

# NOTICIA

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# NOTICIA

## 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 what a 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.

The Cuban mulatto poet Nicolas Guillen's collection of 1930, *Motivos de Son* marks an important direction of Caribbean poetry during the following decade. Guillen's poems are remarkably simple in content and form, yet they manage to faithfully and movingly portray the black (or mulatto) man's character and his day to day struggle as an underprivileged member of society. Through his music and sensuality (both important elements in Guillen's poetry) the black man attempts to escape his grim social reality.

In Guillen's second book, *Songoro Cosongo*, the themes of social injustice and protest become more explicit. By his third book, *West Indies, Ltd.*, Guillen concerned himself with the black man only insofar as he is an exploited worker, a victim of the imperialistic exploitation both white and black men are subject to in the Latin American republics.

Political awareness and militancy are also present in nearly all the works of Caribbean poets writing during the 20's and 30's, notably, among those writing in Spanish, Luis Pales Matos from Puerto Rico and Manuel del Cabral from the Dominican Republic. Of no lesser importance in this poetry is a message of hope for a better future linked to the reaffirmation of human solidarity through the breaking of social and racial barriers.

The so-called Afro-Caribbean poetry, as a literary movement, becomes more or less exhausted after 1940, yet many of its elements survive within the broader context of Latin American poetry until today.

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

### 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 Feyen

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 barks among the stones,  
and with invisible fingers  
shakes the arch of the bridge  
and strangles warefarers.

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 dreaming at the bottom of your river,  
and of your dry little veins  
and your soaked 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

POEMS PG. 3

# NOTICIA'S CONCERN

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 either 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. Yeah! That's right--our 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 the 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 relatable conveyer of social and cultural aspects of life confronting everyone.

Poetry, short stories, essays and drawings will be the projector of matters of social and cultural meaning, ranging from the world at large to 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

## LETTER FROM THE

EDITOR Dave Colon

paper is refined by a particular theme, that inevitably leads to the focus of the paper. The main reason why the paper 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's 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:

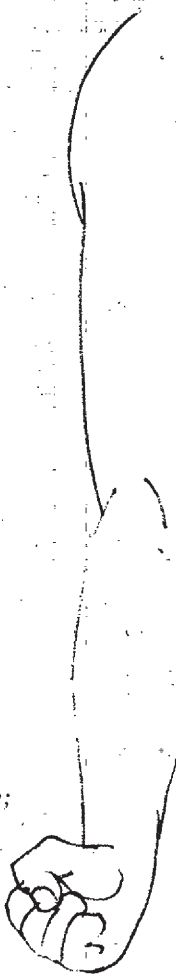
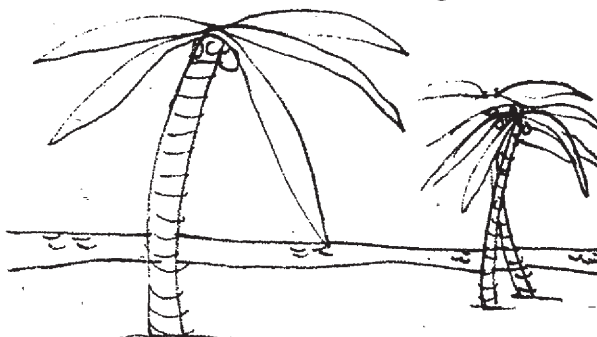
Riddle of hope:  
 what is mine is yours,  
 what is yours is mine;  
 all blood  
 forming one river.

The cottonwood, cottonwood with its plumage;  
 the father, father with his child;  
 the turtle with her shell.  
 Let the wild son begin,  
 let the people dance it,  
 arm in 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,  
 young and old,  
 black and white, all together;  
 one ruling and the other ruled,  
 all together,  
 San Berenito and another ruled;  
 all together,  
 blacks and whites from way back;  
 all together,  
 Santa Maria and one ruled;  
 all together,  
 All together, Santa Maria,  
 San Berenito, all together,  
 All together, San Berenito,  
 San Berenito, Santa Maria,  
 Santa Maria, San Berenito,  
 All together!

I am Yoruba, I am lucumi,  
 mandiga, 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,  
 drink and don't stop;  
 eat and don't stop,  
 live and don't stop,  
 The son of all isn't going to stop!



