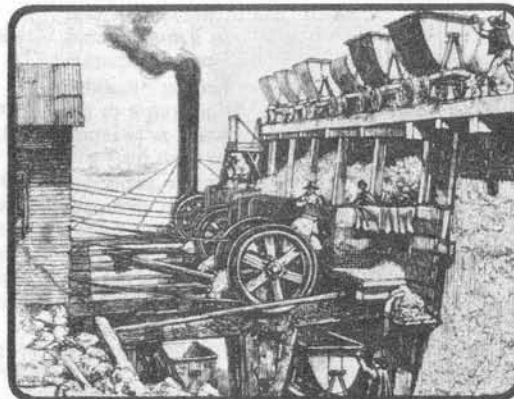


The Siege of Santa Maria de Iquique - A People's Cantata  
sung by QUILAPAYUN  
narrated by Hector Duvauchelle  
text and music by Luis Advis



A mine operation



Strikers marching



The mine in operation



President Don Pedro Montt



General Silva Renard



The first group of workers arrive in the city.



Striking workers awaiting the arrival of the steamship Esmeralda.



Strikers in the stocks



Workers of the salar at the turn of the century.



The landlords of Iquique were afraid.

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The bloodiest massacre in Chile's history occurred on December 21, 1907. Workers in the Nitrate mines, a leading industry owned largely by foreign (British and German) capital, struck on Dec. 4 demanding humane working conditions and higher wages. By Dec. 10 they were joined by levee workers, and by Dec. 13 a general work stoppage in all the Nitrate mines was announced. The miners were Bolivian, Argentine, and Peruvian as well as Chileans. A singular aspect of the strike was the solidarity which had developed between them all.

18,000 workers, together with wives and children, marched without food and water to the port of Santa Maria de Iquique to seek support. Dec. 14, the maritime workers joined them in the strike. President Pedro Montt, Rafael Sotomayor (Minister of Interior) and other officials who had strong business ties with the Nitrate magnates, appointed Roberto Silva Renard to handle the situation. He ordered the Army to fire into the miner's encampment in the schoolyard.

Two thousand men, women and children were killed and many thousands more injured. The bodies were carted away to a common grave in garbage trucks. The President offered banquets for the owners in each of the mining towns. Years later, Renard was stabbed by the brother of a woman who died that day in the schoolyard where — they say — no plant life would grow on the blood-soaked soil.

The strikers had established strict rules of behavior: 1) belong to the union; 2) never betray your comrades; 3) be active and conscious; 4) do not let yourself be exploited; 5) stay away from taverns and whorehouses; 6) study workers' books and periodicals; 7) teach your children to be non-violent; 8) do not let the authorities provoke you.

The imprisonment, torture, exile or death of large numbers of writers, singers, musicians, dancers, painters, professors, and all kinds of intellectuals in Chile since the bloody coup d'etat in September, 1973, has shocked the world. Rumors have run rampant, particularly with the destruction of what was once considered to be the most free press in the so-called "free world." But one case has been substantiated in all its grim detail—the torture and murder of singer Victor Jara. News of his cruel death has given the world some idea of what happened to scores of other intellectuals and thousands of other people.

Chilean cultural workers were attacked with particular ferocity because almost without exception they supported the Popular Unity government. The reasons for the militancy of this sector of the population, which had not ordinarily concerned themselves with politics, are important to examine.

Chile is an underdeveloped country. For most of the 20th Century its main source of foreign exchange has been copper, and until 1971 copper production was in the hands of U.S. monopolies. Before that, nitrate was the principal exportable commodity, controlled by British companies. This kind of

dependency breeds alienation, and for the intellectuals, cultural alienation was a central problem.

Since its birth as an independent nation, Chile has been a politically organized and orderly country, with a respected intellectual and cultural tradition. The University of Chile is not the oldest in America, since it was established in 1842, but it is one of the most prestigious. Chile also became a haven for intellectuals from other Latin American countries who were forced to flee when their own countries were ruled by dictatorships, as was frequently the case. Actually, a whole literary movement in Chile, called "The '42 Generation," was initiated largely by exiles.

Chile's most renowned poet, Pablo Neruda, was born at the turn of this century, and his poetry reached to every corner of the world. He had a profound influence throughout Latin America as well. His early poetry was romantic, later becoming obscure and "modern." With the Spanish Civil War, however, he dropped his intellectual games and became much more clearly anti-imperialist.

Meanwhile, Chile experienced its own convulsions. Nitrate floundered as a source of foreign exchange, and copper emerged. The world depression had a devastating effect on countries which were the source of raw materials. A Popular Front strategy was developed by the left, and in 1938 the Radical Party (usually centrist, sometimes rightist) candidate was elected. The '38 Generation, primarily short-story writers and novelists, became a flourishing new intellectual movement. One of its principal representatives is Fernando Alegría, now teaching at Stanford University.

"People's Music" took longer to find its own path. The so-called folk music was dominated for a long while by themes of rural life, love stories, rodeos, and a few reassuring patriotic notes. In the forties, Margot Loyola and Violeta Parra began researching and popularizing the long-forgotten genuine folklore of Chile, and, by the time of the Popular Unity period in 1970, popular (or "people's") song had risen to become a primary cultural manifestation.

