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# THE DOORS THAT APRIL OPENED

A Poem by  
JOSÉ CARLOS ARY DOS SANTOS

With Illustrations by  
ANTÓNIO PIMENTEL



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As Portas Que Abril Abriu

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The Doors That April Opened



As Portas Que Abril Abriu

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## The Doors That April Opened

A poem by José Carlos Ary dos Santos  
with illustrations by António Pimentel

Translated from the Portuguese  
by Deolinda Adão and Claude Henry Potts

2014

Portuguese Studies Program, Institute of European Studies  
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University of California, Berkeley

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First edition

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## PREFACE

The idea for this book first came to mind in early 2010 while entrenched in preparations for a library exhibition commemorating the centennial of the Portuguese Republic. Installed in the 10' x 10' vertical cases of the much travelled corridor connecting the University of California, Berkeley's Doe Memorial Library with The Bancroft Library, the exhibit which we named "Portugal: 1910–2010" obliged us to leave so many worthy materials on the proverbial cutting room floor. José Carlos Ary dos Santos' lengthy poem "As portas que Abril abriu" ("The doors that April opened") brilliantly illustrated by António Pimentel was something we had to omit but something we promised ourselves we would return to on another occasion. In its place, we installed the original text and our translation of his pithier, provocative, self-referential piece of bravado "Poeta castrado, não!" ("But not a castrated poet!") published three years earlier in 1972 by Livraria Quadrante in the collection *Resumo* and nearly two full years before the collapse of the authoritarian Estado Novo regime. Like "As portas" this much shorter poem, which fit neatly on one single page, spoke out boldly against censorship and state oppression, employing the trope of poetry as an agent for the virile revolutionary change to come:

Os que entendem como eu  
a força que tem um verso  
reconhecem o que é seu  
quando lhes mostro o reverse

Those who understand like me  
the power that a verse possesses  
recognize that which is theirs  
when I show them the reverse

What drew us to "As portas que Abril abriu" is that it recounted in just eighteen pages an abbreviated modern history, or politicized mythology rather, of Portugal leading up to the Carnation Revolution (Revolução dos Cravos). Graphically reinforced by Pimentel's artwork as well as by black and white photographs taken by leading documentalists of the era such as Alfredo Cunha, Josué da Silva, and Carlos Gil, we seemed to have all the raw materials one needed for another library exhibition three years later when it was time to showcase the fortieth anniversary of 25 de Abril in the much more ample space of Doe Library's Bernice Layne Brown Gallery. When we learned that an English translation of Ary dos Santos' poem had never been published, we welcomed the opportunity to share beyond the four walls and exhibit cases what we were already intending to do with our impermanent and fleeting library installation. This book and exhibit provided us with a means of opening up his verses for the

first time to a whole world of English readers, thus providing a point of entry for understanding the context of the Carnation Revolution of 1974.

While Ary dos Santos proclaimed himself a member of the Partido Comunista Português (Portuguese Communist Party–PCP) several years before the fall of the dictatorship, it was not until later that his participation in public readings and other efforts for social justice intensified. Because the poem embraced the spirit of the 25th of April and also due to his popularity as a lyricist and performer of cantigas—medieval monophonic songs, characteristic of Galician-Portuguese lyric—this particular poem was well received by Portuguese citizens from all walks of life. Thirty-five thousand copies were printed in the first run and it sold out virtually overnight in November of 1975. One thousand copies of a special edition, which included a vinyl LP of Ary dos Santos’ spoken word, was issued. Aside from the six dazzling, radiant, allegorical, almost cosmic, illustrations by António Pimentel, the editors of the publishing house also interposed a side narrative, which we did not include in this edition.

*Claude Potts  
Berkeley, California*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As is always the case, a project of this nature is only possible with the cooperation and assistance of a considerably large number of individuals and organizations whose contributions were fundamental. Likewise, when attempting to make such a list one is overtaken by the fear of overlooking someone who rightfully deserves to be thanked and acknowledged. Thus, we would like to thank each and every one who assisted us in completing this ambitious project.

We would like to start by thanking our institutional sponsors, the Institute of European Studies, the Portuguese Studies Program, and the Library of the University of California at Berkeley. Secondly, we express our gratitude to the Luso-American Foundation of Lisbon without whose financial support the Portuguese Studies Program at UC Berkeley would not continue. Finally, we thank the Camões–Instituto da Cooperação e da Língua and the Consulate General of Portugal in San Francisco for their financial contributions.

Words cannot express our appreciation for all those who assisted us in the process of translating Ary dos Santos' magnificent and extremely complex poem. We are particularly indebted to Keith Budner and Darin Spillman for their close readings of the translation in its myriad iterations. Aisha Hamilton, who is the UC Berkeley Library's exhibits and environmental graphics designer, deserves our profound gratitude for enthusiastically agreeing to accept the task of visually reworking the poem into three dimensions for the parallel exhibition in Doe Library's Bernice Layne Brown Gallery. Likewise, we thank Catarina Branco who created an original art piece specifically for the installation. We are equally grateful to the Centro de Documentação 25 de Abril at the University of Coimbra for their assistance. We also would like to thank Maria Wolf for all her work and patience with the layout and editing of the book as well as Steve Mendoza for last minute proofreading and Eric Kotila for the cover design.

Last but not least, we would like to thank the Portuguese Communist Party, the Portuguese Society of Authors, and Mr. Antoine Pimentel who granted us permission to reproduce the six illustrations done by his father and also the original manuscript of José Carlos Ary dos Santos—the two artists whose work served as the inspiration for this publication commemorating the 40th anniversary of Portugal's Carnation Revolution of April 25, 1974.

*Deolinda Adão and Claude Potts*



## INTRODUCTION

### The Portuguese Flower Revolution – April 25, 1974

When in 1932 the military government that had ruled since May 28, 1926 named António Oliveira Salazar as president of the Council of Ministers, it was the first time power changed hands in Portugal without violence or loss of life. By 1933 Salazar had consolidated his Estado Novo, a fascist government that borrowed many of its ideas and organizational structure from Italy's Mussolini. Although less ostentatious than his Italian counterpart, Salazar's grip on the nation and its citizens was just as firm. However, rather than fashioning himself as an authoritative and highly visible ruler, Salazar preferred to appear as a reserved, loving yet stern father who needed to impose discipline and at times punish his children in order to guide and protect them. To this end, the Estado Novo forged a strong alliance with the Catholic Church who proved to be a valuable partner in the reconstruction of nationalism undertaken by the state. As the poorly educated and highly religious population filed into church on Sundays, the only part of the services they understood was the celebrants' reiteration of Salazar's ideologies, which he systematically claimed were not his own but those of the nation, since his thoughts were founded in a deep-seated ancestral national consciousness.

During the first years of the Estado Novo, Salazar succeeded in stabilizing Portugal's economy and establishing a program of centralized economic and industrial development that was heavily based on agriculture and subjacent to Portugal's colonial project. However, as economic development became increasingly internationalized, the Estado Novo's highly nationalistic and protective structure coupled with the demands of supporting a three-front Colonial War in Africa caused the country to fall decades behind other European nations at all levels.

By 1974, nearly two million Portuguese had left the country, immigrating both legally and illegally mostly to Central Europe and the Americas, over eight thousand soldiers had died and more than fifteen thousand had been wounded in the 13-year Colonial War, at least one third of the population was illiterate, and the average annual income was \$1,974. Notwithstanding, Portugal's small middle class—which had seen several failed attempts to overthrow the authoritarian regime—was growing increasingly anxious to join the growth and development the 1960s had brought to many of their European neighbors. Although they feared the repercussions that a sudden regime change might bring—inspired by the Free Speech Movement in Berkeley and the May 1968 protests in France—they stood ready to support the Armed Forces

Movement (Movimento das Forças Armadas or MFA) and welcome their three objectives for Portugal: democratization, development, and decolonization.

At 25 minutes past midnight on April 25, 1974 the first strophe of the song “Grândola, Vila Morena” was broadcast via Rádio Renascença. This was the signal several military directives had been waiting to hear for it announced the beginning of the uprising and impelled the revolutionary platoons to leave their barracks and march onto Lisbon with the purpose of overthrowing the regime. By 3:00 am the troops had entered Lisbon and secured several radio stations and the national television network, and by 4:00 am rebel forces had control of the airport and all national broadcast services. As the morning progressed Lisbon was overrun by revolutionary troops and the general population poured into the streets to encourage and thank the soldiers, showing many signs of support including the offering of red carnations.

Once the ministries and the prime minister's compound were surrounded, the MFA issued an ultimatum, and after several hours of negotiation, at approximately 7:30 pm, Prime Minister Marcelo Caetano and several members of his cabinet surrendered and were taken by tank to a military airport in order to leave the country. By 8:00 pm General António Spínola assumed the leadership of the MFA and the announcement that the regime had capitulated was read over the microphones of the Portuguese Radio Club. Just as all seemed to be under control, members of the secret police force loyal to the regime—Direcção-Geral de Segurança (DGS)—began shooting at a crowd of demonstrators gathered in front of their main office, killing four civilians and wounding several dozen more, thus causing the only casualties registered during the uprising. Nonetheless, their office was rapidly raided by the MFA, and Portugal ended its 48-year dictatorial regime virtually without bloodshed. The final process put in motion before day's end was the release of political prisoners being held in jails still under DGS control and still offering resistance with the support of the Polícia de Segurança Pública (PSP). As the night unfolded the PSP adhered to the MFA, and the DGS surrendered control of the prison forts allowing for the release of all political prisoners from Caxias in Lisbon, Peniche 100 miles to the north, and Tarrafal in Cabo Verde.

In the days that followed, members of Portugal's clandestine political parties emerged into the light and cheered in the streets as their exiled leaders returned to participate in the multiparty democratic system projected for Portugal. By the end of the month, the MFA had been recognized as the legitimate government of Portugal by many world powers including the United States. The revolutionary process was by no means completed on April 25 but the MFA set the country on the path to democratization. After several attempts by both the extreme right and the extreme left to seize power, the first multiparty elections took place on June 27,

1976 and Ramalho Eanes emerged victorious as the first democratically elected president of Portugal with 61.5% of the popular vote. This was followed by the July 23, 1976 parliamentary election that gave Mario Soares' Socialist Party (Partido Socialista) the victory, allowing him to rise to the position of prime minister. Likewise, the decolonization process that began in 1974 is completed by the end of 1975.

*Deolinda Adão  
Berkeley, California*



Era uma vez um país  
onde entre o mar o e guerra  
vivia o mais infeliz  
dos povos à beira-terra.