Palmares de San Juan Bautista

Palmares de San Juan Bautista  
 felicitando las llegadas de las aguas verde del Caribe;  
 me has ofrecido tus verdes, sombras frescas  
 y cocos llenos de bebida dulce.  
 En tu presencia cayeron sobre mí,  
 calientes rayos del gran sol ardiente.  
 Y besado por las brisas húmedas de lejos orígenes,  
 al lado de tus gruesos troncos estranos al estremecer.  
 Gotas de mar salada sécanse sobre  
 mi calenturiento piel;  
 superficie del cuerpo recojiendo  
 las arenas cristalinas  
 que dormían alrededor de tus pies.  
 Enseñastes tu crecer: curvas, altas.  
 Yo delante de ti;  
 un conocimiento de tu ser y del mi vivir.

SENSEMAYA

(Snake killing song)

Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!

The snake has eyes of glass;  
 the snake comes, and wraps around a stick,  
 with his eyes of glass.  
 The snake walks without feet;  
 the snake hides himself in the grass,  
 walking without feet!

Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!

You hit him with the axe and he dies:  
 hit him now!  
 Don't you hit him with your foot, he'll bite you,  
 don't you hit him with your foot, he'll get away!

Sensemaya, the snake,  
 sensemaya.  
 Sensemaya, with his eyes,  
 sensemaya.  
 Sensemaya, with his tongue,  
 sensemaya.  
 Sensemaya, with his mouth,  
 sensemaya!

The dead snake can not eat;  
 the dead snake can not whistle;  
 can not walk,  
 can not run!  
 The dead snake can not look;  
 the dead snake can not drink;  
 can not breathe,  
 can not bite!

Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Sensemaya, the snake...  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Sensemaya, he doesn't move...  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Sensemaya, the snake...  
 Mayombe-bombe-mayombe!  
 Sensemaya, he is dead!



PROBLEMS OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT

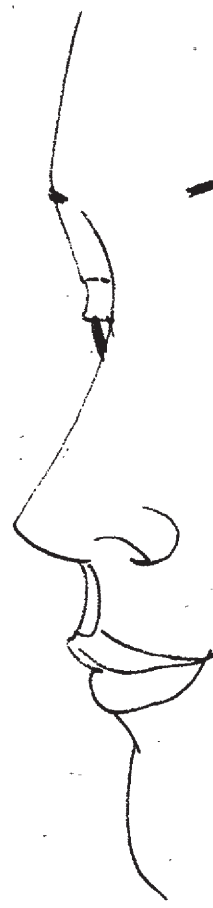
Monsieur Dupont calls you ignorant  
 because you don't know which grandson  
 was Victor Hugo's favorite

Herr Muller has begun to shout:  
 you don't know the date  
 (exactly) when Bismark died.

Your friend, Mr. Smith-  
 Yanqui or British, I don't know which  
 blows his top when you write shell  
 (it seems that you left out an "l"  
 and, besides, you say chel)

Okay, and what of it?  
 When it's your turn, make them say carcarajicara,  
 and ask-where's the Aconcagua  
 and-who was Sucre.  
 And just where on this planet  
 did Marti die?

One favor:  
 that they should always speak to you in spanish



## CULTURE OF RESISTANCE

"Here in America we have always thought that we were struggling by ourselves, and most Afro-Americans will tell you just that—that we're a minority. By thinking like we're a minority, we struggle like a minority. We struggle like we're an underdog. We struggle like all of the odds are against us. This type of struggle takes place only because we don't yet know where we fit in the scheme of things. We've been maneuvered out of a position where we could rightly know and understand where we fit into the scheme of things.

It's impossible for you and me to know where we stand until we look around on this entire earth. Not just look around in Harlem or New York, or Mississippi, or America—we have got to look all around this earth. We don't know where we stand until we know where America stands...."

When you and I are inside of America and look at America, she looks big and bad and invincible. Oh, yes, and when we approach her in that context, we approach her as beggars, with our hat in our hands. As Toms, actually, only in the 20th century sense, but still as Toms. While if we understand what's going on on earth and what's going on in the world today, and fit America into that context, we find out she's not so bad, after all, she's not very invincible. And when you find out she's not invincible, you don't approach her like you're dealing with someone who's invincible....

Among Asian countries, whether they are communist, socialist—you don't find any capitalist countries over there too much nowadays. Almost every one of the countries that has gotten independence has devised some kind of socialistic system and this is no accident. This is another reason why I say that you and I here in America—who are looking for a job, who are looking for better housing, looking for a better education—before you start trying to be incorporated, or integrated, or disintegrated, into this capitalistic system, should look over there and find out what are the people who have gotten their freedom adopting to provide themselves with better housing and better education and better clothing;

None of them are adopting the capitalistic system because they realize they can't. You can't operate a capitalistic system unless you are vulturistic; you have to have someone else's blood to suck to be a capitalist. You show me a capitalist, I'll show you a bloodsucker."

