

CLÁSICOS DE LA MIGRACIÓN DOMINICANA

# **GARVEYISMO Y RACISMO EN EL CARIBE:**

El caso de la población cocola  
en la República Dominicana

Humberto García Muñiz  
Jorge L. Giovannetti-Torres



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Gazcue, Santo Domingo, D. N.

República Dominicana

Tel.: +1809-412-0666

Correo electrónico: info@inm.gob.do

Sitio web: www.inm.gob.do

**Banco de Reservas de la República Dominicana**

Av. Winston Churchill, esq. Porfirio Herrera, Piantini

Tel.: +1 809-960-4100

Correo electrónico: contacto@banreservas.com

Sitio web: www.banreservas.com

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## ABREVIATURAS UTILIZADAS

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RG 59	General Records of the Departamento of State
PRO	Public Record Office
FO	Foreign Office Papers



# PRESENTACIÓN

**Desde su constitución** histórica como comunidad nacional y sobre todo como comunidad de cultura, las migraciones han ocupado un papel articulador en la trayectoria histórica dominicana. En sus orígenes el Santo Domingo colonial se expande en virtud de oleadas migratorias españolas y africanas, tras el comercio de esclavos hacia el Caribe en el siglo XVI. Definida la sociedad propiamente dominicana a finales del siglo XVIII y en el inicio de la modernidad en la segunda mitad del XIX y en el XX, las migraciones acrisolaron procesos que enriquecieron la personalidad cultural de la nación dominicana.

Españoles, judíos, norteamericanos, chinos, japoneses, haitianos, árabes, turcos, italianos, venezolanos, puertorriqueños y alemanes, por solo referir las nacionalidades más importantes, enriquecieron la vida nacional.

Conscientes de la importancia que tiene para el país el fenómeno migratorio, el Instituto Nacional de Migración de la República Dominicana (INM RD) y el Banco de Reservas (Banreservas) han articulado esfuerzos e impulsado un proyecto editorial tras el cual se persigue ofrecer a los lectores dominicanos y, en general, a los estudiosos del fenómeno migratorio, un conjunto de estudios fundamentales para el conocimiento del papel de las migraciones internacionales en la historia del pueblo dominicano.

La colección Clásicos de la Migración Dominicana ofrece al lector estudios de alta calidad académica donde se puede apreciar el fenóme-

no migratorio en su diversidad de orígenes nacionales y culturales, en la multiplicidad de orientaciones de los flujos de inmigración y emigración y los diversos problemas envueltos en este proceso, como es el caso de los propios del mercado laboral, el plantacionismo azucarero, la dinámica de la emigración y el surgimiento y evolución de la diáspora dominicana, la dinámica de inclusión/exclusión, las transformaciones culturales, entre otros asuntos cruciales.

Esta colección inicia con la publicación de nueve volúmenes de respetados autores nacionales y extranjeros escogidos entre las obras más representativas sobre este tema en los últimos cincuenta años: *Colonización y política: Los japoneses y otros inmigrantes en la República Dominicana* de Valentina Peguero; *De Baní a Boston: Construyendo comunidad a través de fronteras* de Peggy Levitt; *Entre dos islas. La migración internacional dominicana* de Sherri Grasmuck y Patricia R. Pessar; *Migración internacional y economía cafetalera. Estudio sobre la migración estacional de trabajadores haitianos a la cosecha cafetalera en República Dominicana* de Wilfredo Lozano y Franc Báez; *Braceros haitianos en la República Dominicana* de Franc Báez; *La política de inmigración del dictador Trujillo. Estudio sobre la creación de una imagen humanitaria* de C. Harvey Gardiner; *La inmigración española a República Dominicana* de Juan Manuel Romero Valiente, y este de Humberto García Muñoz y Jorge L. Giovannetti-Torres titulado *Garveyismo y racismo en el Caribe: El caso de la población cocola en la República Dominicana*.

En sus ochenta años de existencia, el Banco de Reservas se ha caracterizado por su serio compromiso con la cultura y resulta notable, especialmente, su labor editorial, la cual ha permitido dotar al pueblo dominicano de importantes obras de autores nacionales. En esta ocasión, se une al Instituto Nacional de Migración –como ha hecho a lo largo de estos años con prestigiosas instituciones gubernamentales de diferentes ámbitos– para rescatar textos clásicos sobre el tema migratorio, algunos de ellos publicados por el Banco de Reservas en su primera edición.

Ambas instituciones coinciden en el propósito de rescatar y divulgar estos relevantes estudios que apoyarán a la formación de jóvenes investigadores y el fortalecimiento de las ciencias sociales en el país y fomentarán estudios comparados sobre las principales comunidades de inmigrantes radicadas en República Dominicana, así como la de dominicanos residentes en otros países y su evolución e impacto en la vida nacional.

Esta colección permitirá apreciar la complejidad y riqueza del fenómeno migratorio, sus momentos culturales y contribuciones sociales y económicas más significativas, su trayectoria histórica en suelo dominicano y, sobre todo, fortalecerá la formación cultural de nuestro pueblo, propósito final de este empeño conjunto.

El Banco de Reservas y el Instituto Nacional de Migración aspiran, con esta colección de libros clásicos, a realizar una modesta contribución al conocimiento de nuestra historia contemporánea en ese fascinante capítulo de la construcción de la nación y la modernidad dominicana que son las migraciones.

SAMUEL PEREYRA ROJAS  
Administrador General  
Banco de Reservas  
de la República Dominicana

WILFREDO LOZANO  
Director Ejecutivo  
Instituto Nacional de Migración  
de la República Dominicana



## UNIA EN SAN PEDRO DE MACORÍS: WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

**A mediados de** la década del 70 del siglo XIX arrancó el desarrollo de la industria azucarera moderna en la República Dominicana. Un flujo de inmigración empresarial cubana, norteamericana, francesa, alemana, italiana y puertorriqueña, junto a algunos negociantes locales, se sumaron a la aventura. Haciendo provecho de tierras vírgenes de llanura abundantes irrigadas por un generoso sistema fluvial, facilidades fiscales brindadas por las autoridades y disponibilidad de mano de obra, así como de la cercanía del demandante mercado de Estados Unidos.

Cuba, la potencia azucarera antillana bajo dominio español al igual que Puerto Rico y primera exportadora mundial hasta 1870, era presa de la Guerra de los Diez Años (1868-1878), la primera de tres campañas en el último cuarto del siglo XIX en pro de su independencia. Este conflicto bélico y sus derivaciones perturbadoras en la región oriental de la «siempre fiel isla de Cuba» auspiciaron el traslado de capitales y personal técnico calificado hacia nuestro país en busca de oportunidades.

Los alrededores de la ciudad de Santo Domingo, Puerto Plata y Azua escenificarían los primeros emplazamientos de ingenios modernos, pero sería la «Gran Llanura del Este», con la instalación de un conjunto de unidades industriales en San Pedro de Macorís, el factor que convertiría a esta aldea en un formidable y cosmopolita *sugar town*. Cruzadas sus calles por líneas ferroviarias que conectaban el puerto con los ingenios, dotado de

grandes almacenes de provisiones, manufacturas livianas, barrios étnicos, iglesias variopintas, logias, gremios de oficios, sociedades mutualistas y culturales.

Cubanos, boricuas, españoles, sirios, libaneses, norteamericanos, alemanes, italianos, súbditos de las Antillas Menores y luego haitianos se confundirían con el elemento local para fraguar el crisol multiétnico de Macorís del Mar, al que le cantarían Paquito Domínguez Charro, Pedro Mir, Víctor Villegas y Norberto James.

A partir de 1910, bajo la impronta emprendedora de la South Porto Rico Sugar Company, previamente instalada en Guánica Central en la Isla del Encanto, se iniciaría la transformación productiva, en infraestructura y en el plano sociocultural, de La Romana, con el impulso de los trabajos de habilitación de los campos de caña del Central Romana que ya en sus primeras moliendas (1918-1919, 1919-1920) desbancaría al ingenio Consuelo del liderazgo azucarero nacional. Puerto Rico –gerentes, técnicos, personal administrativo, obreros calificados– se vaciaría demográficamente en La Romana trasladando su *know how* a este espacio virgen. Hasta la policía de San Juan, con el capitán Morales al frente, transfundió sus efectivos armados para conformar el cuerpo de guardas campestres. Desde entonces, Romana sería un polo de atracción que no ha cesado de crecer.

Tan temprano como 1884 la industria azucarera dominicana sufrió los efectos de la crisis de precios provocada por la expansión de los azúcares de remolacha europeos y el sistema de subsidios o bonificación a sus exportaciones fijado por los Estados productores (*bounty system*). Lo cual, junto a la quiebra y cierre de unidades en operación, obligó a las sobrevivientes a su modernización tecnológica plena y a la contracción relativa del salario real. Esto último provocó el retraimiento progresivo de la mano de obra local y la necesidad de importar braceros para la zafra tanto de las Antillas Menores como de Puerto Rico.

Ya en los inicios del siglo XX la zafra dependía de la llegada masiva a San Pedro de Macorís de la llamada inmigración «golondrina» que arribaba en «baldros plagados de calamidades», como reseñaba la prensa local. Una parte de la cual se fue residenciando en el país, formando familias, iglesias, escuelitas, sociedades mutualistas, bandas de música y removiendo prejuicios al evidenciar sus niveles superiores de calificación, disciplina, sentido del orden y valores familiares.

Los genéricamente denominados cocolos, en especial los súbditos de posesiones inglesas caribeñas, dominaban la lengua de los ingenios, eran angloparlantes, lo cual facilitaba la intelección de los manuales técnicos operativos de los rodillos de molienda, las salas de purga, de tachos y centrífugas de fabricación, de las máquinas locomotoras, de los laboratorios, así como la interlocución con la plantilla gerencial de origen anglo. Eran, además, cristianos no católicos, pudiendo compartir credo con los blancos equivalentes de la plantación.

Los cocolos fueron ganando prestigio en la comunidad. Su sentido de cumplimiento en el trabajo, la autoestima en la vestimenta –pobre, pero limpia e impecablemente planchada–, la *lectura* de la Palabra que requería alfabetización, el carácter asociativo (iglesia, logia, asociación mutualista, entidades culturales y musicales, deportes), la valoración de la labor magisterial en escuelitas y clases a domicilio, en especial en la enseñanza del inglés, fueron sellos distintivos de un *ethos* que les generó respetabilidad y reconocimiento.

La Ocupación Militar Americana (1916-1924) será coincidente con una expansión de la producción azucarera y el surgimiento de nuevas unidades gigantes como el Central Romana y el Central Barahona, atraídos los empresarios por la demanda generada durante la Primera Guerra Mundial (1914-1918) que afectó los campos remolacheros europeos y tumbó la oferta de esos edulcorantes, incluidos los dos primeros años de posguerra. Fueron los años locos de la llamada Danza de los Millones que convirtió a Macorís en un polo de atracción y extravagancias.

Tras la subida de precios del azúcar en los mercados internacionales, vino el desplome en noviembre de 1920 y la llamada mini depresión de 1920-1921 en Estados Unidos, que llevó a la ruina a dueños de ingenios, colonos, bodegueros, endeudados bajo el auge de la Danza. Y a la formación de grandes corporaciones con operaciones en Cuba, Puerto Rico y República Dominicana, con base en NYC, vinculadas al capital financiero y a los refinadores del Trust.

Durante la Ocupación Americana a ambos lados de la Hispaniola, el flujo de braceros haitianos se viabilizó tanto para su empleo en la zafra cañera como para la formación de brigadas de peones del Departamento de Obras Públicas, que emprendió la construcción de carreteras, puentes y edificaciones, como lo revelan los permisos otorgados a los ingenios y al

propio ente gubernamental, así como el registro de esos nacionales por el Censo de Población de 1920.

De este modo, a la presencia de los trabajadores cocolos en el corte de la caña, en las líneas de transporte y factoría, se sumaría en el corte el componente haitiano. Convirtiéndose en la década del 20 en un factor que permitiría a la plantación azucarera reajustar a la baja sus costes laborales, con el empleo incremental de esta nueva mano de obra, debilitando la capacidad negociadora alcanzada por los cocolos y desplazándolos paulatinamente en la zafra. Se buscaba sortear por esta vía, entre otras que representarían una mayor integración del negocio, los típicos ciclos depresivos en los mercados internacionales, agravados por la imposición de barreras arancelarias. Que afectarían en definitiva a los azúcares dominicanos, forzándolos a venderse en el lejano Reino Unido en lugar del cercano Estados Unidos que privilegiaba a los dulces cubanos y borincanos.

*Garveyismo y racismo en el Caribe: El caso de la población cocola en la República Dominicana*, de Humberto García Muñiz y Jorge L. Giovannetti-Torres, nos ofrece una estimulante aproximación más que exploratoria –como modestamente la califican sus autores– de una dimensión poco estudiada de la fructífera presencia cocola en nuestro país. Al abordar su dinámica participación en una multiplicidad de organizaciones religiosas, mutualistas, sindicales, de *odd fellows*, culturales y deportivas, centrada en la formación y vicisitudes de la mítica *Black Star Line*, como popularmente quedó registrada en memoria local la Universal Negro Improvement Association y African Communities League (UNIA-ACL).

Nombre casi mágico que escuché por vez primera en los bancos del parque central de Macorís en los 70 del siglo pasado de labios de Juan Niemen, un sindicalista y periodista que había colaborado con Mauricio Báez en la Federación Local del Trabajo y en su órgano de prensa *El Federado*. Una de las fuentes testimoniales empleadas por los autores.

Llevado primero de la mano de los petromacorisanos Rafael Kasse Acta y Guillermo Vallenilla, y luego en incursiones con Justino José del Orbe junto a mi colega Walter Cordero, en ocasiones con la antropóloga Patricia Pessar, a veces con el artista Nadal Walcot, me acerqué hace casi medio siglo al estudio de esta comunidad multiétnica azucarera y portuaria. Aseguido por los Hazim, Musa, Alan, Acta Fadul, Antún, Zaglul, Gual, Pires, Serrat, Iglesias, Armenteros, Jarvis. Esta investigación daría origen a la mo-



nografía *La inmigración de braceros azucareros en la República Dominicana, 1900-1930*, publicada en 1978 por el Centro Dominicano de Investigaciones Antropológicas (CENDIA) de la UASD, dirigido por Marcio Veloz Maggiolo.

En aquellos días, la mención de la *Black Star Line* y de Marcus Garvey obraba como disparador entre los viejos macorisanos.

## LA UNIA Y GARVEY

Marcus Garvey (Jamaica 1887-Reino Unido 1940) fue un activista, ideólogo e impresor jamaicano afrodescendiente que derivó en leyenda al fundar en Kingston (1914) y NYC (1917) la UNIA, una organización panafricanista favorable al progreso socioeconómico de los afrodescendientes, que preconizaba la unificación de la diáspora y la descolonización de África.

Garvey fundó en NYC, en el corazón de Harlem, el semanario *Negro World* (1918-1933), la Negro Factory Corporation (con tiendas de provisiones, restaurantes, lavandería, sastrería, sombrerería, fábrica de muñecas e imprenta) y la compañía naviera *Black Star Line*, alcanzando una sorprendente matrícula de seguidores y accionistas en los años 20. La UNIA instaló locales propios, denominados Liberty Halls, para sus veladas semanales. En Harlem (con capacidad para 6 mil asientos) y en otras ciudades de Estados Unidos, Canadá, Costa Rica, Panamá, Belice, así como en las Antillas, incluido San Pedro de Macorís.

En 1920 la UNIA registró más de 1,900 divisiones que operaban en unos 40 países en el Caribe, Sudamérica, África, India y Australia y realizaba en agosto su primera convención internacional en el Madison Square Garden de NYC con unos 20 mil asistentes, proclamando la Declaración de Derechos de la Gente Negra del Mundo. Realizando un memorable desfile con más de 500 automóviles encabezado por su liderazgo, que sería reiterado en 1922 y 1924. Encarcelado Garvey en 1925 y deportado a Jamaica en 1927, por un tiempo su retrato presidiría la parada.

Uno de los vectores ideológicos del *garveyismo* promovía el retorno de parte de la diáspora a África, focalizándose en Liberia, cuyas autoridades en sus inicios mantuvieron relaciones cercanas con los líderes del movimiento en Estados Unidos. Paradójicamente, Garvey, quien se radicaría en definitiva en Londres, donde lo sorprendió la muerte a los 52 años, nunca

visitó la Madre Patria, pese a su declaración retórica de «presidente provisional» de una virtual África descolonizada y unificada en un solo Estado.

En su formación, Garvey acumuló experiencias previas en Jamaica en trabajos de impresión y como activista del nacionalismo negro, incluyendo la reluctancia a la inmigración masiva de trabajadores contratados de la India, vista como amenaza a los intereses de los afrodescendientes. En Costa Rica laboró en Limón como supervisor en una plantación bananera de la United Fruit Company. Se movió por Honduras, Colombia, Venezuela y Panamá, involucrándose en la edición de periódicos. Una bacteria que contrajo le jugó una mala pasada y lo devolvió a Jamaica.

En 1912 se trasladó a Londres donde trabajó en los muelles, fue mensajero de una revista, tomó clases nocturnas, asistió a la biblioteca del British Museum y colaboró en la revista *Tourist*. En el curso de un viaje de retorno a Jamaica a mediados de 1914, las pláticas en el buque con un misionero afrocaribeño que sirvió en la colonia británica Basutoland (hoy Lesotho), al sur de África, le dieron la pauta para fundar la UNIA.

Entre 1916 y 1918 Garvey se movió a NYC emprendiendo una gira de 6 meses por 38 estados de Estados Unidos en prédica de sus ideas para ganar adeptos a la causa.

La historia de esta organización –como tantas otras– estaría marcada por la lucha de tendencias, liderazgos contrapuestos y divisiones orgánicas, que terminarían debilitándola. Aunque su legado serviría de referente a entidades posteriores de gran impacto en el combate de los afrodescendientes por sus derechos. El propio Garvey sería centro de polémicas al ser calificado de orador demagogo, segregacionista y supremacista racial y mercantilista, entre otras etiquetas. Según Juan Niemen, en San Pedro de Macorís sus adversarios en la comunidad cocola lo calificaban de loco.

## UNIA EN SAN PEDRO DE MACORÍS

El 7 de diciembre de 1919, en reunión de la Iglesia Episcopal Metodista Africana, unas 300 personas congregadas formaron el capítulo 26 de la UNIA, bajo la presidencia del reverendo Phillip Van Putten, con una directiva mayoritaria de cocolos súbditos británicos, cuya constitución le fue notificada al gobernador militar Snowden y al gobernador civil provincial.

Pese a la aparente acogida, la nueva entidad fue vigilada de cerca por el régimen de Ocupación.

En agosto de 1920 Van Putten asistió a la convención internacional de la UNIA en NYC y denunció en su intervención la prevalencia en República Dominicana de un sistema dominado por españoles y americanos blancos para frenar una mayor inmigración negra. Significando que los negros, el grueso proveniente de las West Indies, se unificaban para luchar por sus derechos y la redención de África. Al ser un país muy productivo, controlado por extranjeros, los millones generados iban a los blancos y nada para el negro, que recibía 1 dólar por jornada. En la costa Norte, relataba, los inmigrantes oriundos de Estados Unidos producían guineos y cocos, pero carecían de medios.

A su regreso al país Van Putten fue acosado por un grupo de pastores blancos, entre ellos, Archibald Beer de la Iglesia Episcopal, vicecónsul británico, y además, un abogado.

En diciembre de 1920 el capítulo 26 celebró su primer aniversario con la asistencia de unos 2 mil obreros y técnicos azucareros, artesanos, domésticas y pequeños comerciantes, bajo la presidencia del reverendo Dixon E. Phillips, oriundo de Tobago. En enero de 1921 se acordó un aporte de los miembros de 25 centavos durante 20 semanas para comprar acciones de la Black Star Line. James Cook, carpintero de St. Martin, con 27 años de residencia en el país, levantaría el local en un inmueble de su propiedad.

El movimiento iba viento en popa cuando, el 3 de septiembre de 1921, los marines acompañados de policías locales irrumpieron en una reunión y arrestaron a sus líderes con Phillips a la cabeza y a otros miembros, incluidos mujeres y niños. Una marcha de protesta de la UNIA alcanzó las oficinas del reverendo y vicecónsul Beer, arreando la bandera británica. El preboste capitán Kincade percibió tendencias bolcheviques y anarquistas en el movimiento, procediéndose a nuevos arrestos. Juzgados, los líderes fueron multados al pago de \$4 y los demás descargados.

Conforme a los autores, tres razones incidieron en estos hechos. El racismo de la oficialidad americana, la disputa entre pastores de las iglesias blancas tradicionales Episcopal y Moraviana con los de las iglesias independientes que atraían a los afrodescendientes y la ideología de la UNIA percibida como amenaza al orden establecido, pese a su perfil de solidaridad racial no subversivo.

En este contexto tenso, arribó al país John Sidney de Bourg, reputado líder de los «negros de las West Indies y Centro y Sudamérica», enviado desde NYC para bajar las aguas. Este se acreditó ante el contralmirante Snowden y remitió cartas a Churchill (secretario de Estado para las Colonias) y al cónsul británico en Santo Domingo, en las cuales denunciaba la actuación del vicedcónsul Beer y resaltaba el carácter de súbditos de los afectados. Aprovechó la presencia del comité del Senado norteamericano que visitaba el país para ponerlo al tanto de la situación.

El enviado realizó encuentros con los gerentes del ingenio Consuelo Edwin Kilbourne y Albert Bass, y les explicó la naturaleza pacífica y solidaria de la UNIA, ganando su apoyo. Esto coincidió con pronunciamientos de Garvey en NYC rechazando el bolchevismo y el socialismo. Por igual, aclaró ante las autoridades militares de Ocupación las diferencias entre la UNIA y la más radical African Blood Brotherhood (ABB). Pese a ello, De Bourg fue sometido en Macorís por el capitán Kincade y el reverendo Beer tras un mitin de la UNIA en Consuelo, condenado al pago de \$300 o 6 meses de cárcel. Este proceso fue desautorizado por el gobernador Robison y el 30 de abril de 1922 la organización recibió autorización para operar, al considerarse que no representaba amenaza para la paz y el orden.

La visita de De Bourg sirvió para relanzar el capítulo 112 de la UNIA que operaba en Santo Domingo, cuyo fundador era Alfred Dunbavin. Estaba presidida por Josiah N. Daviron y tenía como capellán a John R. Phypher de la Iglesia Metodista Episcopal Africana. En el puerto de Sánchez funcionaba, con pocos miembros, el capítulo 315 presidido por John Joseph Chapman.

Wilfred E. Rowland, del ingenio Santa Fe, presidiría con buen tino la UNIA en San Pedro de Macorís, por 8 años, hasta su traslado a mediados de los 30 a Montecristi a laborar en la Grenada, subsidiaria de la UFC, en la explotación bananera, en la división de suministros y materiales.

## POLÍTICA DE ASIMILACIÓN

Uno de los alcances más novedosos de los autores es el que concierne al fenómeno de asimilación de los cocolos observado durante la Era de Trujillo, bajo cuyo mandato se produjeron normativas y programas conducentes a la «dominicanización del trabajo», con la fijación de una propor-

ción de 70 % de nacionales y 30 % de extranjeros en la composición de la fuerza laboral en los centros de trabajo. Así como esfuerzos encaminados a integrar una mayor cuota de braceros locales en la industria azucarera y forzar el pago del salario en dinero, en lugar de vales o tokens emitidos por las empresas válidos sólo en sus bodegas.

Como se apunta tanto por el desplazamiento de los cocolos en el corte por parte de los haitianos, acelerado con el *crack* del 29 y la depresión de los 30, como por el efecto marginal de la «dominicanización», los cocolos redujeron su volumen progresivamente en la fuerza de trabajo azucarera. Replegados a los trabajos calificados de factoría, operación ferrocarrilera, almacenamiento, entre otros. Constituyendo una comunidad laboral estable, instalada en barrios como Miramar y Moño Corto, en los bateyes centrales de los ingenios, respetable y con bien ganado prestigio como personas confiables, disciplinadas, laboriosas y practicantes de valores cristianos e integración familiar.

Francisco Moscoso Puello, quien como médico dirigió el hospital San Antonio de Macorís, los describe en *Navarijo*, una obra de memorias novelada. Destacando sus escuelas sostenidas por las iglesias con pastores de las islas que dominaban el inglés culto y el «negro English». Las fiestas sabatinas barriales animadas con ritmos como el calipso trinitario, con el despliegue de tambores, clarinete, cornetín y flauta. Así como los recorridos callejeros pascuales de cocolos «vestidos de indios caribes», bailando al compás de tambores, triángulos y flautines, ataviados con vistosas plumas. Estas tradiciones han sido declaradas patrimonio cultural de la humanidad por la UNESCO.

Más allá del mundo del azúcar, la comunidad cocola ha ganado merecido prestigio en la escala de valoración de los grupos étnicos que integran la sociedad dominicana, produciéndose movilidad ascendente, en las profesiones liberales, entre las calificaciones técnicas, en las artes, la música y los deportes.

Una generación de descendientes de cocolos ha descollado en el beisbol de Grandes Ligas con Rico Carty, Alfredo Griffin, Sammy Sosa, Ricardo Joseph, antes en la liga dominicana Walter James, George «Garabato» Sackie, Chico Conton, Pepe Lucas (José Saint Claire), muchos oriundos de Consuelo. La soprano Violeta Stephen hizo historia en la ópera en La Voz Dominicana. La familia Lockward Stammers, originaria de Islas Turcas y Cai-

cos, nos aportó a Juan, consagrado cantautor; George, periodista e historiador del protestantismo; Fonchy, educador y político; Alanna, animadora cultural; Antonio, catedrático y narrador; Andrés, economista.

En las iglesias cristianas, como es el caso de la Episcopal, han brillado varios como Telésforo Isaac y Ashton Brooks. En el jazz, todavía resuena la trompeta vibrante de Pruddy Ferdinand y sobresale la labor promocional de Carlos Fco. Elías, crítico de cine y columnista cultural. Poeta raigal y catedrático, Norberto James Rawlings estampó su sello autoral a *Los Inmigrantes* («Aún no se ha escrito la historia de su congoja/ Su viejo dolor unido al nuestro»). Avelino Stanley, narrador galardonado y editor. Nadal Walcot, con sus plumillas, nos legó el retrato vivo de la comunidad cocola en el batey, cruzado por la locomotora y animado por bailes de temática bíblica.

El general Clarence Charles Dunlop y su hermano Marcos Charles, radicado en NYC con décadas de servicio, al igual que Eduardo Dinzey Mason, oriundos de San Pedro, han honrado el ejercicio de la medicina con dedicación humanitaria. El profesor Egbert Morrison fundó una dinastía de valiosos educadores, poetas y técnicos. El maestro en alta costura Charles Dore, de Nevis, nos legó a Carlos, el pelotero, y al otro Carlos, el eminente sociólogo. Mr. Hodge nos instruyó en inglés en La Salle y tocó el órgano en las misas dominicales de la Catedral. Chapman fue, y sigue siendo su estirpe, sinónimo de maestría cerrajera. Aquiles Hamilton Coplin prodigó enseñanzas y honradez en la Facultad de Economía de la UASD. Melvin Matthews nos orienta con sesudos análisis internacionales en la prensa.

Theophilus Chiverton, Primo, y Daniel Henderson, Linda, nos legaron con su esfuerzo, gracia y talento la organización músico danzante de los Guloyas, gloria de la patria y la humanidad. Disfrutamos del guavaberry, de los crocantes yaniqueques, la sopa de molondrones y el pan cocolo. Aportes gastronómicos de esta comunidad.

## PREJUICIOS Y ESCALAS DE VALORACIÓN ÉTNICA

García Muñiz y Giovannetti-Torres convocan en la parte final a un debate sobre la intrincada madeja de prejuicios raciales que como sociedad de gestación multiétnica ha fraguado la nuestra apelando a un amplio argumentario. Es una materia elusiva en el discurso académico local, ampara-

do en el viejo apotegma de que los «dominicanos somos todos iguales», que oculta nuestras tectónicas desigualdades.

Recientemente, tanto académicos norteamericanos como dominicanos arraigados en las universidades de Estados Unidos, ubicados en el campo de la historia, los estudios antropológicos y las nuevas perspectivas de género, han formulado tesis –rayanas a veces en imputaciones descontextualizadas de los marcos históricos– que nos sitúan como una suerte de Apartheid caribeño o afectados como sociedad toda por un crónico daltonismo que nos impide vernos coloreados en el espejo.

Cuando los artistas republicanos españoles y centroeuropeos arribaron al país en 1939-1940 en contingentes masivos contratados por el Servicio de Evacuación de Republicanos Españoles (SERE), descubrieron a las negras, mulatas y a los negritos, quedando deslumbrados junto a la luminosidad y vegetación exuberante. Plasmaron en lienzos y murales la formidable anatomía recién descubierta. Fue una especie de redescubrimiento ibérico que para los dominicanos representó algo así como situarnos frente al espejo.

Un tema fascinante que debe asumirse con seriedad descarnada.

JOSÉ DEL CASTILLO PICHARDO  
Santo Domingo, 30 de agosto de 2022





# INTRODUCCIÓN

**A mediados de** 1972 arribé al aeropuerto Piarco en Trinidad y Tobago donde llevaría a cabo estudios de maestría en Relaciones Internacionales en la University of the West Indies. El taxi recogió a afro e indo trinitarios que iban a distintos lugares y enseguida se formó el gallinero usual caribeño. Para mi sorpresa, al ser un bilingüe boricua, no entendí una sola palabra de aquel bayú hasta que el taxista, al soltarme en último lugar en Tunapuna, me dijo riéndose, en un claro entendible inglés: «¡You didn't understand a ting!». Eso no me sucedió en República Dominicana 19 años después, en 1990, cuando en la rauda y veloz «voladora» musical hacia La Romana, con parada en San Pedro de Macorís, volví a escuchar, otra vez sorprendido, el inglés cantaíto *west indian*, con el consabido chasquido, aunque salpicado con palabras dominicanas. Esta vez pude comprender gran parte de la conversación colectiva familiar y amistosa de los cocolos que parlaban en la cocina del autobús. Fue mi primera experiencia directa con los descendientes de esta intramigración afrocaribeña, de los cuales

conocía algo gracias a las investigaciones pioneras del sociólogo dominicano José del Castillo y el historiador jamaicano Patrick Bryan<sup>1</sup>.

A principios de los 90, la República Dominicana sufría una crisis general; la electricidad y el agua escaseaban en casi todo el país. El Archivo General de la Nación, bajo el Ministerio del Interior, era prácticamente inoperante, situación empeorada por la escasez de personal competente, con la excepción de Eddy Jáquez. No obstante, allí se acercaban los constantes, como Vetilio Alfau del Valle, Walter Cordero, Rafael Jarvis y Jorge Puello («El Men»), quienes fueron fundamentales para esta investigación que no era mi norte ya que mi tema principal se centraba en las primeras décadas del Central Romana de la South Porto Rico Sugar Company<sup>2</sup>. Ante la dificultad de encontrar documentación, me vi forzado a recurrir a entrevistas de historia oral a diestra y siniestra, doquiera que un sudoroso informante tuviera la paciencia de contestar preguntas en sus calurosos y semioscuros hogares.

Por un tremendo percance de salud bien a principios del 90, abandoné toda investigación, pero regresé para encontrarme con un artículo en el periódico *El Siglo* de la reconocida periodista e historiadora Angela Peña sobre la presencia ausente de Marcus Garvey en la comunidad cocola, cuya gran mayoría se estableció en la metrópoli cañera-azucarera de San Pedro de Macorís<sup>3</sup>. Su entrevista a Wilfred Rowland, quien fuera presidente de un capítulo de la Asociación Universal Pro Mejoramiento del Negro (*Universal Negro Improvement Association*, UNIA), una aportación enorme a la historia de la comunidad cocola y de las migraciones intracaribeñas, dio pie a que pudiera realizarle a su vez, gracias a la gestión del obispo Telésforo Isaac, una extensa entrevista a Rowland cuya trans-

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<sup>1</sup> Véase José del Castillo, «La inmigración de braceros azucareros a la República Dominicana», Santo Domingo: *Cuadernos del CENDIA*, 1978, y Patrick Bryan, «The Question of Labor in the Sugar Industry of the Dominican Republic in the Late Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries», en *Between Slavery and Free Labor: The Spanish Speaking Caribbean in the Nineteenth Century*, eds. M. Moreno Fraginals, F. Moya Pons y S. Engerman, Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1985.

<sup>2</sup> Véase Humberto García Muñiz, *Azúcar y poder en el Caribe: La South Porto Rico Sugar Company en Puerto Rico y la República Dominicana, 1900-1921*. Santo Domingo: Academia Dominicana de la Historia, 2013. Versión original en inglés publicada por La Editorial, Universidad de Puerto Rico, 2010.

<sup>3</sup> Véase Angela Peña, «Marcus Garvey, el gran defensor de los negros es admirado apasionadamente por los cocos», en *El Siglo*, 20 de octubre de 1990.

cripción se publica por primera vez en este libro (Apéndice 1) y fue aguijón para investigar la experiencia de la UNIA en República Dominicana, centrado en la Sultana del Este. La transcripción de la entrevista a Juan Niemen, un cocolo cuyo origen de sus progenitores es el Caribe francés y que tuvo una amistad cercana al líder obrero Mauricio Báez, se incluye en el Apéndice 2. Los amigos Vetilio Alfau del Valle, el doctor Fermín Álvarez Santana y Benjamín Silva Mercedes fueron los responsables de ese y muchos contactos más de los entrevistados como el profesor Alberto Byas, «Primo» (el bailarín Guloya) y Jorge Hazim.

Durante la redacción del ensayo se incorporó a la investigación Jorge Giovannetti-Torres, actualmente profesor de la Universidad de Puerto Rico, entonces estudiante doctoral de London Metropolitan University, quien aportó documentación y enriqueció el análisis con fuentes del Public Record Office de Londres. Más tarde realizó una investigación sobre los afromigrantes del Caribe británico a Cuba, la cual publicó con el título *Black British Migrants in Cuba: Race, Labor, and Empire in the Twentieth Century Caribbean, 1898-1948*, y mereció en 2019 el Sterling Stuckey Book Prize, Association for the Study of the Worldwide African Diaspora.

Como es natural en cualquier investigación, hubo aspectos que se escaparon, pero uno que queremos rescatar es la visita de Madame Maymie Leona Turpeau de Mena, conocida como Madame De Mena, a San Pedro de Macorís en 1932, según relata Wilfred Rowland al final de la entrevista que le realizamos el 11 y 12 de mayo de 1991 y encontramos más recientemente como noticia en números del *Negro World* de abril y mayo de 1932, reproducidos en este libro.

En investigaciones posteriores de la documentación del primer periodo presidencial (1930-1934) del régimen dictatorial de Rafael Leónidas Trujillo, no encontramos rastro ni noticia en el país de la visita de esta entonces importante figura de una UNIA ya diezmada por la deportación de Garvey a Jamaica. No deja de sorprender que Madame De Mena haya viajado desde Nueva York, vía Puerto Rico, hasta República Dominicana en abril de 1932 a dirimir lo que podemos conjeturar fue una disputa interna, lo cual indica que la organización mantenía aún contacto e intervenía personalmente, por lo menos con sus capítulos de dos países

hispanohablantes del Caribe Amplio<sup>4</sup>. Costa Rica es el otro país del que se tiene noticia y del cual Garvey tenía conciencia, ya que fue listero de una plantación de banano de la United Fruit en Puerto Limón en 1910, una de sus experiencias amargas en su viaje por Centroamérica, el cual se extendió hasta 1912 y cubrió también Colón en Panamá.

### Madame De Mena



Fuente: The Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture.

Madame De Mena viajó en enero de 1930 a Costa Rica e intervino en una disputa interna del capítulo de Limón donde se intercambiaban acusaciones de robo, mala administración, corrupción, falta de participación, entre otras. Sin dudarle, Madame De Mena removió oficiales de sus puestos, suspendió a unos y nombró a otros. Comunicaciones de los afectados a Garvey no tuvieron respuesta<sup>5</sup>.

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<sup>4</sup> En el manifiesto de pasajeros extranjeros del S.S. *Coamo* aparece como «Maymie L. T. de Mena», con 39 años, «oficinista», escribe y habla inglés y español, de nacionalidad nicaragüense, nacida en San Carlos, Nicaragua y de raza «*African Black*». Ancestry.com, *Puerto Rico, U.S. Arriving Passenger and Crew Lists, 1901-1062* [database-on-line], Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operation, Inc., 2012, accesado 27 de agosto de 2022.

<sup>5</sup> Para más Información véase Asia Leeds, «Representations of Race, Entanglements of Power: Whiteness, Garveyism, and Redemptive Geographies in Costa Rica, 1921-1950». Tesis doctoral, University of California, Berkeley, 2010, pp. 93-100.

# U. N. I. A. Division News

## Mme. DeMena Appeals for Negro World

On Wednesday, April 27, the general public was honored with the presence of the international organizer of the U. N. I. A. and A. C. L. August 1929 of the world, the Hon. Madame M. L. T. DeMena, who arrived from San Pedro de Macoris, R. D., accompanied by Mr. Wilfred Rowland, first vice-president, and officers of Central Consuelo Division No. 315 to attend a grand mass meeting of this division.

The meeting was called to order by the singing of the opening ode at 8:10 p. m. by the vice-president, Mr. Charles E. Darley, during which time the officers marched to their respective places on the rostrum. The worthy chaplain, Mr. Jeremiah E. Martin, next performed the religious part of the meeting from the ritual. Mr. Valdemar A. Cable, chairman of the trustee board, was then called upon to address the audience. Mr. Martin also addressed the meeting.

Next on the program was a recitation entitled "Welcome," by Miss Alice Maud Darley. A duet was rendered by Mrs. Habei Gumbs and Miss Rebecca Martin, entitled "Love and Sunshine."

At this juncture, Mr. Darley took the international organizer by the hand and formally introduced her to the audience. He said that he was quite sure that every heart was filled with delight to see such a dignified person. We have heard about her, we have read of her wonderful work, therefore we must thank God for the privilege of seeing and hearing her tonight. The audience stood in honor when she arose to address the audience. She said:

"Mr. President, officers and members, I have come to bring you greetings of fifteen million active members of the various divisions. I have come from America not only as an officer, but as the international organizer of the world. Lots of you do not like to be called Negroes. You prefer the term colored but it all came

## Cleveland, O., Div.

The Cleveland Division of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, August 1929 of the World, held its regular mass meeting at 2200 East 40th street on Sunday, May 22. The meeting opened in its usual form with the choir leading the procession.

The chaplain, Rev. A. G. Ellenburg, conducted the devotional services and made the address broadcasting over station U. N. I. A. national and international news. The Negro World article of Mr. Garvey's weekly message was read and the song dedicated to him was sung by the audience, "God Bless Our President." Excellent music was rendered by the Universal Choir.

A short but spicy address was rendered by our lady president, Mrs. Lucy Scrutchins Rev. Daniel Dickson, who recently returned from a trip to West Brownsville, Pa., gave us some very inspiring remarks. He told us how very necessary Garveyism was needed throughout the state of Pennsylvania. That he was thirsty to drink from the fountain of Garveyism once more. Rev. Dickson is a true Garveyite, and is growing stronger in his deliverance of Garveyism each day.

Mrs. Annie E. Harrison spoke from the fullness of her heart on the subject "The Light." She is a deep thinker, and we need more women like her to come to the front ranks of this wonderful organization. Recitation by Mrs. Louise Edwards entitled "Depression."

The principal speaker was then introduced by Mr. George Tolson in the person of Professor A. I. King, who spoke very fluently for two hours on "Patience, Tolerance and Brotherly Love." He referred back to history when all through the ages great men were persecuted for a just cause. In his closing remarks he impressed upon our minds to hold fast to the principles of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, and we too will reach our goal; but we must have patience, tolerance and brotherly love.

LOUISE EDWARDS  
Reporter.

Cleveland Times (C)

## New Orleans Div. 320

A mass meeting was held by the members of the New Orleans Division No. 320. The following program was rendered: Prayers by Colonel Alphonse Leonard; selection by the choir, "Shall I Receive a Welcome Home"; opening remarks by the president, Mr. Paul Brown, which were very instructive; reading of the President General's message by Mr. T. C. Cooper; song, "God Bless Our President." Mr. Arthur Brasher of the Industrial Division No. 206, spoke on cooperation and industries and a more united race. A soul-stirring address was delivered by Mrs. Beulah McDonald, first lady vice-president. An appeal for cooperation was made by Mrs. Odeal Spears, lady president. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

MISS E. E. BERRYMAN  
Reporter.

## Poplar Bluff, Mo. Div. No. 746

On Sunday, May 22, marked a very important event at Poplar Bluff Division No. 746, as it was the celebration of their eighth anniversary, and was one of the best since the division was founded. We therefore take this opportunity to thank the visitors and friends who helped to put through the program. The program consisted of addresses, recitations, instrumental and vocal music. Those who took part were:

Gustave Ridgel, Virde L. Scott, H. S. Ridgel, Bethola From, Little Maggie Allman, Mr. Bowers, Mr. James Grenner, Professor Allman, Mr. H. B. Scott, Miss Esther Nelson, Mrs. Allie Warren, Mrs. Daisy Kenny, Mrs. Beanie Cheeks, Mrs. L. E. Ridgel, Rev. Bruden, pastor of First Baptist Church; Rev. Hayes, pastor of the A. M. E. Church of this city; Mr. Leo Stencil, our most distinguished visitor from East St. Louis Division. The sermon was preached by the Rev. B. B. Nelson of the C. M. E. Church.

Special mention must be made of Maggie Allman, who astonished her audience with her talent in reciting. The collection was taken by the two little messes

## UNIA Hair Turns to L

The Richmond Division no retreat. The haired public towards the Unives going improvement. Amos being turned into love. T. Brookes, ex-commander Virginia, again visited this on Sunday, May 22, a for his subject: "Leadership a masterpiece."

Hon. Richard F. Locks, president, opened the meeting in his usual bright form for Universal Ritual. Many addresses were made by members. Mr. Bell, a stalwart soldier of Garvey, "Garvey is Callis Predigal Son" until the office echoed. Mr. our simple member, speaking the condition of our etc. This also was well. At this stage the collect lifted.

Counsel T. Brookes, ex-stoner, was then introduced uproarious applause. Mr. I spoke for one hour and minutes on the subject "The" to the satisfaction of friends and foe. "We speak that Mr. Garvey will yet in hundred million Negroes a ward and upward to his dependence."

The meeting was closed the singing of the Ethiopian them.

T. A. WATTS  
Executive Sec.

## Punta Alegre, Ca Div. No. 200

The Punta Alegre Division still is the great struggle emancipation of our race month of May, 1932, which is remembered in the history Division as it marks the cure to their native land, of her of our officers and me caused by prevailing conditions. Among those who departed Mr. A. C. Gordon, ex-president of this Division; Miss L.

¿Quién era Madame De Mena? Una figura proteica, difícil de explicar en pocas líneas ya que ofreció en distintos momentos diferentes versiones de su lugar de nacimiento, edad, nacionalidad e identidad racial<sup>6</sup>. En tiempos recientes, con las nuevas investigaciones sobre el papel de la mujer en la UNIA, se ha redefinido su importante desempeño en varios roles durante el proceso de decadencia de la organización con el encarcelamiento de Garvey en 1925 y su deportación a Jamaica en diciembre de 1927 donde residió hasta 1935 cuando hizo su mudanza final a Londres, ciudad en la cual murió marginado cinco años después<sup>7</sup>.

La amplia literatura sobre la UNIA y Garvey pre-2016 la introduce, por información que ella provee a distintas fuentes, como de origen costeño afronicaragüense cuando en realidad era estadounidense nacida el 19 de diciembre de 1879 en una familia mulata *gens de couleur* en la sociedad cañera *creole* de St. Martinsville, Bayou Teche, Luisiana. Su lado nicaragüense, y por ende su útil y valioso dominio del español, provino por su matrimonio con Francisco H. Mena, un pequeño hacendado, activista y periodista de Bluefieds, una bulliciosa ciudad portera en la costa caribeña, donde ella estableció una escuela que ofrecía clases de inglés, francés, piano, teneduría de libros, mecanografía y taquigrafía. Al divorciarse en 1922 emigra con su hija Bernice a la ciudad de Chicago, donde se afilia a la UNIA y asiste a una convención en el Liberty Hall, la sede de la UNIA en Harlem.

El ascenso de Madame De Mena en la organización es rápido, al convertirse en la ayudante principal de Henrietta Vinton Davis, la organizadora internacional de la UNIA, a quien acompañó como coordinadora y traductora durante un viaje por el Caribe en 1925, y sustituiría varios años después. Su relación con la segunda esposa de Garvey, Amy Jacques Garvey, otro personaje fundamental en la apertura de espacios a las mujeres en la organización, fue de colaboración. Por ejemplo, ambas trabajaron

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<sup>6</sup> Para una versión tradicional véase Melissa Castillo-Garsow, «Aiken, Maymie “Madame De Mena” (1891-1953)», en Franklin W. Knight & Henry L. Gates (eds.), *Dictionary of Caribbean and African-Latin American Biography*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2016, pp. 33-34.

<sup>7</sup> Hasta hoy la investigación más completa es Courtney Desiree Morris, «Becoming Creole, Becoming Black: Migration, Diasporic Self Making and the Many Lives of Madame Maymie Leona Turpeau de Mena», *Women, Gender and Families of Color*, 4, nro. 2, 2016, pp. 171-195.

juntas en la creación de la sección Our Women and What They Think en *Negro World*. A mediados de ese año ya compartía la tarima con el mismo Garvey. Se le reconocía como «una pequeña y brava mujer de 110 libras, con una voz de trueno», luciendo el estilo *flapper* de los años 20<sup>8</sup>.

Nunca Garvey confió en ninguna persona las posiciones que le otorgó a Madame De Mena: responsable de los asuntos de la UNIA en los Estados Unidos y otros países y encargada del *Negro World*. Por ello, el historiador Adam Ewing sugiere que «la organización, al momento máximo de la autoridad de De Mena, disfrutó una breve “era de la mujer”», y la antropóloga Courtney Desiree Morris afirma que «como resultado de sus muchos viajes por los Estados Unidos, Latinoamérica y el Caribe, De Mena se convirtió para muchos Garveyistas en el símbolo de la dedicación de la mujer a la causa de la libertad negra»<sup>9</sup>.

Desde sus comienzos, la participación femenina en la UNIA, controlada por los amarres del género, fue importante al permitir que ocuparan posiciones subordinadas formales de poder dentro de una estructura local y ejecutiva patriarcal. Pero según la represión, el desgano y el desasosiego minaron la entrega masculina a la organización, la dedicación femenina aumentó junto con su número de delegados a las conferencias internacionales: en 1929 el 39.5 % de los delegados eran mujeres y aumentó a 49.1 % en 1938<sup>10</sup>. Eso explica en parte que en 1925 ya Madame De Mena se atreviera a afirmar:

Muy poco, si algo, se dice de las mujeres que forman un gran por ciento de la membresía de este gran movimiento. Por siete años hemos alabado a nuestros hombres en la prensa, las tarimas [...], cuando en realidad la espina dorsal y la fuerza de la Asociación Universal del Mejoramiento del Negro han sido y son las buenas mujeres de la organización, que trabajan de manera incesante por la libertad de los Negros de todo el mundo.

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<sup>8</sup> Citado en June Bertley, «The Role of the Community in Educating Blacks in Montreal, from 1910 to 1940, with Special Reference to Reverend Dr. Charles Humphrey Este», Tesis de Maestría: McGill University, 1982, p. 86.

<sup>9</sup> Adam Ewing, *The Age of Garvey: How a Jamaican Activist Created a Mass Movement and Changed Global Politics*, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2014, p. 158, y Courtney Desiree Morris, op. cit., pp. 185-186.

<sup>10</sup> Winston James, *Holding Aloft the Banner of Ethiopia: Caribbean Radicalism in Early Twentieth Century America*, New York: Verso, 1998, p. 154.

Un año más tarde hizo un llamado para que las mujeres de la organización se «alinearan a favor de los derechos de la mujer», a romper con sus trabajos asignados de enfermeras o secretarias, y las instó a abrirse paso para que «la cuestión de la esfera de la mujer se convierta pronto en un mito y la igualdad de la mujer y no su inferioridad se decida en sus méritos»<sup>11</sup>. Vale destacar que tanto en la República Dominicana, según testimonia Rowland, como en los Estados Unidos hubo fuerte oposición, incluidas burlas a ese proceso de empoderamiento femenino.

En 1935 Madame De Mena se trasladó definitivamente a Jamaica. Ese mismo año se casó con Percy Aiken, activista y contratista jamaíquino, y pasó a conocerse entonces como «Madame Aiken». En 1929, durante la convención internacional de la UNIA en Kingston, impactó la sociedad isleña con su «impresionante figura» en un llamativo uniforme de la organización, montada en «un caballo de guerra», cortando el aire con una espada<sup>12</sup>. Utilizando la imprenta de *Negro World*, comenzó a publicar por un tiempo el semanario *World Echo*, donde incluía artículos sobre Father Divine Peace Mission, que esbozaba un programa contrario al garveyismo en el sentido que sostenía que la raza no era importante y que el negro tenía que integrarse a la sociedad mayor.

No obstante, Madame Aiken mantuvo buenas relaciones con Garvey hasta su muerte. En Jamaica se integró al activismo, con un énfasis feminista, en trabajo social y propuso, entre otras medidas, el control de la natalidad y mejores condiciones para niños, huérfanos y personas de edad mayor. Además, se hizo miembro del sindicato Bustamante Industrial Trade Union y era la única mujer en el Trade Union Council. También se mantuvo activa en las organizaciones remanentes del garveyismo, como presidenta del Garvey Division de la UNIA en 1949 y comisionada para Cuba, Jamaica y Centroamérica de la UNIA Inc., de Nueva York, en 1952. Falleció el 23 de octubre de 1953.

No quisiera terminar sin reconocer la aportación significativa del Instituto Nacional de Migración de República Dominicana (INM RD) y su director ejecutivo doctor Wilfredo Lozano, y del Banco de Reservas de la República Dominicana y su administrador general licenciado Samuel

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<sup>11</sup> Adam Ewing, *op. cit.*, pp. 157-158.

<sup>12</sup> Courtney Desiree Morris, *op. cit.*, p. 185.



Pereyra Rojas, al corpus de la literatura de migración caribeña con esta iniciativa novel de reproducir publicaciones importantes sobre esta temática. Agradecemos a su coordinadora de publicaciones Aimara Vera la paciencia y el profesionalismo desplegado en el proceso de publicación de este libro.

HUMBERTO GARCÍA MUÑIZ  
Instituto de Estudios del Caribe  
Universidad de Puerto Rico-Río Piedras  
30 de agosto de 2022



**GARVEYISMO Y RACISMO EN EL CARIBE:  
EL CASO DE LA POBLACIÓN COCOLA  
EN LA REPÚBLICA DOMINICANA**



*A la memoria de Wilfred E. Rowland.*  
Presidente del capítulo UNIA-ACL en San Pedro  
de Macorís en las décadas de 1920 y 1930.

*I wanna hear the sound  
of cocolos beating their drums*

*I wanna hear the sound  
of cocolos beating their drums.*

*[...] Cocolo from San Pedro!*

*Guavaberry*, de Juan Luis Guerra, 1987.

*Aún no se ha escrito  
la historia de su congoja.  
Su viejo dolor unido al nuestro.*

v

«Los inmigrantes» (1969), de Norberto James Rawlings,  
nacido en el Central Consuelo, San Pedro de Macorís, en 1945.



# AGRADECIMIENTOS

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# INTRODUCCIÓN

**La Asociación Universal** para el Mejoramiento del Negro y Liga de Comunidades Africanas (*Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League, UNIA-ACL*), fundada por el jamaicano Marcus Garvey, ha sido el movimiento transnacional de mayor número de miembros y arraigo en la historia de la diáspora negra (Carnegie, 2002:145-175). Aunque tuvo sus orígenes en 1914 en Kingston, Jamaica, fue en el barrio de Harlem, Nueva York, donde este movimiento panafricanista germinó con mayor éxito tras su incorporación en 1918. El garveyismo trascendió las barreras políticas, culturales y lingüísticas de la cuenca del Caribe al encontrar un terreno fértil en las comunidades de inmigrantes caribeños angloparlantes.

Este artículo analiza el desarrollo y la desaparición gradual de la UNIA-ACL en la República Dominicana en el contexto de las migraciones caribeñas atraídas por el crecimiento de la industria azucarera en la región oriental del país. Se discuten, entre otros temas, la represión contra esta asociación durante la ocupación militar de los Estados Unidos (1916-1924), los discursos raciales, nacionales y transnacionales, y la política de asimilación de los cocolos por el trujillismo (1930-1961) y su impacto hasta hoy día. Esta es una primera aproximación a la historia de los cocolos y el garveyismo en la República Dominicana y tiene como propósito contribuir al estudio sobre los patrones de percepción racial en las Américas y dentro del Caribe, particularmente en la formación nacional dominicana.

Marcus Garvey



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

# LA INMIGRACIÓN CARIBEÑA

**El trasfondo histórico-social** de este estudio lo constituyen los movimientos migratorios dentro de la cuenca del Caribe desde principios del siglo XIX hasta mediados del XX. Durante este período acaece en esta región el desarrollo de varias industrias, financiadas mayormente por el capital estadounidense: los centrales azucareros, las plantaciones bananeras, la construcción de ferrocarriles y del Canal de Panamá, y la extracción petrolera. Miles de seres humanos se transportaron como fuerza de trabajo durante los «años de exportación» (Andrews, 1997). En Cuba, Haití, Nicaragua, Panamá, Puerto Rico y la República Dominicana, la intervención militar directa de Estados Unidos sirvió para apuntalar su presencia económica o para abrirle el camino.

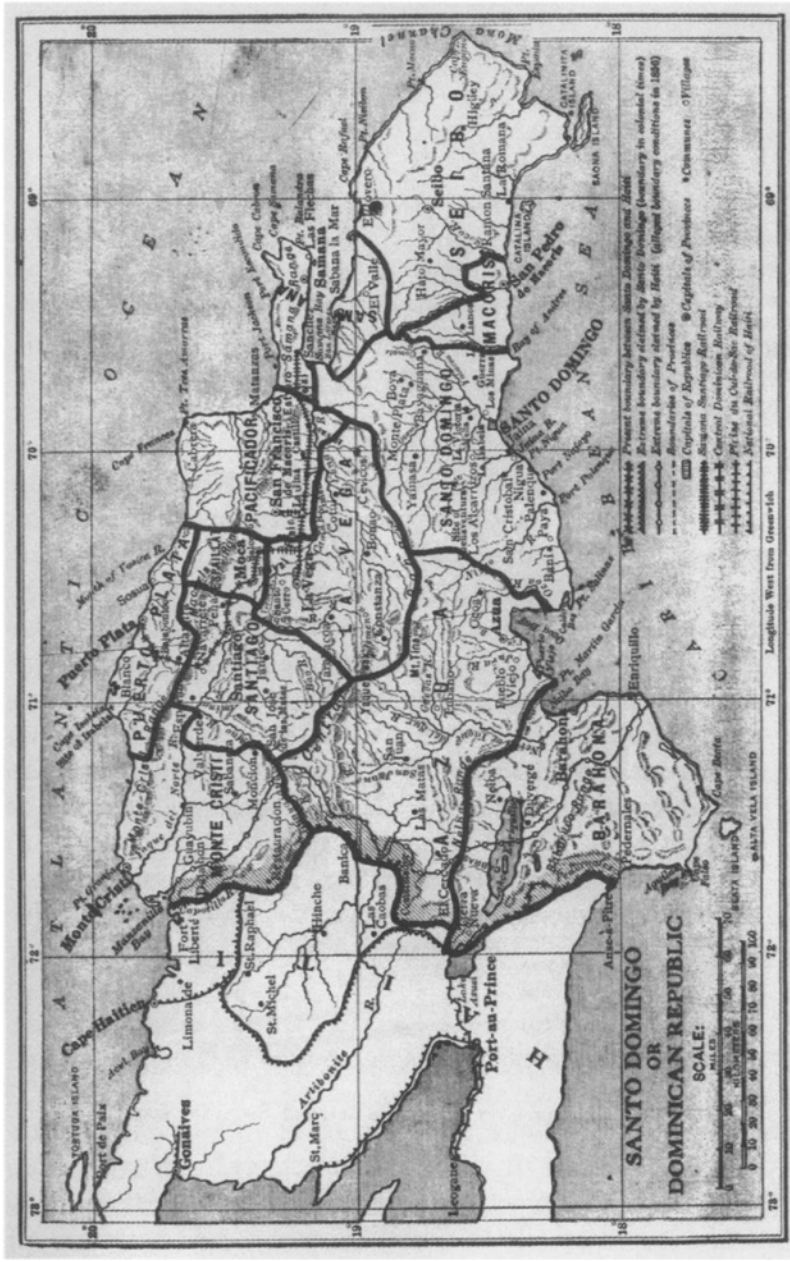
En el caso de la República Dominicana se pueden distinguir varios grupos de inmigrantes caribeños. En primer lugar, los desplazamientos poblacionales de haitianos durante su ocupación del país desde 1822 a 1844 (Moya Pons, 1972), los cuales dejan una influencia étnica y cultural, cuyo impacto —como veremos a través del ensayo— se ha convertido en el núcleo ideológico de la discusión sobre la nacionalidad dominicana. Al finalizar la ocupación, el flujo migratorio continuó a un ritmo constante pero indeterminado. El débil Estado dominicano no podía impedir el tráfico de personas y mercancías a través de una porosa frontera, costas deshabitadas y puertos de fácil desembarco.

## Mapa del Caribe



Fuente: Otto Schoenrich, Santo Domingo: A country with a Future, The Macmillan Company, 1918.

Mapa de la República Dominicana



Fuente: Otto Schoenrich, Santo Domingo: A country with a Future, The Macmillan Company, 1918.