Onde entre vinhas sobredos  
vales socalcos searas  
serras atalhos veredas  
lezírias e praias claras  
um povo se debruçava  
como um vime de tristeza  
sobre um rio onde mirava  
a sua própria pobreza.

Era um vez um país  
onde o pão era contado  
onde quem tinha a raiz  
tinha o fruto arrecadado  
onde quem tinha o dinheiro  
tinha o operário algemado  
onde suave o ceifeiro  
que dormia com o gado  
onde tossia o mineiro  
em Aljustrel ajustado  
onde morria primeiro  
quem nascia desgraçado.

Era uma vez um país  
de tal maneira explorado  
pelos consórcios fabris  
pelo mando acumulado  
pelas ideias nazis  
pelo dinheiro estragado  
pelo dobrar da cerviz  
pelo trabalho amarrado  
que até hoje já se diz  
que nos tempos do passado  
se chamava esse país  
Portugal suicidado.

Once upon a time there was a country  
where between sea and war  
a most unfortunate people  
lived at land's end.

Where among vineyards cork forests  
valleys terraced hills cornfields  
mountains trails paths  
marshlands and bright beaches  
a people bent  
like sad rattan stems  
gazing over a river  
at their own misery.

Once upon a time there was a country  
where bread was rationed  
where whoever owned the root  
kept the fruit  
where whoever had the money  
shackled the worker  
where the gentle reaper  
slept alongside the cattle  
where the miner coughed  
trapped in Aljustrel's mines  
where those born damned  
**were the first to die.**

Once upon a time there was a country  
so exploited  
by industrial monopolies  
by inherited authority  
by Nazi ideals  
by filthy money  
by bowing in submission  
by chained labor  
so much so  
that in those times  
this country was called  
suicidal Portugal.

Ali nas vinhas sobredos  
vales socalcos searas  
serras atalhos veredas  
lezírias e praias claras  
vivia um povo tão pobre  
que partia para a guerra  
para encher quem estava podre  
de comer a sua terra.

Um povo que era levado  
para Angola nos porões  
um povo que era tratado  
como a arma dos patrões  
um povo que era obrigado  
a matar por suas mãos  
sem saber que um bom soldado  
nunca fere os seus irmãos.

Ora passou-se porém  
que dentro de um povo escravo  
alguém que lhe queria bem  
um dia plantou um cravo.

Era a semente da esperança  
feita de força e vontade  
era ainda uma criança  
mas já era a liberdade.

Era já uma promessa  
era a força da razão  
do coração à cabeça  
da cabeça ao coração,  
Quem o fez era soldado  
homem novo capitão  
mas também tinha a seu lado  
muitos homens na prisão.

There in the vineyards cork forests  
valleys terraced hills cornfields  
mountains trails paths  
marshlands and bright beaches  
lived a people so poor  
that they left for distant wars  
to enrich those who were rotting  
from ingesting their own land.

A people taken  
to Angola in galleys  
a people used  
as weapons of the powerful  
a people forced  
to kill with their own hands  
not knowing that a good soldier  
never harms his brothers.

But one day it came to pass  
that among the enslaved  
a mindful someone  
planted a carnation.

It was the seed of hope  
made of strength and will  
although still a child  
yet already free.

It was the prophecy  
a force of reason  
from heart to mind  
from mind to heart  
He who planted it was a soldier  
a young man a captain  
but at his side stood  
so many, many prisoners.

Esses que tinham lutado  
a defender um irmão  
esses que tinham passado  
o horror da solidão  
esses que tinham jurado  
sobre uma côdea de pão  
ver o povo libertado  
do terror da opressão.

Não tinham armas é certo  
mas tinham toda a razão  
quando um homem morre perto  
tem de haver distanciação

uma pistola guardada  
nas dobras da sua opção  
uma bala disparada  
contra a sua própria mão  
e uma força perseguida  
que na escolha do mais forte  
faz com que a força da vida  
seja maior do que a morte.

Quem o fez era soldado  
homem novo capitão  
mas também tinha a seu lado  
muitos homens na prisão.

Those who fought  
to defend a brother  
those who endured  
the horrors of loneliness  
those who swore  
over a loaf of bread  
to free the people  
from the terror of oppression.

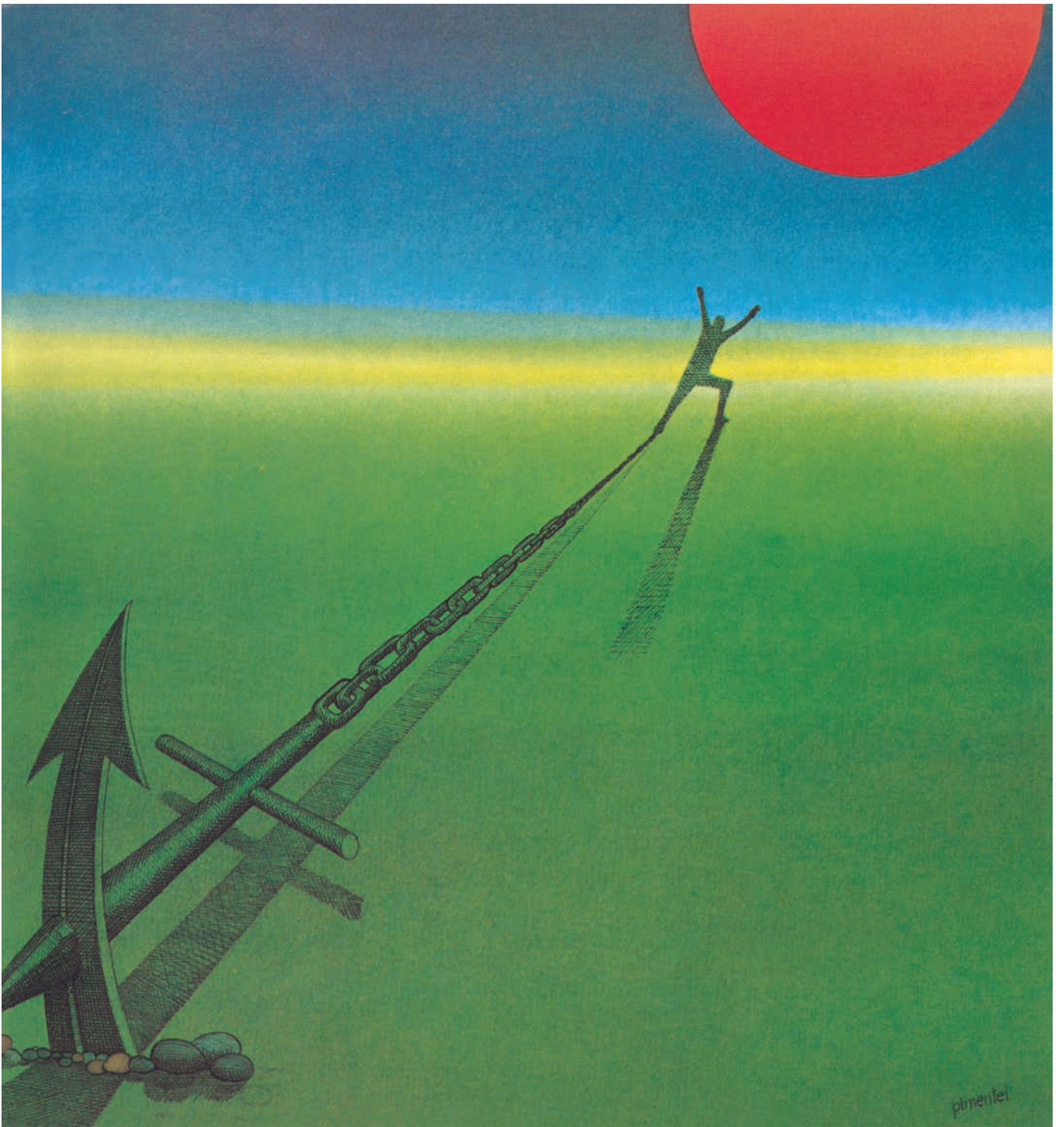
They had no weapons it's true  
but they had every right  
for when a man dies nearby  
there must be some distancing

a pistol stored  
in the folds of one's choice  
**a bullet fired**  
against one's will  
a closely pursued struggle  
**for the selection of the fittest**  
makes one's thirst for life  
grow greater than death.

He who planted it was a soldier  
a young man a captain  
but at his side stood  
many, many prisoners.

Quem o fez era soldado  
homem novo capitão  
mas também tinha a seu lado  
muitos homens na prisão.

He who planted it was a soldier  
a young man a captain  
but at his side stood  
many, many prisoners.



pimeriel



Posta a semente do cravo  
começou a floração  
do capitão ao soldado  
do soldado ao capitão.

Foi então que o povo armado  
percebeu qual a razão  
porque o povo despojado  
lhe punha as armas na mão.

Pois também ele humilhado  
em sua própria grandeza  
era soldado forçado  
contra a pátria portuguesa.

Era preso e exilado  
e no seu próprio país  
muitas vezes estrangulado  
pelos generais senis.

Capitão que não comanda  
**não pode ficar calado**  
é o povo que lhe manda  
ser capitão revoltado  
é o povo que lhe diz  
que não ceda e não hesite  
– pode nascer um país  
do ventre duma chaimite.

Porque a força bem empregue  
contra a posição contrária  
nunca oprime nem persegue  
– é força revolucionária!

Once the carnation's seed was planted  
the flowering began  
from captain to soldier  
from soldier to captain.

That's when those with weapons  
recognized the reason  
why the dispossessed  
put guns in their hands.

For he was equally humiliated  
by his own greatness  
he was an unwilling soldier  
fighting against his homeland.

He was arrested and exiled  
and in his own country  
often strangled  
by senile generals.

A powerless captain  
cannot stay silent  
for it is the people who order him  
to be rebellious  
the people tell him  
not to surrender not to hesitate  
– can a country be born  
from the belly of a Chaimite?<sup>1</sup>

Because force when well used  
against the opposition  
never oppresses or persecutes  
– it's a revolutionary force!

<sup>1</sup> A Chaimite is an armored vehicle built by the Portuguese company Bravia and used by the Portuguese Army during the Colonial War in Africa.

Foi então que Abril abriu  
as portas da claridade  
e a nossa gente invadiu  
a sua própria cidade.

Disse a primeira palavra  
na madrugada serena  
um poeta que cantava  
o povo é quem mais ordena.