**Malcolm X**

**Cook Glassgold** has done a series of paintings, "The Martyrs," depicting people in struggle, from Native American and Black slave revolts to the Kent State killings and the Greensboro, N.C. massacre.

© Cook Glassgold



## DEAR BARD Community

In organizing the benefit performance by the "Young People's Dance Company" in support of the legislation for the January 15<sup>th</sup> 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 use his art as a projective 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 impetus 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 an atmosphere that would equally probe the message:

"Dr. Martin Luther King's Day, January 15<sup>th</sup> must be a National Holiday"

"I feel as though I've been in prison all of my life; from the concrete ghetto to the steel structure of prison (institutional) life. To me its all a prison which brutalizes and emasculates you."

"Anyone who has ever had the unfortunate opportunity to be imprisoned within the various facilities throughout these United States realizes the difficulties which confront you daily. In prison there is very little hope of attaining mythical rehabilitation, since the system is geared toward maintaining security and production in the prison industries.

To say that one vegetates during the incarceration is erroneous. One does not vegetate. In fact, one is made to produce to his capacity in such a systematic manner, and for so little, that he is in fact a slave of the state.

The prosperity of this country came about as a result of slave labor. And it is very evident that slaves were not allowed to vegetate."

David M. Ferguson ++71A-0516

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## SHORT

## STORY

## 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 fervidly, 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 townspeople spotted the flames lighting the night sky. The threat of fire, of their homes being consumed, drove 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 firelight, he recognized many of them. He saw the daughter of his best friend, the sons of the president of the nearby college, students of that selfsame 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 retrieve 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 townspeople, there were many variations of the story, the most noteworthy being the Ku Klux Klan had come to town. The sheriff had quite a time trying to quench the rumor.

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 other 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 backlash 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 barber shop, 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 bigots within the community, who enjoyed the whole thing, both publicly and privately.

ACTION

CONTINUED PAGE 8

BROTHERS & SISTERS



the Bard College Avery Center in honor of Martin Luther King. The benefit was held to support legislation calling for official recognition of King's birthday.

by CLARE O'NEILL CARR

The words and spirit of Martin Luther King, Jr. filled the Avery Center for the Arts last Saturday night at Bard College, in an inspirational performance by The Young Peoples Dance Company, a visiting troupe of young modern jazz performers.

The benefit performance sponsored by the Bard Black Students Association was held in honor of Dr. King, the slain civil rights leader, in order to rally support for national legislation which would officially recognize his birthday on Jan. 15 as a national holiday. According to Lisa Daniels, coordinator of the student group, petitions in support of the legislation were circulated by the students.

The dance troupe, comprised of

students 16-21 years old, is part of a large nonprofit center in New York called The Door, which helps young people and offers programs and services free of charge or on a sliding scale basis.

"They are a pretty extraordinary group" said Anne Halberton, Coordinator of The Door's arts program. Some have really struggled through their adolescence; they bring their life experiences into their performances."

"The Door is just what it says" said Myrna Rivera, a dance captain for the group and, at 21 years old, dancing her last performance that night.

"It gives you a chance," she said "If you have potential, if you want to, they help you."

The dancers, who consider them-

Purposely, there were quotations in the benefit program which defined each performance and each performer's message on why he/she were dancing at all. Each performance was intended to build a sinner between the audience and Dr. King's life purpose that taught:

"I cannot reach fulfillment without 'thou'. The self cannot be self without other selves."

and another performance rang out,

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

Continued pg 7

selves a family more than anything else, performed to music ranging from Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" and contemporary works by jazz musician Chuck Mangione to authentic African music and gospel. The content of each dance was drawn from the words of King, and the dancers reflected this power and inspiration in their performances.

In the last number, called "Good Times," the entire cast danced in an exuberant celebration of King's belief in "the oneness and unity under God -- of people from all levels of life." The audience spontaneously joined in standing up to applaud and sing along with the music, filling the theatre with the spirit of King.



A WOMAN'S REALITY — Mary Jenkins and Linda Sue Talberg of The Young Peoples 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.

HONOR

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, Veteran's 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 "fools"-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 evasive 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 Right Movement was dynamic and inspiring as 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's Day", "The Bourgeois Day", "The Power Elite Day"...

-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 preaching  
 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 birth  
 and the fact that I am a citizen of no other  
 country.

How do I feel as a black American?,ll

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 swell.

