

TEAR DOWN THE FENCES!

PAREDON P-1011

TO THE LISTENER

"... Since 1967, Montevideo has practiced press censorship, giving itself special powers, under a state of seige, to restrict publications of news involving the Tupamaro urban guerrillas... Almost all the news published inside Uruguay about the Tupamaros has been from government sources. A state security law enacted this year provides jail sentences for newsmen, broadcasters, or publishers responsible for news stories 'damaging to Uruguayan prestige'."

Associated Press October 8, 1972

We take this opportunity, by way of counterbalance, to include in these notes as much information about the present situation as space permits. Our aim is to provide background material which might otherwise be hard to find, and no implication is made regarding any connection with the artist. In the absence of the possibility of contacting Daniel Viglietti directly for permission at this time, Paredon Records assumes full responsibility for all material included herewith. We hope you find it useful.

of which lives in the cities, especially the capital Montevideo. The country lacks plentiful raw materials and therefore relies heavily on the agricultural exploitation of its rich flat countryside. 95 percent of the country's exports are agricultural products, primarily those related to beef and wool. 20 million sheep and 8 million head of cattle are Uruguay's means of subsistence. The forces which control the land and the "estancias" on which they are raised, and those forces which determine the conditions of the international market on which these products must be sold, are ultimately the forces which will mold the future of the country.

Until the 1930's, the natural richness of Uruguay's land and the favorable prices on the world market brought growth and prosperity to large segments of the people. A group of enlightened bourgeois politicians, led by Jorge Battle y Ordonez, took advantage of this prevailing prosperity to build up a complex welfare and social security system. Excessive profits from the agricultural sector were channelled into the



A foreign visitor to the Oriental Republic of Uruguay will often come across that Uruguayan longing for times past. He will be told over and over that if he had just been there fifteen years earlier he would have known the real, the prosperous, the progressive Uruguay. Most people, including many Uruguayans, would like to think that this small country of the River Plate Basin is sick, getting worse perhaps, but certainly not dying. The image of the "Switzerland of the Americas" is rapidly being demystified by the breakdown of its social, economic and political system. Those social scientists, politicians and development professionals who for years relished and coveted this small piece of land because it vindicated their faith in welfare-state capitalism, are now frantically searching for the "subversive" virus which blew the lid off their favorite showcase for "sound democracy" in Latin America.

The myth hadn't been a bad one. It had most Uruguayans, especially the large middle class, lulled into a deep sleep of self-satisfaction with their apparent uniqueness in a continent of social conflict, economic underdevelopment and political corruption. They had outdone the forces of dependency and imperialism. They enjoyed the "good life." The awakening over the last few decades has been swift and decisive. Uruguayans suddenly became aware of the short-comings of their past assumptions, the double-talk of their politicians, the real power in their country, and how those oligarchs who held it fit into the much wider picture of continental dependency.

Uruguay is only 72,000 square miles with a population of approximately 3,000,000, half

industrial sector, where consumer goods were produced for the domestic market. The health of these light industries, however, was directly tied to the fluctuations of the agricultural exports, since they were heavily dependent on imports of raw materials.

World War II and the Korean conflict maintained favorable conditions on the international beef and wool market. Since 1954, however, the structural weaknesses of Uruguay's economy have become apparent with the gradual fall in prices on the world market, and the drop in production of the agricultural sector. Uruguay's enlightened politicians had forgotten to take two key variables into account: the foreign monopolies which control the world beef market, for example Armour & Co. and Swift (owned by Deltec, International, Inc.), all U.S. corporations, and the 600 Uruguayan families which hold half of the country's productive land and control 70 percent of its agricultural exports.

The land-owning oligarchy never showed interest in developing its economic base because its large holdings guaranteed high returns without technological improvements or greater productivity. They preferred to invest their profits in much more attractive, but non-productive, ventures such as real estate, tourism, stock market speculation and Swiss banks. An indication of this neglect is that the size of Uruguay's livestock is now the same as in 1908.

The fall in exports and the consequent restriction of imports have brought the Uruguayan economy to a standstill. Factories either close down or work at half their capacity, swelling the ranks of the unemployed. Inflation has set in reaching a peak of 136 percent in 1967 and real wages have shrunk by 47 percent over the last ten years. The foreign debt has grown to U\$800 million because of the need to maintain a fixed level of key imports regardless of the fall in export returns. The value of the local currency has fallen drastically, from an approximate dollar exchange rate of 2 to 1 in 1954 to over 600 to 1 in 1972. Speculation has become commonplace.

Repeated political and economic scandals have contributed to show the depth of corruption among the ruling class. A few private fortunes have multiplied to the rhythm of official devaluations of the peso and through the mechanics of the black market. Meanwhile the fattened cattle of the landowners is illegally driven across the

unguarded border into Brazil at an annual cost of U\$60 million to Uruguay: a third of the total value of its exports. The over-staffed government bureaucracy is splitting at the seams and the welfare system has been converted from a relief agency to a hot-bed of speculation with pension funds.