Popular Unity was a rebirth of the United Front conception, but the personality of Salvador Allende and modern

history transformed it into something new: hailed by some as the "Chilean road" to socialism, Popular Unity was an extension of the political wave initiated by the Cuban revolution. Chile's traditional political stability, it was said, would enable it to follow the electoral road to socialism, and Allende was elected to the presidency in 1970.

Since 1958 Allende had seemed destined to be the "perpetual runner-up" for president, and many artists and singers had worked on his behalf all along. By 1970, they participated more effectively than ever, with the additional strength of folklore and neo-folkloric songs. After the election, the singers became even more popular and active. In some areas, doubt was cast on the usefulness of protest song when "there was nothing left to protest," which reveals some of the political illusions of the period. But the songs flourished, and the militancy of the singers continued to increase.

The Chilean oligarchy, however, was not about to accept its defeat. From the day following the election it embarked on a policy of sabotage in the economic and political spheres. Three years of this did nothing to reduce Allende's popularity. A mass meeting held on September 4, 1973, one week before the coup, with Allende speaking in Santiago and support rallies held all over the provinces, proved to be the largest of his administration. American journalists, covering what they thought would be the last gasps of Allende's popularity, expressed amazement. With the economy in shambles after two and a half years of a U.S. blockade from abroad and sabotage from within, after a transportation strike which paralyzed the entire country for a month and destroyed the year's harvest, Allende was still supported by 44% of the voters in the Congressional elections held in March, 1973. This was too much for the oligarchy. If under conditions of scarcity of food and other essentials the people supported Allende, how much stronger would his support be by the elections of 1976?

A "strike" by the employers (not the miners) of the El Teniente copper mine led to a halt of several days in copper exports. Before the action ended, a new transportation "strike" was initiated by truck owners who publicly stated that they were "out to get" Allende. But no

amount of economic disaster seemed to rock Allende's supporters. The military remained the trump card up the sleeve of the U.S.-backed oligarchy. Conditions in Chile were explosive, with the working class exhibiting previously unheard-of levels of militancy. The right feared that the economic-chaos strategy might produce an unwanted result: the growing confidence and awareness of the Chilean masses could turn the "peaceful road to socialism" into a full-scale revolutionary situation and popular rebellion.

What happened next is still obscured by the news black-out established by the military junta with the co-operation of the international press. The bizarre story that Allende had committed suicide with a machine gun fooled no one. This brave fighter for genuine Chilean independence, founder and leader of the anti-imperialist Popular Unity coalition, was murdered while attempting to defend the people's democratic rights. But he had symbolized powerful aspirations of the masses of people which will not be killed.

The fate of Chile's intellectuals is beginning to leak out. Roger Planchon, director of the Théâtre National Populaire of France, has denounced the repression which has descended on theatre directors, actors and workers. Several actors have been arrested and tortured, and now await sentencing. Some filmmakers were abroad during the coup or managed to flee soon after, but many have not been accounted for. Hundreds of journalists have lost their jobs, and many newspapers were forced to shut down. The Christian Democratic organ, La Prensa, went out of business altogether, and even a right-wing paper closed temporarily. Unemployment in the academic world is catastrophic, with even Christian Democrats losing long-held jobs.

The infamous book-burnings of the Nazis have been revived in Chile. The anti-intellectual binges indulged in by right-wing terrorists can be summed up by a photograph showing a book on Cubism being put to the torch on the assumption that it is about Cuba. All the recordings of political singers, and these were the most popular in Chile, have been looted from stores and homes, and prohibited from being played.

Two of Chile's best known song groups, Quilapayún and Inti-Illimani, were out



of Chile on September 11. Isabel Parra, daughter of Violeta, was out of the country, but her brother Angel, an unusually active participant in the Allende election campaign, was arrested, tortured, held in a concentration camp in the North, and finally set free in February, spared, no doubt, because of fear of popular opinion. Victor Jara, on the other hand, who had gone to the University to sing in spite of warnings of the impending coup, was rounded up with 5,000 others in the Stadium, forced to play his guitar after his hands had been destroyed, and finally shot with a machine gun as he continued to sing the theme song of The PU Movement, "Venceremos" (We Will Win). His example of courage will never be forgotten.

Luis Advis, the composer of this cantata, is alive and apparently unharmed, but little else is known of his present situation. However, the theatre company, Aucamán, who had travelled the country performing this work for some time, was reportedly rounded up and killed en masse at the beginning of the coup. To the members of the Aucamán we dedicate the U.S. production of the cantata.

A totally false picture of the death of Pablo Neruda has been spread by the world press. He was said to have died of a lingering illness. What was not said was that his house was ransacked, looted of valuable books and art, his papers destroyed, and the medicine which for some time had sustained his life was withheld. Victor Jara's wife Joan, a British subject, was able to leave the country and later reveal the cruel circumstances of her husband's death. Only when others have been able to do likewise can we assess the full extent of the destruction of Chilean culture.

With over 30,000 Chilean workers and peasants newly dead, thousands imprisoned and thousands more in exile, with scores of thousands thrown out of work for political reasons, with all those people who are not actually rich unable to buy even bread because of rampant inflation, with all people's organizations and left parties dismembered or outlawed, one can hardly speak of Chilean culture of the present moment in the normal sense. These are the facts of the texture of Chilean life, Chilean society, at this time. But a historic

example of one section of Chilean people would be well to remember: during 125 years of Spanish imperial culture and economic domination of much of Latin America, the Mapuche Indians rejected all attempts to obliterate their language and folkways. The recent example of the Vietnamese people's resistance and triumphs is dramatically clear to Latin Americans, as it is to all people of the so-called "third world." The history of the world's people is filled with examples of the indestructibility of genuine people's culture.

