

# ¡CHILE SI!

POEMS OF SOLIDARITY

CHILE SI!

Poems of Solidarity

Open Letter 3

Published by  
Non-Intervention in Chile  
PO Box 800  
Berkeley, California 94701

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On September 11, 1973, the democratically elected Popular Unity government of Salvador Allende in Chile was overthrown in a bloody military coup. By nationalizing Chile's basic resources and attempting to redistribute Chile's wealth to the poor and working people, Allende's government antagonized Chilean big business and multinational corporations such as ITT, Kennecott and Anaconda Copper.

With the support of the U.S. government, Allende's enemies orchestrated a credit blockade against Chile and sabotaged the country's economic system through lockouts, hoarding and the creation of a black market. The right-wing, with guidance and support from the C.I.A., also engaged in more active sabotage: bombings, terrorist attacks against supporters of the government, and assassinations. After the elections of March, 1973, in which Allende's coalition increased its support, the Right, seeing no other alternative, turned to the military.

Allende and thousands of his supporters were killed in the coup, and tens of thousands were imprisoned or forced to flee the country. Since then, the military dictatorship has abolished Congress, suspended the Constitution, dissolved the Central Labor Union, and outlawed all forms of political activity. Thousands of political prisoners are still being held without charges, and torture is routine.

The world-wide reaction to the coup in Chile was immediate and unequivocal: horror and outrage at the crimes of the military Junta, and at U.S. support for the coup (since confirmed by the director of the C.I.A. himself), and support for the Chilean people's resistance against the dictatorship. Poets and other artists joined in protests following the coup. They reacted to the torture and murder of popular Chilean singer Victor Jara, and to the death of Chile's great poet Pablo Neruda, as well as to the destruction of democracy in Chile.

During the two years since the coup, international repudiation of the military dictatorship has grown, as has the resistance movement inside Chile. In July, 1975, General Pinochet

denied entry to Chile to the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, afraid of what they would find there and report to the world. But Pinochet's grotesque gesture--he characterized himself as "David" before the "Goliath" of the U.N.--will not save him and his henchmen from the condemnation they deserve.

The world knows and remembers the heroes and martyrs of Chile's struggle: Salvador Allende, José Tohá, Miguel Enriquez, Lumí Videla, and many others who have fallen. The world knows the names of at least some of the Junta's thousands of prisoners: Luis Corvalán held for two years now without trial; Bautista Van Schowen, tortured brutally since his arrest in December, 1973; and many others.

The world knows, and compares the examples of these men and women with the crimes of the military dictatorship. The world says: their example is not in vain; with our support, the Chilean people and the Resistance will win.

In this book we have gathered some of the poetry written in response to the coup and its aftermath. Poems written originally in Spanish are included in both Spanish and English versions. We want to thank all the poets who contributed to this collection and encourage comments and further contributions from all readers.

All proceeds from the sale of this collection will go to the Chile Solidarity movement.

Robert High  
Kathleen Weaver

for NICH



Trabajadores de mi patria: tengo fe en Chile y su destino. Superarán otros hombres este momento gris y amargo, donde la traición pretende imponerse. Sigán ustedes sabiendo que, mucho más temprano que tarde, se abrirán las grandes alamedas por donde pase el hombre libre para construir una sociedad mejor.

¡Viva Chile, viva el pueblo, vivan los trabajadores!

Estas son mis últimas palabras, teniendo la certeza de que el sacrificio no será en vano. Tengo la certeza que, por lo menos, habrá una sanción moral que castigará la felonía, la cobardía y la traición.

SALVADOR ALLENDE

11 DE SEPTIEMBRE DE 1973

Workers of my homeland, I have faith in Chile and its future. Other men will overcome this dark and bitter moment when treason seems dominant. You must never forget that, sooner rather than later, the grand avenues will be opened where free men will march on to build a better society.

Long live Chile; long live the people; long live the workers!

These are my last words, certain that the sacrifice will not be in vain. I am sure that there will be at least a moral sanction that will punish the felony, cowardice, and treason.

SALVADOR ALLENDE

SEPTEMBER 11, 1973

ABUELA CANDELA

Era el primer día del fascista.  
En su balcón, mi vecino octogenario,  
flameando su bandera, me decía,  
con su voz seca de militar en retiro:  
"Es libertad, hemos vencido!"  
Y su voz retumbaba en el toque de queda.  
Lentamente, con ojos y narices dilatadas,  
me dirijo a casa de mi abuela,  
oliendo aquí y viendo allá  
el excremento del gorila desatado.  
Mi abuela, pequeñita y blanquecina,  
está muy triste, la mirada perdida entre sus lilas.  
Al verme, sin embargo, se incorpora,  
sus manos reclamando por las mías.  
Sentándome a su lado, con su boca en mi oída, me susurra:  
"¡Socialismo sin sangre! ¿Habrás visto?"