This economic crisis has been festering for almost two decades but the polarization of political forces which it engendered emerged only during the sixties. Three very different but related movements have grown out of it and indicate that the Uruguayan people are intent upon coming to grips with the causes of their now obvious status of underdevelopment and dependency: the stranglehold of the oligarchy on their economy and the forces of imperialism.

The now-famous Tupamaros began implementing their new form of urban guerrilla struggle in Montevideo in 1964. They had originated in the rural regions of Artigas where the founder of the movement, Raul Sendic, had been organizing the sugar cane workers against the U.S. company, CAINSA. The move to Montevideo was conditioned by the high concentration of the population in the capitol and the prohibitive layout of the land for rural forms of guerrilla warfare.

The Tupamaros successfully carried out numerous armed attacks against the government and the capitalist class. Their actions ranged from bank expropriations, assaults on army barracks to the seizure of radio stations and the kidnapping of well-known government figures and diplomats of major exploiting powers. Despite the intensification of the government's campaign of repression, the Tupamaros have developed a solid base from professional, student and working class sectors. In 1968 they claimed their organization was indestructible. Despite repeated claims by the police and the armed forces that the liberation movement had been defeated, further armed actions have quickly proven the contrary.

In October 1966 a new level of struggle was reached by the working class. The National Convention of Workers brought together a national union membership of 200,000 and has consistently led the labor's fight against the wage-freeze policies of the Pacheco (1966-1971) and Bordaberry (1971-) governments.

Finally, a left political front was formed in early 1971 in an attempt to offer a real alternative to the two traditional parties, whose differences were becoming blurred

with the polarization of forces. The Broad Front brought together twelve different groups, of which the most significant ones are: the Communist Party, the Socialist Party, the FIDEL (the Left Liberation Front), the Christian-Democratic Party and two factions which had split from the traditional parties. The main points of the Broad Front's program include an end to the restrictions on individual and civil rights, agrarian reform, nationalization of the banking and import-export sectors, and an independent foreign policy. Although the Broad Front presented a candidate in the presidential elections of 1971 (it obtained about 20 percent of the vote), it has stressed time and again that its main objective is to carry out a long-range campaign of political education in order to clarify the real nature of the class and anti-imperialist struggle in Uruguay.

The reaction from the right has not been long in coming and it has helped to define in very clear terms the nature of the reactionary class in Uruguay and the international forces which they cater to and on which they rely for survival.

The Uruguayan bourgeoisie is weak, corrupt and badly organized. The only opposition they had to face during the first half of this century was from themselves, according to the self-established and accepted rules of the bourgeois electoral game. The successes of an armed liberation movement, organized labor, and the rapid growth of a real political opposition force, has offered an unexpected challenge to this bourgeoisie, who quickly turned to the U.S. for support.

At the economic level, the International Monetary Fund and powerful New York banks, led by the First National City Bank, stepped in to open up credit lines. The IMF is an international credit agency supposedly governed by its member countries, but in which the U.S. holds a dominant position due to its large membership quota. Its primary concern is international monetary stability, which often means for smaller countries with balance of payment, foreign debt, and inflation problems, policies which hurt rather than contribute to their internal growth.

The IMF conditioned its credit to Uruguay on a wage-price freeze, cutbacks in government spending, devaluations of the peso, and an end to restrictions on foreign capital. The net effect has been to open Uruguay to greater foreign penetration, and to worsen the effects of the economic crisis for the popular classes.

The U.S. has intervened in a more direct way to develop the forces of repression. In 1964 the U.S. Agency for International Development began a 12-year Public Safety Program at a cost of U\$S 2.5 million. Its goal is "to assist in modernizing and improving Montevideo and interior police departments so that they will be better able to maintain law and order and to control subversion." In 1968 the government declared a virtual state of emergency to give the police a free hand in a systematic effort to repress the labor movement and wipe out the Tupamaros. The latter gave a clear response to the U.S. intervention by kidnapping and executing USAID and CIA agent, Dan Mitrione, in 1970. Mitrione had been training the local police in new "interrogation" techniques.

The ineptitude of the police has led the government to declare a state of internal war in April 1972, and to turn over the organization of political repression to the Armed Forces. The CIA, for its part, has engaged in the formation of right-wing terrorist groups to harass or assassinate labor leaders, leftist politicians, and Tupamaro sympathizers. In April 1972, an Uruguayan senator read a set of documents obtained from a police agent and photographer in his country's congressional record. These revelations clearly outlined the method of procedure used by the CIA, in cooperation with key figures of the Uruguayan government.

The U.S. is determined not to have another Cuba, especially not in Uruguay, which is so strategically located between Brazil and Argentina. There is presently much speculation about an impending coup by the Armed Forces, but this would not alter the long-range goal of the struggle of the Uruguayan people. The Tupamaros themselves admit that the process will be a long one. But they show the same determination that their ancestors relied upon to successively fight the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Argentines and the Brazilians. The U.S. would do well to learn from history.

