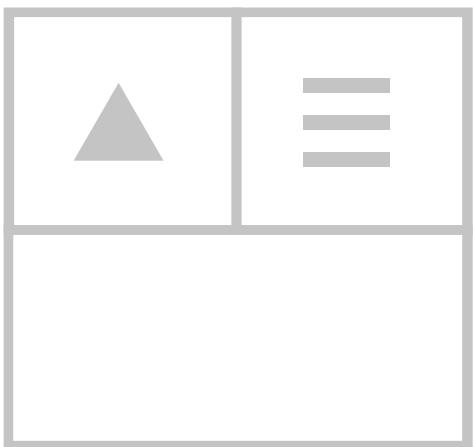




EDITORIAL
PLANETA
SOSTENIBLE

CHILEAN
DELEGATION
20-24 OCTOBER







INTRODUCTION






To define Chile, even from its origins, there are many voices. Some of them say that its name comes from the Trile bird (*Xanthornus cayenensis*) that, when flying over the skies, sings “thrile”, which later evolved into Chile. Others claim that it comes from the Quechua word 'chiri', which means cold or snow, as the tall mountain range of Los Andes, which crosses it from north to south, or like the crystalline glaciers. However, the most accepted definition would come from the Aymara word “chilli”, which has two meanings: “the end of the world” and “the deepest place on Earth”.

Chilean literature has a position as a Latin American referent, writing its own history, yesterday thanks to the poetry of its Nobel Prizes Gabriela Mistral and Pablo Neruda, today with a well-stocked ecosystem of books that enables one to integrate aesthetical, symbolic, cultural, and politic values to the debate.

In 2020, the pandemic crashed into the reality of the world, and also of the publishing industry. The difficulties went from the logistics in the chain of production to the intermittent closure of the markets. However, the Chilean publishing scene was able to do the unthinkable, and digital and physical copies in all genres followed an upward trend.

According to the 2020 statistical report by the ISBN agency, digital publications grew in an historical 166.9%, compared to 2019. Physical books did not stay out of the explosion of publications, and grew in a 15.96%.

In this ecosystem, as well, the coexistence of digital and physical books was complementary. While university and academic publishers are successful with the digital books, there are also those who mix physical and digital, installing specialized topics with a bold design, and those who deliver entertainment, understanding, and adventures to children in innovative formats and materials that favor the experience of reading physical books. Because the 10 publishing houses that have arrived to the Frankfurt Book Fair, thanks to the coordination of the Ministerio de las Culturas, las Artes y el Patrimonio, through the Consejo Nacional del Libro y la Lectura and the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores through ProChile, is only the tip of the iceberg of a very talented literary industry based on Chile, which is nowadays looking forward to internationalize their catalogues.





INTERVIEW



INTERVIEW

EDITORIAL PLANETA SOSTENIBLE

JUAN FRANCISCO BASCUÑÁN

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It is in the DNA of this publishing house to permanently address topics such as gender equality, intercultural dialogue, and sustainable development. We spoke to Juan Francisco Bascuñán, a specialized environmental law attorney, writer, and photographer. He has been teacher of Environmental Law at Universidad de Chile and since 2013 has been the director of Planeta Sostenible.

Planeta  Sostenible

INTERVIEW
EDITORIAL PLANETA SOSTENIBLE

The creation of educative content and didactic material done by Planeta Sostenible on subjects of the environment and First Nations are the center of your publisher house. Why did you choose this path?

It is fundamental for us to support the sustainability of societies over time, in terms of educating for peace, gender equality, citizen formation and intercultural dialogue. I mention these four topics because they are precisely the topics that are currently being discussed at the Constitutional Convention. First, plurinationality, this is, to dialogue with the other, to legitimize the other, and this is a topic that should be in the integral formation of Chilean children and teenagers. It is a fundamental requirement, and it is in the DNA of this publishing house, and it also must be in the books that we make, and it should also be in the political life of this country, which is precisely facing these issues nowadays. Gender equality, for instance. We made a book about that. Why? Because of parity in Congress. Intercultural dialogue. Why? Because allegedly we have a “Mapuche problem” but it is not a Mapuche problem, it is the problem of ones who invaded others and have not repaired the damage yet.

We have a president of the Constitutional Convention, Elisa Loncon, who is a linguist and who is fundamental in the dialogue between different cultures. Not only for the First Nations, but also for the migrants and other people who belong to the migrations, including other sentient beings. These topics are the one that configure the DNA of our publishing house, and are the topics we discuss.

What do you think is the role that publishing houses and culture have in the process of the Constitutional Convention?

I think they have a role as political actors. The good thing is that if you do not have a political participation, you do not enter the logics of power. Therefore, you may act politically through books, through what they say, through their prologues, the introduction, and the way in which you distribute your books. That is why it is important that the perspective from the southern hemisphere, from Chile, is able to get to countries such as Germany and France. The idea is for us to be able to cast our wisdom, our knowledge, and our world view towards those places where the empires are that impose their ideas, their business, and their world view on us. Our interest is to have a coalition in the South that may be able to negotiate with the Western North so we all may be part of the dialogue on cultural, educational and publishing topics. But if there is no support on this, if we are not listened, therefore, we do not exist.



ENTREVISTA
EDITORIAL PLANETA SOSTENIBLE

Tell me, where is the internationalization of Planeta Sostenible aiming? Which are the main goals for the coming year?

The objective of Planeta Sostenible is to support this line, just as Elisa Loncon, president of the Constitutional Convention, said to Marcela Cubillos: 'I invite you to decolonize your mind.' It is necessary to decolonize our minds, and that is why we have published the book by Ngugi Wa Thiong'o, who is who wrote "Decolonizing the mind", because he was subject to colonization and fought from the linguistic position for the African languages, because he understood that through the English language, the British Empire was dominating them, so he began writing in his original language, and that is one of the books that we published this year. We talked with Ngugi, who is candidate to the Nobel Prize, we bought the rights to his works, aimed at boys and girls that aspire to decolonize their mind.

This is our goal with our internationalization. We are not interested in selling copyrights or books. We are not interested in being there and posing for photos. We are interested in other actions. The important part is this: the literary canon of illustrated books, of children's books, cannot be established only in Bologna or Frankfurt. That is the West. Why do not we establish the canon in India? The canon, that is, the cultural mythology regarding topics. Why do not we establish it in India, or in China? That is why we have made invitations here in Chile to establish tighter bonds with China, because they have another way of seeing things and are at the opposite side of power than the United States. We have an agent in China to see that. In fact, we have bought copyrights and the books we have published for Chile

are Chinese in terms of literature for children. Thus, our international projection aims towards that, to project this idea of being able to tell what the South, the mountain, the peoples, the knowledge of those of us who were born over here, have to say, so we may all have the same opportunity.



EDITORIAL PLANETA SOSTENIBLE

Since 2012, the objective of Planeta Sostenible has been very clear, and it is to contribute to the educational system and the conscience of the children with challenging content, a disposition to preserve the environment, social justice, feminism, and our First Nations. Through innovation it has been able to transcend borders to generate debate, having always in mind the living beings that inhabit our planet today and those that would inhabit it tomorrow, with a sound perspective on natural and cultural heritage, and sustainable development.

Planeta  Sostenible

ISBN 978-956-6050-10-0



ESPÍRITU PÁJARO ÜÑÜM PÜLLÜ (BIRD SPIRIT ÜÑÜM PÜLLÜ)

Author. Lorenzo Aillapan

Genre. Poetry

116 pages / Year 2020

This book is an anthology of the vision of this poet native of the coastal area of the Región de la Araucanía, who is a great connoisseur of nature and the mysteries that the living beings of the earth and the sea conceal. In addition to this, he is the Bird Man, that is, the man who received the Spirit of the Birds through forces that are acknowledged by the Mapuche people, and specially by the Wisdom, which enable him to communicate with birds, talk to them, and receive information from them. Honorable mention for juvenile poetry at the Medalla Colibrí contest, IBBY medal. Bilingual edition, Mapuzungun/Spanish.