Felipe Lizana

GRANDMOTHER CANDELA

It was the first day of the fascist.  
Up on his balcony, my octogenarian neighbor,  
his flag waving softly, talked to me,  
raspy voice of retired colonel:  
"It is freedom, we have won!"  
And his voice rumbled in the silence of curfew.  
Slowly, with eyes and nostrils dilating,  
I walk towards my grandmother's house,  
sniffing here and there  
the excrement of the untied gorilla.  
Grandmother, minute and snow-colored,  
and very sad, her eyes are lost among lilacs.  
Nevertheless, seeing me, she straightens,  
her hands demanding mine.  
Sitting at her side, her mouth on my ear, she whispers:  
"Socialism without blood, who ever saw it?"

Felipe Lizana

Translated from Spanish by Felipe Lizana

EPITAPH FOR SALVADOR ALLENDE

they buried you quickly  
and said suicide  
but all the world knows  
the generals lied  
afraid to admit  
that the price  
was not suicide  
but blood sacrifice.

Mary Mackey

LAMENT FOR CHILE AFTER THE COUP, SEPTEMBER 1973

(song)

A great cry rises from the third corner of the world:  
Chile!

Allende

Allende

Allende

We who hoped now grieve behind bars  
We who feared now weep behind locked doors  
We who scorned and cursed and loved  
now clean our rifles and gather  
in the secret rubble of the cities and the towns

We will fight  
Massacres of the poor  
Butcheries of the children  
Assassinations of refugees  
And silencing the press

We will fight  
You who buy power  
From you who sell power  
With joy  
With joy  
With terrible bloody joy!

You bourgeois wives with your copper pots  
Beware the women who must fill them  
You bourgeois husbands with your fancy trucks

Beware the men who must load them  
You fascist troops with your green beret grins  
Beware the guerrillas who stalk you!

Your whitewash on our buildings  
Cannot whitewash the sight  
    of the shaved heads of our comrades  
    of bulldozed unmarked graves for numberless newly dead  
    of river waters hidden by corpses tumbling by  
Or erase from our hearts and minds the words of battle!

A great cry swells from the third corner of the world:  
Chile!

Allende  
Allende  
Allende

And a great shout goes up from all who build and dig and grow:  
Where one leader falls  
Ten will rise  
Where ten men fall  
Thousands will rise  
Chile!

With our hammers and hoes and sticks we will  
With our fists and with our guns we will  
    Avenge you  
    Avenge you  
    Avenge you

Chile!

POR LA PATRIA Y LA REVOLUCION!

Jacqueline D. Tunberg

#### LAMENT FOR PABLO NERUDA

We may well ask now: "Where are the lilacs?" Yes...  
And where now are "the metaphysics covered with poppies?"

There are vertical streets in Chile that end in the mankilling sea.  
Up these the salt is climbing like a mineral snake on the stairs  
Made from the bones of dead men. There are dead men too in the plaza,  
Under the salt of the moon where traitorous generals sit  
Sipping the wine of silence and crossing out names on a page...

You have seen the dead in the square, Neruda, and you have known  
Those wounded lands where the poor are dying against the walls  
In the shadow of Administrations, in the shadow of Law, in the hollow  
Ministries where workers are murdered by the mere echoes of money  
And miners are abandoned in the black galleries.

But hope is not lost  
For you also saw the International Brigade as it entered Madrid:  
"The thin and hard and ripe and ardent brigade of stone."  
I want to believe you, Neruda, old Commissar of roses!  
I hear your furious ghost calling in the midnight trains!  
I see your generous blood staining the dollar bills!

And I long for the angry angel to rise over Macchu Picchu,  
For the long wave entering the station where the generals entrain  
for the North.

Thomas McGrath

DE ULTIMA HORA

Si me muero, que me muera  
con la cabeza muy alta.

Miguel Hernández

1

A última hora, Chile,  
tu nombre que vuela hecho pedazos impulsado  
por un gesto de animal,  
pero tus niños mañana lo reunirán de nueva,  
bailando al son de la cueca y tu sonido,  
Revolución.

2

Un fusil AK, como otro cualquiera, suele definirse  
como un puñado de hierros para matar,  
sin embargo, también puede ser el comienzo de toda la historia  
de un país.

3

Mira cómo aumenta este disparo,  
cómo ensancha cada día su radio de fuego  
y de victoria

THE LATEST WORD

If I die, let it be  
with head held high.

Miguel Hernández

1

At the latest word, Chile,  
your name flies broken in pieces driven  
by an animal act,  
but your children tomorrow will bring it together again,  
dancing to the tune of the cueca and your sound,  
Revolution.

2

An AK rifle, like any other, can be defined  
as a handful of metal for killing,  
nevertheless, it can also be the beginning of the entire history  
of a country.

3

Look how this shot spreads,  
how its radius of fire  
and victory  
expand

esta lumbre que con tu cuerpo, presidente,  
alimentaste hoy.

Richard Medina

this bright fire that you, president, fed today  
with your body.

Richard Medina  
Translated from Spanish by Robert High



SETIEMBRE TRISTE

Orgía fratricida de terror y metralla.  
Genocidio.

Militares fascistas, asesinos  
Mercenarios cobardes en uniforme "Watergate"

Presidente Allende, Luz de los Andes:  
de cordillera a mar  
el Pueblo te está llorando...

Aguila negra rie,  
altivo el condor  
llora de rabia su impotencia.