Otros dos grupos de inmigrantes caribeños fueron los provenientes de Cuba y Puerto Rico. Los cubanos, exiliados a causa de la Guerra de los Diez Años (1868-1878), huían de los estragos y de la persecución política. Los empresarios y técnicos azucareros cubanos aprovecharon las ventajas que ofrecía la República Dominicana para el cultivo y manufactura de la caña de azúcar. Uno de ellos, Juan Amezcchurra, erigió el ingenio Angelina, el primero en la provincia de San Pedro de Macorís. En la década de 1880 otros levantaron nuevos ingenios, como el Porvenir, el Cristóbal Colón y el Quisqueya. El más importante, el central Consuelo, era propiedad, ya en 1892, del ciudadano estadounidense William L. Bass (Del Castillo, 1981a:33-38), un factor que señala la hegemonía económica y política de Estados Unidos (Lozano, 1976; Veaser, 2002). La provincia de San Pedro de Macorís se convertiría en breve tiempo en el centro económico, social y político del país. Este crecimiento atrajo a la mano de obra puertorriqueña. Al principio, la mayoría de aquellos trabajadores acudió como cortadores de caña del ingenio Puerto Rico, establecido por Jorge Juan Serrallés en 1892<sup>13</sup>.

Este empuje en la industria azucarera en San Pedro de Macorís decayó por la crisis en los mercados durante la década de 1880, que terminó causando una reducción en los salarios de los trabajadores dominicanos y puertorriqueños, ya afectados por la crisis monetaria nacional<sup>14</sup>. El trabajador dominicano se replegó a la siembra de su conuco, mientras que el puertorriqueño se mudó a las incipientes zonas urbanas o tomó la ruta del regreso.

Por otro lado, el capital azucarero en San Pedro de Macorís —constituido por cubanos, puertorriqueños, estadounidenses e italianos (los Vicini, incorporados en Estados Unidos)— no se amilanó ante la inestabilidad del mercado azucarero y laboral (Lluberés, 1982; Martínez, 1986). Los relativos bajos costos de producción les permitieron enfrentar la crisis mediante la importación de mano de obra caribeña, esta vez del Caribe oriental.

En poco tiempo desembarcaron los primeros contingentes de hombres y mujeres de las colonias inglesas, francesas, holandesas y danesas —los

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<sup>13</sup> Jorge Juan Serrallés pertenecía a la familia Serrallés, de origen catalán, dueños de la hacienda Mercedes en Ponce, en el sur de Puerto Rico (Ramos Mattei, 1981).

<sup>14</sup> El azúcar crudo de remolacha europeo inundó el mercado mundial, causando una baja en los precios y, por lo tanto, en las ganancias de los dueños de ingenios (Williams, 1970: 380-385).

«barloventinos» o «sotaventinos»—, que en su gran mayoría hablaban inglés no obstante su isla de origen (Del Castillo, 1978; Bryan, 1985:235-251)<sup>15</sup>.

A estos inmigrantes del Caribe no hispanohablante se les llamó primero «tortolos» y más tarde «cocolos»<sup>16</sup>. El mayor número provino de las colonias europeas más cercanas a La Española: las británicas, Anguilla, Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis, Tórtola, Caimán y las Turcas y Caicos, y la danesa, St. Thomas. Ya bien fuera por su geografía o por la política de su metrópoli, la migración fue la alternativa del trabajador cañero ante la crisis azucarera de las *sugar islands* como St. Kitts, Barbados, la colonia francesa de Guadalupe y la danesa St. Croix (Richardson, 1983:3-8,17-18). Los pobladores de otras islas donde no existió o predominó la plantación azucarera —como Anguilla, Caimán y las Turcas y Caicos, y las holandesas de Curazao y la parte sur de St. Martin— confrontaron un problema similar de falta de oportunidades económicas ante la caída del comercio, la pesca marítima y la industria de la sal, lo cual motivó también la migración.

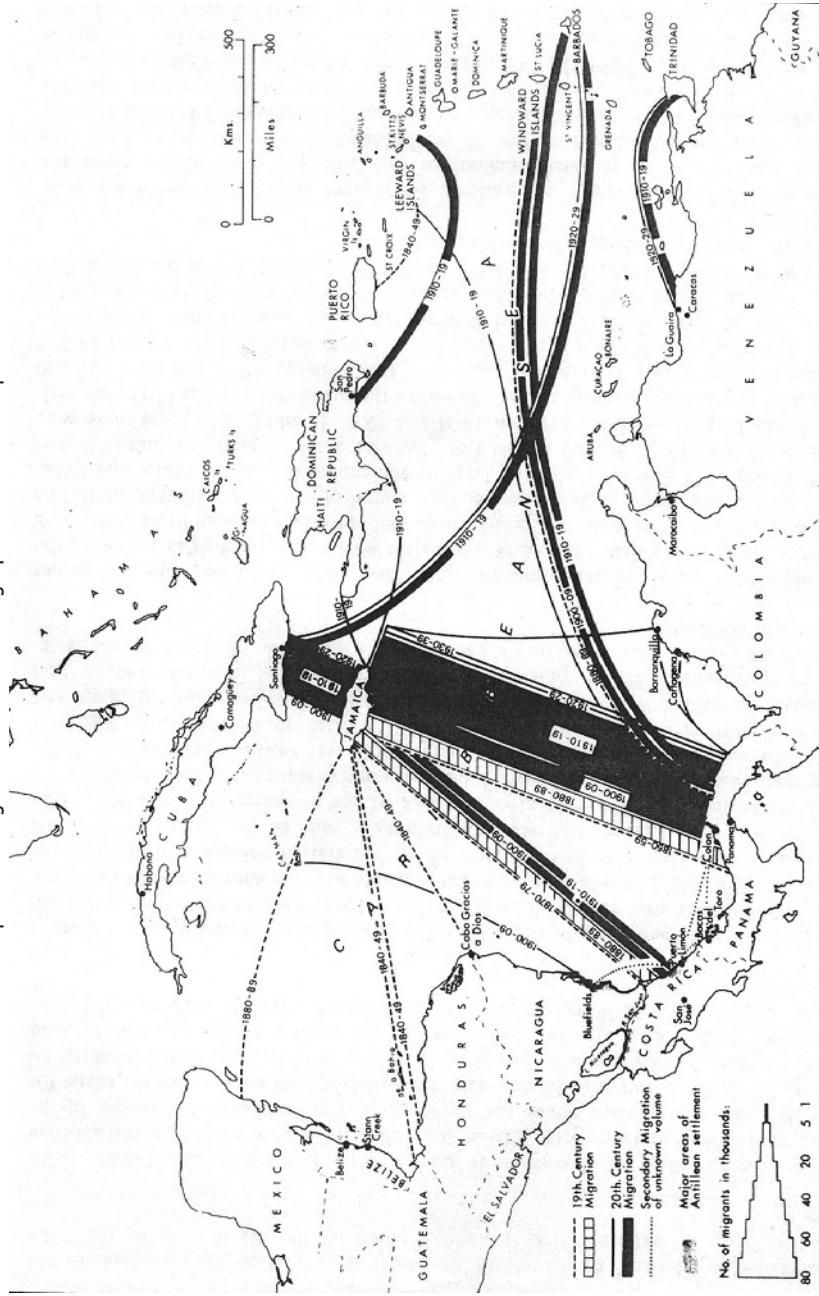
Desde el punto de vista étnico, la primera referencia de contacto de los inmigrantes cocolos con la sociedad dominicana se registró en Puerto Plata durante la década de 1870. En ese entonces se identificó un gran número de negros de las Bahamas, St. Thomas y Jamaica, «la mayoría hablando muy bien el inglés» (Hazard, 1873:181). Las mujeres se dedicaban a la lavandería y los hombres trabajaban en el muelle. En ese poblado (de dos a tres mil habitantes) «la mayoría era “gente de color”, lo que podía ser un africano negro azabache, un mulato o un blanco no puro», pero «nunca, de ser posible, un dominicano porque ellos son muy “delicados” [*touchy*] sobre este tema», pues «todos son ciudadanos iguales» (Hazard, 1873: 180, comillas en el original). Esta apreciación indica que, en la República Dominicana, para esa fecha, a menos de una década de la (segunda) ruptura del vínculo con España, el asunto del color de piel estaba vinculado al sentido de ciudadanía y, a su vez, al legado de la esclavitud.

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<sup>15</sup> El inglés se convirtió en la lengua popular por el comercio de las dos partes de St. Martin, la francesa y la holandesa, con las islas británicas aledañas y con Norteamérica (Hartog, 1981:89).

<sup>16</sup> En ese entonces, el calificativo de «cocolo» era peyorativo. Su origen etimológico no se ha determinado todavía. La explicación más popular es que proviene de la corrupción de «tórtolo», es decir, de los habitantes de Tórtola, una de las Islas Vírgenes Británicas, situada entre St. John y Virgin Gorda. También se indica que su primer uso fue en 1844 en referencia a los haitianos (Richiez Acevedo, 1967:21-22; Inoa, 1999:91-128).

# Mapa de la migración del Caribe anglófono al Caribe hispano



Fuente: Tomado de Carlos Moore, Tanya R. Sanders y Shawna Moore (Eds.), *African Presence in the Americas*, 1995.



En 1895, 395 súbditos británicos «de varias islas del Mar Caribe, en la vecindad de San Pedro de Macorís» argumentaron que estaban «forzados a quedarse por la falta de trabajo en nuestros países» (Phipps, *et al.*, 1895). Estos solicitaron a la reina Victoria la creación de un consulado para su protección contra los abusos perpetrados por los propietarios y las autoridades locales. En 1899, un periódico de St. Kitts reclamaba también una representación, ya que «los habitantes de las Islas de Sotavento tienen que escoger entre la muerte por necesidad o hambre, o ganarse la vida en otro lugar» (*St. Christopher Advertiser*, 1899)<sup>17</sup>. En 1904, preocupado por los disturbios políticos en el puerto de Sánchez, el vicecónsul británico en Puerto Plata solicitaba la presencia de un buque de guerra, porque «los súbditos británicos [...] sobrepasan por mucho los de cualquier otro país y por causa de su color están mucho más expuestos al maltrato e irrespeto de sus derechos que cualquier otro extranjero en tiempos difíciles» (Gosling, 1904).

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<sup>17</sup> Este documento lo firmó Charles Ateneage en representación de las «poblaciones trabajadoras nativas de las Indias Occidentales y de la Guayana Británica» (Ateneage, 1899). En noviembre de ese año, Joseph Chamberlain, en su función de secretario de Estado de las Colonias, rechazó el pedido de 10 libras esterlinas anuales para la atención médica y ayuda de estos súbditos británicos porque «no creo se debe autorizar la suma solicitada, aun porque sea poco» (Bertram, 1899).



# HAITIANOS Y COCOLOS

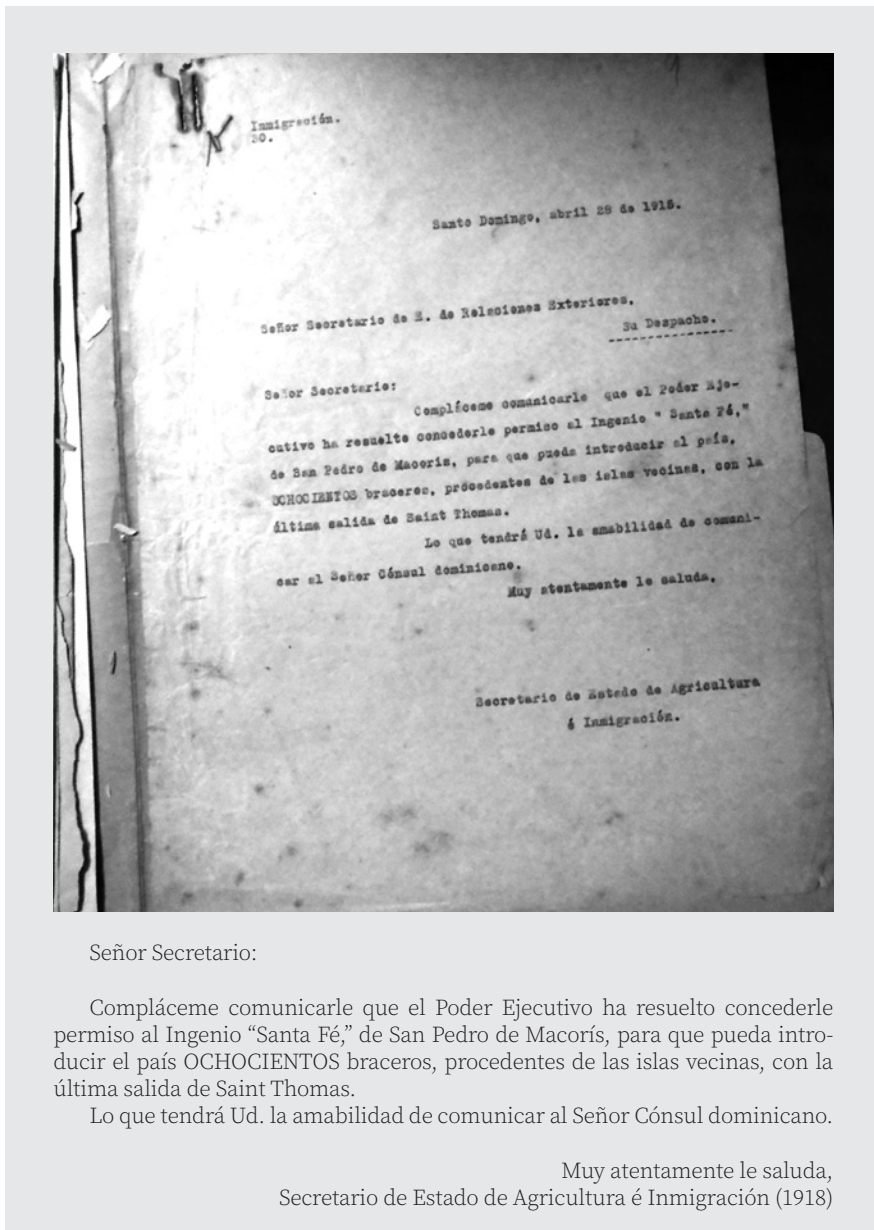
**La inmigración haitiana** y cocoa ocurre simultáneamente en el entresiglo y se dirigía sobre todo hacia las labores en la industria azucarera. Los administradores de esta industria la visualizaban como la solución al problema de falta de fuerza de trabajo barata. Mientras que las élites gobernantes la rechazaba por motivos económicos y culturales. Los cocolos obtuvieron trabajos en la fase fabril de la elaboración del azúcar; los haitianos, por su parte, predominaron en el cultivo, el corte y la transportación de la caña hacia los molinos. En 1910, el informe de la Comisión de Hacienda de la Cámara de Diputados expresaba que «la influencia de los braceros de raza inferior que anualmente concurren al país en busca de trabajo en los ingenios de caña [...] aleja al bracero nacional que no puede cubrir sus [...] necesidades con el ínfimo jornal» pagado por la industria azucarera (citado en Inoa, 1999: 164). Por otro lado, la gerencia del ingenio Santa Fe sostenía que el haitiano es «un bracero poco deseable, y es mucho menos eficiente que el dominicano y aun el mismo inglés, pero la constante necesidad en que estamos de brazos nos obliga a utilizarlo» (citado en Inoa, 1999:166). Otros sectores de la sociedad dominicana los perciben como competencia a la mano de obra nacional.

Inmigrantes haitianos en la proa de un barco hacia La Romana, ca. 1920



Fuente: Colección personal Humberto García Muñiz.

## Autorización de importación de braceros al Ingenio Santa Fe, 1918.



Señor Secretario:

Compláceme comunicarle que el Poder Ejecutivo ha resuelto concederle permiso al Ingenio "Santa Fé," de San Pedro de Macorís, para que pueda introducir el país OCHOCIENTOS braceros, procedentes de las islas vecinas, con la última salida de Saint Thomas.

Lo que tendrá Ud. la amabilidad de comunicar al Señor Cónsul dominicano.

Muy atentamente le saluda,  
Secretario de Estado de Agricultura é Inmigración (1918)

El mayor desarrollo económico y social de las colonias británicas, en contraste con la precaria situación de Haití, se reflejó en la percepción cultural de los inmigrantes. No obstante la supuesta barbarie de ambos, los cocolos tenían «una cultura primaria con que les dota su gobierno en la infancia», «una buena educación de método, respeto, y disciplina» y «la higiene y el orden que aprenden desde su nacimiento» (López [1906], 1991:78-79). Su dominio del inglés les favoreció ante los administradores y técnicos azucareros estadounidenses, gran parte de ellos procedentes del estado suroeste de Luisiana (García Muñiz, 1999:7-8, 14, 26). Además, los cocolos del Caribe inglés estaban orgullosos de ser súbditos del imperio británico, otra distinción fundamental que los separaba de los haitianos, caracterizados por su alegado primitivismo, consecuencia de su herencia africana (Del Castillo, 1981b:165-166; Cassá, 1990:67).

En 1911 se promulgó la Ley de Franquicias Agrícolas, que contenía las primeras cláusulas restrictivas para inmigrantes que no «sean de la raza blanca o sean de las islas vecinas u otra procedencia de América y únicamente para las cosechas o zafras de ese año» (citado en Domínguez 1994:387). En 1912, el Gobierno exigió que las compañías azucareras solicitaran una autorización para la introducción de braceros del Caribe no hispanoparlante, y se declaró el español como idioma oficial del país. En 1919, durante la ocupación militar de Estados Unidos, se legalizó la inmigración haitiana a partir de la entrada de braceros con permisos de permanencia temporal. El racismo antinegro contra el haitiano y el cocolo, al igual que la defensa y promoción de la cultura hispánica por medio del lenguaje, se hicieron parte del corpus jurídico nacional.

# LOS COCOLOS EN SAN PEDRO DE MACORÍS

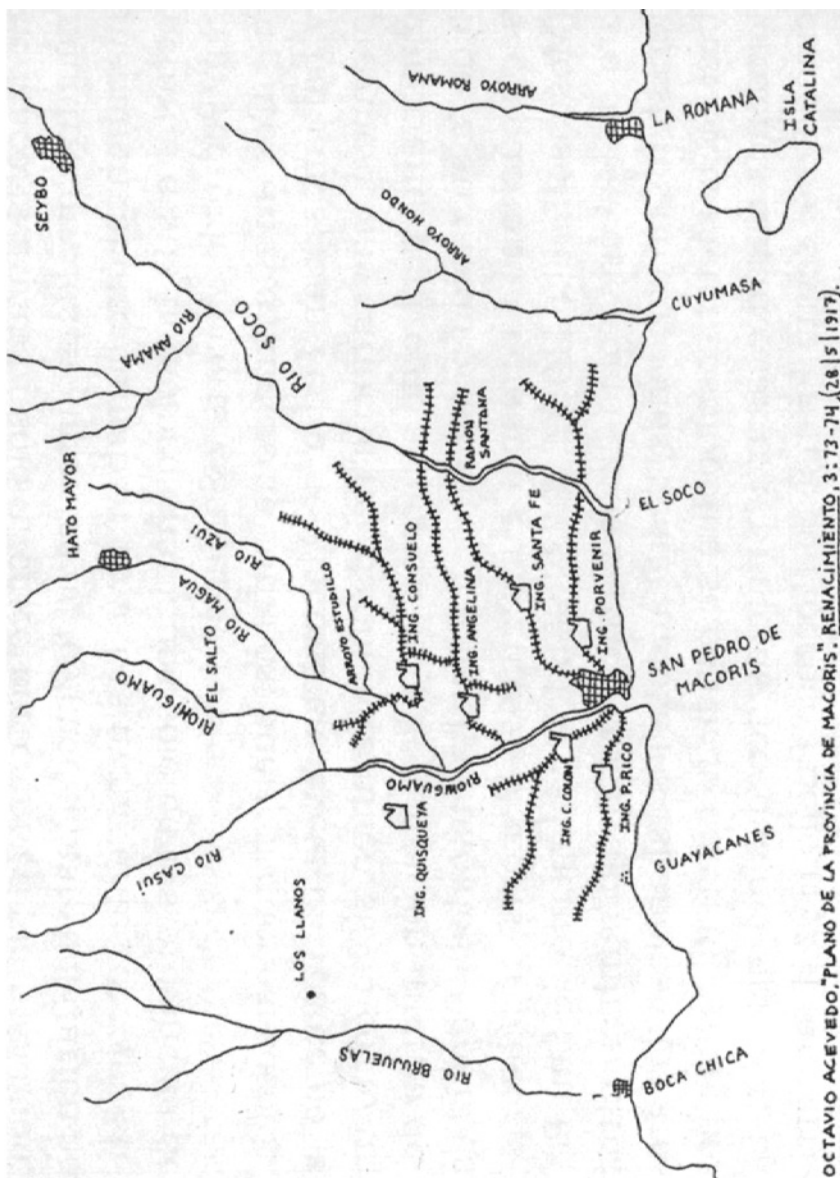
**San Pedro de Macorís** se convirtió en el centro más importante del cultivo cañero y la producción de azúcar crudo para la exportación. En 1918, unos siete centrales en la periferia de la ciudad sembraban y molían caña para la producción y embarque en el puerto situado en el lado oriental del río Higüamo o en sus propios muelles instalados en los afluentes que convergían en ese río.

En los años 1919, 1920 y 1921, la ciudad de San Pedro de Macorís fue el puerto de entrada del 48 % de los inmigrantes. De estos, 76 % era de «color», según la clasificación censal (León [1920], 1975:110). En 1920, 5,666 personas de estas islas, 62 % del total en el país, se radicaron en la provincia de San Pedro de Macorís: 3,615 de las Antillas británicas, seguido por 1,498 de las holandesas, 732 de las francesas y 552 de las danesas (León [1920], 1975:146). Esta afluencia caribeña hizo de San Pedro de Macorís la provincia con mayor proporción de «negros», 41 % de acuerdo con el censo<sup>18</sup>.

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<sup>18</sup> Le seguía Santo Domingo con 38 % y Azua, Barahona y Montecristi con 30-31 %. Estas tres últimas, provincias colindantes con Haití.

Mapa de San Pedro de Macorís



OCTAVIO ACEVEDO, "PLANO DE LA PROVINCIA DE MACORIS", RENACIMIENTO, 3:73-74 [28 | 5 | 1917].

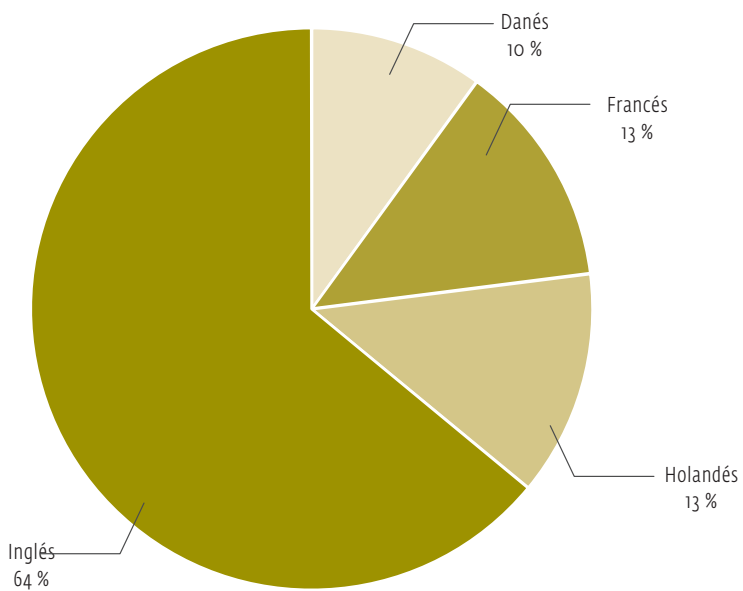


Inmigrantes cocolos en la proa de un barco que se dirige a República Dominicana, 1920



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

### Los cocolos en San Pedro de Macorís



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

En 1920, la población caribeña de «color» alcanzaba unos 37,451 habitantes, 4.2 % de la población total del país. De estos, unos 28,258 (75 %) eran haitianos y 9,191 (25 %) inmigrantes del resto del Caribe no hispanohablante. El mayor por ciento de una población caribeña de «color» se encontraba en San Pedro de Macorís (20 %) y, a continuación, en Monte Cristi, en la frontera norte con Haití. Los haitianos en San Pedro de Macorís llegaban solo al 5 % de la población, mientras que los inmigrantes de «color» del resto del Caribe no hispanohablante sumaban 15 %. Los cocolos superaron a sus homólogos haitianos solo en las provincias de San Pedro de Macorís y Samaná.

#### Cocolos transportados en un vagón de caña para los bateyes, 1920



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñoz.

Con un alto número de cubanos, puertorriqueños, cocolos y haitianos, San Pedro de Macorís se reveló tal vez como la provincia más caribeña del Caribe<sup>19</sup>. También sirvió como un importante centro de atracción para la migración interna. Debido «a su rápido progreso [...] en todo el ámbito de la República se escuchaba la misma consigna: A Macorís, a

<sup>19</sup> Para una discusión de las distintas migraciones, véase García Arévalo, Álvarez Santana *et al.*, 2000.

Macorís» (Moscoso Puello [1956], 1978:398). Su crecimiento como ciudad azucarera atrajo también a otros forasteros no caribeños, entre los cuales se destacaron los españoles y los árabes. El ambiente cosmopolita se convirtió en su sello distintivo, por lo menos durante las tres primeras décadas del siglo XX. La ciudad era, según Francisco Moscoso Puello (1981), un territorio «desdominicanizado» (136-137).<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> Moscoso Puello, un reconocido médico y hombre de letras, se traslada a la capital en la década de 1930. Estaba casado con Lidia, la hermana mayor de Joaquín Balaguer.



# EL DESARROLLO DE LA UNIA-ACL

**Los diversos orígenes** isleños de la comunidad cocola —con sus propias escuelas, iglesias, asociaciones culturales, sociedades de socorro mutuo y logias masónicas— le daban un carácter heterogéneo a la provincia de San Pedro de Macorís.

Una parte de la comunidad residía en la ciudad, y la otra estaba dispersa por los bateyes de los centrales y de las colonias cañeras. Miramar, el barrio principal, habitado sobre todo por inmigrantes de las colonias británicas, se fundó con el alza de los precios del azúcar a partir del comienzo de la Primera Guerra Mundial en 1914. Moño Corto fue otro barrio importante.<sup>21</sup>

Juan Niemen, de origen cocolo, nos señaló que también hubo una asociación de «mutualistas guadalupeños [...] que se reunían [...] para resolver problemas sociales y problemas económicos y problemas financieros [...] los ingleses tenían el de ellos exclusivo [...] ellos tenían sus sociedades particulares que era el mutualismo inglés». También existió una escuela de guadalupeños y martiniqueños, aparte de las inglesas, cuyos maestros eran franceses. Uno «que era de mi color [...] aquí le dicen indio, pero eso es un color más o menos pasivo [...] y había otro que era de su color [...]

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<sup>21</sup> Se llamó así porque sus primeras moradoras fueron las mujeres que vinieron del Caribe holandés a los ingenios Colón y Puerto Rico. Ellas tenían «el pelo malo no logrando hacerse trenzas sino moñitos» (Báez González, s. f.: 27).

blanco» (Niemen, 1997).<sup>22</sup> En su novela autobiográfica *Navarajo*, Moscoso Puello ofrece una viva descripción de la comunidad cocola en la ciudad:

Abundaban [...] las escuelas sostenidas por las sectas relijiosas [sic], las cuales tenían sus respectivos templos: metodistas, episcopales, etc. Los domingos llenaban estas iglesias con la población *cocola*, vestidos de limpio, con telas de una blancura extraordinaria, rigurosamente planchadas y gran cantidad de pañuelos de madrás artísticamente atados a la cabeza y paletoses, levitas y sombreros de copa. Los pastores procedían de las islas, hombres gruesos por lo regular bien servidos y comidos, que se expresaban en inglés de Eaton o en *negro english*, el dialecto de esas regiones. [...] En los barrios se organizaban fiestas, sobre todo los sábados y era frecuente oír los aires de las pequeñas Antillas. Era popular el calipso de Trinidad. Tambores, clarinete, cornetín, flauta eran los instrumentos más usados. A veces aparecía un virtuoso del violín de St. Kitts o de la Martinica. [...] Los días festivos, sobre todo en las pascuas, los *cocolos* daban la nota típica en la ciudad, la recorrían vestidos de indios caribes, tocando sus tambores, triángulos y flautines cubiertos con vistosas plumas y ejecutando danzas al parecer caribes (Moscoso Puello [1956], 1978:408-409, cursivas en el original).

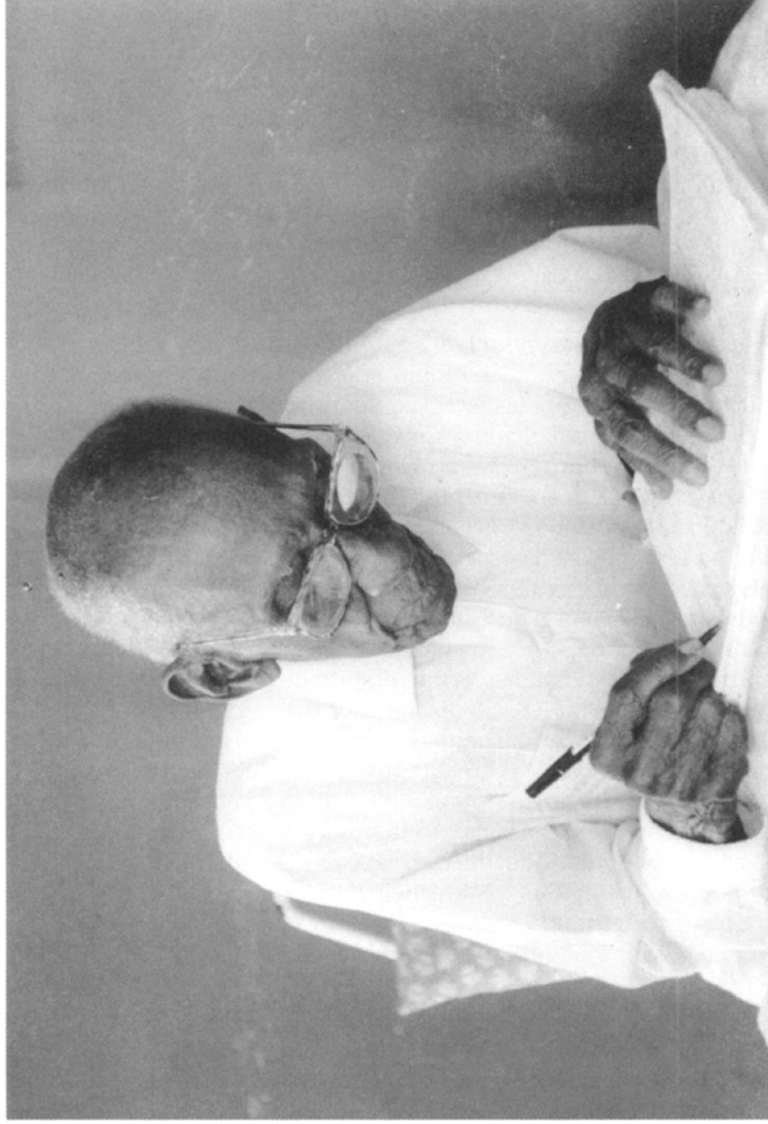
Una muestra del predominio de la presencia cocola en los bateyes de los centrales es ofrecida por el inmigrante Wilfred Rowland.<sup>23</sup> En el ingenio Porvenir, propiedad de la prominente familia Kelly, de Nueva York, Rowland encontró a «su gente», con un idioma que los mantenía unidos y a la vez separados de los otros grupos:

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<sup>22</sup> Al mencionar el color blanco alude al color de piel del entrevistador (para más información de la migración de Guadalupe, véase Nicolas, 1992:175-186).

<sup>23</sup> La novela *Over*, de Ramón Marrero Aristy, al describir la fase de cultivo desde el punto de vista de un bodeguero en las colonias cañeras, ofrece un análisis único de la vida en el campo. Contrasta la población migrante cocola y haitiana al abordar, entre otros aspectos, las diferencias entre ambas: parte de su característica estacional, el embarque en sus islas de origen, el viaje marítimo, el desembarco en La Romana, su distribución en las colonias, las labores en el campo, las actitudes hacia y entre ellas. Por ejemplo, los *cocolos* eran conocidos como los «abogados» porque «saben leer y conocen el peso de la caña», estaban «en grupo aparte [...] chapurreando inglés, parecen significarse superiores», «Mi va se va pa St. Kitts. Mi no vuelve pa la otra» (Marrero Aristy [1939], 1981:389, 391 y 453).

El 2 de diciembre de 1997, Wilfred E. Rowland firma la autorización para el uso de la cinta y la transcripción de la entrevista llevada a cabo en la ciudad de Santo Domingo, República Dominicana



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

Lo que sucede es que cuando llego a Porvenir, entonces estoy con mi gente. Mi gente, los míos [...] hablando mi lenguaje. Nadie está hablando español. Cuando querían hablar español, los ancianos, ellos podían hablar español. Pero si no inglés, inglés, inglés, mañana, mediodía y noche. Por eso fue que no aprendí español. Porque viví en una colonia inglesa toda mi vida. Aprendí español de los libros, pero no por contactos. En verdad siempre he vivido en comunidades inglesas. Ahí, con gente de St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucía, St. Martin, St. Vincent, Grenada (Rowland, 1991) (Traducción nuestra, en adelante TN).<sup>24</sup>

En el ingenio Porvenir, Rowland comenzó a trabajar de tornero en el taller mecánico bajo la supervisión de James Alexander Francis, natural de Antigua, que tenía experiencia de trabajo en el Canal de Panamá.<sup>25</sup> El 7 de diciembre de 1919, Francis invitó a Rowland a una reunión en la Iglesia Episcopal Metodista Africana (African Methodist Episcopal Church) de San Pedro de Macorís, relacionada con una organización que se había formado en los Estados Unidos: la UNIA-ACL.<sup>26</sup> La autorización para la actividad se obtuvo «después de muchas dificultades» gracias a las gestiones de tres miembros de la junta de directores de la iglesia: Phillip van Putten, Benjamin Jeffers y Charles Henry (Bridgewater, 1920, TN). Alrededor de trescientas personas se reunieron en el templo. El pastor Joseph MacKay rehusó presidir la reunión. Entonces se nombró a Charles Martin para sustituirlo. Luego de la lectura de la constitución de la UNIA-ACL, los presentes acordaron crear un capítulo y eligieron a los siguientes directivos: Van Putten, presidente; Theodore Norman, primer

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<sup>24</sup> Rowland nació en St. Kitts en 1900 y desembarcó en San Pedro de Macorís el 4 de febrero de 1918 (Rowland, 1991).

<sup>25</sup> Francis emigró a principios del siglo XX. Primero trabajó en el ingenio Puerto Rico de los Serrallés (Rowland, 1991). Probablemente al cierre de este ingenio fue a trabajar en el Canal de Panamá y, a su regreso, se empleó en el ingenio Porvenir. Al terminar la construcción del Canal, la política oficial fue de repatriación. Se calcula que unos trece mil afroantillanos dejaron el país (Conniff, 1985:47, 48).

<sup>26</sup> La noticia fue difundida en septiembre de 1919 por David Hennessey, quien tenía un ejemplar de *The Negro World* con el anuncio de su fundación. De seguido se reunieron tres veces unas diez personas en la casa de Samuel MacKenzie; entre ellas, Hennessey, Edgar Bridgewater, E. M. Charles, Theodore Norman, A. G. Potter, Joseph Sinclair y Charles Wilson. Acordaron comenzar «a trabajar definitivamente para y en nombre» de la UNIA-ACL (Bridgewater, 1920, TN).



vicepresidente; A. G. Potter, tesorero; David Hennessey, secretario general, y W. J. E. Butler, asistente del secretario.<sup>27</sup> De esta forma, uno de los primeros capítulos de la UNIA-ACL en el Caribe se estableció en San Pedro de Macorís. A tono con el patrón del desarrollo de la organización en la región, el capítulo surgió en un enclave de inmigrantes antillanos no hispanohablantes que habían emigrado del Caribe colonial europeo en búsqueda de mejores oportunidades.

En la República Dominicana, además de San Pedro de Macorís, se organizarían divisiones en Sánchez, la ciudad portuaria de la provincia de Samaná en el norte, y en la capital, Santo Domingo.<sup>28</sup>

El 23 de diciembre de 1919, Van Putten, presidente de la UNIA-ACL en San Pedro de Macorís, envió dos comunicados al contralmirante Thomas Snowden, gobernador militar del país, y una al gobernador civil de la provincia de San Pedro de Macorís, en los que informaba la creación del capítulo número 26 de la UNIA-ACL, sus objetivos y propósitos. Ambos oficiales respondieron positivamente (Fuller, 1919; Sánchez Gonzáles, 1920). No obstante, esta acogida de las autoridades del Gobierno militar sería breve. Las fuerzas interventoras establecieron un férreo régimen de control social y político, acompañado de una carga ideológica de corte racista (Calder [1984], 1989:182-183).

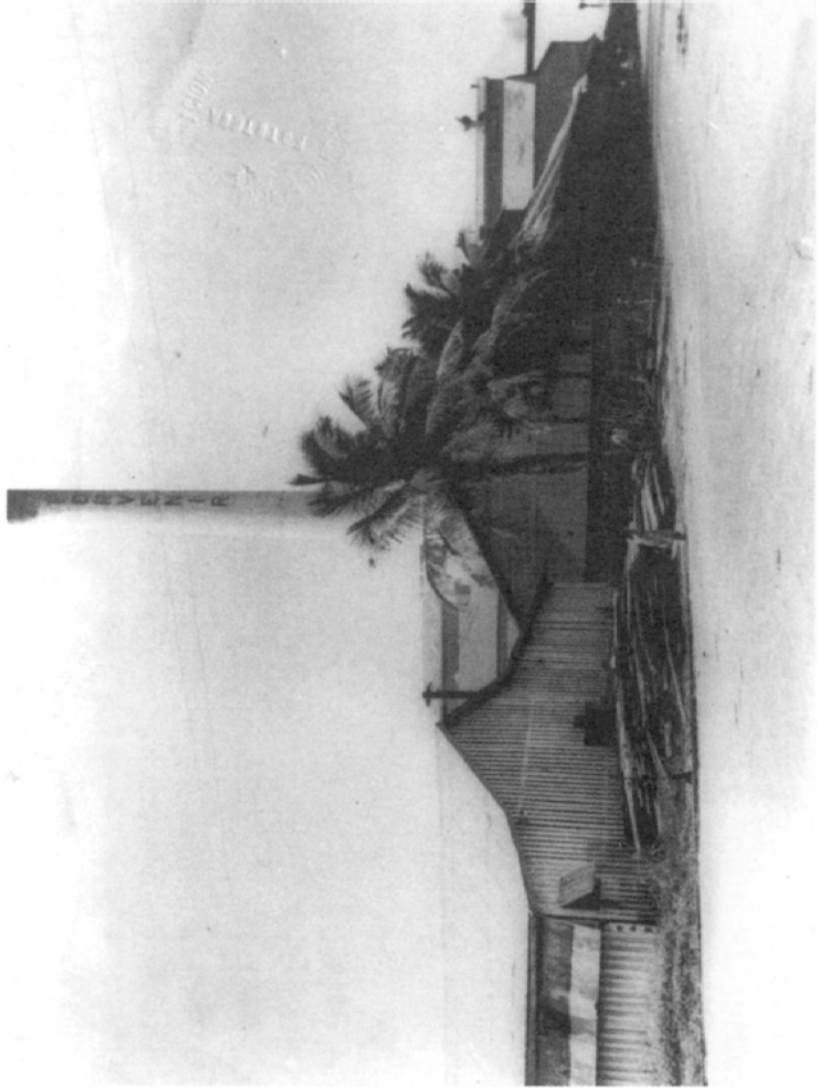
La ocupación militar se caracterizó por ser represiva, a tal grado que Adolf E. Berle, hijo, joven abogado, en su primera misión en un país latinoamericano, la calificó de «una dictadura militar» (Berle, Adolf A. Jr., 1970, *TN*). Estos hechos son importantes para entender la oposición de la mano dura militar estadounidense a la UNIA-ACL, como veremos más adelante.

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<sup>27</sup> La UNIA-ACL permitía la creación de capítulos y estos a su vez se podían integrar de secciones. El término utilizado para capítulo en inglés era *división*, y *chapters* para las secciones.

<sup>28</sup> En la lista de capítulos se menciona que hubo cinco en la República Dominicana (Martin 1976: 16). Dos de ellos se encontraban en La Romana y Barahona, ambos pueblos azucareros controlados por corporaciones estadounidenses. Sin embargo, no hemos encontrado información sobre esos capítulos, excepto en el sentido de que el de La Romana no tenía importancia alguna (Rowland, 1991).

Ingenio Porvenir, San Pedro de Macorís, propiedad de la familia Kelly, de Nueva York, s. f.



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

En agosto de 1920, el presidente del capítulo de la UNIA-ACL, Phillip van Putten, asistió como miembro de la delegación de Santo Domingo a la Primera Convención Internacional de los Pueblos Negros del Mundo, celebrada en Nueva York.<sup>29</sup>

### Primera Convención Internacional de la UNIA, agosto 1920



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñoz.

Este significativo evento, de gran resonancia, reunió unos dos mil delegados de veinticinco países en el Madison Square Garden durante todo un mes (Lewis, 1988:86). Las delegaciones presentes expusieron al pleno las condiciones en su país. El 4 de agosto, después de los turnos de Antigua, Cuba y Carolina del Norte, Van Putten afirmó que hablaba por los setentaicinco mil negros de la República Dominicana, donde:

[...] un sistema se ha puesto en vigor por medio del cual los Españoles (*Spanish*) blancos y Americanos (*Americans*) blancos conspi-

<sup>29</sup> En el registro del barco Algonquin, Van Putten aparece como un «misionero», de 30 años, casado, de «raza negra», y de «etnicidad» de las «Indias Occidentales Holandesas, africano», que se dirigía a casa de su padre William van Putten, en la calle 62 Bible House de la ciudad de Nueva York. En el mismo viaje llega a la ciudad Alice Cooks, la esposa del garveyista James Cooks. Véase «Listor Manifest of All Alien Passengers for the United States», S. S. Algonquin, Sailing from San Pedro de Macoris, Dominican Republic, Date of Arrival 9 July 1920, at Ellis Island Foundation, The American Family Immigration History Center's Ellis Island Archive (Online: The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation, Inc. 2003). <http://www.ellislandrecords.org> (accedido el 8 de febrero de 2003).

ran para detener una mayor inmigración de Negros a la República. Las condiciones [...] allí son terribles. Los Negros allí, sin embargo, vienen principalmente de las Islas de las Indias Occidentales (West Indian Islands) y se están uniendo para su propia salvación. Ya no están poseídos por la Anglomanía, sino que están decididos a obtener y mantener sus derechos no importa los peligros, y se preparan silentes pero firmes para el momento cuando sus servicios sean necesitados para la reclamación y redención de África para los Africanos. Ningún lugar es más productivo y fructífero [...] que esta Isla. Millones de dólares son producidos para la gente blanca, pero nada para el Negro. Todo es controlado por extranjeros. Los trabajadores reciben solo un dólar por día. En la parte norte, los Negros que emigraron allí desde América hace 75 años producen guineos y cacao en abundancia, pero no tienen medios para su transportación (Hill, Ed., 1983b:531-533, *TN*).<sup>30</sup>

A su regreso de Nueva York, Van Putten fue asediado y tuvo que abandonar el país por las actividades de «unos hombres blancos», entre ellos el recién llegado reverendo Archibald Beer, de la Iglesia Episcopal (Episcopal Church), pastores de otras iglesias y un abogado no identificado (Putten, 1921:5).<sup>31</sup>

No obstante, en diciembre de 1920, el capítulo 26 celebró una asamblea en conmemoración del primer aniversario de su fundación. Se informó que su matrícula sumaba unos dos mil miembros, casi un 30 % de la población oriunda del Caribe oriental en la provincia de San Pedro de Macorís de acuerdo con el censo de ese mismo año. Se componía

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<sup>30</sup> Esta última referencia alude a los descendientes de esclavos libertos de habla inglesa que vinieron de los Estados Unidos en el período de la ocupación haitiana bajo la presidencia de Jean Pierre Boyer (Hoetink, 1962:3-23; Aracena, 2000).

<sup>31</sup> Esta iglesia es la vertiente estadounidense de la Iglesia de Inglaterra (Church of England), fundada a raíz de la revolución americana. El reverendo Van Putten, de la Iglesia Metodista Episcopal Africana, fue asignado a Haití en 1923 y desde esa fecha hasta 1932, por su dominio del español, se le envió reiteradamente a la República Dominicana, en donde fundó misiones en varias plantaciones azucareras, reparó la iglesia en Ciudad Trujillo y adquirió la iglesia Zion en San Pedro de Macorís, la cual reproducimos en la fotografía (Berry, 1942:193). Además, Van Putten aparece en Samaná como presidente tesorero de la Sala de Socorro, fundada en 1924 por un grupo de particulares (Rodríguez Demorizi, 1975:37).

de obreros y técnicos de la industria azucarera, artesanos, trabajadoras domésticas, pequeños comerciantes y algunos propietarios de casas. Los reverendos de las iglesias protestantes actuaron como líderes, un fenómeno que se repitió en otros lugares donde se asentó la UNIA-ACL. El reverendo Dixon E. Phillips, natural de Tobago, presidió la reunión y fungió como maestro de ceremonias. J. H. Thomas, Charles Henry, W. L. J. Butler, Henry Williams y Anthony Bastian comenzaron la sesión con una oración. También hablaron James Cooks y John Laviest, miembros de la Junta Directiva; St. George Canty, de la Junta Asesora; Abram Labega, de la sección del central Consuelo, y el *brother* Shedrach, del central Santa Fe (Bridgewater, 1920).

El capítulo 26 quedó establecido en un local construido por James Cooks, carpintero que también era dueño de la propiedad (Cooks, 1921). Se le conocía popularmente como Black Star Line, obvia confusión con el nombre de la naviera establecida por la UNIA-ACL (Martin, 1976:151-173; Peña, 1990:12).<sup>32</sup> Esta empresa sirvió como símbolo del esfuerzo colectivo de los miembros de la UNIA-ACL en Estados Unidos, Latinoamérica, Europa y África (Carnegie, 2002:156-158). En enero de 1921, el capítulo 26 aprobó un sistema mediante el cual cada niño o persona aportaría 25 centavos semanalmente y, al transcurrir veinte semanas, en vez de entregarles los 5.00 dólares se utilizaría el dinero para comprar acciones de la naviera (Laviest, 1921). Al mes siguiente, en febrero, François Hamlet, del ingenio Santa Fe, escribía en *The New World* que, ayudando a las corporaciones de negros, como la naviera Black Star y la United Mercantile Corporation, «se ayudaban a sí mismos y a su Raza» (Hamlet, 1921).<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> La naviera Black Star fue creada en 1919 en Delaware con un capital de 500,000 dólares y llegó a tener cuatro naves. Durante sus dos años de existencia se recogieron 800,000 dólares de una venta pública de acciones, a 5.00 dólares cada una. En total, casi cuarenta mil personas compraron acciones (Carnegie, 2002:153).

<sup>33</sup> No hemos encontrado ninguna United Mercantile Corporation, pero sí una Negro Factories Corporation (Corporación Negra de Industrias), la cual creó varios negocios, como una cadena de tiendas cooperativas de alimentos, un restaurante, una lavandería de vapor, una sastrería, una tienda de modas y una editorial (Lewis [1987], 1988:51).

Renovación de permiso de residencia de Abraham Labega,  
negro carpintero de San Martín, parte holandesa, 65 años

Form. C-3

SECRETARÍA DE ESTADO DE LO INTERIOR Y POLICÍA  
DEPARTAMENTO DE INMIGRACIÓN

SOLICITUD PARA LA **RENOVACION** DE PERMISO DE RESIDENCIA

San Pedro de Macorís,  
San Pedro de Macorís  
(lugar de residencia)

14 de marzo de 1945 19

Director General de Inmigración  
Ciudad Trujillo, R. D.

Incluyo a la presente solicitud mi permiso de residencia y solicito la renovación del mismo.

También incluyo:

Un sello de Rentas Internas, serie de Inmigración  
No. 07272 por valor de \$ 1.-

Abraham Labega  
(Firma del solicitante)

Permiso de Residencia No. 27248  
Fecha de expedición 26 de agosto 1941 19  
La solicitud que precede es correcta a mi entender

[Firma]  
(Inspector de Inmigración)

**GENERALES DEL SOLICITANTE**

Nombre completo Abraham Labega  
edad 65 años raza negra color negro profesión carpintero  
sexo masculino peso 140 lbs. estatura 1.72 m nacionalidad Holandesa  
estado casado país de origen St. Martin, parte holandesa color  
de los ojos negros color del pelo negro  
señas particulares visibles ---  
Residencia Locomotor, San Pedro de Macoris.  
Reg. de Extranjeros, Tarj. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Céd. No. 23/663 Fecha Marzo 17, 1942

ABR 6 1945  
13158

Fuente: AGN, Repositorio Digital de Permisos de Residencia, <http://consulta.agn.gob.do//residencias#>,

Las reuniones del capítulo 26 se daban dos veces por semana. En una de ellas, el 3 de septiembre de 1921, los marines irrumpieron y arrestaron a varios líderes, entre ellos a su presidente, el reverendo Phillips (De Bourg, 1921a).<sup>34</sup> Dos días más tarde, el 5 de febrero, Thomas Duruo encabezó una solicitud escrita al gobernador militar, el contralmirante Samuel S. Robison, para que tomara cartas en el asunto del arresto de «nuestro Presidente, el Secretario General y otros Miembros, incluyendo mujeres y menores [...] mientras cantaban canciones sagradas» (Duruo *et al.*, 1921).<sup>35</sup> Días más tarde, el 7 de septiembre, según la versión de las autoridades militares locales, se llevó a cabo una marcha de los cocolos miembros de la UNIA-ACL en las calles de San Pedro de Macorís con el motivo de «reclutar miembros para la organización y de hacer gala de sus ideas al público» (Kincade, 1921, *TN*). Esta marcha llegó hasta las oficinas del reverendo Beer, que también era vicecónsul británico, y allí los manifestantes tiraron al suelo la bandera británica, la pisotearon y escupieron (Byas, 1991; Kincade, 1921).<sup>36</sup> El preboste militar, capitán G. M. Kincade, pensó que esta organización, llamada la Universal Negro Improvement Association y African Blood Brotherhood (Hermandad de la Sangre Africana, ABB), crecería y podría ser una amenaza por tener «tendencias bolcheviques y anarquistas» (Kincade,

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<sup>34</sup> Phillips abandonó la Iglesia Moraviana (Moravian Church), «controlada por superiores religiosos blancos», los reverendos Brown y Van Fleck (De Bourg, 1921a). La primera capilla de esta iglesia se construyó en el ingenio Angelina, de los Vicini. En la década de 1980, la versión que circula es que Phillips estuvo vinculado a «una organización laboral y racial que ocasionó disputas que motivaron su renuncia. Cuando dejó la congregación, sus partidarios lo siguieron y no pasó largo tiempo para su deportación por el gobierno dominicano» (Lockward, 1982:308).

<sup>35</sup> Los otros firmantes fueron: James Cooks, Charles P. Lundy, Jonathan Isaac Bowman, Harry Cardoso, Abram Labega, Louis I. Machavous [*sic*], Alan Jordan, Martha Labega, Eudarie James, Martha Harnsford, Agnes Branck [*sic*], Victor Burnett, John E. Laviest.

<sup>36</sup> Gran Bretaña mantenía una oficina consular en la capital Santo Domingo y varios viceconsulados en los puertos principales. Beer nació en Plymouth, Inglaterra, en 1887. Era súbdito británico. Arribó a San Pedro de Macorís el 1 de octubre de 1920 (Beer, 1921). El cónsul en Santo Domingo, C. K. Ledger, escribía que la mayor ocupación en esa ciudad era «en relación con los trabajadores de color británicos que llegan de islas en las Indias Occidentales para las propiedades azucareras. En su trabajo, el Sr. Beer está en contacto con esta gente y está realmente en una mejor posición para juzgar las acciones correctas o incorrectas de la gente de color que son frecuentemente arrestados por razones triviales, usualmente debido a su ignorancia del idioma español [...]. El Sr. Beer conoce bien a ambos, oficiales americanos y dominicanos, trabaja con energía y estoy seguro de que dará lo mejor de sí para mantener la dignidad de la Oficina [del viceconsulado]» (Ledger, 1921, *TN*).

1921). El resultado fue que el 10 de septiembre hubo más arrestos y del 11 al 17 todos fueron juzgados y encarcelados.<sup>37</sup> Eventualmente los líderes más importantes fueron deportados en noviembre: el reverendo Phillips (presidente), William J. Butler (segundo vicepresidente), Charles E. Henry (tercer vicepresidente), y J. T. Carey, todos súbditos británicos.<sup>38</sup>

Como era de esperar, la historia documental y oral no permite una reconstrucción completa de los hechos y de las personas involucradas. Un caso importante —como veremos al final de este ensayo— es el de James Cooks. Este, un súbdito holandés, natural de St. Martin, estaba en la lista original para ser deportado pero identificado como súbdito británico.

En respuesta a una solicitud de Cooks, el cónsul holandés intervino y le escribió al Gobierno militar que «mi protegido es un artesano honrado, establecido desde más de 27 años en San Pedro de Macorís en donde a fuerza de trabajo y economías ha podido adquirir un crédito justamente merecido» (Escovar, 1921).<sup>39</sup> La petición parece que cayó en oídos sordos, pues Cooks apareció en marzo de 1922 en la ciudad de Nueva York, adonde llegó en un barco que vino desde Curazao.<sup>40</sup>

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<sup>37</sup> El abogado Santiago Lamela Díaz apeló los arrestos, pero fue echado a patadas del tribunal, golpeado con culatas de rifles y obligado a barrer las calles; resultó liberado ante una protesta masiva del pueblo (Álvarez, Bermúdez y Hazim, 1996:20).

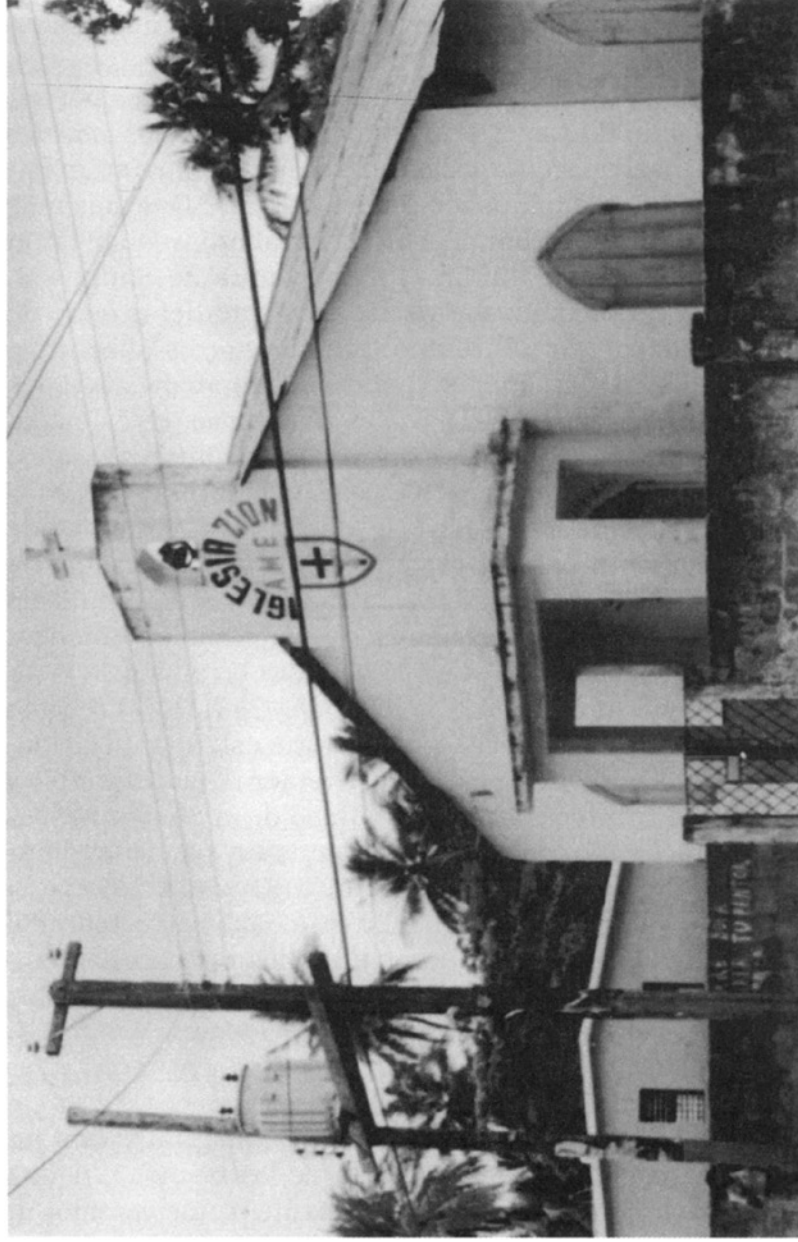
<sup>38</sup> El tribunal los dejó libres bajo fianza, pero el preboste militar, capitán Kincade, no los dejó salir y procedió a encerrarlos por setentainueve días antes de su deportación. Otros apresados, pero no deportados, fueron: Anthony Bastian (casado, mecánico, de St. Croix), Edgar W. Bridgewater (soltero, sastre, de Nevis), Mercedes Duruo, Ellis Erdaile (soltero, sastre, de St. Kitts), David Hicks, Orlando Hynes (soltero, platero, de St. Croix), Violet Hollingsworth (soltera, sirvienta, de St. Croix), Ellinpotter (casada, sirvienta, de St. Martin), Zechariah Rawlins (soltero, carretero, de St. Martin), Joseph Welch (agricultor, de Barbados) y Jane Williams (casada, sirvienta, de St. Thomas) (Jimenes, 1921). Otros miembros de la UNIA-ACL no deportados fueron los siguientes: H. A. Cairns, A. Dunbavin, J. J. Herbert, J. Kennedy, H. Lucas, J. L. Martines y E. Vanderhorst.