Booklet editor: Barbara Dane
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BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

ABOUT DANIEL VIGLIETTI:

In countries struggling against imperialism, culture is a bitter battleground, since with U.S. investment comes the dollar culture. Insistence on Latin American culture, in a moment when the North American colossus is trying to devour one's nation, is an act of resistance. Daniel Viglietti, then, is a patriot . . . not just for Uruguay, but for all of Latin America. A measure of the cultural unity of that continent is how widely his music is loved and used.

To be a purely nationalist artist, however, is not sufficient to the times, for that might only serve to bolster the oligarchies, the local exploiters, the comprador classes. The people's artist, in the best sense, expresses the people's hopes and feelings, their needs and their struggles, as opposed to their exploiters.

Viglietti's songs are not empty gestures. He has long been associated with the struggles of his people. Most recently, in March of 1972, he was arrested and held for several months in prison, on charges of "aiding the Tupamaros." His music is partisan and his concerts (which are always sold out) take on the atmosphere of a demonstration, acting as a political barometer. He can also turn demonstrations of hundreds of thousands into the best kind of culturally integrated events.

His recordings are confiscated crossing the border from Uruguay to Argentina. In Chile, evdn in the rural south where few record-players are found, everyone can sing "A Desalambrar." His "Song for My America," also known as "Give your Hand to the Indian," is sung throughout the continent. Puerto Rican independence movement gatherings are not complete without the playing of his records, and the same goes in Columbia. In Cuba, the homeland of Nicolas Guillen, whose poetry he sings with such telling effect, he is an honored visitor.

In Uruguay as in Indochina, there is a war going on. The protagonists are the same: on the one hand, the people trying to regain control of their territories; on the other hand, U.S. imperialism trying to maintain its stranglehold. Daniel Viglietti has placed his artistry on the side of the peoples of the world, saying that he will be happy if his music helps a person go forth one day more, in the sun, full of hope for the future.

ABOUT THE SONGS:

SIDE ONE—opens with two of Viglietti's best-known songs. The third song was written by the great Argentine musician, Atahualpa Yupanqui, and is also a classic. The fourth band is a poem by Liber Falco set to music by Viglietti. Band 5 is dedicated to the young Columbian guerrilla priest, Camilo Torres, who was killed in battle on February 15, 1966. Torres' creed was, "It is the duty of every Christian to be a revolutionary. It is the duty of every revolutionary to make the revolution."

SIDE TWO—is comprised of three groups of poems which represent three of the greatest poets in the Spanish language.

NICOLAS GUILLEN (1904-) is the only one of the three to outlive the poverty into which he was born. He was the originator of the concept of Afro-Cuban, or better, Afro-Antillean poetry. He is so honored by revolutionary Cuba, and at present is chairman of the Writers Union.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA (1898-1936) was born in richly folkloric Andalusian Spain. As a lecturer, musician, and co-director of "La Barraca" (a theatre group during the Republican era), he had a deep influence on Spanish culture, and as a poet he was the voice of an entire generation. Soon after the war broke out, he was "eliminated" by the Falangists with a bullet in the back. **CESAR VALLEJO** (1895-1938) was born in Peru, of mixed Indian and Spanish background. He became an eloquent spokesman for the Andean Indians, and was jailed on a frame-up. In prison he wrote some of his best poems, and on emerging went to Europe, where he became a Marxist. His identification with Republican Spain and other people's causes made it difficult to make a living, even as a journalist, and he died as he was born, in poverty.

All of the musical settings, with the exception of "Duerme, Negrito," are by Daniel Viglietti.

ASSISTING MUSICIANS:

Ramiro Hernandez, tumbadora (drums)
Humberto Vasquez, marimbula
Daniel Garcia, claves y quijada
Federico Britos, violin

Zvradko Koev, flauta (flute)
Waldo Nunez, corno (cornet)

Side 1, Band 1:
DALE TU MANO AL INDIO (1:55)
(Give your hand to the Indian)

Dale tu mano al Indio,
Dale, que te hará bien.
Encontrarás el camino
Como ayer yo lo encontré.

Dale tu mano al Indio,
Dale, que te hará bien.
Te mojará el sudor santo
De la lucha y el deber.

La piel del Indio te enseñará
Todas las sendas que habrás de andar.
Mano de cobre te ha de mostrar
Toda la sangre que has de dejar.

Dale tu mano al Indio,
Dale, que te hará bien.
Encontrarás el camino
Como ayer yo lo encontré.

Es el tiempo del cobre!
Mestizo, grito y fusil!
Si no se abren las puertas,
El pueblo las ha de abrir.

América está gritando,
Y el siglo se vuelve azul.
Pampas, ríos, y montañas
Liberan su propia luz.

La copla no quiere dueños,
Patrones, no más mandar!
La guitarra americana
Peleando, aprendió a cantar..
Peleando, aprendió a cantar.
Peleando, aprendió a cantar.