E então por vinhas sobredos  
vales socalcos searas  
serras atalhos veredas  
lezírias e praias claras  
desceram homens sem medo  
marujos soldados "páras"  
que não queriam o degredo  
dum povo que se separa.  
E chegaram à cidade  
onde os monstros se acoitavam  
era a hora da verdade  
para as hienas que mandavam  
a hora da claridade  
para os sóis que despontavam  
e a hora da vontade  
para os homens que lutavam.

Em idas vindas esperas  
encontros esquinas e praças  
não se pouparam as feras  
arrancaram-se as mordanças  
e o povo saiu à rua  
com sete pedras na mão  
e uma pedra de lua  
no lugar do coração.

Then April swung open  
the doors to light  
and our people poured out of their homes  
invading their own city.

The first word was spoken  
in the serenity of dawn  
by a poet who sang  
the power is with the people.<sup>2</sup>

And then from vineyards cork forests  
valleys terraced hills cornfields  
mountains trails paths  
marshlands and bright beaches  
descended fearless men  
sailors soldiers paratroopers  
who didn't want the demise  
of a divided people.  
They came into the city  
where the monsters dwelled  
it was the moment of truth  
for the hyenas in power  
it was time for light  
for the rising of the suns  
it was time for action  
for those who struggled.

In the comings goings waitings  
encounters corners and town squares  
the beasts were not spared  
the gags were torn  
and the people took to the streets  
with rage in their hands  
and a moonstone  
in place of a heart.

<sup>2</sup> José Afonso's song "Grândola, Vila Morena" was one of two popular songs connected with the Carnation Revolution. It was broadcast on April 25, 1974 at 12:25 am on Rádio Renascença to signal the start of the military operations that led to the toppling of the authoritarian government of Marcelo Caetano that same day.

Dizia soldado amigo  
meu camarada e irmão  
este povo está contigo  
nascemos do mesmo chão  
trazemos a mesma chama  
temos a mesma razão  
dormimos na mesma cama  
comendo do mesmo pão.  
Camarada e meu amigo  
soldadinho ou capitão  
este povo está contigo  
a malta dá-te razão.

Foi esta força sem tiros  
de antes quebrar que torcer  
esta ausência de suspiros  
esta fúria de viver  
este mar de vozes livres  
sempre a crescer a crescer  
que das espingardas fez livros  
para aprendermos a ler  
que dos canhões fez enxadas  
para lavrarmos a terra  
e das balas disparadas  
apenas o fim da guerra.

Foi esta força viril  
de antes quebrar que torcer  
que em vinte e cinco de Abril  
fez Portugal renascer.

E em Lisboa capital  
dos novos mestres de Aviz  
o povo de Portugal  
deu o poder a quem quis.

<sup>3</sup> The House of Avis (or Avis in modern Portuguese) successfully challenged the Castilian King's ascension to the Portuguese throne from 1383–1385. John I, Master of Avis, initiated the second dynasty of the Kings of Portugal which reigned between 1385 until Philip II of Spain annexed the country in 1580. This remarkable period of history saw the ascent of Portugal to the status of a European and global power.

They said soldier friend  
my comrade and brother  
the people are with you  
we are born of the same earth  
we carry the same torch  
we are given the same rations  
we sleep in the same bed  
we eat the same bread.  
My friend my comrade  
simple soldier or captain  
the people are with you  
the masses support your cause.

It was without gunfire this force  
that would die before surrendering  
this absence of resignation  
this rage for life  
this sea of free voices  
rising rising without end  
turning rifles into books  
to educate everyone  
turning guns into hoes  
to till the land  
and from discharged bullets  
simply ending the war.

This virile strength  
that would die before surrendering  
made Portugal rise again  
on the 25th of April.

And in Lisbon its capital  
from the new masters of Avis<sup>3</sup>  
the people of Portugal  
empowered those they trusted.

Mesmo que tenha passado  
às vezes por mãos estranhas  
o poder que ali foi dado  
saiu das nossas entranhas.  
Saiu das vinhas sobredos  
vales socalcos searas  
serras atalhos veredas  
lezírias e praias claras  
onde um povo se curvava  
como um vime de tristeza  
sobre um rio onde mirava  
a sua própria pobreza.

E se esse poder um dia  
o quiser roubar alguém  
**não fica na burguesia**  
volta à barriga da mãe.  
**Volta à barriga da terra**  
que em boa hora o pariu  
agora ninguém mais cerra  
as portas que Abril abriu.

Essas portas que em Caxias  
se escancararam de vez  
essas janelas vazias  
que se encheram outra vez  
e essas celas tão frias  
tão cheias de sordidez  
que espreitavam como espias  
todo o povo português.

**Agora que já floriu**  
a esperança na nossa terra  
as portas que Abril abriu  
nunca mais ninguém as cerra.

Even if at times, it passed  
through strange hands  
the power that was given  
came from deep within.  
It came from vineyards cork forests  
valleys terraced hills cornfields  
mountains trails paths  
marshlands and bright beaches  
a people bent  
like sad rattan stems  
gazing over a river  
at their own misery.

And if one day  
someone wants to steal this power  
it would not rest with the bourgeoisie  
it would return to the womb.  
To the belly of the earth  
from where it emerged  
for now no one can close  
the doors that April opened.

These doors that forever  
swung open in Caxias<sup>4</sup>  
these empty windows  
filled again  
and these stone-cold cells  
overflowing with vileness  
like spies that lurked over  
all of Portugal.

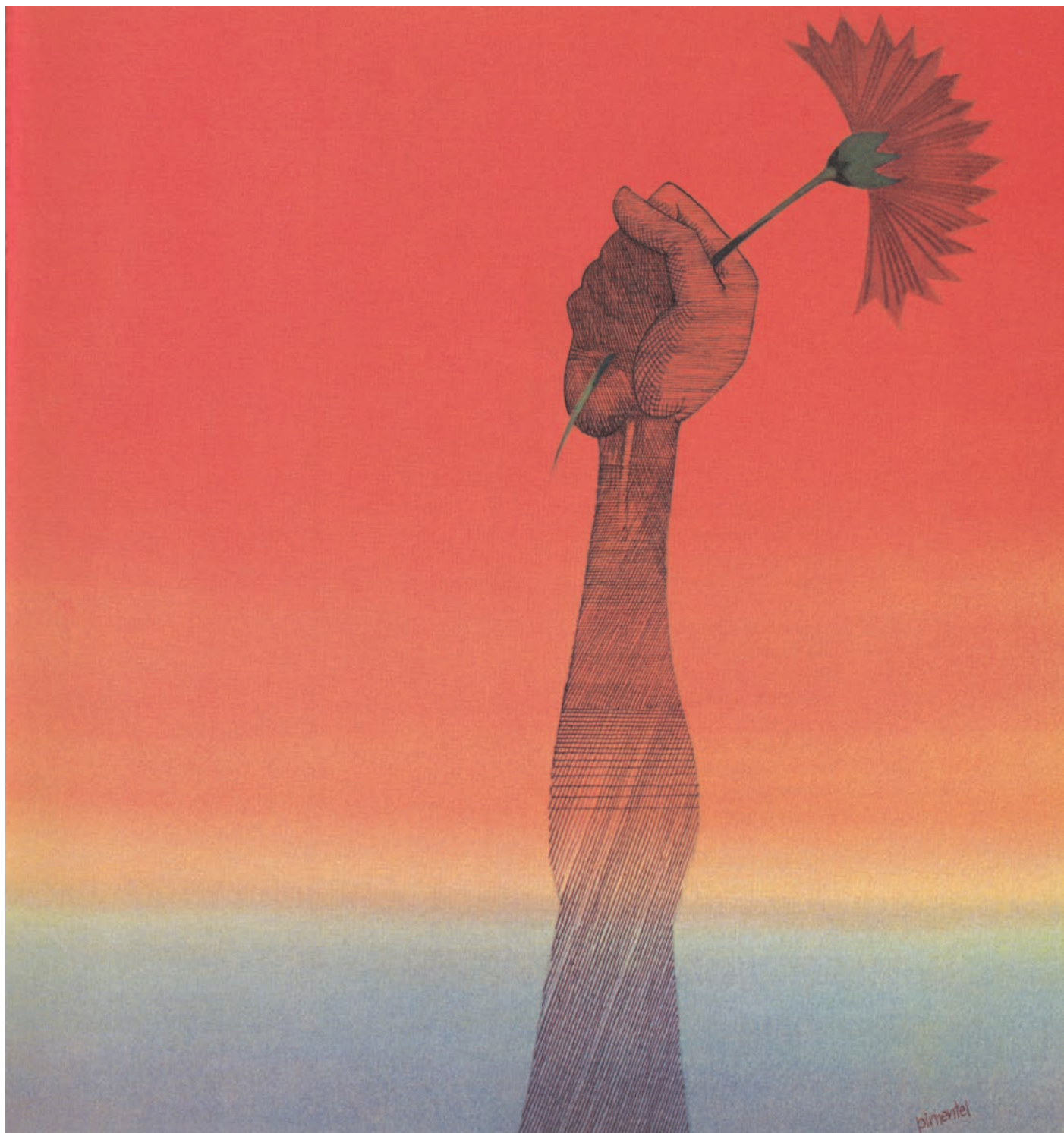
Now that hope has bloomed  
throughout our land  
the doors that April opened  
shall never close again.

<sup>4</sup>Caxias was an infamous prison and interrogation center of the PIDE (Policia Internacional e de Defesa do Estado) in the outskirts of Lisbon on the banks of the Tejo River. The PIDE was renamed after Salazar's death the DGS (Direção-Geral de Segurança).



Contra tudo o que era velho  
levantado como um punho  
em Maio surgiu vermelho  
o cravo do mês de Junho.

The red carnation of June  
blossomed in May  
**raised like a fist**  
against all that was old.



pimentel

Contra tudo o que era velho  
levantado como um punho  
em Maio surgiu vermelho  
o cravo do mês de Junho.

Quando o povo desfilou  
nas ruas em procissão  
de novo se processou  
a própria revolução.

Mas eram olhos as balas  
abraços punhais e lanças  
enamoradas as alas  
dos soldados e crianças.

E o grito que foi ouvido  
tantas vezes repetido  
dizia que o povo unido  
jamais seria vencido.

Contra tudo o que era velho  
levantado como um punho  
em Maio surgiu vermelho  
o cravo do mês de Junho.

The red carnation of June  
blossomed in May  
**raised like a fist**  
against all that was old.

And when the people marched  
in procession through the streets  
the revolution itself  
unfolded once again.