<sup>39</sup> Cooks era dueño de doce casas, tenía deudas ascendentes a siete mil dólares, y a la UNIA-ACL le debía 1,350 dólares (Cooks, 1921).

<sup>40</sup> Una versión dice que Cooks se escapó vestido de mujer en un barco con destino hacia Estados Unidos. (Sekou, Ed., 1997: 65). Véase, además, «List or Manifest of All Alien Passengers for the United States», S. S. Zulia, Sailing from Curacao, Dutch West Indies, Date of Arrival, 9 July 1920, at Ellis Island Foundation, *The American Family Immigration History Center's Ellis Island Archive* (Online: The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation, Inc. 2003). <http://www.ellislandrecords.org> (accedido el 24 de marzo de 2003).



Iglesia Zion, en San Pedro de Macorís



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

La represión racista de las autoridades militares no se limitó a la UNIA-ACL como organización, sino que también tuvo manifestación de carácter individual. Por ejemplo, el 19 de diciembre de 1921, un oficial de la Infantería de Marina de los Estados Unidos golpeó a J. I. Bowman en la calle Sánchez de San Pedro de Macorís. Según Bowman, el oficial le gritó: «¡Mírame, maldito negro, no entiendes que ningún maldito negro está supuesto a permitir que su cuerpo toque el de un Marine!», y le asestó un golpe en el lado derecho de la mandíbula (Bowman, 1921, TN). Bowman denunció el incidente en una carta y solicitó una investigación. Finalmente, la alta oficialidad militar determinó que el caso no procedía ante una alegada falta de evidencias (Lee, 1922a).<sup>41</sup>

La repentina represión hacia la UNIA-ACL parece haber sido causada principalmente por tres razones, vinculadas entre sí: el racismo, la disputa entre las iglesias blancas y negras, y la ideología de la organización. El racismo se hace patente cuando el preboste militar, capitán Kincade, señaló que la organización tenía como «su motivo oculto [...] engendrar el odio racial con la idea de dominar a la raza blanca en última instancia». El oficial militar argumentaba que «esto sería imposible en Estados Unidos», pero no «del todo imposible aquí una vez se termine la ocupación» (Kincade, 1921). Detrás de las acciones de las autoridades militares estaba el temor de que la militancia negra cambiara el orden racial vigente que promovía los Estados Unidos y que, a su vez, justificaba sus acciones domésticas y hacia el exterior.<sup>42</sup>

También el racismo estaba íntimamente relacionado con la disputa religiosa a causa de la desertión de los fieles de color de las iglesias de pastores blancos a las de pastores negros y mulatos.

Van Putten señaló que Beer y otros dos pastores blancos se perturbaron al ver que «sus fieles Negros los habían dejado para abrir una Iglesia

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<sup>41</sup> Un miembro de la UNIA-ACL, Edgar Bridgewater, mecanografió la carta en la máquina de escribir de la organización, pero el incidente no parece estar relacionado con las actividades contra esta.

<sup>42</sup> Ese fue el pensamiento de J. Edgar Hoover durante toda su gestión, quien encontraba ninguna o poca diferencia entre los derechos civiles, el panafricanismo, el comunismo y el socialismo en el sentido de que todos amenazaban el *status quo* y dejarían al país vulnerable a ataques internos y externos (Kornweibel, 1998:179). Durante la Primera Guerra Mundial, el Departamento de Justicia, bajo la dirección de Hoover, creó la División General de Inteligencia (que en 1925 se convirtió en el Buró Federal de Investigaciones, FBI).

Episcopal independiente» (Putten, 1921). La situación se complicó al fungir Beer simultáneamente como reverendo de la Iglesia Episcopal y como vicecónsul británico en la ciudad. Ambos puestos le resultaron convenientes para exigir la represión del garveyismo a las autoridades civiles dominicanas y a las militares estadounidenses, que ya de por sí estaban dispuestas a ello por su conocido racismo.<sup>43</sup>

Al igual que en otros lugares, las iglesias tradicionales, como la Episcopal y la Moraviana, experimentaron la desertión de muchos miembros a otras congregaciones fundadas por ministros que en ocasiones eran al mismo tiempo líderes de la UNIA-ACL.<sup>44</sup> La creación de iglesias independientes por parte de las personas de color, es decir, negras y mulatas, se convirtió en un instrumento para alejarse del control y la supervisión de los reverendos blancos. A veces se acompañó con la fundación de instituciones comunitarias, como escuelas y sociedades de socorro mutuo (Segal, 1995:436-437). La UNIA-ACL era una expresión clara de solidaridad racial, pero no un llamado a la sublevación social.

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<sup>43</sup> En entrevistas realizadas muchos años después, se informaba que Beer exhibía tendencias racistas, y por eso nunca fue defensor de los cocolos como súbditos británicos ante los abusos de que eran víctimas en sus trabajos y por las autoridades militares estadounidenses (Niemen, 1997; Rowland, 1991). Esta situación de inacción por parte de los funcionarios consulares británicos se repitió en Cuba y Centroamérica (Anderson, 1998; Giovannetti-Torres, 2001).

<sup>44</sup> En 1910, el mismo Garvey fue protagonista de un conflicto entre iglesias durante su estadía en Limón, Costa Rica, con la diferencia de que fue con las clases más altas de la sociedad afroantillana (Harpelle, 2001:32-33). Aunque la constitución de la UNIA-ACL declaraba una separación formal entre la UNIA-ACL y las iglesias, ambas instituciones mantuvieron lazos íntimos desde el origen mismo de la organización en Jamaica, y durante su consolidación en Harlem y su expansión internacional. El estilo de las reuniones de la UNIA-ACL y la propia retórica de Garvey eran semejantes a las prácticas religiosas protestantes.



# LA UNIA-ACL A LA OFENSIVA

**La UNIA-ACL en Nueva York** no se quedó de brazos cruzados ante los arrestos de sus miembros en el Caribe. El 23 de octubre de 1921, John Sydney de Bourg, con el título oficial de «líder de los negros de las provincias occidentales de las Indias Occidentales y Centro y Suramérica», llegó a la República Dominicana, incluida en su jurisdicción.<sup>45</sup> A su arribo contactó al gobernador militar, el contralmirante Snowden, ante el cual, con un saludo protocolar, presentó sus credenciales e inquirió sobre los miembros encarcelados de la UNIA-ACL. Además, acopió información acerca de los miembros de la organización en la capital y, al concluir, anunció su partida a San Pedro de Macorís ese mismo día para «ocuparse de los hermanos en prisión» (Vanderhorst, 1921:4, TN).

Martha Labega, secretaria general de la sección de Consuelo, describió su llegada en *The Negro World* en noviembre de 1921 como «un aguacero en tierra sedienta [...] y nosotros nunca dudamos confiando en Dios primero y después en Garvey» (Labega, 1921, TN).

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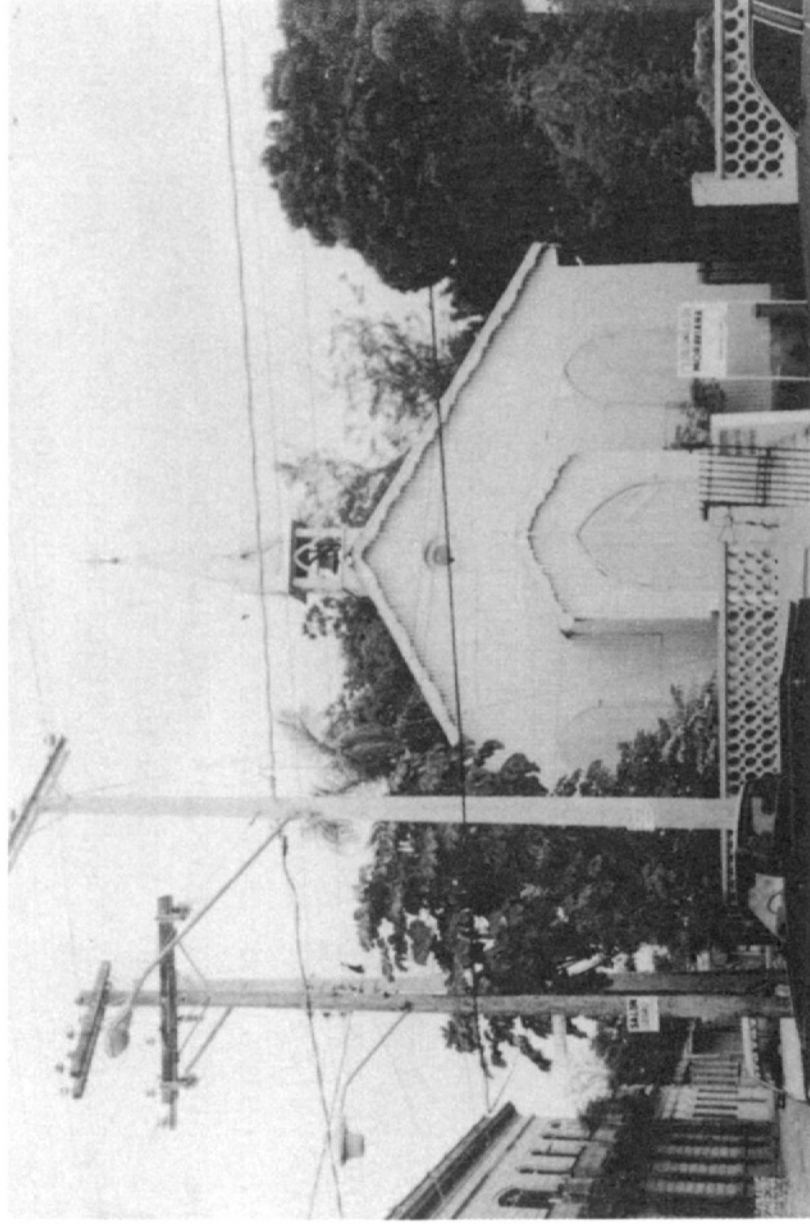
<sup>45</sup> La UNIA-ACL dividió el Caribe en dos subregiones y John Sydney de Bourg tenía la responsabilidad de una de ellas. De Bourg, natural de Granada, fue maestro de escuela y, luego de emigrar a Trinidad y Tobago, llegó a ser secretario de la Trinidad Workingmen's Association, liderada por el capitán A. A. Cipriani. Se le deportó a su isla de origen por su participación en la huelga de 1919. En 1920, a petición de Garvey, representó a Trinidad y Tobago en la convención de la UNIA-ACL, en la cual fue electo a su puesto de líder (Hill, Ed., 1983b:579).

Iglesia Episcopal, San Pedro de Macorís



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

Iglesia Moraviana, San Pedro de Macorís



Fuente: Colección personal, Humberto García Muñiz.

El 25 de octubre, ya en San Pedro de Macorís, De Bourg se reunió con el comandante de distrito, teniente coronel William C. Harllee.<sup>46</sup> Con tono intimidante, Harllee le prohibió a De Bourg celebrar reuniones acerca de los hombres en prisión e insistió en que se inmescuía «en asuntos peligrosos si intenta investigar a unos extranjeros, siendo usted mismo un forastero, en un país que se encuentra bajo una ocupación militar» (Harllee, 1921a, TN).<sup>47</sup> De Bourg no se dejó amedrentar. Su primer paso fue contactar al Gobierno británico en Londres y a su representante local. Debido a que casi todos los involucrados eran súbditos británicos, el enviado de la UNIA-ACL, el 25 de octubre, dirigió extensas cartas a Winston Churchill, que por breve periodo fungía como Secretario de Estado para las Colonias, y al cónsul británico en la capital, C. K. Ledger (De Bourg, 1921a; Ledger, 1921).<sup>48</sup> En ellas solicitaba una investigación sobre el papel de los cónsules nombrados para la protección de los súbditos británicos negros, e hizo un fuerte reclamo con respecto a la participación del vicecónsul, el reverendo Beer, en la represión contra la UNIA-ACL.<sup>49</sup>

De Bourg se acercó también a las corporaciones azucareras de San Pedro de Macorís. El 14 de noviembre se reunió con los administradores

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<sup>46</sup> El teniente coronel Harllee fue quien implantó la técnica de acordonamiento para capturar a los gavilleros, la cual no tuvo éxito, pero sí hizo mucho daño material a los campesinos y provocó abusos contra gente inocente. Resultó sometido a una corte marcial, pero lo absolvieron por no informar o investigar varios casos de abusos en 1921 y 1922. El gavillerismo era un movimiento heterogéneo, en su mayoría compuesto de campesinos de la región oriental, que libró una guerra de guerrillas contra las fuerzas del gobierno mayor de los Estados Unidos. Tiene sus comienzos antes de la ocupación (Calder [1984], 1989:169-230; Franks, 1995: 158-179; García Muñiz, 2000-2001:3-48).

<sup>47</sup> Las instrucciones transmitidas por la radio del gobernador militar al teniente coronel Harllee fueron «brindarle cualquier petición razonable y permitirle que se quede todo lo quiera mientras su visita no sea en detrimento del buen orden» (Harllee, 1921b, TN).

<sup>48</sup> En su carta a Churchill, De Bourg citaba las palabras del primer ministro Lloyd George: «Ninguna calamidad mayor puede ocurrirle al mundo que una acentuación de las divisiones en cuestiones de raza» (De Bourg, 1921a).

<sup>49</sup> Por este lado, poco apoyo podía esperar. El intercambio de información sobre la UNIA-ACL y la African Blood Brotherhood (Hermandad de Sangre Africana, ABB) era rutinario entre Estados Unidos y las dos potencias coloniales europeas. Francia y Gran Bretaña veían el garveyismo como una amenaza para sus colonias en el Caribe y su hegemonía en el África Occidental, mientras que Estados Unidos lo vislumbraba como «un reto para su influencia en las regiones predominantemente negras del Hemisferio Occidental» (Kornweibel Jr., 1998:115, TN). A finales de 1921, Ledger intentó infructuosamente una investigación sobre la muerte de un trabajador de St. Kitts a manos de varios infantes de la Marina (Calder [1984], 1989:193-194).



Albert Bass y Edwin Kilbourne, del central Consuelo, quienes le autorizaron a continuar con sus actividades después de escuchar su explicación acerca de las metas y objetivos de la UNIA-ACL.<sup>50</sup> El 20 de noviembre se celebró una recepción en honor a De Bourg en Consuelo, con la asistencia de quinientas personas. Más de un centenar no pudieron entrar en el salón por falta de espacio. Al dirigirse a los asistentes, puntualizó que la UNIA-ACL los defendería aquí y en cualquier parte del mundo. Añadió que si fracasaba en esta misión cerraría su sede en la ciudad de Nueva York (Labega, 1921).<sup>51</sup>

De Bourg se valió de la agitación política creada por las actividades de los nacionalistas en el país y en el exterior, exigiendo la terminación de la ocupación militar. A principios del mes de diciembre, el comité del Senado de Estados Unidos encargado de investigar la situación en la República Dominicana y Haití sesionaba en Santo Domingo. Sin rodeos, De Bourg le envió dos mensajes al senador Atlee Pomerene, uno de los jefes del comité. En uno solicitaba la libertad de James Halley, el secretario del capítulo de San Pedro de Macorís, y en el otro describió las atrocidades de los militares estadounidenses en esa ciudad (De Bourg, 1921b, 1922a). Pomerene, por su parte, respondió expresándole que debía dirigir sus peticiones al gobernador militar, quien le daría su debida consideración (Pomerene, 1922).<sup>52</sup>

En este momento candente del conflicto en la República Dominicana, Marcus Garvey, el 18 de diciembre de 1921, expuso en un discurso en Nueva York sus posiciones con respecto a la naturaleza política y religiosa de la UNIA-ACL. Rechazó tajantemente el bolchevismo y el socialismo: «[...] es una idea soviética —una idea bolchevique— que no debe haber capitalistas; que todo lo que hay que hacer lo debe hacer el Estado». El líder de la organización

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<sup>50</sup> El central Consuelo puso a disposición de los garveyistas el vapor de la compañía para su transportación a la ciudad. En contraste, Orlando Hynes mencionó que el ingenio Porvenir no respaldaba las acciones de la UNIA-ACL en sus predios (*The Negro World*, 1922a: 12).

<sup>51</sup> Las noticias informaban acerca de la persistencia de la hostilidad de las fuerzas militares estadounidenses y su negativa a permitir reuniones, no obstante la autorización emitida por el central Consuelo. Esa autorización fue una medida para mejorar las relaciones laborales y tenía la clara intención de prevenir otra huelga como la desatada en marzo de ese año por los trabajadores cocolos del sector fabril (Cassá, 1990:96).

<sup>52</sup> En pocos días, ante la avalancha de innumerables acusaciones contra la ocupación militar, el comité terminó abruptamente las audiencias y se embarcó hacia los Estados Unidos (McConnell, 1929:113-124).

procedió a alertar a los miembros de la UNIA-ACL que si se unían a los bolcheviques y socialistas perderían las posibles oportunidades de empleo: «[...] ustedes están condenados en la industria y en la economía en este país y en el mundo occidental, porque los capitalistas que les pueden emplear no tendrán ninguna piedad o misericordia por ustedes» (Hill, Ed., 1985:289, TN).

Sobre los arrestos en San Pedro de Macorís, Garvey manifestó que eran por «la creación de una nueva iglesia y que las otras iglesias [...] estaban luchando contra la organización porque les estaba llevando sus miembros con el pretexto de que estos se estaban uniendo a la UNIA-ACL». El líder panafricanista también censuró la recaudación de dinero para una iglesia a nombre de la UNIA-ACL al decir que «[...] los *Liberty Halls* no serían utilizados como iglesias y que nosotros no nos organizamos como ninguna iglesia» (Hill, Ed., 1985:292-293, TN).<sup>53</sup> Su postura ante el conflicto con el Gobierno militar era clara: no tenía vínculos con el bolchevismo y el socialismo ni con ninguna iglesia, y por eso había enviado a De Bourg «a un costo de cientos de dólares para arreglar la situación» (Hill, Ed., 1985:292).

Ante la implacable ofensiva de la UNIA-ACL, el brigadier general Harry Lee aceptó una audiencia con De Bourg el 5 de enero de 1922. En ella, este último aclaró que la UNIA-ACL y la Hermandad de Sangre Africana (African Blood Brotherhood, ABB) eran organizaciones separadas, distintas y antagónicas. En su informe sobre esta reunión, Lee comunicó al gobernador militar que la UNIA-ACL promovía el progreso de la raza negra y la lealtad a los gobiernos constituidos de los cuales formaba parte, mientras que la ABB tenía tendencias bolcheviques y fomentaba la destrucción de todos los gobiernos donde predominaran los blancos (Lee, 1922b).<sup>54</sup> Por fin, el testimonio de las diferencias entre las dos organizaciones (UNIA-ACL y ABB) aparecía en los documentos oficiales de la investigación que llevaba

<sup>53</sup> La posición de Garvey es contradictoria si se tiene en cuenta el éxito (Burkett, 1978) de la UNIA-ACL en los enclaves de inmigrantes antillanos no hispanohablantes en el Caribe hispano gracias a su carácter de «religión civil» en términos organizativos (véase Giovannetti-Torres, 2001:198-201). Esto también se enmarca en la tensa relación entre Garvey y el capellán de la UNIA-ACL, George A. McGuire (Prüter, 1986).

<sup>54</sup> Esta reunión se celebró después de varias cartas infructuosas al Gobierno militar, en las cuales De Bourg acusaba de «negrofobia» a las autoridades militares de San Pedro de Macorís, solicitaba la liberación de James Halley y se quejaba del maltrato a Edgar W. Bridgewater y J. I. Bowman, dos miembros la UNIA-ACL. En su carta a De Bourg, Bridgewater citó al teniente coronel Harllee: «Ya veo que no lo hicimos bien en deportar a Phillips [*sic*] y los otros [...] voy a armar a cada maldito marino y dejarlos que les disparen» (Bridgewater, 1922).

a cabo el Gobierno militar.<sup>55</sup> Sin embargo, había cierto fundamento en la confusión con respecto a la ideología de la UNIA-ACL, debido a que algunos de sus miembros en la República Dominicana (David S. Hennessey) y en Nueva York (el capellán George A. McGuire) habían pertenecido o hecho coro en ambas organizaciones (Hennessey, Industrious, Jordan, 1920; Hennessey, 1920; McGuire, 1921a, 1921b).<sup>56</sup>

*Listín Diario*, el periódico más influyente del país y portavoz de un sector de la clase dominante, sorprendentemente intervino en la disputa el 27 de enero de 1922. Hasta el momento no había hecho alusión a la UNIA-ACL ni a los sucesos de San Pedro de Macorís. Pero cinco días después del arresto de Garvey el 12 de enero por fraude postal relacionado con la Naviera Black Star, el rotativo atacó fuertemente al hombre y al movimiento:

Pero he aquí que todo tiene su fin y parece que las dulzuras de SIR Marcus van a terminar. Acaban de detenerlo [...] acusado de fraudes y engaños utilizando las valijas de correos para su propaganda deshonestas. La propaganda hecha hasta el día le han proporcionado unos 4 millones de adeptos que pagan cuota de 35 centavos cada uno. Calcúlese y se verá que eso significa \$1,400,000 [...]. ¿No se pasa de listo el magnate Etiopé? ¿Habrá quien siga dejándose engañar? (ABC, 1922:5, mayúsculas en el original).

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<sup>55</sup> Otra diferencia fundamental entre la UNIA-ACL y la ABB era que pertenecían a distintas corrientes del nacionalismo negro. Garvey favorecía el regreso a África, mientras que Briggs promovía la creación de una nación negra independiente dentro de los Estados Unidos (Dawson, 2001:95-94).

<sup>56</sup> En el Caribe, la ABB estableció filiales en Trinidad y Tobago, la Guayana Británica y en la República Dominicana. Su presencia fue mucho menos importante que la de la UNIA-ACL. Hennessey fue secretario del capítulo 26 de la UNIA-ACL desde su fundación el 7 de diciembre de 1919 hasta el 21 de junio de 1920. Renunció alegando falta de pago de su salario. El 6 de febrero de 1921, en una carta a las autoridades militares, Hennessey y Alan Jordan definían a la ABB como «social, amistosa, humanitaria, caritativa, educativa y expansiva», dedicada a la «superación de los negros del mundo, independientemente de nacionalidad o credo» (citado en Cassá, 1990:75). No obstante, al recibir una carta posterior de Jordan sobre el estancamiento de la ABB en el país, Briggs respondió solicitando un informe de progreso. Añadió que «los secretos de la Organización se le revelan a cada miembro a su tiempo». Otra parte de su carta dice: «[...] tenemos conexiones con algunos movimientos secretos asiáticos y de África [...]. En Estados Unidos nuestra política es simple, defendernos si somos atacados. Es en África donde estamos preparando nuestras "Acciones" reales. En algunos lugares de las Indias Occidentales y otros sitios del área del Caribe podemos atacar en circunstancias favorables, pero nuestros miembros [...] se usarán principalmente para dar fuerza y cerebro (*brawn and brains*) al movimiento [...], ofrecer apoyo moral [...] y obligar al enemigo a mantener tropas allí que les sean necesarias en otras partes» (Briggs, 1921).

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Parece que De Bourg se sintió confiado por haber logrado que sus alegatos llegaran a las autoridades militares en la capital. En febrero de 1922, en un salón abarrotado del central Consuelo, un baluarte de la UNIA-ACL, De Bourg afirmó que no se debe estar pendiente al hombre blanco y sus actividades porque «nuestra atención está centrada en el hombre negro [...] cuyo destino está en sus manos». Advirtió sobre aquellos negros que niegan sus raíces: «[...] cuando el hombre negro exitoso alcanza una buena posición en la vida [...] intenta alejarse de su raza» (*The Negro World*, 1922a:10, TN). Esa misma noche la sección del mencionado central eligió nueva directiva en las ramas masculina y femenina, pues la constitución de la UNIA-ACL preveía tener en cuenta ambos géneros en las elecciones, aun cuando la primera rama tenía primacía sobre la segunda.<sup>57</sup>

Mientras tanto, las autoridades militares estadounidenses de San Pedro de Macorís, que confabulaban con elementos religiosos y la representación diplomática británica, arremetieron contra De Bourg. En una cita entregada por el vicecónsul, el reverendo Beer, el preboste militar, capitán Kincade, lo convocaba al cuartel de su regimiento (Beer, 1922) y lo acusaba de violar la orden de no celebrar reuniones de la UNIA-ACL e incitar a la oposición y a la resistencia contra el Gobierno militar (Kincade, 1922). El 16 de febrero, De Bourg fue juzgado, condenado y multado por 300.00 dólares. De no pagar la multa, pasaría cinco meses en prisión con trabajos forzados.<sup>58</sup> Otra vez, escribió a las altas autoridades militares en Santo Domingo y al presidente Warren Harding (1921-1923) con una franca exposición de lo sucedido (De Bourg, 1922b, 1922c). A principios de marzo, luego de investigar, el gobernador militar, el contralmirante Samuel S. Robison, desautorizó el proceso, los hallazgos y la sentencia, y ordenó la devolución de la multa (Robinson, 1922).

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<sup>57</sup> Se eligieron, como presidente, a Abram Labega, y a Charles Thwaites como vicepresidente. En la rama femenina fueron electas Amelia Parrot, presidenta; vicepresidente, Anne Abbott; Ellen Patterson, secretaria, y Ellen Soar, tesorera. Otros funcionarios electos fueron D. W. Briscoe, James Grant, Marie Griener, Israel Illadeeg, E. Benjamin, D. Price y Charles Wattlely.

<sup>58</sup> Las autoridades militares estadounidenses en San Pedro de Macorís tomaron una represalia inmediata contra la comunidad cocola al no recomendar la autorización de un capítulo local de la logia The Rose of the Garden. El teniente coronel Harllee se expresó en contra: «...es una sociedad de negros ingleses [...] sus miembros pertenecen a una clase en la comunidad que son agitadores y alteradores de la paz» (Harllee, 1922). Además, el informe negativo del vicecónsul, el reverendo Beer, hizo indefendible su aprobación por el Gobierno militar (Peard, 1922).

El 11 de marzo, el inmigrante Halley, que aún permanecía en prisión, fue también liberado.<sup>59</sup> Robinson finalmente decidió pasar el asunto a manos de las autoridades civiles dominicanas. Determinó también que las sociedades podrían seguir en funciones si cumplían las leyes del país y comunicó esto a la oficina del secretario de la Marina en Washington, DC (Robinson, 1922). El 6 de abril, el coronel L. H. Moses, encargado de administrar los asuntos del Departamento de Interior y Policía para el Gobierno militar, informó que la UNIA-ACL no constituía amenaza alguna para la paz y el orden del país. Añadió que la legislación dominicana protegía a la organización en la medida «en que no cometan actos ilegales» (Moses, 1922).

La culminación del proceso fue la celebración del 30 de abril de 1922, «un día para nunca olvidar por la organización como uno de triunfo supremo» (*The Negro World*, 1922b:12). En una marcada paradoja en relación con los eventos previos, los funcionarios de mayor rango civil y militar — el gobernador civil de la provincia y el capitán preboste, como representante del Gobierno militar— y dos representantes del ayuntamiento de la ciudad de San Pedro de Macorís asistieron a una reunión de la UNIA-ACL, lo cual le otorgaba una confirmación oficial al capítulo 26. Un suceso que se debe destacar fue el discurso en español de la secretaria de la rama femenina, Martha Labega, en el que puntualizó que la UNIA-ACL enseñaba lealtad hacia todos los gobiernos. El acto cerró con su declamación de la traducción del poema «Himno universal etíope», el himno oficial de la UNIA-ACL (*The Negro World*, 1922b:12).<sup>60</sup>

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<sup>59</sup> Halley no fue deportado a su isla natal de Curazao, una colonia holandesa, por una cuarentena contra la viruela. Como estuvo preso durante tanto tiempo, el contralmirante Robinson determinó que, como secretario de la organización y custodio de sus expedientes oficiales, se le permitiría permanecer en el país, a pesar de que existían razones justas y suficientes para su deportación

<sup>60</sup> El himno era parte de la Declaración de los Derechos de los Pueblos Negros del Mundo. Se aprobó en la Primera Convención Internacional de los Pueblos Negros del Mundo en 1920 (Hill, Ed., 1983a:227). La palabra «etíope» era el término común en la década de 1910 para designar el panafricanismo (Hill, 1974:38-70).

Tercera Convención Internacional de la UNIA en Nueva York, celebrada en San Pedro de Macorís por el capítulo 53 del Consuelo, 30 de julio de 1922

**HOW THE THIRD ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION WAS OBSERVED BY CHAPTER BRANCH NO. 53, CONSUELO, SAN PEDRO DE MACORIS, SANTO DOMINGO, D. R.**

21 July 1922 p. 7

**Preparatory to the Convention, a Big Mass Meeting Was Held by Chapter No. 53 at 4 o'Clock on July 30th, the Sunday Preceding the Beginning of Convention, to Encourage Negroes to Join the U. N. I. A. and to Impress on Their Minds the Seriousness of the Convention**

There was a good gathering, and after the opening of the meeting in the customary manner a splendid program was presented to the audience, as follows: The choir, accompanied by an orchestra, sang the hymn, "Sound the Battle Cry," in a most forceful manner. The president, Mr. Abram Labega, then read an appeal calling on all Negroes of this community to wake up to a sense of their duty to the race in general, showing them that there is sympathy in numbers, hence the necessity for unity. He in conclusion in a masterly way impressed on them the necessity of having on the continent of Africa a government of our own where we would be able to develop industrially, commercially and otherwise.

Mr. D. W. Reiko next delivered an address, based principally on the necessity of members joining the association in order to help in the building up of a government for the entire prosecution of the race, and the fundamental progress. A hymn, "O Paradise," was next rendered by the orchestra, after which Mr. E. Harlow kept the audience spellbound with an address, in which he pointed out that the Hon. Marcus Garvey is God-sent to warn us of the ensuing danger of our race being crushed out by the other races in the common struggle for existence.

The Vice-President, Mr. Thawattess, spoke at length on the vision the Hon. Marcus Garvey saw. A Redeemed

hall to ask God's blessing on the opening of the convention.

8 p. m.-10 p. m.—Prayer meeting for the same purpose.

A series of meetings was held during the month of August to ask God's guidance in the deliberations of the convention, and to encourage members to enroll their names as active members of the Universal Negro Improvement Association.

Owing to lack of employment at present, only a few were able to identify themselves as active members, but from the great crowd that attended the meetings, and from the prompt manner in which they contributed morally and financially to the functions, etc., there are visible signs that as soon as work starts there will be a big push for membership.

Thursday, August 31, 1922

6 a. m.—The hoisting of the Universal Negro Improvement Association and Africa's Communities League flag and the singing of the Ethiopian Anthem.

10 a. m. to 12 m.—Divine service (thanksgiving to God for His mercy shown to the convention).

2 p. m. to 5 p. m.—A repast in the meeting house to which all Negroes were invited, and for which all members were taxed 25 cents.

7:30 p. m. to 10 p. m.—Concert, in compliance with demands of Parent Body; collection at the door.

10 p. m. to 12 a. m.—A free ball to

by C. Matthew and L. Hazel.

11. Recitation, "Africa," by children.

12. Cornet duet, "The Pals," by M. Henriques and D. Dorival.

13. Solo, "I Am Lonesome for You," L. Hazel.

14. Recitation, "There's a Green Hill Far Away," by R. David.

15. "Flag of the Free," by choir.

16. Solo, "Dreams Tonight," by E. Dúbique.

17. Duet, "For Me and Me Gal," by D. Dorival and A. Peterson.

18. "Linda," by band.

19. Dialogue, "Red and Black," by A. Sware and A. Parrot.

20. Dominican, American and Ethiopian anthems.

Amount collected, \$13.79; expenses incurred, \$4; net proceeds, \$9.79. From a resolution passed the proceeds of the concert will be divided equally between the parent body and the Chapter Band, funds for which are now being raised for the purpose of purchasing instruments.

The above program was indeed a rare one, and a very enjoyable evening was spent, for which the audience is indebted to the bandmaster and musical instructor of the choir, who is the sole promoter of the concert. He deserves much praise for the untiring zeal he exercised in preparing the entertainment in so short a time and for the efficient manner in which both orchestra and choir distinguished themselves. It is worthy to note that stirring addresses were delivered at the concert by Miss Martha Labega and M. T. Nichols, both loyal members of Macoris Division No. 26.

In conclusion Chapter 53 begs to tender its thanks through this medium to Mr. Kilbourne, administrator of this plantation, for the accommodations given it to carry out its program for the month of August, 1922.

D. PRICE, Reporter.

Fuente: Colección personal Humberto García Muñiz.

El 12 de julio de ese año, varios meses después, De Bourg, ante el capítulo número 45 de San Juan, en la vecina isla de Puerto Rico, se vanagloriaba declarando que en la República Dominicana «todas las divisiones están operando como resultado de mis esfuerzos [...] y Santo Domingo es otra

vez un lugar seguro para los miembros de la UNIA-ACL» (Martínez, 1922:2). Antes de regresar a los Estados Unidos, De Bourg se encargó de poner en orden el capítulo número 112 de la capital, ya que vio a su llegada «que algo estaba mal» (Vanderhorst, 1921:4, TN).<sup>61</sup>

Sus esfuerzos rindieron fruto con la celebración de un concierto el 12 de noviembre de 1922. Entre los participantes estaban su fundador, Alfred Dunbavin; el capellán John R. Phypher, de la Iglesia Metodista Episcopal Africana de la ciudad; el presidente Josiah N. Daviron; el secretario Claudius Phipps, y su asistente Wilfred Bell. También estuvo presente Agnes Isaac, la pasada presidenta de la rama femenina (Dunbavin, 1922:10).

El capítulo de Sánchez, que vino a ser el número 315 de la UNIA-ACL, en el norte de la isla, se fundó en febrero de 1922, sin ninguna relación aparente con la organización en otros lugares del país ni con De Bourg.<sup>62</sup> Sin embargo, no fue hasta junio de ese año que solicitaron al Gobierno militar su autorización formal, invocando que sus fines eran «puramente de socorro, protección y cultura recíproca» (Chapman y Hill, 1922). El Gobierno militar denegó la petición porque la organización promovía la comisión de crímenes, no obstante el reclamo de que el capítulo de San Pedro de Macorís había sido recién aceptado e incorporado por los Gobiernos civil y militar.<sup>63</sup>

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<sup>61</sup> A finales de 1921, Ezel Vanderhorst fungía como su secretario (Vanderhorst, 1921:4). La presencia de un número significativo de cocolos en Santo Domingo se puede evidenciar con la instalación de dos clubes de cricket: el Shamrock Cricket Club y el Ciudad Cricket Club en 1912 (Rodríguez Demorizi, 1975:134).

<sup>62</sup> A raíz del uso de vehículos de carga en la carretera Duarte, el puerto de Sánchez perdió importancia como centro de exportación para la región del Cibao (Mata Olivo, Olivo y Paredes, 1986:60). Aquí los garveyistas aparecen vinculados al movimiento obrero en el puerto. En 1917, el sindicato de los muelles, la Unión Obrera de Sánchez, con Isaac Gumbs como presidente y William George como secretario, se organizó con una mayoría de cocolos, aun cuando también había varios dominicanos entre sus miembros. William George y William Clarke, vicepresidente y tesorero de la UNIA-ACL respectivamente, militaron en esta organización laboral (Gumbs y George, 1917). Si usamos como indicador los nombres y apellidos de los firmantes de la solicitud de incorporación, la unión tenía 51 cocolos y 10 dominicanos para un total de 61 miembros, entre ellos una sola mujer.

<sup>63</sup> El Gobierno militar rechazó la solicitud porque no era a favor del «interés público» la cláusula de la sección 3 de la constitución de la UNIA-ACL. Esta decía que «el Potentado y su Consorte no recibirían a nadie que hubiera sido convicto por un delito grave, excepto si dicho crimen o delito se cometiera por los intereses» de la organización (Lee, 1922c).



Division No. 345  
Panama Republic, W.I.

President's Office. Sanchez, D.R.  
Junio 22 de 1922.

Señor Encargado de la  
Secretaría de Justicia e Instrucción Pública.  
Santo Domingo, R.D.

Señor:-

Los que suscriben, presidente y secretario de la "ASOCIACION UNIVERSAL para el PROGRESO de la RAZA NEGRA y LIGA de la COMUNIDAD AFRICANA" División No. 345, rama de este País, debidamente establecida en la calle "Libertad" No. 41 en la población de Sánchez, Camón de Sánchez, Provincia de Samaná, respetuosamente bien a suplicar a Ud. amparados en las disposiciones de la Orden Ejecutiva No. 520 de fecha 25 de Julio de 1920, debidamente publicada en la "Gaceta Oficial" No. 3139, la incorporación de la referida sociedad, teniendo en cuenta que sus fines son puramente de socorro, protección y cultura recíprocas.

La Junta Directiva está constituida del modo siguiente:

Presidente:	John Joseph Chapman
Vice Presidente	William Clark
Tesorero	William George
Secretario	Solomon E.S. Hill
Vocales	Joseph A. Crooke, José Ma Yldefonso, Henry Thomas.

Se incluye copia de los Reglamentos.

De Ud. respetuosamente,

El Secretario *[Signature]* El Presidente *[Signature]*

200 19-410  
1922

28 38  
8 x 36

Señor Encargado de la  
Secretaría de Justicia e Instrucción Pública  
Señor:

Junio 22 1922.

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Se incluye copia de los Reglamentos.

De Ud. respetuosamente,

El Secretario

El Presidente

La UNIA-ACL en Estados Unidos mantenía contacto con este capítulo. En febrero, el presidente John Joseph Chapman escribió a *The Negro World* y explicó que, ante el arresto de Marcus Garvey, no habían podido reunirse a causa de una epidemia. Prometió que contribuirían al fondo de su defensa a pesar de «las dificultades financieras de nuestro distrito». Dejó claro que, aunque eran «pocos en número», secundaban las palabras del reverendo Duval: «Pueden contar con nosotros [los miembros del capítulo 345] como marineros que apoyan a su jefe hasta que el barco se hunda» (Chapman, 1922:9, *TN*).

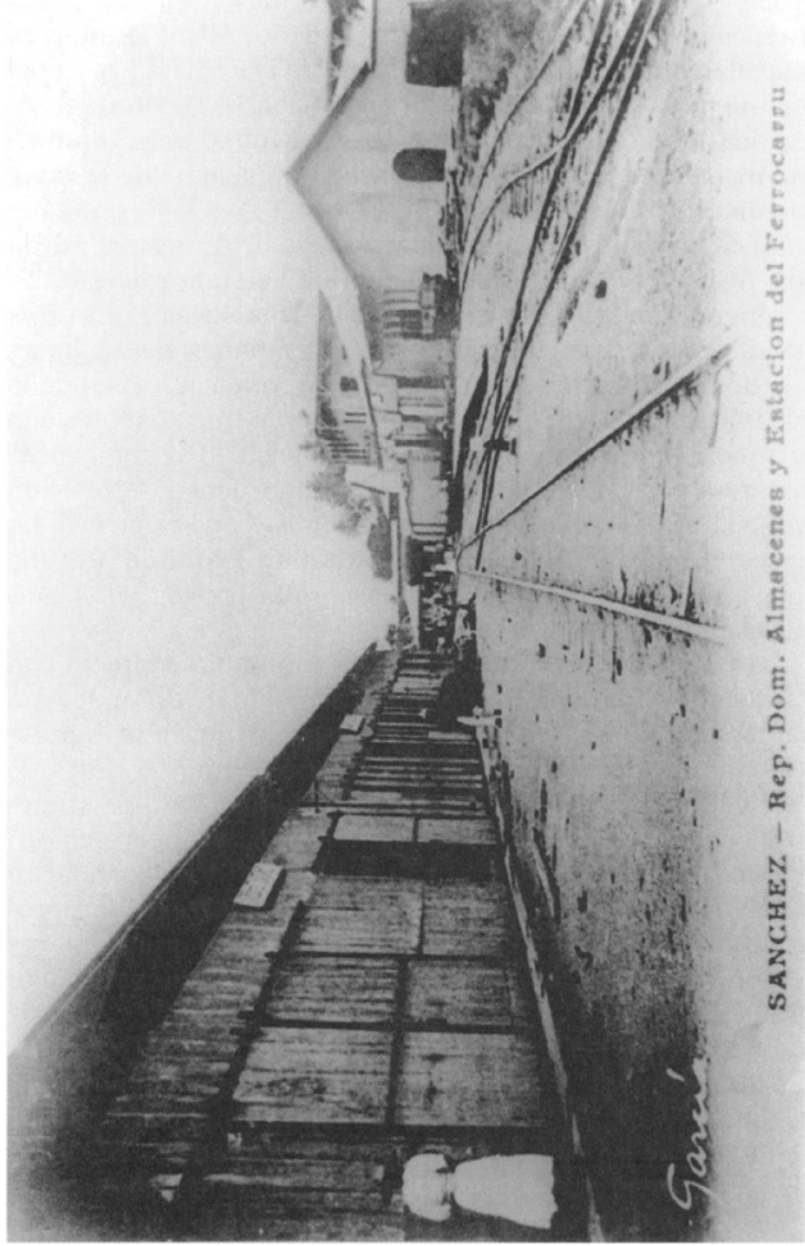
Luego de la intervención de De Bourg a principios de los años 20, la UNIA-ACL en San Pedro de Macorís reanudó sus actividades bajo la presidencia de Thomas Duruo. En 1927, Duruo, al igual que otros, abandonó el país y se dirigió a Aruba para trabajar en la refinería Lago, de capital estadounidense (Sekou, 1997:64-65).<sup>64</sup> Otro inmigrante, Wilfred E. Rowland, que laboraba en el ingenio Santa Fe, se convirtió en presidente de la UNIA-ACL por unos ocho años, ya entrada la década de 1930.

Rowland continuó como líder de la organización hasta su retiro y traslado a Montecristi para trabajar en el Departamento de Suministro y Materiales de la Grenada Company (Rowland, 1991; De Lara Viñas 1995:104). De ahí en adelante no tenemos más noticia de la UNIA-ACL en San Pedro de Macorís ni en ningún otro lugar en la República Dominicana, pero sí del garveyista Stanley J. Clarke, un empleado doméstico del administrador Kilbourne del central Consuelo. Clarke, oriundo de Tortola, Islas Vírgenes Británicas, continuó siendo «un devoto seguidor de Marcus Garvey [...] y sus creencias en el progreso del negro y una idea fija en la igualdad —sino en la superioridad real— de la raza negra» (Phillips, 1936).<sup>65</sup>

<sup>64</sup> Duruo, natural de la parte holandesa de St. Martin, organizó la UNIA-ACL en Aruba, con otro de los miembros de la organización en San Pedro de Macorís, Victor Burnett. En las Antillas holandesas, «la historia oral y escrita señala a Duruo como el padre de la conciencia negra en el siglo XX» (Sekou, Ed., 1997:65, *TN*).

<sup>65</sup> Henry Albert Phillips, un escritor de viaje por el Caribe, comenta: «Clarke era un ave rara de su especie. Su ambición no tenía límites y su progreso encomiable si consideramos los grandes obstáculos bajo los cuales laboraba. Poeta, intelectual, superaba por mucho a sus colegas; militante, pero un fanático de la paz mundial». El autor añade sobre Garvey, establecido en su isla natal: «[...] su luz parece haberse extinguido ahora que vive en un cómodo nido entre su gente en una sección de chalets de Kingston, Jamaica» (Phillips, 1936:49, *TN*). Se informa que, en 1935, Father Divine, también de Nueva York, envió delegados a San Pedro de Macorís, los cuales utilizaron el edificio, ya semidestruido, de la UNIA-ACL (Peña, 1990:12).

Sánchez, República Dominicana, s. f.



SANCHEZ - Rep. Dom. Almacenes y Estacion del Ferrocarru

Fuente: Colección fotográfica, Archivo General de la Nación, Santo Domingo, República Dominicana.



# DISCURSOS RACIALES

**En el conflicto** de la UNIA-ACL se pueden identificar varios discursos raciales por parte de los diversos actores sociales. Estas maneras de hablar y pensar sobre la raza eran propias de las élites dominicanas, de los anglosajones (incluyendo el Gobierno Militar, la administración de los centrales azucareros y los reverendos protestantes blancos, principalmente Beer) y de la UNIA-ACL.

A través del tiempo, el discurso sobre la raza de las élites dominicanas ha experimentado varios cambios dentro del esquema de un continuo racial.<sup>66</sup> Las principales categorías han sido «blanco», «indio», «mulato» y «negro» (Hoetink, 1994:159-202), acompañadas de referentes culturales

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<sup>66</sup> Este continuo racial, según Hoetink (1967), varía entre las diversas subregiones del Caribe (hispano y no hispano). Los mulatos no ocupan el mismo lugar social en las distintas islas. Hay diferencias por razones históricas, culturales y de tiempo, entre otros aspectos (Olumide, 2002). Las nociones y percepciones raciales dentro de cada país son matizados por procesos y transformaciones históricas. Casi medio siglo más tarde Gordon K. Lewis escribiría: «...la correlación clase-color en la sociedad caribeña es real. Pero no son los absolutos de un sistema social rígido. El color de piel determina clase social, mas no es un determinante exclusivo. Hay muchas personas de piel clara que no son de la clase alta, y muchas personas de piel oscura que sí lo son» (Lewis, 1968:20).

(«español», «africano») o matizados («blanco de la tierra», «indio quemao», «indio lavado», «negro blanco»).<sup>67</sup>

Tres años antes de la intervención militar de Estados Unidos, en 1913, Francisco Moscoso Puello decía que «los habitantes de la República Dominicana somos en su mayoría mulatos, mulatos tropicales, que es un tipo singular de la especie humana». Conociendo el criterio racista de hipodescendencia blanca de los Estados Unidos y sus intereses geopolíticos y económicos, añadía, con un tono socarrón:

[...] debo advertirle que los dominicanos somos constitucionalmente blancos, porque ha sido a título de tales que hemos establecido esta República [...] que usted no debe confundir con la de Haity [*sic*], donde los hombres comen gente, hablan francés *patoi* y abundan los *papaluases*. Es bueno que los extranjeros, en particular los yanquis, tengan en cuenta esos pormenores (Moscoso Puello, 1941:9-10, cursivas en el original).<sup>68</sup>

En la década de 1920, el discurso antinegro dominicano se percibía ya más dirigido hacia los haitianos que hacia los cocolos. Ambos grupos se clasificaban en el polo más oscuro del continuo racial, o sea, el negro, pero los haitianos ocupaban la posición más extrema. Las cualidades consideradas positivas de los cocolos —educación, destrezas, dedicación al trabajo, disciplina, religiosidad, dominio del inglés, entre otras— los ubicó en una posición distinta en la percepción de algunos sectores de la sociedad domi-

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<sup>67</sup> Durante la expansión de la Revolución Haitiana a la parte española de la isla en los inicios del siglo XIX, aparecen dos categorías importantes. La primera, «blancos de la tierra», se refiere a los blancos, mulatos y negros criollos de Santo Domingo para diferenciarse de los negros o mulatos haitianos. La categoría «indio» se remite a los esclavos fugados de la parte francesa para refugiarse en la parte española. Esta denominación los protegía de ser devueltos a sus antiguos amos y simbolizaba un rompimiento con la deshonra de la esclavitud (Moya Pons, 1986:238-240; Fennema y Loewenthal, 1987:223-225). Frank Moya Pons sostiene que el antihaitianismo tiene su origen en 1805, no tanto por ser negros los haitianos, sino por los crímenes de Dessalines en retirada después del fracasado sitio de Santo Domingo (Moya Pons, 1986:241).

<sup>68</sup> Esta cita se publicó en la revista *La Cuna de América* en septiembre de 1913. El ideario racista en San Pedro de Macorís pudo haber sido reforzado con la presencia importante de los empresarios cubanos, algunos de los cuales se radicaron permanentemente. Entre las colonias españolas caribeñas en el siglo XIX, es en Cuba donde encontramos un prejuicio racial fuerte, con una producción escrita pseudocientífica (Naranjo y García González, 1996).

nicana. Quizás por eso fue necesario una nueva adición a la terminología racial, a partir de la cual los cocolos se denominaron con la paradójica expresión de los «negros blancos» (Del Castillo y Murphy, 1987:57; Howard, 2001:24). La creación de este nuevo término significó la aceptación de la población cocola dentro de la sociedad dominicana.

El discurso racial anglosajón revelaba una dicotomía entre blanco y negro, que situaba al final de la escala a los haitianos, los cocolos y los dominicanos mismos. El gobernador militar Harry Knapp señalaba que la República Dominicana era «un país cuyo pueblo está casi todo tocado por la breca» (citado en Calder [1984], 1989:182, *TN*). Los infantes de la Marina, sesgados por elementos culturales, xenófobos y racistas, se referirían a los dominicanos como *spicsy niggers* (Calder, [1984], 1989:182-183). Harry Franck, un periodista que viajaba por el país durante este período, consiguió que «lo cortante de la división del color que hacen los americanos» y el hecho de que «los americanos se consideran ellos mismos como una raza superior» contribuyeron a incrementar la oposición de los dominicanos a la ocupación militar. Sobre ambos temas, Franck abundó:

Pocos americanos se dan cuenta cuan mortificante es nuestra actitud sobre la cuestión negra en un país donde ni uno de diez habitantes puede demostrar un pedigrí caucásico incuestionable. Aun los dominicanos tienen una división de color; y aún tengo que encontrar un país habitado por negros que no la tenga; pero ellos no ven ninguna justicia en colocar a ciudadanos bien educados, con mayor influencia y cultura que el promedio de los americanos, en una misma categoría social como la de un estibador negro, simplemente porque su pelo es rizo y su aspecto un poco oscuro. (Franck, 1920:240, *TN*).

La opinión del vicecónsul británico, el reverendo Beer, era similar a la visión de los administradores militares del país: «El dominicano quiere quedarse blanco o lo que pasa por blanco en estas tierras, pero debe quitarse eso de la cabeza. Siempre habrá un número dirigente de un tipo superior, pero la masa será negroide» (Beer, 1933, *TN*). Beer rechazaba la percepción racial dominicana y suscribía la superioridad de la raza blanca.

En lo que parecería una contradicción, el discurso racial de la UNIA-ACL asumía el mismo carácter dicotómico entre blanco y negro de los sectores an-

glosajones, aunque con énfasis y propósitos distintos. De Bourg lo captó al referirse al «peligro de aquellos que se llaman blancos cuando son negros» (*The Negro World*, 1922a, TN). El mismo Marcus Garvey también asumió la percepción de la República Dominicana como una sociedad negra. Un informante del FBI comunicó que Garvey recibió una carta desde San Pedro de Macorís, la cual decidió no publicar «por el efecto psicológico para la organización» en los Estados Unidos si «los negros supieran que un gobierno negro [...] estaba en contra de la organización» (Hill, Ed., 1985:220).

Como jamaicano y por su experiencia en viajes por el Caribe, Garvey conocía la naturaleza variada de las relaciones raciales en la región. Aún más, las sufrió en carne propia en los inicios de la organización, cuando fue objeto de prejuicio por parte de la clase mulata (*brown*) de su país (Martin, 1976:7).<sup>69</sup> La severa realidad racial confrontada por los afrocaribeños en Estados Unidos —donde el movimiento tenía su base— contribuyó a su radicalización (James, 1998:50-52).<sup>70</sup>

El discurso racial de la UNIA-ACL tuvo mayor éxito en el sur de los Estados Unidos, donde la polarización entre blanco y negro no daba espacio para los matices intermedios de las sociedades caribeñas. El atractivo de la UNIA-ACL disminuyó aún más ante la preferencia por el blanqueamiento de las sociedades caribeñas, lo que Harry Hoetink ha denominado la «imagen somática normativa» (Hoetink, 1967:120-160). El choque entre la estructura y los patrones raciales caribeños eran, en cierta medida, un obstáculo para la UNIA-ACL:

La presunción es de una sociedad racialmente dividida según las líneas de la sociedad estadounidense, pero en la realidad la evolución de las relaciones raciales en el Caribe ha transcurrido por vías enteramente diferentes. Esto explica por qué el llamado de Garvey a la pureza racial

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<sup>69</sup> En la década de 1950, el antropólogo jamaicano Fernando Henriques señalaba: «El hecho de que el grupo de color (*coloured group*) se beneficiara desde tiempos remotos de las ventajas educativas y monetarias y, más que nada, que su apariencia estuviera más cerca de la minoría blanca, fue suficiente para consolidar su posición en el medio del blanco y el negro» (Henriques [1953], 1968:48). En el caso de Jamaica, el grupo de color se refiere solamente a la población mulata.

<sup>70</sup> Como ejemplo, Amy Jacques, perteneciente a los *brown* de clase media jamaicana, se afilió a la UNIA-ACL en 1919 y, al convertirse en la segunda esposa de Garvey en 1922, «ya no era una jamaicana *brown* sino una mujer negra comprometida con la agenda de la UNIA-ACL, dispuesta a sacrificarse para su éxito» (Taylor, 2002:40).



suscitó tan poca respuesta, a diferencia de su mensaje de autorrespeto del negro (Lewis, 1968:20, TN).

Los discursos raciales dominicano y anglosajón eran distintos, pero no necesariamente encontrados. Su común carácter racista permitió al poder interventor militar de los Estados Unidos contar con la aprobación de la administración civil. El 19 de enero de 1922, el procurador fiscal Fernando A. Brea admitió que ignoraba las tendencias de la UNIA-ACL y la ABB, pero «creemos que esas Sociedades son peligrosas para este País, *a donde jamás se ha conocido la diferencia de razas en la forma que se estila en otros Países i [sic] especialmente como las quiere hacer resaltar esas Sociedades*» (Brea, 1922, cursivas nuestras).<sup>71</sup>

Durante la investigación para este ensayo no encontramos dominicanos, cubanos, haitianos o puertorriqueños afiliados a los capítulos de la UNIA-ACL en el país. Solo en San Pedro de Macorís localizamos nacionales simpatizantes de la organización. Entre ellos, el futuro líder sindical y político Mauricio Báez y su lugarteniente Juan Niemen.<sup>72</sup> Ambos asistían a reuniones de la UNIA-ACL, aunque no militaron en ella (Niemen, 1997).

Sin quitarle peso a la cuestión del color, el idioma dificultó el ingreso de los dominicanos, a pesar de que el capítulo tomó medidas para el uso del español y la inclusión de una sección en ese idioma en el periódico *The Negro World*. Bajo el concepto homogéneo de «la raza negra», el garveyismo escondía las diferencias de idioma y cultura entre los inmigrantes caribeños. Aunque el inglés era la lengua predominante, el francés y el creole de las Antillas francesas y el papiamento de las Antillas holandesas estuvieron presentes, pero no sabemos por cuánto tiempo sobrevivió su uso. La presencia de naturales del Caribe holandés, principalmente de St. Martin, en las directivas de la UNIA-ACL es notable. Están los presidentes del capítulo de San Pedro de Macorís, Phillip van Putten y Thomas Duruo, el artesano y propietario del local de la UNIA-ACL, James Cooks, y varios miembros de la familia Labega, del central Consuelo.

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<sup>71</sup> El licenciado Brea opinaba que la difusión de «los periódicos era peligrosa en esta República i [sic] que por lo tanto debe prohibirse» (Brea, 1922).

<sup>72</sup> Mauricio Báez, nacido en Palanque, San Cristóbal, se mudó desde joven a San Pedro de Macorís. Era un lector sistemático y estudió bachillerato en forma libre. Se desempeñó como bodeguero, estibador de muelle, periodista, y líder sindical y político comunista. Fue asesinado en su exilio en La Habana por unos sicarios de Trujillo a fines de 1950 (Cassá, 1990:390, 405-406).

Mauricio Báez



Fuente: Colección personal Humberto García Muñiz.

Las diferentes visiones políticas también apartaron a los dominicanos de la UNIA-ACL. Según Rowland, los dominicanos decían: «Bueno, nosotros no necesitamos eso porque es “de vuelta a África”, y nosotros no necesitamos eso. Tenemos un gobierno, tenemos un país» (Rowland, 1991). En la novela *Over*, de Ramón Marrero Aristy, durante las tertulias con los bodegueros de los bateyes, Eduardo, un bueyero «inglesito [...] algo instruido, recibe revistas en inglés y en español», y ofrece el mismo punto de vista, ataca a su metrópoli y critica las diferencias raciales:

Ustedes tienen esperanzas. Tienen porvenir. Su pueblo es libre. Este mal pasará. Llegará el día en que estos grandes capitales tendrán que darles al pueblo y al estado lo que les corresponde, y devolverán buena parte de los millones que se han llevado a costa de las inmigraciones de esclavos y del nativo desorientado y abandonado [...]. Pero nosotros, ¿cuándo cambiaremos nuestro estado de esclavos? ¿Quién escapa de las manos de Inglaterra? Los negros de mi país no aprendieron nada de la guerra mundial, que debió enseñarles mucho. En la guerra quedó demostrado que el fusil manejado por el blanco y por el negro son igualmente poderosos, y eso ha debido sacudirles, servirles de ejemplo para comprender que no hay razas superiores ni razas inferiores (Marrero Aristy [1939], 1981:407).

El ideario de la UNIA-ACL, por el contrario, trascendía la noción de un Estado construido sobre una nación. El garveyismo se fundamenta en una raza negra con una etnicidad común (Carnegie, 2002:146-147). La presentación de credenciales de Sydney de Bourg al gobernador militar revela la naturaleza inusual de la organización. Su victoria frente a las represivas y racistas autoridades militares estadounidenses denota su enorme competencia y sagacidad. El Gobierno militar le brindó un trato especial, en contra de los intereses de los religiosos blancos. Su pluma redactó certeras comunicaciones a importantes funcionarios fuera del país.

El apoyo al movimiento garveyista de San Pedro de Macorís es difícil de estimar. El enorme número de miembros del capítulo 26 en esa ciudad debe haber sido un factor de importancia. No aceptaron silenciosamente la represión militar. Sus artículos en *The Negro World* manifiestan activismo y lealtad de hombres y mujeres a la UNIA-ACL. No tuvieron temor a reunirse. Y sabían que enfrentaban la oposición y el racismo del representante de la Corona británica, el vicecónsul y reverendo Beer, al igual que de las autoridades militares estadounidenses locales.