I do not think as much importance should be focused upon one s  
 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 whie, 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 in no other way

by Allia Abdullah

I felt at its time, now, we must go beyond  
 the entertainment and our spontaneous  
 responses, we must agree to proposals we know  
 should be rightfully passed, but don't  
 stimulate us or move us to action. I was  
 grateful to see that the intermission recording  
 of Martin Luther King's 'I have a dream...'  
 in conjunction with the performance  
 impelled many with the spirit to take part  
 in the drive, 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,  
 Nebra Jeffers at Eisenhower College during  
 the BIAS (Black Intercollegiate Association  
 of Students) conference. BIAS is a  
 coalition of students seeking to unite and  
 install Martin Luther King's life maxim  
 and prophecy of struggle

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

Sincerely  
 Lisa Daniels



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 contested everyone was coming apart over nothing. It was all in good fun. Laughing at the past was part of life, and that was basically his part in it. They were not attempting to symbolize 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 crossburning 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 onstigate the quiet bigotry which existed in the community? They were all well 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 insult 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 crossburning. The town's tax accountant guessed they were members of the Klu 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. Noone was too small to be included.

The newspaper carried

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.

The papers had the community buzzing. Men in white robes? Was the Klan recruiting? There were no answers, but there were reactions. Both blacks and whites were frightened. The P.T.A. got together with some of the blacks to get the sheriff to do something, only they couldn't tell the sheriff what. He told them there may not be Klan within fifteen miles of the community, and on top of that, the two men the boy had seen were not wearing hoods.

With many of the blacks feeling something should be done, and with the P.T.A. willing to work with them, the vice-president formed a committee which was to investigate and hopefully halt any racial gathering which may have been building in the town, and even within a ten mile radius of the town. Meetings were organized, luncheons held, speeches given at the school, at the town hall; even at the college. The president of the next county's chapter of the Klu Klux Klan was invited to come to town and discuss the situation. He refused. People wondered what he had to hide. Black and white children fought in the classes, trying to settle the issues; the adults were arguing at home. At services, the pastor took the time to denounce how one can discredit his fellow man because of skin color. The mayor, a closet bigot who wanted to stay in office, approved the actions of the committee formed by the blacks and the P.T.A., but did very little to physically help them.

One night, a white man shot and killed a black man. They had gotten into a fight at the bar. It was said the black man was trying to kill the white man, so the killing was self-defense. But the white man was a known bigot, and rumors had it that on other drunken binges he had heartily enjoyed the racial tensions threatening the town. The man was arrested.

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 strolling 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-gauge shotgun, so he could make sure his family would be safe.

Then someone burned another cross...

THE

END

# ART & REVOLUTION

By David Bugar

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 peoples of the third world have returned to their 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 had been much greater. The volume of art at the recent Metropolitan African Art exhibit shows 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 repression, 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 intelligentsia)--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 lives of a people are 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 zones in the dress of American women. Here, the focus of beauty is undifferentiated 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 super powers 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 striving towards nationalism. It would condemn the imagination and art needed to revive a culture and let it determine its own destiny.

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 prescriptions always seem 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 lost their clarity. Today, perhaps for the first time, American imperialism is out in the open, blatantly challenging the world as it 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 thought reached a standstill, so does culture and art. There hardly seems to be any philosophy worth holding on to today. Our folklores and folksongs have gone the way of short memory. It seems our best writers, our Saul Bellows, are now giving their last huffs, repressed by the heaviness of the moral climat--by an odd kind of inversion whose absolute permissiveness stops any kind of creativity. The newstand 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 turning decadent, as it overflows the market place with its modern imitations. We have been passified, without realizing we've been anaesthetized, dehumanized. We wait for the government to throw us our sustenance, our usual steak, 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 went through 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 nondescript style of life, this petty costumery, into art. We must turn off the propagandizing, and let loose our imaginations.

There is a better humanity out there, but we must have the creativity and spontaneity to make it happen.

But just as the idea of revolution cannot make a revolution succeed, a culture cannot be recreated by one idea. To get out of the context into the allusion, that is the goal...but that depends on us.

# SOCIALLY

TODAY IS THE MEETING OF MADNESS WORKS:  
by Will "Giamo" Waeyes, 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 sown 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 way.*

*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,  
wisps of nether, flower leaf  
and feather,*

*the effusions of our hands  
kennels of essence  
threaded ever in the occasion  
to find  
soft, gentle, igneous petals  
of knowing*

