

Compadre Cibacuyo,

2/26/91

Because of Gilberto I do what I should not now take time for, tell you a few stories about him. I presume you heard him speak after he returned to P.R. and remarried. He got in the dog house with his first wife Alma, and when he was afraid to go home, not having been with another women but with some of us, he'd stay with me.

In Spanish he was an eloquent, powerful speaker, an orator in the fine ^{sense} sense. He used to make campaign speeches for a friend of whom you may have heard, Vito Marcantonio, in East Harlem. But when he had to make a speech in English at a gathering hoping to ease the difficulties, especially with regard to food, for B.R., he asked me to write it for him. *World War II.*

Last time I saw him he had been taken ill, was in a hospital in Washington, did not have the money to get out, and I went and paid his bill, took him to our house, and he remained with us until he was able to travel back to P.R.

With Marcantonio we were often at a fine restaurant in Washington, the Madrillon, and we were friends with the owners so often we partied and talked after it closed. They usually had a band and once it was of Puerto Ricans. Gilberto got them to play your anthem and a song later recorded by Xavier Cugat, Tinterro del Mar. If you are too young to remember that song, it was a song about the wonderful shark that bit of the leg of the lawyer for a sugar corporation.

My wife and I also knew the then resident commissioner. I do not recall his name. I think it began with a P. He was of the sugar interests, perhaps owned a plantation, but he was really troubled by the poverty of the people. I remember one night he cried as he was telling me stories about how hard it was. The one thing I remember is that he told me that the desperate people used to catch rats, tie straw around them, set the straw on fire, and throw them into the fields of ripe cane. *Puerto?*

Last time I saw him Luis Prestes Arin, then governor, was in Washington and there was to be a meeting that included Mr. P, Luis P.M., Marc and Gilberto. His honor was late meeting us at the Washington Hotel, was drunk when he got there, and when we drove to another restaurant in northwest Washington, with a large and well-lit parking lot, when he got out of my car he urinated against it.

When the last of the Nationalists imprisoned in Atlanta, part of the Albizu Campos group, was released, I met him at the railroad station, took him to our place, and then we went, after working hours, to meet with Marcantonio and Gilberto, who had been their lawyers.

I thought there was an "n" in the old name for the island. I think the anthem was titled, from your spelling, my guess, "La Boriquen."

I am not a doctor and I had nothing to do with Dr. Wronne's book.

Ariba!

Handwritten signature

If I remember correctly, Marc brought Gilberto here after the Compos trial fearing that he'd be killed on the island. Gilberto worked for the Pan American Union and had been admitted to the Supreme Court bar.

2-22-91

Dear Harold,

I just this minute received your latest shipment and I am truly sorry to hear that you are not in the best of health.

I never in my wildest dreams was I ever going to think that you were acquainted with Don Gilberto Concepcion de Gracia. Back on the island, I heard him speak on many an occasion when I was at the University of Puerto Rico and afterwards. He and I were of the same frame of mind:

Boricano independence is non negotiable.

Since I last wrote to you I put pay-dirt with the Last Hurrah Book Store. They have "Cervantes In New Orleans" and also a book which you wrote with a colleague of yours by the name of Drone. Therefore at the risk of incurring your wrath I respectfully request permission to ship both volumes to you for your "John Hancock". (vain man that I am)

It broke my heart to learn that "Tiger To Ride" will never reach "John Q. Public". I feel, without a doubt, that this truly is Americas loss.

Knowing very little of your background, I was impressed to

learn that you were an analyst for
The O. S. S.

Well my friend, until the
next time I hear from you, I bid you
peace. God bless you.

Forever in your debt,
Cibacayo

Dedications: Whitewash III

To CIBACAYO,

MAY THE GREEN LIGHT OF
TRUTH CONTINUE TO FOCUS ITSELF UPON
YOUR HEAD.

YOUR FRIEND
DR. HAROLD WEISBERG

WHITEWASH IV:

To my FRIEND CIBACAYO,

A BORICANO CLEAR OF MIND,
STRONG OF WILL, PURE OF SPIRIT

FOREVER YOUR COMPADRE
DR. HAROLD WEISBERG

P.S. IN THE PRE-COLOMBIAN TAINO LANGUAGE (TAH-EE-NG)
OF MY PEOPLE THE NAME BORIQUEN IS COMPOSED OF 3 WORDS
BO = LORD, RI = VALIENT, QUEN = HANDS.

BORIQUEN MEANS LANDS OF THE VALIENT LORD.
VIVA LIBRE BORIQUEN