



Don't you dare to complain!

talking about freedom of speech

By **Camilo Pabón Almanza** (Universidad Externado de Colombia, Law Faculty)

What would become of the present world if people could not make observations about topics like politics, politicians, religion, economy... Wait; that's the world we live in!!!

Do Muslims allow a boy to name his bear Mohammed? Is everybody completely sure that his phone or e-mail isn't being monitored?

Far from fantasy and from so-called "conspiracy theories", the fight for freedom of speech hasn't reached its optimum point at all (and we're actually not even remotely close to it).

In a recent news story from Burma, Mr. Ohn Than was life-sentenced for complaining about the high oil prices. They had actually risen 500% (not so far from the rest of the world's gasoline prices). 40 more people have also been condemned for participating in protests that are critical of the actual regime in some way.

This behaviour is described in their Criminal Code (art. 164) as destabilising the government.

Should we, as Colombians, be happy or at least satisfied with the *respect for protests* policy and culture? Did you participate in at least one of the last three massive protests (against *FARC*, *Paramilitares*...)?

The road is long, but at least we don't get a life sentence for opposing the government or for opposing illegal groups.

Welcome to the second issue of INK, the Externado university's English magazine.

The response to the first issue has been really great, and we hope that you enjoy this second issue just as much. Thank you to everyone who has helped or contributed, and remember that contributions for future issues are always welcome.

Phil Stoneman
INK coordinator
figri.idiomas@uexternado.edu.co

Editorial team
Phil Stoneman
Jill Fortune
Maite Mariño
Max Bevis

Contributors

Juliana Carillo * Nelson Ballen * Paula Andrea Castañeda Aldana * Camila Eraso * Cielo Adriana Fierro * Juliana Gonzalez Santacruz * Margarita Gonzalez * Fernando Mejia * Andrea Oviedo * Camilo Pabón Almanza * Hugo Parra * Daniel Patiño * Marcela Peña * Camilo Quiñones * Laura Reyes * Sebastián Ramírez Guevara * Paul Von Leopold

My culture



not drugs

By Camilo Quinónes Ríos

I remember when, speaking with university friends, I said that I loved electronic music and their response was, “so you love drugs”. It is sad to know that something that is my passion is only identified by its dark side; only by the bad things about it. I love after-parties, when a DJ is playing and mixing sounds that break my soul with a rapture felt thanks to the music (without consuming any drugs) and also when I feel fulfilled, playing and mixing songs – the biggest delight after women!

I cannot say that people like to stay in electronic parties consuming drugs to feel the music better, or to be there all night dancing, or maybe to feel something that they can only get with drugs and electronic music. But I'm talking in the name of people like me, who just love electro, house, progressive, pop, dance, tribal, techno or whatever else of these perfect and divine genres, and never think about consuming any drugs, because with the music that is enough to reach the sky.

In the Middle of the Night

By Juliana Castillo & Laura Cristina Reyes M.

In the middle of the night
I was walking down the street
I saw the reflection of your eyes
In the moon and the sea.

I could feel your soul
The beat of your heart
In the strong way that makes me
Feel you by my side

Your beauty is always on my mind,
I can't stop thinking about you
Although I try,
Your face and body are reflected
In the moon and the sea

Being without you makes
My days, my nights
Longer than usual

In the middle of the night
I talk to the moon
Asking aloud
Why you aren't by my side

Music

By Daniel Patiño & Camila Eraso

Music is the voice of the heart
Music is the inspiration of the soul
Music is the communication of feelings
Music is our culture
Music is life.

When I listen to my song
I feel I'm in a storm
Because you are not long

When I listen to my song
I feel another world
Because there are no words

You left me behind
There is no other choice
Than to sing to your kind
That was your choice

9 April 1948

By Hugo Parra

Brothers and sisters of my country!
Today, our hearts are broken...
Our minds can't understand
Why our greatest leader
Was killed by the hands
Of an animal beast.

Sixty years later,
We demand justice
Our grandparents haven't
forgotten this episode.
Their faces express sadness
And their souls are dirtied
by the blood and violence of the past.

This death awoke the rage of the people
And showed, for the first time,
A feeling of solidarity,
A feeling of guilt that ends
In the "Bogotazo".