The incident around which this "people's cantata" is built is part of the true legacy of Chilean workers' struggles. Even with the outright massacre of hundreds of striking miners, their wives and children, by the military servants of the old Chilean ruling class at Santa Maria de Iquique, in 1907, miners have organized again to strike, miners' wives and children have organized again and again to struggle, and townspeople have arisen again to support them. History will repeat itself, each time on a higher level.

- Hector Garcia

#### ABOUT THE QUILAPAYUN:

April 3, 1974 - London (Reuters)

Times have changed for Chile's radical folk music group, Quilapayun, as they taste a bitter exile.

The seven-man group recently played to an audience of some 500 at Congress House, headquarters of Britain's labor-union movement. Their last concert in Santiago, Chile, was before an audience of 500,000 at a rally of the late President Salvador Allende Gossens's "Popular Unity" government.

The group uses a variety of Andean Indian musical instruments including the "quena," a long bamboo flute, the "sampo," resembling the pipes of the mythological god Pan, the "charango," a tiny high-pitched guitar, maraccas, and bongos.

They sing about their political commitment to the leftist Popular Unity government that was overthrown by a military coup.

The spokesman for the group, Eduardo Carrasco, explains that Quilapayun's use of such instruments is a reaction to the "cultural imperialism" of North American and European music.



Members of the Quilapayun

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE PRESENT SITUATION IN CHILE:

Agencia de Noticias Resistencia  
Via de la Torre  
Argentina #21-1  
Rome, Italy

North American Congress on  
Latin America (NACLA)  
Box 57 Cathedral Station  
New York, New York 10025  
-or-  
Box 226  
Berkeley, California 94701

United States Committee for Justice to  
Latin American Political Prisoners  
(USLA)  
150 Fifth Avenue Room 311  
New York, New York 10011  
(212) 691-2880

Non-Intervention in Chile (NICH)  
P.O. Box 800  
Berkeley, California 94701

International Documentation on the  
Contemporary Church (IDOC)  
IDOC-North America  
235 East 49 Street  
New York, New York 10017  
Issue No. 58 "Chile: The Allende Years,  
The Coup, Under the Junta"  
Issue No. 62 (soon to be published)  
"Chile: Under Military Rule"

Sing Out! The Folk Song Magazine  
Vol. 22 No. 5 Sept/Oct 1973  
106 West 28th St. 3rd floor  
New York, New York 10001

Mr. Carrasco, besides being an accomplished musician, taught philosophy in Santiago before the coup. In addition, Quilapayun numbers three engineers, one music teacher, an industrial chemist, and an interior decorator.

The group came together as university students seven years ago and, in Chile, Quilapayun combined tours and television appearances with informal concerts in factories, cooperative farms, and shanty towns.

From the start the group drew its musical inspiration from what Mr. Carrasco terms "the indigenous beauty," the culture of the Andean altiplano, the highland home of the Quechua Indians.

Their songs are political and social comments. Quilapayun sings about the foreign domination of Chile's economy, about worker solidarity, and about their comrades who were killed or imprisoned by the present ruling junta.

Quilapayun was touring Europe when the Chilean coup took place. They are now "stuck" in Europe, at present based in Paris. Their records, once chart-toppers, are banned in Chile. The group's overriding preoccupation at the moment is the safety of many of their friends and associates who remained in Chile.

Mr. Carrasco is confident that the politics he believes in will once more rule Chile: "The unity of the different political sectors is now more united than ever in opposition to the regime."  
(Christian Science Monitor)

## THE SIEGE OF SANTA MARIA DE IQUIQUE

### 1) PREGON: SOLO:

Señoras y Señores  
venimos a contar  
aquello que la historia  
no quiere recordar  
Pasó en el Norte Grande,  
fué Iquique la ciudad.  
Mil novecientos siete  
marcó fatalidad.  
Allí al pampino pobre  
mataron por matar.  
Allí al pampino pobre  
mataron por matar.  
CORO:

Seremos los hablantes  
diremos la verdad  
Verdad que es muerte amarga  
de obreros del Salar.  
Recuerden nuestra historia  
de duelo sin perdón.  
Por mas que el tiempo pase  
no hay nunca que olvidar.  
Ahora les pedimos  
que pongan atención.  
Ahora les pedimos  
que pongan atención.

### 2) PRELUDIO INSTRUMENTAL

### 3) RELATO:

Si contemplan la pampa y sus rincones  
verán las sequedades del silencio,  
el suelo sin milagro y Oficinas  
vacías, como el último desierto.

Y si observan la pampa y la imaginan  
en tiempos de la Industria del Salitre  
verán a la mujer y al fogón mustio,  
al obrero sin cara, al niño triste.

También verán la choza mortecina,  
la vela que alumbraba su carencia,  
algunas calaminas por paredes  
y por lecho, y los sacos y la tierra.

También verán castigos humillantes,  
un cepo en que fijaban al obrero  
por días y por días contra el sol;  
no importa si al final se iba muriendo.

