

MACONDO

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT STONY BROOK MACONDO APRIL 1987

MAN AND HIS LANDSCAPE

by **Ciro A. Sandoval**

When talking about man and his landscape, Eduardo Caballero Calderón, a Colombian writer and essayist says in his *Obras* vol.1, that the Latin American man has his landscape imprinted deeper in his soul than the European man. (To this I would add, that the Latin American man has it even deeper than the North American man.) The reason he gives for this is, that man in Europe has been "liberated" spiritually from his natural landscape. In other words, the European man and his "civilization" and culture are created only within the court, the parliament, the convent and in the University. In Latin America in contrast, it is nature and its landscape that define man and his culture. To this, the author adds that the European man is the man of the cities, the streets, the clubs, and the pubs; a man who is either an industrialist, a professor, or an industrial worker. A human being tied to the pavement of the city, and by the ropes of an industrial economy.

As the Latin American who is inside me, I can feel, when I read E. C. Calderón, the impact that this printing of that natural landscape produces. This is because he reminds me of this impact, when he says that the Latin American is used to have the natural landscape at the end of his urban streets. Calderón also reminds me of my high school lessons of Geography where I was taught that Geography is what defines the man of different regions. I think this is proved true when one talks to an Argentinian "Gaucho"

for whom the "Pampa" is a third ambiance or nature; or when one thinks of the Bolivian, that brings simultaneously the image of the Andes and the Titicaca Lake, and the skin and soul that like mineral is held within the men in there. That to think of the "llanero" of Colombia and Venezuela is to think of rivers and a "sea-like llano" pierced by the sound of harps, cuatros and maracas mixed with the singing of different birds. In contrast we see the man of the "Meseta Andina" that dresses and sings differently, if he sings, for most of the time he speaks only if necessary and in a slow manner.

When one reads about the conquest of Latin America one reads that it was more of a struggle with nature than with the native men.

Caballero Calderón thinks that when tourists go to visit the Latin American man, they are going to find him still engaged in a battle against nature. What kind of struggle it is, is studied by some Colombian writers such as José Eustasio Rivera in his novel *Vorágine*, or Edmundo Chávez in his novel *Chamba*, or by the Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa in his novel *Green House*; novels in which "mother nature" takes revenge on those who attempt to rape her. Novels where you can also find a lively description of the terror that those nature rapists have experienced in the heart of the forest, for they only had in most cases, an ax, a "machete", a raffle or a gun.

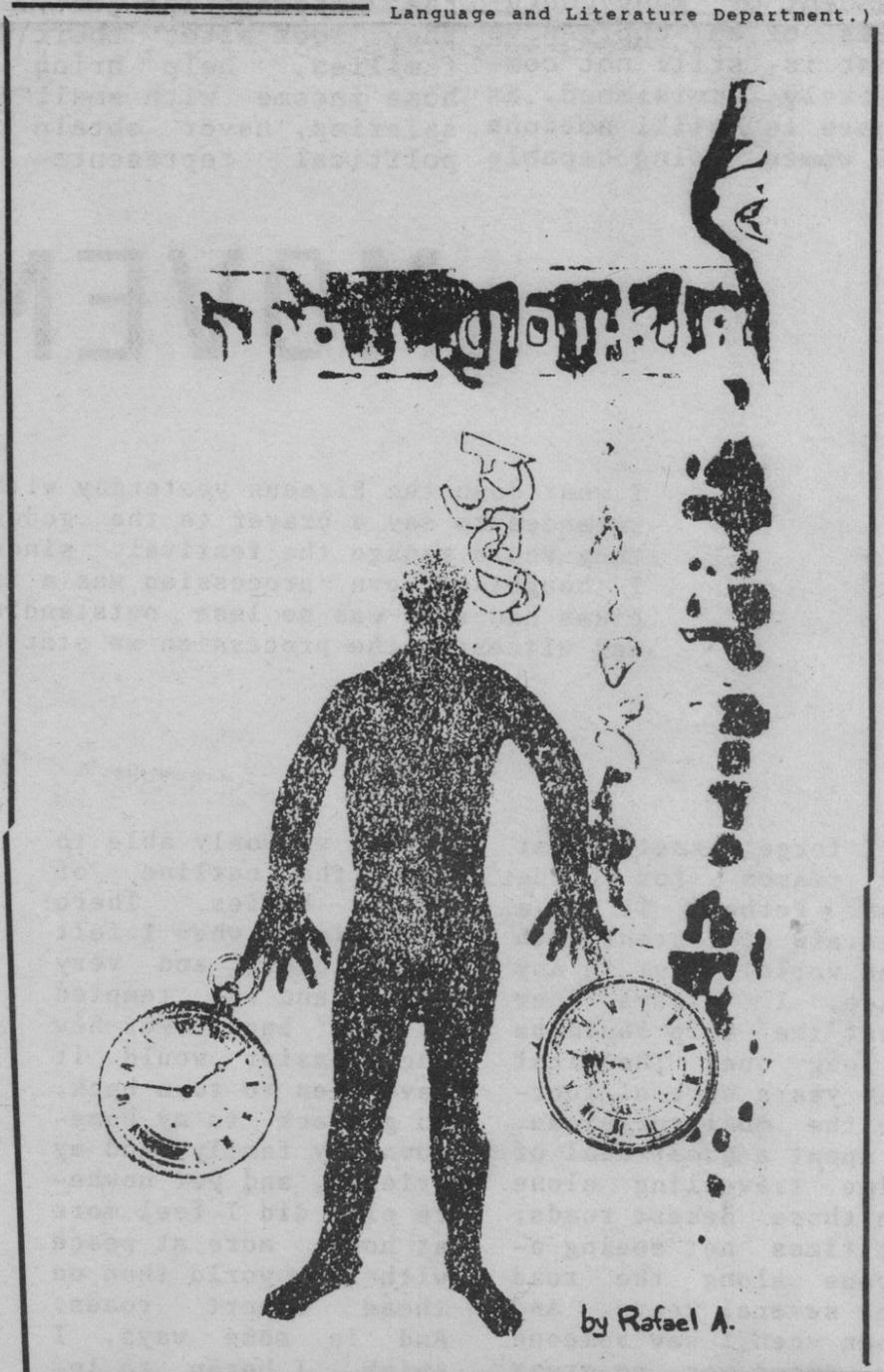
The generalized belief that we in Latin America still have the heritage and the feeling of "campesinos"

