cultural revolution—the opposite of what is not happening in America. Behind the guns is the popular will to unify as a nation. In Nicaragua, it has been reported, the national consciousness has been raised by new efforts to educate the people. In many cases, the politics of the third world in turn has returned to the cultural roots, their history and art. They have researched their past, and found that civilization did not arrive with colonialism. Often, the culture of their ancestors has been much greater. The volume of art at the recent Metropolitan African Art exhibit showed that there was no lack of spiritual life for these peoples. The extensive ruins of the Aztecs, Incas, and Mayas leave no doubt of the potential of civilization in Latin America. This establishment of a link to the past has fostered a consciousness necessary for unity and liberation.

The liberation movements in the third world, while affecting the art of life, have also engendered new art. Whether its nature, as a simply subliminal expression of struggle, or a political act of defiance to the regime is hard to say. For sure, imperialism and colonialism have had a major affect on the minds of the third world. The literature that has come about is a graft of the goods of capitalist culture with anti-imperialism. On top of this is the optimism and energy of nationalism. The fact that certain novelists and writers—the intellectuals—support the people in their art gives strength to the movement. To this writer, there is no way of avoiding politics in art. In Garcia-Marquez’s One Hundred Years of Solitude, the individual life of a people is repressed by the destiny of the age they live in, by the politics of their era. Art, in a way, creates propaganda; the ambiguities of its dialectic are transformed by the power of its rhetoric. A book like this has force in so far as it brings reality together with the ideology of the time. Imagination of the reader and writer are linked in a gathering of the realities, and fused in the construction of a new culture, and of a new humanitarian ideal.

A purist, who believes only in the objectivity of art separated from the socio-political influences, may react against this. Who is to say that modern musical chords are directly attributable to the scientific discoveries of the 50’s? But it is rare that art can step outside its age. The revolution in technology caused a revolution in art because people now saw the world differently. To be seen as art, art must have some kind of aesthetic history. While the art may seem to be completely non-objective, the artist usually has society as a value reference point. Even in the work of, say, Paul Klee, there is an avoidance of the vulgar. The shift of an artistic aesthetic can be compared to the history of erotic nudes in the dream of American women. Here, the focus of beauty is differentiated from its sexual appeal. Likewise, the sound of the Beatles or of Stravinsky can never go beyond the effect of a vibrating tone on the human soul.

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Today, perhaps for the first time, American imperialism is out in the open, blatantly challenging the world as it interferes interferes in Central America. And yet, we swallow the propaganda that legitimizes our involvement. Is it not true we must keep order in our hemisphere? Is it not true the military advisors don’t carry weapons in action? To continue to believe such things is to become an accomplice as well. As political thoughts reached a standstill, so does culture and art. There hardly seems to be any philosophy worth holding on to today. Our folklore and folk songs have gone the way of short memory. Art seems our best writers, our Saul Bellow, are now giving their last huffs, repressed by the heaviness of the moral climate—a kind of inversion whose absolute permissiveness stops any kind of creativity. The newsstand hype gives us a hundred different headlines, but says nothing new. Instead of seeking to strengthen our laws, we find them meaningless. We see the police standing huddled on streetcorners fearing for their lives. We see our art running decadent, as it overflows the market place with its modern imitations. We have been passified, without realizing we’ve been anesthetized, dehumanized. We wait for the government to throw us our sustenance, our usual snack, and even if it’s on the ground, we’ll eat it. In this movie wonderland, where does the end of civilization lie?

There is really nothing to get alarmed about. What will happen will happen out of necessity, perhaps out of a need to rediscover our humanity through art. In this respect, we cannot be ignorant of the movements in the third world. They have put energy back into art by their will to fight the status quo. Their culture is richer by their struggle. Our country might have such a revolution in the 60’s, and we’re still feeling the repercussions. But when the time comes, we must recognize the struggle for culture in the third world as our own struggle. We must transform this notion of life, this petty costumery, into art. We must turn off the propagandizing, and let loose our imaginations.
TODAY IS THE MEETING OF MADNESS WORKS:
by Bill "Ciempo" Kays, 1968

in small groups of decisions,
that counterfeit what they are
in the contradiction of what they say:
who strum no sweet notes
who create no streams,
nor mountain greens.
with great words are great leaves
made green again;
transcribed in the urge of our love's
belonging;
that life is found soon within the seed,
within the root and pulse
of our natural passions,
in our one great explicit need
of being what we are for each other
that say.