Camarada Allende:  
desde los cerros  
el Pueblo viene bajando...

Bota traidora,  
dictadura sangrienta, oscurantismo  
el Mundo todo te repudia.  
Amigo Allende:  
el Pueblo valeroso está resistiendo...

SAD SEPTEMBER

Fratricidal orgy of terror and shrapnel  
Genocide

Military fascists, assassins  
Cowardly mercenaries  
in Watergate uniforms

President Allende,  
light of the Andes

from the cordillera to the sea  
the people mourn for you.

Black eagle laugh,  
the proud condor, powerless,  
cries out its rage

Comrade Allende from the  
mountains  
the people descend

Treacherous boot  
bloody dictatorship  
blackest black  
the whole world repudiates you  
Friend Allende  
the courageous people are resisting

Déjame gritar contigo compañero  
déjame luchar junto a ti camarada

seguir la huella del Che, de Sandino...

Comandante Allende:  
La Izquierda Unida  
jamás será vencida.

Allende, Allende  
el Pueblo te defiende.

Lautaro Rodriguez  
September, 1973  
Translated from Spanish by Allan Francovich

Let me cry out with you friend  
let me fight next to you comrade

follow in Che's footsteps, in Sandino's

Commander Allende  
the left united  
will never be defeated

Allende, Allende  
the people will defend you.

Lautaro Rodriguez  
September 1973  
Translated from Spanish by Allan Francovich



INCITACION AL NIXONICIDIO Y ALABANZA DE LA REVOLUCION CHILENA  
(excerpts)

VII. VICTORIA

Honor a la victoria aperecida,  
honor al pueblo que llegó a la hora  
a establecer su derecho a la vida!

Pero el ratón acostumbrado al queso,  
Nixon, entristecido de perder,  
se despidió de Eduardo con un beso.

Cambió de Embajador, cambió de espías  
y decidió cercarnos can alambre:  
no nos vendieron más mercaderías

para que Chile se muriera de hambre.

Cuando la Braden les movió la cola  
los momios ayudaron la tarea

gritando "Libertad y Cacerolas",  
mientras que los patrones victimarios  
pintaban de bondad sus caras feas

y disfrazándose de proletarios  
decretaban la huelga de señores  
recibiendo de Nixon los dineros:

treinta monedas para los traidores.

INCITEMENT TO NIXONCIDE AND CELEBRATION OF THE CHILEAN REVOLUTION  
(excerpts)

VII. VICTORY

Honor the longed for victory

honor the people arrived at the time  
of establishing their right to life.

But the rat accustomed to the cheese,  
Nixon, saddened by the loss,  
said goodbye to Eduardo with a kiss,

changed his ambassador, changed his spies  
and decided to fence us in with wire:  
They didn't sell us any more merchandise  
so that Chile would die of hunger.

When the copper companies moved their tails  
the momios helped them in their task,

shouting liberty, pots and pans  
while murdering bosses  
painted their ugly faces with kindness

and disguised as friends of labor  
decreed the gentlemen's strike

receiving their monies from Nixon  
thirty coins for the traitors.

XIII. VEN CONMIGO

Por esto estoy aquí en tu compañía:  
por Chile, por su azul soberanía,

por el océano de los pescadores,

por el pan de los niños ruiseñores,  
por el cobre y la lucha en la oficina,

por nuestra agricultura y por la harina,  
por el buen compañero y por la amiga,

por el mar, por la rosa y por la espiga,  
por nuestros compatriotas olvidados,

estudiantes, marinos o soldados,  
por los pueblos de todos los países,

por las campanas y por las raíces,  
por los caminos y por los senderos  
que llevan a la luz al mundo entero

y por la voluntad liberadora  
de las banderas rojas en la aurora.

Pablo Neruda  
Translated from Spanish by Felipe Lizana

XIII. COME WITH ME

For this I am here in your company  
for Chile, for its sovereign blue sky

for the ocean of the fishermen

for the bread of our nightingale children,  
for the copper and the fight in the nitrate fields

for our agriculture and for flour  
for the good friend, companero and companera

for the sea, for the rose and the ear of corn,  
for our forgotten comrades

students, sailors or soldiers,  
for the people of all countries

for the roots and the countryside  
for the roads and trails and footpaths  
that bring the whole world to light

and for the liberating will of the  
red flags in the dawn

My joys unite with all these

Struggle with me and I will give you  
all the weapons of my poetry.

Pablo Neruda  
Translated from Spanish by John Clements

VEINTITRES DE SEPTIEMBRE DE MIL NOVECIENTOS SETENTITRES

Cuando Marcos Ana después de veintitrés años de cautiverio  
salió de la prisión de Burgos,  
llevaba consigo un libro, camuflado bajo una cubierta religiosa:  
los poemas de Neruda.