The bullets were eyes  
hugs daggers and spears  
**and the flanks of soldiers**  
and children joined as one.

And the cry that was heard  
so many times repeated  
proclaimed that the people united  
would never be defeated.

The red carnation of June  
blossomed in May  
**raised like a fist**  
against all that was old.

E então operários mineiros  
pescadores e ganhões  
marçanos e carpinteiros  
empregados dos balcões  
mulheres a dias pedreiros  
reformados sem pensões  
dactilógrafos carteiros  
e outras muitas profissões  
souberam que o seu dinheiro  
era presa dos patrões.

A seu lado também estavam  
jornalistas que escreviam  
actores que se desdobravam  
cientistas que aprendiam  
poetas que estrebuchavam  
cantores que não se vendiam  
mas enquanto estes lutavam  
é certo que não sentiam  
a fome com que apertavam  
os cintos dos que os ouviam.

Porém cantar é ternura  
escrever constrói liberdade  
e não há coisa mais pura  
do que dizer a verdade.

E uns e outros irmanados  
na mesma luta de ideais  
ambos sectores explorados  
ficaram partes iguais.

And then workers miners  
fishermen journeymen  
carpenters corner shop clerks  
cleaning ladies masons  
pensionless retirees  
typists mailmen  
and many others  
knew their money  
had been seized by their bosses.

With them also stood  
journalists who wrote  
actors who reinvented themselves  
scientists who researched  
poets who resisted  
singers who didn't sell out  
but **although defiant**  
they did not truly feel  
the hunger that tormented  
those who listened.

But singing gives comfort  
writing builds freedom  
and there is nothing more pure  
than to speak the truth.

All those equally exploited  
and united by  
the same struggle  
became brothers.

Entanto não descansavam  
entre pragas e perjúrios  
agulhas que se espetavam  
silêncios boatos murmúrios  
risinhos que se calavam  
palácios contra tugúrios  
fortunas que levantavam  
promessas da maus augúrios  
os que em vida se enterravam  
por serem falsos e espúrios  
maiorais da minoria  
que diziam silenciosa  
e que em silêncio fazia  
e coisa mais horrorosa:  
minar como um sinapismo  
e com ordenados régios  
o alvor do socialismo  
e o fim dos privilégios.

Foi então se bem vos lembro  
que sucedeu a vindima  
quando pisámos Setembro  
a verdade veio acima.

E foi um mosto tão forte  
que sabia tanto a Abril  
que nem o medo da morte  
nos fez voltar ao redil.

Ali ficámos de pé  
juntos soldados e povo  
para mostrarmos como é  
que se faz um país novo.

But the oligarchs did not rest  
between curses and slander  
piercing needles  
silences rumors murmurs  
quiet giggles  
palaces versus hovels  
fortunes rising up  
prophecies of bad omens  
by those who buried themselves alive  
for being deceitful and spurious  
rulers of the minority  
that claimed to be silent  
were carrying out  
the most horrible plan:  
while earning regal salaries  
undermining like a sinapism  
the dawn of socialism  
and the end of privileges.

It was then let me remind you  
when the grape harvest came  
for truth rose up  
when September arrived.<sup>5</sup>

And it was such a strong must  
so strong was the taste of April  
that not even the fear of death  
could return us to the corral.

Soldiers and people  
stood together  
showing everyone how  
to make a new country.

<sup>5</sup> General António de Spínola, who assumed Portugal's presidency as a result of the April 25, 1974 coup, became concerned with the left-leaning tendencies of the MFA, particularly in regard to the independence of the overseas provinces. As such, he called upon the so-called "silent majority" [according to him those who opposed the MFA but who would not speak against the movement] to rise up against the MFA's radicalization to the left. This led to a right-leaning counter-revolution spearheaded by Spínola himself. The September 28th Reaction failed, and as a consequence he resigned on September 30, 1974.



Ali dissemos não passa!  
E a reacção não passou.  
Quem já viveu a desgraça  
odeia a quem desgraçou.

Foi a força do Outono  
mais forte que a Primavera  
que trouxe os homens sem dono  
de que o povo estava à espera.

Foi a força dos mineiros  
pescadores e ganhões  
operários e carpinteiros  
empregados dos balcões  
mulheres a dias pedreiros  
reformados sem pensões  
dactilógrafos carteiros  
e outras muitas profissões  
que deu o poder cimeiro  
a quem não queria patrões.

Desde esse dia em que todos  
nós repartimos o pão  
é que acabaram os bodos  
– cumpriu-se a revolução.

So the reaction failed  
And we said not again!  
For those who have lived in misery  
hate those who exploit them.

It was the strength of Autumn  
stronger than that of Spring  
that brought home to the people  
the unchained leaders they awaited.

It was the strength of the miners  
**fishermen journeymen**  
carpenters cornershop clerks  
cleaning ladies masons  
pensionless retirees  
typists mailmen  
and many others  
who gave the highest power  
to those who sought liberty.

Since that day when we all  
shared bread  
and privileges came to an end  
– the revolution was fulfilled.

Ali dissemos não passa!  
E a reacção não passou.  
Quem já viveu a desgraça  
odeia a quem desgraçou.

So the reaction failed  
And we said not again!  
For those who have lived in misery  
hate those who exploit them.



Porém em quintas vivendas  
palácios e palacetes  
os generais com prebendas  
caciques e cacetetes  
os que montavam cavalos  
para caçarem veados  
os que davam dois estalos  
na cara dos empregados  
os que tinham bons amigos  
no consórcio dos sabões  
e coçavam os umbigos  
como quem coça os galões  
os generais subalternos  
que aceitavam os patrões  
os generais inimigos  
os generais ganhões  
teciam teias de aranha  
e eram mais camaleões  
que a lombriga que se amanha  
com os próprios cagalhões.  
Com generais desta apanha  
já não há revoluções.

Por isso o onze de Março  
foi um baile de Tartufos  
uma alternância de terços  
entre ricaços e bufos.

E tivemos de pagar  
com o sangue de um soldado  
o preço de já não estar  
Portugal suicidado.

<sup>6</sup> Portugal's soap industry dates back to the end of the 19th century with the establishment of among others, the Sociedade Nacional de Sabões, the Companhia União Fabril and the Saboaria Nacional do Beato. The Sovena conglomerate, established in 1956, was the largest industrial enterprise in Portugal with profits that represented five percent of the country's GNP. Alfredo da Silva, the majority owner of the group, and his associates, were major supporters of the Estado Novo, which in turn gave the group and all its enterprises preferential status. So strong were the ties between the soap consortium and the government that the April 25, 1974 Revolution resulted in the dismantlement of both.

<sup>7</sup> On March 11, 1975, Spínola commanded a second right-leaning counter-revolution in an attempt to regain control of the country. To carry out the attempt, he first became president of the Exército de Libertação de Portugal (ELP), the Liberation Army of Portugal, an extreme-right paramilitary terrorist group that was founded in January of 1975 by Barbieri Cardoso (ex-vice director of PIDE). The ELP was based in Spain and its main purpose was to fight against the implementation of the MFA program set forth on April 25, 1974, and reinstate an extreme right government in Portugal. The uprising failed and Spínola fled first to Spain and subsequently to Brazil. He eventually returned to Portugal where he died on August 13, 1996.

Yet on estates mansions  
palaces and villas  
generals with stipends  
foremen and batons  
who hunted deer  
on horseback  
who slapped  
the faces of their employees  
who had good friends  
in the soap consortium<sup>6</sup>  
and scratched their navels  
as if polishing their stars  
the undergenerals  
corrupted the power-hungry enemy generals  
and spun webs  
**better camouflaged**  
than worms hiding in their own excrement  
With generals such as these  
there can be no revolutions.

As such March 11th<sup>7</sup>  
was a dance of buffoons  
where money-grubbers and snitches  
took turns leading.

And a soldier's life  
was the ransom  
we had to pay  
to free Portugal.

Fugiram como cobardes  
e para terras de Espanha  
os que faziam alardes  
dos combates em campanha.

E aqui ficaram de pé  
capitães de pedra e cal  
os homens que na Guiné  
aprenderam Portugal.

Os tais homens que sentiram  
que um animal racional  
opõe àqueles que o firam  
consciência nacional.

Os tais homens que souberam  
fazer a revolução  
porque na guerra entenderam  
o que era a libertação.

Os que viram claramente  
e com os cinco sentidos  
morrer tanta tanta gente  
que todos ficaram vivos.

Os tais homens feitos de aço  
temperado com a tristeza  
que envolveram num abraço  
toda a história portuguesa.

Those who boasted  
of glorious field battles  
fled like cowards  
to the lands of Spain.

And here stood  
captains of mortar and stone  
those men who lived Portugal  
in Guinea.<sup>8</sup>

These were men who realized  
that a rational being  
opposes those who injure  
his national pride.

These were the men who knew  
how to make a revolution  
because amidst a war  
they understood liberation.

These men who had already seen  
and with all their senses experienced  
the deaths of so many so many people  
who lived on in their memory.

These men made of steel  
tempered with sadness  
stoically embracing  
all of Portugal's history.

<sup>8</sup>Portuguese Guinea (now the Republic of Guiné-Bissau) was one of several overseas colonial territories that fought for independence from 1961–1974. It experienced the most intense, concentrated, and violent warfare, with the highest mortality rates for Portuguese troops on all fronts of the Colonial War.



Essa história tão bonita  
e depois tão maltratada  
por quem herdou a desdita  
da história colonizada.

Dai ao povo o que é do povo  
pois o mar não tem patrões.  
– Não havia estado novo  
nos poemas de Camões!

Havia sim a lonjura  
e uma vela desfraldada  
para levar a ternura  
à distância imaginada.

Foi este lado da história  
que os capitães descobriram  
que ficará na memória  
das naus que de Abril partiram

das naves que transportaram  
o nosso abraço profundo  
aos povos que agora deram  
novos países ao mundo.

<sup>9</sup> Best remembered for *Os Lusíadas* (*The Lusíads*), Luís Vaz de Camões (c. 1524 – June 10, 1580) is considered Portugal's and the Portuguese language's greatest poet. Likened to Virgil's *Aeneid* and Homer's *Iliad*, the epic poem is fantastically based on the 15th and 16th century voyages of discovery. The heroes of this poem are the Lusíads, the sons of Lusus or in other words, the Portuguese.

This most beautiful history  
later so badly marred  
by the wretched heirs of a  
colonized history.

Give the people what is theirs  
for the ocean has no Lords.  
– There was no Estado Novo  
in the verses of Camões!<sup>9</sup>

The poem spoke of the distance  
and of the unfurled sails  
carrying kindness  
to all imagined lands.