and "aldenaos" is a belief that will soon be eradicated, as this spirit has been annihilated by the Latin American industrialized man. I dare to think that many of these "industrialized men" who drink milk, have never seen a real cow except in TV or in a movie, where those gadgets stand for nature and the natural landscape.

However, I think that Eduardo Caballero Calderón is a bit of a dreamer or some kind of an idealist when he says in so convincing manner, that Latin Americans still have many

possibilities and a lot of potential in his water falls and his forest, for a future and a still "campesino" life full of promising hopes. I do not know if he has forgotten that nowadays the struggle of modern nature with the raping technological man is very uneven, for nature has to fight against the yellow death of the caterpillar, against the mocking and shrilling noise of the chain saw that now comes by air in flying machines to the place spotted and chosen by invisible technological beams.

(Ciro A. is a faculty of the Hispanic Language and Literature Department.)



EDITORIAL

The month of March was a special one, and it was not because the Mets won the World Series, or because the New York Giants won the football season, but because on the 8th women all over the world celebrated their accomplishments as women. It was a celebration time for all women, who in their struggle to be able to be recognized as independent and capable human beings, fight endlessly to overcome a long past and still a present of discrimination and misjudging.

Women have to walk a hard path to be in the position they are, one proof of this is that many women hold important positions, socially, economically and politically today. The struggle to gain the rights that for so long were denied to them was and still is a long one. The freedom for women to be independent of many centuries of an oppressive past is still not completely envisioned, as there is still notions of women being capable

to perform only in housework duties and child rearing.

However, today increasing numbers have proved this to be only a notion far from reality. Women not only have accomplished positions of resonance in the fields of sciences, business, media and in the arts but also in politics. Women have reached the peak of many mountains.

Still, we should not only acclaim those women who are successful in the progressive and modern fields of today's world. We also need to recognize all those women who in their roles of single mothers, exploited workers and minority undocumented laborers, also live everyday seven days a week, earning minimum wage with no incentives or important gainings, enduring unsatisfactory conditions and unequal positions in society. They hold the unrecognized jobs, they look after their families, help bring home income with small salaries, never obtain political representa-

tion, and have few chances to go up the social stratus to which they are constained. These women are also columns in the construction of the struggle.

Beside these women who inspire respect and the desire to keep working and improving as individuals, we also have more examples of strength and courage. One is the mother that cries for her dying sons in political insurrection; or the one that has to renounce to the one that goes out to fight for a better society; or the woman that has to sell her body because is her only way to survive. There is also the woman that would like to give her young food but can not find it; or the one that has to serve in the house of the rich without hope to ever see her own daughter receive the same education as the children of the rich that she serves do. There are the examples of the mother that cries, the soldier daughter that fights for a better fu-

ture; and the subjugated sister that will never be able to leave the slums.

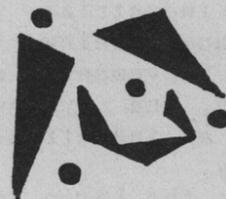
These examples of courageous women who also are fighting to vision a future, will have what is theirs, the right to be considered total and capable human beings, with lives full of alternatives and immense options. A future where they would not be demanded as "housekeepers and baby machines," and one where they will not be harassed or subjugated; one that will not be an oppressive one.