Marcos, uno entre las decenas de miles  
que tras la guerra revolucionaria española  
cayeron en las cárceles falangistas, era un hombre joven  
cuando le pasaron un libro de hojas manoseadas,  
lleno de nombres de camaradas  
que habían sido conducidos al pelotón de ejecución.  
Repetidas veces, como todos los otros, había bebido  
las palabras de Neruda,  
la voz de la Esperanza, de la Liberación.  
Cuando Che Guevara fue asesinado en la Quebrada del Yuro  
por los lacayos  
de los latifundistas bolivianos,  
llevaba en la mochila su última lectura:  
la gran canción, el Canto general de Neruda.  
Cuando Pablo Neruda yacía enfermo, en estos luctuosos días  
de septiembre,  
allanaron los verdugos su casa de Santiago,  
la del Cerro San Cristóbal,  
rompieron lo que encontraron, devastaron su jardín, pero  
cuando un poco antes de medianoche, un domingo, el veintitrés  
de este mes,  
yacía con los ojos abiertos, porque quería ver, comprender  
su propia muerte,  
había ya muchos hombres reunidos para propagar  
su palabra de Esperanza, de Liberación.  
Y cuando lo llevaban a la tumba, había ya unos centenares  
en torno a él

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD, NINETEEN SEVENTYTHREE

When Marcos Ana, after twenty-three years of confinement,  
left the prison of Burgos,  
he carried with him a book, camouflaged by a religious cover:  
the poems of Neruda.  
Marcos, one among the tens of thousands  
who during the revolutionary Spanish war  
fell into Falangist prisons, was a young man  
when passed a book of worn pages,  
full of the names of comrades  
who had been taken to the firing squad.  
Repeatedly, like all the others, he had drunk the words of Neruda,  
the voice of Hope, of Liberation.  
When Che Guevara was murdered in Quebrada del Yuro by the lackeys  
of the Bolivian landowners,  
he carried in his pack his last reading:  
that great song, Neruda's Canto general.  
When Pablo Neruda lay ill, those dismal days in September,  
the executioners invaded his house in Santiago,  
the one at San Cristobal,  
breaking whatever they found, destroying his garden, but  
when, a little before midnight Sunday the twenty-third of the month,  
he lay with eyes open, because he wanted to see, to understand  
his own death,  
there were already many assembled to spread  
the word of Hope, of Liberation.  
And when they carried him to the grave, there were already hundreds  
around him

y pronto fueron mil, rodeados por mercenarios bien armados,  
y primero suavemente, luego con fuerza y decisión,  
entonaron la Internacional en Santiago,  
en un Chile pasajeramente ocupado  
por el fascismo, por el imperialismo.

Peter Weiss  
Translated from German by Francisco J. Uriz

And soon they were a thousand, surrounded by well-armed mercenaries  
and, at first softly, then with force and decision,  
they sang the International in Santiago,  
in a Chile temporarily occupied  
by fascism, by imperialism.

Peter Weiss  
Translated from the Spanish version by Robert High



A CHILE

Me iré, me voy, me fui...Soy ala y rueda.  
Con resplandor de perseguido cobre,  
Chile, tu vida en mí brillando queda.

Abierto el corazón, carta sin sobre,  
en público te llamo tierra mía.  
Pobre soy en tus pobres, roto y pobre.

Me llevo tu severa geografía  
de paloma y volcán, de seda y fierro,  
nieve llameante y llamarada fría.

Llevo el temblor, la lluvia, el fino cerro,  
el viento en Magallanes, su ladrido  
lastimero y austral de largo perro.

El copihue en su púrpura encendido  
me dio una aurora familiar, abierta  
del blanco día en el floreal vestido.

Y del vino pasé por la ancha puerta  
hacia terrestres vírgenes dormidas.  
Quemé a su lado mi pasión despierta.

TO CHILE

I must go, I am going, I have gone...I am wing  
and wheel, flashing like precious copper;  
Chile, you are still bright inside me.

My heart is open like an open letter,  
and I call you my land, openly.  
Your poor impoverish and break me.

I keep your stark geography  
of dove and volcano, iron and silk,  
and blazing snow, and fire with its cold tongues.

I keep your tremors, rains and gentle hills,  
and the wind in Magellanes,  
barking like a mournful southern dog.

The copihue, with its incandescent purple,  
reminds me of dawn, the familiar lingering  
of pale light dressed in flowers;

and the color of wine through the wide gate  
spreading towards the sleeping earthbound girls.  
My frantic passions burned at their sides.

En tu cuerpo conté golpes y heridas;  
te vi caer, mas levantarte luego  
ante un coro de hienas sorprendidas,

en su noche temblando con tu fuego;  
y el mar te oí de voces alteradas  
como un titán enardecido y ciego.

Junto a las oficinas desoladas  
del salitre retengo el brillo duro  
y de obreros febriles las miradas.

Descendí del carbón al centro oscuro;  
en su inconforme piedra vi al minero  
y me dio a respirar su gas impuro.

Apenas soy ¡oh Chile! un compañero.  
El enemigo tuyo es mi enemigo.  
Parto. Me voy. Más no te dejo. Sigo  
con Manuel fusilado y guerrillero.

Nicolás Guillen

El copihue es la flor nacional de Chile.  
Manuel Rodriguez fue un héroe de la primera  
guerra de independencia de Chile.

I counted the blows on your body, and the wounds;  
I saw you fall, and rise again  
in front of a throng of hyenas, astonished

in their night quivering with your fire;  
and I heard the sea-surge of your furious voices  
rising like a blinded, maddened giant.