Probablemente haya contribuido el favor de algunos de los administradores de la industria azucarera, en especial del central Consuelo. Ellos vieron una garantía de paz laboral en la continuidad de la UNIA-ACL. Además, la coyuntura política fue propicia. La ocupación militar enfrentaba un renacer del nacionalismo en los albores de la crisis agrícola y una mayor actividad bélica contra los gavilleros en la región oriental.

También fue importante la posición de las autoridades dominicanas. El rechazo al garveyismo era evidente, ya que se contraponía a la noción hegemónica de identidad nacional. Pero no era antagónico, puesto que los garveyistas aceptaban con orgullo la negritud que le conferían, aunque con desprecio, las élites dominicanas.

En cierto sentido la población cocola pasaba inadvertida, pues la gran mayoría vivía aislada en el poblado azucarero y su periferia. Este ambiente protegido que le brindaba la industria azucarera acabaría en las siguientes décadas. Una baja en el precio del azúcar trajo la inmigración cocola en el último tercio del siglo XIX. Al acabarse la «danza de los millones» en enero de 1920, otra baja en el precio, como veremos a continuación, llevó ese proceso a su fin.



# LA DEPRESIÓN ECONÓMICA Y EL TRUJILLISMO

**Como resultado de** la crisis económica agrícola de los años 20 —que empeoró durante la depresión del decenio siguiente—, se retomó la discusión sobre la inmigración haitiana y cocola como fuerza de trabajo en la industria azucarera. Felipe Vicini, del emporio azucarero del mismo apellido, defendió la introducción de estas «razas inferiores» (citado en Cassá, 1982:217).<sup>73</sup> También aseguró empleos a trabajadores dominicanos debido a la red de nuevas carreteras, pero lo que sucedió fue la movilización masiva de haitianos en camiones desde la frontera hasta los cañaverales de San Pedro de Macorís y La Romana (Ginebra, 1991). Simultáneamente se redujo la inmigración de los braceros cocolos y hasta se habló del reembarco de los ya establecidos (Memoria de la Secretaría de Agricultura e Inmigración, 1928:151). En 1928, Sumner Welles, que sirvió como negociador del final de la ocupación militar en 1924, confirmaba que:

[...] una de las particularidades notables del pueblo dominicano, entre todas las clases del conglomerado social, es el deseo universal que

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<sup>73</sup> En la zafra de 1924-1925, los Vicini importaron de 200 a 250 cocolos para trabajar por contrato en su ingenio Angelina, lo cual no era su práctica común. Los diplomáticos británicos recibieron numerosas quejas y enviaron allí un representante a inspeccionar las condiciones de trabajo y vivienda (*St. Lucia Gazette*, 1925).

lo blanco borre lo negro. La estimulación de la inmigración de gente blanca es una demanda general [...] al mismo tiempo, por la voluntad popular, se han puesto cortapisas a la inmigración de la gente de color, ya sea de Haití o de las Antillas menores, excepto como trabajadores contratados para las faenas de los ingenios azucareros bajo licencia temporal (Welles [1928], 1939, Vol. 2:357-358).

En mayo de 1930 el general Rafael L. Trujillo asumió la presidencia mediante un golpe de Estado. Con el control del ejército creado por la ocupación militar de los Estados Unidos, Trujillo implantó una de las dictaduras más represivas de América durante el siglo XX. La crisis económica no tenía precedentes y bajó dramáticamente el nivel de vida de los dominicanos. Trujillo la enfrentó con la aprobación de legislaciones para expandir el mercado de empleo para los nacionales y reducir la participación de los extranjeros, principalmente los haitianos y cocolos. En 1933 se aprobó una ley de dominicanización, mediante la cual los centros de trabajo estaban obligados a contratar un 70 % de nacionales. También se legisló un impuesto de residencia a extranjeros por la cantidad de 6.00 dólares. La sangrienta masacre de 15,000 haitianos en 1937 se llevó a cabo en la zona fronteriza.<sup>74</sup>

Estas acciones no tuvieron ningún impacto en la región azucarera de las provincias de San Pedro de Macorís y La Romana. En ellas la mano de obra haitiana, por ser menos costosa, sustituyó rápidamente a la cocola. El sector azucarero mantuvo un tráfico marítimo decreciente con algunas islas del Caribe oriental hasta los años 40 (Martínez, 1997:240), por lo que la migración temporal de cocolos disminuyó (*St. Lucia Gazette*, 1933).<sup>75</sup> Tam-

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<sup>74</sup> Sobre la historiografía de la masacre de haitianos de 1937, véase Cuello H. (1985), Derby y Turits (1993) y Derby (1994).

<sup>75</sup> A mediados de los años 30, el gobernador colonial, Sir Reginald St. Johnston, de St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla, describió la migración temporal de la isla de Anguilla: «[...] los habitantes son robustos, del tipo independiente y al momento de mi visita no había más de una docena de hombres jóvenes en el lugar porque cada hombre disponible de los 6,000 habitantes había partido, como es usual, a trabajar la zafra de cuatro a cinco meses en las plantaciones azucareras del territorio semi-Español de Santo Domingo. Ahí están acostumbrados a recibir buenos salarios, y —*mirabile dictu*— traer dinero cada año, y entonces construir casas o utilizarlo de forma útil en sus hogares» (St.-Johnston, 1936:134).

bién hubo algunas repatriaciones a sus islas de origen.<sup>76</sup> El Gobierno británico se opuso a las repatriaciones porque las islas estaban sumidas en una crisis económica y ya se sentía el malestar laboral (*The Voice of Saint Lucia*, 1938; Vibert, 1948).

El poder de las empresas azucareras estaba detrás del ingreso continuo de braceros haitianos y cocolos.

Trujillo aún no podía hacerle frente al capital azucarero, compuesto en su mayoría por estadounidenses y en menor número por dominicanos. No se encontraba en condiciones de sustituir el personal cocolo técnico o experimentado —químicos azucareros, mecánicos, carpinteros, herreros y maquinistas de ferrocarril—, aunque logró una mayor participación de fuerza de trabajo dominicana en los ingenios (Fox *et al.*, 1934; Del Castillo, 1981b:128). La inmigración haitiana se mantuvo dirigida principalmente hacia el corte de la caña, la labor más ardua del proceso de la manufactura de azúcar crudo para la exportación.

Durante la Era de Trujillo (1930-1961) se construyó a sangre y fuego una ideología racista oficial de identidad nacional, justificadora de su régimen personalista. En ella se aglutinaron las corrientes históricas de un nacionalismo cultural hispanista blanco, el catolicismo y el racismo ante el negro, identificado con el haitiano. (Altagracia, 2001; Baud, 1996; Cassá, 1982:764; San Miguel, 1992). El historiador Pedro Henríquez Ureña, el abogado y diplomático Manuel Peña Batlle y el letrado Joaquín Balaguer —hombre de muchas facetas durante el trujillismo— fueron los principales intelectuales orgánicos de la dictadura. En 1938, a un año de la matanza de haitianos, Henríquez Ureña deploró el «daño de llenarlo [el país] de haitianos y cocolos» (citado en Fiallo Billini, 2002).<sup>77</sup> La referencia a los cocolos parece ser una excepción. El discurso racista oficial empezó a centrarse en el ataque a los haitianos. A manera de ejemplo, Manuel Peña Batlle apunta que «es francamente indeseable. De raza netamente africana, no puede represen-

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<sup>76</sup> En 1935 la ciudad de San Pedro de Macorís tenía una población de 14,000 habitantes, de los cuales entre 2,000 y 3,000 eran cocolos. La mayor concentración se encontraba en los ingenios. Los súbditos británicos se calculaban en unos 8,000 «trabajadores negros» y los blancos, en unos 30 (Hall, 1935); la mayoría de estos últimos, posiblemente superintendentes y mayordomos de cultivo y técnicos azucareros de Barbados.

<sup>77</sup> La abuela materna de Trujillo, Luisa Arcina Chevalier, era hija de inmigrantes haitianos (Galíndez [1956], 1999:16).

tar para nosotros incentivo étnico alguno [...] el haitiano que se nos adentra vive [...] tarado por enfermedades y deficiencias fisiológicas endémicas» (citado en Cassá, 1978:77).

La «mentira institucionalizada», como la de una «raza blanca y mestiza», se convirtió en parte esencial del imaginario nacional. Al respecto añade Roberto Cassá:

Anteriormente todo el mundo estaba de acuerdo en que el pueblo dominicano era en su inmensa mayoría mulato y negro, y se veía como un mal, pero se veía lo obvio. En lo adelante se tendrá que apelar a las alteraciones de las cifras demográficas y a falsificar sistemáticamente los aspectos relacionados del desarrollo histórico de la nación dominicana (Cassá, 1978:75).

Durante la Era de Trujillo se institucionalizó la práctica de registrar la población de color dominicana en la categoría de «india» para encubrir cualquier vinculación de posible origen haitiano y cocolo. Pedro Henríquez Ureña describió a Trujillo como un «hombre de color», no porque tuviera ascendencia negra, sino porque tenía «sangre india» (citado en Fiallo Billini, 2002).



# LA ASIMILACIÓN DE LA POBLACIÓN COCOLA

**La concentración del** discurso racial oficialista contra el haitiano respondió a un cambio grande de la política trujillista hacia la población cocola. Todavía a principios de la década de 1930 las corporaciones azucareras promovían el asentamiento de los cocolos. Por ejemplo, los centrales Consuelo, Porvenir y Santa Fe proveyeron un pedazo de tierra a los residentes permanentes y comida durante el tiempo muerto (Beer, 1932). Según se trasluce de las palabras del reverendo Beer, el sector azucarero solo tenía interés en las ganancias: «Por conversaciones que he tenido puedo ver fácilmente que al sector azucarero no le importa la ciudadanía de un hombre mientras no sean molestados por el Gobierno Dominicano» (Beer, 1934).

La inmigración cocola llegaba a su fin, pero quedaba enfrentar la presencia de los establecidos por muchos años y su descendencia nacida en el suelo dominicano. La literatura de la época confirma esta realidad social: «[...] los ingleses forman parte del personal. Muchos de ellos ya son dominicanos. Han nacido en el país. Sus padres están aquí desde hace tiempo. O proceden de hogares mixtos» (Moscoso Puello [1935], 1981:132).

Hasta el mismo vicecónsul británico, el reverendo Beer, tenía una noción de futuro: «Ellos necesitarán al negro por años, en verdad hasta el tiempo que la asimilación natural se haya dado» (Beer, 1933, *TN*).

En silencio, el Gobierno dominicano comenzó un proyecto de asimilación planificada de la población cocola, fundamentado en las necesidades laborales del sector azucarero. Nadie más sorprendido que el mismo reverendo Beer: «Esta es una forma totalmente nueva de pensar de parte del dominicano. Hasta ahora él ha seguido una política de exclusión —salvo con aquellos de la raza caucásica—, pero esta Ley sin duda afectará a muchos de la raza africana, esto ciertamente es nuevo para mí» (Beer, 1934).

La nueva política de asimilación respondió a presiones de los intereses azucareros y de Gran Bretaña. Las corporaciones azucareras hicieron una solicitud de exención de la nueva legislación para aquellos extranjeros residentes en el país por cinco años y casados con una persona dominicana, y para aquellos residentes por diez años con descendientes dominicanos. Ante esta petición, el secretario del Trabajo ejerció «presión» sobre los inmigrantes súbditos británicos para que adoptaran la ciudadanía dominicana, pues no se podía tener «consideración a extranjeros que, viviendo aquí muchos años y criando familias, no tengan la intención de convertirse en dominicanos». Aunque muchos cocolos rechazaban la idea de renunciar a su vínculo colonial, no tuvieron otra opción que «convertirse en nacionales dominicanos [...] bajo la presión de perder sus trabajos» (Beer, 1934). Aun los cocolos de cuna guadalupeña rehusaron una oferta de repatriación del gobierno francés si implicaba la imposibilidad del regreso (Beer, 1932).

Gran Bretaña —el principal importador de azúcar crudo dominicano— temía que las nuevas leyes dejaran sin empleo a los cocolos y que estos recurrieran a la repatriación.<sup>78</sup> En enero de 1935, el secretario de Relaciones Exteriores, Max Henríquez Ureña, le informó a un alto funcionario de la embajada británica que «es el deseo del Presidente de la República» evitar que se queden desempleados los cocolos de origen británico. Trujillo entendía «que casi todos los hombres afectados llevan aquí un número de años y que están levantando sus familias [...] prácticamente como ciudadanos dominicanos» (Elders, 1935).

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<sup>78</sup> La República Dominicana intentó durante mucho tiempo entrar al sistema de protección tarifaria de los Estados Unidos y solo lo logró a mediados de siglo XX como consecuencia de la Revolución Cubana.

Así, pues, Gran Bretaña compraba barato el azúcar crudo elaborado en centrales cuya principal fuerza de trabajo provenía de sus colonias caribeñas o de su descendencia. A finales de la década de 1940, la política de asimilación llegó a tal grado que «los Antillanos Británicos que ya no están en condiciones de trabajar son cuidados por el Estado [...] en Santo Domingo se les ayuda en los gastos de entierro. Esto está prohibido aquí [en Cuba] y me alegro que así sea» (Hone, 1948).<sup>79</sup>

El proceso de asimilación del cocolo a la sociedad dominicana quedó evidenciado por su participación en las luchas obreras de los años 40 en San Pedro de Macorís. Se pueden señalar Juan Bryan, del ingenio Santa Fe; Marcos Lake, del ingenio Porvenir; Juan Niemen, secretario del periódico de la Federación Local del Trabajo, *El Federado*; Morris Owins White, del gremio de los estibadores; todos ellos seguidores de Mauricio Báez.<sup>80</sup> El central Consuelo, el antiguo bastión de los cocolos, ante las acciones huelguísticas de estos, despidió a muchos en dos rondas y los sustituyó por dominicanos. Uno de los líderes cocolos en este central, Flash Armstrong, fue asesinado (Cassá, 1990:459).

La disminución y eventual fin de la inmigración cocola, unidos a su confinamiento en las provincias de San Pedro de Macorís y La Romana, debilitaron la percepción de esta población inmigrante como una amenaza a la identidad nacional. Los cocolos, principalmente sus descendientes, mantuvieron sus propias instituciones, en especial las iglesias, ya abiertas a los dominicanos. No encontramos noticias de los capítulos de la UNIA-ACL en Sánchez y Santo Domingo desde 1922, mientras que el de San Pedro de Macorís se mantuvo hasta la década de 1930.

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<sup>79</sup> Hone contrasta la República Dominicana y Cuba. En la primera, «las compañías dependen de los descendientes de los B.W.I.s [*British West Indians*], lo cual, por supuesto, no es el caso en Cuba, y eso hace todo un mundo de diferencia entre los dos países y el trato que se les da a los B.W.I.s» (Hone, 1948). Además, señala las siguientes diferencias: un excedente de trabajadores en Cuba y escasez de ellos en la República Dominicana; hay 168 centrales en Cuba y 14 en el territorio dominicano, y la producción total dominicana no es ni la mitad de la provincia de Oriente en Cuba. (Para un ensayo comparativo de la industria azucarera en el Caribe hispano véase Moreno Friginals, 1986:56-117).

<sup>80</sup> Cassá supone que quizás por ser negro los haitianos lo reconocieron como uno de los suyos, pero no hace la misma inferencia sobre los cocolos (Cassá, 1990:405-406).

Editor Negro World:

Dear Sir—Please allow space in your most valuable paper for these lines to express my sentiments of the movement of the U. N. I. A.

The aim and object of the U. N. I. A. is to be an interpreter of the latent wants of the Negro.

The Negro ever knew he wanted something and tried to get things that have not satisfied his wants.

Thank God, who has inspired our leader, the Hon. Marcus Garvey, with the spirit of understanding to produce a program that has explained what the Negro wants.

Negroes everywhere are undergoing political, educational and industrial slavery and cannot get what they want, but are compelled to take what they get and be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from their master's table.

I must indorse the statement. If the Negro must be somebody in this world he must be his own master, and if he is to be his own master, four hundred millions must unite as one man and free Africa from those who exploit her.

Africans must love one another—those at home and those abroad. All the tribes of Africa must unite for the one common cause of education and industry. Let Africa see the necessity of embracing civilization of Europe and the Western world.

Let us who are abroad work with all our might to this end, putting over the educational and industrial program. I see in this a perfect victory. Four hundred million intelligent men and women united to free themselves. Who can subjugate them? Why, such a mighty host, with God's help, should be one of the greatest people of the world.

If each Negro responds to the call of the U. N. I. A., think what a gigantic industrial and educational program can be put over.

Let us all do our best and the Lord will bless our efforts.

Every Negro should be proud to be a Negro, for he shall become an honorable member of the human family, for he shall be worth something.

Find inclosed \$1 contribution to the additional work on your press.

I am, yours fraternally,

JOSEPH CROOKE.

Sanchez, Dominican Republic.

## Don Julio Escotto en la Carpintería del Ing. Angelina

Dá gusto ver cómo tiene Don Julio A. Escotto Isambert, el aspecto interior de su Oficina y todo el taller. — Todo allí está bien organizado, matemáticamente.

De ahí su buena administración en su Departamento. — Además, Don Julio Escotto es un jefe excelente con sus trabajadores. — El tiene alto concepto humano del obrero; lástima que los salarios sean tan bajos.

Las herramientas más menudas en su taller las encuentra fácilmente Don Julio por su sistema de orden que emplea. Por eso nos gustó mucho aquello.

Así Don Julio Escotto es un buen empleado del Ingenio Angelina al frente del Departamento de Carpintería.

Salud, gracias.

El garveyismo no podía subsistir ante la tensión entre la visión global de la UNIA-ACL y el nacionalismo racista de la tiranía trujillista. Es posible que la represión del régimen tuviera algo que ver con la desaparición de la UNIA-ACL, pero no hemos encontrado documentación al respecto. Lo más probable es que sus miembros la dejaran morir tranquilamente ante el ambiente antinegro, sobre todo si habían optado por la asimilación. Tampoco ayudó el fraccionamiento del movimiento después de la deportación de Garvey desde Estados Unidos en 1927 y hasta su muerte en Londres en 1940. Los contactos con el exterior se terminaron. La dictadura controló el acceso por la frontera, el mar y el aire.

La trujillización de la industria azucarera en los años 50 significó que las comunidades cocolas perdieran el resguardo del pequeño poblado.<sup>81</sup> Su condición de extranjeros ante los ojos del pueblo dominicano —aun con la ciudadanía— limitó su participación en la vida política. A pesar del espíritu comunitario, la educación por medio de las iglesias y su disciplina social y laboral, la mayoría de las nuevas generaciones cocolas no aprendió inglés. Con la desaparición del idioma vernáculo es probable que se desvanecieran algunas manifestaciones de la cultura cocola, según sus distintas procedencias isleñas.<sup>82</sup>

La clausura casi total de la sociedad cocola a los contactos e influencias externas facilitó la asimilación de las nuevas generaciones por medio de la expansión de la educación. Los descendientes de cocolos tuvieron ingreso al Ejército, «el arma más segura de Trujillo» (Galíndez [1956], 1999:268), en especial la infantería, la banda de música y en el cuerpo médico (Charles

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<sup>81</sup> El proceso de la adquisición y construcción de centrales por el gobierno trujillista se discute en Cassá (1982, 238-249) y Mariñez (1993,89-93).

<sup>82</sup> El estudio descriptivo más completo de la comunidad cocola en San Pedro de Macorís se lleva a cabo en la década de 1970 (Mota Acosta, 1977). Un ejemplo de asimilación fueron los cambios en los apellidos. Por ejemplo, el reverendo Eliardo Escoto, de la Iglesia Moraviana, de San Pedro de Macorís, heredó el Escoto de su padre natural del país, pero el nombre de su abuelo era William Scott, natural de St. Kitts (Escoto, 1997). Adolfo Ray Jones Walcott se convirtió en el reconocido pintor Nadal Walcott, nacido en Consuelo, hijo de Ashton A. Nidal de Anegada y Mary Jones, cuya ascendencia procedía de St. Martin (Walcott, 1998; Walcott, 2003; Tejeda Ortiz 1998:10-11).

Dunlop, 2003).<sup>83</sup> Un discurso a favor del negro, como el del garveyismo, no tuvo un espacio en la República Dominicana durante treinta y cinco años.

La caída de la dictadura trujillista en 1961 no significó una inmediata reanudación de las conexiones de los cocolos con sus islas natales. Es probable que se haya dado algún movimiento de regreso, como aparece en la laureada novela *Tiempo muerto* (Stanley, 1997), pero no hemos podido constatarlo.<sup>84</sup> El racismo antinegro no amainó. Otra vez la noción de sociedad mulata y el mestizaje revivieron en el debate sobre la identidad nacional en los años 60. El sector mulato se calculó en 80 %, el negro «sin mezcla» en 15 % y el blanco en 5 %, pero evidentemente esta minoría blanca era «oligárquica e instrumental [...] en las manos de los amos foráneos del país» (Pérez Cabral [1967], 1982:75,159). En 1980, el sociólogo José del Castillo expresó sobre el prejuicio racial: «A pesar del fenómeno de *mulatización* de la sociedad dominicana, la ideología dominante —que se irradia sobre todo el espectro de clases y estratos sociales— ha elaborado una escala de valores raciales donde lo “blanco” ocupa la cima y lo “negro” el nivel inferior, hallándose en los niveles intermedios los diferentes tipos de mulatos» (Del Castillo, 1981b:148, comillas enfáticas en el original).

El mestizaje y la idea del blanqueamiento fueron retomados por Joaquín Balaguer en 1983, en *La isla al revés: Haití y el destino dominicano*, un libro anacrónicamente ubicado en las corrientes de racismo científico y darwinismo social. El entonces expresidente de la República afirmaba que «el mestizaje» fue un fenómeno común a ambos países aunque «la población mestiza dominicana es de rasgos mucho más finos que el haitiano, evidentemente porque es menor la existencia en sus venas de sangre negra y mayor el número de generaciones a través de las cuales se ha efectua-

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<sup>83</sup> Por ejemplo, Clarence Charles Dunlop, nacido en San Pedro de Macorís en 1919, ingresó en 1943 al Ejército para terminar su carrera de medicina. Su padre, de Dominica, con estudios en Mico College, en Jamaica, fue tenedor de libros de las firmas comerciales de José Armenteros y J. W. Tatum en San Pedro de Macorís y luego estableció su propio negocio de importaciones y exportaciones en Santo Domingo. Su madre era natural de Anegada porque sus padres, ya radicados en La Romana, desearon que naciera en su isla de origen (Charles Dunlop, 2003).

<sup>84</sup> Esta primera novela cocola recoge la vida de un inmigrante de Nevis, Raymond Smith, en San Pedro de Macorís y La Romana desde 1932 hasta los años 70, y el regreso para morir en su isla, tal como era su voluntad. Describe la vivencia del proceso de asimilación de la familia al mundo dominicano y las distancias que la separan de su comunidad de origen.

do ese refinamiento progresivo» (Balaguer [1983], 1990:188, 180).<sup>85</sup> Balaguer entendía que la inferioridad de los haitianos estaba definida por la naturaleza biológica de su «raza africana», «etiópica» o «sudanesa», todas equivalentes. Por el contrario, la población dominicana es de ascendencia española y «Santo Domingo ha podido y debido servir a la raza espiritualmente más selecta y físicamente más homogénea del continente americano» (Balaguer [1983], 1990:59).<sup>86</sup> Así, pues, el discurso de mestizaje desde las elites no excluye esta orientación racial hacia lo blanco, y hasta puede ser parte de ella. De esta forma funciona como una ideología de inclusión que, simultáneamente, excluye cualquier intento de afirmación de alguna identidad racial que se aleje de las metas del discurso nacionalista prevalente (Stutzman, 1981).<sup>87</sup>

Dentro de tal discurso racista, sin embargo, no se encuentran referencias a los cocolos, que en otras etapas ocupaban un sitio similar a los haitianos en el esquema de valoración y estratificación racial. En *La isla al revés*, solo aparece una referencia a que el establecimiento de las primeras factorías azucareras «hizo necesario hacia 1879 el empleo de braceros procedentes de las Antillas vecinas», pero Balaguer no especifica cuáles, ni siquiera Puerto Rico, de donde procedía su padre (Balaguer [1983], 1990:119).<sup>88</sup> Estudios tan minuciosos como el de Frank Moya Pons y asociados, y el de Martín F. Murphy, presentan una visión de los bateyes en donde las únicas

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<sup>85</sup> El libro tiene pocas alteraciones comparado con otro suyo publicado en 1947 bajo el título *La realidad dominicana*, el cual se entendió como una apología de la masacre de 1937 (para críticas importantes, véase Fennema, 1999:213-237; Dore y Cabral, 1985:61-70). En términos sencillos, el racismo científico niega la esencia social del ser humano desde sus comunidades, al fundamentar la desigualdad de los individuos, razas, clases y naciones en diferencias biológicas o psicológicas. Es decir, considera que hay individuos, razas, clases y naciones superiores a otros, y que esa superioridad es innata y hereditaria (Bowler, 1990).

<sup>86</sup> Este tipo de posición es parte de la corriente de pensamiento antihaitiana presente de manera constante en el discurso político dominicano. En las elecciones de 1996, por ejemplo, Balaguer y su Partido Reformista azuzaron las llamas del antihaitianismo, lo cual afectó la candidatura de José Francisco Peña Gómez, del Partido Revolucionario Dominicano, en 1994 y 1996 (Sagás, 2000:95-116).

<sup>87</sup> Lauren Derby (2003) también hace referencia al trabajo de Stutzman (1981), pero resalta la ausencia del uso de lo «mestizo» por «indios». Los dominicanos «indios», señala Derby, pueden equivaler a ser negro en el contexto dominicano.

<sup>88</sup> Una nota personal y curiosa sobre Balaguer es que su médico de cabecera, entre 1966 y 2002, era un descendiente de cocolos, Dr. Clarence Charles Dunlop, quien alcanzó altos rangos y honores militares y civiles, inclusive la Orden de Duarte (Charles Dunlop, 2003).

poblaciones existentes son la dominicana y la haitiana (Moya Pons *et al.*, 1986; Murphy 1991). Ambas investigaciones asimilaron a los pocos cocolos sobrevivientes y sus descendientes al grupo de ciudadanos dominicanos, aunque el sesgo racista anticocolo pervivía «porque solo en referencia a un haitiano o a un inmigrante de segunda o tercera generación de las Antillas Menores se considera como propio llamar *negro* a ese extraño» (Martínez, 1997:235, *TN*, cursivas en el original).

Se reconoce la presencia del cocolo en la sociedad del último tercio del siglo XX gracias a sus aportaciones a la cultura dominicana en el ámbito religioso, en las artes (literatura, danza y música), lo culinario y singularmente en el deporte (el béisbol) (Mota Acosta, 2003; Del Castillo, 1981c:204-208).<sup>89</sup> En este sentido, la asimilación de los cocolos no ha sido unidimensional, es decir, un proceso de una sola vía en el cual perdieron su cultura al ser integrados a la sociedad dominicana. Más bien lo que se ha producido es una transculturación, tal y como la definió el etnólogo cubano Fernando Ortiz (1949).

Muchas de las aportaciones de los cocolos son celebradas, pero su compleja historia, sus experiencias y luchas ante el racismo dominicano y estadounidense han quedado en el olvido. En realidad, poco se hizo para recopilar su legado histórico y cultural frente a los embates del racismo antes y durante el trujillato, y después bajo los gobiernos de turno de los Partido Reformista, el Partido Revolucionario Dominicano y el Partido de la Liberación Dominicana, hasta hoy día.<sup>90</sup> Recientemente a los cocolos se les señaló como «una cultura marginada, llena de prejuicios, que espera su reivindicación, el lugar que le corresponde, dentro de la definición de la identidad y la cultura dominicana» (Ortiz, 1998:10). A través de la historia de la formación nacional dominicana, el mayor principio del garveyismo, el orgullo de ser una persona negra, no se considera una de las aportaciones de los cocolos a una sociedad que equipara este color con lo haitiano.

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<sup>89</sup> La influencia en el deporte se resalta por la calidad de los peloteros dominicanos en las Grandes Ligas de los Estados Unidos; entre ellos, muchos descendientes de cocolos (por ejemplo, Rico Carty, George Bell, Alfredo Griffin, etc.), cuyas habilidades se desarrollaron a partir del juego tradicional británico, el cricket, que se jugaba en sus comunidades (Ruck, 1994).

<sup>90</sup> Fradique Lizardo recogió parte del folklore cocolo y se encuentra en su colección, ahora en manos de la firma E. León Jimenes.



La crisis económica y social de finales del siglo XX trajo cambios, que influyeron en la emigración transnacional de dominicanos hacia otros países del Caribe y los Estados Unidos. Estos destinos incluyen, paradójicamente, las islas del Caribe oriental y Puerto Rico. En las primeras, una minoría, que es parte de un significativo flujo de inmigrantes, reclamó la ciudadanía en virtud de su descendencia cocola. Ante la ausencia de lazos históricos profundos, las comunidades de dominicanos, aun aquellos con alguna sangre cocola, viven en un país que no consideran el suyo propio y en el cual el idioma principal es el inglés (Byron, 1999-2000:252-275).

En estas islas, el dominicano no sufre discriminación por su color. Lo contrario sucede con frecuencia en Puerto Rico. En la llamada «isla hermana», donde el sistema de clasificación racial es similar, muchos son colocados en el polo oscuro del continuo de color, y son llamados «morenos», «trigueños», «prietos» y «negros» (Duany, 1998:147-172).

Dentro del tema de la migración dominicana a los Estados Unidos, queda pendiente por estudiar el posible éxodo hacia Harlem de los cocolos durante el trujillismo.<sup>91</sup> Ante la disyuntiva de la asimilación en la República Dominicana y las puertas cerradas de sus islas de origen, el traslado al barrio negro de Nueva York era una opción atractiva, en particular para los seguidores del garveyismo. El caso más notable y lamentablemente casi desconocido es el de Carlos Cooks, con quien se repite la historia de la influencia caribeña en Estados Unidos a partir de la lucha en favor del negro. Carlos Cooks (1913-1966), nacido y criado en el seno de una familia garveyista en San Pedro de Macorís y St. Martin, arribó a Harlem en 1936.<sup>92</sup> De inmediato se hizo miembro de la UNIA-ACL y participó de forma militante con las «camisas negras» (*black shirts*) en el boicot a los negocios italianos en Harlem en protesta ante la invasión de Etiopía por parte de Italia. En la Legión Africana (African Legion) de la UNIA-ACL, intervino en las peleas

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<sup>91</sup> Una fuente que se puede consultar es *The American Family Immigration History Center's Ellis Island*, pero desafortunadamente solo permite tener acceso a la inmigración por pasajeros y no por puertos. Pero aun así hemos encontrado muchas instancias de emigración de cocolos de San Pedro de Macorís a la ciudad de Nueva York. Otra fuente son los archivos de las iglesias protestantes, con congregaciones en Harlem y la República Dominicana. El método de historia oral puede resultar útil. Aunque deben quedar pocos informantes, la correspondencia, la documentación y las fotografías familiares son valiosas.

<sup>92</sup> Cuando niño, Carlos A. Cooks asistió con James Cooks, su padre, Alice, su madre, y su tío a las reuniones de la UNIA-ACL (Harris, 1992:xi; Sekou, Ed., 1997:64).

callejeras contra los organizadores comunistas. A la muerte de Garvey en 1940, como consecuencia de las contradicciones internas de la UNIA-ACL, Cooks fundó el Movimiento Pionero Africano (African Nationalist Pioneer), cuya aportación a la lucha afroamericana en los Estados Unidos no se ha estudiado debidamente (*The New York Times*, 1966:31).<sup>93</sup>

### Carlos Cooks, 1913-1966



Fuente: Colección personal Humberto García Muñoz.

A fines de los años 60 y principios de los 70 despegó la inmigración dominicana a los Estados Unidos. En un principio, la mayoría se radicó, al igual que otros caribeños hablantes de español, inglés y creole, en la ciudad de Nueva York. El dominicano descubrió que, para la sociedad estadounidense

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<sup>93</sup> Según Robert Harris, un simpatizante de Cooks, este admiraba a Ulises Heureaux, conocido como Lillis. Harris describe a Heureaux como «un dictador por casi 30 años [...] que exigía integridad moral en el gobierno y un disciplinario estricto [...] un hombre bueno [...]». Muchos de los rasgos de Lillie [sic] los tuvo Carlos Cooks durante toda su vida» (Harris, 1992:xi-xii). A Cooks se le conoce como el primer promotor de la campaña Buy Black.

blanca, era otro negro nacido en el Caribe, igual que el haitiano, que también comenzó a llegar a la gran urbe. A pesar de la enorme influencia de los Estados Unidos a través del movimiento de personas y otros medios, el conocimiento de esta percepción racial no ha logrado hacer mella en el continuo de color preponderante en la República Dominicana. La identificación del negro con el haitiano parece persistir. En tanto que los Estados Unidos es el líder del proceso actual de globalización en el Caribe, la República Dominicana seguirá siendo «negra», aunque las elites intelectuales la describan como mulata, con la aspiración de continuar su blanqueamiento.



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## APÉNDICES



Entrevistador Humberto García Muñiz e informante Wilfred E. Rowland, Santo Domingo, República Dominicana, mayo 1991.  
Fuente: Colección personal Humberto García Muñiz.

## Apéndice A. Transcripción de Entrevista a Wilfred E. Rowland

*Interview with Wilfred E. Rowland, Santo Domingo*

*11 May 1991*

*Tape 1*

*Interviewer: Dr. Humberto García Muñiz*

*R = Rowland*

*G = García Muñiz*

*F = Pearl Francis*

### FAMILY

I was born on the the 12<sup>th</sup> of December, 1898. It was my mother's birthday. In St. Kitts, Basseterre, the capital, in the principal town, in Share Lane, the name of the street, in the middle of the town. My father's name was Robert.

Robert Rowland. He was a carpenter. I don't know him. He died when I had one year old. He died in New York. He went to New York shortly after I was born, and he died there. My mother's name was Mary Henrietta Rowland, nee Woods. She didn't do anything for a living more than housewife, and mother. My mother had eight children. Five from my father and three for her second husband. I was the fifth. Fifth and last of my father's children. When she was remarried I should have been anywhere about five or six years old. She married to a man from, uh, St. Bart's. A Frenchman. His name was Francis. [laughs] St. Bart's! San Bartolome! Alright. Well [...] He was lighter-skinned than you. Because there in St. Bart's most of them are white people [laughs] with long hair down below their [...] [laughs] Uh, he worked in the hospital in charge of the crazy son of the principal doctor of the hospital, whose name was Dr. Edmund Branch. The Branches were from Antigua, but lived in St. Kitts for many, many years. They were white. Considered local white. And a good doctor. Well-reputed. The father of Dr. Edmund Branch came to the island from there very [...] Oh, many, many years ago. So he belonged to St. Kitts. They ruled the then hospital. The only hospital we had in Basseterre. And the Branches ruled that. My mother worked in that as a nurse, too.

My brothers, two of them worked in the then, uh, factory of drinks. Sweet drinks. Aereated water, we used to call it. [laughs] The owner, Viera. He wasn't, uh [...] I guess he was from Spain or one of the Portuguese. Yes. Viera. You see?

And he was the man who opened the first factory of, uh, ice factory. The first in the island to make ice. Ice and cool drinks. He established that. And two of my brothers worked it. It so happened that one of my brothers [...] [chuckles] Viera got a man from Santa Cruz [...] At that time, to look for a man of color who had some engineering capacity, you had to go out of the island. And he went out to Santa Cruz and found a young man there who had been advanced in that knowledge, brought him to St. Kitts. And that man became godfather for my [...] one of my brothers, who died in New York about four or five years ago. Alright. And the two brothers worked in that ice factory business. And that was pretty close to my mother's home.

Emmanuel Woods. My grandfather. My mother's father. My maternal grandfather. I am named after him. There's a picture of my grandfather. This picture was taken nineteen hundred and ten, when I was in school. The oldtime photography. A photographer [...] An itinerant photographer passing through the islands stopped in in our island. And this was taken in our yard. And the old fellow [...] I would really love to know how he got the schooling he had. He was well-schooled. And it was rare at that time for a man like him. You can see he's a child of slaves [...]. [laughs] And he had the gift of God. You know the gift of God? The gift of speech. [laughs] Yeah. He had the gift of speech. He was a local preacher and sacred steward of the Wesleyan church. Uh, Wesleyan Methodist. And he worked in the Wade & Abbott Company, from England, for years, but then their business was established there. Imagine. When he died, that company paid for his funeral and gave my aunt some money. too. And the man who was in charge then was Mr. Thurston. Thurston. And, uh, this old man of mine, he worked for that company as stevedore. They called stevedores the people who load ships and unload ships. But that wasn't as so. He was the boss! Oh boy! [laughs] The local preaching was sidework. That was his work. But he got money. And he got money when he was too old to work anymore. He dressed like that especially for the occasion of taking his picture. Of course. And when he was going to church. Oh yes. Whenever he had to dress, he dressed alright. The hat is a little outmoded, but that's the kind of hat [...] 1912, my friend. That's a longtime [laughs] Eh? Alright. There wasn't anything else that employed a lot of people. We had stores, groceries and etcetera.

### SUGAR INDUSTRY

I'd have to say I did, but that's a long story. Because [...] [laughs] Because I worked [...] at least I call it work [...] with the manager of the factory. The then manager, the then manager. And that's one of the reasons why I came to this country. I worked with that man, Walter Conacher, in the St. Kitts sugar factory, the only factory the island! That was built when I was in school. The owners were not in the island, British. That should have been in nineteen hundred and fourteen, fifteen. I was about 17 years old.

### SCHOOL

I reached the end of the elementary school; it was the 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I reached that and finished it. Basseterre Wesleyan Day School. With a teacher whose name was Mr. William Sprott. Native of the island and a member of the church. And a friend of the family. And the teacher of my mother. Not only me, but he taught my mother. [laughs]

### SUGAR INDUSTRY

Well, after that I went to work in the sugar factory with the manager. I wasn't working in the factory, as a matter of fact. The manager got a new car. At that time a car was a novelty. People used to come out of their houses to see them. [laughs] And my aunt was induced to let me go and work for that man in his car, he said. He wanted a boy. I began practicing in the factory's workshop. And this man came back from England and brought a car. And he wanted one of the seven boys who worked in that workshop. And the man who was in charge, he was from Antigua, and he recommended me. And I went there to work. Not to work! To work in the car. They said to take care of the car, etcetera. I was anxious; I liked the thing. Just cleaning it. And he was going to teach me to drive it once. It didn't work out. «Thereon hangs the tale,» as Shakespeare said. [laughs] Thereon hangs the tale! [laughs again] There's a story on that. He was English, of course. He was Scotch, Scotch. Oh yes. With a strong Scotch brogue. [laughs] Well, you don't call them foreigners. If they were British they were not foreigners. [laughs] There weren't many white ones. At least there were more mulattoes than whites. Now, there were a few local native whites who were born in the island of English parents. Most of them were that.

The manager, he was a Scotchman. He was in charge. But the engineer, he was born in the island. Oh, he was white. He was [...] Let me see if I can remember the name now. Uh-oh. And his son [...] The engineer's son became the first manager of the first Royal Bank of Canada in the island. What was his name? ¡*Caramba!* I forgot that. Oh, for quantity I couldn't tell you. They weren't such a hell of a lot anyhow. [laughs] There were not so many. The island is small. And at that time the population didn't top a thousand people in the whole island. [laughs. [...]] So the few whites who occupied the positions in the island, well, they were known. They were native people. Very few foreigners worked in the sugar factory. In the running of the factory they were in charge, of course. No Americans. At that time Americans were not so [...] [laughs] Whites never traveled from one island to the other at all then. Except visiting. Except visiting. They never traveled to work. You had a change sometimes in government, in the government offices.

They yes would come in from England. From England, now and again, the top man. Away from that, the native people. Native people in class, of the top class. And then the racial attitude was very different to what it is today. It is changing; it's changed a lot.

Yeah, the manager lived near. He lived on the premises of the factory.

#### RACE

The racial attitude? Well, British colonialism [...] [chuckles] Obedience to the law. And the law wasn't the policeman. The law was in the books. But the policeman was the law; he represented the law. And that's one thing I could always say: Britain for teaching respect for law. They did that alright. They didn't give a button whether you had a cent or not, but you obeyed the law. [laughs] And that's good. Law-abiding citizens. [laughs again]

I lived in the town. The distance wasn't far from the factory to the town. You walked it.

The chemists were usually from one of the upper islands. Either Trinidad or one of those Demerara. They were famous in the island because they were more advanced in chemistry in the sugar industry. Barbados, they didn't have any. We had two or three. They weren't such a crowd either. Two or three. Oh, I didn't work more than about one year, and I fell out. I didn't fall out with the manager. What happened [...] That's the story I told you. It's a story. I can be brief?

I was working in the machine shop learning trade, as you call it, in the machine shop when I was recommended [...] The manager asked the boss of the machine shop, who was a friend of my family [...] His name was Charles Joseph from Antigua. He was brought from Antigua because the Henry JEWVISON [?] factories in Antigua were before that in St. Kitts. And a lot of Antiguan came down from Antigua to St. Kitts [...] which caused a little misunderstanding in the natives [...] to work in the factory. And he became a friend of my family.

G: But why did they come?

R: Because the factory, the ownership [...] The same owners of that in Antigua were those in St. Kitts.

And they brought people who already knew about our machinery and sugar manufacturing, while we in St. Kitts didn't know anything about it.

They brought everything from England. Oh, yes, everything new from the ground up. They took about a couple of years building the bloomin' thing. Because at that time men had to pull ropes to pull up weights and that kind of thing. They didn't have any cranes. [laughs] I can remember it. I went from school to the factory at that time just to see what was going on, to see what it looked like.

So that was [...] Then I went to work recommended by this man, and went to the manager's home. In the manager's home all I had to do was to clean this mighty car of his. I'd just begun. I didn't have more than about two weeks on that job in there, from the factory workshop to that place. And then one day I went to work in the morning, 8 o'clock, and the manager was not there. The car had gone to town, the manager driving. I'm going to tell you this story. It's a darn nice story. It's what caused me to come to the Dominican Republic. [laughs] And I went. The manager isn't there, so I took a book. I always love books. Books are my companions from childhood. I took a book and I went and sat down and started reading it. And the servant girl came out and said, uh, with her basket and a six-penny piece, she said, «The mistress [...]» She called her mistress. I never called them master or mistress. I called them Mr. Conacher and Mrs. Conacher. Master and mistress, that wasn't for me. «The mistress said to take this basket and go into the village and buy sixpence coals.» Charcoal, of course. I said, «I don't know the people who live in the village who sell charcoal. I don't



know them.» She went back into the lady, [clears throat] and the lady [...] The servant came out a 2<sup>nd</sup> time. «She says to take the sixpence and go to town [...]» That's from the factory, as I told you. Outside. «[...] to town and buy the coal.» «I said I don't know the people who sell coal.» I was really 'spiring. [chuckles] «I don't know people who sell coals in town. I live in the middle of the town.» Oh, she was smiling because she knew that was a confrontation coming up. And she went in again and the lady stepped out. And she came out with the basket and the money. She said, «Rowland, take this basket and this money and go to town and get me sixpence coals anywhere you can find them.» I said, «Me?» «Yes, you.» «Not me.» «You're not going?» «No, I'm not going.» [laughs] Definitely! [still laughing] «Alright. Very well,» she said. And she turned on her heals and went back in.

I said, «Well this is it.» Good the manager wasn't there. He wasn't at the factory either; he was in town. 200 So I got up, went into the garage, I took off my overall, put on my clothes to go back to town [...] because that is it. The woman is angry! [laughs] The manager's wife. It's his wife. But white native. His wife was a native white woman. Girl. Young woman. He was a Scotchman, 100%. Good. [laughs] So I waited for the manager to come, expecting [...] When he came, he came right into the garage. He passed the entrance to the house, came to the garage, parked the car and went back into his house. He was accustomed to doing that. But that morning I took off my overall and I stood at the door of the garage waiting for him. Heard the car coming. But then, before I heard the car coming into the place, he passed and went to the factory. I heard the car. He went to the factory. And when he went to the factory, his wife called him by telephone. That's one of the things I've said in my life: that I don't like telephones. [laughs]

His wife called him on the phone and told him. So he came like a bat out of hell from the factory to his house. I had no chance to speak to him. No, he took the steps two at a time into the house. So minutes he came out on the side of the house towards the kitchen.

«Rowland!» I looked up and he was up in the window to the yard. «What do you mean by refusing to go where the mistress sent you?»

«I don't mean anything, sir. [...] and I won't go.»

«And if I send you?»

«Neither will I go.» Oh, it's as easy as that!

«Then I haven't any more use for you.»

«Alright, sir.» And I walked away, went home. Of course. At that time they didn't give you any money. You couldn't ask about money. You had to wait until payday, and that was about the middle of the week. So I had to wait until Saturday.

Got home. Now, I was a little bit worried when I was going home from the factory to town. I said, «I wonder if I'm right?» If my aunt who reared me [...] My mother's sister, one of my mother's sisters [...] She reared me, but she was a woman. A real woman. Well-trained. I am what I am because of she and my grandfather. [...]. When I got home I said [...] When I was going home I said, well, «If I am wrong and my aunt tells me I'm wrong, I'll run all the way back to the factory and tell the man I'm sorry.» Oh, yeah, that's the way I felt. And so, with trepidation, I went home. And when I got there [...] That's between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning, 10 o'clock in the morning. My aunt saw me and said, «What happened, Fred?»

I told her the story. I was waiting as a criminal to understand whether I was right or wrong. And my aunt said these words: «You were quite right. I don't want you ever to be a servant for those people.» Oh boy! [laughs] «I didn't want you to go there in the first place. But Charlie who called me because of the automobile. [laughs again] You were quite right, my boy.»

I felt I could go back and give the guy a kick. [laughs once more. I felt I could kick him in his pants! Alright.

That didn't end there. I got an ending to shorten this story. I got a bitter ending. But before getting the ending [...] The boss of the shop, Mr. Charlie, he came home. He came to my home and he heard that I had been fired from the job. He came home to my aunt. He was a friend of my family. [...] «I'm going to ask the manager,» he said, «about it. Because he took Wilfred out of the shop to go to his home. And if he doesn't want him there, he have to send him back to the shop.» That was his reasoning. And he was in with the management. He was well treated by the management. He was boss of the machine shop. In those days he was an engineer. Good.

My aunt told him, «Well, I don't think he will accept it because his wife [...] The trouble is with his wife.» Good.

«Never mind. I'm going to ask him.» He asked and he came back home again very happy. «Yes, the manager said [...]» Here's where I'm going to get in trouble. «The manager said that when Wilfred go for his money on Saturday, let him pass to my office.»

Ah-hah! Well, Saturday when I go up for my money I pass and hear what he has to say. Now, I'm going up on Saturday to collect, but I'm going dressed. Of course I'm going dressed. Oh boy! [laughs] A straw hat is what I had on. I remember it; I can see myself.

Went up to the office. In those days offices had office boys at the door. For you to go in you had to tell who you wanted. I went up and[...] The boy who was at the door was also a friend and companion of mine at school. «Wilfred, you want [...].»

«Yeah. Please tell the manager I'm here.» [someone whistles in background]

Went in and reported. «The manager says pass in now.» I passed in. He was sitting at his desk. I can see [...] I've seen him all my life. I'll see him after I'm dead. [laughs] I passed in. He was sitting at his desk. And when he saw me, he said with heart of steel manner: «Well what do you want?»

«I don't want anything more than [...] Charlie [...]» That's the boss of the machine shop. «[...] told me that you had said when I came for pay I could see you.»

«I didn't tell him so.» And I knew he was lying because I knew the man well enough that if he had not told him so, immediately he would have called the boss of the machine shop: «Call Charlie Joseph!» And immediately they'd gone running to call that man. He didn't do that. But he addressed himself to me after he denied that.

He asked me to come to him. I know'd him well enough for that. In after years I learned it. At that time I didn't think so. [laughs]

He said, «Well, I tell you something. I tell you something, Rowland. There's something going on in this island that is different to when I came here. When I came here, you know, people used to bow whenever I'm passing. People used to bow. Now everybody stares at me as though they are angry.»

At that time they were just beginning to form a labor union in the island. That kind of thing. And labor was restless. [chuckles] The leader. A local man. The leader of the labor [...] It was three young men, not one. Three young men. Three men. Uhhh, oh boy. My boss [...] *¡caramba!* [snaps fingers] Carpenter [...] where I was learning in the carpentry trade first. Saloman! Saloman [...] Uh, the other one again [...] *¡caramba!* Three of them. One of the [...] No, no. One of the three had returned from the United States, where he went and lived for a few years and returned home. Nathan! Nathan, Saloman and Wilkes. Wilkes. Those are the three names

of the three men who formed the union, who formed the union. A labor union for the island. General. Including the agriculture industrial people. Everybody. And that set [...] The first time in the history of the island they ever tried to do a thing like that. So that the small white colony, including that man, was somewhat alarmed. Because he asked me that question. He said, «Well, you know, Rowland, somebody put you up. Somebody put you up.» You know to put up? That's to encourage. [chuckles] «Somebody put you up to act the way you acted.»

«No, sir. Nobody has put me up to do anything.»

«Well, you see, I really wanted to help you.» That's what he's telling me. And he's sitting and I'm standing alongside in front of him. «I really wanted to help you, but now, you see, I'm afraid that what happened to you is that when you Negroes begin to wear boots, you always think yourself so proud.»

I said, «That reference is not for me, sir, because from the time you have known me I've been wearing boots and stockings, too.» [laughs]

He stopped. He said, «Yes, but tell me something. Tell me something. Do you know that when I was a boy I broke stones for the road in Scotland?»

I said, «I believe you, sir.» Here's where I'm going to get in trouble. «I believe you sir, because my aunt has always[...]» «I believe you, sir,» I told him, «because honest labor is honorable. My aunt has always taught me that honest labor is honorable. And if I find myself [...]» That's the napper. «If I find myself in the condition you must have been in, I would do the same.» Oh, my God! That changed the picture completely.

He turned red as a cherry. He looked at me. His eyes were green, not blue. His eyes were green. He looked at me with anger. He said, «What do you want now!?»

«I don't want anything, sir.» And with that I turned on my heel and walked out of his office. I made an enemy for life. An important one. A very important one. So important that my aunt was advised by friends of the island when they heard the story [...] Men, responsible like the then man who was in charge of the prison in Basseterre. He was from Antigua.

Mr. Knight was his name. Knight was his surname. Mr. Knight. A friend of my family, too. As well as [...] We had Mr. Knight, and there's another one again who advised my aunt when they heard the story. Because the Royal Bank of Canada was opened for the first time. I made an application there

again. Somebody, I think, told my aunt, «They need a boy in the bank. A messenger boy. And so Wilfred isn't working [...]» As I turned away from the factory.

My aunt said, «Go to the Wesleyan church.» That's our church. And these people [...] [laughs] Those people advised my aunt to try to get me out of the island, because when I went to try to get the job in the bank as messenger, bank messenger [...] First time the Royal Bank of Canada ever opened anything in our island. And I went in [...] Before going in, my aunt said, «Well, go to the Wesleyan church and ask the minister to give you a recommendation to the bank.»

I went up obediently, told the minister. He had me sit outside. He went into his office and he made a recommendation and brought it out. He was English. White. At that time the men in charges of churches were not [...] In the Wesleyan Church they were straight from England. They had the Wesleyan. Wesleyan and Methodist. Wesleyan Methodist Church. Different to the Free Methodists that they have running around. They're not Wesleyan Methodists. Wesleyan Methodists are the old.

I went up, spoke to the minister. He went into the office, he came out, and he brought [...] My grandfather's record is there. He brought a letter [...] sealed [...] and gave it to me, and told me to take that to the bank. Instead of taking it to the bank I took it to my aunt. [chuckles] And my aunt, when I went in the morning and told her, «Tam-Tam, this is what the minister gave me.» She took it to open it and see what he had written. If he had given it to me open I would have looked at it on the road. But he sealed it. And I didn't like that. He shouldn't have done that. So I went to my aunt and I told her. She said, «Oh, but it's sealed.»

«Yes. It's sealed.»

She said, «But nobody gives recommendations sealed.» With that she tore off the top of the thing. She took it out. Up to today I couldn't tell you what the letter said. But she remarked this after reading: «Oh, this is neither here nor there.» [laughs] «No. Go to your schoolmaster, Mr. Sprott, and ask him to give you a recommendation.» Off I went to my schoolmaster [...] [laughs] Alright. Mr. Sprott, uh [...] I went over to the school. Now, I'm not in school anymore, you know? I went to the school to him. He took it. And he heard me. He said, «Wilfred, I'm not going to write any recommendation for you. Write your own, uh, *solicitud for the job*. You are capable

enough to do that. Write it yourself and take it to the bank. It'll be much more effective than anybody giving it to you.»

So I went back home because he told me, «Make it yourself and take it.» I went back home and wrote my *solicitud* for the job, took it over to the bank. The man who came to talk with me [...] He was the man in charge. And the bank is to be opened, there is an opening, and so the big boss he was of the bank. And he came to the place and took the *solicitud*. «You are Wilfred Rowland?»

«Yes, I am.»

«Did you write this?»

«Yes, I wrote it.» He pushed the old-fashioned pen with a nib, as we called it. Metal point to dip in a pot of ink. He said, «Write your name here.» background] I wrote my name. [clears throat] «Where have you been [...] Have you been working before?»

«Oh yes.»

«Where have you been working?»

«I've been working at the Conacher's»

«Oh, at Mr. Conacher?»

«Yeah.»

Well then, «Why did you leave the job?»

«I didn't leave the job. I was fired.» [laughs] And I used the American word, too, because I knew it.

«You were fired? Well why did they fire you?» Of course he was interested.

«Because I refused to buy coal for Mrs. Conacher.»

«Well, listen, Wilfred. Now, suppose we give you this job, and you refuse to do something we told you to do. Do you think that would be right?»

I said, «No, sir, I'd be wrong. But I wasn't employed to buy coals nor to work as a servant for them. And whenever, if I get a job with you, you'll have to tell me what are my duties, what I will have to do.»

He stopped. And he resulted in being the son of the chief engineer of the factory. He's going to be manager of that bank. [laughs] Oh yeah! He's the son of the chief engineer of the sugar factory under Conacher, with Conacher. Local, purely local. When I told him that, he said, «Alright, Wilfred. Come back day after tomorrow, and we'll give you an answer.» [...] «Day after tomorrow.»

«Come back the day after tomorrow, and we'll give you an answer.» That was the given time to inquire with the Conacher house just what happened

and who I was. That he did. And when I went back two days after, he told me, «Well, Wilfred, there was an applicant before you. And we plan to give that boy the opportunity. If he doesn't work out, well, we'll give you the chance.»

«Alright, sir. Thank you.» And I walked out. And two other jobs I tried and didn't get because he blocked it. Then I wept. And my aunt told me, «Don't cry. Why are you crying? You don't have a family to support.» [laughs]

Well, the first time my aunt ever asked me for my personal desire [...] Where would [...] Was in December of 1917. We didn't have money enough to go to the United States. We wrote to our family there, and this one didn't have at the moment, the other one didn't have enough to help and [...] I had a sister living in New York and I had an aunt living there also. Then my aunt said, «Where would you like to go? Anywhere in the area?»

I said, «Santo Domingo. I'd like to go to Santo Domingo.» And that's where people went [...] Men went to work in the sugar factory here, to the factories here. We had a man who lived close to our house every year. Mr. Caines. And every year Mr. Caines came to this country and returned home at the end of the crop. And he was a carpenter. And every time he went and came [...] He didn't call it the Dominican Republic either. I didn't know it as the Dominican Republic. I didn't come to the Dominican Republic. I came to Santo Domingo. We knew Haiti, but we didn't know this one except as the eastern part of Haiti. For us [...] Our geography that taught us that. Haiti was the name of the island.

They were brought from Antigua to St. Kitts by the same company. Because the company's interests were in Antigua. And so they brought people from Antigua to St. Kitts to work in the factory, especially [...] Not in the cane production business. Only in the factory, because they had knowledge of factory work, and we didn't have. The locals cutting canes, of course. Yes, cutting canes. And driving carts and that kind of thing.

#### NEVIS

I visited it. Because it is much smaller than we are. Nevisians came to St. Kitts every day in their boats, selling provisions, and went back home in the afternoon. Fish? Sometimes. It depends on what they caught coming over. They would sell or they would sail and take back to their island. Because they go back every afternoon. They never stayed overnight. They came in the morning and returned in the afternoon. And they'd leave early

in the morning in their boats without any motor. Nothing at all, depending on the wind. [laughs] And they came in the morning, 9 o'clock, and they would be blowing a [...] You know the conch shell? [...] they blow [sings:] «Toooooot! Tooo, too, tooot!» Well, the Nevis boats are arriving. But we are one anyhow. We are one in the sense that it's St. Kitts Nevis.

#### ANGUILLA

Anguilla people. Anguilla people came to the island to sell chickens. And salt. Fish. Not every day. Well, practically. As long as the weather was fair they'd come anytime. Except in storm period. In storm period they don't dare to come. And sold on the front of the place there. You see how they sell things on the front of that place there? Well, from the time I was a child. I went back home two years ago and met them there selling things in the same place. The only thing it's dirtier. [laughs] It's better composed! [still laughing] But their talk is about the same thing. I stood there watching them and remembering old times.

Anguillans didn't come every day. They came during the week on a particular day. They had their day when Anguillans would come. And sometimes they never went back on the same day. You see, their trip was more precarious than that from Nevis to St. Kitts. Yeah. Oh yes. They had to cross what we call the, uh, the channel. The Channel of [...] Oh. St. Eustatius. 'Statius Channel we call it. 'Statius! St. Eustatius! The channel between the two islands. And there is where I wished I had died instead of passing the experience I passed coming to this country in one of those sailboats. One of those vessels. A *balandra*, no?