Side 1, Band 2:
A DESALAMBRAR (2:20) (Tear down the fences)

Yo pregunto a los presentes
si no se han puesto a pensar
que esta tierra es de nosotros
y no de el que tenga más.

Yo pregunto si en la tierra
nunca habrá pensado Usted
que si las manos son nuestras
es nuestro lo que nos den.

English lyric: Barbara Dane

Give your hand to the Indian.
He will show you the way.
He will take you with him,
Where he took me yesterday.

Give your hand to the Indian.
Go with him out of the night.
Let him have your arm, and he
Will show you how to fight.

Red is the hand that shows the path
Where all our feet will have to go.
Red is the color of our wrath,
Red as the blood that still must flow.

Give your hand to the Indian.
He will show you the way.
He will take you with him,
Where he took me yesterday.

Now is the copper hour,
Meztizo, rifle and vow.
If the doors won't open,
We will make them open now!

Our American cries out warning!
See how the century's turning bright?
And all the mountains of our morning
Shake the sky with their burning light!

Our songs want no more owners
El Patron has lost command.
La Guitarra Americana
Will be played with fighting hands!
Will be played with fighting hands!
Will be played with fighting hands!

I ask you people,
did you ever stop to think
that this land is ours,
and not his who "owns" so much of it?

I ask if on the land
you have never thought
that if the hands that work are ours,
what they produce is ours too?

A desalambrar, a desalambrar!
que la tierra es nuestra,
es tuya y de aquel,
de Pedro, María, de Juan y José.

Si molesto con mi canto
alguno que ande por ahí,
le aseguro que es un gringo
o un dueño del Uruguay.

A desalambrar, desalambrar!

Yo pregunto a los presentes
si no se han puesto a pensar
que esta tierra es de nosotros
y no de el que tenga más.

A desalambrar, a desalambrar!

Tear down the fences! Tear them down!
The land is ours.
It belongs to you and them,
to Pedro, Maria, Juan and Jose.

If my song bothers someone
who is hanging around here,
I assure you he's a gringo
or a big landowner of Uruguay!

Tear down the fences! Tear them down!

I ask you people,
did you ever stop to think
that this land is ours,
and not his who "owns" so much of it?

Tear down the fences! Tear them down!

Side 1, Band 3:

DUERME, NEGRITO (2:20) (Sleep, black baby)

Duerme, duerme, negrito,
que tu mamá está en el campo,
negrito...
Duerme, duerme, Movila,
que tu mamá está en el campo,
Movila...

Sleep, sleep, black baby,
your mama's in the fields,
black baby . . .
Sleep, sleep, Movila,
your mama's in the fields,
Movila.

Te va a traer
codornices para tí.
Te va a traer
rica fruta para tí.
Te va a traer
carne de cerdo para tí.
Te va a traer
muchas cosas para tí.

She's gonna bring back
some partridges for you.
She's gonna bring back
delicious fruit for you.
She's gonna bring back
some pig meat for you.
She's gonna bring back
lots of things for you.

Y si el negro no se duerme,
viene el diablo blanco
y zas! le come la patita,
chacapumba!

And if you don't go to sleep,
the white devil is coming.
and zap! he'll eat up your little piggies!
chacapumba!

Duerme, duerme, negrito,
que tu mamá está en el campo,
negrito...
Trabajando,
trabajando duramente,
trabajando sí.
Trabajando y vá de luto,
trabajando sí.

Sleep, sleep, black baby,
your mama's in the fields,
black baby . . .
Working,
Working very hard,
Working,
Working and weeping,
Working,

Trabajando y no le pagan,
trabajando sí.
Trabajando y vá tosiendo,
trabajando sí.
Pa el negrito chiquitito
pa el negrito sí,
trabajando sí.

Duerme, duerme, negrito,
que tu mamá está en el campo,
negrito...

And getting no pay,
Working,
Working and coughing,
Working,
For her little black baby,
For the black baby, yes,
Working.

Sleep, sleep, black baby,
your mama's in the fields,
black baby. . . .

Side 1, Band 4:

YO NACI EN JACINTO VERA (1:53) (I was born in Jacinto Vera)

Yo nací en Jacinto Vera,
Qué barrio Jacinto Vera!
Ranchos de lata por fuera
y por dentro de madera.

De noche blanca corría,
blanca corría la luna.
Y yo corría trás ella,
y yo corría trás ella.

De repente la perdía,
de repente aparecía
entre los ranchos de lata
y por adentro madera.

Ay! luna, mi luna blanca,
luna de Jacinto Vera.

I was born in Jacinto Vera.
What a neighborhood, Jacinto Vera!
"Ranchos" with tin on the outside,
and inside, scraps of wood.

At night white would run
white would run the moon.
And I would run behind her,
and I would run behind her.

Suddenly, I would lose her,
suddenly it would seem,
among the ranches of tin cans,
with scraps of wood inside.

Ay! Moon, my white moon,
moon of Jacinto Vera!