ISBN 978-956-6050-03-2



JUANA Y GABRIELA. SILUETA DE SOR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ (JUANA AND GABRIELA. SILHOUTTE OF SOR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ)

Author. Gabriela Mistral. Illustrations. María Magaña

Genre. Poetry

32 pages / Year 2019

Gabriela tells us, in these writings published almost a century ago during her first travel to Mexico, the life of Juana from her childhood near the Mexican volcanoes to her death, infected while taking care of the nurses at the nunnery. When describing Juana's silhouette, Gabriela puts herself in front of a mirror, and allows us as readers to snoop around in her own way of seeing the world. This is how Juana and Gabriela, two greatly inspiring women, are found beyond time.

ISBN 978-956-6050-97-1



CIERVO VULNERADO (DAMAGE DEER)

Author. Rafael Rubio

Genre. Poetry

Year 2022

This poetic anthology by Rafael Rubio, without a doubt one of the most relevant poetic voices nowadays in Chile, is of greatest relevance to invite teenagers to approach to poetry and helping them to face directly their pains and joys, with that which tears the apart and also with that which enlightens their path.

ISBN 978-956-6050-23-0



EL ESPÍRITU DEL AGUA (THE SPIRIT OF THE WATER)

Author. Rafael Rubio. Illustrations. Carolina Monterrubio

Genre. Poetry

32 pages / Year 2020

The river that bathed the vegetable fields is now dried up; there are only rocks left. But the compromised will not give up: they raise their roots and they leave, as a pack, in search of water. They climb hills, travel through rocky grounds, avoid a hungry rabbit; they finally hear the voice of the water, and run towards it... But it was not the water who was talking to them, but its Spirit, who was pointing out the path to get to it. We are facing a global water crisis, which affects wildlife, humans, and the basis of our own food as well: everything we eat requires water. This book may help to wake up the consciousness regarding these topics in boys and girls.

ISBN 978-956-6050-08-7



ISABELÍSIMA. MONÓLOGOS DEL DIVINO ANTICRISTO (ISABELÍSIMA. THE DIVINE ANTICHRIST'S MONLOGUES)

Author. Rafael Rubio. Photography. Hernán Azócar

Genre. Poetry

48 pages / Year 2020

In the text is Rafael Rubio "as a whole", in flesh and blood, who, by using a unique and virtuous poetic prose is able to present a universal approach to death, to the relation with God, to madness, to dreams, to love. The work is complemented by the prodigious vision of photographer Hernán Azócar, also Chilean, who opens a free dialogue with Rafael's poetic prose, creating a work made of a same text that is expressed both in words and images.



EXCERPTS



ESPÍRITU PÁJARO ÜÑÜM PÜLLÜ (ÜÑÜM PÜLLÜ. BIRD SPIRIT)

Author. Lorenzo Aillapan

Genre. Poetry

116 pages

Year 2020

ISBN 978-956-6050-10-0

Pienso y siento que, con el avance de la comunicación, la tecnología, la ciencia, y el aporte de los seres humanos, nace la obra “Üñüm Püllü - Espíritu Pájaro” en este año 2019, que demuestra y marca la identidad de la cultura y las artes. Del mismo modo, dos Rali Kultrun forman el Universo Terráqueo en donde Tierra, Agua, Aire, Sol/Fuego son elementos que sostienen infinitamente la Sabiduría Milenaria del Pueblo Mapuche, que es Por el Renacimiento de la Sabiduría Ancestral “Püllümapukimünweftuy”.

Esta obra selecciona poemas dedicados al Itrofilmongen, a la biodiversidad, de cuatro libros bilingües anteriores: el premio “Casa de las Américas” - Hombre Pájaro, año 1994; Challwa Engu Dollüm - Entre Peces y Mariscos, año 2015; Üñümche - Hombre Pájaro, año 2003, y Universo Montañoso / Árboles Nativos, año 2007.

Este libro de selección antológica bilingüe mapuchedugun y español dugun tiene la intención de alcanzar público de lectores locales, regionales, nacionales y extranjeros, en especial aquellos pequeños seres humanos que están descubriendo el mundo.

Tamün wenüy (su amigo)

Üñümche

Lorenzo Aillapan Cayuleo

MAPUCHE PARADISE

First Great Spirit of universal fecundity
You who exist since eternity
How many thousands of years is still unknown
Like gold and silver is your Palace
In the sky, in the air, You are
In dream, in the lightning vision
In thunder and in whirlwind.

May every living thing exist on earth (you said)
The great ranges, the plateaus, the mountains,
Grasses and pastures in the prairies
Rivers, waterfalls and the great ocean
Rocks and sands on its shores
Let there be fish, whales and seals
Plains and mountain birds
Rivers, lakes and sea birds.

You, Great Spirit of universal fecundity
Holder of heaven and earth
You multiplied animals and vegetables
You created Man and Woman

Let them populate the Promised Land (you said)
Let them philosophize, let them solemnize
Let them speak, let them always be speakers
Thus it will be Great Mighty Spirit.

On the North side, protect us
On the South side, protect us
On the East side, protect us
On the West side, protect us
This Paradise on Earth
With salt water lake with fresh water river
Flowing, navigable water source
Canoes down this river with fish, with birds
With a variety of animals filling the place.

Let them love their language and be here in their land
Arrived (they will say) unity for life among the poor
Arrived (they will say) unity for life among the
powerful
We have respect for the Principal
For from him comes select thought
You are the Great Elder
You give wise counsel

You are always vigilant
You, mighty Spirit, give us strength
Because you reach our mind, our heart.

You who are in all things
You make yourself known as the wind
You are the first Great Sage
In white, in light blue, and also in red
You manifest through nature
Just like the rainbow you make us happy
Always as a messenger in the air
As far as the imagination goes
As the art of writing and reading
You, Maker of all things.

Let the man and the woman love each other
Let man work on this land
Wielding the plow, sowing, harvesting, raising
animals
The woman at her loom, weaving
Feeding her children, protecting them with clothing
Solidarity is the word
In all jobs.

Let there be prayers everywhere
Let all people participate by thanking
Let the best sacrificial animal be given.

ENTRE PECES Y MARISCOS (BETWEEN FISH AND SHELLFISH)

PEJERREY

This pearl-colored scaly fish
Inhabits Lake Budi and the Pacific Ocean
Like other endemic fishes, it is adapted to
its salty water habitat in the Budi or Pacific Sea
Due to the lake or sea waters, the pearl fish differs in flavor
Improves the home cooking of the Lafquenches.

Ancestors knew where fish came from: from the lake, from the sea
They knew how they moved, by the sounds they make
Its preferred habitat was the center of Budi
The most outstanding menu there came from
The existence of fish was calculated without making a registry
Only with wisdom did one know how many and what the fish were like.

The pearl fish is admired for its rich flavor and shape
It has shiny scales and resistant meat in frying
From ancient times, it has stood out in taste and form
Special visitors passing through the various parts of the
Lafquenche territory seek out exotic and famous fishes
Such as huaiquil, liza, snook, pejerrey, flatfish; for culture.

HUAIQUIL

This endemic fish of the Budi
Known as the snoring fish
It is entirely from the basin of that lake
And it has given note and as an awakener¹
to other "mark" fish in the Budi waters²
Fish, fish, huaiquil, huaiquil, The Snorer.

The wachal wachal sound made by the endemic fish
From a salt lake on the coast of South America
It is the origin of its onomatopoeic name in the language³
Native fish, since always with this characteristic
It has remained as a millenary and unique being
In the Budi salt lake, southern cone of America.
Of tasty meat, with two lancets in the belly

Hence the name huaiquil/waikill two lancets
That belly of the fish to other specimens of the lake is scary
It tickles other fish with its lancets.
In the time of heat, the female moves at the water's edge, flirtatiously
The male fish comes back and back, up and down and wins her love.