La culpa del obrero, muchas veces,  
era el dolor altivo que mostraba.  
Rebelión impotente, una insolencia!  
La ley del patrón rico es ley sagrada.

\* Chile has two northern areas, There is "el Norte Grande" or Big North, This area is mostly desert. Here you will find the nitrate mines, Santa Maria de Iquique took place in this region. The other area is called "el Norte Chico" or Little North. This area is mostly fertile valleys.

\* pampa - plains

\* Salar - open-pit mine, sometimes as large as a town.

### 1) PRELUDE: SOLO:

Señoras y Señores  
we've come here to tell  
that which history  
doesn't wish to record.  
It happened in "el Norte Grande,"\*  
in the city of Iquique.  
The year 1907  
marked that deadly time.  
There the poor pampa\* dweller  
they killed just to kill.  
There the poor pampa dweller  
they killed just to kill.  
CHORUS:

We will be the speakers  
we will tell the truth,  
Truth that is the bitter death  
of the workers of the Salar,\*  
That you may remember our history  
of grief without respite.  
Even though the time passes  
one must never forget.  
And now we ask you  
to pay attention.  
And now we ask you  
to pay attention.

### 2) INSTRUMENTAL

### 3) NARRATION:

If you look at the pampa and its crevices  
you will see the droughts of silence,  
an earth without miracle and Oficinas\*  
empty, like the ultimate desert.

And if you watch the pampa and imagine it  
during the time of the Nitrate Industry\*  
you will see the wife and the broken down  
cook-stove;  
the faceless worker, the mournful child.

You will also see the dimming shack,  
the candle which illuminates its poverty,  
For walls some corrugated tin,  
and for a bed, some sacks and the ground.

Furthermore, you will see humiliating  
punishments,  
a stock where the worker was fastened  
for days and days against the sun;  
it is not important if in the end he died.

The fault of the worker, many times,  
was the proud suffering which he showed.  
Impotent rebellion. What insolence.  
Sacred is the law of the rich patron.\*

\* An "Oficina" is not an office as we know it. Here it refers to the entire mining operation.

\* The nitrate referred to is Sodium Nitrate (NaNO<sub>3</sub>), more commonly known as Chile Saltpeter.

\* patrón - capitalist

También verán el pago que les daban.  
Dinero no veían, solo Fichas;  
una por cada día trabajado,  
y aquella era cambiada por comida.

¡Cuidado con comprar en otras partes!  
De ninguna manera se podía  
aunque las cosas fuesen más baratas.  
Lo había prohibido la Oficina.

El poder comprador de aquella Ficha  
había ido bajando con el tiempo  
pero el mismo jornal seguían pagando.  
Ni por nada del mundo un aumento.

Si contemplan la pampa y sus rincones  
verán las sequedades del silencio.  
Y si observan la pampa cómo fuera  
sentirán, destrozados, los lamentos.

### 4) CANCION: CORO:

El sol en desierto grande  
y la sal que nos quemaba  
El frío en las soledades,  
camanchaca y noche larga  
El hambre de piedra seca  
y quejidos que escuchaba  
La vida de muerte lenta  
y la lágrima soltada.

### SOLO:

Las casas desposeídas  
y el obrero que esperaba  
al sueño que era el olvido,  
solo espina postergada.  
El viento en la pampa inmensa  
nunca más se terminara  
Dureza de sequedades  
para siempre se quedara.

Salitre, lluvia bendita,  
se volvía la malvada.  
La pampa, pan de los días,  
cementerio y tierra amarga.  
Seguía pasando el tiempo  
y seguía historia mala,  
dureza de sequedades  
para siempre se quedara.

### CORO:

El sol en desierto grande  
y la sal que nos quemaba  
El frío en las soledades  
camanchaca y noche larga.  
El hambre de piedra seca  
y quejidos que escuchaba.  
La vida de muerte lenta  
y la lágrima saltada.

### 5) INTERLUDIO INSTRUMENTAL

Likewise you will see the pay they were  
given.  
Money never seen, only tokens;  
one for each day worked,  
and that was exchanged for food.

Be careful about buying in other places!  
In no way could it be done,  
even though the items might be cheaper.  
It has been forbidden by the Oficina.

The buying power of that token  
had decreased with the times,  
and yet the same daily wages continued  
to be paid.  
Not for the world were they increased.

If you look at the pampa and its crevices  
you will see the droughts of silence.  
And, if you observe the pampa as it was  
you will feel destroyed by the laments.

### 4) SONG: CHORUS:

The sun in the big desert  
and the salt which burned us.  
The cold loneliness,  
the long night and the desert mist.  
The thirst of the dry rock  
and the moans which were heard.  
The life of slow death  
and one tear drop.

### SOLO:

The miserable houses  
and the worker who waited  
for the dream that was forgetfulness,  
only thorns remained.  
The wind in the immense pampa  
never ending  
The hardness of the drought  
forever staying.

The nitrate, a welcomed gift,  
turned evil.  
The pampa, bread of our days,  
became a cemetery, bitter earth.  
Time continued passing  
and the story continued to worsen;  
the hardness of the drought  
will stay forever.

### CHORUS:

The sun in the big desert  
and the salt which burned us.  
The cold in the loneliness,  
the long night and the desert mist.  
The thirst of the dry rock  
and the moans which were heard.  
The life of slow death  
and the tears which sprang forth.