*Leathean 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*

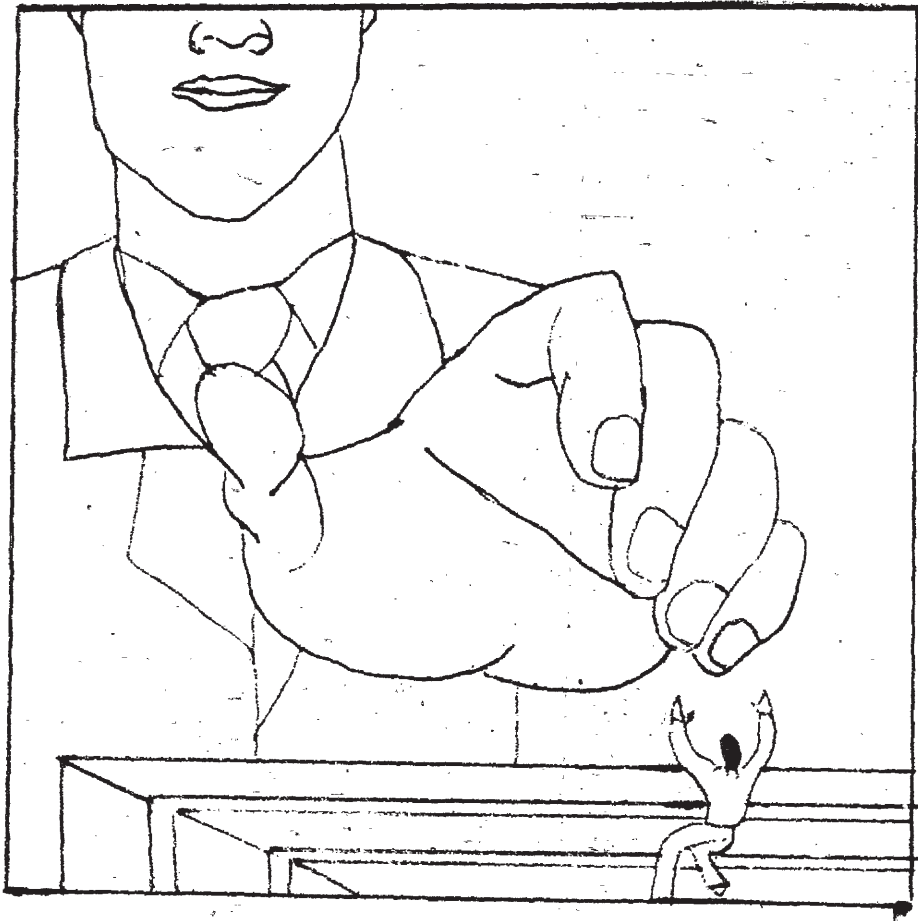
*It seems depression and lost vision reign here,  
in this house,  
in this city.  
I find it difficult to ask of people  
when they themselves are caught in times of insecure need.  
No handouts  
They would never accept  
charitable donations to their lives they and an era  
constructed.*

*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*

# POETIC

*Inertia.  
Engraved.  
Embedded 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/ Is 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 unsuckled  
infants."  
And the withered lost, answering with no answers,  
"I don't know."  
she never said "anymore"  
but she once knew.*

-Bruce Handelman



**CORPERATE COOPERATION**

**BENEATH IT ALL**

by Robyn Neuman

An animal  
lying on  
hard asphalt  
squashed by  
a grinding 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  
no funeral.  
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 sun  
They'll blow the world away.

We sit and wait with baited 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 now, reverse the poison  
And go another way.

Papers read of unemployment  
While thousands fill the lines  
And every day the cuts 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 beast  
In gross rampage, dismembering  
Us of integrity  
Arms lashing out, no backbone  
To support this lunacy.

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.

**WHAT MOUNTAIN**

**OF EARTH**  
crys...

*in the lost caves of echoes  
where tears dissolve years,  
and sighs  
are concealed in a sleep,*

*and the sun-arms  
pound the white-walls  
that crumble,  
and foundations are lost  
where there are no feet  
left to stand  
on the continent  
of the bare and naked ground  
and devastated land;*

*in a world of wounded knees  
and rosebud petals,  
where there are no longer lovers  
heard  
on the roof  
under the night of the sunset-moon,  
there's only a guillotine of debris  
a colorless dead sea  
a river of oil  
a duende of anguish!*

*black feathers scattered in a wasted sky,  
in the lonely eye  
that belongs to everyone.*

*In the lonely eye that belongs  
to everyone,  
what child knows where the wound begins,  
in the fading clover  
of tomorrow's pain  
white clouds of flame!  
on the track of the burning to the end,  
somewhere neglected in a place behind the eyes.*

What mountain of Earth crys?

**CRYS-CRYS-CRYS!!!**

When that day arrives

to the door of dark water.

Will "Giomo" Waeyes  
1968

**SOULS**

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

BORN JAN. 15, 1929

DIED APRIL 4, 1968

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