Let us celebrate not only this month but 365 days a year, the servant; the secretary, the mother, the businesswoman and all women. Let's give women the privilege that belongs to them, the one that they deserve, the one that gives them the power of being women. Let us join them for an equality where not a replacement of men by woman is sought, but an equality with rights and recognition by accomplishments. Let us celebrate women!

MOVEMENTS

by Rolando Perez

I went down the Piraeus yesterday with Glaucon, the son of Ariston. I intended to say a prayer to the goddess, and I also wanted to see how they would manage the festival, since this was its first celebration. I thought our own procession was a fine one and that which the Thracians had sent was no less outstanding. After we had said our prayer and witnessed the procession we started back toward the city.



Plato
The Republic

I forget exactly what my reason for going was. Perhaps it was a certain discontent with the world. But in any case, I always knew that the trip would be a long one. The first few years were of course the most torturous. I spent a great deal of time travelling alone on those desert roads; at times not seeing anyone along the road for several years. And then when I saw someone my speed was so great

that I was only able to see the outline of their bodies. There were times when I felt very lonely and very weak, and was tempted to turn back. For how much easier would it have been to turn back, to go back to my hometown, my family, and my friends, and yet nowhere else did I feel more at home, more at peace with the world than on these desert roads. And in some ways, I think, I began to in-

ternalize the landscape about me. In fact, after a certain point I could not even conceive of what it would be like not to move. It almost seemed as though the movement of my blood coincided with the movement of my vehicle. The difference, of course, was the fact that while my blood travelled in a circular manner, my trip took me to unexpected places, so that I never knew from day to day where I

would end up next, or whether or not I would make it through another day.

I think it was at the end of my tenth year that I finally came upon any kind of elevation in the terrain. Or to be more precise, at the end of my tenth year I came upon a mountain.

The mountain was the biggest I had ever seen, and it stood out

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EL PERRO

Por Sonia Ramírez Pérez

Se había sentado a escribir un cuento, o un poema. Lo que fuera, con tal de exorcisar esos demonios de la tristeza. De su mano chorreaba un mar de frases y estructuras incompletas que no encontraban como filtrarse dentro del lápiz y quedar desnudas sobre el papel.

Lo mejor es comenzar por el principio.

Pero no podía recordar el principio. Éste se escondía tras una pesada neblina con olor a infancia. Trataba de agarrarlo solo un peso oprimente.

Quizás si miro fotos sabre que escribiré. Buscó en el último cajón. Debajo de años de papeles encontró una caja manoseada, su contenido estaba atado con una cinta blanca marchitada por el tiempo. Barajeó las fotos. Allí estaba, con aquel traje negro, el que usó para el class-nite. Su prima Josefa le había dicho que se parecía a Morticia con ese traje. A su lado estaba Denise, Marilyn estaba de perfil. Su prima Ivelisse, morena y pequeña, al lado de su hermana Irita, Irita la garza como le decían. Grisela con su cara altanera y su barriga desafiante. Yo la cuidé mas que su marido. La foto de una joven con el cabello rebelde,

sentada en una caja de madera abrazando un enorme perro amarillo le apretó el pecho hasta nublarle la vista. Brownie. Tanto que me olía. Ahora se por qué. Tendría unos 15 años cuando llegué a Guayama. La niña problemática, a ver si coje un poco de vergüenza. Vivía con una tía, sus tres hijos, uno de los cuales estaba casado con Grisela, y una jovencita de mi edad- Yolanda. Nunca supe, ni pregunté quien era el dueño de Brownie. Pero en el tiempo que pasé allí la responsabilidad cayó como fruta madura en mi regazo. Sus huidas constantes le apremiaron una pesada cadena que le peló el cuello. A veces pensaba que él no quería vivir allí con nosotros. Su maldición de ser perro y por lo tanto leal no permitía que el ejecutara su propia voluntad, y quizás, su propia venganza. En ese tiempo le podía contar las costillas. El perro se había convertido en un pellejo con ojos lacrimosos. Debido al número de personas bajo el techo de mi tía, si todos comíamos, Brownie no tenía mas que el recuerdo de un olor martirizante o un puñado de sobras. Como yo siempre tuve la varita mágica en la cocina, comencé a robar comida para él. En las pocas

ocasiones que se veía libre de su cadena, el perro se sentaba en el umbral de mi cuarto a mirarme, con su mirada seria y lacrimosa. A veces me perseguía por la casa, por el patio, o al colmado; pero siempre con su caminar moribundo. Un día le encontré garrapatas. Como fiel compañera se las arranqué, él me lamió y yo me quedé sentada con él dentro de su casita. El tiempo pasaba y los pellejos del perro seguían estirándose. Su cara era una calavera. Las garrapatas lo estaban devorando. Yo lo miraba por largo tiempo y algo muy adentro se me estrujaba dejándome una sensación pastosa en la boca. Una mañana vi que las garrapatas le habían sellado un ojo. Se lo abrí con mi corazón partido y me fui llorando a la escuela. Cuando volví supe que mi tía iba a trabajar toda esa semana de 3:00 a 11:00 de la noche. Solté al perro y me lo llevé al río. No dejaba de mirarme y olerme. El agua fría parecía aliviar la tormentosa picazón. Al volver a la casa paré en el colmado y compré dos libras de carne. En la casa bañé al perro con un líquido que había traído mi tía del hospital que servía para las garrapatas. Había que echárselo con mucho cuidado porque era ve-

