

# IZIBONGO

Celebrating Art in Africa and the Diaspora

Issue 91 - 2018



Poem

for

Marcel Pinas

Natty Mark Samuels

# Editorial

From the country whose capital is Paramaribo, the featured artist is one of my two heroes from there; the other is the journalist and activist Anton de Kom, who died in a Nazi concentration camp.

I think of this creative spirit as the advocate for all the maroon communities; from the southern states of North America, to the northern tip of South America.

He uses the Afaka script of his people in his creativity, as the Senegalese artist Yelimane Fall uses the Arabic script in his.

Blessed with vision and the passion and energy to implement it, here is a quote from **Framer Framed**, based in Amsterdam...

*In 2010 he founded the **Tembe Art Studio** to share his experience and knowledge with the Surinamese community, starting in Moengo, in his birth district Marowijne, followed by the opening of the **Contemporary Art Museum Moengo (Camm)** in July 2011. In this way Pinas wants to motivate and stimulate especially the youth, to develop their talents. In 2011 his monograph *Marcel Pinas, Artist more than an artist* was published by Jap Sam Books.*

From Suriname, one of the great cultural activists and art educators of our time, I am happy to present to you, MARCEL PINAS.

**Editor – Natty Mark Samuels – [africanschool.weebly.com](http://africanschool.weebly.com) – An African School Production**

**Cover painting - Holi Taanga - from Marcel Pinas**

**Paintings©Marcel Pinas**

**Poem for Marcel Pinas©Natty Mark Samuels, 2018.**



**from Pinterest**

<https://reggaediscography.blogspot.co.uk/2018/01/izibongo-magazine-2018.html>

<http://rastaites.com/>



from YouTube

# Marcel

# Pinas

born March 1971

Marowijne district, SURINAM.



**Tembe Anga Kibiiman 1** - from *Marcel Pinas*



**Piken Nenge Pee** - from *Marcel Pinas*

# Poem for Marcel Pinas

to the Surinamese artist and educator Marcel Pinas, of the Ndjuku Maroon community

He could no longer stay,  
He knew he had to go.  
I will speak of Gasper Yanga,  
When you talk of Mexico.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Suriname,  
And your sister in Jamaica.

The enslaved ones know for sure,  
That they have paid their dues.  
A time for mountains then,  
Away from Veracruz.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Trinidad,  
And your sister in Columbia.

Plantation couldn't hold you,  
Off to the hills called Cordoba.  
Settlement of others who ran,  
Calling you the Liberator.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Guadeloupe,  
And your sister in Antigua.

Mountains of the Olmec,  
Home of the ancient citizen.  
The natives of Mexico,  
Who venerated a Dragon.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Honduras,  
And your sister in Guatemala.

It was called New Spain then,  
Under Luis de Velasco.  
Some say you came from Gabon,  
Others say Ghana or Congo.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Haiti,  
And your sister in Nicaragua.

You grew sweet potatoes and cotton,  
As well as sugar cane.  
Like any other farmer,  
Happy for the sun and rain.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in St. Vincent  
And your sister in Dominica.

You raided the caravans,  
To help sustain your community.  
When they came with firearms,  
You countered with bow and machete

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Martinique,  
Your sister in Carolina.

They dismissed your offer of peace,  
Onward came the Spanish soldier.  
Ready to defend what you'd built,  
With Francisco de la Matosa.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Brazil,  
And your sister in French Guiana.

Many losses on both sides,  
The blood of Rio Blanco.  
But you held your corner,  
As the viceroy came to know.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Belize,  
And your sister in Georgia.

One day I'll sit there,  
In the town that bears your name.  
They called you *cimarron*,  
Like the others they couldn't "tame".

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Barbados  
And your sister in Florida.

To the town called Yanga,  
Home of the National Hero.  
To sit and ponder freedom's river,  
And the source of its flow.

Run Yanga run;  
As your brother in Cuba,  
And your sister in Louisiana.

**Natty Mark Samuels**



**Afaka Buka 6**

**from Marcel Pinas**