LENGUADO

The sole fish lives in Lake Budi and in the sea.
In Lafquenche territory in the Puaucho sector
Preparations are underway for the Sole Festival at the lake by the sea
In the southern area of the municipality, in the Puaucho sector
Every year the Sole Festival is prepared in front of the sea⁴
Where experts, young and adult fishermen meet.

Sole is a fish without scales or bones
It has the shape of the catuto⁵ made by the Mapuche riparians
Excellent taste and easy to prepare in the kitchen
From a home that feeds on fish throughout the year.
Fish meat provides calories to rural people
As well as urban dwellers take this food with affection.
Children, young people and adults see the sole fish
They find it curious because of its shape and body

The native people named it pikür
Because it feeds underwater all the time,
As it spreads out like a moored water kite⁶
Language of the strange fish⁷ pikür, pikür, body-to-body.

ROBALO

The snook fish, of small size,
Comes from the sea and is endemic to Budi,
Lake where it reproduces abundantly and rapidly throughout the year.
Of soft flesh and pleasant taste, small
They are snook, dark gray in color, both large and small
It stands out as the most abundant and prized fish.

Mapuche riparians fish in canoes and boats
More than five varieties of endemic and marine fishes
They consume strictly what is necessary and search for
Among the fish and shellfish that come out of the lake and the sea.

Fishermen and shellfish harvesters thus search for
With the barometer⁸ of the Lafquenche / overseas territory.
Mapuche fishermen and shellfish harvesters are natural divers
Without mechanisms or sophisticated technical devices

They are self-taught collectors and original harvesters
Ready to serve their neighbors in practical applications
Without armor, implements or clothing
Nevertheless, they come back with lots of snook, magnificent treats.

LIZA

The liza is found in the sea and in the estuary
From the Budi, it is darker and tastier than the other fish in the lake.
Fish that are in the sea are transformed into river fish.
The liza is the most important, large and appetizing estuarine fish
Becomes the most expensive fish with an extraordinary fame
For its grassy flavor and essence of the tasty Budi Lake.

Through the waters of the Budi as it flows into the Pacific Sea
It happens to the liza between August and September of each year
That the customary festival of the liza is being prepared, wakülpe
unique
On the coast of the Pacific Ocean, the liza is celebrating its birthday
Chihuaicura, Llancao, Marinao families go to the sea
Celebrating the day of the liza, wakülpe of each year.

The liza is characteristic among the fishes of Budi Lake

It is sought after and chosen for its extraordinary flavor
The elders said, "How badly I want a Konün Budi liza!"
It is at the outlet of the lake into the sea from where caught the
most desired fish
In every season of the year that rules the southern life of Budi
This is not forgotten, although it is now little seen by the native people.

CHORO NEGRO

In Lafquenche territory there are shoals of black mussels
Along the coast there are abundant mussels
Carefully day by day the shellfish harvester pulls them out without danger
Assisted by a permanent crew of four persons
In contemporary times, scuba diving is practiced with all the
implements
And also a cappella, without diver's armor or companion.

The life of shellfish harvesters at sea provides a secure livelihood
They spend all their time at the seashore on the shoals of mussels
It pays to work hard and play hard
For the daily consumption of a village that eats mussels
It is necessary to collect mussels so that they can be purchased at a fair
price

Or to trade the seafood for other products.

There are spotter birds on the coast

Indicating the existence of many shellfish

This is where the shellfish harvester directs his search for mussels on the coast

Ensuring the sale of seafood at affordable prices

Day by day and week by week he sails, searching.

The mussels should be extracted without haste and avoid excessive extraction.

CHORITO CAFÉ

This variety, the small-sized brown mussel,

It is a miniature shellfish with an outstanding flavor

On the Pacific coast southern sea

Delight the palate of the shellfish harvester without equipment, with the wind at his back

A sand bank indicates the existence of the small mussel

The shellfish harvesters seem to walk in a place of dreams.

The wichor, cold sea current, welcomes the diver without equipment

Smell and tide: swaying of the cold Humboldt current

Seafood remains on the southern coast throughout the year

Piure, clam, abalone, brown mussel, black mussel, in the cold wave

The native people of the Pacific Sea savor them, pluck them and grab them

A food treasure for humans, birds and their offspring.

In the South Pacific coast, there are several shoals of mussels

The tides play and waft the scent of the mussels as in a big market

Of so many goods of perfumed and diverse scents

Fishermen, divers, birds, sea lions, in the air mixed together

They are looking forward to the wichor / Humboldt paying attention to its signals

And through its lul-lul sound the sea sends a message.

MACHA

Clam is a shellfish that has not disappeared

There are always in places of the South Pacific coast

There are shoals of clams announced by well-known birds

In the area of the southern Lafquenche territory

White and gray seagulls and the amusing skimmer

Give clues of the clam shoal to the south.

Sea birds converse and dialogue with fishermen

There is a flat-footed fisherman who is called "clam foot"

These seafoods come from Konün Traytrayko

The shellfish harvesters fish all day long, they fish safely, the rascals

They work and work, with high and low tides, heavily

And the skimmer, the pelican, also work.

The clam is a good seafood for stew and empanada

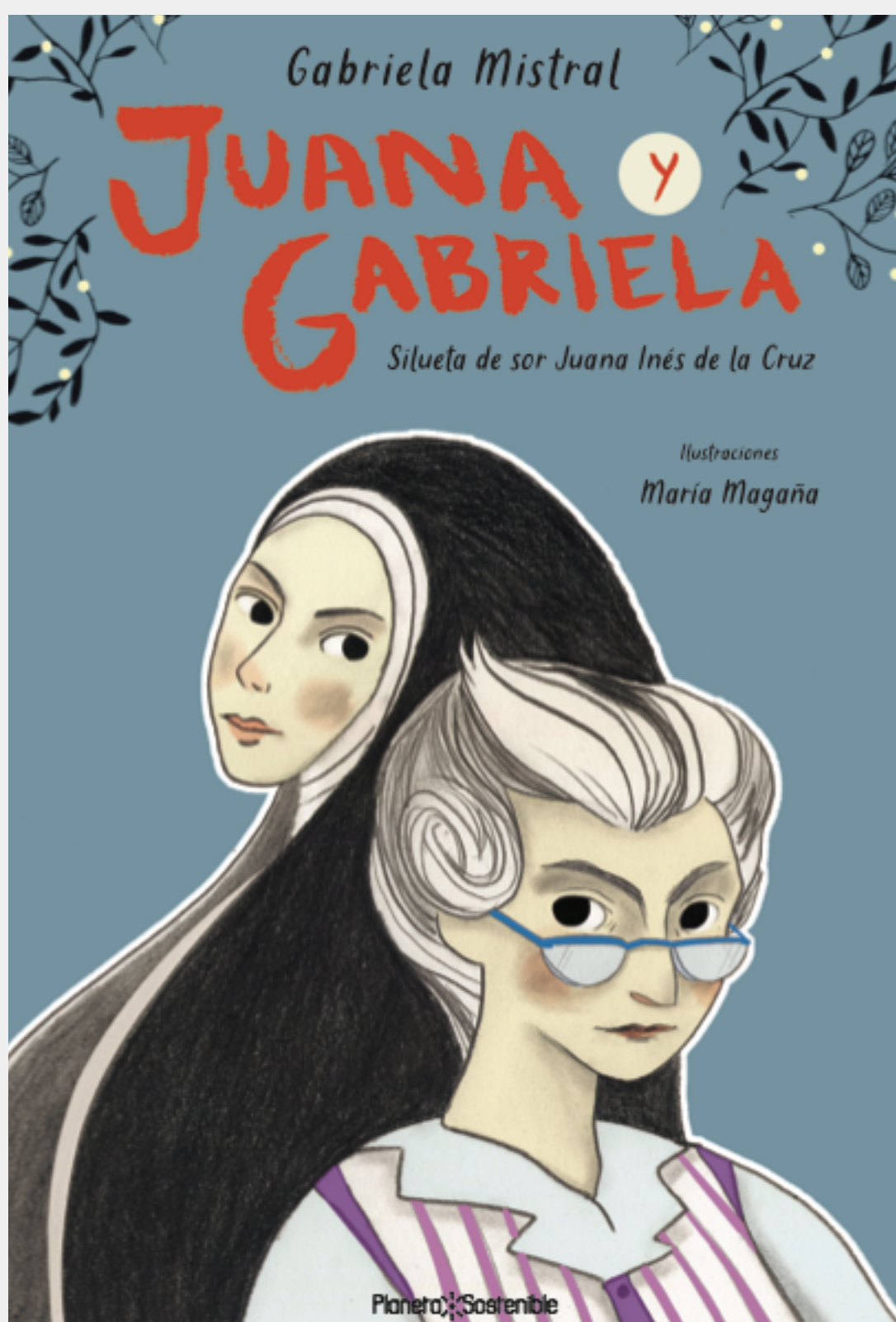
They say during the Nehuentuana week, Carahue

municipalityWhen they host a traditional festival, with red wine and empanadas

A week-long party in the Nehuentúe sectorA well-prepared

clam soup fixes the body of a drunk with a hangover

In the style of the traditional festival of the Nehuentúe peopl.