I remember the mineral glitter of nitrate  
near the desolate towns,  
and the eyes of the feverish miners.

I went into the dark pits of coal,  
and saw the men scratch at harsh stone;  
and I shared their gas-thickened air.

O Chile! Your enemy is my enemy.  
I am only a comrade; I am going,  
leaving, but not turning away. I follow  
Manuel, the executed guerrillero.

Nicolás Guillén

Translated from Spanish by Michael Taylor

The copihue is the national flower of Chile.  
Manuel Rodriguez was a hero of Chile's first  
war of independence.

THE HEAD WAITERS

Merino, Leigh and Pinochet,  
now we know what you are.  
We have seen what you bring.

The hands of a musician  
smashed as he played  
at gun point. The shocked  
disconnected brain of a fetus  
electrocuted in its womb.  
The mangled, purple testicles and labia  
of boys and girls. The paralysed  
speechless child who was "tortured  
in front of her parents"  
until she died...

Pinochet, Mendoza and Leigh,  
in your uniforms and gold braid,  
gliding through the ravaged palace,

you are the head waiters  
of Unnatural Death.

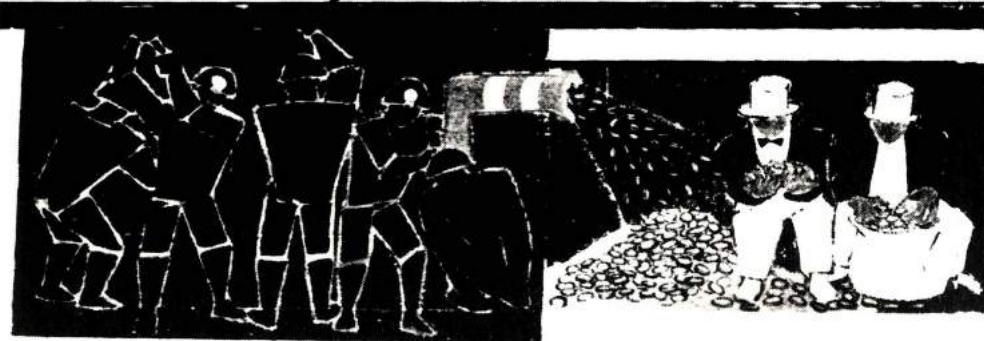
Michael Taylor

ONE OF THESE DAYS

One of these days the mountains themselves will  
Fall on you. They won't stand for it. The bag  
Of eyes you have collected for your wife's  
Lover will spill through the applauding streets.  
A two dollar loaf of bread will bite your wrist.  
The leperous cobblestones will stand in your way.  
The dead will be there to watch your demise.  
Huge bleachers of hammered copper will be erected.  
Huge, enough for millions. Your skills are limited,  
Mr. General. Not even you can sell all these tickets.

Michael Shorb

el pueblo sigue siendo explotado



A VICTOR JARA

(En Chile cuando necesitaron juntas los tribus a  
luchar en contra del enemigo común los Araucanos  
mandaron una flecha manchada con la sangre del  
guanaco de tribu a tribu.)

Discúlpanos  
por la lágrima que cayó  
en el momento que quitamos la guitarra  
de tus manos quebrados  
para pasarla de uno a otro  
como una flecha manchada con sangre.

Paul Cantor

TO VICTOR JARA

(In Chile when the Araucanian Indians needed to call  
together their many tribes to war against a common  
enemy they sent an arrow stained with the blood of  
a guanaco from tribe to tribe.)

Forgive us for the tear that fell  
as we lifted the guitar  
from your broken hands  
and passed it along  
like an arrow stained with blood

Paul Cantor  
Translated from Spanish by Paul Cantor

CUANDO LA DIGNIDAD SE CONVIERTE EN COSTUMBRE

Silencioso,  
con silencio de piedra submarina,  
con la conciencia sometida al hierro,  
con la muerte trenzando sus cuchillos,  
sintió que se quedaba desvestido  
de sangre,  
de cabellos y de uñas,  
de ojos y de piel, como si fueran  
un violento equipaje,  
el único equipaje.  
O un dosel,  
un visillo, una  
terca ventana  
que atajaran el ojo a los verdugos  
de Bautista Van Showen,  
compañeros,  
tan callado.

Quien hubiera pensado  
que pudiera coronar  
con silencio su conducta,  
recordar a la especie  
la decencia,  
y juntar sobre el cuerpo  
luminoso los golpes  
propinados a su pueblo, la espina  
y la cadena.

WHEN DIGNITY BECOMES A HABIT

Silent,  
with the silence of ocean depths,  
with his consciousness hammered by iron,  
with death sharpening its knives,  
he felt them remove  
his blood,  
his hair and nails,  
his eyes and skin,  
like violent baggage--  
his only baggage--  
or a canopy,  
a curtain,  
a dark window  
shading the eyes of the torturers  
of Bautista Van Showen,  
companeros,  
so silent.

Who could have thought  
he could crown  
his conduct with silence,  
remind humanity  
of decency,  
and gather on his shining body  
the blows rained on his people, the thorn,  
the chain.