nenoso. Lo espulgue y me quedé con él en su casita hasta que se durmió. Cuando terminé mi tarea de cocinar, de lavar la marquesina y echarle agua a las matas, comencé a cocinar las dos libras de carne. Las dejé casi crudas para que tuvieran mas sabor. Escondí la olla con la carne en mi cuarto para que nadie me la robara y me recosté un rato. De pronto soñaba, pero no era yo sinó el perro y yo veía todo a través de sus ojos lacrimosos. El sabía. Siempre lo supo. Desde la primera vez que me olfateó y lamió la sal de mi piel saboreando el sufrimiento que no era mio sinó de él. A las 10:00 de la noche salí al patio con la olla. Brownie estaba sentado en su casita, velándome.

Hoy es el día. Lo soñé. Solo con ella se hizo realidad. Sí, era ella, se lo pude oler encima, me mareaba, el olor a lágrimas... y muerte...

Puse la olla en el suelo, le revolvi la carne con arroz y habichuelas. Tremendo festín... y sobre el derramé todo el pote de veneno. Brownie comió con furia, casi con desesperación. Cuando terminó me lamió las manos y me olió por última vez. Entró solo a su casita y se acostó a soñar.

GRANDFATHER'S...

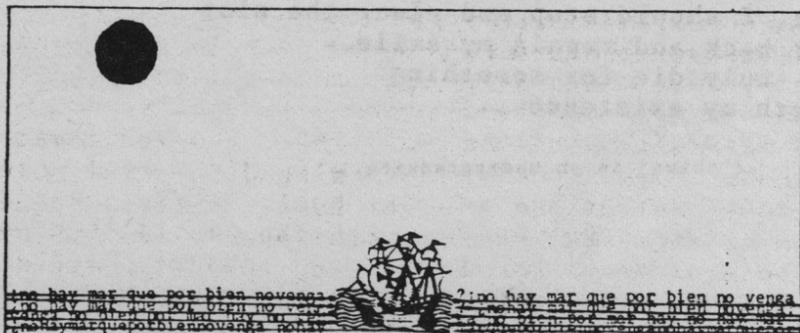
choosing friends; don't give gold to the thieves; test those same friends in your hour of necessity and those that help you loyally will be your best company until the end. Do not judge by appearances: that is the worst that you can do; envy and bad desires will be within you if follow this road. Others need you just as much as you need them; give always a friendly ear and you will find in your table

bread. Carry this advice and you will see that you will grow, and never forget those that love you and that you love."

The day again was not ours and the night then took possession of those far mountains. Grandfather had tears in his eyes and I never so much closer to him as in that day. We embraced on a good-bye but like he said, there was not space or time. In the silence of the

night I could not close my eyes waiting for the following morning; I had too much sadness in my mind. When I parted from what was my past,

my years of childhood childhood, I knew I carried in my heart and in my bag, the finest load I ever could have: my mother's love and my grandfather's advice.



PAGINA LITERARIA

EL EXTRAÑO PASAPORTE DE JUAN MANUEL DÍAZ

Por Rafael

Porque ya en su isla no había pasaportes
y quería ir con su sudor hermano del aceite
a una tierra que tiene un lago inmenso
Manuel Santos Díaz viajó hasta Miami,
porque ya en su isla no había pasaportes.
Ella se quedó en la isla con los hijos,
él les contaría sobre
la tierra que tiene un lago inmenso lleno de luz.

Manuel Santos Díaz
entró al nuevo centro de distribución de pasaportes
que ahora está en Miami,
pero no salió de allí con vida
y nadie supo cómo llegó la muerte
y nadie supo cómo se fracturó el cráneo
y ella supo que murió el día de ayer.

En otras palabras,
Manuel Santos Díaz salió de su isla,
donde ya no hay pasaportes,
llegó a Miami,
donde se otorgan los pasaportes,
para ir hacia Managua,
donde hay un lago inmenso lleno de azul
y otras luces alumbrando los caminos.

Claro, usted dirá, pero éste es un mal poema.
Es que el problema del arte es un problema
de traslados,
ese juego de la luz y el azul,
la mala articulación de las palabras
que pueden hacer de algo
algo cómico o feroz
mas allá del suave paisaje de los hechos.
Pero lo que nos preocupa es el estilo
que tiene el morir
últimamente.