6) RELATO:

Se había acumulado mucho daño,  
mucha pobreza, muchas injusticias;  
ya no podían más y las palabras  
tuvieron que pedir lo que debían.

A fines de mil novecientos siete  
se gestaba la huelga en San Lorenzo  
y al mismo tiempo todos escuchaban  
un grito que volaba en el desierto.

De una a otra Oficina, como ráfagas,  
se oían las protestas del obrero.  
De una a otra Oficina, los Señores,  
el rostro indiferente o el desprecio.

Qué les puede importar la rebeldía  
de los desposeídos, de los parias.  
Ya pronto volverán arrepentidos;  
el hambre los traerá, cabeza gacha.

¿Qué hacer entonces, qué, si nadie  
escucha?

hermano con hermano preguntaban.  
Es justo lo pedido y es tan poco  
¿tendremos que perder las esperanzas?

Así, con el amor y el sufrimiento  
se fueron aunando voluntades.  
En un solo lugar comprenderían;  
había que bajar al puerto grande.

7) CANCIÓN: SOLO:

Vamos mujer, partamos  
a la ciudad.

Todo será distinto,  
no hay que dudar.  
No hay que dudar, confía,  
ya vas a ver,  
porque en Iquique todos  
van a entender.

Toma mujer mi manta,  
te abrigará.

Ponte al niño en brazos,  
no llorará.

No llorará, confía,  
va a sonreír.

Le cantarás un canto,  
se va a dormir.

Qué es lo que pasa, dime,  
no calles más.

Largo camino tienes  
que recorrer  
atravesando cerros,  
vamos mujer.

Vamos mujer, confía,  
que hay que llegar,  
en la ciudad podremos  
ver todo el mar.

6) NARRATION:

The workers had accumulated many  
wrongs,  
much poverty and many injustices;  
Finally, they could no longer stand it,  
and the words  
had to demand that which they were owed.

At the end of 1907  
the strike of San Lorenzo was stirring,  
and the cry which exploded in the desert  
was heard at once by all.

From one Oficina to the other, like  
blasts,  
they heard the protests of the workers.  
From one Oficina to the other, the owners,  
with their faces scornful, indifferent.

What could the owners care of the  
rebellion  
of the dispossessed, of the outcasts.  
Soon they will return, repentant,  
brought by hunger, their heads lowered.

What happens then, if no one listens,  
each brother asked the other.  
What we asked for is just, and it's so  
little.

Must we lose hope?

So, with love and with suffering  
their wills were united.  
In only one place would they understand;  
they had to go down to the big port.

7) SONG: SOLO:

Let's go, woman, we are leaving  
for the city.

All will be different,  
there can be no doubt.  
There can be no doubt, have faith,  
soon you will see,  
that in Iquique,  
they'll understand.

Take my poncho, woman,  
it will cover you.  
Take the little one in your arms,  
he will not cry.

He will not cry, have faith,  
soon he will smile.  
You will sing him a song,  
and then he will sleep.

What is it that's happening, tell me,  
don't be silent any longer.

It's a long road  
you must travel  
over the hills,  
let's go, woman.

Let's go, woman, have faith,  
we must arrive,  
in the city we will be able  
to see the whole ocean.

Dicen que Iquique es grande  
como un Salar,  
que hay muchas casas lindas,  
te gustarán.  
Te gustarán, confía,  
como que hay Dios;  
allá en el puerto todo  
va a ser mejor.

Qué es lo que pasa, dime,  
no calles más.

Vamos mujer, partamos  
a la ciudad.  
Todo será distinto,  
no hay que dudar.  
No hay que dudar, confía,  
ya vas a ver,  
porque en Iquique todos  
van a entender.

8) INTERLUDIO INSTRUMENTAL

9) RELATO:

Del quince al veintiuno,  
mes de Diciembre,  
se hizo el largo viaje  
por las pendientes.  
Veintiseis mil bajaron  
o tal vez más  
con silencios gastados  
en el Salar.  
Iban bajando ansiosos,  
iban llegando  
los miles de la pampa,  
los postergados  
No mendigaban nada,  
solo querían  
respuesta a lo pedido,  
respuesta limpia.  
(PAUSA - MUSICA)

Algunos en Iquique  
los comprendieron  
y se unieron a ellos,  
eran los Gremios.  
Y solidarizaron  
los carpinteros,  
los de la Maestranza,  
los carreteros,  
los pintores y sastres,  
los jornaleros,  
lancheros y albañiles,  
los panaderos,  
gasfiteres y Abasto,  
los cargadores.  
Gremios de apoyo justo,  
de gente pobre.  
(PAUSA - MUSICA)

They say that Iquique is big  
like a Salar,  
with many beautiful houses,  
that you will like.  
That you will like, have faith,  
as sure as there is a God;  
there in the port all  
will be better.

What is it that's happening, tell me,  
don't be silent any longer.

Let's go, woman, we are leaving  
for the city.  
All will be different,  
there can be no doubt.  
There can be no doubt, have faith,  
soon you will see,  
that in Iquique,  
they'll understand.