Ha crecido Bautista  
Van Showen para siempre  
elevado a semilla frutal  
que desde ahora  
nos da la dignidad para hacerla costumbre,  
para escribirla en todos los presidios  
del mundo.

Secando la memoria,  
clausurando la boca,  
no dijo una palabra,  
ni una fecha,  
ni un nombre,  
ni un país,  
ni un río,  
ni una flor,  
ni un bosque,  
ni una abeja  
que sirvieran de mapa  
a los  
verdugos  
de su  
pueblo.

Eso es todo  
Así es todo de simple, compañeros.  
En el duro momento de los hechos  
es tajante  
como agua de cascada  
y declara invencible su silencio,

Now Bautista Van Showen  
has grown forever,  
raised to a fertile seed  
which henceforth  
gives us dignity, to make it habit,  
to scrawl it in all the prisons  
of the world.

Drying up his memory,  
censoring his mouth,  
he said no word,  
not a date,  
not a name,  
not a country,  
not a river,  
not a flower,  
not a forest,  
not a bee  
which could guide  
the executioners  
of his  
people.

That is all.  
That's how simple it is.  
In the hard moment of truth  
he is decisive  
like water in a cascade  
and declares his silence  
invincible.

se doctora en metal enfurecido,  
se gradúa de  
bosque indescribable,  
se viste de eficacia,  
se acoraza en conciencia:  
ha humilado las garras que  
araban en su piel,  
y así es que su tormento se convierte  
en un surco  
y al golpearlo en la tierra  
lo dejaron  
semilla.

Patricio Manns

He takes his Doctor of Philosophy  
in infuriated metal,  
and graduates with honor,  
an indecipherable forest.  
He clothes himself with effectiveness,  
his armor is his consciousness,  
humiliating the claws which  
plough through his flesh.  
His torment becomes  
a furrow,  
and beating him  
into earth  
they left him  
a seed.

Patricio Manns  
Translated from Spanish

Bautista Van Showen is a member of the Political Commission  
of the MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) arrested  
and repeatedly tortured by the military authorities.

TO THE POETS OF CHILE!

And this last postscript I inscribe to your memory  
Vicente Huidobro!  
To the memory and the disfigured honor of the Poets of Chile!  
Another memento to the caravan of black stones  
I remember Fernando and I speaking of you Vicente  
Who fell dead in a hurry looking at his watch in the streets  
In midday no one knew it was him falling  
And now Vicente Huidobro  
Under the black stones where you fell what is it you feel  
of the blackness  
Above your head my friend  
At least the venom of barbarians cannot penetrate through  
To you dead these twenty years or so  
Now in this dark solitude you understand the people  
You understand them  
So that a cathedral on the main square is weeping  
From behind its giant eye-glasses.

Sotère Torregian  
October, 1973

ROUND TWO

I feel cold today  
--must be 90 F  
cold in this san jose september  
the leaves are still green on trees  
the earth thirsty for rain  
I feel chile in my bones  
like a sharpness cutting into my spleen  
a wedge heavy inside my throat pushing  
into my viscera  
santiago isla negra  
places in the turmoil of darkness  
and I shiver  
me dan escalofrios  
siento una grande tristeza for  
places in the short luster of history  
allende neruda and  
all the nameless ones  
santiago fighting for its life  
en este negro dia  
books feed the hungry flames  
the junta pinochet  
the small pigs  
roast the living en mass

guns melt in the hands  
en las manos del pueblo the molten metal fuses  
the resistance  
so cold in my bones  
words ricochet  
travel long distances  
and the slaughter goes on  
in the stadiums  
the new romans hold games  
and the audience the world  
pinochet nixon  
small pigs with  
big guns  
the mice ransack isla negra  
where only books and manuscripts  
where only art  
only what humanizes man  
burns  
bernardo leighton radomiro tomic  
what do you say now?  
what do you say to the mice about law?  
Allende and the Moneda 26 died fighting  
warriors

La Moneda the Thermopylae of Chile

architectural masterpiece of toesca  
La Moneda  
destroyed  
and the heroic defenders of chile

dead  
fighting to the last  
how cold it is this day  
september  
words fall where bullets find their mark  
your voice pablo  
salvador de tu pueblo  
your words  
your acts  
el amor de tu pueblo does  
not die with bullets  
and the resistance is a flame within  
undefeated a victory  
for posterity.

Elías Hruska-Cortés

PENSAMIENTOS DE TOQUE DE QUEDA EN VALPARAISO

Enséñame a combatir lo nuestro,  
enséñamè a no resignarme,  
enséñame a amar  
a vivir,  
enséñame a enseñar lo que tú me has enseñado...

Llegará el día en que nos encontremos  
en la calle de pueblo, pero  
no la llamaremos una calle como muchas;  
será el jardín del hombre, de la mujer,  
de la lucha y nada más.

Ximena

CURFEW THOUGHTS IN VALPARAISO

Teach me to fight  
for what is ours,  
teach me not to  
resign myself,  
teach me to love,  
to live...

The day will come  
when we will find each other  
in the streets  
of the people,  
but we will not call it a street then,  
it will be the garden  
of men  
and women.