Side 1, Band 5:

CRUZ DE LUZ (2:15) (Cross of light)

Donde cayó Camilo
nació una cruz,
pero no de madera
sino de luz.

Lo mataron cuando iba
por un fusil.
Camilo Torres muere
para vivir.

Cuentan que trás la bala
se oyó una voz:
Era Dios que gritaba
"Revolución!"

Where Camilo fell,
a cross was born,
but not of wood,
rather, of light.

The killed him, when it happened,
with a rifle.
Camilo Torres died
in order to live.

They say that after the bullet
a voice was heard:
It was God who cried,
"Revolution!"

Revisar las sotanas
mi general,
que en la guerrilla cabe
un sacristán!

Lo clavaron con balas
contra una cruz,
lo llamaron bandido
como a Jesús.

Y cuando ellos bajaron
por su fusil,
descubrieron que el pueblo
tiene cien mil.

Cien mil Camilo Torres
prontos a combatir!
Camilo Torres muere
para vivir.

Rearrange your cassocks,
my general,
because your guerrilla
contains a priest.

They nailed him with bullets
against a cross.
They called him a bandit,
like Jesus.

And when they went down
to find his gun,
they discovered that the people
had a hundred thousand.

A hundred thousand Camilo Torres
Ready to fight.
Camilo Torres died
in order to live.

Side 1, Band 6: MILONGA DE ANDRAR LEJOS (1:35) (Song of going far)

Que lejos está mi tierra
y sin embargo que cerca...
O es que existe un territorio
donde la sangre se mezcla?

Tanta distancia y camino,
tan diferentes banderas,
y la pobreza es la misma,
los mismos hombres esperan.

Yo quiero romper mi mapa,
tomar el mapa de todos,
meztizos, negros y blancos,
trazarlo codo con codo.

Los ríos son como venas
de un cuerpo entero extendido
y es el color de la tierra
la sangre de los caídos.

No somos los extranjeros,
los extranjeros son otros:
son ellos los mercaderes
y los esclavos nosotros.

Yo quiero romper la vida,
Como cambiarla quisiera.
Ayúdeme compañero!
Ayúdeme no demore!
Que una gota con ser poco
con otras se hace aguacero.

How far away is my country,
and at the same time so near . . .
Or maybe a territory exists
where all the blood mixes.

So much distance, and long roads,
how different all the flags,
but the poverty is the same,
the people's hopes are the same.

I want to break my map,
to take the map of all
mestizos, whites, blacks,
and sketch it out shoulder to shoulder.

The rivers are like veins,
of the whole body extended,
and the color of the land
is the blood of all the fallen.

We are not the foreigners.
The strangers are the others,
they are the traders,
and we are the slaves.

I want to break my life,
and change it to be as I want it.
Help me, comrade
help me without delay!
One drop of water is small,
but with others makes a storm!

Side 1, Band 7:

CANCION DEL HOMBRE NUEVO (1:35) (Song of the new man)

Lo haremos tu y yo,
nosotros lo haremos.
Tomemos la arcilla
para el hombre nuevo.

We will make him, you and I,
We will make him.
We will take the clay
To make the new man.

Su sangre vendrá
de todas las sangres,
borrando la historia
del miedo y del hambre.

His blood will come
From all bloods,
Blotting out the history
of fear and hunger.

Por brazo un fusil,
por luz la mirada,
y junto a la idea
una bala asomaba.

For an arm, a gun,
For light, a glance,
And at the thought,
A bullet appears.

Y donde el amor
un grito escondido,
pues ya los oídos
serán receptivos.

And where love
was a hidden cry,
Now all ears
are receptive.

Su grito será
de guerra y victoria
como un tableteo
que anuncie a la gloria.

His cry will be
Of War and victory,
Like a rattling sound
That announces glory.

Y por corazón
a ese hombre daremos
el del guerrillero
que todos sabemos.

And for a heart,
We will give this man
That of a warrior
We all know.

Lo haremos tu y yo,
(por brazo un fusil)
nosotros lo haremos
(por luz la mirada)
Tomemos la arcilla
es de madrugada.

We will make him, you and I
(For an arm, a gun)
We will make him
(For light a glance)
The clay we will take
Is of the dawn.

Side 1, Band 8:

REMONTANDO LOS RIOS (1:20) (Going upstream)

Cierro los ojos. . .
Pasan
los ríos por mi cara.
Los ojos. . .
Son los ríos. . .
Son los ojos. . .
Quién canta,
quién se ríe, quién grita,
quién llora?

I close my eyes . . .
they pass.
The rivers over my face,
The eyes . . .
are the rivers . . .
Are the eyes . . .
Who sings,
Who laughs, who cries out,
who weeps?

Se desatan
los ríos. . .
De mis ojos
vuela, alegre, una barca.
(Adiós, ramo, ramito.
Para tí toda el agua).
Remontando los ríos...

They dissolve
the rivers . . .
Of my eyes
it sails, happy, a boat.
(Goodbye, branch, little branch,
For you all the water.)
Going upstream . . .