Andrew fired my imagination: how rock and roll changed the world

By Paula Andrea Castañeda Aldana

I was very sad. Maybe as sad as a mother in a long line waiting for some orange juice in the rationing in England during the second war. Or a girl listening to war bands on the radio during the German bombing, or a young American soldier in the Vietnam war walking to a certain death across the jungle. Our sadness is because of the desolate landscape, losing the hope that leaves us alone with reality.

“Rock and roll was the soundtrack to the war” said Andrew Loog Oldham when he attempted to explain how the Rolling Stones repaired the broken wings, with the powerful voice of Mick Jagger, the mystical guitar of Keith Richards, the penetrating bass of Bill Wyman and the incredible drumming of Charlie Watts. That day I understood that rock and roll is the soundtrack to my life too, the music that goes with the war that my spirit fights with itself.

Andrew said that he didn't create anything new, he only took the sorrow in the faces, the dissent in the souls, and the great desire for freedom that the young people had and worked with it. But he was extremely modest; he didn't recognize that his music saved many spirits from falling into the deep pit of despair, and still continues doing it.

That a man with white hair and big boots who appeared to be an average person and then later in the conference described himself as a hustler can teach us a lesson about how anyone can change the world, makes the difference within a society accustomed to eliminate diversity and afraid to enjoy it. He spoke about the strong conservative values in English society in the postwar period that made life gray and uniform.

He has made us look inside ourselves and see our hearts are black. Though he doesn't consider being a manager as work, and maybe this was the key to his success, possibly if he had taken his life so seriously, as his mother suggested to him, his profession wouldn't have had the irreverence and now many people couldn't get no satisfaction because they wouldn't have anything to fire their imaginations. However, he put his soul into this project, in these five irreverent monkeys, as the press used to call them.

He made the creative inside them finally emerge.

Andrew proposed them to create a representation totally opposite to the Beatles. Although both groups had a marvelous relationship, even John Lennon and Paul McCartney give Andrew a song called "I want to be your man" for the group, it was their first hit in the radio. However, Andrew was conscious that the image wasn't the only thing that he liked to leave in people's minds. For this reason he enclosed the group in an apartment and forced them to create new songs by themselves. In this time they developed many of their more famous songs. This man did emerge from each one integrant of the group; the creative powerful inside them.

However, not everything was perfect. Andrew recognized that the rock and roll world is full of drugs and futility, and he finished his career with the Rolling Stones in 1967, when the entire group started to increase drug use, including him, and the relationships, especially with Jagger, started to go bad. But it is undeniable that his personal mark is forever in the image of the group, and in consequence in the minds of millions of people around the world who sing the songs that he produced. Maybe many people can ignore his name, as I did before I met him, but he is present in the indelible rock history.

Today Andrew is living in my country, Colombia. I imagine him, walking through Bogotá's streets with the grateful voices of us, the eternal fans of rock, silenced by his anonymity here. However that day, in the middle of my sadness I had the opportunity to thank him and I found the way to change the world, the key to pass from sadness to happiness when the world tries constantly to destroy your reason.



My name is Sara, I'm twenty years old

By **Laura Reyes**



I have been in this big city for five years.

My story began when paramilitaries entered my farm; well, it was not a big and nice farm like it sounds. It was just a small house in which my family had five cows and some hens that gave us food to survive. I had a normal and comforting way to live, before darkness arrived to our lives. I lived in a little town near a beautiful river; we had flowers, sunny days, few problems and so on. I did not worry about anything and I was used to living the way I did.

It was three when the doorbell rang one morning. It was a big and rude man who asked for money and for all the material things we had at home and also he said, "You have two days to leave this home". We were scared and we did not know what to do, but a solution was announced; we had to leave our land. It was a hard situation for my parents, my four brothers and I. I was frustrated to see what was happening. I sank into the sofa, felled by a punch that took me down and all my hopes with it. My positive feelings evaporated in a few minutes... our days and lives would change on the following day.

I awoke with a strange feeling of dissociation. On my back, in my bed, eyes wide open, I was looking down at myself. I was remembering all the nice things I had experienced in this beautiful place. We took a big bus that brought us to the capital. It was amazing; I hadn't imagined how different it would be from my town. First of all, the weather was a big problem; now we were facing freezing days that disturbed our health. My mom and my two small siblings became sick. We did not have anywhere to live, so for the first week we lived in the street. In the street people looked at me like a bad girl because I was dirty and my accent was pretty different from the people living here. Since the first day I began to search for a job, but it was impossible; this city is very big, it makes things harder. So, we lived for a week in the street; after that my father found a room located downtown and there we had to sleep together because we did not have enough money to rent more than one room.