This was the side of history  
that the captains unveiled  
and will remain in the memory  
of the ships that April launched

those vessels that transported  
our heartfelt embrace  
to those creating new countries  
and giving them to the world.

Por saberem como é  
ficaram de pedra e cal  
capitães que na Guiné  
descobriram Portugal.

E em sua pátria fizeram  
o que deviam fazer:  
ao seu povo devolveram  
o que o povo tinha a haver:  
Bancos seguros petróleos  
que ficarão a render  
ao invés dos monopólios  
para o trabalho crescer.  
Guindastes portos navios  
e outras coisas para erguer  
antenas centrais e fios  
dum país que vai nascer.

Mesmo que seja com frio  
é preciso é aquecer  
pensar que somos um rio  
que vai dar onde quiser

pensar que somos um mar  
que nunca mais tem fronteiras  
e havemos de navegar  
de muitíssimas maneiras.

And because they knew the truth  
the captains who lived Portugal  
in Guinea  
became mortar and stone.

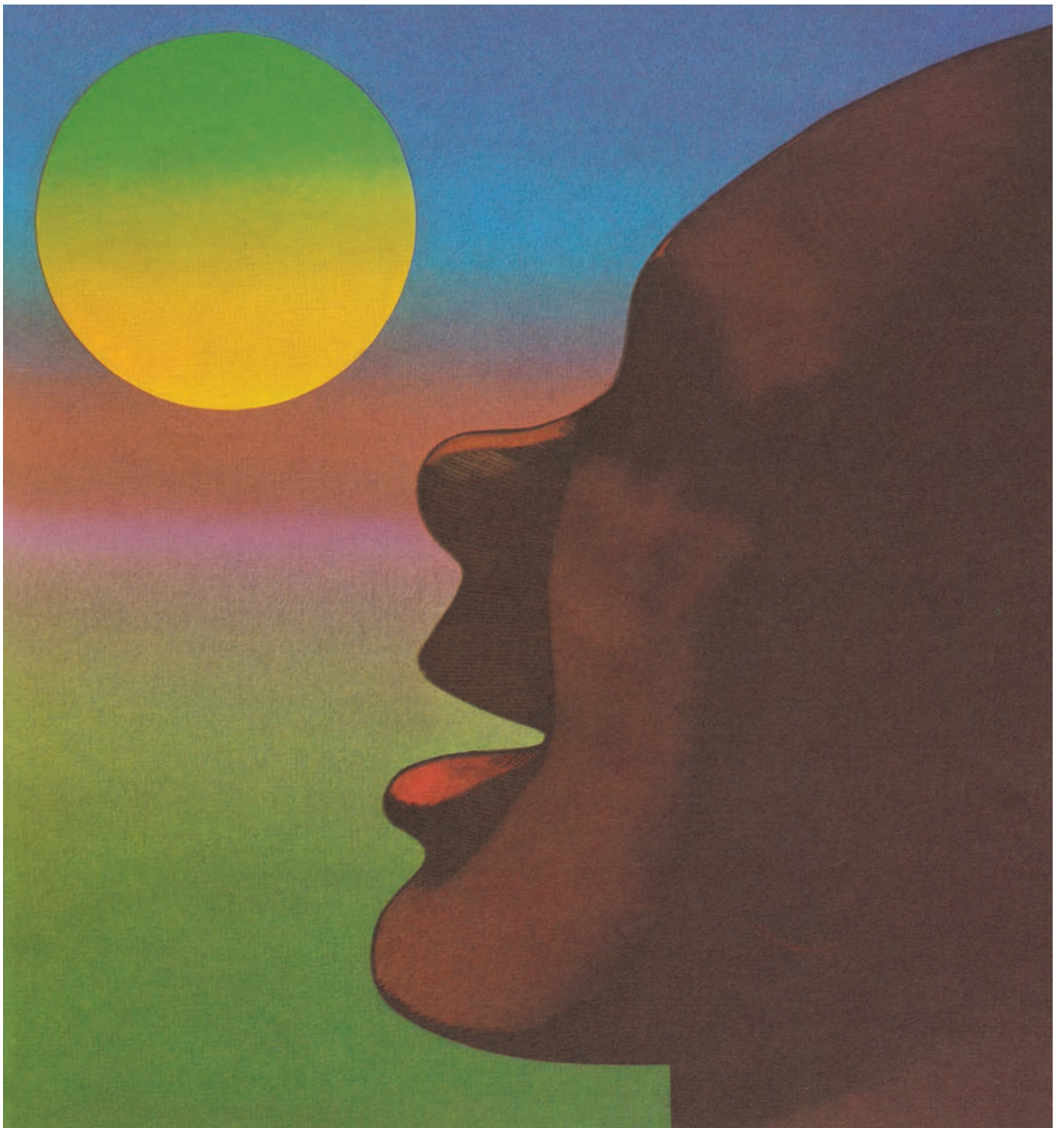
And in their homeland  
each did what had to be done  
returning to the people  
what was truly theirs:  
Banks corporations oil  
**that generate profit**  
not for greedy monopolies  
**but for the benefits of laborers.**  
Cranes ports ships  
and other things to be raised  
antennas grids wires  
stringing together a nation.

Even amid despair  
what's important is to start  
believing we are a river  
**that controls its own flow.**

believing we are an ocean  
borderless and eternal  
upon which we shall sail  
in many directions.

As naves que transportaram  
o nosso abraço profundo  
aos povos que agora deram  
novos países ao mundo.

Those vessels that transported  
our heartfelt embrace  
to those creating new countries  
and giving them to the world.



No Minho com pés de linho  
no Alentejo com pão  
no Ribatejo com vinho  
na Beira com requeijão  
e trocando agora às voltas  
ao vira da produção  
no Alentejo bolotas  
no Algarve maçapão  
vindimas no Alto Douro  
tomates em Azeitão  
azeite da cor do ouro  
que é verde ao pé do Fundão  
**e fica amarelo puro**  
nos campos do Baleizão.  
Quando a terra fôr do povo  
o povo deita-lhe a mão!

É isto a reforma agrária  
em sua própria expressão:  
a maneira mais primária  
de que nós temos um quinhão  
da semente proletária  
da nossa revolução.

Quem a fez era soldado  
homem novo capitão  
mas também tinha a seu lado  
muitas homens na prisão.

In Minho we're made of linen<sup>10</sup>  
in Alentejo of bread  
in Ribatejo of wine  
in Beira we're of cheese  
and we are changing the steps  
to the rhythm of production  
in Alentejo acorns  
in Algarve marzipan  
in Alto Douro the grapes  
and tomatoes in Azeitão  
golden oil that is green  
in the foothills of Fundão  
but turns yellow and pure  
in the fields of Baleizão.  
When the land belongs to the people  
the people will care for it!

This is real agrarian reform  
in the most basic way  
where we all take our fair share  
from the proletarian seed  
of our own revolution.

He who planted it was a soldier  
a young man a captain  
but at his side stood  
many, many prisoners.

<sup>10</sup> Minho, Alentejo, etc. are all regions and political divisions of Portugal.



De tudo o que Abril abriu  
ainda pouco se disse  
um menino que sorriu  
uma porta que se abrisse  
um fruto que se expandiu  
um pão que se repartisse  
um capitão que seguiu  
o que a história lhe predisse  
e entre vinhas sobredos  
vales socalcos searas  
serras atalhos veredas  
lezírias e praias claras  
um povo que levantava  
sobre um rio de pobreza  
a bandeira em que ondulava  
a sua própria grandeza!  
De tudo o que Abril abriu  
ainda pouco se disse  
e só nos faltava agora  
que este Abril não se cumprisse.  
Só nos faltava que os cães  
viesses ferrar o dente  
na carne dos capitães  
que se arriscaram na frente.

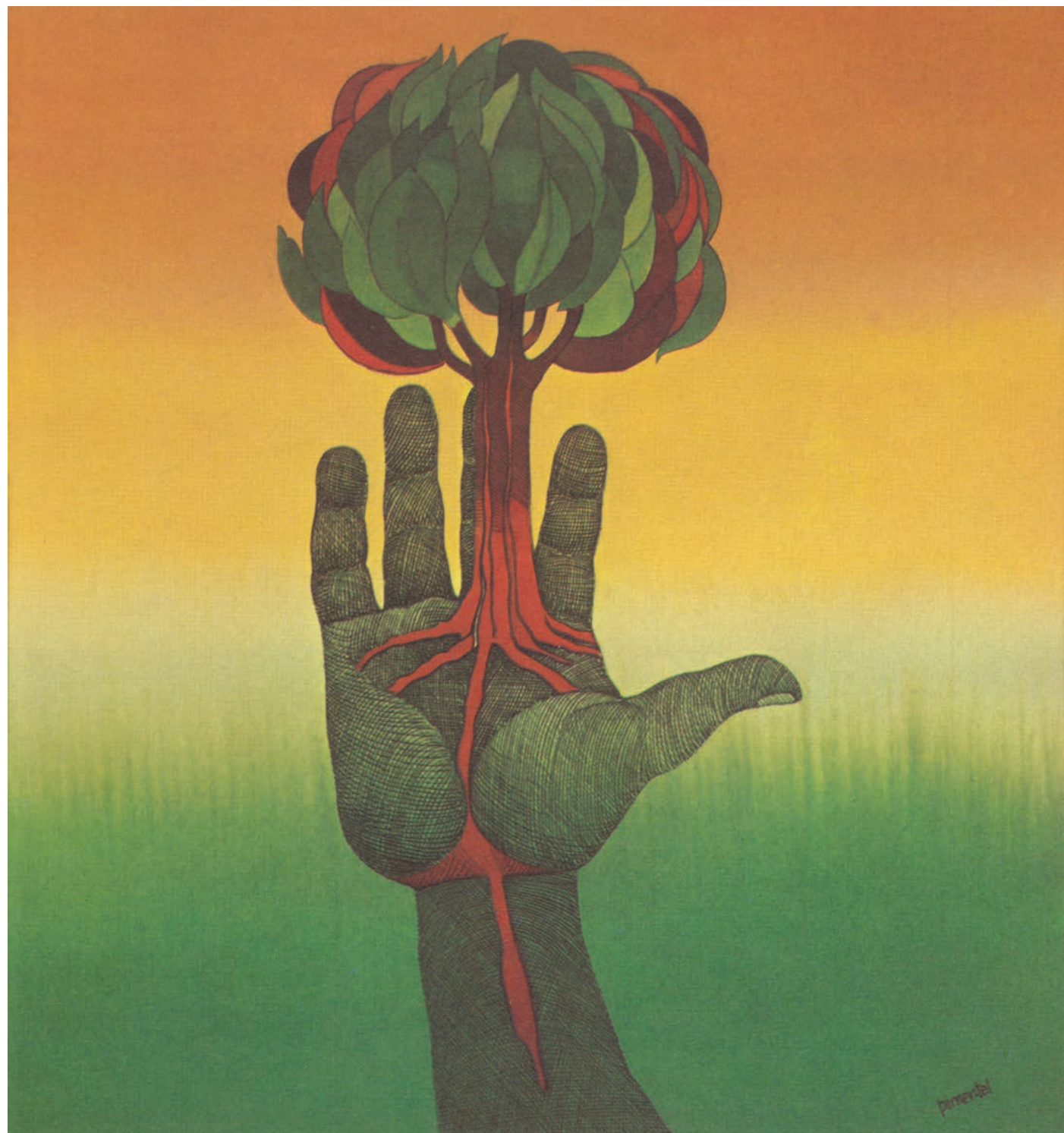
Na frente de todos nós  
povo soberano e total  
que ao mesmo tempo é a voz  
e o braço de Portugal.