JUANA Y GABRIELA.
SILUETA DE SOR JUANA INÉS
DE LA CRUZ (JUANA and GABRIELA.
SLHOUTTE OF SOR JUANA INÉS
DE LA CRUZ)

Author. Gabriela Mistral.
Illustrations. María Magaña
Genre. Poetry
32 pages
Year 2019
ISBN 978-956-6050-03-2

EDITOR'S NOTE

"Silueta de sor Juana Inés de la Cruz" was written by Gabriela Mistral on her first trip to Mexico in 1922, when she was invited by José Vasconcelos to support the profound educational reform that was beginning in the country.

The text was published in *"Lecturas para mujeres"* (1923), an anthological selection made by Gabriela herself, whose purpose was to educate Mexican women in the broadest sense.

In this edition of *"Silueta de sor Juana Inés de la Cruz"* we have added *"Juana y Gabriela"*, because the historical perspective allows us to confirm Octavio Paz's statement that sor Juana Inés de la Cruz and Gabriela Mistral are the two great poetesses of the Spanish language.

In addition, since it is an illustrated book, we have eliminated the subtitles of the original text published in 1923 to facilitate the visual-textual reading that we propose. We have also updated the spelling, while respecting the stylistic features common to Gabriela Mistral's writing.

One of the editor's duties is to bring ancient texts to the contemporary scene, and we hope that these changes will not greatly affect the integrity of the original text, which, as has been said, are only intended to improve its understanding a century after its first publication.

Juan Francisco Bascuñán
Director of Planeta Sostenible

She was born in Nepantla; two volcanoes cut out the familiar landscape;
they poured her morning and prolonged the last
afternoon. But it is the Iztaccihuatl of depurated
profiles, the one influencing her nature, not the
Popocatepetl, coarse to its apex.

Nervo says the atmosphere in that town is extraordinarily clear.
She drank the thin air of the highlands, which makes the blood less dense
and the eyes sharper, and the breath becomes a slight intoxication.
It is the thin air, wonderful as thin snow water.

This plateau light made those big slanted eyes for her to
capture the wide horizon. And to enter into the subtle atmosphere, she was
given that slenderness of hers, which, when walking, was like the final
reverberation of light, only.

Her people have not the vagueness of wandering mists;
likewise, there is no dreamy vagueness in the pupils of her
portraits. Neither that nor the flood of emotion. These are eyes that have
seen, in the clarity of its plateau, stand out the creatures and the
things with clear outlines. The thought, behind those eyes,
will also have a too pronounced line.

A very delicate nose and without sensuality. The mouth, neither sad nor happy:
confident; the emotion does not disturb it in the corners or in the center.

White, sharp and perfect is the oval of the face like the naked almond;
on her paleness the black of her eyes and hair must have been very rich.

The slender neck, resembling the long jasmine; through it no thick blood
rose; breathing felt very delicate through her.

The shoulders, fine as well, and the hand simply miraculous. There might
have remained of her only that, and we would know body and soul by
the hand, Gongorian as the verse... It is a beautiful fall on the dark
mahogany table. The scholarly old volumes in which she studied, accustomed to
to have the yellow and rough right hand of the old scholars on them, they had to
be surprised with this hand's water freshness...

It must have been a joy to watch her walk. She was tall, even too tall it seems, and
Marquina's verse is recalled:
... "light reposes in her for a long time".

She was first the child prodigy who learns how to
read, secretly, in a few weeks;
and then the bewildering young woman, with a wit

as agile as the light itself, who left the exquisite guests of the Viceroy Mancera spellbound. Poor Juana! She had to endure being the gilded entertainment of the learned ennui of intellectuals. Surely they were less interested in her concepts than in her beauty; but there was Juana, responding to their twisted gallantries. The gracious conversation of the salons was just another dish in that heterogeneous banquet of colonial life: Inquisition, devoted theater and sharp gallantry.

Juana was to amuse the old rhetoricians, answer their tiresome missives in verse, and pass, at the Viceroy's receptions, from the recitation of an agile little poem to the swaying of the dance....

Later she is the wise nun, almost unique in that naïve and somewhat simple world of women's convents. It is a strange cell with the walls covered with books and the table full of globes and apparatus for celestial calculations....

It is not true in the great Gongorine nun that of inspiration as a wild gust of wind; one cannot speak of the Muse exhaling her ardent panting over her temples. Her Muse is the rightness, an almost bewildering accuracy; her Muse is the intellect alone, without passion. Passion, that is, excess, does not appear to her life but in one form: the yearning to know.

She wanted to go to God through knowledge. She did not have in front of her the created the stupor and neither the contemplation, but the delight of enjoying it nuance by nuance and profile by profile. Of the trembling star, she wanted to know. Her wonder is that science did not lead her to rationalism.

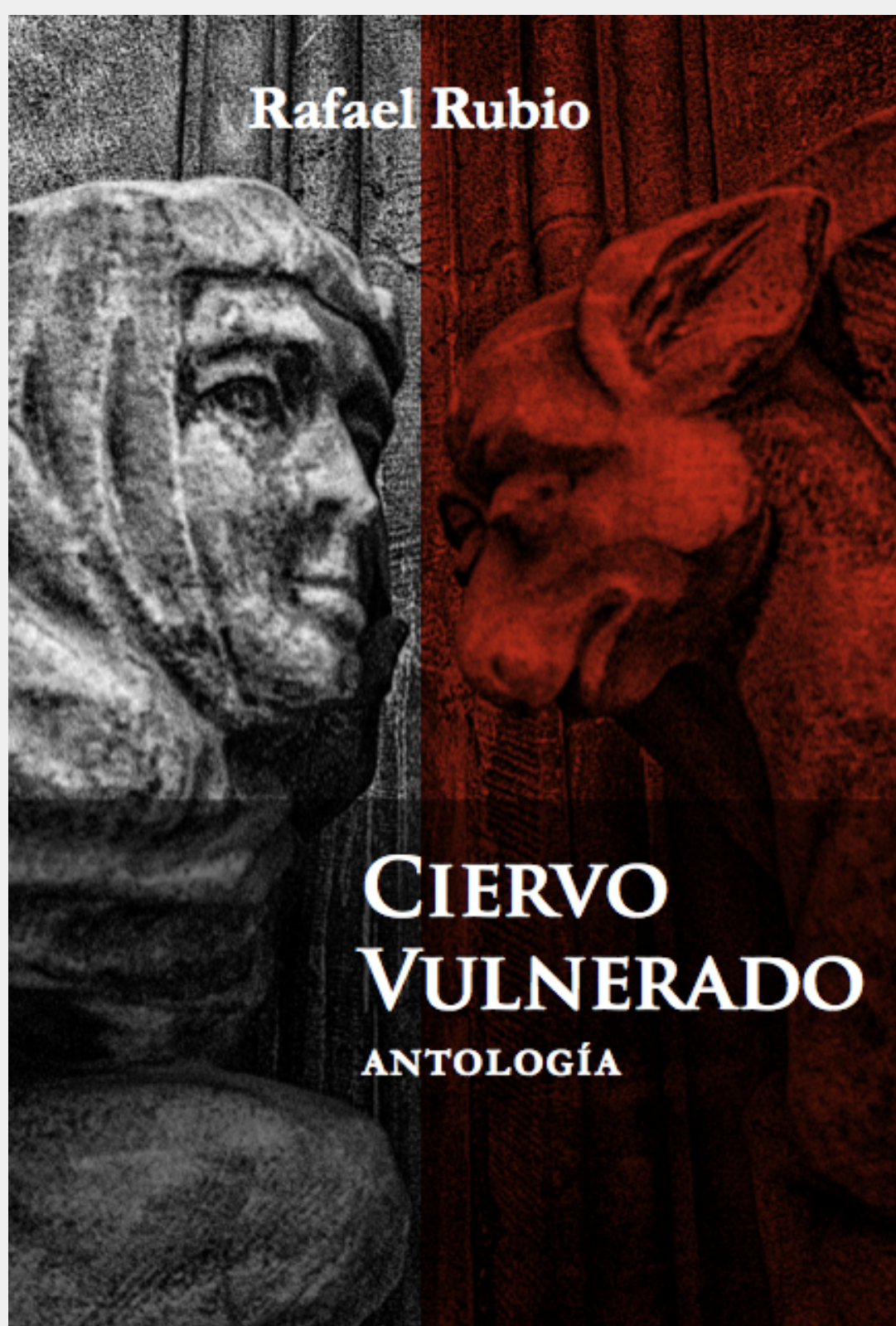
She had, among others, this trait of her race: the critical sense, full of cordiality sometimes, but relentlessly awake.