#### LABOR UNION

Because of the interest in the island.

I went to learn trade first, after I left school, with one. He was Saloman. And he was carpenter. Principal carpenter as well as undertaker. He had an establishment of that. He was the first man to bring to the island a glass hearse. That was only for the elite. [chuckles] Well, made of glass! So you can see the coffin. Oh, man, that was a great [...] But only the elite. Only the elite used that. Otherwise there was wooden one. [laughs] And that man, he was one of the leaders. Saloman. He was a businessman. He hired carpenters. He didn't have to live out of a labor union. None of them that were



opening the labor union were working men. None of the three principal ones. One had a store. A small store. He lived in the United States. He was Nathan. And the other one, Wilkes. Wilkes was a barber. Wilkes also was in the United States. And he and Nathan, in the United States, they came home. And they are the ones, along with Saloman [...] Saloman joined them [...] I worked with him Saloman. I was learning carpentry with him after I left school. Saloman must have been a man of 40. Maybe 40, 42, 45. They tried to strike. It should have been 1916 when that thing took place. Yes. [chuckles] They called to Antigua because Antigua was the boss of the island. Over the low islands, Antigua is the boss. Was at least! [laughs] I don't know about now. And they called to Antigua. Antigua sent the governor of the islands, because the governor's residence then was in Antigua. And he governed the Leeward Islands governor. Not to do with the Windwards, as you know. Good. And the governor came to the island because of the unrest caused by this labor union business and the first time in history. It was during the war. During the first war it was. And the governor came. And he declared that it was unconstitutional to make a labor union during the time of war. «When the war is over, yes, you will be free to do that. But during wartime no. What you can do, you can make an organization which must be beneficial to the people, but not labor.»

I thought, «I know what that means.» [chuckles] Alright. And so they opened what was called a St. Kitts- Nevis Association. There's a word for it. Under the «Association» they had a «St. Kitts-Nevis» [...] What was the qualifier? A qualifying word. «Association». But meant not labor. Mutual. A «Mutual Assistance Association». And they turned the society into that.

#### SANTO DOMINGO

I arrived in the Dominican Republic on the 4<sup>th</sup> of February, 1918. I came here in 1918. Because it was the nearest, and I figured I'd get here and work and save a few pennies. Because the cost of a trip to the United States then was \$48.00, deck passenger, of course. To all the eastern islands. It was possible. But even so, then those islands were closed. You couldn't get in easily. We couldn't get in from one island to another then that easily. You couldn't go to another island except in the treasury department the government acted. You had to go there and declare why you were going, who you were going to. Just from St. Kitts to Antigua, much less.

Solicitud de permiso de residencia de Wilfred Rowland

Form. C-1

Secretaría de Estado de Cultura  
Archivo General de la Nación



REPUBLICA DOMINICANA  
SECRETARIA DE ESTADO DE LO INTERIOR Y POLICIA  
NEGOCIADO DE INMIGRACION  
SOLICITUD DE PERMISO DE RESIDENCIA DE  
ACUERDO CON LA LEY No. 95

Director Gral. de Inmigración,  
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, R. D.

Yo, WILFRED E. ROWLAND, he sido admitido en  
(escriba el nombre completo)  
la República Dominicana como inmigrante y solicito un Permiso de Residencia.

1.-Incluyo sello de Rentas Internas, Núm. 47346, serie de inmigración, por los derechos que en la presente se detallan: 36.00 ;  
(el o los)

2.-Incluyo recibo por el pago en efectivo si fuere requerido por la Ley: \_\_\_\_\_ ;  
(el o los)

No

Envío mis fotografías de frente y de perfil idénticas a las q. han sido adheridas a esta solicitud. Los detalles relativos a mi llegada a la República Dominicana y mis generales son las siguientes:

Puerto de entrada S.P. Macoris ; fecha de entrada, 19 18 ;

Procedencia St. Kitts medio de transporte, Maritimo

edad 43 años raza Africana color Negro profesión Mecanico

sexo, masc. peso 115 lb estatura 1.70 m nacionalidad Inglesa

estado civil Casado país de origen St. Kitts color

de los ojos, negros ; color del pelo negro

señas particulares visbles ningunas

Residencia Pte. Jiménez

Reg. de Extranjeros, Tarj. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Céd. No. 23-1619 Fecha Marzo 21 de 1932.

Valor del impuesto \$ 6.00

Wilfred E. Rowland  
(Firma del solicitante)

FOTOGRAFIAS DEL SOLICITANTE

Esta solicitud es correcta y ha sido suscrita y jurada ante mí en



Noviembre 11 19 41

[Firma]  
(Inspector de Inmigración)

en San Pedro de Macoris,

22

18 NOV 1941

31312

I never thought of Panama. Never thought of Central America. I just thought of coming to Santo Domingo, working six months. I had it figured out. In six months work in a crop here [...] I didn't want to cut canes, but I figured I'd get something to do because cane cutting wasn't my business.

But people came here who were not cane cutters. They worked here, and sometimes when they got back home they had a little money. They got paid here better than in the island. At that time in the island they paid two shillings a day and that kind of thing. And that wasn't a lot of money. [Rowland laughs]

Oh, I had to go to the Treasury. We call it the Treasury. You know the building they call the Treasury in St. Kitts? Right on the front when you come off the wharf, you go under the Treasury to go straight uptown. Eh? Now that is the Treasury building. It's the government building of the town. The main government building. Office buildings. The government offices. That was one of the offices. The immigration department, upstairs in the Treasury. Yes, you had to go there and declare that you'd like to go to Santo Domingo as an immigrant. That's what I did. And they gave me a piece of paper and said, «Well, take this along with you.» The piece of paper said: «This is to certify that Wilfred E. Rowland is leaving the island on his own account to the Dom [...]» No, for Santo Domingo. They don't say the Dominican Republic either. [Rowland laughs] «[...] for Santo Domingo.» And the boat, uh, WARSPITE. WARSPITE. And so, on or about [...] Near. The uncertainty of the day [...] on or about *tal fecha*. [laughs] It meant «on about». [laughs again]

R: Travel was free. Nothing to pay. Neither there nor here. Nothing. Not a cent. People went of their own free will. I never seen a Dominican in St. Kitts in my life. People came of their own accord. And came back home [...]

*Interview with Wilfred E. Rowland, Santo Domingo*

*Tape 2*

*11 May 1991*

*Interviewer: Dr. Humberto García Muñiz*

*G = García Muñiz*

*R = Rowland*

*F = Pearl Francis*

VOYAGE TO SANTO DOMINGO

Oh yes, oh yes! And that was that! All I had to do was get my letter, go aboard the boat when they were ready to leave «So when is the boat going?» «Well, 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock this afternoon.» The boat would be there for a couple of days. And when the date that is on the paper [...] on or about [...] is when is going. And they're always asking the captain, «Captain, when are you going?»

«Well, not this afternoon. Maybe tomorrow.»

It's maybe. There was no pushing; nobody obliged you. [laughs] I didn't know where I was going. I didn't have a friend. That was a story by itself, another one that God protected me. We call it God, and I don't know what I'm talking about [mumbles the rest and laughs] My friends and neighbors gave me a send-off in the Sunday school. [chuckles] They knew I was going. It was nothing private. «Wilfred is going to Santo Domingo!» I didn't know more than people came here, worked and went home. Going away hundreds, thousands of English-speaking people are. I didn't know any more than that. And that [...] oh yes! [...] that law and order was out.

That neither one or the other. [laughs] I heard that from people who had been in Santo Domingo. But the question was how you lived. That's the native people, not English people. The English colony was large, you know? [laughs] There was an expression that one of them said that was used here. Uh, Uhh. *La qué sé yo Dominicana, donde todo el mundo hace lo que le da la gana.* [chuckles] In my island I used to hear them say that, which meant that the country didn't have much law. And then sometimes some of them say, «Well, people, they play music [...]» At that time the beginning of the century I'm talking about [...] [laughs] «[...] they play music, especially in parties or that kind of thing. And sometimes they kill a man while the party is going on, and then lean up the fellow in the corner. They don't even take him out; they leave him there and keep on dancing.» [laughs]

And then shooting. Oh, they talked a lot about that. But that wasn't in our calling; that was supposed to be native. And really, the English colony was grand, big. A big colony. And men, women and children. And nobody molested us. Nobody molested us. For all the years I been in this country, I never once been in any situation where English-speaking people had any problem. Never. With all the changes of government.

Oh, they had about a hundred in the boat. Men only. No women. Not one woman. All men, all men, from St. Kitts and the other islands, too. Because

whoever wanted to come to Santo Domingo in the islands [...] Antigua, Dominica, up to the tip of South America [...] would come to St. Kitts. Because the transportation never went beyond St. Kitts. The boats for transportation came to St. Kitts, took passengers from St. Kitts [...] So they'd come down from the islands to St. Kitts. Oh, many came here that way, passing through. You never had them exclusively from St. Kitts and Nevis.

Anguilla, St. Martin's, oh, a lot from St. Martin's. Uh, even from the other three islands that America bought there from the Dutch people, from the Danish people. St. Thomas, St. Croix and Santa Cruz. Very many people from Santa Cruz. Nevisians. And from the little islands also. Antiguans, Dominicans, oh, you had them all. Barbados, yes, but Barbados is way south [...] southeast. Oh yes, oh yes. Oh, man, one of the best friends I had was from Barbados. His name was Austin Bain. I won't forget him. He was my *compadre* and friend. [laughs] He godfather of my first child. Trinidad also. Also [...] my friend, our friends from Trinidad. The TURNER for the [...] What's his name? The three of them that came together? Guiana, too. Clemens and the other two who were with him, they were from British Guiana. And they were sugar boilers.

You piled up on deck and then down in the hold. Because there was no accomadation, you know? And catch as catch can. [chuckles]

You made where you could. But for me [...] I don't like the sea. I used to puke [...] I used to vomit just sitting on the wharf and watch a boat riding like that still tied up to the wharf. I nearly vomited my tripe out of me. Crossing that channel, the Channel of St. Eustatius. I never forget that [...] That's why I didn't go back from this country. Many times I'd thought I'd go back in the first month. But when I thought of the trip: Nah-um, nah-um.

Directly, straight. Stopping in Anguilla. We stopped in Anguilla for two days before we started the trip again. The captain belonged to Anguilla. And when he got there he anchored the boat and went to do his chores ashore, and walked up and down the place for two days. [chuckles] With us on the boat! He lived there! That's his home. That was his home! Yeah, I can go ashore on the beach. And go around, go the other other side of the island and that kind of thing until you're tired of that and thought he wasn't going. Then we started to protest: «Captain, what about [...] when are you going?»

«No, we are going tomorrow.»

We went in there on Thursday [...] Friday morning. And he left Saturday afternoon. [laughs] Yeah, it was very interesting, very interesting.

I landed without knowing where I was going. Yes. In Macorís. And we landed a little after 6 o'clock. And at that time of year, you know, it's half dark; it's darkening rapidly. Because it was [clears throat] in February. The 4<sup>th</sup> of February we landed. The 4<sup>th</sup> of February, 1918. And we landed but [...] on the boat itself, as I've said, Divine Providence. Because I didn't know anybody there. And then I was all dressed up as if I was going to New York. I had on my tie and everything to come to Santo Domingo and [...] I was dressed: jacket, everything, a whole suit. And one man who was lying on top of the thing to go down in the hold of the boat, he looked at me. I didn't know him. He didn't know me either. He looked at me, he said, «Hey, where are you going?»

I said, «I'm going to Santo Domingo.»

«You know where Santo Domingo is?»

«No, I don't.» [laughs]

He said, well, «You know something? You think you're going to New York, but you're not going to New York. You're going to [...]»

He lived here, you see, and he went back home and was returning. He was a carpenter, and was returning to the island, this island. So he knew his ropes. But that was Divine Providence. My aunt's prayers at home [...] that fellow up [...], man. That's the way God works, you know, through people. Alright. [laughs] 126

He looked at me and he saw I was Simple-Simon-Met-a-Pieman, and he said, «Well, do you have any other clothes than that?»

«Yes, I do. I have my maleta in the hold of the boat.»

«Then you better change and put on ordinary clothes, because tonight it seems like the night is going to be pretty rough.»

I didn't know; I had never been at sea. I didn't know anything about it. I obeyed him. I went below. I changed. I put on clothes like I thought carrying to work in, came back up and sat down.

Night is falling. The boat began to leave slowly, riding on the [...] And he addressed himself to me again. He said, «Listen, you better go below.» Below is down inside the boat. «You better go below, because tonight the wind is going to blow.»

He knew his business. And I followed it; I went below. Oh, my God! Below is where I puked my guts out. Oh my God! I'll never forget it as long

as I live. My tripe didn't come out of the boat, my [chuckles] [...] Passing through that Channel of St. Eustatius. And what happened [...] suddenly everything ceased. It was the channel that made me bad, put me bad. What happened? Everything was quiet after passing through hell. Now everything is quiet, no sound, and the boat [...] slowly, moving slowly. I thought I was dead. [laughs] I thought maybe I'd died! [laughs again] But no, I was awake and I was at least alive. And then I looked up, I saw the open hatch of the boat. And I had a pillow. My aunt gave me a pillow and a sheet, a pillow and a sheet. [laughs] I took my sheet and my pillow and climbed out. What a difference from down in the hole [...] that dirty, stinking place [...] out in the fresh morning air. I'll never forget it! [laughs] Out of hell, into heaven, man! [keeps laughing] But that man was my savior here. I didn't know him. Imagine that. His name is Frankie. I didn't know much but more than that. Frankie something. I didn't know him. After I landed on the English separate, I never seen him again. He went to Las Pajas and I went to Porvenir. But what happened [...] When we got to San Pedro it was Monday afternoon. Evening. Call it evening. There's a strong breeze from the south. And the captain of the boat said, «I'm not going to stay out here tonight.»

Because, apparently, he should not have gone until 6 o'clock in the afternoon, late afternoon. And so, «No, I'm going in.» He said that in English. He was from Anguilla. «I'm not going to stay out here tonight because the wind is too strong and I'm not going to anchor out here tonight.»

And he started to carry the boat in himself. In the channel of the mouth of the river San Pedro [...] *mu*y different to what it is today. It was very narrow. The channel, to navigate in, was narrow. When he got into the channel and if the boat was seen from the shore, we heard «pup, pup, pup, pup, pup, pup» [...] a motorboat coming. First my [...] That was my introduction [...] That was my baptism to the Dominican Republic in language.

In the boat were two men. One was steering the boat and the other one seemed to have been an official of some sort. And he came alongside the boat. They came up to the boat and began to talk to the captain in Spanish. The captain spoke Spanish [...] English Spanish. [chuckles] English Spanish. But what I understood [...] I didn't understand the language, but I thought that they were so angry they would fight or something. I was afraid because the captain was pretty boisterous and noisy, and that man is

an official. And he had on a gun. I said, «Well, that doesn't [...]» didn't check out with me! That doesn't happen in my country!

But the man in the boat [...] [Rowland imitates the way that Spanish must have sounded to him at that time. [It is very difficult to write this series of sounds onomatopoeically. The best approximation would be a chicken clucking rapidly.] García Muñiz laughs] And then, after a while of «blah, blah», the captain went the other way, and then the man in the boat took a coil of rope and tossed the rope to the captain. Then I realized, «Well, hey, they're not going to fight. We're going taken in.» [laughs] And they took us in. And then they took us into the wooden wharf in San Pedro Macorís. That's how I going long ago. When they took us into the wooden wharf, and they said, «Alright, get out. Everybody get out.»

#### SAN PEDRO DE MACORÍS

Six o'clock in the evening. After six now. It's darkening in a country I don't know where I am. And we all got out and we walked, and the officer said, «Alright.» He talked with the captain, and the captain talked with us in English: «Alright. He says that we all can go and come back tomorrow morning. All the *maletas*, the baggage will stay on the boat. And then come back tomorrow. And the government will take care of the baggage. And so we can go and come back tomorrow morning 9 o'clock at the custom house.»

And in a wooden shack they had there on the, [laughs] on the wharf. Now, I don't know anything; I don't know where I am. This good man that kind of helped me on the boat, he said, «Where are you going?»

«I don't know.»

«Don't you have anybody to go to?»

«No, I don't.»

Oh, my God! But as he lived in the island before, he knew, and he knew people. He knew the town. So he said, «Alright, come with me.»

I walked alongside him. He went into the town. Then he stopped at what seemed to be a shop selling *mavi*. That was the name of the damn thing: *mavi*. And that's the first thing I drank in this country was a glass of *mavi*. [laughs] He offered me a glass of *mavi*. And I drinking my *mavi*, there entered the little establishment a high mulatto man, color. He knew me. I didn't recognize him, but he knew me at home. He lived in the same street where my grandfather lived. He knew me as a boy. And when he saw me



[...] I knew he had come to Santo Domingo, but I didn't know where he was. He was from my home. Well, he was here for some time. He was fairly well met with them. He knew them. He came in as a customer and he saw me with this man, the man San Pedro. And he said to me [...] He looked at me, he said, «Oh, my God! That's you, Wilfred?»

«Yeah, that's me.»

He said, «Tam-Tam [...]» Tam-Tam was my aunt. My aunt was called Tam-Tam. «Did Tam-Tam allow you to come to this country?» [laughs] I said, «Yes, she did.» [still laughing] Oh, my God! He started to laugh [...] Alright. All he said was then he couldn't do anything for me, but because that I was chaperoned by [...] After he drank the *mavi* he said, «Alright, let's go here.» And he took me out. And we landed in the street. A street. And there 's a tailor shop we went to, the tailor he knew. And he talked to the tailor in English, of course. And there were others [...] Here in San Pedro Macorís. The tailor was from St. Kitts. He also was from St. Kitts. And there were two other men [...] English people in San Pedro [...] and they were talking English. They weren't talking Spanish. They were talking English. And this friend of mine, he was friend to the tailor. So he took me there to the tailor shop from the wharf. And there in the tailor shop sat me down and we started chatting with his friend. And then he said, «Well, I have to go. I want to see some people some place or another. So what you going to do, stay here for me. When I come back, I going to see how I can help you. When I come back [...]» he said. When he came back. «So stay here [...]» That was his friend the tailor. «Stay here until I come back.»

Well, there was nothing I could do more than sit down and listen. And what I'm listening to, they're not talking Spanish. They're talking English. So I'm listening to them. The only time when somebody passed the door, I heard them say, «Abur!» ¿A qué? What's that? [chuckles] «Abur!» Abur, Abur, Abur. A man came. And this man was a native of my island and knew me there. He was a kind of friend to my family. The last person he thought he would see was me here. He came to that shop. And when he came and he saw me, he was so surprised. He said, «Well, what are you doing here?»

«Well, I decided to come to Santo Domingo.»

«Who did you come with?»

«I came by myself.»

«And where are you going?»

«I don't know. [laughs] I don't know where I'm going!»

«You don't have any place where you're going to stay?»

«No. I don't know. I had a friend, and he has gone. He told me to wait here until he returned.»

He said, «You better come with me. You'd better come with me.»

Well, alright. I am glad. I'd go with anybody who was a friend! [laughs] And he took me. That changed the picture completely. He took me to his home. I stayed in his home for a month before I went to look for a job. I didn't look for work. I was a tourist for the month. I was looking around. I had never seen such a big place in my life, with tall buildings compared to my little home. And now you look at it as if it different thing completely to what it was. Just walking around and staying at my friend's home, sleeping there. He worked in a drugstore in San Pedro. His name was Humphrey. That was his name: Humphrey, from St. Kitts. I knew him back there. He knew me in my home. He used to work and live with Dr. Branch, the same doctor that I told you about. He used to work there in that place. And that was pretty close to my grandfather's home. The drugstore owner was by [...] Moré. Yes, Moré establishment. On this side. And the drugstore was on the other side of More's building. A month in town [clears throat] before I went to the estate. Because I had a little money. Amongst the passengers, I was the richest. I had, I think, 10 dollars. An American 10 dollar bill. That was my capital and most of the [...] All the balance didn't have 10 dollars amongst them. [chuckles] So I was ready to eat and be a tourist for awhile until when the [...] had disappeared. Then I had to go on the sugar estate.

#### INGENIO PORVENIR

Because it was the nearest estate to the town.

Oh yes! Porvenir is [...] Oh, the nearest sugar estate is part of the town now. The town has grown into Porvenir. That's true! Then to whom did you talk to work there? There I found my friends. Young men and men I knew back home who lived there. They didn't know I was here in this country. So when I came, there were some of my countrymen living there in Porvenir, who came to this country before I came here. What happened is when I got to Porvenir, then I got amongst my people. My people. My native people. And also all the other people speaking in my language. Nobody is talking Spanish. When they want to speak Spanish, the old-timers, they

could speak Spanish. But otherwise English, English, English [...] morning, noon and night. That's why I didn't learn Spanish. Because I lived in the English colony practically all my life. I learned Spanish from the book but not from contact. Really, really. I've lived always in English communities. Then, people from St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Martin, St. Vincent, Grenada. [chuckles] But that didn't make us different. Certainly not! They never formed groups. There were natives. And not only that, but here is where, again, when I got into this [pats his copy of *Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey*] of Garvey's teachings, that made me racial. Not prejudiced, not prejudiced. But I had a chip on my shoulder always because I wouldn't tolerate insults by no man, [laughs] black or white. [still laughing] No, no, no. And if you tried to [...] I lashed back too quickly sometime. Different on the surface. All different [...] those differences, but very small. Those are superficial differences. They are slight, compared, because, after all, British colonial system is the same thing is worldwide. Africa, Asia, Latin America or the, uh, West Indies. The same thing. British. But deep down, no. Oh no. We are one people. Surely we are one people! Especially in a foreign country.

My brother came not when I came. My brother came after me and lived there, too.

R: Oh yes. I went to Porvenir and got a job. What I got was after the dead season, you know? The dead time, dead season. Now, I landed in Santo Domingo, as I said, on February 4, 1918. The first crop, I didn't get a job. The first crop, sugar crop, I didn't get a job. I got a job during the dead season of that, which would have been 1918 after June, after May. For Porvenir, their crops are always ended first. After June; May, June. And then I got a job. I got a job with her father [his wife, Francis] in the machine shop. Her father was the blacksmith. And I got a job in the machine shop. The machine shop was always open. You get a job in the factory to fix things up, to do things. And the factory's working all through the year. But the factory itself, where the people [...] the mass of people [...] work doesn't work. But I got a job in the blacksmith's shop, the machine shop in the blacksmith's section of the machine shop. Her father was the principal blacksmith. They had three blacksmiths. Not one [...] three. And her father was the principal. Her father was from Antigua. The other one [...] One was from Anguilla, I think, or St. Martin or [...] Rufus.

Rufus was from St. Martin. And another one again that he was from somewhere in the other islands. Islanders everybody, islanders. There were no Dominicans in that part, too. Very few, very few Dominicans.

And in positions of responsibility, oh, the native Dominicans were not many, not many. A few would be in positions [...] *capataz algún* [...] one or two, etcetera. But they didn't have much *artesanos* amongst them, *artesanos*. Artisans. They didn't have many artisans of that line. The administrator was Mr. Garnett. An Englishman, he was.

Garnett. G-a-r-n-e- double «t». I forgot the first [...] his initials now. I forgot his initials. Yes, he was English. He was English, purely English. Garnett. I forgot his first name. Oh, he was administrator while I was there. And, afterwards, he was taken out and then [...] Because in those days the management, the ownership of such industries, they didn't live in the island. They lived in Europe or they lived in the United States. And then they paid managers. The manager was the big boss. And they would visit now and again. The Kellys were the owners of Porvenir. The Kellys. K-e-double «l»-y. American. [laughs] They were foreign investors! And they lived in the United States. Came once in awhile. No, not often. And it was a big event when Mr. Kelly happened to come around. [still laughing] That's all. He'd look around . And the old-timers who may be working, he'd say,

«Oh, John, are you still here?»

«Well, yes, Mr. Kelly. I'm still here. »You' re working for him anyhow. [laughs] They intermarried with native Dominicans. One of them is intermarried with a native Dominican woman. And he lives here, I think, up to now. A descendant of them, of the family. Yes, sir.

R: Yes. Blacksmithing. Hauling a twelve-pound sledgehammer. Twelve pound. «Dum-dum, dum-dum, dum-dum, dum-dum.» Eh?

Hitting the *yunque*. Oh my. That's the anvil. Blacksmithing. That has gone with the wind. [laughs] That has gone with the wind of time. Blacksmithing. There were many machines. And there's a man to every machine. ledges Uh, shapers. Eh, the boring machines. Oh, they like that machine. And the whole crew of the shop wouldn't have to know more than about six or seven men in the machine department. In the blacksmith shop we had three blacksmiths, with an assistant to each blacksmith. I was assistant to her father. Her father was the principal blacksmith, and I was assistant to him. I learned [...] I began at my home with this blacksmithing business,

but elected to go to the factory there. And then coming here, I went back into it. And with that man I learned and worked at it, too, afterwards. I worked in Santa Fe Sugar Company. Yeah. I left Porvenir and worked in Santa Fe Sugar Company.

My brother came after I came here. He came and we lived in the same room. He was older than me. Months after. Because when I wrote home, he understood that it was better than he thought. Because the letter I wrote was better than I expected. He came and lived in the same room on the *cuarteles*. Oh, in a *cuartel* a line of rooms of about [counts:] 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. About six or seven rooms. We were four men to a room. The bunks. Two story [...] Two on each side. Two? Four. Yeah, two on each side. It was my brother, myself, Charlie Baines [...] also from St. Kitts [...] and Moses [laughs] Brown. All from St. Kitts. At that time there were no bathrooms. No toilets either. Oh, we were in the bush. To bathe You do it in a tin of water on the outside in the early morning, before everybody get up. [laughs] A tin of water you made yourself. Oh, water we had. Water [...] There wasn't a lack of water. [chuckles] It was the question that there were not [...] They did not prepare the place for commodities of that kind. Not for workers, not for workers. The *cuarteles*.

He left in '24, when I got married to her. In 1924. (G: He left [...]) He left for the United States, yes. He went back to St. Kitts. And from St. Kitts he took one of the American boats, he worked in it for awhile, and then he stayed off in New York. And he died there about 4 or 5 years ago.

Chief engineer. The chief engineer that I met here He was Mr. Walker. He was potbellied. A man in his sixties. He was old. Yeah, I can see him now. He was American, yes. He was American. But they took him out because they used to take them out, ship them, transfer them from one interest to another, in another part, and send another man. At that time that's what they used to do. Foreign interests. The owners are not here. Management. And then they visit and [...] the oldtime form of bookkeeping. They were quite a chain of men, quite a chain of men. Men in charge of the sugar building. Men in charge [...] in charge of. There was a chief engineer, a second engineer [...] American also. And then you have creole people in positions under him. The difference in the sugar production upstairs and downstairs. Those who attend to the grinding of the canes. And the mills. And then the juice is there and those who attend to the juice. And

then boil the juice until you get the syrup necessary. And then they had to take the sugar out of the syrup during that time to become [...]. And then they put them in the baskets and rigged, and [...] the molasses and take out the sugar.

Oh, many men. A couple of hundred men in a sugar industry.

G: All [...] (R: Yeah) Going through every department in the sugar factory, (R: Yes) was the key person in each department a white person?

And very real natives that you would have from other countries who had more knowledge [...] And not native was not because it was discriminatory either. It was because they didn't know. That's all. Now it's native and they're doing it. Then they didn't know.

Most of them were also from the islands, from the islands, put in positions of responsibility in departmental work. They had a few from Puerto Rico. I knew two brothers [...] Remember the two brothers from Puerto Rico? Uhh, I forgot their names now. But they were not professionals either. They were from Puerto Rico. At that time few Puerto Ricans came to this country. Very few. And most of them went into the higher, upper [...] Those two. One was a *capataz*, as they used to call it. Oh, boy, you knew the two. The two brothers [...] light-skinned, white-skinned. Uh-oh [...] Ah, yes, you knew them anyhow. [laughs]

The chemist was foreign.

But his assistant may be a native. And in Porvenir he was the son of an English-speaking man. You see? And in the sugar estate, the English-speaking people got opportunities because they had more knowledge of that kind of thing. And the foreign interests found them more useful. That's all. And they knew the language. And then the next thing is the instability of the native people. Instability. Political, especially political. And social. At that time they'd come to work or they don't come to work. Anybody come and call them and they go, leave the job. Because somebody of importance called them and they went. They didn't have that knowledge [...] Not now! That was then; I'm talking of then. That's a long time, you know? [chuckles] 1920s. [laughs] That's a long time.

MARCUS GARVEY

G: During the occupation government?

R: No. Yes! [laughs]

G: Did you heard about Marcus Garvey in St. Kitts?

R: No.

G: Never?

R: Here. I heard it in here.

G: In St. Kitts never?

R: No. This [...] [Rowland slaps or hits something, probably the book. García Muñiz chuckles] This is my *Philosophy and Opinions*, and all this is my knowledge.

G: We'll talk about Garvey a little bit later. You get into the

G: Did you start reading Garvey before you got married or afterwards?

R: If I?

G: You started reading Garvey.

F: Garvey, Garvey. [Francis has stopped talking with the unidentified person by this point]

R: Before I got married?

G: Before you got married.

R: Oh yes.

G: Who got you [...] Who [...]

The society got started in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, commonly called the A.M.E. Church That's a negro. United States black people. Alright. And the man who was then minister of the church, Reverend McKay. Reverend McKay. That's a Scotch name. He seemed to come from an origin like that. He was [...] [clears throat] He was light brown color. He was from the islands. He was born in one of the islands; he wasn't born here. He wasn't born here, you know? McKay wasn't born here. He belonged [...] His parents belonged to another island, but he became a minister of that church here. And in that church they announced once that a society in New York had made contact with that minister. And he invited the prominent members of the community to attend his church where there was a newspaper from the United States referring to this. [pats his *Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey*] The beginning of a society for black people! And her father, with whom I traveled [...] He liked me very much. I was his assistant. And with the *martillo*. And he liked me very much. And he said, «Let's go to the church and listen to this thing.» We went to the church, and there the newspaper was read. An offer was made to start the society. Those who were interested [...]


And they gave an announcement as to where they're going to start it and who wanted to become a member or become members of it. They hired a house and started. And the thing took like wildfire in the community. Not in the Dominican community. Not at all. Never. Never it took. But in the English community, of all the different islands that the people came from [...] became members. They trooped into it. The thing grew by leaps and bounds. [chuckles] Yeah, that's right. But it had some insistent enemies, of course, amongst those who were in power. Yeah. It had opposed to it. The then British consul and minister of the church [...] Anglican Episcopal Church [...] He was a short man; he was ordinary. Beer. He was the He was British vice consul and minister at the same time. Of course he was. And he [...] was opposed to it. Yeah. Sure he was white. He was English. But English coming from the United States. He was English of origin, but he lived in the United States. And from the American church they sent him here for that church. He didn't come here as a [...] in political matters. He came here in religious matters. And while he was here they gave him the position of vice consul. He was not the consul of the British. He was vice consul in San Pedro Macorís. I don't know who was the consul. I don't know the name of who was consul then. I never been to the consul either. [...] he was the vice consul there. And in San Pedro Macorís. But just like everything else, because it was black and the movement took fire, then [...] 1921. This thing began in 1920, and '21 I went to Barahona. I left my [...] My boss, her father, he encouraged me to go to Barahona at the end of that crop because Barahona was being constructed. They had just begun to construct Barahona. And I went there and I work there for about four months. When I left I came back to Porvenir, because her father informed me by letter that if I came back I'd get [...] the engineer would put me as a blacksmith now, not as a helper, not *asistente* [...] as a blacksmith. And in the same shop separation you had the machine shop, the blacksmith shop and the locomotive department in the same long shed. And in the middle was the blacksmith shop. And so there were three forges. And had only her father and myself. The third blacksmith they had put off that and kept only two. So I worked alongside of my boss, and that I was glad to do that because it was my boss anyhow. [laughs] Yeah, that's right! And I done.



Solicitud de permiso de residencia de Archibald Henry Beer

Form. C1

Secretaría de Estado de Cultura  
Archivo General de la Nación



REPUBLICA DOMINICANA  
SECRETARIA DE ESTADO DE LO INTERIOR, POLICIA Y COMUNICACIONES  
DIRECCION GENERAL DE INMIGRACION  
SOLICITUD DE PERMISO DE RESIDENCIA  
DE ACUERDO CON LA LEY Nº 95

Al Señor Director General de Inmigración,  
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, R. D.



Yo, Archibald Henry Beer, he sido admitido en  
(escriba el nombre completo)  
la República Dominicana como inmigrante y solicito la expedición de mi Permiso de Residencia.  
Incluyo sello de Rentas Internas, Núm. 15449, serie de Inmigración, por los derechos  
establecidos por la ley.

Envío mis fotografías de frente y de perfil idénticas a las que han sido adheridas a esta solicitud.  
Los detalles relativos a mi llegada a la República Dominicana y mis generales son las siguientes:

Puerto de entrada Ciudad Trujillo; fecha de entrada año 1920 19\_\_\_\_;  
procedencia Inglaterra; medio de transporte via marítima  
edad 66 años, raza caucásica, color blanco, ocupación Vice-Consul Inglés (Sacerdote Episcopal)  
sexo masc.; peso 140 lbs.; estatura 5'2"; nacionalidad inglesa  
estado civil casado; país de origen Inglaterra  
color de los ojos azules; color del pelo blanco  
señas particulares visibles ninguna  
Residencia Av. Eusebio Payano # ( ), San P. de Macoris, R.D.  
Nombre y residencia del esposo o esposa Elsie Amelia Kent Beer  
Cédula Personal de Identidad Nº 17959 Serie Nº 23 Fecha 18 Enero, 1946.

Valor del impuesto RD\$. 20.00

FOTOGRAFIAS DEL SOLICITANTE



Esta solicitud es correcta y ha sido suscrita y jurada ante mí  
el 7 de Febrero 19 54  
[Firma]  
(Inspector de Inmigración)

When I came back then, Garvey was in trouble in the United States. A picture we had of him in [...] He was in trouble in the United States. And then, when I came back the first Sunday returning, I went to the same church up there because, during my absence, her father belonged to that church. And he said She and her sister [...] she has a sister there in Porvenir now [...] And they took [...] younger than [...] Not younger now, [...] older than she is. From Barahona now. I went back with him. And this first Sunday I got back, he said, «Let's go to the church, that same minister.» And I went to the church. Now, when I went to Barahona I knew of the U.N.I.A., as it was called. You know the initials: The Universal Negro Improvement Association [...] The U.N.I.A. And [...] the sun again. Yes. And I went with them, she and her sister, accompanied them to the church. The guy didn't preach. He took his text and gave from his text. I never forgot it because I was insulted. He did it from his text! He took his text from [...] Oh, boy, I remembered it. I remembered it. 260 Uh [...] Uh-oh. Ah yes! Here it is! «The Shepherd is Smitten.» That's when they arrested Garvey in the United States. [recites:] «The shepherd is smitten and the sheep have all fled.» I'll never forget it. That's the text he took. And he took his discourse entirely on the racial question and Mr. Garvey's activities. I was so angry [...] mad [...] I told her, sitting between the two girls, she and her sister. I said, «Listen, I'm not going to stand this. I'm going.» I said, «Let's go.» Yeah. And we got up and walked out of the church. Never went back. [laughs] That's true, that's true. He was English; he was the British vice consul. We didn't agree very much, you know? But we never fought. Nobody else left the Church. Nobody was that offended. I was offended because I loved what I had heard and what I thought about it. And I only heard and thought then. But [...] Oh boy! [...] Yes, sir.

THE U.N.I.A. UNIVERSAL NEGRO IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

It came to San Pedro. Started in New York, of course. Oh, the man who became the first president of the society was the minister of the Moravian church. He was a black man. I forgot his name now. I forgot his name, too. Oh-oh. He was in charge of the Moravian work. He wasn't a member of the society. At least he was a member [...] He became president and they turned him out of the church because it was activity racially. From St. Thomas. St. Thomas was the headquarters for that church. And they

turned him out. And then the society took him. Dominican govern [...] Under the Americans, remember that. That happened under the Americans. The Dominican government, not the Dominican but the Americans. The Americans threw him out. Threw out several of them. They raided our hall and arrested the leaders and put them in the clink.

Yes, I was there. [laughs] Yes. And the U .N. I .A. sent [...] A competent man he was. He was from Trinidad. Short man. Well [...] the *pico de oro*.

But it was several people. But the principal man was, uh, the same minister that was deported at the same time. 321 And Carey was deported also. He was the schoolmaster of Porvenir. Well, they put him in jail. The American occupation. All of that wasn't the action of the Dominican government. It was the action of the occupation. And the U.N.I.A. sent a man here. From New York. That man was in the headquarters of the U.N.I.A. He was a Trinidadian but living in the United States. Mr. Garvey sent him here. They put him in jail. Well, wait a minute. They put in jail [...] The local leaders were arrested. We wrote to the United States, and they sent this man to represent the society to fire up the people. And when he landed they arrested him and put him in the clink. The then vice consul, the same man I told you about, Archibald Beer [...] B-double «e»-r like the *cerveza* [...] [laughs] Alright. Archibald Beer. That's his full name. He was the man with the Americans that made the plot to do that. Now, when this man arrived, immediately arrived, and understood he was a representative of the association, they locked him up. Oh, but the consul was. Not only that, they couldn't do anything without the Americans. And not only that, the Americans said that. The judges [...] The Dominican judges said [...] Because when they carried some of them to the, uh, *alcaldía* for the trial, the American was always sitting there in the *tribunal*. And he whispered to the *alcalde* or he'd write and tell him, «Send that person back to jail. Send them back.»

«Alright.» [laughs]

They deported them all eventually. But before that, the good man that came from the United States [...] The intervention of the society, Mr. Garvey, from New York here [...] with the occupation. The intervention of Mr. Garvey, when they locked up the representative of the organization [...] Immediately cables began going and coming on the case. The good man in prison, locked up. And he also wrote what he wanted. And they gave him the permission to write what he wanted, communication outside, but locked up. And within a

few days [...] He didn't last more than two or three days when the order came to let him go, to let him go. And not only that, but one of the officials of the American military occupation came to our hall when the order came to let him go. They took a bond here to let him go. And when the order came from Washington, it came, but they had to return the bond and let the man go. They didn't earn anything. That was purely local politics. [laughs] They let him go. Yes, he came out of prison and spoke. Surely! We had a hall. We had a hall. He was sent to discover just what had happened and why it happened, from the headquarters of the organization.

G: What did he do after he was let out?

R: What he did? (G: Uh-huh) Went back to New York with the report he had. That what he was sent for. He was sent to make a report of what was happening in the country to the organization and to [...]

G: Did he talk to the members of the association?

R: Of course he did in the hall. In the hall. He explained that what happened is that nothing is against him. All they do is to lock him up, but now he's free, and they gave the money back. And the same [...] I never forgot there [...] The same [...] paid them.

(G: And then [...])

The man I was working with now was a mechanic, not her father. I was working as a mechanic now in the town. And when they took the money for bail from the association to let the man go, this vice consul came around to where we were working to my boss, to Bastion. (F: Beer?) Antonio Bastion. Beer. Beer came around to Bastion, my boss. from that far island out He was from Cura [...] uh [...] Oh, Bastion there that the Americans own. Santa

Cruz. He was from Santa Cruz. And Beer passed by the plant, Bastion's plant, said, «Mr. Bastion [...]»

*Interview with Wilfred E. Rowland, Santo Domingo*

*11 May 1991 - 12 May 1991*

*Tape 3*

*Interviewer: Dr. Humberto García Muñiz*

*R = Rowland*

*G = García Muñiz*

*F = Pearl Francis*

R: [...] and so he went back to the United States. He went back to the organization. But the movement on foot was to report [...] [pause for 5 seconds] (G: Um-hm) [...] to report as undesirable aliens. And they deported several, about four or five. The secretary of the organization, the officers, especially the officers. They deported four or five officers of the society. Deported in San Pedro Macorís. And [...] But the society [...] Because one of the officials came to our hall after all this thing, when the man went back, [car rides by] and told us that nobody will ever molest us anymore and that the American government had said that we had the right to function. It was a local plot. That's all. They didn't think that we would have been intelligent enough to undo it. That's all. They thought that they'd do that and they just did, No! That man knew from [...] The man who came from New York for the society knew exactly what strings to pull, who to deal with in the United States to make them let him go. And [...] then the matter of cable it wasn't a matter of [...] [clears throat] (G: And that was [...]) So [...]

G: And that was in what year?

R: Oh, that should have been in the 1920s, [car honks and rides by] before the 30s, in the 20s. I came back from Barahona [...] yes [...] came back from Barahona in 1920. We got married in '24. Did they declare the U.N.I.A. accord before we were married or after we were married? Do you remember? When they deported?

F: That was before.

R: Before we were married. (F: Before) Before we were married. That should have been, yes [...] That should have been '20-' 21. 022

G: And the organization was formed in 19 [...]

R: Oh yes. It began [...] That's one of the things that frightened them: the people poured into it without really knowing what it was. But English-speaking people, all from the islands. Never mind what country. Here, in this city here, they had one branch. And another was in Puerto Plata. Not Puerto Plata, uh, [...] Samaná. La Romana, no. La Romana had a few members, but it didn't grow. I don't remember how many La Romana had. I don't remember. But it wasn't strong, never was strong. I don't think they had that many.

And I fell out with the young man who was supposed to be running the group in La Romana because when I went visiting from San Pedro on one occasion [...] He was boastful. He was a kind of braggadocio kind of

fellow. He would make more trouble than he could heal. He wasn't intelligent enough for that. And so I wrote to him after making [...] because I didn't know him. I went there particular to know him. And when I made contact with him I found that he [hesitates] would make more trouble than he could heal. He had the tendency of wanting to do that. And we were not looking for trouble. And principles were getting no trouble. If you talk nonsense you can get in trouble. He didn't understand the real principles of this thing. And so I wrote to him after I got back to San Pedro and warned him. And I told him, «Now, be careful you don't bite off more than you can chew.» And the guy didn't like that. [laughs] He didn't like that expression!

WILFRED ROWLAND

And I was out of the society when I went to Barahona. I was out of the society for some time, '21. And I went back into it deliberately when he was arrested. [pats book again] There was, uh, Clement the school teacher. [truck rolls by] He was from British Guiana. Black! He was black, an African. He didn't believe he was black. He was so black I don't know how he wondered he wasn't. But he, Clement, a school master in Santa Fe, the estate Santa Fe [...] And one afternoon [...] I never even used to go to the hall sometimes. I had slacked off my [...]. And one afternoon, going to my home, passing his house, he had a newspaper, an American newspaper. He said [...] Everybody called me Brother Rowland, *hermano* Rowland. Everybody called me that. «Brother Rowland, come here. I'm going to show you something.»

He knew my ardent love for Mr. Garvey's principles and love for my people. [laughs] He called me, he said, «Take a look at this. Read it.» [motorcycle rides by]

I took it and I saw the picture that is in this [pats the book once more]. Mr. Garvey between two, uh, how do they call them again? The people who arrest people. The private detectives? Coming off of a train. He was coming down off a train with these two men, shackled to each one on the side. Yeah. «Take a look at this. You see, I always told you that thing, man. Those people only looking for trouble.» That's what he said. I looked at it. And when I looked at it [...] ¡*Caramba!* I'll never forget it! [laughs] I told him, I said, «Listen. You see that man? He going to jail for me.» [laughs again] «And from now on I am going to be in that society!» I'm living in Santa Fe, and I decided, [motorcycle rolls by] definitely, to go back. The society was

still going in San Pedro. And I entered it, and entered it from Santa Fe. And went to the meeting nights. I took a car and went from Santa Fe to town, and 10, 11 o'clock at night from town to my home in Santa Fe. Working in Santa Fe. And when I was working I living there and they elected me. The last thing I thought of. [baby talks in background] They elected me as president. I didn't want to be president. The reason why they elected me was I went all the way from Santa Fe to the meeting one night. And unfortunately it was a woman who was ruling the meeting. She was presiding over the meeting. And the members, some of the members in the hall, they took advantage of the woman because she wasn't ready to control the meeting. She lost control of the meeting. I was sitting at the back of the hall and I [...] two steps and then I was on the platform. And I gave them a harangue on that, on the principles of the institution. I wasn't looking for no office. A month or so after was the time for elections. And they told me, «We are going to elect you.» «Elect me? Oh, man, I don't want no damn election.» And they elected me. And for eight years I was re-elected eight years straight until I told them, «Well, I don't want to continue anymore.» But my love for the organization [...] Yes! A great organization.

I got to be president after the deportations. Oh, I was president for eight years. [vendor hawks some product in background] We lived in Santa Fe then. We lived in Santa Fe until [...] When Roberto was born? When was Roberto born? Twenty-eight? Twenty-eight. Well, that should have been between '25 and '28. Between '25 and '28. I was president of the society for eight years. [clears throat] Young men came in, men went out the movement.

Oh, we had a train of officers, man, a train of officers. I wouldn't remember all their name. We had a very fine chap from St. Martin's. Ahh, my *compadre*. He was godfather for one of my children. Ahhh, uh-ohh. His name [...] [Francis says something barely audible] Highliger and [...] Highliger was the older of the two. Papa.

Papa Highliger and Bennie. Bernard Scott! St. Martin people. The two of them were from St. Martin. The French part. No! The Dutch part. But they never spoke Dutch. They spoke English. That's the funny part of it. They were very good friends of mine. And Elijah Highliger. Yes. He was secretary of the society when I was president. We had other officers. We had a number of officers. Annually. All our officers would change annually. It lasted up to now. I think there's still [...] [vendor shouts his wares again] The hall is there. The

building -- it should be there, and the property, too. We raised money enough to buy two lots of property for the organization, and the society did its own hall. A hall, not to exaggerate, that should have been about 50 feet wide by 150 feet long. And that's a hall; that's a good hall. A platform that stood up about four feet from the floor, the platform, and covered the whole length of the [...] the whole width of the building. It beautiful. I did a lot of talking there. [laughs] I don't know who owns it because [...] [Francis says something about «society»] it didn't have an owner, you see? It was built from the contribution raised for the purpose, and so, nocowner.

DEPORTATIONS

G: Did any of those deported ever came back to here?

R: No. None of them.

G: None of them?

R: None of them.

G: And they were sent to their islands?

R: To their islands, yes. One was a teacher. One was a school teacher.

G: In Porvenir?

R: Yes, in Porvenir he was. Yeah. [a car rides by and Francis says something barely audible] Eh? [Francis repeats] Yes, they were brought here then, and the minister.

G: The tailor?

R: And the minister.

G: Who was the teacher? Can you remember him?

R: The teacher? Uh [...]

F: Carey.

R: Carey, yes. I think his name was William Carey. I think William was his first name. Something like that. He was from St. Kitts, yeah. (G: Um-hm) Carey. Oh, yes, that's the history. ( G: And then [...]) The brief history.

G: After the deportation, did the government kept molesting the organization?

R: No. Never again.

G: Never again?

R: Never again. To the contrary, they allowed us to hold meetings in the street. But we never had one Dominican member. Not one. A ot of them were favorable over to us. A lot of native people were favorable over to us.



But they never joined us. They had it that our society was «Back to Africa», number one. That was the slogan of Mr. Garvey. But that really was not only the purpose. [motorcycle cruises past] It was not only to take Africans back to Africa. That was an open door. But Marcus Garvey wasn't foolish. [laughs] He knew. The question was to link us with the Mother Country and have an understanding of that. That we belonged there. Oh, surely, now they put that slogan on to give the idea that we wanted to take all black people back [...] He began by sending out to Liberia. This thing [pats his copy of *Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey*] has it. To Liberia. And they ruined that plan. A lot of money was spent; he bought three boats. Three boats he bought with money raised through the association. Funds raised [...] That's why they deported him from the United States. Under that heading that he had collected money under false pretenses. It was not false pretenses; he didn't pretend anything false. Because they had the largest line of boats then was the White Star Line, from Europe to America. And he called his the Black Star Line. And the people in San Pedro Macorís put that name on our hall. They never said the U.N.I.A. Hall. Everybody called it the Black Star Line. Oh, commonly, everybody called it that. That was not the Black Star Line. The Black Star Line was in the United States, the line of ships that Mr. Garvey began, tried to begin. That [...] Oh, man, he slapped the lion in its face. [laughs] And they didn't play that. (G: So he [...])

PORVENIR-ST KITTTS

R: Oh, and then I went to Porvenir.

G: And then you went to Porvenir?

R: One month. [Francis says something, possibly to a fourth person]

G: And then you met in Porvenir and you started working in the machine shop (R: Oh yeah) with your future father-in-law.

R: Eh?

G: With your future father-in-law. [cock crows in background]

R: With?

F: With your future, uh [...]

G: Father-in-law.

F: My father.

R: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Tell me what was the expression. [chuckles] Eh?

G: Father-in-law.

R: My father-in-law? (G: Yeah) Her father? (G: Yeah) Yes. [García Muñiz chuckles] Yes, when I went to Porvenir. When I got a job with him. G: How many people would you remember offhand that were from St. Kitts when you were there, just by looking like this?

R: Oh, my friends. I've mentioned my particular friends. [motorcycle zooms by]

G: Which ones?

R: In the room in which I lived.

G: Who?

R: Charles Barnes. (G: Ahhh) Edgar [...] I forgot his *apellido*. Edgar was there also. (F: Brown) My brother and (F: Brown) myself. Hmm?

F: Edgar Brown.

R: Brown. Edgar Brown, yes. You remembered his name.

G: Apart from the people in the room?

R: Around us, oh, there were others who [...] It's hard to remember.

G: About 10? [a man shouts something in the background]

R: I've forgotten them. Heh? [chuckles] Yeah, I've forgotten them. Long enough to do that. [chuckles again. Francis asks something] Yeah. Hubert Gumbs. He was another one again.

G: Gumbs? (R: Gumbs) G-u-m-b-s?

R: Yes, G-u-m-b-s. Portuguese stock. [chuckles] From St. Kitts, now, that's St. Kitts. I'm talking about people I knew at home who were my friends, you see? But otherwise there were many. Not one or two. A lot of people.

G: Did you meet anyone from Antigua who had been in St. Kitts?

R: Who had been in St. Kitts? (G: Yeah) Let me see if I could remember any. Not that I can remember.

G: Working in the sugar factory in St. Kitts?

R: No. No, I don't remember any.

G: [...] the factory in Santo Domingo.

F: Yes.

R: ¿Quién?

F: The one who [her voice is obscured by that of the baby talking in the background]

R: Who?

F: Sal. Wasn't that his name?

R: Sally Jersey? (F: Um-hm) Oh, but he came here long after. He didn't stay here either. He is the very guy that who she mentioned [...] I don't know why he came here. He died here shortly after coming. He was the boss of the machine shop in the old days, as I told you, with the manager. I don't know why he came here. [motorcycle rides by] He came here, oh, some years after I'd been here. About two or three years he came. And he died here. I don't know why he came. I always wondered why he came, because he was [...] Well, maybe he had lost a position. [laughs] Maybe.

G: Did he work in the same position as you?

R: No, he didn't. He didn't work at all.

G: What did he do?

R: He stayed in the town. He didn't go on the estates. Never. For the time he was here [...] He didn't live very long. He died shortly after. [dog barks and people talk in background] I ought to think he died of a broken heart. [laughs] You know that expression, don't you? (G: Yeah) [Rowland laughs again]

#### GARVEY MOVEMENT

Oh, the Garvey movement really began in 1921. The latter part of '20 or early in '21. [car rides by and dog continues barking] Because I came here in the country in 1918, I spent a month in town, then I went to Porvenir. And I lived in Porvenir everafter. [laughs]

G: Then how many of the *cocolos* in Porvenir joined the Garvey movement?

R: Oh, a few. Not many.

G: Only a few? Not many?

R: Yes, a few. Not many, not many.

G: Who were they?

R: Oh, I wouldn't remember their names. [telephone rings in background]

G: You were one of [...]

R: There were a lot of names. Yes, I was one. And her father was another. [car drives by] And, of course, a few from the different estates, and those in the town [...] There were a lot of English-speaking people in Macorís town. [high-pitched screeching in background] There were a couple of hundred. [laughs] Out of them you got a few who joined the organization. We used to go to Consuelo to preach. [chuckles] To preach our gospel

of Garvey! Garveyism. And we got a good many there, too. Kilbourne was manager of Consuelo then. They never molested us.

FRANCIS AND FAMILY

F: Where I was born.

R: Las Cabuyas. This was not an estate anymore. When I came here, Las Cabuyas was finished as an estate. Only the ruins of it was there. That's where she was born. She was born in Las Cabuyas in nineteen hundred and five. Imagine that. And then her father [...] Her mother came from St. Kitts here. Her father, from Antigua, went to the Panama Canal. He worked in the Panama Canal, and when he left the Panama he came here. And lived the rest of his life here. Lived the rest of his life here. He was from Antigua. Francis. I won't forget him. Yeah, he was like my father in this country.

GARVEY MOVEMENT

R: The same time as me. He took me to the church. I went with him as his assistant [...] In front of the anvil he told me, «Boy, let's go to the church. They're going to have a meeting this afternoon. [car rolls by] And the minister of the church says that a society that is in the United States [...] and I'd like to hear it.» And we went. I have that in my memory; I never forget it.

R: The teachings? A new pride. And then, as I was always taught by my grandfather and my aunt who reared me: «Remember this: [...]» Always I was told that. «It is your conduct and behavior that you have to look out for. Not the way you are dressed. Not how well you speak. That is for education. But remember your conduct.» And the difference between black and white people was so clear that black people accepted that they were [...] The majority [...] Ninety-five percent of black people accepted that they were inferior. And my people didn't belong to that 95. They belonged to the five. [laughs] Oh, yes, definitely! With all due respect! That's the next thing: it wasn't [...]. They were real spry. And they lived in such a manner that they were respected by white and black. [car rides by]

R: Oh yes. No, the Dominicans didn't want it. (G: Yeah, but [...]) We didn't have any Dominicans here.

G: But did you preach to them?

R: Not to them. To other communities. And those who were interested would listen. Our teachings and preachings was for all, regardless of na-

tionality. Those who were interested would listen. Those who understood English, because I never spoke in Spanish, you know? Remember that. In the public meetings we had it was in English. In English it was for the English community, because we were interested in the English community more so [...] We sang, we talked, we preached in English, not in Spanish. [chuckles] You can hardly believe the community, the English community in San Pedro Macorís and its *contornos*. [laughs] The percentage of people who lived in the sugar estates and who worked in the sugar estates were about 90% until Trujillo took power. Trujillo was the first president of this country that demanded that 70% of the workers of the industries of the sugar estates should be Dominican. That didn't work. [laughs] They tried; they did a little better. So the community [...] The English community was large. And never any trouble.

G: So what do you think is Dominican's attitude towards race?

R: They had nothing against it, but it didn't interest them.

G: But isn't there racism in this society, too?

R: Oh, but they didn't care about that.

G: Huh?

R: They didn't care about it. [car drives by] Those few who might been interested and understood we were *cocolos*. And that was a cocolo society.

You know what the Dominicans said about that, those who were sympathetic? They said, «Well, we don't need that because it's 'Back to Africa', and we don't need that. We have a government, we have a country, we have [...]» [mutters the rest] We looked as if we didn't have a country. We didn't have any country indeed! [laughs]

G: Which Dominicans told you that?

R: Oh, those who listened to us and understood. Not all. The majority of them [...] I don't remember any of them. I wouldn't remember their names. what I remember of the aspect of the circumstances at that time. Definitely.

G: You told me that [...]

R: None were on the register as members. None of them. We had Dominican sympathizers among their leaders. So much so that one time, uh [pause 4 seconds] it was the [...] that made the handbill announcing the arrival of, uh, Madame De Mena, Madame De Mena. I don't know who caused it, but the governor, the then governor of the town, Juan Alberquer-

que, called the attention of the society to the fact that we were supposed to be creating disorder amongst [...] Racial disorder. They sent me to the governor's office to defend our institution. I carried my *Philosophy and Opinions*. I had it then. I carried my *Philosophy and Opinions*. And he could speak English fairly well. He spoke English. I sat before him. And he asked questions [...] He told me [...] Because I told him, «I don't speak Spanish well enough for this.» I took my *Philosophy and Opinions* with me, and I told him I don't speak Spanish. [voices resurge in background] «May I speak to you in English?» He said, «Well, uh, you better try to speak to me in Spanish.» But he spoke to me in English! And I answered the questions in my broken Spanish, because I up to now my Spanish was broken. [laughs] In my broken Spanish! And the secretary he had, of course, didn't know any English. That's why he told me. I realized that. Now, for his protection, the secretary had to note what I said. He didn't mind so much what his boss said. [laughs] And I told him what I understood of the U.N.I.A. And we were not troublemakers. I told him what Mr. Garvey told us: racial pride, not racial prejudice. Racial pride, not racial prejudice. I was never prejudiced against white people. But I carried a chip on my shoulder. You know that expression? Alright. And I was a little too hasty to defend myself. Because they were pretty, ah [...] in that time especially. Not so much now. The racial question now is Martin Luther King. [laughs]

G: Did you have any Haitian members?

R: Haitians?

G: Yeah.

R: Few compared to what they are today and the amount they are today. They were few.

G: Compared to what?

R: Compared to the amount that is in the country now, (G: Uh-huh) there were few in the sugar estates. In cutting the canes, yes, you had more of them than English-speaking people. And you had a few English people [...] oh, several English people-ordinary people who came particularly for that: working in the sugar canes, cutting sugar canes, working as cartmen. [car drives by] But of course, the sugar industry gave preference to the people from the islands than to the native people. [shouting heard in background]

G: Why?

R: Oh, well, because they were unstable. And anybody could come [...] Not anybody, but one of their leaders could come and call them for political reasons, and they dropped whatever they were doing and went. [car drives by] Of course. And that really shoot a business.

G: Did any Haitians join the Garvey movement?

R: No. None. They had it in Haiti, yes. [car cruises by] We had two visitors from Haiti. I was a member then. A man and his wife. They were the only Haitians that we had. But no Haitians in this country went into the society. None at all. [another car passes by]

G: Did the movement try to get them to join?

