BINTANG RUSADI

Indonesia Sings of Afro-Asia

featuring the translated works of

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"The earth and all its riches
Ave yours from this time onwards
The blazing sun in the colourless sky
Dissolves our sorrow in a wave of warmth
Its burning rays will help to dry forever
The flood of tears shed by our ancestors."

PATRICE LUMUMBA

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Aidit, D.N.

THE DEAD WILL LIVE ETERNALLY

For many years, I have not wept
not because my eyes are dry
or my heart is stiff with cold
but this time unawares
my head and heart could not endure
and my tears moistened the morning paper;
A black man white of heart
murdered by a white man whose heart is black
But is it not the murderer who has been killed?
Lumumba will live forever
Lumumba died to live eternally
Today this earth is not for the black white man
but for all
white, yellow, brown, black
Now the air is filled with Lumumba
for Lumumba stands for freedom

Anantaguna, S.
JAMILA

The world did once inflict a wound
but understanding rose from within

One touch of light in the soldier's breast
and willilingly she accepted death
for she herself is the world and holds life in her hands
for she herself is the native land and the fruit of love

Another touch came down at dawn
and she defended all her dreams

The world has inflicted a wound
but consciousness was conceived within its womb

One draw of breath in the soldier's breast
and she did profess herself
slowly but without complaint
for she herself is time and the blaze in the Sahara
for she herself is liberty and free in imagination

Another draw as night did fall
and away she flung the world full of wrath

The world has inflicted a wound
but she herself is the world and holds life in her hands

Apin, Rivai

PEKING

I

Do not say that the night it as hard as granite
Since here in China not a stone is left unworked by the people
Here nature is like marble
Everything is carved and polished by the hands of working people building culture.

II

The cruel Peking wind has no equal
The nights are heavy with dust yet from bustling cracks
The rumble of mountain rocks being split booms forth
In the night in the night the whirl wind gathers strength
And still people are at work tempering the steel
From the stones split in the night is born the morning twinkling
And the fountain of sparks forged by the blows of the smith
Are the stars in the sky, the medals of the workers.

Ashar, M. S.

TO UNCLE HO CHI MINH

We bid you welcome, uncle Ho
Although we always meet

Are not you, uncle Ho
a tale of the mighty jungle and of fragrant flowers
each bud that falls infusing a thousand energies
into those that bloom?

And didn't the sun once refuse to set in your country
and dusk did not descend:
a new road for the new man?

Ah, we too have our tale of sun and jungle
kissing and hiding the bodies slain
mending the torn threads of history
with sweat and love together

And we who still stand erect
we too are just emerging from the mud
Strength on the right, hope on the left
clearing a new road for the new

A friend will soon pass by
With a beating heart that stores memories
And blood that gushes forth
the same, same ideals

We bid you farewell, uncle Ho
Although we never part.

Bandaharo, Hr.

AFTER PANMUNJOM

to Major Yoon Gil

After Panmunjom
everything maimed
except ideology
the imperialists vented their malice
on things and innocent people
everywhere destruction
everything in ruins
corpses of partisans piled up
and no two stones standing
after Panmunjom
nothing has been steeled more
than the people

ideology unmaimed
people steeled
that's a giant creator
Korea stands gloriously erect
on the red soil

Tjung, Benni
PARTNERSHIP

to Mario d'Andrade

I too am called upon—angola
urges each niche of feeling to open up
I can't sit down with folded hands

when people are deprived of independence
what then is left, oh contemporaries?
I dare not look at the faces
of those still young

angola
because these ranks are not alone
I raise this partnership:
Solidarity for you.

Bedjo, Kr.

GREETINGS FROM A FRIEND

to the patriotic sons of the Congo

greetings to you, beloved friends
best sons who break asunder the chains that bind you
the doomed, the exploiters and oppressors, have run
but now a don juan parades the street wooing you
a beautiful girl just freed from bondage
advancing courageously along your chosen path

greetings to you, beloved friends
best sons who break asunder the chains that bind you
stride on! and if, as happens, a traitor sneaks in
to the patriotic ranks right up to the very front line,
    cast him out!
I believe in your strong body, I firmly belief
that your hand will surely grip the radiant day

I lift my hands high
in ardent salute for you, beloved friends
from my honest heart on top of the lighthouse illuming
    the thousands islands

Kuntjahjo, S.W.

DAWN OVER PALAM

to M. Achuttan and S. Mukkerjee

A swarm of crows flies over Palam
but not as a sign of mourning
in the east a crimson red floods the earth with light
and the full moon lingers in the sky

US Airforce planes rise arrogantly into the sky
in the bars the officers loaf
but here, the Aeroflot stands splendidly
bringing Bernal and Nazeeha with peace in every heart.

Njoto
HAIKU VARIATIONS

to Yoko

I

Flowers on the aerodrome
hearts beat in union
two fighters embrace

II

Fuji and Kenji
nature is there to be harnessed
man to be won

III

The Uji flows
Senji's spirit marches on
relentlessly

IV

Chimneys without smoke
the soil is hot
the spirit is hot

V

Triumph of mankin
waves that roll o'er the roof
when will the people be master

VI

Simosiki
soldiers departed smiling
returning ghastly pake

VII

Hiroshima
atrocities unbridled
turned to boundless struggles

VII

On the right tidal waves
on the left the beaches
the train is heading for Sendayaya

IX

Thank you
domo arigato
half my heart I leave behind

Risakotta, F.L.

YESTERDAY DAN TODAY

to the Arab people

yesterday a peasant
a soldier without rank today
he lies prostrate in Beirut
the tale still shakes the earth

with trampling steps the colonialists swallow cities
everything withers and lies scorched

no time to gaze at sweetheart and parents
where will sorrow go
where
the enemy steps in front

yesterday a peasant
a common soldier today
he lies prostrate in Beirut
facing victory in his heart

over the dust of the roads
heavy steps resound
the Arab patriots enter town
their voices echo in the hearts
arise ye Arab patriots
the age of victory is right ahead

yesterday a peasant
a soldier true today

in Beirut he was slain
in Beirut he will live again

Situmorang, Sitor.

ASIAN-AFRICAN SOLIDARITY

It is a law of human society
To meet and talk together
Since solidarity
Is the breath we breathe

It is a law of life
To work and eat together
Since the rice and bread we share
Is indispensible to friendship

To work together, eat together
(water is the bread we drink)
Is the law of laws
The sphere of liberated people

It is a law of human society
To build and build
Friendship of all continents
Freedom for each, nation

This is the harmony of all harmony
The oppressed people of Asia and Africa

Sudisman

THE STRUGGLE OF EREVAN

Erevan the heart of Armenia
has barren mountains rising high
the snowy cap of Mount Ararat white as foam
melts and flows to the Soviet-Turkish border
For centuries Lake Sewan in did in trout abound
and silently she saw oppresion
lovely Armenia lay stiff and cold
her bones covered with dried-up skin
crawling up in resistance
the struggle of Ajastan, of Erevan

On November twenty-nine in the twenties
Erevan's struggle found its throne
red silk fluttered
changing humiliation into shining faces
the barren hills bear iron ore
densely rise the electric poles
and Ararat's wines refreshes the thirsty

Lake Sewan bends it clear water down for coal
The glittering gold sens beams
Electric light the child of times
the fruit of love Erevan's struggle

Erevan has become young again
the twitter of the swallows resound
accompanied by native tones

Come, clap your hands and dance and sing
Erevan's struggle glows fiery red
triumphant now and tomorrow
human fingers are subjugating nature
gone forever lamentations, laughter was born
gone forever privations, nirwana was born
Erevan's struggle rejoices happiness