8) INSTRUMENTAL

9) NARRATION:

From the fifteenth to the twenty first,  
in the month of December,  
the long journey was made  
through the hills.  
Twenty-six thousand, maybe more,  
went down  
with silences exhausted  
in the Salar.  
Anxiously they went down,  
and anxiously they arrived,  
the thousands from the pampa,  
the forgotten ones  
who begged for nothing,  
they only wanted  
a reply to their demands,  
a reply which was honest.  
(PAUSA - MUSIC)

Some in Iquique  
understood  
and united with them,  
they were the Gremios.\*  
And they were made up of  
the carpenters,  
those from the navy-yard,  
the cart drivers,  
the painters and the tailors,  
the day laborers,  
the boatmen, and the stone masons,  
the bakers,  
the plumbers and the workers in the  
warehouses,  
the longshoremen.  
Unions, the rightful defenders  
of poor working people.

\* Gremios - unions



Los Señores de Iquique  
tenían miedo;  
era mucho pedir  
ver tanto obrero.  
El pampino no era  
hombre cabal,  
podía ser ladrón  
o asesinar.  
Mientras tanto las casas  
eran cerradas,  
miraban solamente  
tras las ventanas.  
El Comercio cerró  
también sus puertas,  
había que cuidarse  
de tanta bestia.  
Mejor que los juntaran  
en algún sitio,  
si andaban por las calles  
era un peligro.

10) INTERLUDIO CANTADO: SOLO:

Se han unido con nosotros  
compañeros de esperanza  
y los otros, los más ricos,  
no nos quieren dar la cara.  
CORO:  
Hasta Iquique nos hemos venido  
pero Iquique nos ve como extraños.  
Nos comprenden algunos amigos  
y los otros nos quitan la mano.  
SOLO:  
Se han unido con nosotros  
compañeros de esperanza  
y los otros, los más ricos  
no nos quieren dar la cara.  
Y los otros, los más ricos  
no nos quieren dar la cara.

11) RELATO:

El sitio al que los llevaban  
era una escuela vacía  
y la escuela se llamaba  
Santa María.

Dejaron a los obreros,  
los dejaron con sonrisas.  
Que esperaran les dijeron  
solo unos días.

Los hombres se confiaron,  
no les faltaba paciencia  
ya que habían esperado  
la vida entera.

Siete días esperaron,  
pero qué infierno se vuelven  
cuando el pan se está jugando  
con la muerte.

The "Gentlemen" of Iquique  
were afraid;  
it was too much to ask for  
to see so many workers.  
The man of the pampa  
did not live by the law,  
he could have been a thief  
or a murderer.  
In the meantime many of the houses  
were closed,  
the people peeking out from  
behind the windows.  
The businesses also  
closed their doors.  
They had to be careful  
of so many beasts.  
Better they should be kept  
in one small area,  
for if they walked the streets  
it would be a danger.

10) SONG: SOLO:

They are united with us,  
our comrades in hope.  
And those others, the wealthy,  
do not wish to face us.  
CHORUS:

We have come to Iquique  
but Iquique sees us as strangers.  
Our friends understand us  
and the others refuse us.  
SOLO:

They are united with us,  
our comrades in hope.  
And the others, the wealthy,  
do not wish to face us.  
And the others, the wealthy,  
do not wish to face us.

11) NARRATION:

The place where they were taken  
was an empty school  
and the school was called  
Santa María.

They left the workers  
and those who left were smiling.  
The workers were told to wait  
only a few days.

The men were too trusting,  
and they did not lack patience  
already they had waited  
their whole lives.

Seven days they waited,  
but into what hell would they be thrown  
when bread is gambled  
against death?

Obrero siempre es peligro.  
Precaverse es necesario.  
Así el Estado de Sitio  
fué declarado.

El aire trajo un anuncio,  
se oía tambor ausente.  
Era el día veintiuno  
de Diciembre.

12) CANCION: SOLO:

Soy obrero pampino y soy  
tan re viejo como el que mas  
y comienza a cantar mi voz  
con tempres de algo fatal.

Lo que siento en esta ocasión  
lo tendré que comunicar,  
algo triste va a suceder,  
algo horrible nos pasará.

El desierto me ha sido infiel,  
solo tierra cascada y sal,  
piedra amarga de mi dolor,  
roca triste de sequedad.

Ya no siento mas que mudez  
y agonías de soledad;  
solo ruinas de ingratitud  
y recuerdos que hacen llorar.

Que en la vida no hay que temer  
lo he aprendido ya con la edad,  
pero adentro siento un clamor  
y que ahora me hace temblar.

Es la muerte que surgirá  
galopando en la oscuridad.  
Por el mar aparecerá,  
ya soy viejo y sé que vendrá.

13) INTERLUDIO INSTRUMENTAL

14) RELATO:

Nadie diga palabra  
que llegará  
un noble militar,  
un General.  
El sabrá cómo hablarles,  
con el cuidado  
que trata el caballero x  
a sus lacayos.  
El General ya llega  
con mucho boato  
y muy bien precavido  
con sus soldados.  
Las ametralladoras  
están dispuestas  
y estratégicamente  
rodean la escuela.

The worker is always dangerous.  
To guard oneself is necessary.  
Thus the "State of Siege"  
was declared.

The air brought an announcement,  
a distant drum was heard.  
It was the twenty-first day  
of December.

12) SONG: SOLO:

I am a worker of the pampa and I am  
as old as any  
and my voice begins to sing  
afraid of something fatal.

What I feel on this occasion  
I must tell to you,  
something sad is going to happen,  
something horrible will happen to us.