After one month, my father found a job as a skilled worker, my mom stayed at home taking care of my small brothers; and me, I'm taking care of children in a public kindergarten. I'm well paid and I don't have problems with anybody. We are trying to survive and to succeed in our lives helping each other. We have to struggle every day of our lives to be positive and patient; be happy and always think about good things. Even when I was displaced I took it as an experience that taught me that life can change at any moment. Life does not have a price.

My mom's voice

By **Andrea Oviedo**

My memories went into a sack with me. Many of them were painful, although the only thing which was really inside my mind was my mom's voice; her voice, telling me not to forget her and her last kiss upon my head: full of hopes, fears and sadness. Why does the world spoil some and beat others? Does freedom exist when you are asked to leave everything you love? Although I left my life behind, I can still remember the smell of her kitchen and how she would call my sister and I to eat: "Girls, I have made bread with the corn you collected from the field." Those were the best words from my childhood. I can still remember the sunshine on my face in the morning and the birdsong that woke me up for so many years.

Everything changed when they –the guerrilla– arrived. Nobody knew why, until we became the people who fed them, who gave them food and money and that symbiotic relationship started managing everything around us. My mom, with both her humility and strength, ordered us to leave that land of slavery. With tears on her face, she saw us off and we left with the promise of being strong daughters, strong women.

Here, in a foreign land where my mom can't physically be, she is in all her teachings. She is telling us how to be strong, how not to lose our spirit, how to become what we want to be. When we arrived here, speechless –because of the language– and without help to find shelter or money, we heard our mom's voice again, telling us to be patient and to believe in what we do. Getting used to this place has not finished yet and even though my mom passed away a long time ago, we still hear her voice.



Tony Melendez

By Sebastian Ramírez Guevara

Tony Melendez had a difficult childhood. First of all, he was born without arms because his mother took a medicine while she was pregnant. When he grew up, he had to learn to do everything with his feet. In school, girls laughed and ran away from him. He learned to drive and he started to play the guitar and practiced for six hours a day. When he became an adult, he got married and adopted two children. The Catholic religion and God were always present in his life. Now he writes songs for God; it's admirable that he loves God in spite of being disabled.

One day his life changed forever. He played the guitar with his feet for Pope John Paul II. Since that day, people have recognized him. He says, "Since that day, I have felt that God sent me here to sing, to give hope." He also says, "all of you, who have arms, don't say 'I can't'; you can do much more than me. The world is waiting for you." And finally he says this; "some people ask me where miracles are, and I always say

['when I see your hands and
I see them going up,
for me it's a miracle']

He's giving us hope and strength to continue and not to give up because of the obstacles.

We can do many things and we can change the world completely, but sometimes we give up because of little obstacles. Seeing Tony doing all those things and becoming great is a great example, a model of life to us. Tony has got a beautiful family, a beautiful life; his physical disability was not an obstacle to being happy. As he says, "my soul wants to fly and my heart wants to sing and dance." And as I say, "life without obstacles wouldn't make sense and we will always learn something from them." Probably if we were like Tony, this world would be different and we would all be happy without suffering because of stupid things.

Goodbye, Kurt Cobain

By **Marcela Peña**

Kurt Cobain left this world when he was twenty seven with a heroin overdose and a shot in his mouth after a successful music career and a failed life.

The vocalist and leader of legendary rock band Nirvana finished his days becoming one of the great music idols, a rock star, a man who was amongst the best in the world. Kurt Cobain sold the band's CDs - In Utero, Incesticide, Nevermind and Bleach - but he wasn't happy. He said, "glory is the worst thing that has happened to me. There is nothing more terrible than a group of excited people who fall on you and talk to you as if you were a son of a bitch".



Behind the scenes, Kurt Poupon (his real name) had a dark life like his songs. His parents divorced when he was seven, his mother married a paranoid and schizophrenic man that hurt her, he lived at different times in different houses and during some time he had to live under a bridge. That he was a drug addict isn't a surprise, nor that he was an introverted man, but his death was incredible.

Somebody found his body next to a gun and a note three days after he had died in a greenhouse; this note was, apparently, for his fans. Many people have different ideas about what happened; some believe that it was a suicide, others believe that it was a crime. The note was a goodbye to the music world and Seattle, but no-one knows if he wanted to say goodbye to the world; we would have to ask him to know the truth.