R: Well, they were not so many as amongst us. They were exceptions in the population of the sugar estates. They were exceptions. They lived and worked in the fields and in the outskirts. Outside. They didn't live in the town with [...]

G: Did they talk Spanish?

R: Eh?

G: Did they talk Spanish?

R: I suppose some of them might have. Some of them.

G: Did you ever talk to a Haitian?

R: Not much. I never had much contact with them. What I did know about them I learned through [chuckles] a book I read written by an American in Haiti. (G: Which one?) Called *Haiti the Magic Isle*. I forgot the name of the authority. It was a really fine book. I remember it very well. It gave me a desire to know Haiti because he didn't write criticizing the people or the country. He wrote, and what he wrote I accepted to be the truth because it wasn't prejudiced. The condition of the people, their way of life [...] Not only that, he wrote saying that he was the first [...] at least [...] white man to be initiated in Voodooism. And he gave an account in the book of how Voodoo practice, because I didn't know anything about Voodoo at all. I heard the word from Haiti. [laughs]

G: Did you have Voodoo practice in [...]

R: It was interesting.

R: Eh?

G: Did you have Voodoo practices in the field?

R: If I?

G: If there were Voodoo practices in the field.

[side A ends]

R: I never heard anybody practicing it. Really.

G: How many Haitians were in Porvenir during that period? R: I wouldn't know. I wouldn't know. But they didn't live in the *batey*. I lived in the *batey*. And Haitians didn't live in the *batey* of the estates. They lived in the country, in the *colonias*. And they might drift into the *batey* here and there, but they never lived amongst the English-speaking people in quantity. You might have found a Haitian here or there, but not enough to make history. [laughs]

G: What percentage of the Haitians constituted the cane cutters? [steady conversation and babies' voices in the background]

R: The percentage of workers? (G: Yes) You have to know the kind of work. (G: In Porvenir [...]) In cane cutters they formed the largest percent, larger than our people. The percentage of Haitians cutting canes were bigger than our people.

G: About 60%?

R: But they lived in the country, in the *batey* area. So that, personally, I didn't have much contact with Haitians.

G: How many *colonias* did Porvenir have?

DR. GEORG

R: Porvenir? *colonias*? I don't know. There were many. (G: Many?) Yes, but I don't know them. Oh, they had many. Yeah. One that I could remember very well because the man was Dr. Georg. The founder of the *hospital*. Dr. Georg. Georg «Steel» Georg! [laughs] Yeah. When I came he was the owner of El Soco *colonia*. He wasn't a doctor when I came here; he was studying medicine in Germany. He graduated in foreign, uh [...] And at his graduation as a doctor then he sold the *colonias* and moved into town in a house in town. He did a marvelous work in this country. He sold the *colonia* and moved out. He and his wife. And by the way, his wife was black. Higher educated than he was. From St. Thomas. [chuckles] He married her there. She was born of a [taps something] white man because her mother worked there. And she came out of that combination in the mansion where her mother worked. That's the story I heard. That's the story I heard of her. A fine woman she was. Very intelligent. Dark-skinned. She was dark-skinned.



She spoke three languages or four languages. Imagine at that time. And Dr. Georg married her. I know her. I saw her. I got a contribution from her for the U.N.I.A. 's work at one time. She gave us, I think it was, \$10.00. We went to her home. She lived in San Pedro. And she gave us that contribution.

#### GARVEY MOVEMENT

I entered it at the very beginning. The same church service that was made there. Her father and myself. He paid for me to enter it. [laughs] Oh, that would be [...] I went to Barahona in '21, and that should have been in '22. Before I went to Barahona. That meeting was before. The meeting was [...] The first meeting was late in 1919 or early in 1920, before I went to the [...] After I went to Porvenir to work, shortly after I began working with her father [...] This thing in the church took place. Then her father liked me. Away from being his assistant, he liked me. And because of that, to me he was my father. Before I fell in love with her as his daughter, and I was afraid to let him know I was in love with his daughter. [car rides by and honks horn] Oh, but certainly he was my boss. And he was a man; he wasn't playing a man. And intelligent, too. He was an Antiguan. And, up to now, his family ranks high in Antigua. The descendants. The family of that man ranks high in Antigua. Francis. Yeah. In the police department. His brother was one of the leading policemen of the past. And the descendants also. They were from Mann's Hill. Ahhhh! They were from Mann's Hill. [chuckles] The Francis. [hits something]

F: One name. Pearl Francis. Married in 1924. December the 20<sup>th</sup>. I was 19 years old.

R: I was 26. It was my 26th birthday that was coming up, and they wanted me to marry on my birthday. I told them, «No. That's two events too important to put together.» I married a week after, on the 20th. [laughs] Of course it was so!

G: Was it common for *cocolos* to marry among themselves?

R: The English-speaking people? (G: Yeah) Oh yes. Of course it was. More than they would marry native people.

#### ENGLISH COLONY

The colony was big, you know? We didn't think we lived in a foreign country in the area of the country. We felt at home. At no time were we

molested by no government. And her mother, having lived here so long, [traffic passes by] knew the idiosyncracies of the people and always kept a limit. And she believed that, uh, she was better than the kind of people that she dealt with. And as matter affected the social order in that way. It [...] [García Muñoz asks something] Eh? The social order in that way.

#### SANTO DOMINGO

And there were old people who came to this country and worked in this country. They were conscious of that. Annually, there was a man who worked here. He was the neighbor of my grandfather. That's how I knew about Santo Domingo, not the Dominican Republic. Nobody mentioned the Dominican Republic. Mr. Caines going to Santo Domingo and going back to Santo Domingo. And in England. [baby and female voices resurge in background] And he would come from [...] As soon as the crops were ended, he returned. Because there always a little party when he was going, a party when he came back! His friends, with guitar [...] You know, with creole music and some drinks. «Mr. Caines is going to Santo Domingo. Mr. Caines has gone to Surrey.» He traveled. And when he came back he had a little bit more money than he had before, of course. [laughs through the words] Santo Domingo. He could make a little money. So that, in my mind, was Santo Domingo. Geographically, I knew where it was from my schooling. But at least there is the place where [...] passively [...] It's a big country. That I knew. And another thing that made me choose it was Mr. Nathan [...] I forgot his first name [...] who went to the United States, came back from the United States after living there for years, opened a little store. And he used to encourage boys, adolescents in his store sometimes. Three, four of us sit there, and he'd be telling us stories of his travels. [shouting arises out of the background murmur] And one day [...] He was well-schooled, more educated in the academic center of the world. Well-schooled and well-read. A well-read man. And he liked to talk to us about his experiences. And one day he was talking to about four or five of us, and he said this: «Of all the countries in the Caribbean area, the best country is going to be the Dominican [...]» Not the Dominican [...] Santo Domingo. Nobody knew it as the Dominican Republic. Santo Domingo. «Why?» he told us. «Because it is well-watered and rich.» [laughs] He had never been here! [laughs again] Isn't that weird? And I swallowed it hook, line and sinker! Cuba was mentioned. Some went, of course. Not many. Never

many. Never many. [still laughing] I knew many who came to this country but not Cuba. Nor any other country in the island for that matter. Personally, yes, it was here and there, a few people. Otherwise no. Puerto Rico. Not in quantities. We knew the name of Puerto Rico. And passing through because the then traffic of ships, passengers and cargo. Three boats ran the Caribbean line. That was the *Guiana*, the *Paloma* [...] I think that was the name. Something like that. *Guiana* [...] *Tarima*. *Tarima*. *Guiana*, *Tarima* and what was the third? Uh-oh. I knew those three names very easily. Three boats, passenger and cargo. Passenger and cargo. And every 15 days one came through from the United States, went the islands up, came back down again. And when that one was coming down, another one was coming this way. And that was there. Canadian, also, ships. The *Queen*, as it was called. That was a Canadian line of boats. But people moved that way. By vessels and boats. There were privates and [...], but not in the Dominican Republic.

Most of the working people that left the island came to this country. Most of them. It was the only place where we had open, ah, immigration without any problems. They moved in mass. It wasn't easy to move in the Caribbean area. It wasn't easy because the government demanded certain things of the people that only people with education and money could move freely in the islands. Otherwise, poor people didn't move freely. You had to go to the headquarters of the government in the island, tell who you were, tell why you wanted to go, tell if you had any money to go. And if he said no you couldn't go, you couldn't go. That's all. [laughs] That's true! 120

G: Uh-huh. Did many of your companions travel back when the *zafra* ended, when crop time ended?

R: If they?

Many went back for the [...] Always. Always several returned. I was one of those who didn't return. Oh, very small percentage. I would put it at most you might get about 15 or 20 percent.

ST. KITTS/MR. CAINES

Oh, yes, in his time. But remember when Mr. Caines was doing that, I was at school. [laughs] That's at the beginning of the century. No, he didn't die here. He died at home. Yeah, but there weren't many more I knew. There were others going, but I didn't know them. I knew him because he lived near my grandfather's home. Others came back every year because

the vessels ran backward and forward, bringing people to the different islands. Now, some of them might have stayed in Anguilla, some passed on and came to their home, others went to other places. But the traffic was constant annually. It was a common expression. Some trafficking who used to come here, they earned something [...] and they'd go back home, and they're going backward and forward. It was easy! Because whatever I tried here, more than once, to see if I could get to find out who was the president [...] At that time presidents were [...] [laughs through his words] Which one was the president in this country who must have made an arrangement with the British government of the islands to give an open traffic of workers with the then beginning of the sugar industry in this country. Because then is when it began. That was really [...] And I've asked several Dominicans, but they couldn't tell you which one. [car honks horn and man shouts] I have a book there that I looked at, and I didn't find it either in that. Uh, Bosch's book on the Dominican, uh, characteristics. [car passes and dog barks] It's a fine book, a very good book. [García Muñoz: composición social] The composition. The social composition. And do you know something? Some American who gave me that book many years ago. (G: Oh yeah?) Many years ago. And I haven't read the book much because I lived in the country and [...] But now that I'm old and have a lot of time to spare, I sit there on the side with the book and read [...] So [...] Oh, my God! [chuckles] So I really don't know. But whoever made it [...] And this country kept it, whatever arrangement they made. They never bothered us.

More stayed than who returned. What percentage I couldn't tell you. But I'm pretty sure more than who returned. I would pick a percentage of about 60 or 65% stayed. I stayed. [laughs through his next remark] If 60 stayed, about 40 went back. Of course. [laughs]

PORVENIR/CUARTELES

G: OK. [pause 7 seconds] You told me that in your room (R: Um-hm) in the *cuarteles* [...]

R: In the *cuarteles*.

G: [...] you had three companions.

R: Oh yes. My brother was one. The four of us were from St. Kitts. We knew each other there. [laughs] Of course that is natural. It's in human nature. [Rowland laughs] You get that in the farmyard. If you bring different

animals and throw them in there, the turkeys will go with the turkeys, the ducks will go with the [...] [laughs again]

#### RELIGION

[...] one of the oldest protestant churches in the Dominican Republic was in San Pedro Macorís. And he was a black man. He was one of the few black men who was, uh, elevated to that position. He was supposed to be [...] And he belonged to the Anglican branch. I really don't remember what country he was from. But that man spent his life educating. He had a church and he had a school. Oh boy. My wife might remember his name. [child shouts] And he did a lot of good work. And that was the Anglican branch of the church, the Anglican branch of the church. He was the minister of that church. He made a school; he taught many Dominicans of his day English. Because he taught English, particularly, and Spanish. He was educated. And he wasn't brown. He was black! An African! I don't know his generation because I knew him here. Mr. Wilson was his name. Everybody knew Mr. Wilson.

Everybody working in the different departments. Oh, but certainly! Making sugar in crop time. And dead season now.

Oh, the working hours? Oh, that type of working hours were from 6:00 to 6:00, oh yeah, in the sugar factory. From 6:00 to 12:00, from 12:00 to 6:00. It was, when I came, from 6:00 to 6:00 [...] the same people. When Trujillo came, they changed the hour and made it two spells instead of a [...] They called it a spell. Spell is period of work, limit of time working. And there used to be two spells when I came. Then Trujillo came and he modified the labor condition somewhat. And the estates changed from 12 hours straight to 6 hours. From 6:00 to 12:00. Then another group come from 12:00 to 6:00. Then they go back 6 o'clock in the [...] because they're 12 hours anyhow. [chuckles] In the factory. Where I worked in the shop, we went in at 7 o'clock [...] 6 o'clock in the morning, 6 o'clock in the morning. We had 20 minutes for breakfast. [car revs engine in background] Twenty minutes? Yes, 20 minutes for breakfast. From 8:00 to 20 minutes past 8:00. That's where I used to see this one as a girl. She had to come from her mother's home to her father with a [...] with his breakfast, not to go back home for that. And I began to love her from then when I saw her. [laughs] Alright! And then we'd go [...] In the shop we went to work at 8 o'clock until 12:00.

Four hours. With 20 minutes break in the shop. In the shop, eh? Not in the factory. Twenty minutes break for our breakfast. *Desayuno*, as you call it. Breakfast is the midday. Good. [chuckles] And we would come out at 12 o'clock, go back at 1:00, and come out at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. That's the way it was. And in the shop it stayed that way. I don't know if they changed it after I left the estate. But that's the way it was.

SANTA FE/WILLIAM HENNESSY

When I left the *batey*? When I got married. And I got married in '25. Then we moved to Macorís town. Stopped working in the factory. Then we went to Macorís town. From there I got a job in Santa Fe. I went to Santa Fe. That's because the engineer of Porvenir got a position in Santa Fe. And when the Santa Fe company [...] Eh? Garlinghouse, yes. Arthur Alexander Garlinghouse. I've never forgotten his name. He was an engineer, a very good friend. American. Very good friend he was to me as he was in his position. I liked him and he liked me, too. He was an American. I learned some things from him very well. Well, he got a job in Porvenir to [...] to [...] Consuelo. In Consuelo. And from Consuelo he went to that other sugar estate. Uh, not Las Pajas, the other one. What's the other sugar estate? Quisqueya. He was in Santa Fe for some years. I got a job in Santa Fe through him, from Porvenir. Hennesy was the administrator. William Hennesy. Oh, I know Hennesy so well. Oh, boy, I didn't like him a bit. He was *odioso*. Because he oppressed working people. Of course. He oppressed us. He oppressed me! I had a run-in on that kind of thing. I didn't stand for it. [babies are now talking steadily in background] You know what it is to work hard and work [...] Then I was working in Santa Fe, and he was the boss when La Romana bought Santa Fe. And he was the manager of Santa Fe. I was working in the shop, in the blacksmith shop. I was blacksmith. But working jobwork, piecework. Piecework repairing plowpoints. You know plowpoints? [laughs] Welding done at the forge. Welding steel. [laughs] No question about that. And the price was 40 cents a point. It came Easter Week. I worked hard with the man who was working with me to see the most I can get my wife with our beginning family in Macorís. And got my paper from the superintendent of the shop. Got my paper to collect at the end of the week the amount of work I had done. Piecework, piecework. I don't remember exactly the amount of money involved. But Saturday af-

ternoon [...] and to go with this paper that my boss in the shop gave me as proof of what I had earned and that was correct that he gave me, which was the other copy that should be at the paying desk. I went down on Saturday afternoon 5 o'clock, between 4:00 and 5:00 to collect, to go down to San Pedro to my young wife with a bit. And when I got to the pay window, the paymaster told me, when I gave him my paper for him to check against the one that the company had to give me my money, he told me, «Well, Rowland, we are not going to pay this.»

«You're not going to pay that?»

«No, no.»

«Well why not?»

«Because Mr. Hennesy has reduced the amount of money on it. »

«Mr. Hennesy reduced the amount of money on it!» [laughs]

He said, «Yes. We are not going to pay by that sheet.» [baby chatter continues; one shouts]

I didn't have anything more to say to him. I began to look for my boss. American. Mr. Hall was his name. Hall! *Achea- doble ele*. Mr. Hall. «Anyone in the shop knows where Mr. Hall is?»

«Well, Mr. Hall is at the store talking to the storekeeper.» [car drives by]

A distance from the shop. Went over there. There Mr. Hall is up in a cockloft that they built. [laughs] In the *almacén*. [laughs again] And he and Hall is up there. I walked in, went up a little way, and he saw me.

«You want me, Rowland?»

«Yes. I'd like to talk with you.»

He left [...] Mr. Hall [...] and came to me. Came down, not up in Mr. Hall's office now. He came downstairs with me.

«What's the matter, Rowland?»

I said, «Here you are, sir. They refused to pay me this thing. What has happened? Why? They told me Mr. Hennesy has reduced it.»

He took the paper from me, he looked at it. «Well, Rowland, there's nothing I can do.»

«Mr. Hennesy [...]» I said, «Mr. Hall, there's nothing you can do?» It was the moment very bad [laughs through the rest] No. «But, Mr. Hall, please see Mr. Hennesy. I won't believe this. I'm not going to my wife and my children [laughs] after working so hard [...]»

«Well, no, Mr. Hennesy isn't here. He's in La Romana playing golf.»

Oh, my God! Then I got mad. I said, «He's in La Romana playing golf, Mr. Hall? Let me tell you this: I'm not And if I'm not going to work I'll have to steal. And I'm going to steal from all you. I'm going to steal from you!» [laughs and claps hands]

He said, «Now, now, Rowland. Now, now, now. I'll see about that. I'll see about that, but I'll have to wait until Mr. Hennessy come. You can come back to work on Monday morning. I'll talk to Mr. Hennessy about it.»

«Alright, sir, I'll be back on Monday. But for Heaven's sake, please get it settled.»

Went back on Monday morning. Not to work, to have my matter settled. But I went back in the shop, stood at my anvil, I lit the forge. I stood at the anvil. And then Hall came.

«Well, Rowland, I'm going over to the office now to settle that matter. Well, you can go ahead working.»

«No, sir. I'm not going to work until it's settled.» Oh, definitely not! [laughs] And he went over, took about 20 minutes or more. He came back.

«Alright, Rowland. Mr. Hennessy says that he's going to pay you, [laughs] but he's not going to continue to pay that price for it. Because in La Romana they are paying 25 cents a point.»

And he wouldn't pay 40 cents a point. So I'm not [...] I said, «Alright. So if that is the case, then I won't be able to continue to work.»

When I look I saw Hennessy coming himself. [the background talking swallows up Rowland's comments about Hennessy's dress] Clash cloth. That [...] We wore that always in the working day. [sound of children is very loud, as if there were a party or game taking place in the background] Clash is a kind of cloth we had that was cleaned in color, that was half dressy. [laughs] And that was his fame. Always in the estate he wore that. I don't know why. Maybe he liked it. And always well-ironed. He walked up to the shop. A man had brought many points from the country to be repaired. And I'd thrown them there. And he walked up. Hennessy. Hall is with him. The two of them.

*Interview with Wilfred E. Rowland, Santo Domingo*

*12 May 1991*

*Tape 4*



*Interviewer: Dr. Humberto García Muñiz*

*R = Rowland*

*G = García Muñiz*

*F = Pearl Francis*

SANTA FE

Yeah. [lots of talking in the background] Saturday afternoon. A number of points [...] about 15, 20 points on the ground. He's talking to Hall. Of course, his underling [chuckles]. He's talking to Hall. He said, «Put that point up here.»

«Not me.» I'm standing up listening.

«Put that point up here.» He put the point up. [a small propellor airplane flies overhead(?)] That's one of the points that were not [slaps something] badly worn, and that's the kind of points that I used to make a little money on because that guy didn't have the weld. I would put it in the fire and draw the point out and that was one of which I was welding. Because some are better than other. [heavy traffic--a constant hum--makes it difficult to hear Rowland] And he said that and he made Hall pick out all the points that were repairable for me, and left the worst points. Because after he had agreed to pay, but he said he wasn't going to continue to pay, I was planning where I am going to work to suit this kind of reduction because Hall impressed me that I shouldn't leave the job. But when he came around and started picking out those of which I would be able to live by, I stood up and listened to him [talking in background has moved closer to the tape recorder]

He said: «Take that point out. Take it. Put this one here.» And all that looked like that away. Why did they like that, «Here, put that there. And put any repairs, and I'm not going to spend money for nothing. I have to [...]»

Boy, I'm then. In my mind I said, «Here I go. I'm out of a job now. I'm going home, yeah. I'm not going to work!» And after he left, then Hall came back to me. Because I start picking up my tools and getting ready to leave.

«What's the matter, Rowland? You're not going to continue?»

«No, sir. I'm not going to continue.» [laughs]

«Why not?»

«Well, I'm not going to work for Mr. Hennessy for nothing. No, no, no. I'm going home. It's better to be at home not working than to be working for nothing. It's bad enough as it is.»

«Oh, man. Don't leave the job, Rowland. I would advise you not to leave. Remember, man: you're a man with a family.»

I said, «Yes, that's the reason I'm leaving it.» [laughs]

And I quit it. [claps hands] That was the end of that. That's my memory of Hennessy. I haven't got a good memory of him.

And then I was living in town, you see? My family was in town and I was working in Santa Fe. Twice I worked in Santa Fe. Twice I worked in Santa Fe. [motorcycle starts up and rides off] That was the first time. The second time I worked in Santa Fe was with Arthur Alex Garlinghouse when he moved from Porvenir to Santa Fe.

The first time that I went to Santa Fe? Blacksmithing. Oh! Let me see what year it was, if I can remember. It was early. It was early. Because [...] Now I have to think again, remember. I have to think again the years. I don't remember the years. I'm certain of the incidents, but the years, no. Well, I got married at 26, and these things are happening to me about four, five years after I was married. It was early 30s. In the early 30s.

#### DEPRESSION

The Depression, if I'm not mistaken, was '29. It was '29. And I was in Porvenir in the Depression. I hadn't gone to Santa Fe yet. I can remember that very well. [chuckles] The Depression. Who suffered were the people with money. But it wasn't so severe as that. Comparatively speaking, no. We didn't suffer. What happened is that work was much less work. But those who were left working continued to work. During the Depression it was dead season, particularly. And in dead season there wasn't a lot of work to do. People lived through the dead season to work in the next crop. And from crop to crop it didn't hurt us, no. They were paying small enough. You know how much they paid? Let me see how much I got. A dollar seventy-five. One dollar seventy-five cents a day. A day. And a day was damn near 11, 12 hours. What wasn't 12 hours was 11 hours. A dollar seventy-five. I began working in the shop for \$1.50. And Garlinghouse put 25¢ more on. One seventy-five. But then I was assistant. When I became a full-fledged blacksmith with her father [...] And then Garlinghouse was the same engineer that put me as a blacksmith again. Then I got two pesos or two and a half pesos, something like that. But her father was getting \$5.00 a day. 060 [car drives by] And \$5.00 a day then was a lot of money. It was American

dollars, you know? Not pesos, because the currency of this country had been completely reduced.

PORVENIR

In one of the rooms that were built for bachelors. [radio can no longer be heard but now there is a constant hum of children's voices in background] A room that was built for bachelors. I lived in that room as a bachelor. A room for each worker and a long gallery. A gallery runs a length of about four or five rooms. I was moved out of the *cuarteles* before I got married. When I got married I was moved into a *cuartel* for bachelors. Bathroom, better conditions, everything. Eh? And then when I got married, now, I moved into town.

G: And the people who live there have better positions in Porvenir?

R: Not only the position. More consideration of the company, that's all. It wasn't so much the importance of the position; it was the consideration of the worker. [coughs]

G: Who decided who lived where?

R: Oh, they had a department for that. But the engineer was the man who dealt with all the people who worked in the machine shop and (G: Who was he?) mechanical department. Uh, Mr. Walker was his name.

I didn't want to live on the estate married, because I was not going to live there. I didn't live in the estate house; I live independently. Then I wasn't working in Porvenir then when I got married. I left Porvenir [...] When I left Porvenir we were married in 1925. Nineteen twenty-five I hired a house. I was working in Porvenir but I hired a house in town. In Miramar, in San Pedro. That was the English colony. There were only about 10% were native people in that colony, from the church back to the sea. Only about 10% were native people. The majority were foreign people, English-speaking people. It was [...] Miramar was the *cocolo* district. There were a few natives living there.

And I hired a house from an English-speaking man. [bugle can be heard playing from TV or radio in background] Mr. Wilson was his name again. The same name as the man from the school I told you about, but no family. He was from St. Martin. He made a little money in lottery; he was selling lottery tickets. He was one of the lottery, uh, men in San Pedro who made some money out of it. Eh? The lottery was very different then. The lottery was only eight [...] The lottery was only then [...] [pause 4 seconds.

Takes a sip from his glass] I won't forget, uh, 8,000 pesos. It began [...] When I came it was 8,000. Then they lifted it to 10,000 pesos.

I couldn't estimate how many hundred, but I know they had the majority of the population. Amongst them you had only [...] percentages than numbers. [laughs] The percentage of people who lived in Miramar at that time must have been about 60%. [children's voices and TV noise return] English-speaking people. English or French from the islands. But people from islands. The other 40% native people. And there was a section that belonged to middle class native people in the area of Miramar. Middle class people.

G: And these French-speaking people from the islands?

R: Yeah, mixed with English.

R: If they were at Porvenir? Some of them. And some were in Consuelo. They lived in different parts of the place. But then they would [...] lived in Miramar and worked [...] Some of them lived and worked in the estates and came home at weekends and on occasion. But in their work in the estate or the estates around, they had IGUANA, as we called it. Uh, IGUANA was suppose to be Ingenio Colón [...] *El Ingenio Colón*. Ingenio, we used to call it. And Consuelo and Angelina. And then upriver we had Quisqueya. And, uh, that other one: Las Pajas. They were upriver.

G: Were there as many French-speaking *cocolos* as Englishspeaking?

R: French? (G: Yeah) No, not as many. The majority were English-speaking people.

G: Of the 60% in Miramar, (R: Yeah) how many were Frenchspeaking?

R: Of English people? We had [...] No, less. Without exaggerating, we had no less than about 85 to 90%. If you add 10% of other people from other [...] Because, as English-speaking people, we didn't worry about which island you came from. You're English-speaking, and you went to live in the community of English-speaking people. And they were all English-speak [...] *cocolos*. For the Dominicans we were all *cocolos*. They called everybody *ccocolos*. *Cocolos* meant as long as you were a worker coming from one of those eastern islands of the Caribbean.

They report [...] I have read and heard here the reason for the word *cocolo* was this, uh, arriving the first immigrants, and the Dominican question, «Who are those people?» One said, «They come from Tortola.» But [...] and the word *cocolo*, at the beginning, was used despectively. Despectively. There were English people who used to fight you called them

*cocolo*, because the native people used it despectively. [laughs] I didn't care what they called me. You know what Shakespeare says, you know? «A rose is just a sheep called by any other name.» [laughs a good laugh and then sips his drink]

In the factories. All the islanders worked in the factory. There wasn't any other place to work but in the sugar factory, in one thing or another. And then we were given preference.

Oh yes. The O'Reillys in Porvenir. He was the boss carpenter. And his children, too. Well, I knew them from [...]. eilly was from which island, Pearl? Do you remember? I don't remember now. I really don't remember. One of the low islands. It isn't St. Kitts, it isn't Antigua, it isn't Anguilla. He was from [...] [García Muñiz and Francis both suggest a name] I don't remember. [says something unintelligible] [takes a sip and coughs] And he was brown. He wasn't so black like I am. He was brown in complexion. 160 The O'Reillys. I knew them very well. I knew the father, I knew the mother [...] They lived in Porvenir. They belonged to Porvenir. He was carpenter. The old man? Yes. When I came here he was the carpenter. The boss carpenter. The boss. He was the *jefe*. The sons came after. Yeah. The two boys [...] It was two boys, wasn't it? And a girl. Yes. Um-hm. They were too young to work. When they grew up [...] that had passed by. They were too young.

BISMARCK

Bismarck was one of the manager's servants. [laughs] He was an old man, advanced, but, uh [...] I forgot about poor old Bismarck. [laughs again] Your reference was a great job, you know? [still laughing] I don't know where Bismarck was from. I really don't know. It's all. I knew him in Porvenir. He worked in [...] Bismarck. He was a famous old fellow. [laughs] Where did you pick up that name? [laughs again] I imagine you [...] it because of its relationship to the great man?! [still laughing as he talks] Bismarck. [chuckles]

SIMON ISAAC

Simon Isaac is a person who's supposed to be [...] Ali! Si?

F: Si?

R: Yeah, Si. [someone whistles in background]

F: That's my husband's uncle. The bishop's father.

G: No, he was your [...]

R: Yeah.

F: He was the bishop's father. Simon.

G: He was related to you?

R: The bishop's father.

F: Ahhh? My brother-in-law.

G: Your brother-in-law?

F: Uh-uh.

R: Yes. He was married to her sister.

R: Yeah. Oh, I knew him very well. I knew him he belonged. [chuckles]  
He was one of us. [chuckles again]

G: After leaving Santa Fe, where did you move? [Rowland sips from his glass]

R: When we moved from Santa Fe? (G: Yes) Back to town. And in the Dominican Molasses Company.

#### SANTA FE

When I worked in Santa Fe, I lived in Santa Fe *batey*. That Santa Fe *batey* was divided in two parts. To the west of the main *batey* there was a small colony, group of houses called Cacarajícara. That's a name! [laughs] I don't know whether that is Indian, native or what the hell it is. But that was the name of the place. We lived in Cacarajícara. She and I. When I worked there. English-speaking people. The whole place. Dominicans [...] a few Dominicans mixed in between there. It was there in that place that the immigration inspector, the son of the immigration inspector [...] The then immigration inspector, collecting for immigration, as they called it, in Trujillo's time. The man [clears throat] would walk around in the sugar estate collecting, they called it, immigration paper. The document didn't say that. [car drives by] The document said, uh, «Resident». Eh? Alright. For residents. She was taking water from a pipe in the outside with some other women who lived in that area. And this boy who was the son of the immigration man, he came up and started asking for immigration papers. She was born here. She's Dominican by birth, by the constitutional law. Then he asked [...] He looked at her, and she looked like a *cocolo*. So he attacked her. «The immigration papers?»

She said, «No. I'm a Dominican.»

«You? Dominican?» Because her [...] As Christ said, her voice betrayed her; her accent had betrayed her. Because she's English. She was trained in English. He said, «You're a Dominican?»

She said, «Yes, I'm a Dominican.»

«If you're a Dominican, I'm a Chinaman,» [all laugh] he said. It so happened. And then, one of the women who were there taking water, she ran up to the shop where I was working and called me and told me, «The immigration inspector want to go with your wife.»

«The immigration inspector want to go with my wife?» I asked the boss to give me a minute. «Yes, Rowland, you may go.»

When I came down, the father of the boy had come into the question and was asking her [...]

F: But I gave him a marriage paper and everything.

R: No. We went to the house to get it. You didn't have it; you were drawing water. [chuckles] The father came. And when the father came hearing the contention and with the son trying to put her in a van for to take her away. The father stopped him, and then the father asked her, «You say you are a Dominican. Do you have any evidence of that?»

«Yes, in my home. In my house.»

«Well alright. Take me there.»

Then was when I arrived. When I arrived they were going into my house: the father and she and the son. And one or two of the neighbors, because that's an incident. [laughs] Alright.

Then I got up. [motorcycle starts and rides off] He said, «Wait a minute, wait a minute. [motorcycle engine swallows his words]

Alright. I will settle that in a minute.»

Documents were [...]. You always had the documents at hand. Took out the document of marriage. The marriage document. Not the birth certificate, the marriage document. Because to get a marriage document you had to have a birth certificate. And gave it to the father. Father took it and read it. He said, «*Bueno.*» That's to the son now he's going to talk. He said, «*Bueno. Yo siempre ha dicho usted que entre esa gente, los ingenios especialmente, ten mucho cuidado. Porque nuestra constitución dice que los que nacen en ese país son dominicanos. Ud. era demasiado ligero en su apreciación de la situación. Debía haber preguntado la prueba.*» [laughs]

He gave him a reprimand at my door and in my presence. I was satisfied. «Alright. Thank you very much, sir. Thank you very much.» [laughs again and baby shouts in background] [Rowland says something unintelligible]

G: And they used to go door by door asking?

In the street they stop you if you look like an English, if you look like a *cocolo*. So the paper because the law said that you had to walk with this paper. If you didn't have it he would lock you up. [Francis says something barely audible] He'd arrest you and put you in a truck. They don't want to deport you then. [laughs] [still laughing] They get a little money out of you. [keeps laughing]

My marriage certificate. [child shouts in background] And for my marriage certificate I lost my personal birth certificate. Because when I got married to her in 1925, the American occupation had ended in 1924. From '16 to '24, eight years of occupation. I came in 1918 and I spent six years of American occupation. [motorcycle rides by] And at the end of the occupation, the American government determined that all immigrants who lived on the island must be supplied with a certificate of immigration. [car horn honks and TV noise resurges] That you are not [...] They didn't keep it as immigration either. They called it immigration, but it wasn't immigration they said. They said «residential permit». That was what it was called. Alright. But now, in this case of my wife [...] Let me see. I'm getting confused now. For the residence [...] Oh, the residence permit. Oh yes. You had to pay. And it was cheap: 50 cents. I began paying 50 cents when Trujillo made the law, and I finished paying 20 pesos.

I arrived in this country on the 4<sup>th</sup> of February, 1918. [taps something as he says each word] I left home days before that, spent [...] Because the vessel stopped.

The last group of people from the islands? The year [...] I couldn't tell you the year. It stopped with Trujillo. It stopped with [...] Yes, in Trujillo's government. I don't remember the year. I don't remember the year. The last immigration. I don't remember. The government stopped it, I suppose. I suppose because I only know that it stopped. Nobody in the community, that I know, complained about that. Nobody. If you wanted to go you may go. Nobody prevented you from going. So if you stayed, that was up to you. The government didn't molest us in any way.

If you are a passenger like anybody else you can come back. You pass the immigration department normally, according to the law. But not as



we used [...] When we came here as immigrants [...] Oh, beg your pardon. When we came here as immigrants, uh, we didn't have to do anything. We landed on the wooden wharf and [...] nearly a hundred men. [car drives by] And late in the afternoon. And the man who was in charge there said, «Go ahead and come back tomorrow morning.»

G: You are in Miramar. You are working in [...] You are in *Caraca* [...] How do you call it?

R: *Cacarajícara*. No, I left that. I came out from there and came to town. And went to work in the Dominican Molasses Company. Oh, in the Dominican Molasses Company I worked for several years. I worked for several years. I worked in the Molasses Company from '28 [...] When Roberto was born? Twenty-eight? Twenty-eight Roberto was born, wasn't it? [child shouts in background] Well, he was born in the *Cacarajícara* [...] I was working for the company. And then I went to town to work in the Dominican Molasses Company anywhere about the end of '28, the beginning of '29, in between there. Between '28 and '30 I went there. And I worked there until 1944.

G: Then you told me that the batey in Santa Fe was divided in two?

R: Not divided in two. You had to walk a piece from the main *batey* with the *cuarteles* down a little bit of a road, and no *cuarteles* were down there. They were houses. No *cuarteles* were down there. The *cuarteles* were up here, close to the factory. Oh, the rank and file of the workers in the factories lived in the *cuarteles*. The rank and file. Bachelors. Some of them had women that lived with them in a kind of way. But living in a kind of way. [motorcycle rides by] When I lived in the *cuartel* I was a boy. I wasn't married. [chuckles] In the houses in *Cacarajícara* there were homes. English-speaking people. A few French people from St. Martin. You had several from St. Martin were there. From the Dutch island also. From any island. From Guadeloupe, Martinique, Antigua, anywhere. Everywhere. They lived together. [claps hands] We didn't separate.

A mix. We had few natives in the *cuarteles*. All English-speaking people. Well, even St. Martin people were not considered English people, spoke English.

Oh, about 70-80% in the factories. Because they were apt, more apt than the native people for factory work. And more stable. The interest of them was stability. [laughs] And we had nothing to do with politics. We were told we had nothing to do with politics. And 90% of English-speaking people kept out of politics.

Anuncio de 1944 sobre la conferencia dictada por W. Rowland bajo el título "La pobreza no es un impedimento definitivo para el éxito individual o colectivo"

## INFORME PARA LA PRENSA

Abril 19, 1944

Anoche se celebró en la terraza bellamente iluminada de la British West Indian Community Center No. 2, situada en la calle Sánchez No. 48, un acto edificante, consistente de una Conferencia por el Sr. Wilfrid Roland, sobre el tópico: «La Pobreza no es un impedimento definitivo para el éxito individual o colectivo».

El conferencista Sr. Roland, quien es un orador de grandes vuelos, habló durante una hora, detallando en forma sencilla y edificante su tema, mereciendo a cada instante el aplauso sincero del público que pasaba de 500 personas, quienes se retiraron muy complacidos e inspirados.

El conferencista fué presentado por el Rev. T. Osvaldo Basden, quien también clausuró el acto.

Entre la distinguida concurrencia se encontraban los Sres. Guerney, representante del Almirantazgo Ingles, P. Bernstein, agrgado Civil de la Legación Inglesa de Ciudad Trujillo, el Rev. Canónigo A. H. Beer, Vice Cónsul Ingles en esta ciudad y muchas otras personalidades de dentro y fuera de la localidad.

Los Sres. Guerney, Bernstein y Beer hicieron uso de la palabra, mereciendo cálidos aplausos de los concurrentes.

El Estudiante Sr. Byas, recitó el bello poema de Lord Byron «La Inscripción sobre

(Pasa a la 8va. página)

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EDITADO EN LA IMPRENTA

«LEONIDAS»

Sánchez 163 — San Pedro de Macoris,

G: Who told you you were out to politics?

R: Oh, from my experience of knowing the courthouse and knowing the people, people around me. As well as my observation, because I lived observing very much. [laughs. TV still heard in background] I'm very observant.

ARCHIBALD BEER

G: You told me that the British consul (R: Um-hm) was also Anglican minister, no?

Yes, he was. Archibald Beer. Oh yes.

G: Was not very favorable to Garvey people, no?

R: No. Racial business. Purely racial. Purely racial. Of course, and the people that were at that time answered to him.

He was British vice consul. [Francis says something unintelligible] Eh? And he had to take care of all English-speaking people. In his way. [both men laugh] And I tell you something: we were not friends, but we were not enemies. [laughs again] And we knew it. He knew it and I knew it. Well, that's right. We treated each other with the respect and a certain manner because [...] The old man Beer wasn't [...] He wasn't 100W in his [...]

G: Functions. His duties. What did he do for the English-speaking community here? [Rowland laughs after a brief pause]

R: That's a good one. I'm going to give it to you this way. There came, during the war, it was during the war [...] [sips from his glass. Loud talking in background] There came a good gentleman. They said, ah, «A representative of the British government is coming here from Santo Domingo.» [...] that's San Pedro. I was then working in the Dominican Molasses Company. And, uh, the community [...] because I was a Garveyite and president of the Garvey movement and that kind of thing. And so I was a little leader amongst my people in that respect. But leading from behind, not in front. [laughs] In character, yes. [laughs again] Because I didn't have any money. But one thing: I had respect. And that is important. [background talking is loud and disruptive]

So, uh, «This good man is coming, coming the afternoon. The noon hour. And as you'll be glad if you can come over because a few English-speaking people are invited to go up to the consulate, and he wants to know or to meet the people.»

I left. I went. Got permission from my boss, lay off the job to go there. There were about eight, six or eight English-speaking people in the town.

Not from the sugar estate. In the town present. Oh, they're all dead now. I remember [...] I may remember some of them. Who were they? About six, six, five, six. Not more than that. Up to eight maybe. I put it at as many as eight. Because they went around just inviting people. Yeah, to all the English-speaking people. From St. Martin, from St. Kitts. One was from St. Kitts. The other [...] Let me see who were there, if I can remember. Who were there? I know I was there. [laughs] I'm not mistaking that. And, uh [...] The minister who was assistant to Reverend Beer [...] Busbin. Reverend Busbin, he was assistant to Beer. Beer was chief of the church. Busbin was assistant to Beer. And he was a man of color, light brown. Or dark brown. He was more dark brown than light brown. He was from Puerto Plata. Busbin. [traffic passes in background and mixes with the voices] And he was with the good man, not the consul. The consul was not with the good man. He was in his office.

And they took us into a room. And there the good man started [...] It was [clears throat] at the beginning of the Second World War, when England was seriously in trouble, before the United States moved in. And this man arrived. He looked very much like Winston Churchill. He wore the same Hamburg hat as old man Churchill used to wear. And he was round-shouldered as Churchill. I told him that when we were leaving. I said, uh, «Are you in any way related to the Honorable Winston Churchill?»

He laughed, «Ho, ho, ho. Unfortunately no.» [laughs and slaps something] That's when he was leaving. But he sat down with us, asked questions. Before we started [...] Charley George was one. Charley George was one with us there. Who else was there that I remember? He was from [...] Charley was from where? The Georges were [...] St. Thomas, no. The Georges were from there, Anegada. [someone slides a chair or table across the floor] Charley was there. And a few others. So when he started the interview he said, «I have come here in this country because I understand there's a large colony of English-speaking people. I know that there's a large colony and I would like to meet the people.» He said, «But I'd like to say this first: choose amongst yourselves» [...] the little group we had [...] «the one you would like to be speaker to speak for you all. Because I don't want to have to ask questions about each one separately. Now you or you choose the one amongst you that you'd like to represent you.»

With one accord they said, «Brother Rowland.» Everybody called me brother because of Marcus Garvey. [car passes by] «Brother Rowland, Brother Rowland.»

Well, then he said, «Well, Brother Rowland [...] Mr. Rowland. Well, Mr. Rowland, your colleagues have chosen you. So I'd like to talk to you about it.» And I said, «Well, I'm free to answer what I may be able to answer. I may not be able to answer everything, but I'll tell you the truth of what I know.» [car rides by]

He started to question as to how we lived. And in the process of the questioning, I told him that [...] No. He asked, «Your government? Your government?» I said, «As a matter of fact, sir, I've never thought of government protection, because I've tried to live in such a manner that I wouldn't need it.»

«Yeah, but, you see, the British government has sent me to inquire how the British subjects in this country are treated.»

«Well, we have no complaint really. We have no complaint. And I'm glad to see that Britain [chuckles] has remembered to send someone to find out if we're still alive. Because as a matter of fact, sir, I live in this country without thinking [...]» [laughs as he speaks] It is true!

«Well,» he said, «you see my presence is proof that they are thinking of [...]» [breaks out laughing again]

«Yeah,» I said, «that's a good point alright.» [still laughing]

«Well, more or less, how are you treated? What about work?» I said, «No, but as far as work is concerned, we work for what wages are being paid in this country, and we get along with that. Otherwise there's no reason. Our people have no.»

As a matter of fact now, ah, Mr. Busbin was sitting in, but he wasn't saying anything. That was Beer's second. Yes, he wasn't saying anything. Then he said, «Well there's a question I'd like to ask.» Uh, Ehh. «How [...] What about your representation in this country?»

Well now, when he came to representation I said, «The contrary.» [laughs] He said, «No, go ahead. You can speak. Mr. Beer will not hear you.» [laughs and García Muñoz chuckles. Rowland then takes a swallow from his drink] I said, «As a matter of fact, sir, I never thought that we had any representation. I understood that we had to live on our own and do the best we can. And I've always tried to live within the law. We have, as a matter of fact. But as a matter of fact, I don't consider that we have.»

So he didn't say any more on that point because Mr. Beer wasn't there, but Mr. Busbin heard it. [car passes by] But Beer, as I told you, Beer and

myself, we never fought. But that didn't give any particular inference that he did this or he didn't do that, or he has done this or he has done that.

No.

G: But did anyone in the English-speaking community ever went to the British consul to ask for assistance?

R: If anyone went? (G: Yeah) Not only went, there was an occasion when the British government, [clears throat] uh, intervened in one case that I know of, because this case happened in the Dominican Molasses Company where I was working. And this case happened between a policeman and one of the workers. Cyril. Cyril O. Griffin. [laughs] I don't know what the «O» was for. Maybe Oswald. Cyril O. Griffin. He was from [...] Where Cyril was from? He was an Antiguan. He was a worker. And he was painting on a ladder against the side of the building. A policeman came up just a little inclination to go to the higher ground, the office of the company. And this chap was painting in front of the office against a low building. And the policeman came up. He didn't know who it was. He asked in a loud voice, «Who is here [...]» in Spanish, of course. «Who is here by the name of Cyril O. Griffin?» [laughs] And said it loud enough. Cyril was up on the top of the ladder when he heard his name called. Because [...] Now why this policeman came is because they went to his home and demanded of his wife immigration permits or papers. And his wife didn't respond, and they threatened to lock her up. When he discovered that he [...] because he was very [...] a rough guy; he wasn't easy to handle. Yes, he wasn't easy to handle. He got mad at the idea that they were trying to arrest his wife. [babies heard talking in background] And so he spoke hard to those who had been there, because that very important when they sent to look for him. [woman's voice adds to those of the babies] And then he said [...] When he heard the man ask «Who is here named Cyril?», he shouted from the top of the ladder, in Spanish, «¡Soy yo!» [laughs] Because he spoke Spanish very well. English Spanish. I think because he was living in the country a long time. «¡Soy yo!»

And then he said, «¡Bájate!» That's the policeman. «¡Bájate! Come down!» And he came down. He had a paintbrush in one hand. The policeman [...] From the voice he made up there, and coming down the ladder the speed he came down [...] He had a paintbrush in his hand; he was painting. The policeman, he had a revolver [...] Oh my God! He tore his shirt open here,

[laughs] and he went with the paintbrush in this hand. The man would have killed him! [laughs again] And inviting in Spanish, «¡Tira! ¡Tira! ¡Tira!» Oh, my God! The policeman was frightened. Now, he wasn't frightened. The policeman was frightened. And the policeman started backing away because this guy [...] [laughs] Then out of the main office [...] because that's in front of the office door [...] a young fellow came out. And he was in the military arm. And I knew him. POPER. POPER, no. The other one that went into the army when I was there. And I was the one caused him to go in Trujillo's army. [laughs] He came [...] He was Dominican. Dominican. He was in the army of Trujillo, too. And they put him out of it because they said that he had, uh, tuberculosis, which wasn't true. That was one of the things from inside when he got in the army to get him out. [...] and he came back to the office because [...] he was an office boy. And from the office he went into the army. And he came back to the company. Then is when the incident occurred. [car rides by] So he knew the military establishment and he knew people in it. And so when Cyril came down with his paintbrush [...] «¡Tira! ¡Tina!» And he's going towards the policeman. The boy ran out. And he was permitted to carry a gun because he was an ex-officer, a military man. He came out of the office. And he came out of the office with his gun in his hand and said, «¡Párate! ¡Párate! ¡Párate! ¡Por Dios, Parate!» And Cyril stopped. He stopped, and the policeman also. And then he told the policeman [Rowland imitates what the Spanish conversation may have sounded like, but no words are clearly spoken] «Guarda su revolver, gaurda su revolver, no, no, no. Vamos p'allá.» [Rowland thumps something for emphasis as he has done throughout the narration of this particular story] That's to go to the police office. And the young man [...] Yes, the young man accompanied him and took him. Good. It didn't end there. It didn't end there. He had to be cited to go to the courts for his conduct. Then [...] Because he believed very much in British [...] It was the first and only time that I know [...] Maybe there were others, but this one I know for sure. Whether he wrote the letter or whoever it was, he wrote to the British representation here in Santo Domingo City. And [...] ordered that when he was taken to the court that, uh, he should be represented there. And there in the court in San Pedro he was represented. And nothing came of it.

He was released. Because of the influence of Because he wrote he was very proud of being a British subject, you know? That's one [...] He believed

in his country. And at least the country came to his aid that time. Otherwise he might have suffered badly. That's the only incident in which I know [clears throat] that the nationality was [...] And he's the one that looked for it, because he believed in it. He believed in it. And that's alright. I agree with that.

R: Mr. Hennesy was the manager. Mr. Hall. As bosses they were the two that really touched me. The rest of them I didn't care much about, not even who they were. I wouldn't even know who they were. [shouting is very close to the microphone]

There was somebody else in the store. A storekeeper. They moved them, you know? They shifted those around. [car drives 21y] Yeah. Mr. Hall, uh, was the man of machine shop. He was the boss of the machine shop. He was an engineer, mechanic or whatever you choose to call him. He was the boss.

After leaving Santa Fe, I went to work in the Dominican Molasses Company. This incident I refer is in the Dominican Molasses Company. It was the Dominican Molasses Company sold to, uh [...] Where is that? No. First it became [...] I'm going to give you the origin of the business. It began with two brother Jews who came to this country very early in the first part of the century. Saw the -- throwing away of, uh, molasses. And they established the first molasses.

#### ANTHONY BASTION

That's why the man who was my boss from Santa Cruz is one of the men who founded it. Antony Bastion was his name. B-a-s-t-i-o-n. Anthony. And he was chief mechanic. He built the tanks that are there now. And they are there now, damn well-built. And they are not leaking either. [taps, claps and bangs with hands as he speaks] And they were built when men hammered with hammers to rivet, to rivet the sheet. Those sheets are riveted not with «trrrrrllllllll, trrrrrllllllll.» [makes noise like a drill or other motorized machine] That didn't exist then. A man inside and a man outside with a dolly to hold the head of the rivet and «bam-barn, bam-bam, barn.» And they were damn well-built. [taps something] He was a good mechanic. He was so good that that company kept him all his life. And gave him a pension when he was too old and half blind; he couldn't work anymore. And kept him. So he was the man in charge of the working business. But then



there was an office. And that office had a *jefe* of the office and two or three employees writing. A small office. So the question as to [...] The question you asked? What was it? How was it?

The owner. The owner. It changed [...] That's the funny thing. It changed hands, and that old man I told you about, when he was young, began to work with that company. And that company sold out to, ah [...] Uh-oh. It known to the Dominican Molasses Company. No, not the Consuelo Company. The Consuelo Company didn't buy it. It's independent of the Consuelo Company. It was always known by the first name. The Dominican Molasses Company. I think that's the name it has always been known by. Even when it was sold out I think that's the name it was sold out under. But it was sold from Jews, two Jewish brothers, to that company. An American company with the seat in Boston. The beginning. The first two men were Jews. Two brothers from England. I don't remember their name. That's the story that Bastion gave me. They are the ones who employed him. As a young mechanic, he worked in Porvenir. Then from Santa Cruz to Porvenir, here.

#### SANTA FE

Yeah, the Rosses were Santa Fe. I didn't remember their name that time [...] don Emilio Ross, the old man, and his son. The Rosses [...] But his [...] [Rowland is now regularly tapping or thumping something to add emphasis as he speaks] Yeah, though not he [...] Don Emilio wasn't there. One of his sons under the manager [...] Foreign investment didn't rule the business in those days. They employed managers and visited now and again.

G: But did Mr. Hennesy work at Santa Fe [...]

R: At Santa Fe [...]

G: [...] while it was owned by Emilio Ross?

R: When it was owned by Emilio Ross? (G: Uh-huh) Yes. Before the, uh, La Romana Company bought it out.

G: So he worked under the two owners?

R: Yeah. Then he belonged to La Romana Company Group. [motorcycle ignites and rolls away]

G: And La Romana Company Group [...]

R: [...] bought Santa Fe. [García Muñiz asks something which is swallowed up by the motorcycle engine] Beg your pardon?

G: *Sí* La Romana Company was called South Puerto Rico [...]

R: South Puerto Rico Company. But everybody called La Romana. The South Puerto Rico Company, didn't fit, we were too accustomed to La Romana. [laughs] That was documented. [laughs again]

G: So you were working when La Romana people bought them?

R: When it was sold? (G: Uh-huh) Yes. I was working there for the Reformation of Santa Fe [...] (G: Um-hm) Eh? [...] from what it was before to put it under the La Romana Company. The South Puerto Rico Company. I was working there then.

G: Was there a change of management?

R: Of management? (G: Yeah) Yeah. Hennessy went to La Romana, and another manager was put. Then remember: another change came, which was that Trujillo bought them out.

G: Mr. Houston?

R: Oh! Houston is another one. I don't remember, but maybe Houston. I remember the name now. Houston. I wouldn't have remembered it on my own. [laughs and claps his hands] That's right!

#### LA ROMANA

The first time was... Oh, years and years ago when I was a member of the [...] when I was active as president of the [...] of our institution. Marcus Garvey. The U.N.I.A. The first time I went there was for that. To try to see if I could get some members there. We didn't get many. The influence against it was too strong. We got a young man. Uh, he headed the small group. That's why I went, because I was invited to go. [car rides by] I went with Madame De Mena. Madame De Mena came to visit us as international organizer she was. And I took her over to La Romana to the home of this same young man. I don't remember his name at all. I didn't know him very well either. He joined the society, and the name came through. And I had to write him. But we didn't get along very well because he didn't like the letter I wrote him. I wrote him a letter because I realized he was [...] He didn't understand [laughs] the movement, and was likely to make more trouble than anything else. And I wrote him a letter so as to make him understand that the things he was thinking of doing and suggesting wasn't the kind of thing that Mr. Garvey taught us or was teaching us. And so I wrote a remark in English. He didn't like it. I told him, «Don't bite off more than you can chew.»

SANTA FE

G: When was the first time?

R: [chuckles] The first time when I left Porvenir and went there. And then I was stopped from work again. And this one is going to be [...] I stopped from work because of the intervention of the then Mr. Archibald Beer. He had a finger in the pie. Through Marcus Garvey, through U.N.I.A. business. [Francis says something unintelligible] Alright, yes. [cock crows in background] Because of that my activity in the society [...] And he intriguing [...] The old man was an intriguer. He got in, or tried to get in, to get me pinned. And I didn't care. In the factory I used to distribute, uh, our newspaper. *The Negro World*. I had two or three or four persons who bought the paper from me. So I used to distribute it freely. I used to take papers and sell them around. And somebody [...] I don't know who up to today. I don't know who. But then, suddenly, I got information that I was fired. Without [...] [García Muñiz asks something unintelligible] Oh yes. Blacksmithing. Blacksmithing, and with a lot of work to do.

G: Mr. Hennesy fired you?

R: Well, that's the question. [laughs] Alright. I went back to work the week before I had to take a lot of work [...] Uh, how do you call it? [claps or snaps hands] Iron work to make carts and things that they were building for carrying canes in the country. [motorcycle rides by] And after I had all that work measured and fixed out to be done, one morning I went out on the job. And the young Dominican who was in the charge of the shop [...] [car or truck rides by and swallows Rowland's voice] He was Antonio. Antonio. I forgot his *apellido*, but his name was Antonio. Dark brown. As I went out to work, he called me. He said, «Rowland, come here.» He said, «Rowland, I don't know what happened, but, uh [...]» The light off that car is annoying. The sunlight is in that car. [Francis says something and rises to block out the sunlight] Yes. Shut [...] Africa! [furniture is heard moving and Francis says something barely audible]

Mr. Garlinghouse [...] and that's Garlinghouse that I talked about. Engineer. And he was my friend. The man was my friend. [cock crows in background] «Mr. Garlinghouse told me to stop you from work.»

«Why?»

«I don't know, but he told me when you come in to tell you not to work.» I didn't have to talk to him anymore. I went over to the engineer. And his office was in the building, the building itself. In the office [...] He

had a little office made in the building. I went full speed over to the office to Mr. Garlinghouse. He's my friend; I'm accustomed to talking with him. I said, uh, [...] Just as I arrived at his office, arrived also Mr. Beer at his office. Exactly we arrived together.

Went into Garlinghouse's we both, and he saluted me, Beer did.

«Oh, hello, Mr. Rowland. How are you?»

«Very well, thank you, Reverend.» [laughs. Francis says something unintelligible] Alright. Alright. I went into Mr. Garlinghouse office before he could get started with anything, and I asked my boss, I said, «Mr. Garlinghouse, Antonio told me that you had ordered him to stop me from work. What has happened?»

He said, «Yes, Rowland, I told him to stop you from work because, you know, we don't have enough work.»

And so, uh, I said, «Not for me, sir. On Saturday I went over to the carpenter's shop, and there I took a lot of work to be done that I haven't begun doing yet.» [motorcycle rides by]

Then he stammered. That didn't work. He stammered. [laughs] He said, «Yeah, Rowland, but you see what happened is that you are not fired yet. You're laid [...] [pauses to allow motorcycle to finish passing] [...] not fired you now. You're laid off. You are laid off until when we have a little more work to do.»

Beer is standing up there. I'm standing in the office. We three are standing. Garlinghouse [...] Beer is there. Yes. He entered the office of Garlinghouse with me. We both entered the office of Garlinghouse. And he's standing up listening. I said, «But, Mr. Garlinghouse, I don't understand this.»

«Yeah. No, no, no, Rowland. You're not fired. It's only laid off. As soon as the work gets more work, we'll be able to call you again.»

I said, «Mr. Garlinghouse, I'm afraid that some [...]» Beer is standing there. «[...]somebody has a finger in this pie, in Rowland's pie. [thumps for emphasis] But I'd like to tell you, sir, this: I am young, and God [...]» [laughs] Now I'll never forget it. [laughs again] «But somebody is meddling in my affairs. Because the excuse that is given that there is not enough work, sir, doesn't [...]»

«No, Rowland, but [...]»

«No, no, no, Mr. Garlinghouse. What happened is I'm not afraid to lose the job because, as I've said before, I'll get work to do. But what bothered

me is why. There must have been some reason for that matter, but, as you said, there's no other reason than work then I'll have to accept it. Would you please give me a recommendation, sir?» [laughs]

«Oh, yes, Rowland, I'll be glad to do that.» He'd be glad to do that. [laughs] Alright. Alright.

«Alright, sir. Thank you.» Went back and, uh, [...] When I got back, started picking up my things. That's all. You could go home. Started picking up my tools to go home and telling my colleagues in the shop [...] Because there were three blacksmiths in the same shop. I was one of three. And their assistants. They all marveled, all wondered why, why, why, why. I said, «Alright. Leave it at that. I don't know.» I suspected that [...]

*Interview with Wilfred E. Rowland, Santo Domingo*

*12 May 1991*

*Tape 5*

*Interviewer: Dr. Humberto García Muñiz*

*G: García Muñiz*

*R: Wilfred Rowland*

*F: Pearl Francis*

R: [...] and from the side it's hitting in front. The light of the sun.

F: If they're down that's why it stopped.