Marzo, 1987

(Rafael Acevedo is a faculty of the Hispanic
Languages and Literature Department.)



PENSAMIENTO

Por Pedro Martínez

Es una pregunta que no he sabido contestar;
Es una pregunta que, por mucho que trato,
me da vueltas en la mente, no he sabido bien
captar. Es una pregunta que me enloquece.
Quiero saber el por qué de los "Porqués",
el por qué de la vida, el por qué de la muerte;
por qué algunos ganan y otros pierden,
por qué soy como soy, por qué actúo como
actúo, por qué unos me aprecian y
otros me aborrecen. Quiero saber que soy,
qué he sido y qué seré;
quiero saberlo todo, todo del todo, porque
entre tantas preguntas solo sé que hay una
respuesta; solo sé que hay una vida
que he vivido y estoy viviendo; que lo
hecho, hecho está y lo que está por hacer
lo quiero hacer muy perfecto...
Este es el porqué de la vida, el porqué
que muchos anhelan, pero no encuentran
respuesta...

(Pedro Martínez is an undergraduate student.)

LAMENTATION

by "Chico"

...How can you treat me so badly
You may not have beat my body
But, cut my heart
Torn to pieces, divided into portions
Split about the past, present and future
It may not hurt so much in your eyes
But, my mind carries the memories
I have so much hate, confusion and emptiness
And sometimes I feel like you look
Young, with a fools heart
Not knowing and wanting the world
But, I should stop and clear the mist
Get back and regain my smile
To truly die for something
Worth my existence...

("Chico" is an undergraduate.)

PAGINA LITERARIA

HOY ME PREGUNTO EL PORQUE DE TANTAS COSAS

by Claribel Pérez

Me pregunto, porqué en algunos
lugares existe el hambre,
si en otros lugares menos precisos
existe la abundancia

Me pregunto del porqué de aquel
hombre que dice llamarse
superior y aquel que dice
ser inferior, si en cada
uno de nosotros existe
algo de superior e inferior
que nos hace únicos.

Me pregunto del porqué nos
enseñan a ser de una
manera ,cuando tenemos que
actuar de otra, de acuerdo
a nuestros principios y por
eso se nos condena.

Me pregunto del porqué de
tanta vanidad y falicidad
en cada uno de nosotros
y no humildad y honestidad.

Me pregunto del porqué el
odio que siento dentro de mi
cuando alguien quiere lastimarme
y hacerme daño,
y no sentir amor y lástima
por ellos porqué, por más que
quieran hacerme daño y lastimarme
nadie nunca podrá prenetrar esta
pared que se ha levantado sobre mi.

Me pregunto porqué algunos
de nosotros ocultamos nuestros
sentimientos,
y no los dejamos brotar de
nuestras almas
como palomas en el viento.

Me pregunto porqué
hay diferencia entre
la vida y la muerte
si a veces, pienso que
no hay tal diferencia.

Hoy día, me pregunto
de porqué me pregunto
tantas cosas y me voy
dando cuenta de que
por más que me pregunte
nunca he de encontrar la respuesta.

(Claribel Pérez is an undergraduate student.)

GINA MARIE FOOLS

by "Chico"

...To be young
is to experince life
I can understand that but,
your goodbye was so meaningless yet painful
but, let the suffering continue
for when you realize your mistake
you will see how much I love you
remember: love is the greatest feeling to experince
but, when it is mutual,
it is the worse feeling to let go
true fools shall live in sorrow
true lovers shall live in the kindom of the heart...
long live the love of the prince,
for there is no one to compare
things may me it can be felt
...forever and a day...



SI TIENES CORAJE

By Ciro A.

Si tienes coraje para hablar
y escuchar de cosas poco halagueñas
hablemos entonces,
pues mis ojos, mis oidos y mi alma
cansados están
de tanta belleza de cosas inútiles
para la vida, para la tierra,
para mi, para el futuro...
que el hombre, parte antropoide,
parte máquina, parte no se qué
hace y deshace y alaba y alaba
Oh Dios! Para que?

If you have courage to talk
and to listen to things not so much rewarding
Lets talk then...
because my eyes, my ears, and my soul
are tired
of so much beauty of useless things
for life, for the earth
for me, for the future...
that man, in part anthropoid
in part a machine, in part I don't know what
makes and destroys, and praises and praises
Oh God! What for?

(Ciro A. Sandoval is a faculty of the
Hispanic Languages and Literature Dept.)

CUENTOS

"NO SE ASOMBRE NADIE"

Por Alexander Zeno

Al acercarme a mi casa noté que algo raro pasaba pues había un carro fúnebre estacionado frente a esta. Entré a mi casa y en la misma habían como cuarenta personas que se disponían a salir siguiendo una caja de muertos que era cargada por los empleados de la funeraria.