And yet another trait of her people: irony. She has it fine and beautiful as a small flame, and plays with it among beings.

One should not be too surprised by this alliance of irony with the habit: St. Teresa also had it; it was her invisible shield against the world so dense that moved around her: obtuse nuns who used to recelate from the literate and saw the body of the Devil peeping between the books of the formidable bookshelf.

They forgot other illustrious cells: that of the two Spanish Luises. But in the blond and small bee the sting is embellished because the same instrument that stings makes honey.

So steeped is she in irony, Sister Juana, that from conversation and letters, she takes it all to verse. Not so in the rose bush, where the softness of the petal is separated from the thorn; the nun puts the thorn in the center of the rose....
...



**CIERVO VULNERADO
(WOUNDED DEER ANTHOLOGY)**

Author. Rafael Rubio

Genre. Poetry

Year 2022

ISBN 978-956-6050-97-1

Foreword (extract)

...

En varias de las entrevistas que se le han hecho, el poeta afirma que la poesía no es ni puede ser solo un género literario. La radicalidad de esta aseveración no implica solamente que la poesía trascienda el espacio acotado del poema, sino que ella, entendida como una manera de ser y estar en el espacio-tiempo en el que aparecemos como individuos, como mundos en movimiento, puede escribirse incluso sin palabras. La poesía, entonces, como un hacer, como el oficio mismo de vivir, que a veces puede acabar en una hoja de papel, condensada en un poema, a veces no.

...

En la poesía de Rafael Rubio hay un amor —que es una forma de conocimiento— profundo por el oficio, acompañado de esa dosis de humildad necesaria que, al reconocer los límites de la propia voluntad, sabe entregarse a la consciencia mayor en continuo hacerse que es la poesía.

Micaela Paredes Barraza

From Arbolando
(1998)

AUTORRETRATO (SELF PORTRAIT)

I baqueano, I place myself
healthily crazy.
I'm a gravelly, damn it
I always climb downwards.
Passerby who senses
people look down on him.
I am a broken pot,
I am desert lightning
Bad, ill-fated breeze:
bad watchman of my garden.

SOLO (ALONE)

Lonelier than a tear
on the eyelid
of a dead man.

TOTALIDAD (TOTAL)

I rain, I thunder, I lightning, I tremble
I sky, I sunset, I pigeon, I damn
I dream, I tear, I grandfather, I fall
I bristle through the foliage of the trees, I rage
I trunk, I climb up and branch for laughter, I become
sap
I window, I neigh
I become door
never opened
I'm orchard, old Sara
Dead land, old vine.

HIMENEO

The florid flora Galatea
of not wanting to be a bride and badly kissed
in the drunkenly unfurled corolla
rejects female workers even if they are

the ones spreading golden from being teas
seeds scattered in the sky
of the liberated cell coroll

of being bees of beauty

Precious mocking my lips
faithful to the love of the loving sun
to kiss them with their light and no aftertaste

lovers, to my desire they climb
in the salacious thalamus of the wind
with lascivious petals, slow lips.

CUALQUIER NOCHE DE ESTAS (ANY NIGHT
NOW)

Any night now I'm going to the moon
or Mars, to love you Venus Spring
April, I will travel to Mercury whether you want it
or not,
I'll bring a little bit of moon between my hands
a cup of fragrant sandalwood
Any night now
I'm going to the moon,
I will write your name on a rock,
I'll dance barefoot
after drinking red wine for so long

I'll play the guitar
until a meteor light is drawn from it
that will cross the universe to your bedside
where you'll be dreaming of anyone but me
and then
I'll travel to Mercury
in a third-class wagon
Jupiter then, water moon,
pearls of Uranus, I will not be
when they call me or look for me,
I won't be there when they call me or when you
call me
or when they open the windows or do not
open them
nor when the moon is full or empty,
I won't be there for you or anyone else,
don't ask for me
when I go to the moon.

TORMENTA (STORM)

Blue birth to be pavane
Sudden neighing and fiery

gallops and halali to be heard
cannons thundering at my window.

Landslide stone and sorrel.
Ringing silver voice of the rivers
by unleashed rocky males
with a devilish sound of bells.

And the sky bursts father by west
with a clamor of colts, to be pavan
and so flying rain, come and feel

how the tigress fury is enraged
by mournful and mourning snatches
by stomping skies, it enraptures me.

ENDECASÍLABOS AL GOCE (HENDE- CASYLLABLES TO JOY)

Away rings the golden sun sound.
Sound light hits in the morning
through skies bursting at my window
looking for a nesting corolla.

Its glow is lit in my ears
resounds loudly of being pavane
plethoric despite the distance
its ringing is yellowing.

Unleashes to the skies its chirping
of a caught bird in mid-flight
the cocks' sparks are lit.

I swing my arms in a volley
diving for the dream of my sky
and the horses burst out neighing.

EMBRIAGUEZ (DRUNKENNESS)

Paddling down a river of beer
the anxieties to submerge under the spar-
kling foam
as one who goes and adds to the current
dreaming through the flow the head.

Caught, in the shipwreck, from the table
against the hoarse swell of the foam
to feel the whole body turn into a feather
and inside, the heart, almost spark.

And so fly dreaming in the clouds
by sky, wind and moon and stars
through flowery song goes and climbs up

as if rocking between them
green the earth moves the waist
and so we go foals by spurs.

LA MESA (THE TABLE)

The table is waiting for the food.
The eternal diners do not come.
It is getting lonely and bored
looking at the dark windows.

There is a sad soup getting cold.
No trace of the grandmother, no sign
of the father or mother or aunt.

No information about the son. Disloyal.

Maybe they went where. That's life.
The table looks unreal chairs.
It is getting lonely and bored
looking at the dark windows.

CREPÚSCULO (TWILIGHT)

The sun has sunk into the mountains
It will light up the dying earth
in the arms of the sky and the morning
that rises into the air full of ash.

LOS TRIGALES (WHEAT FIELDS)

I
Smiling teeth of the sun, laughing sun
the spike of laughter, flowing goes the source
sounding light, jingle bells
bee's voice, rain, honeys
the yellow laughter of herbal mares
racket, crowds, shuffle, the wheat fields.