Today,
in a world of mixtures of iron and clay,
I have lost the instrument of my hands
for making roads:
in a world of authoritative positions,
imposing their arbitrating conditions,
that strum no sweet notes.
that create no streams,
nor mountain greens,
that counterfeit what they know
in the contradiction of what they are.
with great words are great leaves
made green again;
along the quietness of current and tide
children of the Earth,
the sources of origin,
seeds of nature, flower leaf
and feather,
the effusions of our hands
bemossed of essence
threaded grey in the occasion
to find
soft, gentle, igneous petals
of knowing
Leathern Spring!
When we no longer have to listen
to what the world must tell itself
anymore.
That there is so much of God yet to live,
so much of God yet to live

It seems depression and lost vision reign here,
in this house,
in this city.
I find it difficult to ask of people
when they themselves are caught in times of insecure need.
No handouts
They would never accept charitable donations to their lives they and an era
constructed.
They have worked.
On a vision.
On a once real, dramatic vision of creative growth and
change.
Standing high and strong
raising the encrusted earth above
forcing the earth, with its teeming humanity
to look twice
to realize it was a feeling beneath, a vision,
that was moving them, causing creation

Inertia.
Engraved.
Embodied in the ominous indifference of the structure.
Inertia.
causing the crack in the liberty vision to leave not a
symbol but a sorrow, a loss.
Was this structure reality?
Was this structure to allow?
Visions/Vital visions,
visions in the socially manifest effective state.
The Structure. (Aside with a smirk),
"Let the deviant visions wander and wither like unnecked
infants."
And the withered lost, answering with no answers,
"I don't know."
she never said "anymore"
but she once knew.

-Bruce Handelman
Beneath It All

by Robyn Newman

An animal lying on hard asphalt
squashed by a passing car tire.
Its guts spill out for the crows.

It hasn't got the luxury
of a human.
No ambulance
will take it away.
No cops
will call its family
it will have.
Its corpse will lie there from day to day
until the crows have eaten it away.

People will say
that if animals would be so civil
they would retrieve it
and take care of
the proper arrangements.
But you saw what
happened to the animal
on the road, didn't you?

Another Vote For Peace

They say the time is coming soon
We don't have long to pray.
The coming of the second one
They'll blow the world away.

We sit and wait with bated breath.
To know what lies ahead.
The men behind closed doors decide
Matters of life and death.
Who are these men determining
The future of my child?
What hand controls the steering wheel
What power acts so vile?

They say the only way to stop
Blowing the world away
Is to stop war, reverse the poison
And go another way.

Papers read of unemployment
While thousands fill the lines
And every day the cots turn away
A man not justified.
In what he does, in what he lives
Though he might stand for peace
Some cry peace is dangerous
And have joined the bloody host.
In gross rampage, disinhibiting
Us of integrity.
Armsailing out, no backbone
To support this insanity.

They say the end is on its way
Yet moments are too few.
And life is something to be lived
Not to be gotten through.
They say the time is coming soon
They'll blow the world away.
I close my eyes and think of life.
They say we can't escape.
I HAVE A DREAM. IT IS A DREAM DEEPLY ROOTED IN THE AMERICAN DREAM...
I HAVE A DREAM THAT ONE DAY IN THE RED HILLS OF GEORGIA, SONS OF FORMER SLAVES AND THE SONS OF FORMER SLAVE OWNERS WILL BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN TOGETHER AT THE TABLE OF BROTHERHOOD. 

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

LOVE IS THE MOST DURABLE POWER IN THE WORLD. DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

THIS ISSUE OF THE NOTICIA IS DEDICATED TO HAVING DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.'S BIRTHDAY A NATIONAL HOLIDAY.