Peace, love and empathy, Kurt Cobain (these were the final words of his "suicide" note).

Near the Externado

By Juliana Gonzalez Santacruz, Cielo Adriana Fierro and Fernando Mejia

The Externado is located in La Candelaria, the historical and cultural heart of Bogota where you can find all the things that you can imagine, mixing the past, present and future of our country the best way.

La Candelaria offers different places where students and teachers can move away from books and studying. For example, you can go to “Candelario Quevedo”, or “Enboga”; these places are very near to the Externado and they offer excellent food and liquors, or you can go to “Escobar y Rosas”, the best place for dancing.

One of the most important places is the Chorro de Quevedo square, not just because of the entertainment places but because of its history. It’s located in calle 13 with carrera 2, right in the centre of Bogota where many students walk around, listening to music, gossiping and other things.

Every Friday in the Chorro de Quevedo, some bohemian characters get together; poets, crazy people. They cause us to go back in time, to that time of minstrels when paper didn’t exist and writing wasn’t important, when the only thing that was important was the oral tradition. The minstrels of the Chorro, also known as “cuenteros”, move us to nonexistent places with their fantastic stories full of magic, living incredible tales invented by their imaginations.

Lots of people gather around these story tellers, ready to listen and to travel without moving from their seats, paying with a few coins for the work of these characters that seem more like magicians than minstrels - magicians of words. Everyone laughs and is captivated; in this way, they spend a pleasant time with their friends.

For that reason today we want you, instead of spending your money on alcohol every Friday, to go to give a smile to the wind, that smile that this country needs so much and that the cuenteros can give in exchange for some coins that will surely empty your pockets less than having a beer near the university. They are not only there on Fridays, but also Thursdays and Saturdays, always or almost always at night. We’ll see each other then in “La Plaza del Chorro”, traveling between the letters.



A City Tour

SIC

By Paul Von Leopold
www.letrassemiautomaticas.blogspot.com
otrasinquisiciones@hotmail.com

SIC: “It comes from the Latin ‘sic’ meaning ‘like’ or ‘as’. Usually it is written in quotations to indicate that a mistake is like that in the original”. Adam Taussik, London



Celdas Dificiles (Difficult Cells). Xul Solar



Calle del Sol (Sun Street) - Sic

In Bogotá, a city of numbered streets, some streets do have names; one will even come across one street with two names and one name with two streets. In this small contribution we shall talk of this last case: the Calle del Sol (Sun Street).

Three blocks down from the Externado University, the intersection of the 12th street (calle) and 3rd avenue (carrera) conceals the “Sun Street” residential complex, home to the SIC (Servicio de Inteligencia Colombiano, Colombian Intelligence Service) during the fifties. The SIC was a place of torture and extra-legal murders during, at least, the period known as the “Second Regeneration” or “Civil and Military Dictatorship”, between 1946 and 1958, under Mariano Ospina Pérez, Laureano Gómez and General Gustavo Rojas’s conservative governments. Thus, the SIC is significant not only from an architectural point of view – originally a Montfortian monastery, it is of an imposing gothic style – but also for the use it was given subsequently.

In spite of everything, the Sun Street of the Zona Rosa (a fancy, fashionable and quite tedious zone of the city) is much better known than the former. Maybe now that the Candelaria has been named “C Zone”, a novel may come forth to bring into the light the old and new shadows that roam its desolate alleyways...

My Lovely Double Bacon Cheeseburger!

By Margarita Gonzalez & Nelson Ballen



Oh, double bacon cheesy burger,
What would my life be without you?
When I'm sad,
When I'm happy
When I'm all alone,
All I want is a
Double cheesy burger, so!

You're just the perfect match,
The bacon with the tomato sauce,
And the cheese melted all over the meat
Makes my mouth water

In your former times,
You were a cow, a pig, flour,
And even more.
But now you're more than that,
You're perfect,
You're from heaven.

Even though people just see
How fat you are
They don't see what really matters
...Your flavour!!!



Remember that the FIGRI English Area's film club has a variety of screenings during each semester; films that have been shown so far have included Napoleon Dynamite, This is England and Super Size Me.

Information about the film club, as well as other events and activities within the English Area, can be found on our website:

www.uexternado.edu.co/englishlink

www.uexternado.edu.co