II
Smiling hair of the sun, laughing sun
the spike of laughter, laughing sea of bumblebees
blond waves, mane in the wind of a galloping
horse
swell wabbling, the breaker of the spike
noble grass, sounding sun, rattlesnake of the
flours.

III
Noble hair, the horses of laughter, the shoal
galloping through the paddocks crowds, ah of
teeth
ay solar children reeds, yellow laughter
flour teeth in the whinny, tidal.

ALAMEDAS (POPLAR GROVES)

Paddle the poplar branch above
paddle the poplar, we are paddling
under the leaves, we are flying
sap rises, mast rises.

Leaves paddle along the stream

of the poplar grove. Come, then, feel
How they dive among the skies
green arms in the west.

Sap rises, laughter rises
the breeze comes, and the sun is entangled
among the branches of the poplar grove
sails swell, paddle paddler
let's go flying, my girl, sky.

Paddle the poplar branch above
paddle the poplar, we are paddling
under the leaves, we are flying
sap rises, mast rises.

Leaves paddle along the stream
of the poplar grove. Come, then, feel
How they dive among the skies
green arms in the west.

Sap rises, laughter rises
the breeze comes, and the sun is entangled
among the branches of the poplar grove
sails swell, paddle paddler

let's go flying, my girl, sky.

TODAS LAS COSAS BAJAN DEL SOL A LAS PRADERAS (ALL THINGS COME DOWN FROM THE SUN TO THE PRAIRIES)

All things go up to heaven
descend from heaven and go up
again
All things
reborn
in all things
they return
to fly this returning flight
from the sun to the prairies
because all things come down from the sun
and all things return
all things comes down from the sun to the
prairies and you get lost
in the sunless and meadowless night.

From *Luz rabiosa*
(2007)

ALMUERZO FAMILIAR (FAMILY LUNCH)

Mom, knife, plate. Fork!
(Unanimous convening). One o'clock
in the blasphemous afternoon: the dining room.

Outside, the terrible famine calm.

Below, between the table legs
sister looking for crumbs: orphan
back. Does she grumble? —of sadness—
(Hidden) the mother slurps the plate
without raising his eyes.

Rage? Rage!

And what about this fly buzzing without reserve
among the fierce steam that rises?

Dad? (Don't even say it). And sit down!
(The hidden spoon: the lunch
awaits us with mockery: Hiel!). Perverse
the dreadful pumpkin for lunch

con the table that offends infinite.

The mother is vast on the tablecloths. Deep
rattle of irritating dishes
and in the middle of the night alone, fades away!

While the sister, suddenly, sneezes
of helplessness (Dad!) on the table.
Sound: the tearing. Rage: mute.

Where the eternity of hunger begins!
(Knife, fork: fierce screeching noise)
And let me be satisfied, my God, with the eaten!

ESCENA FAMILIAR (FAMILY SCENE)

Don't give me the inconceivable abyss
of this bowl of soup. Don't hand over to me
the blasphemous spoon, writhing
in anger on the tablecloths!

Don't give me this lunch, do not call me
by the sudden mother.

I don't want to sit at the fateful headboard
to the atrocious screeching of knives!

Take away my soup. I do not want
to see me in it, trembling.
Let my mother remove the engrossed spoons
with bitterness. And let the dishes, radiantly
white
do not reflect the fury of our faces
at lunchtime inconceivable!

ESCENA FAMILIAR II (FAMILY SCENE II)

In the cruel abyss of the dining room
—touching family scene—
The grudge lunch. Bread: breadcrumbs
on the mute table to sit!
(Hermelinda, bring the juice,
oh, bring the juice, Hermelinda. That the soup
is bitter). And what a pain!
Hidden sister —oh, God—
reaching for the salt shaker, flips it
in anger on the tablecloth! The mother sends

an atrocious look.

And nods
the afternoon on vegetables. Late
the bitterness of the lunch!
There will no longer be —Damn!— anyone to
save us
the infinite perverse crumb.
The sister —orphanage bustling—
makes the soup sound, with inverse
clarion. From hunger! Bubbling? And then
the twisted morality of the spoon
touches the funeral abyss of the plate.

Mother made the sign of the cross? How
dare she do that!
The feverish crockery trembles with fury
in the infamous kitchen: high-pitched noise
making the chairs' souls tremble!

Is anyone missing, Mom, at the table: an
infinite
nervous knot, trembling.
Who is missing? —my God— And a sneeze

runs over the tray, and so on.

On the gleaming plate, a fly
lurks acrobatic. The sister
drives it away and flips it up in the air
with a Franciscan napkin.

Mom, for God's sake! Can't you see how it
buzzes us?
Don't you see how it buzzes us, mommy
this fly blasphemy of infinity?

And finally the table turns into a tomb!

PLATO (PLATE)

To Floridor Pérez

To the soup I peek (improvised
mirror) to see me. And I only see
my father's face looking at me
from the funeral abyss of the plate.

LA CENA DE LOS AUSENTES (THE ABSENTEES' DINNER)

To the table that offends with infinity
the absentees are thrown in clusters
precocious invited to the event.

The dining room: Fierce! The chairs: Dusty!

And the time! —by urgent appeal—
From the served plates rises anguish
of fragrant fumes! (To the foreheads).

Grandpa, sitting at his soup
(Bottomless pit! Improvised mirror!)
with a liturgical gesture, he raises the cup

as he twist the eyebrows.

Clears his throat, the old man
engrossed in his Jewish beards

while the aunt bitterly digs
her bread under the table, so early.

And the grandmother, a plethora of wrinkles!
—reverential back— she is dedicated
to threaten the lettuce bowl.

And the furious lettuces reply.

(Pernicious, Jesus, my God! the hand
barely holds the spoon.
And in the bottomless plate, How distant!

The face is duplicated)

“Mmm, The fork? Who can get it for me?”
says the funeral aunt, poking around
among the avocado widows of hope

and the uncle —bitter— replies: “when?”

(What a glow of curled cabbages
clike sullen vegetable grudges!
Pharisees the dishes? And the hard
bread antlers? Evicted!)

How blasphemous is the metal of spoons

that twisted with human pain
repeats to them what a glowing face.

The glare of the sun? Far away!

And an anguished absence creeps
under the tablecloth and in such a hurry
are emptied unanimously, the plates

musicians of what a terrible orchestra
of timbales spoons. Clin! And then
the tablecloth at last is ready

and the table gets night because it is so sullen.

In the air hover, pernicious,
clouds of dirty flies
buzzing bitter and flying low.

God did not come to the table? Bad thing!
He could no longer feed on these birds
poisoned with raging gall!

That there is no one —mother— at the table any
more.

or under the table, likewise.
Not a crumb absorbed in sadness

when everything has been gnawed away
and only hunger remains
prowled by swarming flies

that buzz around
fraternally human
about the eternal supper on Fridays.

The soup they left behind has gone sour
—did not want to try it, because it was far away—
Dad, come sit here next to me!



EL ESPÍRITU DEL AGUA (THE SPIRIT OF WATER)

Author. Rafael Rubio
Illustrations. Carolina Monterrubio
Genre. Poetry
32 pages
Year 2020
ISBN 978-956-6050-23-0

The story goes that a long time ago
in a small town next to Rancagua
next to an estuary carrying stones
there was an orchard that was begging for
water.

The rain fled. The flowers dried out.
Roots twined around the stones
nor did the sun sing to the water in the es-
tuary
nor did the tree embrace the ivy.

The whole orchard wept down to its roots.
Where did the fresh water go?
Lettuce, carrots, and corn
dug rabidly in the ground.

Suddenly, the green-stemmed scallion
raised his voice and said: "Comrades!
the river beds are drying up,
water is dying in the estuary.

--We will have to leave for other lands

seeking the water of a fresh stream.
No road will lead the way.

--Where is this place, Captain?
--everyone asked--, where to?
--To a place where no one goes,
behind these landscapes with their moun-
tains.