Entre los concurrentes alcancé a ver a mi esposa María la cual lloraba copiosamente. "María, que ha pasado", le grité, pero María no alcanzó a oírme. Pusieron la caja de muertos en el carro fúnebre y éste partió a poca velocidad hacia la iglesia del pueblo. El grupo de personas lo siguió a pie. Yo, que

por supuesto quería saber que pasaba, los seguí a pie mientras me preguntaba a mi mismo por qué todos actuaban tan raro.

Llegamos a la iglesia del pueblo y el féretro fue metido dentro de esta por los empleados de la funeraria. El cura bendijo al féretro con agua bendita mientras decía "...que Dios lo saque de pena y lo lleve a descansar...". Tan pronto el cura dijo esto el hijo de mi vecino Juan Cintrón, que estaba sentado junto a mi en uno de los últimos bancos de la iglesia, dijo a su amigo en voz baja "...que se joda que nadie lo mandó a cruzar". Al oír el comentario traté de corregir la irreverencia de los muchachos mirándolos y raspándome la

garganta pero estos, muchachos al fin, no parecieron hacerme mucho caso.

Se acabó el servicio en la iglesia, pusieron la caja nuevamente en el carro fúnebre y se encaminaron todos al campo santo. Cuando llegamos allí, ya el hoyo donde iba a ser depositada la caja estaba hecho. El cuchicheo de los presentes no me permitió oír bien que decía la persona que estaba despidiendo el duelo. Supuse que lo que éste estaba diciendo era que el difunto había sido una persona muy buena y que había pasado a mejor vida.

Después del duelo de despedida se procedió a depositar la caja en el hoyo. Mi esposa comen-

zó a gritar y a llorar. Se le tiró una rosa roja encima de la caja de muerto y se tapó el hoyo con tierra. Pusieron una cruz blanca al pie de la tumba y una placa en mármol con un mensaje esculpido.

Todos partieron. Mi esposa seguía llorando desconsoladamente junto a mis dos hijas que la llevaban agarrada de los brazos. Quise seguir a mi esposa y a mis dos hijas pero aproveché el hecho que todos se habían ido para acercarme a la tumba y leer la placa. El Salmo 23 (Jehová es mi pastor, nada me faltará,...), estaba inscrito en la misma, y, para sorpresa de nadie, mi nombre también estaba allí.

GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE

It was one of those days when the sun sat over the mountains tops and the moon began to open her eyes. It was a simple day, like any other day. I saw my grandfather sitting as he did every day on the front porch of our little wooden house looking into space without really seeing anything, with his hands resting upon his lap. He was wearing his old hat that was already ripped at the rims and it seemed old as the tree that sat at the front of the house and that saw me be born. He was an old man but had a young heart; he said he was too old but he didn't know that every word he shared with anybody that cared to listen held such an immortal meaning that he never aged.

My grandfather, wise, silently living, could only smile whenever he saw me come up to him making the usual noise with my toys made of wood and my small and dirty doll dressed in rags and pieces of cloth that my mother didn't have any use

for. I would jump to the porch in front of his rocking chair where he always sat, and there I would sit laughing and joking, waiting for him to bring me down and set me in his lap. I would look at him and would ask him why his hair was getting white, or why the sun escaped behind the mountains or why I could not reach the top of the trees. He would smile and kiss me and then he would tell me beautiful stories and legends, of old songs, of fantasy and of innocent loves. I would stare at him in ecstasy and I would then be carried away to other worlds; we would travel without time, until my mother would come home from her everyday labors in the "Gran Hacienda" of Don Melchor, the man that owned the beautiful house at the top of the hill. I never liked seeing my mother with that always languid look in her eyes, and the weight of her thoughts showing in the marked lines in her

forehead. She would exclaim "Stop that nonsense and come inside the house, dinner will be ready soon!" The ending of the day darkened everything around us and grandfather would then end the story of the day with a beautiful and happy ending.

I started school and started to have more diverse interests, so I wouldn't have time to sit with grandfather anymore, but he would still sit there in his rocking chair to watch the death of each day and the escape of the sun behind the far mountains, and also to wait for me.

One day I decided to leave my wooden house, my working mother and my wise grandfather to discover and conquer new lands. I was young and had all my energy and hopes in premature dreams of a future behing those mountains. I wanted to see the world and learn what wasn't taught to me; what was hidden behing the leaves and the green trees.

The afternoon was dying and like always grandfather was in the front porch sitting in his rocking chair. I went up to him but could not sit in his lap anymore. He smiled and it was then that I noticed his white and gray hair, the lines that marked his face, the strength of his eyes and his powerful (even thought old) hands. I asked him if he wouldn't tell me another story then, and he said: "Fantasy never ends as there is no time or space. Love joins very near, mine and your personal strength. Never teach others what you haven't learn yourself; wisdom doesn't come in money or down with rain. Dream to be a bridge and never lose your roots; no matter how much water runs people will be able to count on you. Whenever you go into a new city keep in mind that the people that you'll find will be just as you think they are. Be careful

NEWS IN L.A.