Little has been said about  
all that Abril opened:  
a child smiled  
a door opened  
fruit multiplied  
bread was equally shared  
**a captain fulfilled**  
what history predicted  
and among vineyards cork forests  
**valleys terraced hills cornfields**  
mountains trails paths  
marshlands and bright beaches  
over a river of misery  
**a people raised a flag**  
hailing its own greatness!  
Little has been said about  
all that April opened  
and all that's missing now  
is for this April to be derailed.  
All that's missing is for the dogs  
to come back and sink their teeth  
**into the flesh of the captains**  
who risked their lives on the frontlines.

Leading us all  
a fully sovereign people  
at once both the voice  
and strength of Portugal.

Quando a terra fôr do povo  
o povo deita-lhe a mão!

When the land belongs to the people  
the people will care for it!



pinetel

Ouvi banqueiros fascistas  
agiotas do lazer  
latifundiários machistas  
balofos verbos de encher  
e outras coisas em istas  
que não cabe dizer aqui  
que aos capitães progressistas  
o povo deu o poder!  
E se esse poder um dia  
o quiser roubar alguém  
não fica na burguesia  
volta à barriga da mãe!  
Volta à barriga da terra  
que em boa hora o pariu  
agora ninguém mais cerra  
as portas que Abril abriu!

*Lisboa, Julho-Agosto de 1975*

Listen one listen all  
bankers fascists  
brokers of hedonism  
blubbery dead weights  
landowners bigots sexists  
and other *ists*  
that need not be mentioned here  
for the people have given power  
to the progressive captains!  
And if some day  
someone wanted to steal that power  
it will not remain with the bourgeoisie  
it will return to the womb!  
To the belly of the earth  
from where it was born  
For no one can ever close  
the doors that April opened!

*Lisbon, July-August 1975*



## ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

The following pages are facsimiles of the original manuscript by José Carlos Ary dos Santos. This previously unseen manuscript was given by the poet to António Pimentel, his friend, colleague, and illustrator of the original publication, as a token of his gratitude for Pimentel's collaboration in the project. The dedication reads as follows:

“Para o Pimentel, esperando que dê [ilegível] porque talento vai dar.”

“To Pimentel, hoping it will give [illegible] for talent he will give.”

The reproduction of this manuscript was made possible by Mr. Antoine Pimentel, son and heir of António Pimentel, who generously provided the facsimiles and allowed their reproduction in this edition.









<sup>hoje</sup>  
 que até já se diz  
 que nos tempos do passado  
 se chamava esse país  
 Portugal Suicídio.

Ali nas vinhas sobre os  
 vales sociais seans  
 terras a lhos veredes  
<sup>leginias</sup> ~~terras~~ e <sup>unias</sup> ~~aldeias~~ claus

vivia um bovo com medo  
 de poder lutar ~~in~~ ~~claras~~  
~~vivia um bovo com medo~~  
 vivia um bovo ~~tão~~ ~~tão~~ ~~bolre~~  
 que ~~at~~ <sup>partir</sup> ~~pan~~ <sup>pan</sup> ~~adico~~  
 pan eu dier quem estu ~~bova~~  
 de comer a sue Tene

na Policia de

4

Um povo que era levado  
~~por mare, ares Tormentas~~  
~~no mar~~

para Angola nos portos  
Um povo que era tratado  
como a arma dos ~~os~~ portugueses

~~Um povo~~ um povo que era oprimido  
~~para não estar~~

a ma fôr por suas mãos  
sem saber que um bom soldado  
nunca ~~mata~~ os seus irmãos

Ali

tere

person-ic

~~Um povo~~  
~~acima~~

on ~~person~~ se homem  
foi ~~cuquanto~~  
que ~~era escrito~~  
podia ~~flor~~

~~Az lesdon se porém~~

~~Ma~~ on lesdon se porém <sup>leito do dum bovo</sup>  
X ~~foe nem bovo~~ que ~~foe~~ escravo

foe alquem me the puerie bem  
nem diz plantou nem cravo

~~Em~~

É a sementeinha pequena  
foe crescendo ~~em~~ <sup>em</sup> ~~ver~~ <sup>ver</sup> ~~verde~~ <sup>verde</sup>  
a pouco e pouco

Em a semente de esterruca  
feiti de força e vontade  
em ainda uma criança  
mas lá em a liberdade

~~Em dum~~

~~Em de uma~~

Em também

6  
era já uma promessa  
era a força de mão  
de ~~ca~~ corcã à cabeça  
de cabeça ao corcã

Quem ~~foi~~ fez era soldado  
~~comitente~~ capitão  
homem novo  
mas também tinha ~~o~~ seu  
lado  
muitos homens na prisão

~~Quem o fez tinha o lado~~  
Esses que tinham lutado  
sem terem armas na mão  
esses que tinham ~~sufido~~  
o horror da ~~solidão~~ <sup>lesões</sup>

7  
Esses que tinham jurado  
sobre uma ~~pedra~~<sup>pedra</sup> de não  
ver ~~um~~ o povo libertado  
do terror de opressão

entrem as  
pedras de FA

Quem o fez era soldado  
tornou novo capitão  
mas também tinha a seu  
lado  
muitos homens na prisão

Para a semente do cravo  
começam a florir  
do capitão ao soldado  
do soldado ao capitão

Foi então que o povo armado  
~~perceber~~ percebeu qual a razão  
porque o ~~o~~ povo ~~desarmado~~  
tinha medo de armar-se



7A

Vai tinham armas — e' certo  
mas tinham toda a razão  
quando um homem morre pelo  
tem de haver discriminação.

Uma pistola guarda  
nas dobras de sua opção  
uma bala dispara  
contra a sua própria mão

e uma força persegue  
que se escolhe do mais forte  
por com que a força de vida  
seja maior do que a morte

~~Faculdade de~~

Pais também de humilhado  
 seu seu próprio pradeze  
 em soldado forçado  
 contra a pátria portuguesa

Em preso e exilado

e no seu próprio país  
<sup>muitas vezes</sup>  
~~foi sempre desafiado~~ <sup>atrocidades</sup>  
 pelos generais seus <sup>enforcados</sup>

Capitão que não comanda  
 não pode ficar calado  
~~mas~~ o povo ~~é~~ que lhe manda  
 ser capitão revoltado

~~for o há que abria um curso  
 no monte das barcelas  
 triente que o povo era v<sup>o</sup>  
 foi ressuscitou seus poetas~~

É o povo que lhe diz  
 que não cede e não hesita  
~~e que não pode estar o país~~  
 pode nascer um país  
 do ventre de uma clarividente

~~foi entre que~~

Porque a força vem sempre  
 contra a posição contrária  
 nunca obriame nem persegue  
 - é força revolucionária!

foi entre que Abril abriu  
 as portas de claridade  
 e a nossa <sup>gente</sup> ~~força~~ invadiu  
 a tua ~~força~~ própria cidade

Disse a <sup>primeira</sup> ~~primeira~~ palavra  
 na madrugada serena  
 um poeta que ~~estava~~ cantava  
 o povo e quem mais ordena

~~Hiemal~~

E entrão hã viúvas sã nelas  
 Vales sociais seans  
 Serran a hãos veredas  
~~região~~ e posicis clavis  
~~legislas~~  
 desceram hãmens sem medo  
 manjor soldados paizes  
 sue uã fueriam o depredo  
 deum ~~paiz~~ sue se sepan  
~~Chepdos sã a hãos~~ <sup>Martel</sup>  
 onde os monstros se acitavam  
 e chesaram  
~~Chepdos sã a hãos~~ <sup>o</sup> ~~ciãde~~  
 onde os monstros se acitavam  
~~hãos~~ era a hora de verdade  
~~Chã~~ para as luevas que uãdas  
~~era~~ a hora de claridãde  
 para <sup>os sóis</sup> ~~as flores~~ que despontavam  
~~era~~ e a hora de verdade  
 para os hãmens que ~~passaram~~ lutaram.