R: Yes, the [...] is what stopped it. [break in recording] So I headed for home, for my house, my home in Cacarajícara after picking up my tools, etcetera, and left Garlinghouse [...] in the office there. I left him there with, my boss, with the engineer.

But when I got near to my home there was a school there. And he, in his little car, had reached the school by the time I reached there to turn to the right to go to my home. Beer was standing outside the school door alone. He had come down in his car from the estate, from the factory to that place. He knew where I lived and all, and he knew I was going to pass there [laughs]. As I was passing [...] Now I got it in my mind: Beer is responsible for this thing [laughs] [...] as I was passing he said, «Mr. Rowland, are you a pipefitter?»

«No, sir, I've never fitted pipe in my life.» And I walked away. No more; nothing else. [laughs], nothing else. I did not say anything else to say why

I'm pretty sure you're responsible for that happening. Because of my activity. And it was nothing else but because of my activity in the U.N.I.A, nothing else. I'm sure of that.

G: But the only activity you were having was the (R: Social activity). What types of activity? (R: Eh?) What types of activity?

GARVEY MOVEMENT

I was president of the division for eight years. Going to the meetings and holding meetings and etcetera, continually. At night, too. Oh, sometimes two nights in a week. Otherwise it was every Friday night. I used to go down to the hall in the evenings for the meetings. I'd have to get back to Santa Fe by [...] Not only Santa Fe. Then I was out of Santa Fe. I was still president. [a car drives by] I was living just a little outside of the town, going to Santa Fe, between Santa Fe and Macorís, on the outskirts of Macorís. Between Santa Fe and Bego and Macorís. I lived between there.

And I used to go to my home [clicking sound interrupts] the hall every regular meeting night, every time I had to go. And on foot. I didn't have anything; I didn't go in anything [...] *a pie*. And I would stay there whole meetings, different sessions, whatever it was, and go back home 10 o'clock, 11 o'clock in the night [...] *a pie*.

R: Yes. It was regular meeting night. And if we had meeting of the officers, sometimes I had to go. Sometimes I had other reasons to go. I was the president of the society. I was the poorest president in the whole outfit in any part of the world [...] [laughs] (G: So you moved around [...]) [...] as far as the economic [Rowland's laughter interferes with speech] concern. I went to Romana. And I went in the sugar estates. We went, not I. We went. In Consuelo we had regular meetings there, off and on. And their company didn't prevent us from doing it. There was a man there who was in charge of Consuelo. He was a black man but he was top to Kilbourne. I've forgot his name now He was from Santa Cruz. And if you want to know something, the Cruzians are the people who [...] they have [...] Well, they had [...] I don't know about the modern generation [...] they had a weakness of inferiority complex of a kind. [woman or child's voice in background] Even my old boss had that. But he loved his race, he loved his race. But he had an inferiority complex because he believed [...] he honestly believed [...] that you were inferior. I didn't share that. No, no, no, no, no. And he was my boss; he was well-to-do. He liked me

very much [...] Mr. Bastion. And we used to discuss, he and I, in traveling. I'm driving the automobile and going from San Pedro to Puerto Plata where the company had interests out in [...] There's a bay in Puerto Plata that this company, a Molasses Company, had tanks there. And they shipped molasses outside of the town of Puerto Plata. But the old man had that defect.

When I left Santa Fe? I went to work in Molasses Company. He gave [...] He was treasurer of the division. It was called a division. [car drives by and child keeps speaking to interfere with Rowland] I forget the number it was. They were called divisions in those days [...]

G: When did you return to Santa Fe?

R: To work again a second time? (G: Uh-huh) Well, I returned to Santa Fe after I began working in Molasses Company. I returned for a short while because I got the job to do job work, not day's work.

G: And who contracted you? Who called you?

R: Oh, the company. The boss of the shop.

G: The same boss who asked for [...]

R: Yeah, the same one: Mr. Hall. [constant murmur in background. Possibly a television]

G: You went to him again? (R: Eh?) You went to him?

R: To Hall?

G: He called you?

R: That's the one that I told you that was up in the cockloft with, uh, the master of the storeroom. [child begins speaking again] Hall was the boss of the shop.

G: But then [...] The one who laid you off was Mister Alexander?

R: Well, Garlinghouse. Garlinghouse, engineer.

G: And he left (R: Eh?) Santa Fe?

R: Oh, he was sent to Consuelo. He moved from Santa Fe to Consuelo.

G: Then Mr. Hall took over?

R: No. Oh, couldn't tell you. After that I was out. When he went to Consuelo I was out of the company. I was in town. I was in the Molasses Company.

G: When you came back to Santa Fe, who was in charge? Who was doing Mr. Alexander's work?

R: Alexander?

F: Garlinghouse.

G: Mr. Gay, Gay [...] (F: Garlinghouse) Yeah. Garlinghouse work.

R: Who was doing that [...] Oh! The engineer? (G: Yeah) I really don't know. There was a man Jones there, but it was Garlinghouse and Jones. Old man Jones was English. He was an old man. [...] They called him «Waist-coat» Jones because he always wore a waistcoat [chuckles], the old man. But he was erratic [García Muñoz interjects]. He's another one again [chuckles], he's another one again. He was erratic mentally because he lost [...] That's what Garlinghouse and his brother-in-law told me personally. Because Jones, uh, had me fired without even knowing me. Jones had me fired without knowing me. In Santa Fe, in one of the times in Santa Fe.

He, uh, «Who's in here by the name of Wilfred Rowland?»

«That's me.»

«Alright, pack up and get out [claps his hands]. Get out of the shop, get out of the shop!»

That was a trial for me.

G: That was the second time?

R: Eh? The same Santa Fe but not the same occasion.

G: It was a different occasion?

R: Yeah.

G: But why did he fire [...]?

R: Ahhh. Why? Because he was a stupid man, uh, engineer. He worked in Cuba and accumulated some money before the collapse of the same Depression they talk about. He lost his fortune. That's what the other white Americans told me was the reason for his attitude. He lost his fortune in Cuba, came from Cuba here and got into Santa Fe. And Garlinghouse came from Porvenir, passed from Porvenir to Santa Fe. And Garlinghouse was suggested to take his place. Everybody was saying, «Mr. Garlinghouse, he going to take Mr. Jones place.»

But Jones says, «Garlinghouse is a young man.» [laughs]. And Jones [...] I got the job in Santa Fe because Garlinghouse knew me in Porvenir. And he had moved to Santa Fe. And so after I left Porvenir, then I went to Santa Fe and he put me to work, Garlinghouse. Then he had a brother-in-law that he brought [...] Garlinghouse brought from the states on one of his trips there. He brought the brother-in-law. That was a fine fellow. I forget his name now. He was a fine fellow, young man, too. And put him in charge of the machine shop. That young man taught [...] I went [...] The simplest looking blacksmith you have ever seen.



His, uh, what do you call it? Garlinghouse, which was his brother-in-law because Garlinghouse married to his sister. Yeah. The first night that he stayed in the shop watching us work [...] because I used to work at night in blacksmithing, extra hours that time. They were revamping the estate [...] as you said [...] they changed from Romana to [...] revamping the estate.

And he came [...] Montgomery came that night. Garlinghouse is who gave me the job because Garlinghouse knew me in Porvenir. And he gave me the job, knowing me. His brother-in-law came and he saw me as a blacksmith. Three of us were blacksmiths in the shop. And he didn't believe I was a blacksmith because I didn't look like it. Do you know how much I weighed then? Ninety-eight pounds. I didn't weigh 100 pounds! Yeah, that's true. I didn't weigh 100 pounds. And the guy came across, he took a barrel and he sat in it in the shop where I was working, right in front of the forge. I was welding steel, too. And when, at one point, he asked me this question, he said, «Rowland, are you a blacksmith by choice or of necessity?» [car drives by, drowning out Rowland's voice].

What kind of a question that was. But then I had my work in the fire, and I didn't answer him. I continued what I was doing, thinking about, «And how am I going to answer him? By work or of necessity?» Well, man, I answered the truth. Finished what I was doing. And when I was finished I wiped my brow.

«Mr. Montgomery, you asked me a question a while ago: if I'm a blacksmith by choice or of necessity. And I think the truth, to tell it, is: it is by choice. Because [...] and I'll give you why [...] because when I was a child in my island home of St. Kitt's, there was a blacksmith's shop close to my grandfather's home. And I loved watching the fire. And that is true. I learned afterwards why I have that tendency, through rosacrutianism, [chuckles] watching the fire. And whenever the sparks flew, I would run out of the shop. But I liked to watch the fire. So I was drawn into blacksmithing by the fire more than anything else. And I think I'm satisfied.»

He said, «Oh, yes, Rowland,» because he was watching me work. «Yeah, but you see, back there in the United States,» he said, «blacksmiths are known to be big, husky fellows.» [laughs] He says, «You are the smallest blacksmith I ever seen. [laughs again] But I'm pleased. You know your job, you know your job.»

G: Why did you leave Santa Fe the second time?

R: The second time? That was the same thing [...] I told you that was when I was fired from there. The second time was when I went back and got the job that Hennesy make me leave. This was the first time that I left [car drives by] because [...] [laughs]

G: Do you think that the second time was related also to the Garvey activities?

R: The first time?

G: The second time.

R: After the first time? The second time was related [...] (G: [...] to your Garveyism activities?)

R: Yes, of course it was. That old Beer? The second time was Beer. Yes, it was.

G: But you told me that you were never persecuted.

R: No. The second time when I left wasn't Beer. The second time was when they [car drives by] wouldn't tell me what I worked for, as I told you.

G: [car can still be heard passing by] But, I mean, do you think that that was related to your Garvey activities or not?

R: Why they wouldn't tell me? (G: Yeah) No, I don't think so.

G: OK

R: No, no, I don't think that. That was too far apart. And Hennesy didn't know. Hennesy was pure meanness. [García Muñiz laughs] I think so. [laughs]

G: Why? You heard that from your other work companions?

R: What?

G: That he was pure meanness.

R: No. I knew the man; I saw him. And I'd been out to live with him. He was mean, mean, mean in the sense of the word. [laughs]

G: OK [says something inaudible].

R: Alright. Yeah, that's right. I could see him now. Yeah, I can see him now in my memory. Stalking along [growls]. He never even used to say hello to anybody. His attitude. Yeah [...] the other men, the other men all talk about [...] old Hennesy. And the only time [...] I never talked to Hennesy because Hennesy wasn't in my life [car drives by, interrupting Rowland]. Went into the shop and [snaps his fingers, car noise fades].

G: Could you give me a very short description of what Garvey teaches?

R: About Mr. Garvey? God! Mr. Garvey taught us that we came from a race of people that was superior to the origin of the white race. He said,

«When our forefathers were cultured and the civilization, their forefathers ran about in Europe in skins.»

And he was referring to the civilization of Africa, Ethiopia. That's why our song was «Ethiopia, O Land of our Fathers». Not only the Ethiopia, of the part of the country that is called so, but Africa. [recites:] «Oh, Africa, awaken and hear thy children's cries. Oh, Africa, awaken to [laughs] [...] Oh, land of tropic splendor [...]» [laughs] I used to sing that, but now I'm a [...]. I wonder, I wonder and I'm seeing it developing day by day, my friend [Rowland's excitement at this point causes him to speak rapidly and laugh frequently, often disrupting his speech] And God is [...] I've given you the opportunity to live, and to be still conscious enough to say, «Am I still alive? Against what I knew? And what I'm learning now?»

And God has kept me still. The old memory is still not so bad. [laughs] And I listened day by day. Day and night. My hobby is the radio.

G: Did you get any letters from the movement from Jamaica?

R: No. Never. The only connection I ever had was with Mr. Hill when he came here. Came here [...]

G: When you were president?

R: When I was president? (G: Yes) Yes, of course. The connection of the, uh, we called it how? Division. That was the name: the division. I was president of the division for eight years. And I used to write the communication on a typewriter. I never learned to typewrite, but since I could spell very well I'd go over there on Sunday mornings and write letters, yeah, with one hand, one little finger. [chuckles] Yes?

G: Where did you send those letters?

R: The letters?

G: To Jamaica or [...]

R: Oh, to the headquarters in the United States, certainly.

G: But never to Jamaica?

R: To Jamaica? No, no, no. Never. Never. Always it was New York. That's why my brother carried me to the street in New York where Mr. Garvey's headquarters was. Yes.

G: Did you get any visitors from any other island in the Caribbean belonging to the [...]?

R: In the U.N.I.A.? No, we never had any communication with any [Francis says something about Africa and Haiti] Who?

F: From Haiti.

G: From Haiti.

R: Well, but not the person in the division. You refer to the organization as such. (F: Uh-hum) No, no, no.

G: These Haitians came of their own free will? [car passes by]

R: Who?

G: The Haitians who came.

R: The two Haitians I mentioned? (G: Uh-huh) Yes, they were passing through the island, passing through here and stopped in at the U.N.I.A. because they were members of the U.N.I.A., both of them. (G: In Haiti?) The husband and wife.

G: In Haiti?

R: Yes, in Haiti. I never went to Haiti. Haiti is a place I would loved to have visited. I would have liked to have visit [...] Too late now.

G: You work in Santa Fe and then, when you were thrown out for the second time, where did you went?

R: To the Molasses Company.

G: And after going to the --

R: [...] Molasses Company, to the Grenada company. American. (G: That is in Manzanillo) That was the best job I ever had. I was in charge of the storeroom. I was chief dispatcher because, when they gave me the job, they gave me the job first as storekeeper. And then there came an American storekeeper, and I wasn't supposed to be storekeeper. Storekeeper was a title too big for me. [laughs] The storekeeper was [laughs] one of them. And a new storekeeper came. And then that storekeeper that came, old Mark Landry, that good for nothing old fellow [...] I don't know [...] He dead now.

G: He's dead.

R: [laughs] He's dead long ago. Fred. Fred F. Landry. «F», «F», «F». Fred F. Landry. And Flandry changed the title that the other guy who they threw out [...] This government threw him out because he was prejudiced. He manifested his racial prejudice in Monte Cristi. And Trujillo ordered his removal immediately, immediately. And they took him out. And this other man came. He was very careful not to show. I saw that man Reese one day [...]

G: Did you continue your Garvey activities in [...] (R: [...] in the U.N.I.A.?) Yes.

R: In the society?

G: While being there in (F: Manzanillo) in Manzanillo?

R: In Manzanillo? No. After I left Macorís, I didn't have any more connections with the society as such. No more at all. I went back there, uh, working in the Grenada Company, to look up the hall, and to ask who and who were running it. Some of the names I might have heard, but I don't [...] (G: And then [...]) Now, we have a property here. And that property, I don't know what'll become of it. I guess the government is going to take it.

G: You told me that you joined the organization in the early 1920s.

R: Yeah, thereabout.

G: Then you were not active for some time.

R: No, quite a few months. From '20 to '21.

G: Why was that?

R: Because I went off to Barahona to work in the construction of the Barahona Sugar Company. The construction.

G: Uh-huh. And then you came back [...]

R: And then when I came back was when I went to be at church, and walked out with she and her sister. They were girls then. And I walked out because Beer was costing Marcus Garvey. And even though I wasn't active, Garvey's principles were in me and I told them, «Let's walk out.» The father sent them to church while I was in Barahona. (car drives by and background murmur rises again)

G: And then you became active again?

R: Oh yes! Oh yes! I became active again. I stayed for awhile before becoming active, as I told you. Mr. Garvey was in prison. Remember that. That had upset the institution somewhat, quite a bit, upset it quite a bit. Many thought [...] and when he was deported, worse [...] because many thought that, with his deportation, that would be the end of the society. And a lot of people thought so. I couldn't see Marcus Garvey's society continuing to work without Garvey. No, I couldn't see it.

G: You told me that from New York came two persons. (R: Umhum) The one from Trinidad was born in Trinidad. (R: Yes) And Madame De [...] (R: De Bourg. Yes.) De Mena [...] (R: Yes) The first one was?

R: That came?

G: Yes.

R: And Madame De Mena.

G: And the first one?

R: She was international organizer. De Bourg was sent by Mr. Garvey [car drives by] because of the case that occurred.

G: OK. Those were the only two persons who came [...]

R: [...] from the United States. There were only two. There were only two.

G. And then you took De Mena to La Romana and to some other places or [...]

R: No. Madame De Mena, I took her to Consuelo, not to Romana.

G: Not to Romana? No, not to Romana, not Madame De Mena. (G: Ahhh) Not Madame De Mena. I went to, to [...] I don't know. Maybe I went with her. I don't know. I think she was interested in seeing [...] I think that's the time when I told the guy not to bite off more than he can chew, because in talking I realized he didn't have the principles of the organization at heart. He liked it alright, but he had ideas that, if he tried to use that in a company like that company, he'll end up looking for trouble.

G: Was he from Trinidad and Tobago?

R: No, I don't think so. I don't know what country he was from. He was just one of the *cocolos* that had a good position. I don't remember what was his position, but he wasn't a laborer. That's why he was elected in being a leader of the small group [...] It didn't prosper. It died. Because he didn't like what I wrote to him, calling his attention to that he wasn't on the right track. And he thought I was presumptuous to do that because he had a very high [chuckles] My thinking, that's all. But I was president of the division in San Pedro Macorís situated.

G: Could you please tell me your full name?

F: Pearl Francis.

G: Pearl Francis. You were born where?

F: Here in Cabuya. Here in Santo Domingo. Cabuya in the estate, was an estate.

G: What year?

F: Nineteen-five.

G: And the date?

F: The date? Eh, I can't remember the date. Ah! The date I make born: the 1<sup>st</sup> of January.

G: First of January

F: New Year's Day. [laughs through her next utterance]

G: And your father was?

F: Eh? My father? James Alexander Francis.

G: From Antigua?

F: Yes, from Antigua.

G: And your mother?

F: My mother from St. Kitts. She was Cream Franc [...] Cream Lucas (G: Cream Lucas?) Uh-huh, Lucas.

G: Do you know when your father came to Santo Domingo?

F: I don't. I don't remember. I wasn't born as yet. [chuckles]

G: Right. How old was he when you were born?

F: I can't remember that.

G: You were born in Las Cabuyas, an estate there?

F: I was so. Afterwards they moved out and I went to [...] another estate near to that place. Called it San Cristóbal.

G: San Cristóbal. How old were you when they moved to San Cristóbal?

F: I was a baby then.

G: One year, two years?

F: I was small then. I can remember that. I remember [...] [car drives by and honks horn]

G: What do you remember from Las Cabuyas?

F: I didn't remember Cabuya. After I grew up, it fade away, it had no more mystique, nothing at all. That was belonging to the Serrallés. Serralles [motorcycle rides by, interrupting Francis' last words]

G: Did you see Serrallés?

F: No.

G: Never saw him?

F: But then I was a child. Small, you know?

G: And then you went to Ingenio?

F: No. We went back [...] Yes, um, we came [...] gone [...] What do you call it? San Cristóbal [...]

G: You went to San Cristóbal [...]

F: My father, my father. [voices resurge in the background] I have a sister or the bishop's mother was born there. In that estate.

G: In San Cristóbal. How long did your father stay in San Cristóbal?

F: Oh, years. How long [...] um, my father stayed in, in Guarna? What do we call Guarna again? The state they call Guarna now? (R: Colón) Colón, Colón.

G: How long did Mr. Francis stay there?

F: Wooo! Many years. He was in, uh [again, all three speak at the same time.] I'd have no idea about that. [Rowland says something about «maybe 19 years in Colon»] Porvenir, sí. [...] [Rowland says something else but is inaudible] No, no, no, no, no.

G: At what age did you reach Porvenir?

F: Porvenir? Oh, I was a teen or something now. After she left Guarna, [...] little, when they have the uproar here

R: Oh yes. [laughs] What used to be called revolution here. Political upset.

G: Ah, the *Gavilleros*. (R: Yes)

F: *Gavilleros*, uh-hum. [Rowland continues to speak from the background, but is unintelligible] We was children; we was small. And my father sent my mother with us to his country, Antigua. (G: Antigua, ah-hah) To go off because he was afraid to leave us with the revolution. [Rowland speaks again from the background, still unintelligible] And that was in [...] I think that was in 1912, no?

R: And then you came back?

F: No, then we came back, yes.

G: How long did you stay in Antigua?

F: Oh, for years, for years. Because when we came back here, when my mother went back to Antigua to bring us here, I had 12 years old when we came back here to Santo Domingo.

G: You were 12 years when you came back?

F: Uh-huh. Twelve years old I was.

G: And you live where in Antigua? In St. John?

F: No. St. John's no. Mann's Hill. Near [...] fifty miles from the town. (R: Mann's Hill) Mann's Hill.

R: That's the name of the town; I know it.

G: Near a sugar factory or [...]?

F: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. (R: A village) A village. (G: A village) (R: Um-hm)

G: Did you went to school there?

F: Yes, yes, to school and to church. I was compelled to go to church. [chuckles] Yes.

G: Did you meet people coming from Santo Domingo and going while being there?



F: Yes, a lot of people, going and coming. A lot of people going and coming. And my mother came back here with us in vessel [...] brought us back here. A lot of English people came back because they go and come every year after the crop. They go to the country, and then the crop begin again and they come back here to work.

G: Did your father send money to your mother?

F: Sure.

G: With whom?

F: Ah? By post.

G: By post?

F: Yeah. In those days the post had to be, [chuckles] had to be *seguro*. I'll tell you, in those days it was alright to send money. Yes, to send money.

G: Did he ever send it with any friend or [...]?

F: Ah, sometimes [...] anybody going who he knew and had the confidence in, he would send it by them. Yeah.

G: So when you came back to Santo Domingo, your father was working in Porvenir?

F: *Sí*, in Porvenir, in Porvenir.

G: But how do you know that your father was first in Panamá?

(R: In Colón) F: Oh, no, I didn't know then. Ah, I didn't know then, you see, [laughs] Panamá, because I wasn't born. [chuckles] I wasn't born as yet.

G: Who told you that your father was in Panamá?

F: My parents, my mother.

G: He went from Antigua to Panamá?

F: No.

R: She wouldn't know.

F: No, I wouldn't know that. [Rowland comments again but cannot be understood] I asked a lot of people who leave [...] A lot of people leave from their countries, those countries, to go to Panamá. Right? And they opened the Panamá zone. Oh, a lot of people went. From Antigua, from the different countries they went to Panamá to work. And they came back from Panamá and came here, but I wasn't born as yet. [chuckles] There wasn't the girl as yet. [chuckles]

G: So when you get back to Santo Domingo, he is working in Porvenir?

F: In Porvenir, right.

G: What is his work in Porvenir?

F: Papá? Blacksmith. (G: Blacksmith) Yeah, blacksmith. For years.

G: So when you come back, you come with [...]

F: [...] My mother. Yes. Myself and my sister were there.

G: How old were you then?

F: I had 12 years. (G: Twelve years) Twelve years old I was.

G: Did you went to school?

F: Yeah, sure.

G: Which school?

F: Well, I had a school in Mann's Hill.

G: No, I mean in here, here.

F: Well, here, in here. I had a [...] here? (G: Yeah) (R: Yeah)

R: She didn't go to school here.

F: No, no. My father used to employ teachers to teach us home, at home. (R: A private teacher) A private teacher, we had. Private teachers.

G: *Cocolos*, too?

F: No, no, no. (G: *Cocolos*?) It had a lady from [...] What was she? French. It was a French teacher, French.

G: French teacher.

[*side A ends*]

F: [whistling, cars and voices can all be heard in the background] And afterwards I went on [...] sewing class, sewing school [...] teach us *bordados y cosas*.

G: When your father was working in the shop, did your mother work doing some sewing, too?

F: Sure. She sewed and baked a lot. She used to make a lot of bread and cakes.

G: To sell?

F: Yes, to sell.

G: Did she carry them?

F: Eh? *Sí*. She used to go to the estates. Las Pajas. Consuelo. Because she had family over there *también*. On Saturday she goes with her tray, with her food, I think, to sell. And came back on Monday.

G: How many relatives did you have in Porvenir?

F: How many *qué*?

G: Relatives. *Familia*.

F: Oh, no, no. My father and mother.

G: And in Consuelo?

F: Consuelo? She had a niece in Consuelo, a niece in Consuelo.

G: And Las Pajas?

F: Las Pajas [...] had friends. (G: Friends) Yeah.

G: And no other relatives around?

F: No, not much family.

G: Not much. When did your father went back to Antigua?

F: Ahh. (R: Never did) Heh?

R: He never did.

G: He never did?

R: He never did. He [...] No he didn't. He went to St. Kitts

F: Yes, he went. No, no, [...] it wouldn't be from here [...] he went [...] from here he went to [...] Curaçao. From Curaçao to St. Kitts. [Rowland says something else about Curacao, but unintelligible]

G: To Curaçao to work in the oil?

F: Uh-huh. I don't know what he worked, but he went to Curaçao. And from Curaçao he went home to St. Kitts with my mother. He bought a house (G: Uh-huh)

R: He lived in St. Kitts.

F: He lived in St. Kitts and he died in St. Kitts.

R: He died in St. Kitts.

G: Also here. A third home.

F: Yeah. [laughs] I had a niece and I have a nephew now in Antigua. My niece, she died in an accident. 020 But I have a nephew, and the nephew have children. He have one who's a *locutor* in Saint [...] in Antigua. He came here once. He have children, too. I think he have a daughter working with the governor, secretary of the governor in Antigua. A daughter of his.

G: With the girls?

F: Hmm? My nephew's daughter.

G: Uh-huh. Did your father write to you while he was in St. Kitts with your mother?

F: Yeah, yeah, yes. And after my mother came back. My mother died here in San Pedro.

G: She came back with your father?

F: No. She came back alone.

G: When your father died?

R: Yeah, bringing our grandson.

F: Bringing our grandson.

R: That they had with them. The first child of ours. [both Rowland and Francis speak simultaneously, rendering each other unintelligible]

F: Yes [...] The first child, the first child of mine. They took him from me. [laughs] They took him. They took it away from me [laughs] [Rowland also laughs in the background] But you know, in San Pedro they did the [...] Mondays, these estates [...] People from the estates could go to [...]

G: So your first son was raised in Antigua?

F: Ah. In St. Kitts. And they brought him back here when he had 12 years old, too. Like me.

G: So he lived for 12 years in St. Kitts?

F: He had. His age was 12 years and they brought him back.

Because they leave from here with him when he made 5 years. And my father went to Curaçao. And she went back to St. Kitts, and he sent to look for them from St. Kitts to Curaçao [car drives by, interrupting Francis' last words]

G: He never went to Trinidad?

F: No, no, no, no. No, no, no, no. No, no, no, no. No, no, no. That son of mine, he's the eldest son. I'm sorry he didn't come in today. Today's his birthday. But he have, um, he's old now. He have, um, today he makes 66 years old. (G: Sixty-six) Yes, I was singing that: 66. He'll be back here this [...] tonight, yes, tonight.

G: Was your father active always in the Garvey movement?

F: Sure. My son [...] husband said it was he who seduced him to it.

G: He never hold a leadership position in it?

F: A position in it? (G: Yeah) No, not to my knowledge. He goes to the meeting, you know? But he wasn't an officer or nothing else. He used to go to the meetings.

G: When you married Mr. Rowland?

F: When I had 19 years old I was married with him.

G: And then you moved to town? (F: Yes) San Pedro? What did you do while he was working?

F: Ah, housekeeping. [chuckles] Mind you, I made 10 children, 10. Eight alive, eight alive, eight still alive.

G: Do you bake cakes or anything like that?

F: Yes, for the home, for the home. For the home, not to sell, for the home. [steady murmur of voices, maybe television, rises again. A cock crows in the background]

G: Would you consider family life for the *cocolos* a stable one?

F: Sure, sure.

G: Did people [...] [García Muñiz' question is drowned out by Francis' premature response]

F: Ah, the people [...] No. No, no, no, no, no. And, again, the Dominican people, they aren't bad people. They're good people, the Dominican. Because really, for years, I've had no trouble with none. None at all. All respected Rowland. All respected my husband.

G: Would you say, Mr. Rowland, that the *cocolo* families are a stable lot?

R: If they are stable? (G: Yeah)

F: Yes [...]

R: In this country? (G: Yes) In this country?

G: In your early years: 1910, 20s, 30s. Were *cocolo* families stable? I mean, did they separate a lot? Divorce?

F: Ah, divorce, not much.

R: [difficult to hear Rowland's responses because he is not close to the microphone] You mean separating the country? If they were separated in the country from their families?

G: No, no, no. If the *cocolo* families, husband and wife, were stable. Did they divorce a lot?

R: Yeah, they divorced some. Very few people characteristics

F: No [...] Well, in those days no.

R: We live together longer than the average person. I mean, not that I know of [...] There might have been many divorces that I didn't know about. [laughs]

F: We [...]

R: I wouldn't know.

F: And the mix, the mix; the Dominican married to English: it's all the same.

G: Were they common?

F: Common?

G: A Dominican married with an English?

R: Mixture? (F: Mixture) (G: Yeah) No, not common.

F: No, not common. No, not common.

R: It wasn't common. It happened, but not [...]

G: You went to church?

F: Yeah.

G: Which church?

F: The Anglican [someone shouts «hey» in the background] church. The Anglican church in San Pedro. That's same Mr. Beer [...] [chuckles] (R: Yeah) church we used to go[...] And my children used to go to his school in San Pedro.

G: You ever went to the Moravian church?

F: Yes, many times.

G: What is the difference between the Anglican and Moravians?

F: Well, *casi, casi igual*.

R: There's not much difference.

F: Not much difference.

R: They seem all Christian [laughs] (G: Yeah)

F: It had one minister there. That's Mr. Penn. Oh, he was a nice minister. I used to go at night and listen to him without sleeping.

R: [...] goes to Moravian church because he was a good preacher.

F: The Moravian Church. Yes.

G: Were you ever worried when Mr. Rowland was working in the Garvey movement?

F: No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no. *Nunca, nunca*, because I liked it myself. Because remember: it's my color. [laughs]

G: But were you not troubled that they were deporting people?

F: No, no, no, no. No, that's [...] Woo! That's years ago. He was too young. He was a young man. We wasn't married as yet.

R: Divorce never came to my mind.

F: No, no. And divorce, no.

G: No, no, no, no. If she was worried that they would deport him.

F: No, no, no, no. That was passed. [Both Rowland and García Muñiz talk in the background] No, that was passed.

R: No, because it didn't touch us directly. But we were concerned.

F: Yes, concerned about that.

R: Oh, very much concerned. And they knew. They knew that we were concerned [...] they didn't bother us.

F: And one of the young men [...]

R: The leaders at that time were the most outstanding, and they had to be outstanding. There were undesirable elements [...]

F: And one of the young men that was divorced was teacher to my sister and myself. The one that [...] That's Carey, eh? Remember?

R: Carey, yeah. He was a nice one.

F: Yes, he was a teacher of ours. [Rowland says something unintelligible]

G: Could you mention some of the English people who were looked at by the English community during that period?

R: You mean as taking care of?

G: Uh-huh.

R: No, we didn't have any caretaker. No. Not as such. No caretaker as such (F: No, because [...]) The British consul was supposed to be representative of the British [...] as British, as [...] not the French, not the French. (F: No, no, no, no) English-speaking people. Yet they treated all black people from the islands as if they were white. (F: Um-hum) So the British consul could have gone to the castle and talked to the manager [Rowland's speech accelerates and is swallowed up by the background murmur] (F: And the English [...])

G: Were the English people bothered [...] not you, I know that [...]

(R: [...] you understand that) bothered by being called *cocolo*? You were not bothered but [...]

F: The children in school were. Because, you know, that was an insult. (G: Uh-huh) Many times I told my boys, «Fight!» Because the oldest insult they used to give is «*Cocolo! Cocolo! Cocolo! Cocolo!*» And none the children like it. They used to fight many times. [laughs] But now, no. *No hay cocolos ya*. [laughs]

G: *No hay cocolo ya*.

F: Everybody want to speak English now. Woo! He in our house [...] [Rowland says something from the background] Woooo! Ay yi yi yi yi. But once, oh, my God! [...] [Rowland keeps talking, García Muñiz laughs] The biggest insult was «*Cocolol Cocolo!*» [laughs] Ay yi yi yi. That's why even English children know English and they never used to speak it. For that. Because those days they used to curse, oh [...] [chuckles]

G: Was there any time that you remember labor trouble among the English people?

R: No.

F: No, no, no.

R: Never.

G: Never something similar to a strike [...]?

R: No strikes [...] What happened was back in those times [...]

F: Usually English people liked to obey law [...]

[Rowland and Francis speak simultaneously, neither responding clearly]

G: Nothing like a protest? [truck drives by and toots horn]

F: [Rowland keeps talking] No. English people, they obey law. No, they obey. No, no, no, no. *Nunca*.

R: You know how government [...] There were individuals, individuals who kept company [...]

G: Not with the government. I mean labor problems.

F: No, no, no.

R: No. But as labor, they never treated labor as English labor. They treated us as Dominican labor. And we had to go to a [...] I went to one of the first meetings that were held here by a group that came from the United States for the Federation of Labor of the United States. Now, this new congregation [...] The old congregation [...] (G: Gompers) The AF of L? (G: Yeah) The American Federation of Labor? (G: I know) Well, and there came two men on one occasion from that group. The first meeting of any kind of labor movement led by Americans in San Pedro de Macorís [...]

G: What year was that?

R: Hmm?

G: What year?

R: Oh, that should have been in the 19 [...] early 20s.

F: Um-hm. 1920 or thereabout.

R: Between 1919 and 1920. The end of 1919 and the beginning of 1920. It would have been a year or two of my arrival in this country.

G: And they talked with many people?

R: They talked. They had a meeting, they talked with the people [...] (G: In Spanish?) They were having talk because [...] Noo! At that time Spanish in the English wasn't common. (F: Umm-hmhm) I didn't talk with [car drives by, interrupting the last word. Rowland chuckles]



G: So they talked in English?

R: So they spoke in English [...]

G: English?

R: Yeah, oh yeah. And I was there. I met them at the estate [traffic has picked up to the point of being a regular flow of automobiles. Likewise, the murmur of the TV or whatever continues to interfere with Rowland's voice, which remains somewhat removed from the microphone] And they met. They met trying to organize the laborers. Of course, they could never organize labor in this country. It didn't work. It failed, too, because they got some money together and then they tried to make a strike before they even got organized. And that was the end of it. [chuckles] Oh, yes, definitely. I remember very well. It didn't affect all of the estates either.

G: Do you remember any trouble with the *Gavilleros*?

R: With?

G: The *Gavilleros*?

F: Hmmmm. The *Gavilleros*.

R: No, no, no. With us, no. In that region, no. The last talk of the *Gavilleros* in the country was in the Guarna, in Colón. (F: Right) They raided Colón. [...] that you remember American occupation. And they went from Colón to the eastern part, and the American government was the first time that Trujillo was then with them [...] He's the one who led it. He led the group that went up there. And [...] Vicentico.

F: Vicentico and COSOCO.

G: Did Vicentico capture a British subject once?

R: Huh? If he did?

F: Capture the British [...]

G: Capture a British subject?

R: No, not to my knowledge. I mean, it might have happened; some things I never heard. [laughs]

G: Mr. Steele?

R: Mister?

G: Steele.

R: Oh, he was from the estate. They didn't capture [...] wasn't captured either. They took him hostage as the [chuckles]

G: Who was he? Do you know?

R: I was totally lost there. Steele, I think, was his name.

G: Who was he?

R: An American manager. [children begin speaking again in the background]

G: He was a British subject?

R: He was [...] British? Well, he might have been a British subject working in the company in Colón. But he was in a big position; he was manager or something. Yeah, he was one of the big bosses.

G: Was he from Barbados, do you know?

R: I don't know.

F: In those days, my father was in Guarna [...]

R: [...] In this country, I just came to this country and only rumors you heard. It didn't make no matters what. [...] and they ran away and we saw them, the military men, under American control, going out to look for the so-called (F: So-called [...]) *Gavilleros*.

They finally captured him. They killed some. I couldn't tell you who they were. [Both Francis and Rowland chuckle] Because I wasn't [...]

F: Ah, yes.

R: We lived as a community really the majority isolated. Because it was like that when I came and that was the way the community lived.

G: Mr. Rowland [...] Dispersed.

F: Uh-huh.

G: I am interested in getting a copy of your grandfather's picture.

F: Ah, yes. [Rowland says something]

G: Huh?

F: My grandfather [...] My father. (R: Your father?) His grandfather?

G: His grandfather.

F: Ahhh.

R: My grandfather?

G: Yeah. A copy of the picture.

R: What it is?

G: Picture.

F: Excuse me. I've got [...] I want to go get, uh, to show you my father.

R: To show you? You want me to show you? [momentary break in recording]

R: [...] let the young people know.

G: So the only thing you have left are your books from that period?

R: Only thing [...]

G: [...] you have left are your books?

R: Is the *Philosophy and Opinions*? (G: Uh-huh) Oh boy! That's a treasure for me.

G: And the newspapers?

R: No, no. Nothing like that. Nothing. Oh, my gosh! There wasn't time enough. Oh, man, a lot of water has gone under the bridge. [laughs]

G: And you move all around [...]

R: Yeah.

G: [looking at photograph] This is a nice picture.

R: Yeah, that was a good picture. That was [...] nineteen hundred and twelve. (F: Wooooo!) My God! [laughs]

G: He looks very well dressed.

R: Yeah.

G: Very well dressed.

R: My grandfather. That's Emmanuel Woods. The old fellow, he sat prettily in that community when he was 80 years old. [background chatter picks up again] [...]. He carried me around on his arm wherever he went. And the commonest person of the people are classiest, from the top to the bottom. DaDa Manny they called him. DaDa is an American expression for grandparents and parents. And that's the way they called him, the people in the street.

G: Amani?

R: DaDa Manny. From Emmanuel. From Emmanuel they called him Manny. Everybody in that community. And the old fellow, when we went out to walking, he would take many pennies, brought them in this pocket [indicates pocket with what seems like a slap to the thigh or hip], [...] this pocket. [laughs] [...] And a penny, at that time [...] it wasn't so much the value of the money, it was that the guy, he remembered you and gave you a penny and you had two cents. [Francis laughs and says something, interrupting Rowland] [...] for two cents in those days.

G: And he gave it to whom?

R: Eh?

G: He gave it [...]

R: He would give it to poor old people like himself. Yeah. One day he gave it TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS for a penny. I never forgot that thing. You know? You know what TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS?

G: Yes, yes.

R: Well, for a penny.

G: He got confused.

R: And the shopping list, he gave it to another man sitting alongside there. An old fellow, and he's sick, and old, and gray-bearded, and [...] up in front. [Further describes the old man, but his voice is swallowed up by background noise. In addition to the voices, a banging noise begins] And the shopkeeper took from the window of the shop where the old fellow lived in a hut, [...] and they took some money from him, and he would buy something from them, but passed it to him. And it was the TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS the old fellow passed him there.

And then I got home then, my grandfather said, «Oh, my God! I must have given that old man a TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS!» He didn't intend to give him TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS, he meant to give him a penny. [laughs] And I heard the idea of this TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS and the penny over the window, and that's what my grandfather TWO-SUGAR AND PEAS. [talks while laughing, but cannot be understood]

G: Do you still keep your marriage certificate?

R: If I?

G: Your marriage certificate. Do you still have it?

R: Still have it?

F: No, no.

G: A copy of your marriage certificate.

R: Certificate.

F: Oh, Danilo had it.

R: Yeah, Danilo took it.

F: My son, my last [...]

R: Danilo took it for the purpose of our youngest son for getting a document for going to St. Kitts. He want to go to St. Kitts.

G: Did he always walk with a cane?

R: Beg your pardon?

G: A cane. He always use a cane?

R: Oh yes, oh yes. You see a cane in the picture?

G: Yes.

R: Yes, he always needed a cane.

G: Why?

R: Yeah.

G: Why? Was he [...]?

R: Oh, he was old. This picture was taken in 1912. And he died in 1914 at 88 years of age. He died in 1914.

G: Two years after this picture?

R: Heh?

G: Two years after this picture?

R: Two years. Yes. I remember that very well because my aunt came from church that Sunday when England declared war on Germany, and she was talking with some friends and my sister. And they were excited because the news came 12 o'clock. England had declared war against Germany. And they came home blah-blahing from church, and the old man was sitting in the hall. I was there, too. And he heard the excitement in their voices. He asked my aunt Susana [...] he always called her Sue [...] «What's the matter, Sue? What's the matter?»

«Nothing, DaDa.» She called him DaDa. «Nothing, DaDa.»

They'd gone in the bedroom adjoining the house. And he heard their voices with the excitement. He called again, «Sue, what's the matter?» [laughs] [...] would have been that excited, since they came outside to tell him.

«No, what happened is that the cable has come saying that there is war in Europe. England has declared war against Germany.»

He said, «Bahl By the time they get started, I'll be in heaven.» [García Muñiz laughs]

And it happened. It happened alright. The old fellow died. The Lord took him.

G: Did you miss him?

R: Eh?

G: Did you miss him?

R: Of course! Well, yes, of course. Like I'm telling you, I was there in that time (F: As a boy [...]) at his death. [loud truck or car drives by] The only dead person I ever kissed in my life [...] I was telling my youngest son that the other day [...] was my grandfather. They induced me to do it. I didn't know it was unpleasant. [Francis laughs] It taste like wood. Cold [...] it was as good as kissing a block of ice. Because he was dead from since the day before. And without any problem. I put the whole block of ice and thing under the thing get home [...] there were no [...] A different world.

And he died in the morning about 9 o'clock one morning. I saw him die. And nobody else was there because he was dying. The doctor said, «Don't give him anything else to eat. Don't give him anything to eat. Just wet his lips.» And that was his doctor when he was the man! Remember! [all laugh] And white; an European white. And living in the island for many, many years.

G: Who was he?

R: The doctor. Doctor, Doctor [brief pause] Nurse was his name.

G: Nurse?

R: Dr. Nurse.

G: N-u-r-s-e?

R: N-u-r-s-e, yes. That was his name. And he was my grandfather's doctor. And when he took that last time because he had been sick before, called the doctor. And I go look for the doctor. He didn't have to go to him. He had a carriage; he had a coach and horse. And from early morning the horse was put on the coach, and the coachman is there waiting for him to call wherever he's called. It's a very different world now! [Claps. García Muñiz laughs]

I went to call. «Dr. Nurse, Grandfather is sick. And Tam-Tam says to please come there.»

«Oh yes! Right away! Right away!»

He bag, load it up, put it in the coach, the coachman said, «Alright, Wilfred, come with me.» I in the coach to get a ride back. [Rowland and García Muñiz laugh]

G: Now you to the hospital, and the doctors are on strike. [both men laugh again]

R: And getting there, he checked the old man. After the checking the old man, he took my aunt by the arm. I get close behind to hear what he says, and when he took her out into the hall he said, «Why not?» Uh, in English he said, «Well, I'm going to recommend this: The old man has reached his end. Don't give him anything to eat. Wet his lips. This is the end of the road for him.»

And that's what my aunt did. Didn't give him anything. Injections were unknown.

G: He asked for food?

R: And he just [...] Heh?

F: No, no, no.

G: Did he ask for food?

F: No, he didn't [...]

R: He checked in. Did he ask for what?

G: For food. [Francis says something unintelligible]

R: For food? No, not never. At no time. At no time [...] He lasted a week.

G: Mr. Rowland.

R: Yeah.

G: A little bit before, you started to mention a song, a Garvey song. [in addition to the background voices and traffic, a dog starts barking] Would you sing it for the tape?

R: If he?

G: Could you sing it for the tape?

R: What?

G: The song. The Garvey song that you were singing.

R: What I'm saying?

G: No.

R: No, I don't understand.

G: Before, you said the words of a Garvey song.

R: Garvey song? (G: Yeah) Ohhhh. [laughs]

G: Could you sing it for the tape?

R: For the tape?

G: Yeah.

R: Ha! I haven't got a voice to sing.

G: No, you have a good voice.

[Rowland begins to hum and chuckle, the dog continues barking, and García Muñiz apparently adjusts the position of the tape recorder. Francis says something, maybe «forgotten now»]

R: I will be glad to do it. Let me see [...]

G: Get a little bit [...]

R: The last thing I have is a voice. [Francis chuckles]

G: Get a little bit nearer. [chair squeaks across floor] There.

R: That is the

G: Uh-huh, yes.

R: [sings:]

Ethiopia, o land of our fathers

The land where the gods love to be  
A storm cloud at night sudden gathers  
All armies come rushing to thee.

We must in the battle be victorious  
When swords are thrust outwards to gleam  
For us shall the victory be glorious  
When led by the red, black and green.

Advance, advance to victory  
Let Africa be free.

Advance, advance to meet the foe  
Advance, advance to meet the foe  
With the light of the red, the black and the green.

Ethiopia, the tyrant is falling  
Whose smoke be upon thy knees  
And thy children are lost in a calling  
From over the distant seas.

Behold, what a great God has heard us  
Yet noted our sighs and our tears  
And he through embrace make us victorious  
Throughout the coming years.

Advance to victory, let Africa be free.  
Advance to meet the foe  
Advance when the red, black and green  
Advance to meet the foe!

R: And I used to sing that with tears streaming down my cheeks because I believed it! [laughs] I understood it. And I never forget it. Africa. And you see, my daughter came here, that's her name. [Francis chuckles]



G: Which are your other daughters' names?

R: Hmm?

G: Did you name anyone for an African country?

R: No. Only Africa.

G: Only Africa.

R: Oh, yes, the mother country. [laughs]

G: Ethiopia?

R: Africa [...] Eh?

G: Ethiopia [...]

R: Ethiopia? No, that's the song that's «Ethiopia».

G: Yeah, but you didn't name any daughter Ethiopia?

R: No, no. No Ethiopian names, no African names. [says something else, but is swallowed up by García Muñiz' question]

G: Marcus? Did you name any son Marcus?

R: No. No, no, no. No, no, no. Africa. I mean, Africa [...] the continent. [laughs] It was all in one together. And I would really love to see Africa, but I have to see to

[García Muñiz chuckles and Rowland laughs]

G: Well, no, no. You have TV, so you have something to see.

R: Eh? Yeah, I see it to Spiritually. Of course.

G: [...] TV I want to see Africa now. [Rowland laughs] You see what's going on in South Africa.

R: I listen to it. I listen to the «Voice of America» and all those programs they have of Africa. [García Muñiz continues talking but is unintelligible] «Africa in Print». I listen to «African Leaders Today». (G: Mandela is free) Yes. (G: Thirty years) I listen to «Africa in Print». I listen to «The Voices of Africa» [...] prominent voices, important men. And then I [...]

G: Do you know who was George Padmore?

R: George?

G: Padmore.

R: Pammer?

G: P-a-d-m-o-r-e.

R: Oh! Padmore. That's an old English name in St. Kitts. (G: No, it's a [...]) I can't remember, but they had the Padmore in St. Kitts. That name is English.

G: He's a Trinidadian who work with Nkrumah (R: Um-hm) in Ghana.

R: With Nkrumah in Ghana? Padmore? (G: In the [...]) Well, that Padmore is an English name. In my island they had a Padmore.

G: In the Pan-African movement [...]

R: In the Pan-African movement? Oh, that movement is a great one. Pan-African; it's a great movement.

G: And do you know the name C.L.R. James?

R: What is he? Nigeria?

G: Trinidadian, too. (R: Uh-huh) He wrote a book on Haiti.

R: Which of those countries in Africa do you think is in the lead in development? [motorcycle passes by] In the lead. Which do you think [...]

G: In the lead?

R: In the lead, yes. Principal.

G: Nigeria is.

R: Nigeria, isn't it? I think so, too.

G: Nigeria, it has oil, you see? It's a rich country.

R: I think so.

G: It's a rich country.

R: Nigeria. It's a great country and pretty well advanced. I listen to Nigerian leaders talking. The leaders from different parts of Africa. I listen to them on my radio here.

G: South Africa is well-developed, not only for [...]

R: Developing. [laughs]

G: No, well-developed only for a part [...]

R: Eh?

G: It's developed only for a part of this (R: Yes, of course) in the whitegy zone. (R: Of course) But the health [...]

R: That struggle in South Africa is pretty hard, pretty hard. Of course. In the *Philosophy and Opinions*, Mr. Garvey has a write-up there on South Africa of the past, and what it's future should be. Oh my! And that was then. Imagine. Now I heard them over the radio talk about with the movement in South Africa where some white people plan to [...].

[tape 5 ends]

[Interview with Wilfred E. Rowland ends]

## Apéndice B. Transcripción de Entrevista a Juan Niemen

Cantidad de Tapes: 2

Narrador/Entrevistado: Juan Niemen

Ocupación: Periodista

Dirección: San Pedro de Macorís

Fecha de la entrevista: 5 diciembre de 1997

Duración: 36 minutos (aproximadamente)

Lugar: Residencia de Niemen, San Pedro de Macorís, República Dominicana

Título o tema: La comunidad cocola en San Pedro de Macorís

Entrevistador: Humberto García Muñiz

*Entrevista con Juan Niemen, Entrevista 1*

*Fecha de la Entrevista: 5 diciembre de 1997; San Pedro de Macorís, República Dominicana*

*Hora: 5:00 p.m.*

*Entrevistador: Humberto García Muñiz*

*Transcriptores: Zoely M. Santiago Rodríguez, Humberto García Muñiz*

*Idioma(s): español*

*Begin Tape 1, Side 1*

- HGM: Don Juan, yo soy Humberto García Muñiz, Profesor de la Universidad de Puerto Rico. Trabajo en el Instituto de Estudios del Caribe. Mi propósito de esta entrevista es hacer una historia de la comunidad cocola aquí. Quisiera empezar la entrevista preguntándole, ¿quiénes eran tus padres?
- Niemen: Mis padres eran Mauricio Niemen, y mi mamá, Estefanía Castell de Niemen. Ambos vinieron de Guadalupe a trabajar a la República Dominicana. Se casaron aquí y tuvieron como hijo legítimo a Juan Niemen. Tuvieron muchas relaciones con los ingleses de Tórtola, St. Kitts, de todos esos sitios, porque Guadalupe pertenece a la isla de Sotavento y Barlovento, y ellos se comunicaban uno al otro para resolver sus problemas sociales, culturales y económicos.
- HGM: ¿Su padre viene antes que su mamá?
- Niemen: Mi papá vino primero que mi mamá.
- HGM: ¿Viene a qué año?

Solicitud de permiso de residencia de Estefanía Castel de Niemen

Form. C-1

Secretaría de Estado de Culto  
Archivo General de la N.



REPUBLICA DOMINICANA  
SECRETARIA DE ESTADO DE LO INTERIOR Y POLICIA  
NEGOCIADO DE INMIGRACION  
SOLICITUD DE PERMISO DE RESIDENCIA DE  
ACUERDO CON LA LEY No. 95

Director Gral. de Inmigración,  
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, R. D.

Yo, ESTEFANIA CASTEL de NIEMEN, he sido admitido en  
(escriba el nombre completo)

la República Dominicana como inmigrante y solicito un Permiso de Residencia.

1.-Incluyo sello de Rentas Internas, Núm. 63928, serie de inmigración, por los derechos que en la presente se detallan: si (si o no)

2.-Incluyo recibo por el pago en efectivo si fuere requerido por la Ley: no (si o no)

Envío mis fotografías de frente y de perfil idénticas a las que han sido adheridas a esta solicitud.

Los detalles relativos a mi llegada a la República Dominicana y mis generales son las siguientes:

Puerto de entrada San F. de Mac.; fecha de entrada, en el año de 19 44;

Procedencia Guadalupe medio de transporte marítimo

edad 55 años raza negra color negro profesión Ens. Dors

sexo fem. peso 132 lbs estatura 1.57 m nacionalidad francesa

estado civil casada país de origen Guadalupe color

de los ojos rojos color del pelo negro

señas particulares visibles cicatrices

Residencia La Comaria #2, San F. de Macoris

Reg. de Extranjeros, Tarj. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Céd. No. 6341-23 Fecha 1946

Estefanía Niemen  
(Firma del solicitante)

Valor del impuesto \$ 1.20

FOTOGRAFIAS DEL SOLICITANTE



Esta solicitud es correcta y ha sido suscrita y jurada ante mí en

30 de Marzo del 1946

[Firma]  
(Inspector de Inmigración)

en San F. de Macoris

MAY 1946

28538

- Niemen: Es difícil eso...
- HGM: ¿A qué edad vino él?
- Niemen: Como a la edad de treinta y cuatro años.
- HGM: ¿Por qué vino?
- Niemen: Vino detrás de mi mamá. Porque él era el novio de ella y entonces su abuela –la mamá de mi mamá– la trajo para la República Dominicana. Entonces cuando mi papá vio eso vino a la República Dominicana, y se casó con ella aquí y estuvo viviendo aquí hasta morirse los dos.
- HGM: ¿Entonces ya ellos se conocían desde Guadalupe?
- Niemen: Tenían amor y se conocían en Guadalupe.
- HGM: ¿En qué trabajaba él en Guadalupe?
- Niemen: Mi papá era un experto en zapatería, era un gran contador de zapatos. Era artesano en las labores de zapatería.
- HGM: Cuando viene a San Pedro, ¿sigue trabajando como zapatero?
- Niemen: Cuando viene a San Pedro, él demuestra a los dueños de zapatería la eficacia de él como zapatero. Tuvo una personalidad única en la República Dominicana como zapatero. Él era el que hacía los zapatos más finos que querían los clientes, La Parisián, muchísimos de esos negocios de fantasía.
- HGM: ¿Le vendía zapatos a personas particulares?
- Niemen: Él les hacía zapatos a personas particulares porque él era un gran zapatero. Entonces las personas particulares venían a donde él para que él le hiciera zapatos.
- HGM: Por ejemplo, ¿venían los Armenteros?
- Niemen: Sí, él le hacía zapatos a toda esa gente. Zapatos particulares porque les gustaban el modelo de él, la forma del zapato y su seriedad. Entonces hacía zapatos, uno bien hecho y le cobraba tanto por el zapato, y al otro día ya estaba hecho.
- HGM: ¿Qué es un zapato bien hecho?
- Niemen: Un zapato bien hecho es un zapato que, más o menos, tenga un modelo exclusivo y que además de eso tenga las terminaciones.
- HGM: ¿Habían muchos zapateros en San Pedro?
- Niemen: Yo conocí bastantes zapateros en San Pedro pequeño yo porque iban a mi casa y yo estaba relacionado con mi papá. Iba allá a la cuestión de zapatos y todo.

Solicitud de permiso de residencia de Mauricio Niemen

Form. C-1

Secretaría de Estado de Cultura  
Archivo General de la Nación



REPÚBLICA DOMINICANA  
**SECRETARIA DE ESTADO DE LO INTERIOR Y POLICIA**  
NEGOCIADO DE INMIGRACION  
SOLICITUD DE PERMISO DE RESIDENCIA DE  
ACUERDO CON LA LEY NO. 95

Director Gral. de Inmigración,  
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, R. D.

Yo, MAURICIO NIEMEN, he sido admitido en  
(escriba el nombre completo)

la República Dominicana como inmigrante y solicito un Permiso de Residencia.

1.-Incluyo sello de Rentas Internas, Núm. 1224, serie de inmigración, por los derechos que en la presente se detallan: \_\_\_\_\_ ;  
(si o no)

2.-Incluyo recibo per el pago en efectivo si fuere requerido por la Ley: \_\_\_\_\_ ;  
(si o no)

**INFORME FAVORABLE DE LA POLICIA NACIONAL, OFICIO NO. 3663, DE FECHA 19 DE ABRIL DE 1944.**

Envío mis fotografías de frente y de perfil idénticas a las que han sido adheridas a esta solicitud.

Los detalles relativos a mi llegada á la República Dominicana y mis generales son las siguientes:

Puerto de entrada St. Dgo. (C. Trujillo) ; fecha de entrada, Febrero de 1944 ;

Procedencia Guadalupe, A. F. medio de transporte vapor "St. Domingue"

edad 53 años raza negra color negro profesión zapatero

sexo masc. peso 126 lbs. estatura 5'7" nacionalidad Francesa

estado civil casado país de origen Guadalupe color

de los ojos negros color del pelo canoso

señas particulares visibles ninguna

Residencia 19 de Marzo #85, Ciudad

Reg. de Extranjeros, Tarj. No. 5750 Céd. No. 3528-1- Fecha \_\_\_\_\_

Valor del impuesto \$ 1.00

FOTOGRAFIAS DEL SOLICITANTE



De perfil  
8 x 8  
centímetros

Esta solicitud es correcta y ha sido suscrita y jurada ante mí en

Mauricio Niemen  
(Firma del solicitante)

Julio Amari  
(Inspector de Inmigración)

en Ciudad Trujillo, D. S. D.

28 ABR 1944

18936

- HGM: ¿Ellos tenían un gremio?
- Niemen: No era un gremio, pero era una asociación; la Asociación de Guadalupeños. Era lo mismo con los mutualistas ingleses.
- HGM: Entonces los guadalupeños tenían una Asociación de Guadalupeños.
- Niemen: Una Asociación de Guadalupeños, de mutualistas guadalupeños que se reunían en su sociedad para resolver problemas sociales, económicos y financieros.
- HGM: ¿Ahí no habían de los ingleses?
- Niemen: No, porque los ingleses tenían el de ellos exclusivo, particular. Ellos tenían su sociedad de particulares que era el mutualismo inglés.
- HGM: (3:00) Y los de Martinica, ¿también eran miembros?
- Niemen: No, los de Martinica eran miembros de los de Guadalupe porque eran franceses; pertenecían a Francia. Entonces ellos hacían vida con los guadalupeños.
- HGM: ¿Y los de Haití?
- Niemen: Los de Haití, no. En esa época, los haitianos no, mejor dicho, yo nunca vi los haitianos en confraternidad con los guadalupeños y martiniqueños. Ellos siempre estaban solos, en su forma de vida que tenían. Resulta que los guadalupeños y los martiniqueños, a pesar de que eran súbditos franceses, y que vivían apartados de Francia, tenían algo muy importante, que sabían vestir. Vestían bien, resolvían sus problemas sociales y financieros con facilidad, tenían aspecto de gente fina, de gente noble. No una nobleza vulgar sino una nobleza espiritual.
- HGM: ¿Tenían sus escuelas?
- Niemen: Tenían sus escuelas.
- HGM: ¿Aparte de los ingleses?
- Niemen: (3:15) Tenían sus escuelas aparte de los ingleses y dos de los mejores profesores que había en la República Dominicana daban clases aquí. Eran franceses. [nombre del profesor ininteligible], le decían [ininteligible].
- HGM: ¿Eran franceses?
- Niemen: Netamente franceses.
- HGM: ¿Blancos?