Side 1, Band 9:
MI PUEBLO (1:52) (My people)

Quisiera cantar: ser flor
de mi pueblo.

I would sing: to be a flower
of my people,

Que me paciera una vaca
de mi pueblo.

That would be eaten by the grazing cow
of my people,

Que me llevara en la oreja
un labriego de mi pueblo.

That would be carried in the ear
of a farmer of my people,

Que me escuchara la luna
de mi pueblo.

That would listen to the moon
of my people,

Que me mojaran los mares
y los ríos de mi pueblo.

That would be wet by the seas
and rivers of my people,

Que me cortara una niña
de mi pueblo.

That would be picked by a girl
of my people,

Que me enterrara la tierra
del corazón de mi pueblo.

That would be buried in the earth
of the heart of my people,

Porque, ya ves, estoy solo
Sin mi pueblo
(aunque no estoy sin mi pueblo).

Because you see, I am alone
without my people
(although I am not without my people.)

POEMS BY NICOLAS GUILLEN

Side 2, Band 1:
ME MATAN SI NO TRABAJO (2:22) (If I don't work they'll kill me)

Me matan, si no trabajo,
y si trabajo, me matan;
siempre me matan, me matan,
siempre me matan.

If I **don't** work, they'll kill me,
And if I **do** work, they kill me.
Always they kill me, they kill me, aye,
They always kill me (2x)

Ayer ví a un hombre mirando,
mirando el sol que salía;
el hombre estaba muy serio,
porque el hombre no veía.
Ay, los ciegos viven sin ver
cuando sale el sol!

Yesterday I saw a man looking,
Looking at the sun coming out. (2x)
The man was very solemn,
Because the man couldn't see it. (2x)
Aye, the blind live without ever seeing
When the sun is coming out. (2x)

Ayer vi u niño jugando
a que mataba a otro niño (2x)
Ha niños que se parecen
a los hombres trabajando.
Quién les dirá cuando crecan
que los homres no son niños,
que no lo son.

Me matan si no trabajo

Yesterday I saw a child playing.
Playing that he killed another child. (2x)
There are children who appear to be
Just like grown men at work. (2x)
Who will tell them when they are grown,
That men are not children,
No, not children at all. (2x)

If I don't work, they'll kill me . . .

Side 2, Band 2:

SOLDADO, APRENDE A TIRAR (1:48) (Soldier, learn to shoot)

Soldado, aprende a tirar:
tú no me vayas a herir,
que hay mucho que caminar.
Desde abajo has de tirar,
si no me quieres herir!

Abajo estoy yo contigo,
soldado amigo.
Abajo, codo con codo,
sobre el lodo.

Para abajo, no,
que allí estoy yo.

Soldado, aprende a tirar:
tú no me vayas a herir,
que hay mucho que caminar.

Soldier, learn to shoot:
you're not going to wound me,
I who have so far to go.
From down there you have to shoot,
if you don't want to wound me.

I am down there with you,
friend soldier.
Down there, shoulder to shouder
in the mud.

But further down, yes,
am I from there!

Soldier, learn to shoot:
You're not going to wound me,
I who have so far to go.

Side 2, Band 3:

RONDA (1:23) (Round)

Paloma sube a mirar
desde esta rama de pino.
Dime si viene mi novia,
si viene por el camino.

Qué piensas tú?
Tu novia está en casa,
comiendo cuzcuz.

Paloma, vete a buscar
a la mujer que amo yo;
dile que aún espero el beso
que anoche me prometió.

Qué piensa usted?
Su novia está en casa,
tomando café.

Dove, come down to look
from your pine branch.
Tell me if my sweetheart comes,
If she comes on the road.

What do you think?
Your sweetheart is in her house,
Eating couscous.

Dove, go look for
The woman I love:
Tell her I'm still waiting
For the kiss she promised last night.

What do you think?
Your sweetheart is in her house,
Drinking her coffee.

Paloma, dile a mi novia
que cuando venga a mi entierro
toque bien duro a la puerta
porque la puerta es de hierro.

Qué piensas di?
Tu novia está en casa,
majando maíz.

(Repeat verse 1)

Dove, go tell my sweetheart
That when she comes to my funeral,
To knock hard on the door,
For the door is of iron.

What do you think?
Your sweetheart is in her house,
Grinding maize.

(repeat verse 1)

POEMS BY GARCIA LORCA:

Side 2, Band 4:

CANCIONES-REMANSOS (1:3;) (Songs-Stagnant pools)

Cipreses.
(Agua estancada)

Cypresses.
(stagnant water)

Mimbres.
(Agua profunda)

Willow.
(deep water)

Chopo.
(Agua cristalina)

Poplar.
(crystal water)

Corazón.
(Agua de pupila)

Heart.
(teardrops)

Side 2, Band 5:

REMANSILLOS (1:00) (Little stagnant pools)

Me miré en tus ojos
pensando en tu alma.
Adelfa blanca.