Ximena  
Translated from Spanish by  
Felipe Lizana and Michael Taylor

CHILE

Manos vacías  
Nada tenemos  
Y todo es nuestro.  
Vaga la mente  
Siento el silencio  
Que nos lleva a recordar  
Los momentos del florecer.  
Viendo este sol palidecer  
Levanto el puño  
P'añorar  
el cono sur de nuestra América  
Donde nació una flor, habló el amor  
Y floreció,  
Llegó el fascismo  
Y lo mató.  
Manos vacías  
Quieto un momento  
Nada tenemos  
Solo el pensamiento  
De que algún día  
La victoria será del pueblo  
Y para el pueblo  
Manos vacías  
Nada tenemos  
Y todo es nuestro.

Rigoberto

CHILE

Empty hands  
We have nothing  
And all is ours  
The mind wanders  
I feel the silence  
That brings out memories  
Of those blossoming moments  
As the sun pales  
I hold up my fist  
out of longing for  
The Southern cone of our America  
Where a flower was born, where love spoke  
And bloomed,  
Fascism came...  
Love was doomed.  
Empty hands  
I'm still for a moment  
We have nothing  
Only the thought  
That some day  
Victory will belong to the people  
For the people.  
Empty hands  
We have nothing  
And all is ours.

Rigoberto  
Translated from Spanish by Felipe Lizana



who weeps  
for Chile  
and shudders at the  
executions.  
All along she  
has been  
pondering the social order  
and her  
worried thoughts  
slow  
my  
every movement.

Susan Griffin



#### CHILE: A FLAG OF FURY

Look at how the yankees did it,  
the latest formula: so maybe this time  
we won't forget.  
Because we always forget and they never do.  
They learn all their lessons and our own as well.  
Well, the first thing they did was say "o.k.,  
he's democratically elected  
and of course we don't want to interfere  
in the affairs of others."  
And they began the boycott, the blockade,  
froze all the funds, closed markets,  
had the international banks they control  
cut the money off.  
And the crises came in quicker and quicker succession.  
And through their control of the press  
they began their campaign of defamation, confusion  
and hate.

And all the time they chiselled away  
at that democratically elected government  
their Pentagon kept on selling arms to the Army to the south,  
arms and advice, advice and orders,  
the newest weapons, the latest specialized training  
for those generals  
who would strike in their interest  
when the time came.  
And when the time came The Washington Post announced the coup  
and two hours later it happened.

Sand Creek Auschwitz and Saigon in Pinochet's command:  
"Anyone who resists will be executed on the spot."  
And the fascists move through the streets through the palace  
through the bodies of those they've killed  
once twice a hundred times  
but the resistance continues, grows,  
there's no stopping it now. There never will be.  
While Nixon says "We knew it was going to happen  
but had no part in it...Chile's internal affairs...ohuh..."  
and Frei echoes "Chile's internal affairs...ohuh..."  
and Teddy Kennedy says  
"Uh...I deplore this tragedy, uh please don't kill the refugees"  
the people grow bigger and bigger  
spreading across the face of their own anguish.  
Carving their own long road to victory...  
Trying to think of you as a whole people, all of you,  
pueblo,  
resisting, resisting and dying  
and beginning to live forever...  
but my head fills up with faces, names, individual  
sisters and brothers.  
M's brown eyes, L's sweater,  
D behind the wheel of her small grey car, learning the city,  
my friends, my comrades.  
Dead  
or fighting in the streets,  
taking aim from a tall building,  
trying to hold the industrial belt,  
hiding, running,  
or never abandoning the people. My comrades: the people.

September 11th changed everything  
like all the dates before it  
that also changed everything.  
Oh we all expected it but no one could imagine  
it would be like this: blood, rivers of blood,  
70,000 dead, round the clock firing squads,  
stadiums filled with the prisoners,  
300 Bolivians sent to Bolivia, Banzer's got them  
in a concentration camp,  
Brazilians, Uruguayans, a continent's revolutionaries  
caught in the careful trap. "He's a foreigner: shoot him dead.  
She's got dark skin, he looks different.  
Shoot them shoot them shoot them."  
One book on Marxism is enough,  
"After the Army left I searched their house  
until I found their bodies, still warm..."  
Justification:  
"...the moral, social and political chaos  
of the country demanded that we blah blah blah..."  
  
And some of us said "...but the Army...?  
They said they were going to defend the Constitution...  
they didn't keep their promise...I mean,  
it's not that we trusted them but..."  
But it wasn't the Army, those paid recruits,  
the soldier turning on his brothers and sisters. No.  
The Army was the vehicle.  
It was Frei, the national bourgeoisie  
fenced in like a mad dog,  
twisting and striking,

choking on the madness of its own frustration.  
No other way out.  
Frei and Nixon and the CIA.  
The Class defending itself.  
A Socialist Government  
Elected by the people.  
With a Constitution.  
And an Army.  
And Allende, true to his ideals to the end,  
Fidel's machinegun in one hand,  
request for parliamentary guarantees in the other,  
defending La Moneda  
in a shower of bombs and shells...  
"Ask the fascists if they won't just assure the workers  
their freedom and their rights..."  
Dying with the Constitution  
asphyxiated by the Constitution  
going down with the Constitution  
and the Constitution dying with him,  
dying with the Constitution  
and more slugs than it takes to kill a dozen men.  
Allende, it doesn't matter anymore  
because you've transcended yourself,  
now you're neither reformist nor Head of State  
but a flag of fury  
light years beyond all those dreams and dead-ends.  
I remember Nueva Habana, Che Guevara,  
Lo Hermida where Sarabia died like a warning,  
Emilio who told me "We know what's coming,  
we're ready."