- Niemen: Había uno que era de mi color y otro de su color.  
HGM: El color suyo, ¿cómo sería?, ¿cómo lo describes?  
Niemen: Bueno aquí le dicen «indio», pero eso es un color pasivo.  
HGM: ¿El mío sería?  
Niemen: Sería blanco.  
HGM: ¿Usted fue a esa escuela?  
Niemen: No, porque yo era muy pequeño y no tenía la capacidad para estar en esa escuela. Yo iba a la escuela dominicana.  
HGM: ¿Por qué?  
Niemen: Porque ya la escuela dominicana existía. Los franceses ponían sus hijos en las escuelas dominicanas, y los ingleses los mantenían en las suyas. Los ingleses tenían escuelas inglesas en donde quiera y amplias. Tenían profesores buenos y les daban clases de inglés a los dominicanos, querían enseñarles a los dominicanos a hablar en inglés.  
HGM: ¿Quiénes iban a la escuela de los profesores franceses?  
Niemen: Iban los dominicanos, los franceses, los ingleses porque era una escuela de clases.  
HGM: ¿Cobraban mucho?  
Niemen: No, diez cheles. Diez centavos semanales.  
HGM: ¿Eran dos escuelas separadas o una sola?  
Niemen: La escuela inglesa estaba separada de la francesa. Pero la francesa estaba unida con la martiniqueña. Porque eran iguales, pertenecían a la colonia francesa. Los ingleses eran súbditos de los ingleses.  
HGM: ¿Vivían en sitios distintos?  
Niemen: No, en el mismo sitio. Eran vecinos.  
HGM: ¿Por qué es que la abuela de su mamá se viene para la República Dominicana?  
Niemen: La abuela de mi mamá viene para acá porque ella oye decir de la República Dominicana que «los millones corren»; ella oye eso y viene a buscar millones. También que había mucho dinero donde quiera. Ella vino a eso, entonces, se quedó y aprendió el comercio de aquí.  
HGM: ¿Ella tenía familia aquí?  
Niemen: No, no tenía familia aquí.



HGM: ¿Una mujer sola?

Niemen: (3:50) Amigos y amigas era lo que ella tenía.

HGM: Pero, ¿ella vino sola?

Niemen: Vino junto con los guadalupeños y los martiniqueños que venían para acá, porque cuando los martiniqueños y los guadalupeños oyeron decir también de que aquí habían muchos millones de pesos, toditos querían venir para acá.

HGM: ¿Viajaban muchos guadalupeños y martiniqueños para acá?

Niemen: Sí, viajaban mucho.

HGM: El nombre de ella, ¿cuál era?

Niemen: A ella le decían Estefaní.

HGM: ¿Y el apellido?

Niemen: (10:12) Castell.

HGM: ¿A qué se dedicó ella?

Niemen: Ella se dedicó al comercio porque cuando se dio cuenta de que era una patraña, de que se encontraba dinero allí, entonces lo que hizo fue que se dedicó al comercio. Ella vendía zapatos, camisas, pañuelos, todo lo que fuera de vestir ella lo vendía. Iba a los campos con dos y tres bultos de ropa y los tiraba en el suelo, entonces comenzaba a llamar a la gente para que vinieran a comprar. Vivía de eso.

HGM: ¿En los bateyes se metía?

Niemen: Sí, en los bateyes y en todos los sitios.

HGM: ¿No peleaba con los árabes?

Niemen: No porque los árabes tenían un sistema distinto al de ella. Los árabes tenían un sistema menos complicado que el de ella. Porque los árabes, cuando necesitaban, por ejemplo, cierto traje, venían aquí y se lo pedían a la gente, a los dueños de comercio. Los dueños de comercio eran la familia de los Hazim, la familia de los Antún; esos eran los dueños del comercio. Entonces ella se lo pedía iba con los trajes a los campos, los tiraba en el suelo, y los vendía. Los vendía fácilmente.

HGM: ¿En qué se diferenciaba de los árabes? ¿Por qué el sistema de ella era más complicado?

Niemen: (3:79) Era más complicado porque en los campos lejanos de los ingenios, y a cada rato había un robo o un golpeo. Se formaban líos.

HGM: ¿A quién ella le compraba?

Niemen: Ella le compraba a los comercios dominicanos.

HGM: ¿O sea que los árabes se vinculaban entre ellos mismos?

Niemen: Sí, los árabes se vinculaban entre ellos mismos.

HGM: ¿Su mamá no tenía un equivalente francés o guadalupeño para comprarle?

Niemen: No, porque ella era pobre. Ella lo que hacía era que cogía fiado. El término «fiado» que decían es crédito y cogía a crédito muchísimos trajes, zapatos, todas esas cosas, e iba a los campos y los vendía. Se vendían algunos, ella regresaba con los otros y entonces la próxima semana ella volvía con lo que había dejado.

HGM: ¿En qué año llega ella?

Niemen: Ella llegó cuando ya la Invasión Americana estaba aquí.

HGM: ¿Después del dieciséis?

Niemen: Después del dieciséis.

HGM: (13:07) Su papá entonces llega ¿después del dieciséis?

Niemen: Después del dieciséis.

HGM: ¿Su papá llega a los treinta y pico de años?

Niemen: Treinta y cuatro años.

HGM: ¿Él nació en qué año? ¿Tiene idea?

Niemen: No tengo idea, pero él tenía más o menos como treinta y pico de años. El vino joven aquí y mi mamá también vino joven.

HGM: ¿Se casaron bien ligero?

Niemen: Se casaron porque ellos tenían amores desde allá de Guadalupe.

HGM: ¿En dónde vivían?

Niemen: Ellos tenían su casa.

HGM: ¿En qué parte?

Niemen: Ellos vivían en la calle «La Locomotora», así era que le decían. La calle donde ella vivía le decían «La Locomotora» porque por allí pasaba la locomotora.

HGM: ¿Eso es cerca de Miramar?

- Niemen: No, eso es lejos de Miramar. Eso es cerca de los ingenios. Por aquí comenzaba «La Locomotora». Ya eso desapareció, pero por aquí comenzaba.
- HGM: ¿De qué ingenio, Porvenir?
- Niemen: Ingenios Porvenir, Santa Fe y Consuelo, que eran los que quedaban cerca.
- HGM: ¿Usted se crió con muchos niños de Guadalupe también?
- Niemen: (14:14) Sí, yo me crié con niños de dominicanos, guadalupeños, ingleses. Porque eso era lo que había aquí. No habían niños españoles, y si lo habían era muy lejano, muy apartado de nosotros. Entonces nosotros nos vinculábamos con niños de Guadalupe, ingleses.
- HGM: ¿No había boricuas, niños puertorriqueños?
- Niemen: Sí, había niños puertorriqueños, los puertorriqueños hacían liga con los franceses y con los ingleses.
- HGM: ¿Por qué?
- Niemen: Porque ellos querían aprender inglés y los ingleses le daban clases a los puertorriqueños. Esos eran los que más les interesaba el inglés. Los dominicanos todavía no les interesaba el inglés, ahora es que les está interesando.
- HGM: El papá suyo y su mamá, ¿hablaban creole?
- Niemen: Sí, hablaban el francés, el creole francés.
- HGM: Entre la comunidad de Guadalupe y Martinica, ¿se hablaba creole?
- Niemen: (4:34) Se hablaba creole, ese era el que más se hablaba.
- HGM: ¿Usted aprendió un poco?
- Niemen: Yo aprendí un poco, pero después se me olvidó porque no lo hablaba con nadie. Si no hay un ejercicio constante se pierde.
- HGM: ¿Quiere decir que la comunidad de las Antillas francesas se integra bien rápido a la sociedad dominicana?
- Niemen: Sí.
- HGM: ¿Más rápido que la inglesa?

ESCUELA  
ESPAÑOLA - INGLESA

—•—•—•—•—  
CALLE LIBERTAD NUM. 21

—  
INVITACION

S. P. de Macorís, R. D., Sep. 22, 1917.

Señor:

Con motivo del aniversario de la ESCUELA ESPAÑOLA-INGLESA, de San Pedro de Macorís, R. D., que será celebrado por un Comité de Discípulos y Discípulas y con la asistencia honrosa de altos Empleados de Instrucción Pública de Macorís y Cuerpo Docente de la Escuela Normal, el Director de la referida Escuela Española-Inglesa, que suscribe, se permite invitar a Ud. para el festival que se efectuará el día 30 del corriente, comenzando a las 2 p. m., a la vez suplica a los interesados en el desarrollo de la educación inglesa en este país, su espontáneo contingente monetario para el mayor lucimiento de la cultural fiesta.

Con sumo reconocimiento por su atención y sincera humildad, queda a las órdenes de Ud.

El Director

*Prof. J. A. Knowles.*

- Niemen: Sí, la francesa se integra rápido porque los franceses miraban con simpatía a los dominicanos. Porque se parecían en el tratamiento que hacían. Mientras que los haitianos y los ingleses, los haitianos no miraban con simpatía a todos los dominicanos de ninguna forma exclusiva, sino que tenía que ser el inglés. El inglés miraba con simpatía al dominicano, y el inglés trataba de aprender el castellano para poder obtener empleo en distintos sitios.
- HGM: (4:55) ¿Y el de Curazao?
- Niemen: La gente de Curazao era poco vista. Ellos comenzaron a verse más en la actualidad, pero en esa época no se hablaba de Curazao.
- HGM: ¿No tenían escuela aparte?
- Niemen: Nada de eso. Más se hablaba de las Antillas inglesas, de Saint Kitts, de esas Antillas. Se hablaba más de esas que la de Curazao.
- HGM: ¿El papá suyo nunca trabajó en la caña?
- Niemen: No porque él no era picador, él era profesional, como zapatero profesional. Él nunca trabajó en nada de eso. Ganaba dinero; el dinero de esa época podrá parecer poco, pero él ganaba mucho.
- HGM: Entonces, ¿vivían bien?
- Niemen: Vivíamos bien. No en forma millonaria, pero vivíamos bien. No había una necesidad perentoria en la casa.
- HGM: ¿Él volvió a Guadalupe?
- Niemen: No, él nunca volvió más nunca a Guadalupe. Murió aquí.
- HGM: ¿Su mamá también?
- Niemen: Murió aquí también. No volvieron más nunca y mira que yo luché mucho para que volvieran. Porque resulta que allá en Guadalupe, el padrastro de ella –“padrastro” es un término que le dan a un hombre que vive con una mujer, que no son casados, pero después se casan– que se llama Mr. Nudá ¿? Le exigía a ella que se fuera para Guadalupe para que manejara los negocios que él tenía. Pero ella nunca quiso.
- HGM: ¿O sea que ellos allá tenían algunos negocios?
- Niemen: Él tenía bienes.

- HGM: ¿Qué tipo de bienes?, ¿tiene idea?
- Niemen: Comercio y cosas. La otra familia se quedó con todo eso, porque mi mamá nunca quiso irse.
- HGM: ¿En dónde en Guadalupe?, ¿en qué pueblo?
- Niemen: En Basse-Terre.
- HGM: ¿La capital?
- Niemen: La capital, sí. Esa es la capital, Basse-Terre.
- HGM: ¿Le escribía cartas?
- Niemen: Sí, él le escribió varias cartas exigiéndole a ella que dejara esto y que se fuera para allá. Que allá ella iba a vivir bien, que iba a tener facilidad de enviar cualquier día a Francia a su hijo, para que se hiciera un profesional. Pero ella nunca quiso ir.
- HGM: Y su papá, ¿se escribía con su familia de Guadalupe?
- Niemen: Sí, le escribía a la familia.
- HGM: ¿Él se vino solo?, ¿no vino con un hermano?
- Niemen: No, él vino solo.
- HGM: ¿No se trajo a nadie nunca?
- Niemen: No, aquí no se trajo nadie. Vino solo.
- HGM: (5:00) Esta Asociación de Guadalupeños, ¿qué actividades hacían?
- Niemen: Era una actividad mutualista. Ellos eran mutualistas como los ingleses, porque los ingleses fueron los que más sociedades mutualistas hicieron en la República Dominicana. Por eso surge [ininteligible]. [Ininteligible] estuvo aquí muchísimo tiempo dándole cátedra a los ingleses, sobre la formación cultural.
- HGM: (5:16) ¿De qué religión eran los de Guadalupe?
- Niemen: Católicos.
- HGM: ¿Todos?
- Niemen: Toditos eran católicos. Esa gente eran católicos por convicción, convencidos de que ellos eran católicos. Ellos no les gustaban otra religión.
- HGM: ¿Tenían su propia iglesia o iban a la del pueblo?
- Niemen: No porque ellos iban a la Iglesia católica del pueblo.
- HGM: ¿No eran mal vistos por los dominicanos de primera?

- Niemen: No, al contrario, los dominicanos los ayudaban porque ellos pertenecían a una religión que pertenecía también a la clase rica de la República.
- HGM: ¿En qué año nació?
- Niemen: Yo nací en el 1916.
- HGM: ¿El año en que empieza la Ocupación?
- Niemen: La Ocupación, sí [se ríe].
- HGM: Entonces, cuando los americanos se van usted tiene como ocho años.
- Niemen: Ocho años.
- HGM: ¿Tuvo hermanos?
- Niemen: Hermanos naturales no, hermanos de reconocimiento. Yo tengo un hermano de reconocimiento que está en Guadalupe, que es jefe de una orquesta francesa que hay en Guadalupe; él es quién los dirige.
- HGM: ¿Cómo él volvió a Guadalupe?
- Niemen: Porque él siempre ha vivido en Guadalupe. Vivió aquí, pero cogió y se fue a Guadalupe estando jovencito y se quedó. Ha ido muchas veces a Francia, a cada rato se va a Francia.
- HGM: ¿Cómo se llama?
- Niemen: Paul Emile, se me olvidó el apellido, pero se le puede poner Niemen.
- HGM: (5:50) ¿A qué edad se fue?
- Niemen: Jovencito.
- HGM: ¿Veinte años?
- Niemen: Menos de veinte años.
- HGM: ¿Tiene idea por qué se fue?
- Niemen: Porque él estaba aquí y después cuando fue allá aprendió a ser músico y muchísimas otras cosas; y ahí se quedó.
- HGM: ¿No le dio ganas de irse?
- Niemen: Sí, yo le decía a mi mamá que nos fuéramos, pero mi mamá no quería.
- HGM: ¿Por qué ella no quería?
- Niemen: Porque le gustaba mucho la República Dominicana. Era una dominicana por convicción.
- HGM: ¿Sus padres siempre vivieron juntos?

- Niemen: No, después se separaron. Mi papá se separó y se fue para la capital.
- HGM: ¿Qué usted tenía cuando él se fue a la capital?
- Niemen: Estaba nuevo, totalmente jovencito. Tenía más o menos la edad de algunos diez o doce años.
- HGM: ¿Lo volvió a ver?
- Niemen: Sí porque él venía a verme y nosotros íbamos a la capital a hablar con él.
- HGM: Entonces, ¿de qué vivía su mamá?
- Niemen: Mi mamá era costurera y pertenecía a la Asociación de Costureras de la República Dominicana.
- HGM: ¿Qué es eso?
- Niemen: La Asociación de Costureras actuaba como un gremio, pero no era un gremio, sino una asociación.
- HGM: ¿Eran todas de Guadalupe?
- Niemen: No, dominicanas toditas. La mayoría eran dominicanas y había algunos que eran ingleses, otros que eran franceses, había hasta chinos.
- HGM: ¿Mujeres todas?
- Niemen: No, los chinos eran machos.
- HGM: ¿A quién le cosía su mamá?
- Niemen: Mi mamá le cosía a una de las fábricas que más vendía, pero no me acuerdo como se llamaba ahora. Ella le vendía por docenas.
- HGM: ¿Qué le vendía?, ¿trajes?
- Niemen: Pantalones y camisas.
- HGM: ¿En qué tela cosía ella?
- Niemen: Telas que venían de afuera.
- HGM: ¿De lana?
- Niemen: De lana, algodón.
- HGM: ¿También trajes de mujeres?
- Niemen: También trajes de mujeres.
- HGM: ¿De dónde venía el cuero que su papá usaba para los zapatos?
- Niemen: Los fabricantes traían eso de afuera.
- HGM: ¿De Estados Unidos?
- Niemen: Sí, de los Estados Unidos era de donde lo traían.



- HGM: Entonces, ¿su mamá era miembro de la Asociación de Costureras?  
Niemen: Sí, miembro de la Asociación de Costureras que hacían muchas costuras y muchas camisas.
- HGM: Su hermano Paul Emile, ¿era mayor o menor?  
Niemen: Yo creo que yo soy mayor que él.
- HGM: ¿Vivía con ustedes?  
Niemen: Cuando estaba aquí, vivía con nosotros. Él se fue estando con nosotros.
- HGM: ¿Solamente eran dos hermanos?  
Niemen: Dos hermanos. Él no era hermano natural mío.
- HGM: ¿De crianza?  
Niemen: De crianza.
- HGM: ¿No era ni de su mamá, ni de su papá?  
Niemen: Ni de mi mamá, ni de mi papá.
- HGM: ¿De quién era?  
Niemen: Él tenía su mamá aquí. La mamá vivía con nosotros porque la mamá era loca con mi mamá. La mamá decía que mi mamá era su mamá.
- HGM: ¿Era bien jovencita?  
Niemen: Sí, bien jovencita.
- HGM: ¿Tenían servicio en la casa?  
Niemen: ¿Servicio de gente?  
HGM: Sí, servicio de gente que ayudara con la limpieza.  
Niemen: Ella era la que hacía toda limpieza.
- HGM: ¿Quién más vivía en la casa?  
Niemen: Vivían los machos, el mismo Paul Emile, yo. No vivía mucha gente.
- HGM: ¿Su mamá?  
Niemen: Mi mamá, Paul Emile y la mamá de él.
- HGM: ¿Sus abuelas?  
Niemen: No, mi abuela vivía sola.
- HGM: ¿Vivía sola?  
Niemen: Sí, en su casa.
- HGM: ¿Cerca?  
Niemen: Sí, cerca. Pero a ella le gustaba vivir sola.
- HGM: ¿Siempre vivió sola?

- Niemen: Sí, es de esa gente «arregazá», que le gusta vivir sola; que no le gusta que nadie se meta en sus asuntos.
- HGM: ¿Los vecinos suyos eran cocolos ingleses o guadalupeños?
- Niemen: Los vecinos míos eran dominicanos, guadalupeños, ingleses, franceses, hasta chinos habían por ahí; y árabes, todas esas cosas.
- HGM: (29:08) ¿Usted va a la escuela dominicana?
- Niemen: Yo fui a la escuela dominicana y estudié en la escuela dominicana.
- HGM: ¿En qué año entra en la escuela?
- Niemen: Estaba jovencito, tenía más o menos como seis años porque mi mamá me puso temprano aquí en la escuela.
- HGM: ¿Para el veintidós?
- Niemen: Para el veintidós entro en la escuela.
- HGM: Antes de eso, ¿alguna vez se había enfermado?
- Niemen: No enfermo de gravedad, pero sí uno se enfermaba.
- HGM: ¿Quién lo trataba?
- Niemen: Los médicos que existían y que estaban por ahí cerca, que tenían sus consultorios tales como el Dr. Albert y el Dr. Corralín, que tenía su consultorio cerca.
- HGM: (6:84) ¿Cómo se llamaba la escuela a la que fue?

*Entrevista con Juan Niemen, Entrevista 1*

*Fecha de la Entrevista: 5 diciembre de 1997; San Pedro de Macorís, República Dominicana*

*Entrevistador: Humberto García Muñiz*

*Transcriptores: Zoely M. Santiago Rodríguez, Humberto García Muñiz*

*Idioma(s): español*

*Begin Tape 1, Side 2*

- HGM: Me decían que no tenía pupitres.
- Niemen: Sí, era de esas escuelas que no tenían pupitres. Tenía sillitas pequeñas en donde cada alumno tenía que llevar su silla.
- HGM: ¿Cada alumno llevaba su silla?
- Niemen: Sí, o la cogía prestada. Si usted no tenía su sillita, se sentaba en el suelo. Porque eran rígidos los maestros ingleses.

- HGM: ¿Usted fue a una escuela inglesa?
- Niemen: No, una escuela dominicana pero que daban inglés también. Daban el inglés y el castellano.
- HGM: Pero, ¿había un maestro inglés?
- Niemen: Había una maestra inglés, Miss Sookie ¿?
- HGM: ¿Cómo era ella?
- Niemen: Era una mujer grande, inteligentísima y era más o menos de su color. Pero era muy buena maestra.
- HGM: ¿Era de alguna isla?
- Niemen: Ella era de Santo Tomás.
- HGM: ¿Santo Tomás?, ¿danesa?
- Niemen: Danesa.
- HGM: ¿Trabajaba para el gobierno dominicano dando clases?
- Niemen: No, porque esas escuelas eran particulares.
- HGM: (6:98) ¿De quién era la escuela?
- Niemen: La escuela era de un maestro, de Mr. Beer.
- HGM: ¿El cónsul inglés?
- Niemen: Sí.
- HGM: ¿El ministro de la Iglesia?
- Niemen: Él tenía muchísimas escuelas.
- HGM: ¿Cómo?
- Niemen: Escuelitas de esas que él dirigía.
- HGM: ¿Tenía muchas en distintos sitios?
- Niemen: No, en los distintos sitios no, en distintas poblaciones, por ejemplo aquí sí tenía. Pero aquí tenía casi una universidad, el Colegio, que no me acuerdo el nombre, pero dirigía ese colegio.
- HGM: ¿Tenía esa escuela por «La Locomotora»? ¿dónde más tenía escuelas?
- Niemen: Tenía como dos o tres escuelas en los distintos sitios.
- HGM: Pero ¿eran escuelas de la Iglesia episcopal?
- Niemen: Escuelas particulares, que él tenía que ver con eso, y tenía que ver con la enseñanza, con las particularidades de ellos y el provecho de cada uno de esas escuelas.
- HGM: ¿Aprendió inglés ahí?

- Niemen: Sí, aprendí inglés porque ellos daban clases de inglés y castellano a todos los alumnos. Era obligatorio asistir a esas clases de inglés y castellano.
- HGM: ¿Daban también religión?
- Niemen: Daban religión también.
- HGM: ¿Qué tipo de religión?
- Niemen: Daban religión católica y, a veces, religión católica inglesa.
- HGM: ¿Anglicana?
- Niemen: Anglicana.
- HGM: ¿Quién era su mejor amigo a esa edad?
- Niemen: A esa edad mi mejor amigo se llamaba Manuel Ortiz, que era estudiante junto conmigo y era deportista. Nosotros nos gustaban los deportes. Ese era uno de mis mejores amigos.
- HGM: ¿Quién era el papá de Manuel Ortiz?
- Niemen: El papá de Manuel Ortiz se llamaba Manuel también, Manuel Ortiz. El papá era puertorriqueño.
- HGM: ¿En qué trabajaba?
- Niemen: Era azucarero, uno de los azucareros que tenía de los ingenios.
- HGM: ¿Qué ingenio era?
- Niemen: El era azucarero del ingenio Porvenir.
- HGM: ¿Con los Kelly?
- Niemen: Con los Kelly.
- HGM: (7:30) ¿Iba con ellos?
- Niemen: Sí, a comer caña. Íbamos un grupo a comer caña.
- HGM: Aparte de Manuel, ¿quién más era su amigo?
- Niemen: Tenía muchísimos.
- HGM: ¿Eran amigos cocolos?
- Niemen: Sí, porque esa gente tenía la particularidad de que hacían mucho yaniqueque, que esa era una de las comidas favoritas de los ingleses. Hacían [ininteligible] de cangrejo y nos daban de todo eso a nosotros. Y nosotros estábamos detrás de ellos precisamente por eso, porque comíamos de todo eso.
- HGM: El mejor amigo suyo cocolo, ¿quién era?
- Niemen: El mejor amigo cocolo era Alfonso Dalton, un chofer.
- HGM: ¿Pero ese fue amigo suyo tarde?, ¿no en la escuela?
- Niemen: No, eso fue después.

- HGM: ¿Cuándo lo conoció?
- Niemen: Lo conocí en un baile.
- HGM: ¿Había mucho baile aquí?
- Niemen: Sí, a cada rato se hacían bailes.
- HGM: (7:44) ¿Baile cocolo?
- Niemen: No, baile tanto cocolo como dominicano, francés. Ellos cogían y se reunían y hacían un baile.
- HGM: ¿Qué edad tenía usted cuando lo conoció?
- Niemen: ¿A Alfonso Dalton?
- HGM: Sí.
- Niemen: Tenía más o menos como diez años.
- HGM: ¿Y usted tenía?
- Niemen: Yo era más viejo que él.
- HGM: ¿Ya él era chofer?
- Niemen: No, con el tiempo fue que aprendió a ser chofer y manejaba el carro de su hermano.
- HGM: ¿De un hermano?
- Niemen: Sí, un hermano.
- HGM: Entonces, ¿conoció a Beer?
- Niemen: ¿Al cónsul Beer?
- HGM: Sí.
- Niemen: Sí, como no.
- HGM: ¿Cómo era él como persona?
- Niemen: El era un individuo inteligente, pero era rabioso y tenía cierta particularidad que era que sacaba a cualquiera de la escuela: «vaya, váyase de aquí».
- HGM: ¿Hablaba español?
- Niemen: Hablaba el español.
- HGM: ¿Lo querían mucho?
- Niemen: El tenía su grupo que lo quería y tenía un grupo que no lo quería. Pero a él lo querían mucho, sí. Lo que sucede es que eso se dividía porque él era medio rabioso, peleaba mucho.
- HGM: ¿Por qué rabiaba?
- Niemen: Rabiaba por cualquier cosa. Por ejemplo, él llegaba y veía un asiento mal puesto rabiaba ya. No decía: «arreglen eso y ya», no, comenzaba a rabiarse.

- HGM: ¿Quién no lo quería a él?, ¿por qué no lo quería un grupo?  
Niemen: No, porque eso eran disparates, ya que nunca lo sacaron de aquí.
- HGM: ¿Nunca lo sacaron?  
Niemen: No, después de aquí ya estaba enfermo y era viejo. Cuando él se fue de aquí ya era un hombre como de sesenta o setenta años.
- HGM: ¿Qué edad usted tenía cuando él se fue?  
Niemen: Cuando se fue yo no percibí bien eso porque yo estaba entre medio de la década del sesenta.
- HGM: Entonces fue tarde.  
Niemen: Sí, porque no fue hace mucho que él se fue de aquí.
- HGM: O sea que él prácticamente estuvo durante todo el Trujillato aquí.  
Niemen: Durante todo el Trujillato estuvo aquí. No era enemigo de Trujillo, pero no era político.
- HGM: ¿No era político?  
Niemen: No, él no era político. Él estuvo aquí y vio los extremos de la dictadura.
- HGM: ¿Usted diría que era racista?  
Niemen: Sí, él era racista.
- HGM: ¿Por qué diría que lo era?  
Niemen: Por su forma de ser. Era pesado con la forma de vida que llevaba con los ingleses de color.
- HGM: (7:94) ¿Qué les hacía?  
Niemen: No les hacía nada malo, pero era indiferente a sus quejas.  
HGM: ¿De qué se quejaban?  
Niemen: Se quejaban, por ejemplo, de los bajos salarios que recibían, no solamente del ingenio, sino de las instituciones que él manejaba.
- HGM: Aparte de las escuelas, ¿qué él manejaba?  
Niemen: El tenía la Iglesia, que era una entrada fija, las sucursales que él tenía por ejemplo en Colón, Angelina, Consuelo, y todo eso producía una cantidad enorme de dinero de la cual la gente no recibía nada de eso; sino era él el que manejaba eso.
- HGM: Usted llegó a conocer o escuchó de hablar a Van Putten.

- Niemen: Van Putten trabajó mucho tiempo con él. Van Putten era músico y era cojo de un pie porque parece que recibió una herida en el pie izquierdo o derecho, no recuerdo muy bien. Era un músico colosal; era de la Iglesia de Beer.
- HGM: ¿Qué instrumentos tocaba él?
- Niemen: Él dirigía la banda y tocaba todos los instrumentos.
- HGM: ¿De dónde él era?
- Niemen: No era dominicano.
- HGM: (8:20) ¿De Curazao?
- Niemen: Era de las Antillas, de un país de las Antillas que no me acuerdo de dónde es, pero él más o menos era de Curazao, de un sitio así.
- HGM: ¿Era inglés no era?
- Niemen: Sí, era inglés porque hablaba inglés.
- HGM: ¿Hablaba inglés?
- Niemen: Sí.
- HGM: ¿Y el español?
- Niemen: Hablaba inglés y español.
- HGM: ¿Cómo qué edad tenía, más o menos, la última vez que lo vio?
- Niemen: (8:26) La última vez que yo lo vi, yo estaba todavía joven. Él tenía, vamos a poner, como sesenta o setenta años.
- HGM: ¿Qué edad usted tenía?
- Niemen: Yo tenía, más o menos, como 20 o 25 años.
- HGM: ¿Dónde lo vio?, ¿aquí en San Pedro?
- Niemen: Sí, en San Pedro.
- HGM: Lo que pasa es que Van Putten es el fundador del movimiento Garvey aquí.
- Niemen: Él es el fundador del movimiento Garvey aquí.
- HGM: A él lo deportan.
- Niemen: ¿A Van Putten lo deportaron?
- HGM: Entonces volvió para Puerto Plata como para el veinticuatro o veinticinco.
- Niemen: Sí.
- HGM: Aparentemente vuelve a San Pedro de Macorís...
- Niemen: Sí, a él lo deportaron. Yo creo que tengo algo escrito sobre eso por ahí porque él fue el organizador del movimien-

to Garvey. Ese movimiento tenía su local, yo iba al movimiento muchas veces a ver las reuniones que ellos hacían. Ellos se reunían en el Black Star Line, la Línea Negra. Cuando Marcus Garvey vino aquí fundó el Black Star Line. Eso tomó camino.

HGM: ¿Qué quiere decir que «tomó camino»?

Niemen: Que progresó. Por eso es que yo pensaba que el periódico no había publicado esto porque yo soy el que lo escribió. Se titula «La Línea Negra de Marcus Garvey».

HGM: ¿En qué periódico?

Niemen: Yo lo mandé para *Hoy*, pero hoy todavía no lo han publicado.

HGM: ¿En estos días?

Niemen: En estos días. No sé si en el periódico de hoy salió.

HGM: Yo lo compré pero no lo he leído todavía. ¿Usted escribió algo sobre Garvey?

Niemen: Sobre Garvey.

HGM: Que coincidencia.

Niemen: Se titula «La Línea Negra de Marcus Garvey». Él quería formar dos continentes, el continente negro y el continente blanco.

HGM: Me dice que usted fue a las reuniones en el Black Star Line, ¿de qué hablaban?

Niemen: Siempre comenzaban hablando de las organizaciones que sufrían por el hecho de que había un grupo que no quería saber de la raza negra y había otro grupo que quería saber de la raza negra. Entonces, se hablaba de eso y me recuerdo que un día vino Garvey e hizo un discurso soberbio, apretado, sobre la discriminación racial. Era inteligentísimo Marcus Garvey.

HGM: Pero Marcus Garvey nunca estuvo aquí.

Niemen: Una vez.

HGM: No, nunca.

Niemen: Nunca vino. Él quería venir pero nunca vino; él estuvo en los Estados Unidos.

HGM: Él envió un representante, de Bourg.

Niemen: Sí, de Bourg.



- HGM: ¿Estaba cuando vino de Bourg?
- Niemen: Cuando de Bourg estuvo, yo no asistía a las reuniones porque estaba metido en los deportes. Pero oí hablar de él.
- HGM: ¿Había muchos dominicanos en las reuniones?
- Niemen: Sí, los dominicanos iban y principalmente los muellersos.
- HGM: ¿Los muellersos?
- Niemen: Sí, los muellersos iban mucho a todas esas reuniones porque los muellersos era un grupo de trabajadores que sufrían y desde que veían que había reuniones que hablaban de los bajos salarios que ganaban, pues iban muchos. Ellos querían que subieran los salarios.
- HGM: ¿Quién era el líder del Black Star Line?
- Niemen: (9:77) El líder del Black Star Line era un señor que no me acuerdo el nombre.
- HGM: Si usted cierra los ojos y hace memoria, ¿qué recuerda de las reuniones?
- Niemen: Estoy viendo el grupo de gente, mucha gente, que están ahí. Están observando lo que hablan.
- HGM: ¿Quién está hablando?
- Niemen: Está hablando este hombre que había gente que decía que era un loco.
- HGM: ¿Un ministro?
- Niemen: Sí, era un ministro. Pero habían algunos que decían que Marcus Garvey era un loco: «ese hombre está loco».
- HGM: ¿Usted cree que era verdad?
- Niemen: No, yo no creía que estaba loco. Lo que creía era que tenía unas ideas progresistas.
- HGM: ¿Habían muchas mujeres en las reuniones?
- Niemen: Sí, había muchas mujeres.
- HGM: ¿Dominicanas?
- Niemen: Dominicanas e inglesas.
- HGM: (10:07) ¿En qué idioma hablaban?, ¿inglés o español?
- Niemen: Hablaban en español y en inglés. Inclusive, yo hablé un día.
- HGM: ¿Usted habló?
- Niemen: Sí.
- HGM: ¿Qué edad tenía cuando usted habló?

- Niemen: Cuando yo hablé ahí yo tenía, más o menos, era una reunión en dónde precisamente se estaban enfocando lo que queríamos hablar con ellos; que se hiciera un continente negro y un continente blanco, eso era lo que querían. Entonces yo hablé ese día porque me obligaron. En un turno ahí. Pero yo no hablé de eso, yo de lo que hablé fue de la importancia de la reunión y de la importancia de las sociedades que existían, las sociedades mutualistas que existían, y darle importancia a la Black Star Line. Y hablé ahí ese día.
- HGM: ¿Qué edad tenía?
- Niemen: Yo tenía, más o menos, como veinte años.
- HGM: ¿Eso fue en el treinta y seis?
- Niemen: Sí, más o menos.
- HGM: ¿Se reunían todavía en el Black Star Line?
- Niemen: Se reunían en el Black Star Line y venían delegados de diferentes sitios a reunirse ahí. De Santo Tomás, Saint Kitts, Barbuda, Barbados y San Martín. Venían muchísimos delegados y formaban parte de las reuniones. Yo hablé más porque hubo un delegado de Barbados que me obligó y me dijo que me quería oír hablar y yo tuve que hablar. Me metieron en un lío.
- HGM: ¿Por qué?
- Niemen: Porque Marcus tenía gente que lo quería y también tenía gente que lo odiaba. Los que lo odiaban, odiaban a sus seguidores.
- HGM: ¿Usted era seguidor de Marcus?
- Niemen: Yo no era un seguidor, lo que pasó fue que hablé, entonces eso les molestó a ellos.
- HGM: Pero el hecho de que estuviera allí significa que usted sentía cierta simpatía.
- Niemen: No, yo tenía simpatía por él, por lo que quería hacer. Pero yo veía lo difícil que era y me preguntaba cómo era posible crear un continente negro y continente blanco, ¿cómo va a ser eso? Me atraía la fuerza positiva de lo que él quería hacer.
- HGM: La mayoría de los dominicanos, ¿cómo lo veían a él?
- Niemen:(10:62) Muchos de los dominicanos decían que Garvey era un loco. Otros decían que no, que lo que él trataba de hacer estaba

bien, que era una persona formidable, lo que necesitaba era mucho dinero y que él no lo podía hacer. Pero que eso que quería hacer era importante, pero que no podía hacerlo por la falta de dinero. Muchos lo alababan y otros le gritaban que era un loco.

HGM: Lo que pasa es que yo veo la sociedad dominicana como racista, en cierta medida, y hay mucho mulato aquí que no se considera negro, ¿no?

Niemen: Sí, hay muchos mulatos aquí que dicen que son blancos.

HGM: ¿Cómo caía eso?

Niemen: Eso caía enredado y, es lo que tú dices, la sociedad dominicana es como racista. Tiene su racismo, eso es verdad.

HGM: ¿Cómo se expresaba el racismo dominicano en esos años?

Niemen: ¿En qué sentido?

HGM: En términos de instituciones, la vida diaria.

Niemen: El hecho de que la sociedad fuera racista no triunfó porque había menos racistas que los que no eran racistas. El racismo era mayor que los racistas, entonces eso no pudo triunfar. Hubo mucho pleito y mucho discurso y muchas contradicciones, pero el racismo no pudo triunfar.

HGM: ¿Usted fue con alguna frecuencia a las reuniones de la Black Star Line?

Niemen: Me gustaba ir a eso.

HGM: ¿Cuántas veces en semana se reunían?

Niemen: Ellos se reunían dos veces a la semana.

HGM: A los veinte años, ¿a qué usted se dedicaba?

Niemen: Trabajaba aquí en un periódico, el *Diario de Macorís*.

HGM: ¿Ese fue su primer trabajo?

Niemen: No, ese no fue mi primer trabajo. Fue mi segundo.

HGM: ¿Cuál fue su primer trabajo?

Niemen: Llevaba un libro de proyectos, ventas y rentas, tanto locales como nacionales.

HGM: ¿Cuál era el trabajo?

Niemen: Por ejemplo, se vendió una pimienta o piña, ¿qué cosa se vendió?

HGM: ¿Para quién trabajaba?

- Niemen: Trabajaba con un encargado que se llamaba Juan Ortiz. Después de eso dejé eso y me fui para la capital a vivir.
- HGM: ¿A qué edad?
- Niemen: Todavía estaba joven.
- HGM: ¿Se fue con su papá?
- Niemen: Me fui a vivir con mi papá pero no pude estar mucho tiempo con él, peleamos. Porque él era rabioso y, yo no digo que yo era rabioso, pero que ya era peligroso se pusiera de esa forma con uno. Entonces yo lo dejé y volví a Macorís.
- HGM: (11:45) ¿Trabajó con el periódico?
- Niemen: Allá en la capital, trabajé porque resulta que yo entonces fui a la Universidad y tuve que practicar el periodismo.
- HGM: ¿En la Universidad?
- Niemen: En la Universidad.
- HGM: ¿Estudió periodismo?
- Niemen: Sí, pero no lo terminé.
- HGM: ¿Usted leía mucho?
- Niemen: Sí, usted vaya allá para que usted vea cómo están los libros.
- HGM: Hay dos anaqueles llenos de libros, fácilmente 150 libros. ¿Alguna vez leyó algo de Garvey?
- Niemen: Yo leí un folletito que hablaba de Garvey. Ese folletito me lo dedicaron a mí, dedicado a Juan Niemen: «Conocimiento acerca del Profesor Garvey».
- HGM: ¿Quién se lo dedicó?
- Niemen: Me lo dedicó uno de los muchachos que estaban metidos en la Sociedad Garvey.
- HGM: ¿Cómo consiguió el trabajo en el *Diario de Macorís*?
- Niemen: Cuando yo estuve con mi mamá en Macorís, quien era el director del Diario era el señor Dato Pagán; que es bien amigo mío. Cuando Dato Pagán lo hicieron director del *Diario de Macorís*, inmediatamente me mandó a buscar: «yo quiero que tú seas el reportero de la redacción del *Diario de Macorís*».
- HGM: ¿Quién era el dueño del periódico?
- Niemen: El dueño del periódico era Horacio Febles.
- HGM: ¿Quién era él?

Niemen: Él era político, un individuo muy amigo de Trujillo.

HGM: ¿Tenía capital?

Niemen: (12:30) No, no tenía capital pero recibía dinero y él entonces tenía su periódico que era lo que salía a diario; se llamaba el *Diario de Macorís*.

*Entrevista con Juan Niemen, Entrevista 1*

*Fecha de la Entrevista: 5 diciembre de 1997; San Pedro de Macorís, República Dominicana*

*Entrevistador: Humberto García Muñiz*

*Transcriptores: Zoely M. Santiago Rodríguez, Humberto García Muñiz*

*Idioma(s): español*

*Begin Tape 2, Side 1*

HGM: Me decías que Dato es de San Pedro.

Niemen: Sí, Dato nació aquí en San Pedro.

HGM: ¿Desde qué edad son amigos?

Niemen: Nosotros estuvimos juntos en la escuela normal, jovencitos los dos. Dato era muy inteligente.

HGM: ¿Tiene veinte años cuando está trabajando en el periódico?

Niemen: Sí, veinte años.

HGM: ¿Es a la misma vez que está yendo a las reuniones de Garvey?

Niemen: Sí, de Garvey.

HGM: Alguna vez, ¿escribió algo sobre las reuniones de Garvey en el periódico?

Niemen: Sí, por eso quería enseñarle eso porque eso es de esa época; como yo vi a Garvey y cuáles eran sus pretensiones. Hablo de la sociedad racista. Era un artículo bastante bueno, no sé porque no lo quisieron publicar.

HGM: ¿En el periódico *Hoy*?

Niemen: Sí.

HGM: Yo le pregunto a Ángela Peña, que ella escribe ahí.

Niemen: Se titula La Línea Negra de Garvey

HGM: ¿Cuál fue su primera actividad política?

Niemen: Mi primera actividad política fue con Mauricio Báez.

HGM: ¿En qué año?

- Niemen: Cuando eso Mauricio vino de San Cristóbal y yo lo conocí en el parque. Yo estaba leyendo un periódico y él fue a donde mí y me dice: «mira joven, ¿ese periódico es *La Opinión*?» Yo digo: «Sí, *La Opinión*». Me dice: «Ahí hay un artículo mío». Lo busqué y él hablaba de los muellersos. Añade: «Estamos a las órdenes». Ahí nos veíamos todos los días en el parque. Yo pasaba por ahí y lo veía a él.
- HGM: ¿Él no es de San Pedro?
- Niemen: No, es de San Cristóbal, nació ahí. Entonces vino de San Cristóbal para acá. El que lo hizo venir para acá fue el primo de él. El primo vino primero que él y hizo un periódico que se llama *El Combate* de Antonio Báez. Entonces, el primo, se hizo muy amigo mío y me dijo: «yo quiero que tú escribas en *El Combate*» y yo escribí en *El Combate*.
- HGM: ¿Escribía en el *Diario de Macorís* y en *El Combate*?
- Niemen: (00:32) Sí, al mismo tiempo. Entonces, cuando el primo vino aquí, le envió una carta diciéndole a Mauricio que viniera para acá que eso es un campo ahí y él vino para acá.
- HGM: ¿Mauricio Báez no tiene sangre cocola por ningún lado?
- Niemen: No, él es dominicano neto.
- HGM: ¿Nunca trabajó en los ingenios?
- Niemen: Sí, pero no como picador de caña, ni nada de eso, sino como dependiente de bodega.
- HGM: ¿Dependiente de bodega?
- Niemen: Sí, de la bodega que tienen los ingenios porque los ingenios hacían las bodegas para que les fuera más fácil la venta y mayor entrada.
- HGM: ¿En qué ingenio trabajó?
- Niemen: Él trabajó como bodeguero en el ingenio Cristóbal Colón.
- HGM: ¿Con los Vicini?
- Niemen: Con los Vicini.
- HGM: ¿Cuándo llegó aquí?
- Niemen: Cuando llegó aquí de San Cristóbal.
- HGM: Jovencito.
- Niemen: Sí, era joven.
- HGM: ¿A la misma vez escribía?

- Niemen: Sí, él escribía en *El Combate*. Después tuvo un pleito con el primo porque él no le gustaba la forma de redacción que hacía el primo. Le decía: «tú tienes que cambiar esa forma de escribir que tú tienes». El primo le dijo: «bueno pues usted se va del periódico». Entonces, él se fue del periódico y formó *El Federado*.
- HGM: Volviendo para atrás, mientras usted va para los mítines de los de Garvey, que siente simpatía por ellos, ¿usted no se considera miembro del movimiento Garvey?
- Niemen: No, porque yo nunca fui miembro del movimiento, yo me simpatizaba con el movimiento e iba a las reuniones que ellos hacían en el Black Star Line.
- HGM: ¿Iba las dos veces en la semana?
- Niemen: Era posible que nada más fuera una vez o dos veces, cuando pudiera, pero iba.
- HGM: ¿Por qué iba tanto?
- Niemen: Porque me gustaba, me simpatizaba con lo que se hablaba de Garvey. Yo lo veía bien. Era apretado lo que él decía, lo que decía a su gente, lo decían con cierta responsabilidad que uno mismo lo veía bien. Era responsable esa gente.
- HGM: ¿Leyó el periódico de Garvey?
- Niemen: No, porque aquí nada más llegó una vez y después no lo vi más.
- HGM: La gente que usted conocía, ¿no le estaba mal que usted fuera tanto ahí?
- Niemen: Hubo una discrepancia porque se comentó que yo era garveyista porque siempre estaba ahí. Pero eso no me importó un comino; me importó poco. Lo que pasa es que yo respeto las decisiones de los otros. Para evitar problemas, tuve que dejar de ir.
- HGM: (00:72) ¿Quién le dijo algo?
- Niemen: La gente, los muchachos y algunos de los hombres que cobardemente hablaban de Garvey. Decían que Garvey era un loco.
- HGM: En el *Diario de Macorís*, ¿nunca le dijeron nada?
- Niemen: No.
- HGM: ¿Dato nunca le dijo nada?

- Niemen: Al contrario, Dato sintonizaba eso porque Dato era un revolucionario auténtico y simbolizaba eso. A Dato lo sacaron del periódico.
- HGM: ¿Dato simpatizaba con Garvey?
- Niemen: Dato simpatizaba con todo el movimiento revolucionario dominicano, con todo el movimiento revolucionario internacional, ahí estaba Garvey también metido. Lo sacaron del periódico por eso. Estando como director del periódico lo sacaron.
- HGM: ¿Él iba a las reuniones?
- Niemen: Iba a veces a las reuniones a ver y a escribir. Estando como Director del periódico, lo sacó Horacio Febles, el dueño. Tuvo que sacarlo, le cogió miedo. Lo sacó a él pero a mí no porque era el editorialista y cada vez que Dato le daba mis editoriales eran a fuego de verdad, era candela. Entonces, a mí no me sacaron pero a Dato sí. Pero, entonces, Dato se enfuñaba conmigo. A veces, provocaba hilaridad lo que decía la gente de Garvey. Otras veces provocaba desorden porque aquí hay mucho simpatizante de Garvey, todavía, aquí en Macorís. No recuerdo quién me estuvo hablando de eso los otros días, pero aquí hay simpatizantes de Garvey.
- HGM: (1:00) ¿Qué otros amigos suyos iban a las reuniones?
- Niemen: Particularmente, no vi a nadie que fuera porque la gente le tenía mucho miedo a Trujillo y eran esas épocas.
- HGM: ¿Alguna vez Dato fue con usted a las reuniones?
- Niemen: No, nunca fue conmigo.
- HGM: ¿Usted iba solo?
- Niemen: Yo iba solo porque me gustaba la sociedad esa, simpatizaba con la sociedad y con la cantidad de gente que iba.
- HGM: ¿Iba mucha gente?
- Niemen: Muchas mujeres, muchos hombres.
- HGM: ¿Cincuenta?
- Niemen: ¿Cincuenta? no, ahí iban doscientos y trescientos.
- HGM: ¿A todas las reuniones?
- Niemen: No, en todas las reuniones no. Ellos hacían, a veces, festivos, festival Garvey le llamaban: Marcus Garvey y sus



festivales. Entonces, en ese Festival iba muchísima gente porque ahí se bailaba, se bebía, se recitaba, se escuchaban discursos y eso iba bien.

HGM: Que usted sepa, Mauricio, ¿fue alguna vez?

Niemen: Mauricio simpatizaba con Garvey.

HGM: Pero, ¿fue?

Niemen: No, conmigo no fue. Pero yo sé que él fue dos o tres veces; él iba a las fiestas, a los bailes y a las recitaciones que se hacían. Se hablaba de esto y esto.

HGM: ¿Leyó sobre Garvey?

Niemen: Sí, él habló de Garvey.

HGM: Lo que Garvey había escrito, ¿lo leyó?, ¿tiene idea?

Niemen: ¿Lo que Garvey escribió en el periódico?

HGM: No, Garvey tenía un libro.

Niemen: Me parece que sí leyó el libro.

HGM: ¿Alguna vez escribió sobre Garvey?

Niemen: No vi ningún escrito sobre Garvey. El único que escribió sobre Garvey aquí fui yo.

HGM: ¿En el *Diario*?

Niemen: En el *Diario de Macorís* y en la *Revista El Comercial*.

HGM: ¿Qué revista era esa?

Niemen: Era una revista muy buena, por cierto, que tiene los comerciantes.

HGM: ¿Ahora o antes?

Niemen: No, hace mucho. No en el periodo que estuvo Garvey, fue después de eso. Esa revista empezó a circular en el 1970 o 72.

HGM: ¿Alguna vez habló con Mauricio sobre el movimiento Garvey?

Niemen: Sí, Mauricio me decía que eso era un movimiento de gran importancia nacional e internacional. A veces, él veía el movimiento Garvey como un movimiento satisfactorio y de gran importancia.

HGM: ¿Por qué él nunca se hizo miembro?

Niemen: A lo mejor era porque era una sociedad inglesa, y él decía que hay que saber inglés.

HGM: ¿Él no sabía inglés?

Niemen: No.

- HGM: Pero, ¿usted sí?
- Niemen: Yo conozco el inglés.
- HGM: ¿Hablabas el inglés?
- Niemen: Sí, yo le hablaba inglés a ellos. Pero él decía esto del inglés y cosa [...] no le puso importancia a eso.
- HGM: Cuando Mauricio empieza su actividad política junto con usted, ¿hay participación de los ingleses?
- Niemen: (1:62) Sí, todos los ingleses, porque resulta que la mayoría de los ingleses, la mayoría de los trabajadores que tienen ocupación en los ingenios son ingleses, entonces los ingleses se reunían con Mauricio o conmigo; con los líderes obreros para determinar cualquier función. Muchos llegamos a ocupar posiciones de líder.
- HGM: ¿Cuándo se funda la *Unión*?
- Niemen: ¿La *Unión de Trabajadores*?
- HGM: Sí.
- Niemen: (1:76) Desde antes, desde 1920, comenzó a funcionar aquí el movimiento obrero.
- HGM: ¿Y usted empieza a participar?
- Niemen: No, ahí yo no empecé. Yo empecé cuando Mauricio vino porque cuando él vino, encontramos movimientos sindicatos con carácter mutualista que no luchaban por reivindicaciones ni nada de eso, sino que eran sindicatos con carácter mutualista. Específicamente no luchaban por conquistas sociales ni conquistas financieras.
- HGM: ¿Los dominicanos no veían mal que los cocolos fueran miembros?
- Niemen: No, al contrario, los dominicanos querían que los cocolos fueran miembros del sindicato porque así aumentaba más.
- HGM: Al principio, cuando Kunhardt, ¿hubo mucho malestar contra los cocolos?
- Niemen: Sí, hubo malestar con los cocolos porque querían asumir responsabilidad, la mayoría no querían asumir responsabilidades. Entonces, lo veían mal que los trabajadores ingleses no se unieran a los dominicanos para hacer una huelga. Los trabajadores ingleses no se unían a los dominicanos

para hacer huelgas, que los mantenían los dominicanos y de ahí fue que vino el malestar. Kunhardt vino aquí a hablar de eso.

HGM: ¿Lo oyó?, ¿se acuerda?

Niemen: Sí, en la Federación vino él y yo ese día hablé y le dije a él que lo que había que hacer era educar a la clase trabajadora. En el sentido de que supieran lo que era un sindicato, lo que es una lucha social, que ellos no saben todo eso.

HGM: No hay problema que yo lo cite a usted en el trabajo mío, de lo que hemos hablado hoy. Es que como es cuestión ética le tengo que pedir autorización a usted para citarlo en el trabajo mío.

Niemen: No se está hablando nada malo.

HGM: Por eso mismo. Quiero agradecerle que me haya permitido entrevistarle, tengo que decirle que ha sido una de las mejores entrevistas que he hecho. Usted es una persona muy inteligente, muy elocuente y tiene una excelente memoria. Se lo agradezco mucho.

Niemen: Ha sido buenísima.

HGM: Usted trabajó en Porvenir, no, en el departamento de azúcar y en Angelina como pesador.

Niemen: En Angelina, como pesador, sí, eso es una parte del peso; es que eso no tiene nombre, pero trabajé ahí.

HGM: ¿Quién era Bismark?

Niemen: (2:36) No recuerdo bien de él. En Angelina estaba él. Yo estaba en la oficina que trabajaba él.

HGM: Chiquito.

Niemen: Chiquito.

HGM: Él era como un sirviente de los Kelly.

Niemen: ¿De qué nacionalidad era?

HGM: Yo sé que él era inglés. Pero, ¿su única experiencia en la caña fue en Angelina y en Porvenir?

Niemen: Sí, Angelina y Porvenir.

HGM: ¿Por qué se fue?

Niemen: Ah, y en Santa Fe. En Santa Fe yo estuve un tiempo trabajando ahí.

- HGM: Pero ya Santa Fe era de South Porto Rico.  
Niemen: Pero eso fue al principio.  
HGM: ¿Trabajó cuando era de los cubanos?  
Niemen: Cuando era de los cubanos.  
HGM: Entonces era jovencito.  
Niemen: Los cubanos vinieron aquí y metieron el deporte.  
HGM: ¿Nunca jugó cricket?  
Niemen: Bueno, yo lo veía jugándolo y me gustaba.  
HGM: ¿Dónde jugaban cricket?  
Niemen: En todos los sitios ellos jugaban cricket.  
HGM: ¿Eso se perdió ya?  
Niemen: Sí, ya eso no lo juegan porque es un deporte sofisticado y hay deportes que no son sofisticados como la pelota, volley ball, basketball. Son deportes que han enterrado el cricket.  
¿Cuándo es que usted se va?  
HGM: El lunes.  
Niemen: Hay que ser sociólogo para trabajar esto. Es para mandarle el artículo de Marcus Garvey.  
HGM: Me lo manda con Fermín Álvarez.  
Niemen: ¿Habló con Fermín?  
HGM: Sí.  
Niemen: ¿Qué le dijo de mí?  
HGM: Vete a verlo que él es el más que sabe. Fermín lo quiere mucho. Todos los caminos conducían aquí. Pero con Fermín hablamos mucho porque ha trabajado mucho con lo de San Pedro.  
Niemen: Sí, él hizo un libro.  
HGM: (2:89) Me lo regaló.

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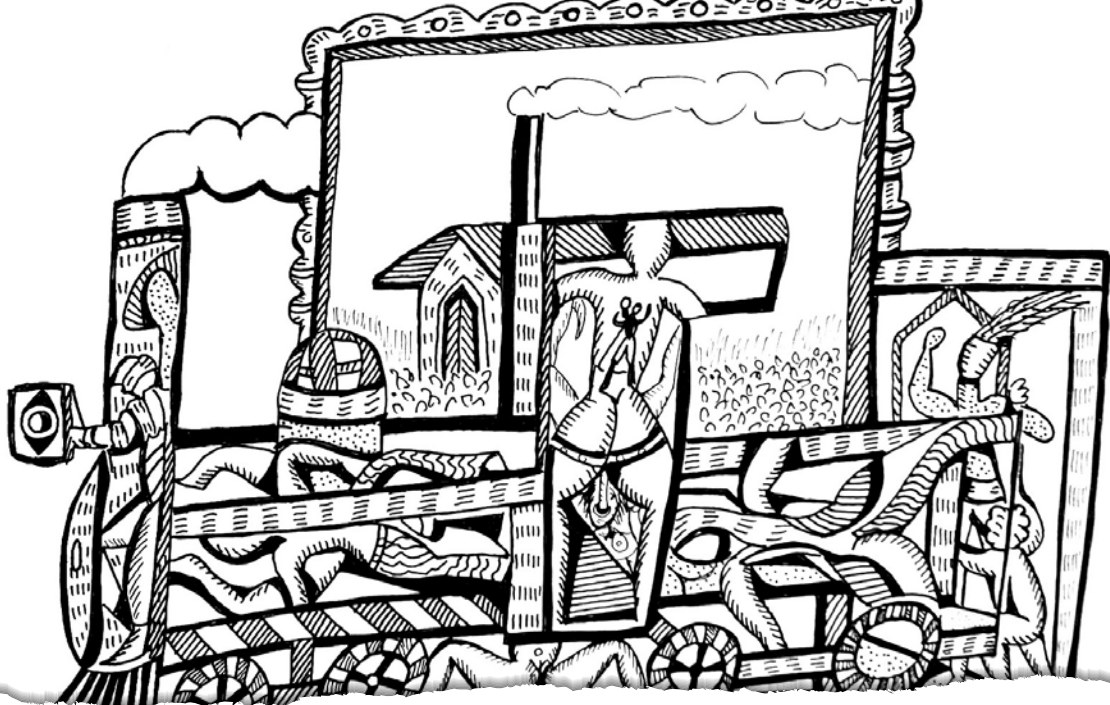




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## CLÁSICOS DE LA MIGRACIÓN DOMINICANA

Conscientes de la importancia que tiene la cuestión migratoria para el país, el Instituto Nacional de Migración (INM RD) y el Banco de Reservas (Banreservas) de la República Dominicana han articulado esfuerzos e impulsado un proyecto editorial tras el cual se persigue ofrecer, a los estudiosos de este tema en particular y a los lectores dominicanos en general, un conjunto de investigaciones fundamentales para el conocimiento del papel de las migraciones internacionales en la historia del pueblo dominicano.

La colección Clásicos de la Migración Dominicana ofrece al lector estudios de alta calidad académica donde se puede apreciar el fenómeno migratorio en su diversidad de orígenes nacionales y culturales, la multiplicidad de orientaciones de los flujos de inmigración y emigración y los diversos problemas envueltos en este proceso [...].

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