I looked into your eyes,
thinking of your soul.
White oleander.

Me miré en tus ojos
pensando en tu boca.
Adelfa roja.

I looked into your eyes,
thinking of your mouth.
Red oleander.

Me miré en tus ojos.
Pero estabas muerta!
Adelfa negra.

I looked into your eyes,
but you were dead.
Black oleander.

Side 2, Band 6:

VARIACION (1:00) (Variation)

El remanso del aire
bajo la rama del eco.

The stagnant pool of air
under the branch of an echo.

El remanso del agua
bajo fronda de luceros.

The stagnant pool of water
under the frond of stars

El remanso de tu boca
bajo espesura de besos.

The stagnant pool of your mouth
Under a thicket of kisses.

Side 2, Band 7:

CORTARON TRES ARBOLES (0:50) (They cut three trees)

Eran tres.
(Vino el día con sus hachas)

There were three.
(the day came with his axes)

Eran dos.
(Alas rastreras de plata)

There were two.
(wings trailing silver)

Era uno.
Era ninguno.
(Se quedó desnuda el agua)

There was one.
There was none.
(leaving the water naked).

Side 2, Band 8:

DOS BALADAS AMARILLOS (1:25) (Two yellow ballads)

En lo alto de aquel monte
hay un arbolito verde.

High in these foothills
there is a little green tree.

Pastor que vas,
pastor que vienes.

Shepherd who comes,
Shepherd who goes.

Olivares soñolientos
bajan al llano caliente.

Sleepy olive groves
roll down to the hot plains.

Pastor que vas.
pastor que vienes.

Shepherd who comes,
Shepherd who goes.

Ni ovejas blancas ni perro
ni cayado ni amor tienes.

No white sheep nor dog,
no shepherd's staff nor love has he.

Pastor que vas.

Shepherd who goes.

Como una sombra de oro,
en el trugal te disuelves.

Like a golden shadow
you dissolve into the wheatfields.

Pastor que vienes.

Shepherd who comes,

Side 2, Band 9: DOS BALADAS AMARILLOS II (1:00) (Two yellow ballads, II)

La tierra estaba
amarilla.

Orillo, orillo.
pastorcillo.

The land was
yellow.

I reach the edge,
little shepherd.

Ni luna blanca
ni estrella lucían.

Orillo, orillo,
pastorcillo.

No white moon
nor shining star.

I reach the edge,
little shepherd.

Vendimiadora morena
corta el llanto de la viña.

Orillo, orillo,
pastorcillo.

Brown girl gathering grapes,
harvest the weeping of the vine.

I reach the edge,
little shepherd.

POEMS BY CESAR VALLEJO

Side 2, Band 10:
MASA (2:25) (The masses)

Al fin de la batalla,
y muerto el combatiente,
vino hacia él un hombre y le dijo
"No mueras:
te amo tanto!"
Pero el cadáver ay!
siguió muriendo.

Se le acercaron dos
y repitiéronle:
"No nos dejes! Valor!
Vuelve a la vida!"
Pero el cadáver ay!
siguió muriendo.

Acudieron a él veinte,
cien, mil, quinientos mil,
clamando: "Tanto amor y no poder
nada contra la muerte!"
Pero el cadáver ay!
siguió muriendo.

Le rodearon millones de individuos,
con un ruego común:
"Quedate hermano!"
Pero el cadáver ay!
siguió muriendo.

Entonces todos los hombres de la
tierra
le rodearon; les vio el cadáver triste,
emocionado;
incorporóse lentamente,
abrazó al primer hombre;
echóse a andar.....

Side 2, Band 11, 12:
PEDRO ROJAS (4:25)

Solía escribir con su dedo grande
en el aire:
"Viban los compañeros!"
—Pedro Rojas.
de Miranda de Ebro,
padre y hombre,
marido y hombre,
ferroviario y hombre,
padre y más hombre.
Pedro y sus dos muertes.

At the end of the battle,
The combatant dead,
a man approached him, saying:
"Do not die;
I love you so much!"
But the corpse, aye,
kept on dying.

Two more approach him,
and they repeat:
"Do not leave us! Courage!
Come back to life!"
But the corpse, aye, kept on dying.

Twenty more crowd around him,
a hundred, thousand,
five hundred thousand, crying:
"So much love,
and we are powerless against death!"
But the corpse, aye!
kept on dying.

Millions of individuals surrounded him
with one common plea:
"Don't go brother!"
But the corpse, aye,
kept on dying.

Then all the people of the earth
surrounded him; the sad corpse
seeing them was deeply moved;
Slowly he arose from the ground,
embraced the nearest man,
and began to walk.

With his index finger he
would always write in the air:
"LONG LIBE THE COMRADES!"
—Pedro Rojas.
Son of Miranda del Ebro,
father and man,
husband and man,
railroad worker and man,
father, but even more, man,
Pedro and his two deaths.

Papel de viento,
lo han matado: pasa!
Pluma de carne,
lo han matado: pasa!
"Abisa a todos los compañeros pronto!"