~~Eu~~

~~Eu~~ ~~idas~~ ~~viudas~~ ~~partidas~~

Eu idas vindas esperas

encontros espumas e brancas  
~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ não se separaram as feras  
~~lutaras~~ o povo deu lute as feras  
arrancaram-se as uordes as

~~e~~ ~~ante~~ ~~caiu~~ ~~à~~ ~~rua~~  
e o povo veio para a rua  
unido e

com sete pedras na mão  
e uma pedra de lua  
no lugar do coração

~~Soldado amig~~

Dizem ~~que~~ soldado amig  
meu caem no e ~~meu~~ irmão

Este povo está com hjo  
nascemos do mesmo dia  
~~em~~ ~~com~~ ~~me~~ ~~os~~ ~~do~~ ~~mesmo~~ ~~pa~~  
Inzemos a mesma dia  
~~em~~ ~~um~~ ~~mes~~ ~~na~~ ~~mesma~~ ~~co~~  
e ~~me~~ ~~os~~ ~~do~~ ~~mesmo~~ ~~dia~~  
nós somos o mesmo povo

Teus a mesma <sup>raça</sup> ~~raça~~  
~~Somos~~ <sup>raça</sup> ~~raça~~ ~~Somos~~ a mesma <sup>raça</sup> ~~raça~~  
~~Comendo~~ o mesmo ~~pão~~ /  
~~Drumidos~~ na mesma ~~causa~~  
~~e~~ ~~Somos~~ a mesma ~~raça~~  
Comendo do mesmo ~~pão~~ /  
Comando e meu amigo  
Soldado ou capitão  
este povo está contigo  
a ~~raça~~ de-te ~~raça~~ /  
malta

fui esta <sup>señal</sup> fuerza ~~señal~~  
 de antes, fueras fue torcer  
~~fue hoy~~ ~~dos~~ ~~suspiros~~  
 esta ausencia de suspiros  
 esta fin de ~~la~~ viver  
 que ~~se~~ ~~nacer~~ de ~~estas~~ ~~vivas~~  
 este ~~que~~ ~~se~~ ~~ve~~ <sup>vez</sup> <sup>libre</sup>  
~~de~~ siempre a crecer, a crecer  
 que ~~se~~ ~~de~~ ~~las~~ ~~espinas~~ ~~de~~ ~~las~~ <sup>fez</sup> <sup>piros</sup>  
 pan ~~de~~ aprendemos a leer  
 fue ~~de~~ ~~los~~ ~~cañones~~ ~~se~~ ~~en~~ ~~los~~  
 pan ~~la~~ ~~ruinas~~ a tener  
 e ~~de~~ ~~las~~ ~~balas~~ ~~disparadas~~  
 apenas o fin de guerra,  
~~Es~~ fui esta fuerza vine  
 de antes fueras fue torcer  
~~que~~ ~~se~~ ~~ve~~ ~~en~~ ~~el~~ ~~25~~ ~~de~~ ~~Abril~~

tey Parkiml Revancas! 14

E em hist<sup>o</sup>ria <sup>capital</sup> ~~cidade~~  
~~do Tejo~~

dos novos mestres de Ariz  
deu o povo <sup>o ho ro de Portugal</sup> ~~em liberdade~~

deu o poder a quem ~~tem~~ quis.

quem me tenha posto  
as velas por man estrobas  
~~atua~~ o poder que ali foi  
sain das costas entubas <sup>do</sup>

fam dai viukas sobredos  
vales tocados sears  
ferras achhos veredas

legrias e pricias dans  
~~em~~ onde <sup>o</sup> ~~de~~ <sup>poor</sup> ~~de~~ se cerra  
como um viaie de tristez  
sobre um rio <sup>no qual</sup> ~~onde~~ <sup>de</sup> ~~um~~ <sup>no</sup>  
a sua boi ame polreze



~~E se~~

~~se desse poder~~

E se esse poder um dia  
o quisesse roubar alguém

Não fia no Turquerie  
Volta à barriga de mãe

Volta à barriga de terra  
que ~~o pau~~

em vez de o pau  
agora ninguém <sup>mas corre</sup> ~~entende~~  
as portas que Alnil abriu

~~As portas que~~

Essas portas que em Ce xias  
~~deixaram~~

Se escancararam de vez  
essas janelas vazias

que se encheram <sup>em</sup> entre as

~~essas~~ ~~forças~~ clandestinas  
que deu ~~traz~~ à liberdade

e essas celas ~~tes~~ frias  
onde morreu tanta vez  
sua

vão cheias de surdides  
que ~~fecharam~~ estreitaram como espigas  
~~as~~ ~~fecharam~~ em celas  
todo o povo por hipóteses.

Após que já florir  
a esperança ne vossa terra  
~~nunca~~ ~~mas~~ ~~ninguém~~ ~~abriu~~

as portas <sup>que</sup> ~~abriu~~ abriu  
nunca <sup>mas</sup> ~~ninguém~~ ~~abriu~~  
as ~~fecharam~~  
cerra

~~Por isso~~

Com tudo o que era velho  
levando como um punho  
em Maio Fúria, vermelho  
o cravo do mês de Junho.

~~E foi a festa da dia~~

Quando o povo ~~foi~~ desfilou  
nas ruas em procissão  
de novo se processou  
a própria revolução

mas em um olho as brás  
alças punhais e lanças  
~~de que usavam as~~ ~~brás~~ alças  
~~de~~ ~~os~~ soldados ~~unicas~~

~~E~~  
~~o~~ frito que foi ouvido  
tantas vezes repetido  
dizem que o povo unido  
~~nunca~~ ~~mais~~ ~~em~~ ~~vencido~~  
punhais ~~de~~ ~~vencido~~

18

Contm ~~o~~ tudo o que ex vello  
de vauho como um penho  
em mais sur pin ver melho  
o crvo do mês de junho

E entre operários mineiros  
pescedores ~~poetas~~ e ~~cardeiros~~  
~~cardeiros~~ e ~~cardeiros~~  
marceneiros e carpinteiros  
~~est~~  
empregados dos balcões  
mulheres a dias pedreiros  
retr <sup>retr</sup> ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ seu ~~retr~~  
em ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~  
de ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~  
de ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~  
de ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~

~~de ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~~~  
festas das construções  
e outras muitas indústrias  
embora que o seu diário  
em presz dos ~~retr~~

A seu lado também estavam  
~~os ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~~~  
jornalistas ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~  
~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~  
~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~  
~~retr~~ ~~retr~~ ~~retr~~

X ~~os escritores~~

20

journalistas que escreviam  
actores que ~~representavam~~ <sup>se desenvolviam</sup>  
cientistas que ~~sabiam~~ <sup>aprendiam</sup>  
e poetas que lutavam  
~~mas esses não pertenciam~~  
poetas que estebelavam  
~~os~~ cantores que não se vendiam  
mas <sup>cupiam</sup> ~~quando~~ estes lutavam  
é certo que não ~~faziam~~  
a fome com que <sup>sentiam</sup> a perturbavam  
os outros que os ouviam.

~~for~~

Cantar é ternura  
Virei ~~elas~~ e ternura  
escrever ~~para~~ <sup>em</sup> ~~liberdade~~  
~~no~~ e não ~~há~~ <sup>consistia</sup> ~~em~~ <sup>livre</sup> ~~mente~~  
do que dizer a verdade

E uns e outros irmanados  
na mesma luta de ~~de~~ <sup>ideias</sup>  
há ~~com~~ ~~os~~ ~~es~~ ~~do~~ ~~os~~ ~~de~~  
~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~

ambos sectores explorados  
picanas partes i guais.

Eu Frute não descausava  
entre muros e perú nos  
a pulhas que se <sup>espejavam</sup>  
~~fora~~ <sup>vozes</sup> silêncios (menúncios  
risinhos que se calavam  
palecio contra turgidos  
frutuar que levantavam  
promesses de maus augúrios

o que eu vioz se enterravam  
por serem falsos <sup>e espúrios</sup>  
~~filhos de~~

~~de~~ maionias de <sup>minúncios</sup>  
~~maiores~~

que diziam silenciosos  
e que em silêncio fugie  
a criz mais ~~lucrosos~~  
lucrosos:

~~lucrosos~~

miuval como um sincapismo  
e um ordeados répis  
o alvar do socialismo

e o fim dos privilégios, 22

~~E foi então que em Setembro~~  
foi então se bem me lembro  
que sucedeu a viragem:  
quando fizemos Setembro  
a verde de veio a verde.

E foi um mosto tão forte  
que sabia tanto a Abril  
que nem o medo de morte  
nos fez voltar ao redil.

~~Ali~~

Ali ficámos de pé  
~~soldados e povo juntos~~  
juntos, soldados e povo  
haver nos termos como é  
que se fez um país novo.



Ali disseram: não pode!  
E a nação não passou,  
Quem já viveu a desgracia  
odeia a quem desgracia.

23

Foi a força do outono  
mais forte que a Primavera  
que trouxe os homens sem dor  
de que o povo estava à espera.

~~Esses que tinham medo de~~

~~Foi esta força saída~~

~~Foi essa força saída~~

Foi a força dos mineiros

peçadores e guilotes

~~os~~ <sup>operários</sup> e carteiros

~~os~~ <sup>empregados dos balcões</sup>  
mulheres e dias pedreiros

reformados sem pensões

dechilómetros carteiros

e outros muitos trabalhadores

que deu o poder primeiro

a quem não queria o poder

Neste esse dia em que todos  
~~partiram todos o país~~  
 mi reventamos o país  
 e que celebrem os bodos: } 28  
 Cumpriu-se a revolução. } set.

~~E os braços serras martelo~~  
~~trabalho e a luta e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~

~~Porém em tocos palácios~~  
~~cisternas tuas~~  
~~nocos dupinos~~

Porém em quintas <sup>viveendas</sup> ~~palácios~~  
 palácios e balcetes  
 e seculares com prebendes  
 caniques e cacetes

~~Uma~~

~~E os braços serras martelo~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
~~trabalho e a luta~~  
 do inter-sindicalismo a brilha

O que n'outro vem cavalro  
~~como fazem a n'outro~~ <sup>vão a serem</sup> veados  
 os que devem d'ris estulos  
 na can dos empregados  
 os que tinhem bons amigos  
 no consórcio dos sabões  
 e ~~lin~~ coçavam os umbigos  
 como fosem coça / g'coes  
 os generais subalternos  
 que aceitavam os patões  
 os generais inimigos  
~~das nossas revoluções~~  
 teciam telas de aranha  
~~to e f'ormavam posições~~  
 e eram mais camaleões  
~~que a América~~ <sup>tarde</sup>  
~~do~~ que a lumb'iz que se amanha  
 á custa dos seus <sup>cap'itales</sup> ~~patões~~  
 Com generais desta c'pauha  
 g'z vai he revoluções !

26.

Por isso, o onze de março  
foi meu baile de tarbutos  
Uma alternância de termos  
entre ricas e brutas.

E tiveves de pagar  
com o sangue de meu soldado  
o preço de já não estar  
Portugal suicidado.

Tupinua como cobardes,  
e para terras de Espanha  
os que fiziam alarde  
de combates e de campanhas

E aqui ficaram <sup>de pe</sup> ~~com os~~  
~~aqueles~~ homens do povo  
<sup>capitães</sup> ~~fiziam~~ de pedr e cal  
os homens que se tinham  
aprenderam Portuguez

os tais  
~~esses~~ homens que <sup>sentiram</sup> ~~entenderam~~  
fue um animal racional  
~~tem~~ o que aqueles que ~~tem~~  
consciência. racional tiram

~~os tais~~ ~~homens~~ ~~fue~~ ~~bem~~ ~~sabem~~  
~~fue~~ ~~um~~

os tais homens que sonham  
 fazer a revolução  
 ou que se queiram <sup>entenderem</sup> ~~entenderem~~  
 o que é a liberdade  
 o que ~~é~~ <sup>é</sup> virar claramente  
 e com o único sentido  
 morrer tanta tanta gente  
~~que todos ficaram vivos.~~  
~~que foram decididos~~

~~Decididos~~

~~Esses tais~~ <sup>os tais</sup> <sup>feitos</sup> <sup>de aço</sup>  
 homens <sup>de aço</sup>  
 vivendo com a tristeza  
~~e livres~~  
 que envolvem um mundo  
 toda a história por aqui.