The desert has been unfaithful to me,  
only broken earth and salt,  
bitter stone of my pain,  
rock saddened by drought.

I feel only speechlessness  
and the agonies of solitude;  
only the ruins of ingratitude  
and memories that make one cry.

That there is nothing in life to fear  
I have finally learned with age,  
but inside I feel an uproar  
and now it makes me tremble.

It is the death which will emerge  
galloping out of the darkness.  
It will appear by the sea,  
I am old and I know it will come.

13) INSTRUMENTAL

14) NARRATION:

No one says a word  
for he will come,  
a soldier of high degree,  
a General.  
He will know how to talk to them,  
with the same consideration  
that a gentleman  
has for his lackeys.  
The General arrives,  
he is very pompous  
and very well guarded  
by his soldiers.  
The machine-guns  
are given out  
and strategically  
they surround the school.



The landlords of Iquique were afraid.

(PAUSA - MUSICA)

Desde un balcón les habla  
con dignidad.  
Esto es lo que les dice  
el General:

"Que no sirve de nada  
tanta comedia.  
Que dejen de inventar  
tanta miseria.  
Que no entienden deberes,  
son ignorantes,  
que perturban el orden,  
que son maleantes.  
Que están contra el país,  
que son traidores.  
que roban a la patria,  
que son ladrones.  
Que han violado a mujeres,  
que son indignos,  
que han matado a soldados,  
son asesinos.  
Que es mejor que se vayan  
sin protestar.  
Que aunque pidan y pidan  
nada obtendrán.  
Vayan saliendo entonces  
de ese lugar,  
que si no acatan órdenes  
lo sentirán."

(PAUSA - MUSICA)

Desde la escuela, "El Rucio,"  
obrero ardiente,  
responde sin vacilar  
con voz valiente:

"Usted, señor General  
no nos entiende.  
Seguiremos esperando,  
asi nos cueste.  
Ya no somos animales,  
ya no rebaños,  
levantaremos la mano,  
el puño en alto.

(PAUSE - MUSIC)

From a balcony he talks to the workers  
with dignity.

This is what the  
General says:

"Nothing is gained  
by such a comedy.  
You must stop inventing  
such misery.  
They do not understand their obligations,  
they are ignorant,  
they disturb the order,  
they are malcontents.  
They are against the country,  
they are traitors.  
They rob the homeland,  
they are thieves.  
They have raped women,  
they are vile,  
they have killed soldiers,  
they are murderers.  
It is better that they leave  
without protesting.  
Even though they ask and ask  
they will obtain nothing.  
They must begin leaving  
this place,  
if they do not obey orders  
they will regret it."

(PAUSE - MUSIC)

From the school, "El Rucio,"  
an ardent worker,  
answers in a strong voice  
and without hesitation:

"You, señor General  
do not understand us.  
We will continue waiting  
no matter what it costs.  
We are not animals,  
we will not be herded,  
we will raise our hands,  
with our fists held high.

Vamos a dar nuevas fuerzas  
con nuestro ejemplo  
y el futuro lo sabrá,  
se lo prometo.  
Y si quiere amenazar  
aqui estoy yo.  
Dispárele a este obrero  
al corazón."

El General que lo escucha  
no ha vacilado,  
con rabia y gesto altanero  
le ha disparado,  
y el primer disparo es orden  
para matanza  
y asi comienza al infierno  
con las descargas.

15) CANCION - LETANIA: CORO:

Murieron tres mil seiscientos  
uno tras otro.  
Tres mil seiscientos mataron  
uno tras otro.

SOLO:

La Escuela Santa María  
vió sangre obrera.  
La sangre que conocía  
solo miseria.

CORO:

Serían tres mil seiscientos  
ensordecidos.  
Y fueron tres mil seiscientos  
enmudecidos.

SOLO:

La Escuela Santa María  
fué el exterminio  
de vida que se moría,  
solo alarido.

CORO:

Tres mil seiscientas miradas  
que se apagaron.  
Tres mil seiscientos obreros  
asesinados.

SOLO:

Un niño juega en la Escuela  
Santa María.  
Si juega a buscar tesoros  
¿qué encontraría?

16) CANCION: SOLO:

A los hombres de la pampa  
que quisieron protestar  
los mataron como perros  
porque había que matar.

CORO:

No hay que ser pobre, amigo,  
es peligroso.  
No hay ni que hablar, amigo,  
es peligroso.

Our example will be a source  
of new strength  
and the future will know of it,  
I promise.  
If you want to make threats  
here I am.  
Shoot this worker  
in the heart."

The General who heard him  
did not hesitate.  
In rage and with an arrogant gesture  
he shot him,  
and the first shot is the signal  
for the slaughter  
and with the rounds of artillery  
their hell begins.

15) SONG (SLOWLY): CHORUS:

36 hundred died  
one after the other.  
36 hundred were killed  
one after the other.

SOLO:

The school of Santa Maria  
saw the blood of the workers.  
It was blood which had known  
only misery.

CHORUS:

36 hundred were  
deafened.  
36 hundred were  
silenced.

SOLO:

In the school of Santa Maria  
the life of the dying  
was exterminated  
with only one scream.

CHORUS:

36 hundred glances  
were extinguished.  
36 hundred workers  
were killed.

SOLO:

A child plays in the school  
of Santa Maria.  
If he plays at "treasure-hunt,"  
what will he find?