Palo en el que han
colgado su madero,
lo han matado;
lo han matado al pie
de su dedo grande!
Han matado, a la vez,
a Pedro, a Rojas!

"¡Viban los compañeros!"
a la cabecera de su aire escrito.
Vivan con esta "b"
del buitre en las entrañas
de Pedro
y de Rojas, del héroe y del mártir!

Registrándole, muerto,
sorprendieronle
en su cuerpo un gran cuerpo,
para el alma del mundo,
y en la chaqueta
una cuchara muerta.

Pedro también solía comer
entre las criaturas de su carne,
asear, pintar
la mesa y vivir dulcemente
en representación de todo el mundo,
y esta cuchara anduvo en su chaqueta,
despierto o bien cuando dormía,
siempre,
cuchara muerta viva,
ella y sus símbolos.
Avisa a todos los compañeros pronto!
¡Viban los compañeros
al pie de esta cuchara para siempre!

Lo han matado,
obligándole a morir
a Pedro, a Rojas, al obrero
al hombre, a a quel
que nació muy niño,
mirando al cielo,
y que luego creció,
se puso rojo
y luchó con sus células,
sus nos, sus todavias,
sus hambres, sus pedazos.

A scrap of paper in the wind:
they killed him. Continue!
Pen of flesh and blood,
they killed him. Continue!
"Adbise all the comrades right away!"

Dead tree on which they
hung his carcass,
They killed him.
They killed him in the place
where his index finger began.
They killed him, all at once—
Pedro and Rojas.

"LONG LIVE THE COMRADES!"
begins his page of air.
Long live this "b"
of the beast in the guts
of Pedro
and of Rojas, hero and martyr.

Searching his dead body,
they were taken by surprise
by a larger body inside, big enough
for the soul of the world,
and in his jacket-pocket,
a murdered spoon.

Pedro also had the habit of eating
with the members of his family,
cleaning, fixing up
his table and living pleasantly
like everybody else,
and that spoon always stayed in his jacket,
awake or sound asleep,
but always
that dead-or-alive spoon
and all it meant.
Tell all the comrades right away!
Long live the comrades,
where this spoon begins, forever!

They killed him,
forcing him to die,
Pedro and Rojas, the worker,
the man he who
was born defenseless, looking at the sky,
and who later grew up and
became a red,
struggling in every cell
of his body—with his "us",
his "not yet," his hungers,
and all his parts.

Lo han matado suavemente
entre el cabello de su mujer,
la Juana Vázquez,
a la hora del fuego,
al año del balazo
y cuando andaba cerca ya
de todo.

Pedro Rojas, así, después del muerto,
se levantó, besó su catafalco ensangrentado,
lloró por España
y volvió a escribir
con el dedo en el aire:
"Viban los compañeros!
—Pedro Rojas."

Su cadáver estaba lleno de mundo.

A note about the translations: The job of making the central meaning come through in any translations of poetry is arduous. But my motivation is strong, and I have consequently made free with the time of several friends whose command of Spanish is thorough, and whose knowledge of literature and folklore has been very valuable. I would like to thank Rafael Rodriguez, who has given unsparingly although he is Director of Latin Literature Studies at Hunter College. I would also like to thank Roberta Salper, Alfredo Lopez, Suni Paz, Francia Luban, and others. The two Cesar Vallejo poems were already translated when I came upon the versions done by Nan Braymer and Lillian Lowenfels (in "Modern Poetry from Spain and Latin America" published by Corinth, N.Y.). I rewrote mine, incorporating several insights from their versions. Now they're pretty close. The song "Dale tu mano al Indio" is also known widely by the title "Cancion para mi America" and I wrote an English lyric in 1967, after first hearing Viglietti sing it in Cuba at the Cancion Protesta Encuentro. It is the only one of these translations that can be sung "as is," and I hasten to encourage listeners to make their own lyrics for songs they feel would be useful in English. Such lyrics would be a welcome addition to material I am collecting for an eventual book, and I invite submission of material, which will be returned on request. I might even sing them.

Barbara Dane

They killed him with finesse
among the tresses of his woman,
Juana Vasquez,
in the hour of the fire,
the year of the bullet,
and just as he was getting near
his "everything."

Pedro Rojas, after his death,
rose up, kissed his bloodied catafalque,
wept for Spain,
and went back to writing
with his index finger in the air:
"LONG LIVE THE COMRADES!"
—Pedro Rojas.

His body was filled with world.

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(In its February 1973 issue of the **Latin America and Empire Report** NACLA will publish general bibliographies on all Latin American countries, including Uruguay.)

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This article and bibliography was prepared especially to accompany this record by NACLA (North American Congress on Latin America). They may be reached for further information at Box 57, Cathedral Station, New York 10025. Their capabilities for researching and writing extend to all the countries of Latin America, and their material appears frequently in publications interested in the people's movements of those countries. Paredon wishes to thank them for their contribution.