--Even if lost in the ravine
or hidden beneath the ground
we will visit the home of water,
and the water will greet us happily.

--Long live the water! --cried the vegeta-
bles,
as they prepared for the trip.
Will the journey last a lifetime?
All the life of the grasslands!

Gathered together the green vegetables
very soon the journey began.
They were all in line, making their claims,

anxiously searching for the lost water.

Marcelo, the scallion, was ahead
leading the green procession.
The onions were scary white,
the watercresses were green with joy.

The onions were marching slowly.
The carrots were unwrapped,
standing tall and proud, diligent.
Eager, the ever-fresh lettuces.

Suddenly, they spotted a rabbit
leaving its burrow in a hurry.
It was a huge, menacing rabbit,
shaking its big ears.

--It's going to eat us all! --said to each other
the vegetables, trembling with fear.
--Let's run! --cried the watermelon in flight.
--Let's run far! --said the watercress.

Andrew, the big rabbit, stealthy

approached the lettuce in the orchard
with serious intentions of engulfing her
with a single bite, the anguished one.

--He will eat Leticia, the lettuce,
without mercy that heartless rabbit!
Let him be satisfied with the field's grass
and leave us alone and go far away!

But the rabbit covets Leticia
and green watercress and the carrot!
If he ate all 3, the rabbit,
it would be a bad ending to this story!

Luckily, melon, the wise one, was there,
who convinced the rabbit Andrew to flee
with nothing, for the fox was already coming
enemy of rabbits and sheep.

Freed from the rabbit and his threat,
the vegetables resumed their journey.
--Long live the water! --they shouted, full of joy,
not knowing that another adventure was coming.

A little further along, they found a wa-
terwheel
next to an old wooden house.
--Water! --they all cried--, we found it!

It was the chard that approached first.
She lowered the bucket to the bottom of the
well,
to bring out the water hidden there.
But there was no water: only stones
and a lot of thirst. That's all there was.

All vegetables sobbed
at the stones of the dry waterwheel.
--¡We left the orchard to fetch water
and all we find is sadness!

Suddenly, the scallion, lightning face:
--Do not lose hope, comrades:
we are close to our destiny,
the water lives where the hill dies.
...

SOME IDEAS FOR WORKING WITH YOUNG READERS

Where has the water been hidden? What must we do to bring it back to life? What does it mean to listen to our heart? Why is it that when we follow it, life comes to the surface?

Surely after reading this story many questions will arise in the little readers. In the face of this, should we adults have a precise answer?

Not necessarily.

They are beautiful questions, and their mere enunciation already puts us in a position to solve them... if we want to... if we can... It is very important to consider that all the questions of the little ones and also their answers are valid and important since they allow them to express part of their being. There are no right or wrong answers.

In this story, the poet Rafael Rubio proposes a journey whose protagonists are a group of vegetables that somehow represent us. The journey's objective is to rediscover the life-giving vital element. Vegetables face different obstacles and just when they think they have found it, a greater challenge appears. The water they seek, the water that truly gives life is not only water in its physical manifestation, but also an energy that lives within us, in our heart, and if we listen to it and align what it says with our actions, life, fertility, abundance will sprout on a deeper level.

But this is only our interpretation.

The proposal is for boys and girls to invent their own answers, outcomes, form their own paths, elaborate their own solutions, express their concerns.

Therefore, below we suggest some activities to work with young readers, and we urge adult mediators to listen to their proposals and questions with complete openness, without expecting anything in particular. Everything said by children can be considered correct, because it has the value of truth, it comes from within them and helps us to know them a little better.

Let them express themselves freely, without trying to fit them into a predesigned mold. The adults who accompany the children on this journey will be able, in silence, to appreciate their imagination, their creativity, their poetry, their magic. "At the beginning of everything, there was the sky. And the sky became water and dwelt among us, releasing its springs, its estuaries!".

1. Which character did you like the most in the book? Why? Use plasticine to make it somewhere along the path it travels.
2. Why do you think the vegetables left the garden? Where are they going? Why do you think the rain left?

3. Close your eyes and imagine you are Marcelo, the scallion: where would you take your comrades?

Draw the place you imagined.

4. In this story, vegetables experience certain emotions, for example:

a) "Lettuce, carrots and corn dug rabidly in the ground.." Why were they rabid? What makes you rabid?

b) "They were all in line, making their claims, anxiously searching for the lost water.." Have you ever been anxious? What made you feel that way?

c) "They were sad. No trace of water.." What made the characters sad? When do you get sad?

d) "The onions were scary white; the watercresses were green with joy."

"----It's going to eat us all! --said to each other the vegetables, trembling with fear."

"--Long live the water! --they shouted, full of joy,."

"They started to run with boundless joy because they heard the voice of a thousand estuaries."

What is it that generates fear in vegetables? When do you feel fear? What do you feel like doing when it happens?

What brings joy to the characters in the story? What things bring joy to you? How do you realize that you are happy?

BACK COVER TEXT

In this story, the poet Rafael Rubio proposes a journey whose protagonists are a group of vegetables that somehow represent us. The journey's objective is to rediscover the life-giving vital element. Vegetables face different obstacles and just when they think they have found it, a greater challenge appears. The water they seek, the water that truly gives life is not only water in its physical manifestation, it is rather an energy that lives within us, in our heart, and if we listen to it and align what it says with our actions, life, fertility, abundance will sprout on a deeper level.



ISABELÍSIMA.
MONÓLOGOS DEL
DIVINO ANTICRISTO
(MONOLOGUES OF
THE DIVINE ANTICHRIST)

Author. Rafael Rubio.
Photographs. Hernán Azócar
Genre. Poetry
48 pages
Year 2020
ISBN 978-956-6050-08-7

JOSÉ PIZARRO CARAVANTES
(THE DIVINE ANTICHRIST)
(To Pedro Lemebel and his chronicle 'Crazy cart lady')

I, José Pizarro Caravantes, aka Isabelísima,
former firefighter of the Third Santiago Fire Company
and now secretary of the Most Godly,
father and guilty of birds,
I came to say a few things:
I,
reincarnation of a German nun
of the 13th century, I drag
these miserable, flamboyant rags
that have given me the fame that I repudiate (Lemebel,
if I were to forgive you
that "crazy cart lady" thing
would be the day when you would stop, Girl
of the hills of Venus,
from being the stinky ass butterfly
prowling the venereal
flowers, of parks and gardens
of imagination
when to Rubén Darío's statue

raise the bent pole
over the water in the fountain
and you, butterfly, perch on it
as if it were the flower of life
the flower of death).

I no longer stand by my words
and if I say: light is the semen of heaven
that impregnates the sheep in the fields
in the ass,
it is not I who says so, but the Lord Most Holy
who is very loose-lipped.
When the Most Godly said to me: "Leave your son and your
wife,
and you take to the streets to spread my word
in the desert of Santiago de Chile",
the pigeons cried with joy
as cloistered nuns
because they would finally have me on their side.

I had a wife and a daughter and a beautiful house
but I only remember oblivion:
are they lost? they are gone, are they on fire

like dry straw on a bad day?
Are they burning with love for a spirit,
while blowing the flames with my ass?

The only solitude is hell.

(They are telling me to be very quiet
because the poem is getting too long).

"I tell them: art is long and life is short.
Hold on to that. (*Ars longa, vita brevis, /*
Labor omnia vincit, puaj)".

Death or silence, because even though I am
the reincarnation of a cloistered nun
of the 13th century,
and I got the spirit in the ass, it comes to me
sometimes, at certain times of the night
under the pile of blankets that covers me, this
shame of my loneliness
without a body,
a desire for love that not even the angels
of heaven would hold

with their wings
of a butterfly bride,
on the red clouds of the devil

EL INCENDIO (THE FIRE) (EL INICIO) (THE BEGINNING)

Dear Republic of Chile:

My name is José Pizarro Caravantes, firefighter of the Third Company of Santiago,
and my house is on fire.