16) SONG: SOLO:

The men of the Pampa  
who wanted to protest  
were killed like dogs  
- they had to be killed.

CHORUS:

You mustn't be poor, my friend,  
it's dangerous.  
You mustn't even talk, my friend,  
it's dangerous.

SOLO:  
Las mujeres de la Pampa  
se pusieron a llorar  
y también las matarían  
porque había que matar.  
CORO:  
No hay que ser pobre, amiga,  
es peligroso.  
No hay que llorar, amiga,  
es peligroso.  
SOLO:  
Y a los niños de la Pampa  
que miraban, nada más,  
también a ellos los mataron  
porque había que matar.  
CORO:  
No hay que ser pobre, hijito,  
es peligroso.  
No hay que nacer, hijito,  
es peligroso.  
SOLO:  
¿Dónde están los asesinos  
que mataron por matar?  
Lo juramos por la tierra,  
los tendremos que encontrar.  
Lo juramos por la vida,  
los tendremos que encontrar.  
Lo juramos por la muerte,  
los tendremos que encontrar.  
CORO:  
Lo juramos, compañeros,  
ese día llegará.

17) PREGON: SOLO:  
Señoras y señores  
aquí termino  
la historia de la Escuela  
Santa María.  
Y ahora con respeto  
les pediría  
que escuchen la canción  
de despedida.

18) CANCION FINAL: SOLO:  
Ustedes que ya escucharon  
la historia que se contó  
no sigan allí sentados  
pensando que ya pasó.  
No basta solo el recuerdo,  
el canto no bastará.  
No basta solo el lamento,  
miremos la realidad.  
CORO:  
Quizás mañana o pasado  
o bien, en un tiempo mas,  
la historia que han escuchado  
de nuevo sucederá.  
Es Chile un país tan largo,

SOLO:  
The women of the Pampa  
began to cry  
and they too were killed  
- they had to be killed.  
CHORUS:  
You mustn't be poor, my friend,  
it's dangerous.  
You mustn't cry, my friend,  
it's dangerous.  
SOLO:  
And the children of the Pampa  
were looking, nothing more,  
and they too were killed  
- they had to be killed.  
CHORUS:  
You mustn't be poor, my child,  
it's dangerous.  
You mustn't be born, my child,  
it's dangerous.  
SOLO:  
Where are those murderers  
who killed just to kill?  
We swear upon this earth,  
that we will find them.  
We swear upon this life,  
that we will find them.  
We swear upon this death,  
that we will find them.  
CHORUS:  
We swear to you, our comrades,  
that day will come.

17) PRELUDE: SOLO:  
Señoras y Señores  
here ends  
the story of the school  
Santa Maria.  
And now with respect  
I ask you  
to listen to  
one final song.

18) FINAL SONG: SOLO:  
You have already listened  
to the story told.  
Don't just sit there  
thinking about what happened.  
It isn't enough to remember,  
it isn't enough to sing.  
It isn't enough to mourn,  
we must face the reality.  
CHORUS:  
Maybe tomorrow or the day after  
or even in a little while,  
the story you've just heard  
will repeat itself.  
Chile is such a long country

mil cosas pueden pasar  
si es que no nos preparamos  
resueltos para luchar.  
Tenemos razones puras,  
tenemos por qué pelear.  
Tenemos las manos duras,  
tenemos con qué ganar.

Unámonos como hermanos  
que nadie nos vencerá.  
Si quieren esclavizarnos  
jamás lo podrán lograr.  
La tierra será de todos,  
también será nuestro el mar.  
Justicia habrá para todos  
y habrá también libertad.  
Luchemos por los derechos  
que todos deben tener.  
Luchemos por lo que es nuestro,  
de nadie mas ha de ser.

(CAMBIO DE TROTE A CACHIMBO)

No hay que ser pobre, amigo,  
es peligroso.  
No hay ni que hablar, amigo,  
es peligroso.

Unámonos como hermanos  
que nadie nos vencerá.  
Si quieren esclavizarnos,  
jamás lo podrán lograr.  
La tierra será de todos  
también será nuestro el mar.  
Justicia habrá para todos  
y habrá también libertad.  
Luchemos por los derechos  
que todos deben tener.  
Luchemos por lo que es nuestro,  
de nadie más ha de ser.

Unámonos como hermanos  
que nadie nos vencerá  
Si quieren esclavizarnos,  
jamás lo podrán lograr.

Si quieren esclavizarnos  
jamás lo podrán lograr.

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a thousand things can come to pass  
if we are not prepared  
and resolved to fight.  
The motives we have are pure,  
we have good cause for fighting.  
Our hands are very strong,  
and we have what we need to win.

If we are united as comrades  
no one can defeat us.  
They never will enslave us  
no matter how they try.  
The earth will belong to all of us  
and so will our sea.  
Justice will be for everyone  
and so will liberty.  
We struggle for the rights  
to which everyone is entitled.  
So no one else can claim it,  
we'll fight for what is ours.  
(CHANGE FROM "TROTE" TO  
"CACHIMBO")

You mustn't be poor, my friend,  
it's dangerous.  
You mustn't even talk, my friend,  
it's dangerous.

If we are united as comrades  
no one can defeat us.  
They never will enslave us  
no matter how they try.  
The earth will belong to all of us  
and so will our sea.  
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