The people of the poblaciones:  
their flags, their shacks,  
their rage.  
Half a million poor  
rimming the city with the promise of tomorrow.  
Organizing, building  
out of misery and guts.  
They napalmed you, they razed you to the ground,  
destroyed you, exterminated you completely,  
wiped you off the face of the earth  
and there's no getting rid of you.

They know it in fear. I know it in hope.

Margaret Randall  
September 21, 1973

## VICTORIA

Por qué lloras compañero?  
por mi pueblo asesinado  
Victoria es palabra escrita con sangre  
y con lágrimas  
Victoria es camino largo de espinas, rosas,  
púas, y un arco iris de azules violetas  
y diáfanos jazmines.  
Victoria es palabra corta, eterno fin  
Victoria es murmullo ahogado en cada obrero y estudiante  
de mi Chile pisoteado.  
Victoria es palabra que sentimos  
en el aire, en las calles,  
    en una mesa de familia, no de aquéllas  
con manteles, servicios, vinos y manjares,  
sino en esas de gente pobre,  
    gente sencilla, con caras limpias  
sonrisas anchas  
y penas en el alma.  
Victoria es palabra desangrada en nuestro labios  
    saliva hecha veneno  
Victoria es el grito en silencio  
el llanto de mi pueblo  
Victoria, palabra del presente  
que te vas haciendo fuerte  
Victoria, ya serás futuro estallando en una ola  
Victoria, ya no eres palabra, presente ni futuro  
sino mil voces que declaran su tormenta.

Totty

## VICTORY

Why do you cry comrade?  
for my murdered people  
Victory is a word written with blood  
and with tears  
Victory is a long road of thorns, roses,  
barbs, and a rainbow of blue violets  
and transparent jasmine.  
Victory is a short word, the eternal goal  
Victory is the smothered murmur in each worker and student  
of my trampled Chile.  
Victory is the word which we feel  
in the street, air,  
at a family's table, not the table  
with linen, matching silver, wine and sweets,  
but the table of the poor people,  
simple people, with their clean faces  
wide smiles  
and sorrows in the soul.  
Victory is a word bleeding on our lips  
saliva made venom  
Victory is a shout in the silence,  
The weeping of my people  
Victory, a word of the present  
which makes you strong  
Victory, now you will be the future exploding in a wave  
Victory, now you are not a word, present or future,  
but a thousand voices which announce their torment.

Totty  
Translated from Spanish



This special issue of OPEN LETTER has been edited for NICH (Non-Intervention in Chile) by Robert High, Michael Taylor, and Kathleen Weaver. Original photographs and graphic reproductions by Alejandro Stuart. Copies may be ordered from NICH, PO Box 800, Berkeley, Ca. 94701. Price per copy \$1.00. Please add 40 cents for postage and handling. Inquire for bulk rates. Make checks payable to NICH.

Acknowledgements. "Round Two" c 1974 by Elías Hruska-Cortez. "Lament for Pablo Neruda" by Thomas McGrath, The Lamp in the Spine, Fall-Winter, 1973-74. "To Chile" ("A Chile") by Nicolás Guillén, Casa de las Americas, Havana, Cuba, Nov.-Dec. 1973 (a revised version of a poem from Guillén's Tengo, 1965). "The Latest Word" ("De última hora") by Richard Medina, and the Spanish version of "September Twenty-Third, Nineteen Seventythree" by Peter Weiss, Casa de las Americas, March-April, 1974. "When Dignity Becomes a Habit" ("Cuando la dignidad se convierte en costumbre") by Patricio Manns, Correo de la Resistencia, No. 1, June, 1974, MIR. Pablo Neruda's Incitación al Nixonicidio y alabanza de la Revolución Chilena was published by Quimantu, Chile, in May, 1973.

Thanks to Paul Bundy, Gregory Davis, and Julia Massa for their assistance in gathering poems for this collection.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

There are many ways in which we as individuals, can help the people of Chile. Letters requesting the release of political prisoners and an end to violations of human rights should be directed to:

General Augusto Pinochet  
Edificio Diego Portales  
Santiago, Chile

Chilean Embassy  
Ambassador Manuel Trucco  
1736 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Pressure must be kept up on Congress to end U.S. economic aid to the Junta and to maintain the ban on military aid.

You can contact NICH or any other Chile Solidarity committee around the country to find out about Chile solidarity activities in your community.

You can subscribe to the Chile Newsletter, published bi-monthly by NICH, for news from inside Chile and the solidarity movement. Donations to the Chile solidarity movement are, of course, welcome, and are one of the most concrete forms of support that can be given.

For further information, contact Non-Intervention in Chile.