Esse ~~foi~~ história <sup>foi</sup> ~~de~~ <sup>de</sup> limite  
 e depois ~~foi~~ <sup>foi</sup> maltratada  
 por quem herdou a desdita  
 de história ~~com~~ colonizada.

Dai o povo o que é do povo  
 mais o mar não tem pedras  
 não boiz estdo povo  
 nos poemas de Camões

foi vir sim a longura  
 e uma vela destruída  
~~foi~~ <sup>foi</sup> para levar a ~~luz~~  
~~onde~~ <sup>Ter um</sup>  
 a distância imaginada.

Foi este lado da história  
 que os capitães descobriam  
 que ficam na memória  
 das naus que ~~em~~ <sup>em</sup> Alzul partiram

30

Das <sup>naves</sup> ~~naves~~ que transportaram  
o nosso almeço profundo  
aos povos que ágora deixam  
novos países ao mundo.

Por sabermos como e'  
ficaram de pedr e cal  
capitais que se fize'  
~~aprenderem~~ Portugal.  
descobriram

E em sua Patria fizeram  
o que deviam fazer  
ao seu povo devolverem  
o que o povo tinha a receber.

Bomcos se puros petroleos  
que ficaram a render  
ao invés dos monopolios  
para o trabalho crescer





<sup>abre</sup>  
 E tirando (as voltas  
 ao vir da moducão  
 no alentejo bolotas  
 no alentejo mecapão  
~~no alto Douro vindimas~~  
 vindimas no alto Douro  
 Tomates no Buleijão ~~Alga~~  
 em Azeitão

~~e em Foz~~

~~agrite no beir alha~~

agrite de cor do ouro  
 que é verde ao pé do fundão  
 e amarello do mais puro  
 nas terras e fica amarello puro  
 e tri e amarello do mais puro  
 nas <sup>campos</sup> terras do Buleijão.

Quando a terra triz do povo  
 o povo deit-lhe a mão!

É isto a reforma a pri me  
 em que pri me expostas:  
 a maneira mais pri me no  
 de ~~vindimas~~ <sup>nos termos</sup> ~~coitar~~ <sup>na vindima</sup> ~~por sua mão~~

33

La semente proletária  
de nossa revolução.

quem a fez era soldado  
homem novo capitão  
mas também tinha a sua leg  
muitos homens de honra

107 quadros

De tudo o que Anil abriu  
ainda pouco se disse  
um menino que sorria  
uma porta que se abrisse  
um trato que se expandisse  
um não que se ~~repartia~~ repartisse  
um capitão que se viu  
o que a história lhe predisse  
um ~~sol~~ ~~do~~ ~~que~~ ~~correu~~  
e entre viúvas - sobrados - uma noção que  
Valei - ~~soalho~~ soalhos - searas - existisse  
Serras - atilhos - veredas  
legiões e praças d'ans  
um povo que levantava  
sobre um rio de pobreza  
a verdade em que ondulava  
a sua própria frondeza !  
De tudo o que Anil abriu  
ainda pouco se disse  
e só nos faltava a força  
que este Anil não se cumpriisse  
foi nos faltava que os cães  
viesses ferrar o dente  
de carne dos capitães  
que se ~~era~~ amissaram no freixo,  
~~na fre~~ (nã estive)

Na frente de todos nós  
povo soberano e total  
que ao mesmo tempo é a voz  
e o braço de Portugal.

Ouri-banqueiros - fascistas  
apóstolos do lucro  
letrados machistas  
balotos nervos de euder  
e outras coisas em istas  
que aqui não cabe dizer  
que aos capitães progressistas  
o povo deu o poder!  
E se esse poder um dia  
o quiser mostrar alguém  
não fica na burguesia  
volta à barrica de mãe!  
Volta à barrica de terra  
que em breves horas o banirão  
apora ninguém mais cerca  
as portas que Abil abriu!

Para o Pimentel, esperada  
que dê a resposta, porque talento  
vni dar. Auffbau





Ary dos Santos and António Pimentel, ca. 1975.

*Photographer unknown.*

*Provided courtesy of the António Pimentel estate.*

## The Poet and the Artist

### José Carlos Ary dos Santos (1937–1984)

Known to his family, friends, and fans as Zé Carlos, José Carlos Pereira Ary dos Santos was born to a middle-class family in Lisbon, a city he came to love more than any other. In 1952, he reluctantly published his first book of poems—*Asas*—at the age of fifteen, dedicating it to his sister Rosarinho. To avoid military inscription, it was rumored that he jumped from the second floor of a building causing himself to break a foot. During the formative period of his late teens and early 20s, he developed a class consciousness that would fuel his poetry and political engagement. However, to make ends meet he found a natural place as an account executive in the advertising world working for such international firms as LPE Morrison, Zeiger, Suíço-Português, and Espiral where his facility for language resulted in generous compensation and a permanent place in Lisbon's glamorous social circles. Though he gained notoriety for his drinking binges, it was because of his satirical wit and emotional sensibility that he is credited with having revolutionized the advertising industry in Portugal.

In addition to his day job, he continued to compose poems and perform in literary festivals and song contests throughout Portugal. He wrote lyrics for popular musicians such as Fernando Tordo, Simone de Oliveira, Carlos do Carmo, and Amália Rodrigues among others. Ary dos Santos also recorded solo albums of spoken word and *cantigas* (medieval lyrical songs) throughout the late 1960s and 1970s. He maintained lifelong friendships with contemporary poets such as Joaquim Pessoa. He had an affinity with Natália Correia, the prolific feminist poet and intellectual from the Azores. In 1965, Ary dos Santos collaborated with Correia in her *Antologia da poesia portuguesa erótica e satírica* (*Anthology of Portuguese Erotic Poetry and Satire*), which was considered offensive by the authorities and confiscated. Both were sentenced to prison as a result of their participation in this literary work.

In 1969, he joined the Partido Comunista Português (Portuguese Communist Party–PCP), solidifying his commitment to political change. During his career, Ary dos Santos published poems about the Estado Novo regime's antidemocratic policies, the need for freedom, and celebration of the post-revolutionary conquests, which led to his being named the poet of the revolution. "Liturgia do sangue" (1963), "Insofrimento in sofrimento" (1969), "Fotos-grafias" (1970), "Resumo" (1972) were among those that were banned by the regime. When he died prematurely on January 18, 1984 at the age of 46, he was declared the "most listened to" poet in all of Portugal with nearly 20 published books, dozens of albums, and over 600 recorded



songs. He regarded poetry as a vehicle for speaking to his people and for staying attuned with the common struggle. Many of his lyrics are extremely well known and have become Portuguese music classics. As such, they continue to be sung by both professional and amateur performers and have been recorded by international contemporary artists such as Pedro Moutinho, Mayra de Andrade, Camané, and Mariza.

## António Manuel Moita Pimentel (1935–1998)

António Pimentel was born on January 22, 1935 in Condeixa-a-Nova. Early in his life he discovered his aptitude and love for drawing. He went on to study the fine arts in Coimbra, where academic life, overshadowed by an oppressive dictatorial regime, fostered insurrection and a hunger for liberty. These conditions resulted in the development of an intense intellectual, literary, and artistic activity connected to the neo-realist movement. In 1957 at age 22, he had his first individual exhibition, and in that same year together with other student artists, he co-founded the “Círculo de Artes Plásticas da Associação Académica de Coimbra” (Fine Arts Circle of the Coimbra Students’ Association). Towards the end of the decade, he moved to Lisbon where he worked as an assistant director for both film and television before finding employment in an advertising agency.

Pimentel’s training was varied and enriching. He studied ceramic techniques, drawing, painting, and engraving at the Museum of Modern Art in Rio de Janeiro under the direction of Roberto Delamónica, and by invitation of the Itamaraty—the Brazilian Ministry of External Relations. After a year in Brazil, he departed for Paris in 1964 with a scholarship from the Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian. There, he frequented the prestigious Atelier 17 and enrolled in the École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, where he was awarded his first foreign acknowledgment. In the French capital, he experienced firsthand the climax of revolutionary idealism with the events of May 1968. Coincidentally, this was also the period during which he first gained recognition as a graphic artist, leading to his inclusion in an anthology organized by European Illustration.

In 1974 upon his return to Portugal via “As portas que Abril abriu” he returned to his previous activity as a graphic artist in advertising, working on the same team as Ary dos Santos. During this period he also engaged in other projects such as the design of stamps, posters, brochures as well as illustrating novels, poetry collections, and children’s books. In 1983, he decided to devote himself exclusively to painting. He left Lisbon and returned to his home town and shortly thereafter purchased “Casa dos Bentos” in Alcabideque—a parish in the municipality of Condeixa. This house became his home, his studio, and his temple of life’s pleasures. There he passed away in the afternoon of April 24, 1998.

Pimentel organized and participated in several major exhibitions in Portugal and abroad, both individually and with other artists. His work is characterized by perfect volumetric and vivid colors. The layout of the pictorial elements follows flawless rationality. Of his paintings, several stand out such as the series inspired by the figure of Mariana Alcoforado and King Se-

bastião, as well as the Organismos—fragmented depictions of the violence in our mechanized world, evoking a desire for reorganization.

## About the Translators

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Deolinda Adão is the executive director of the Portuguese Studies Program at the University of California, Berkeley and the director of the Luso-Brazilian Program at San José State University. She holds a PhD in Hispanic languages and literatures with emphasis in Luso-Afro-Brazilian studies and gender studies from the University of California, Berkeley. She has conducted individual research and participated in research teams in Portugal, Brazil, Angola, and São Tomé and Príncipe and has published in several publications in the United States, Portugal, and Brazil. In September of 2013 she released the book *As herdeiras do segredo – personagens femininas na ficção de Inês Pedrosa*.

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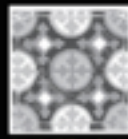


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*Posta a semente do cravo  
começou a floração  
do capitão ao soldado  
do soldado ao capitão*

*Once the carnation's seed was planted  
flowering began  
from captain to soldier  
from soldier to captain*



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