South and Central America have faced the punitive strength of Mother Nature when tragedies like earthquakes and floodings have covered nations with despair. First it was the earthquake in Ciudad de Mexico, the capital city of Mexico, that left numerous wounded, homeless and dead. Again, in El Salvador another earthquake that took place in San Salvador, the capital city, ended in human suffering and fatal damages in material terms and in human lives. Lesser tremblings followed these two, in Guatemala, Nicaragua and the west of Honduras that alarmed the populations.

Nature hit again, but this time in Ecuador, when on Thursday, the 5th of March, it suffered from two strong earthquakes that followed one another, and by lesser tremblings that added to more than 700. The two strong earthquakes were responsible for the floods and avalanches that swept away villages, cut transportation and communication links, and destro-

yed a great portion of the oil pipeline that transported Ecuador's petroleum.

The quakes obtained up to 6 and 6.8 degrees in the scale of Mercalli, but the earth kept trembling afterwards in movements that newspapers reported reached the south of Colombia and the north of Peru by the Andean Geophysical Institute (Instituto Geofísico de los Andes), and in Chile at least six tremblings brought alarm in the coastal city of Antofagasta.

As local newspapers reported, this was Ecuador's worst catastrophe being that more than 90,000 people were affected in the four provinces where 150 thousand houses were lost and destroyed. Also the destruction of 50 kilometers of the main oil pipeline which will be reconstructed only after four more months to a \$300 million cost, resulted in an inability to pay the external debt that amounts to 8,159 million dollars. Ecuador had to pay this year 1,301

million dollars for interests on loans of capital.

The official numbers of the real lost in human lives is not yet fixed, however, it is said to have mounted to two thousand. Ecuador is facing the destruction of its cities and has not yet been helped by the amount that it needs. International help is not great and Ecuador will have to fight hard to raise itself and recuperate from this tragedy.

Then, on March 9th, a gigantic flood that swept numerous villages, brought an amount of 300 houses destroyed and 3,000 people affected in Lima, Perú. The responsible force behind it was the Rimac River, by the brook of Santa Eulalia, 60 kilometers to the east of Lima. The river created torrents of mud and water with stones between 5 and 6 meters long that crashed down whole populations and entombed people down its heavy mass.

The population of San Antonio de Pedregal in

the district of Chosica, 48 kilometers away from Lima, practically disappeared under the crushing flood that fell upon it. However, between Chosica and Lima, the river that divides Lima, and flows down to the Pacific by the Port of Callao, also affected other populations and even some districts of the capital city.

The tragedies in Ecuador and Peru, added to the ones in Mexico and El Salvador, should get our complete attention. Even though the American media has not tracked down on the development of these nations after what happened, we must not do the same. People have been left homeless and without many of their dear relatives. We should never forget the dead and the destruction resulting from these occurrences. As Latin Americans we should in brotherhood walk, share and be present with these people in their hour of pain and lost.



MOVEMENTS...

like a Gothic tower in the middle of the desert. Unfortunately, though, I had to climb it if I wanted to continue my trip, so I applied full power to my vehicle, and with some struggle [after five years], I finally made it to the top.

It was here that I met with terror; for having reached the top, after many years of climbing, I found myself amongst several thousand people who had climbed the mountain like myself. The problem was that for some reason or other, everyone there seemed to have gone mad. And as I stepped out of my vehicle I was quickly surrounded by thousands upon thousands of these

people: screaming and laughing hysterically. What kind of world have I discovered?, I wondered. Why were they laughing? Were they laughing at me? What were all this people doing here? All these questions went through my mind in a flash, and so I asked them to explain why they were laughing. Had they all gone insane? "I don't understand," I said, but the more I spoke the more they laughed. And then finally someone came forward and said, "You see, sir, the problem is that once you get up here, you can never come down again. The mountain is just too steep for that."

My first reaction was to disbelieve him, so I

immediately ran to the edge of the mountain... only to find that as the man had said, there was absolutely no way of going down again. But I had to continue my trip, I thought, I

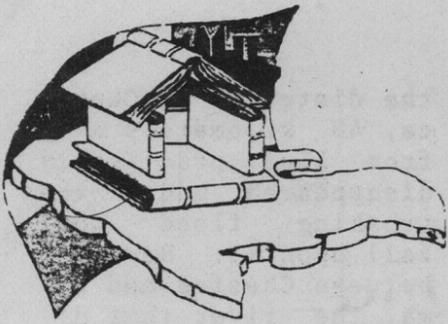
just had to. And in the midst of this horror, I screamed like no other man had ever screamed before...trying to wake up from my nightmare.

MACONDO

INVITATION

MACONDO THE LATIN NEWSPAPER
WILL BE HOLDING A MEETING ON
THURSDAY 2nd, IN THE UNION AT
THE NON-SMOKER'S LOUNGE. WE
WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU THERE!!
PARTICIPATE!!!!