Tell Cardinal Raúl Silva Henríquez that there is a man who has lost his faith.
Tell him in addition that if he does not appear personally within a peremptory period of five
minutes, this man will make a pact with the devil.

Tell the minister of economy that if he does not appear 457 years from now all the
gold in my heart will be destroyed by fire and the whores will have no way to adorn them-
selves and

the priests have no way to cover their asses.

Tell His Holiness Pope John Paul II that the fire is the devil who confesses
his sins and that I will not pray a rosary to the Blessed Mother for the sake of all possible
hells,

even if I am pulled up from heaven.

Call the firemen from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, from the Second Symphony of Mahler, from the Third Symphony of the whore who bore them.

Call the Duce Benito Mussolini, tell him that the bravest of his black shirts is burning with love for a tear and that if he does not send me his reinforcements within 348 hours, I will blow up St. Peter's Basilica, with a rocket, and all his archangels on top of it.

Call, call the poor of the world and tell them: "Here there is no one, here there is no bread, roof, or shelter, they can go back to where they came from. They will only find a man crying out loud, because his books burn in the flames, like the thoughts in a headless man's dream. Let DIBAM know before it is too late, before it is too late, before it is too late".

Tell the president of the republic: "In this country there is a suffering man, there is a man who suffers a lot, there is a man who is in despair, facing a house that is burning, at 704 Bombero Núñez St., a man who is going to shoot himself from here to 400 years, if they do not come to his aid. Reinforcements are needed, reinforcements are needed, reinforcements are needed".

Then I have a vision: the flames are the tongues of God, who says to me, "Joseph of Arimatea, leave your wife and child and go into the street. There I will appoint you my personal secretary. You will dress like a woman and they will call you the most womanly. Ignore that. You will say that you are man and woman at the same time, because you are at my service. You shall write what I dictate. And you will call me the Most Godly".

(I look at the fire that levitates the house on the ashes of my spirit).

Now that hell is an excess of light, go and tell the Holy Trinity: "My house is burning, my house is burning, MY HOUSE IS BURNING!". That's it and it's over.

LETTER TO LILIANA (MY LAST LOVE)

I

1

Liliana:

I no longer remember you.

I only remember oblivion.

José.

2

Liliana and José love each other madly.

Dr. Otto Dörr Zegers

II

I'm thinking that the Most Godly has made me one of his angels and I'm to the left of the throne of the great Christ, who is a militant of the National Socialist German party. I have been told that the virgins in heaven lift up their skirts from above so God may come up underneath them. I've been told that I'm in love with a saint who died over two thousand years ago. I have been told that her name is Lilianísima and that I am her heart. But I am so stained that it would take 167 cranes to lift me up to the heaven of her braids.

I am thinking love is an invention of the poor. The poor are clinging to love as from the dirty skirts of their mothers.

If I were you, you wouldn't be me. Word of the Most Godly, sweetest father of love.

III

They will tell you that I look very womanly, that I am a man and a woman at the same time, and that to the very womanly they shove chastity up their asses. Ignore that. They say of me many different things and each of them is as true as it is false.

I have been told that I am poor as a dream, that I have no blood running through my veins, that if they put a mirror in front of me I would see a beggar dressed as a Yorkshire nun.

At this very moment I am being told by neurotransmission that the poor must be wiped off the face of the earth. The Führer is prepared. The poor of the earth must be killed before death kills them.

They say that all this is being dictated to me by the Most Godly in order to divert me from the path of the love. I have been told "give yourself to love like a Franciscan nun". And I wrote: "The nuns have never felt love, because they are deprived of the sense of the ridiculous".

Lilianísima, they tell me that there are millions of planets like ours where is happening exactly the same as in this one. They are telling me that if a man dies here like a dog, on each of those planets a man dies like a dog. If here I love you like the light of a dream, in each one of those millions of planets a man like me loves you too, just like the light of a dream.

Because an archangel spoke to me, through the wires of the public fence and said: "Isabelísima, you are the word of love". And I replied, "I don't want any little messages of a lackey, I only listen to the word of the Most Godly, I am attentive to what he has to tell me, so get your robes and get out, before I throw my Rottweilers at you." I have been told that the Most Godly is very angry with me, because I sent his archangel to hell. They are telling me that when God gets angry, love ends. They are telling me that when love ends, the neurotransmission of God most holy ends: "I hereby terminate the neurotransmission. From now on, you will only be able to communicate with my personal secretary, José Pizarro de Arimatea. If you have any questions, please contact him. For the time being, paradise is closed."

I, Isabelísima, reincarnation of a Franciscan nun from Yorkshire and a German philosopher, I have come to tell you that I love you, even though I am lost forever and so are you.

PSYCHIATRY AND RELIGION

In full use of my mental faculties, I, the Divine Antichrist, secretary of the Most Godly, declare the following:

1. Psychiatry is not a science. Psychiatry is an art, because it works on superstitions.

First superstition: man is a rational being, who acts according to the most

Cartesian logic. I say that man is a rational being who does not act according to no logic except that of his own survival.

CSecond superstition: insanity is a disease. They are telling me that insanity it is not a disease because the supposedly sick person does not experience it as a disorder nor a suffering, but simply as a privilege of the holy royalty of the Spirit.

Third superstition: patient José Pizarro suffers from paranoid chronic schizophrenia. But they are telling me that if I were schizophrenic I would not know that I am the secretary of the Most Godly. That knowledge is a proof of my lucidity, which is the contratesis of the second superstition.

Fourth superstition: electroshock may be an effective treatment against psychosis, among other mental illnesses. They are telling me that through electricity there is a direct communication established with the Most Godly. They are telling me that electroshock is not a medical therapy but a means of divine communication with a being whose beauty would make all the atheists of the world weep with love.

2. The true science of the mind will be that which deals with the true diseases of the mind: space, death, and time.

3. Children play soccer on the green fields of the mind.

...

SOBRE JOSÉ, RAFAEL, HERNÁN Y ESTE LIBRO

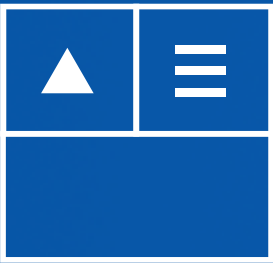
José Onofre Pizarro Caravantes nació en Santiago de Chile, el 12 de mayo de 1953. Sus padres fueron profesionales y tuvo tres hermanos, él era el mayor. Terminó exitosamente sus estudios secundarios y luego realizó estudios universitarios de literatura y computación. En 1973 se casó, llevando una vida completamente normal. En 1980 ingresó a la Tercera Compañía del Cuerpo de Bomberos de Santiago.

Irónicamente, dos años después, en 1982, un incendio destruyó el instituto técnico de su padre, donde además el joven José Onofre hacía clases de computación. Esto hizo que su progenitor cayera en una profunda depresión que culminó en un Alzheimer fulminante. A los dramáticos hechos descritos, se sumó la separación de su primera mujer y luego el quiebre con su segundo amor, Liliana, en el contexto quizás de alguna especial disposición al desequilibrio emocional y cognitivo. Gradualmente se desarrolló en él un proceso de aislamiento social, de autoabandono, de delirios. El joven y guapo profesor de informática fue convirtiéndose en un otro, irreconocible para quienes lo conocieron en su juventud.

Pasó a llamarse Isabelísima, el Rey de Macedonia o derechamente el Divino Anticristo.

Ya transfigurado en sus otras posibilidades de ser, comúnmente se lo veía caminar por el bohemio barrio Lastarria, vestido de mujer, llevando un carro de supermercado repleto de extraños objetos, antigüedades y curiosidades que vendía a bajo precio. En especial llevaba sus verdaderos tesoros, sus textos literarios autoeditados que vendía solo a cierto público, aquel que lograba conectar con su especial estado de realidad.

Juan Francisco Bascuñán / Director. Planeta Sostenible



PUBLISHERS CHILE
FRANKFURTER
BUCHMESSE 2021



CHILEAN
DELEGATION
20-24 OCTOBER