Casa Cultural Dominicana



Por Juan A. Jiménez

La directiva de la Casa Cultural Dominicana inauguró este pasado 8 de marzo su nuevo local situado en el 2410 Amsterdam Avenue (entre las calles 179 y 180) en Manhattan. Asistieron a la inauguración varios personajes distinguidos de la comunidad "new kina" tales como el L. Rafael Censi6n, vice c6nsul dominicano, Dr. Rafael Lantigua, Dr. Almonte y otros. La ceremonia estuvo coordinada por el brillante locutor dominicano Ram6n Anibal.

En palabras de Nasar

Michel6n, presidente de la Casa, "la Casa Cultural Dominicana fue fundada el 20 de abril de 1985 con el prop6sito de llevar nuestra cultura a todos los residentes de la ciudad de Nueva York y areas vecinas y para luchar por nuestros derechos civiles tales como el derecho al voto."

"Tambi6n vamos a luchar, agreg6 el Dr. Michel6n, "para que el gobierno dominicano establezca una comitiva para que estudie la nueva ley imigratoria que entrar6 en vigencia el pr6ximo mayo y asi alivie la confusi6n existente en la comunidad dominicana."

La Casa Cultural tambi6n estar6 encargada de mantener informada a la comunidad dominicana sobre los 6ltimos acontecimientos en la Rep6blica Dominicana, "no con un tono pol6tico, sin6 desde un punto de vista cultural-informativo," anadi6 el presiden-

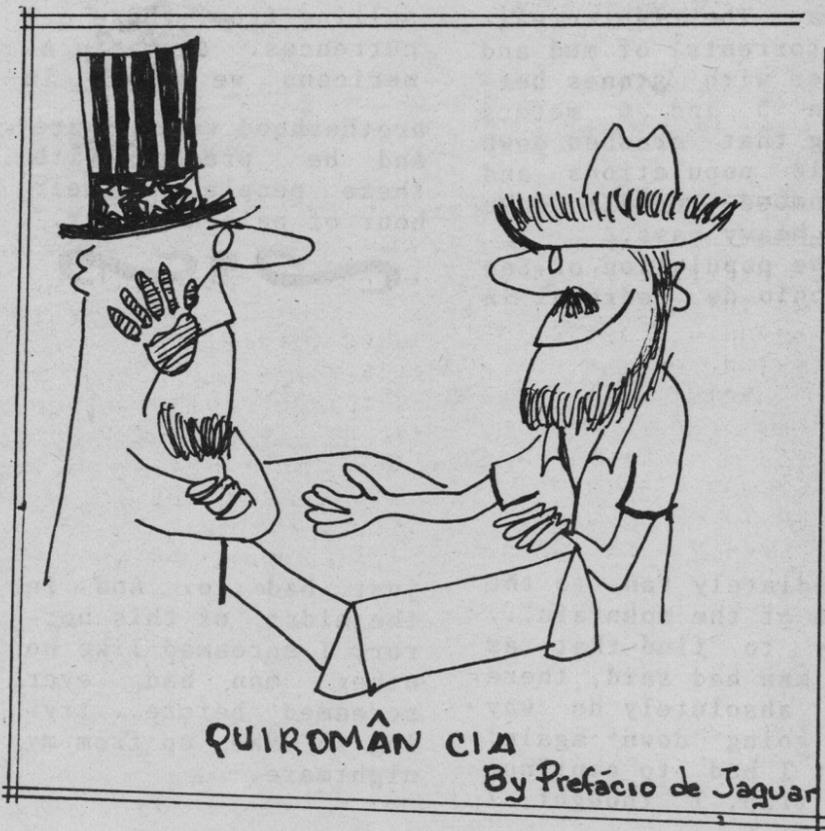
te de la Casa. El medio para transmitir la cultura dominicana

a los residentes de Nueva York ser6 a trav6s de presentaciones teatrales, talleres de poes6a, ventas de libros y revistas por autores dominicanos y muchos eventos m6s. Actualmente la Casa Cultural est6 auspiciando un taller de poes6a "donde los participantes podr6n enriquecer sus conocimientos te6ricos y profundizar en algunos de los secretos que esconde el dif6cil oficio de la creaci6n po6tica," seg6n dice la circular puesta en marcha por los organizadores de este evento.

El Dr. Michel6n exhort6 a todas las organizaciones dominicanas e hispanas que comparten el objetivo com6n de ense6ar la cultura natal a que se unan a la asamblea de la Casa para que todos

juntos emprendan ese largo camino.

La directiva ser6 reemplazada por una nueva directiva que a la vez sera elegida a finales del corriente a6o por la asamblea. Para m6s informaci6n al respecto, llamar al tel6fono (212) 740-2223 o visitar el local de la Casa.



SUGGESTIONS??

IDEAS??

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Time is
running out...