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The memorials today and the advance of the state

The Stadium of Chile

Following a pattern developed in Argentina, Chileans have developed a strategy for punishing Pinochetistas whom the state refuses to name, still less punish, but whose identity is well known. This public spectacle of formal denunciation is known as a *funa*.

In preparation for each denunciation, the 'Funa Commission of Chile' posts on the web the chosen gathering point, though the exact destination or target is not divulged. The crowd, ranging from 50 to several hundred, assembles with placards, flags, a loudspeaker, video cameras and perhaps something for the *funista* to stand on when the moment comes. The leader shouts:

Si no hay justicia (If there is no justice)

The crowd roars in response:

Hay funa (There is the *funa*)!

The procession arrives at the house or workplace of the one to be denounced, whom Chileans call the *funado*, or *condenado*, the condemned, where after a few minutes, or as much as a week of camping outside the residence, the leader formally reads the itemised charges and declares him condemned. The participants then disperse.¹

Very different was the *funa* of the torturer of Victor Jara.

It was not until 2006 that 'el Príncipe', the Prince, was identified as he who had first recognised Jara in the Stadium of Chile and marked him out for special attention. 'Mad Dimter', Edwin Dimter Bianchi, was a public servant working in white shirt and tie, a senior bureaucrat in downtown Santiago. Such was the fury and grief of the crowd that even today the documentary of his *funa* can still bring an audience to shocked silence.²

The video begins with the discussions about who, among the thousands expected to join the *funa*, should enter his office building. Camera following, some 20 people push their way through, to form a crush so tight that the *funista* himself, designated to read the formal denunciation, cannot squeeze in and has to mount his portable podium in the passage outside. Inside the office the protesters push and scream at Bianchi. Perhaps in the commotion the camera loses focus, for the next shot shows el Príncipe lying on his back on his desk, legs flailing, while a woman brandishes a huge photograph of Jara centimetres from his face. Someone pushes open a window, perhaps to let the assembled crowd below hear the tumult. It is impossible to hear a word spoken, not even those of the *funista* calmly proceeding, though inaudibly, outside the door.³

In 2009 President Bachelet authorised the exhumation of Jara's remains from his niche burial place, close to Patio 29, where Joan Jara and two communist friends had perilously shoved them in the darkest hours of the night of 18 September 1973. For four days they lay in state while mourners, including the President herself, filed past. An enormous procession followed the cortège to a new and dignified

1 For example, see Peter Read, 'Following the Funa: Punishing the state in Chile', *Arena Journal* 32, 2009, 45–51; see also Ernesto Carmona, 'Detención ilegal de documentalistas en Chile' [Illegal detention of documentary makers in Chile], 23 August 2007.

2 Nélida D. Ruz de los Paños, *La Funa de Víctor Jara*, documentary, 2007; for excerpts see 'Funa al Asesino de Victor Jara, "Edwin Dimter Bianchi"', YouTube.

3 Read, 'Reconciliation without history', pp. 284–85.

tomb. 'Finally,' Bachelet announced, 'after 36 years, Victor can rest in peace.'⁴ But Bianchi has not been formally arraigned, although the officer alleged to have pulled the trigger of the gun that killed him, Pedro Núñez, was ordered extradited from Florida to Chile in 2012.⁵

Jara, perhaps, rests in peace, but not the building in which he died. The Stadium of Chile, renamed the Victor Jara Stadium, continued to decline in appearance and status.

The tour, 2014

Juan, different from the guide of 2009, is another stadium caretaker equally committed to sharing oral history with the few who visit the stadium seeking information. Brought through that right-hand corridor, the UTE people sat – Juan points to the far corner – in that green seating area. Beside them, in that yellow area, were forced to sit the factory workers rounded up in those *poblaciones* marked for destruction in the first week of the coup. Above them in that corner, and in each corner, was mounted a 4.5mm machine gun. It was just there – he points – that someone killed himself by jumping off the third storey seating onto the floor. And another one over there. They were the deaths Jara referred to in his last song:

The other four wanted to end their terror
One throwing himself into space, others beating their heads against
the wall...

And just here was where an eight-year-old, somehow detained with the others, was shot while he was running about.

Now come this way. This left-hand corridor was taken over by the security forces. Not even the ordinary soldiers were allowed in. Totally out of bounds. Each of these little side rooms was taken over too – even the changing rooms. Only last year someone turned up from Britain who identified the holes in the floor as bolt holes to fasten down the *parillas* – two in this big changing room.

4 'Chile reburies coup victim and singer Jara', BBC News.

5 Patrice J. McSherry, 'The Víctor Jara case: Justice in 2013?', *Social Justice Debates*, 12 February 2013.

Since then we've found such holes in every one of the changing room floors. They tied each detainee down naked and attached electrodes all over their bodies. And they could throw water from the basins onto the metal frame to conduct the current better. We had never even noticed those holes before.

He opens another door on the right, the floor and walls covered in tumbling mats.

This is where children do their martial arts lessons today. But they did the executions in here because it's a long way from the street. Before they covered them up you could see more than 40 bullet marks in the back wall.

The downstairs changing room, centre point of the previous impromptu tour, and site of Jara's torture and execution, is locked.

No more signage is to be seen than what was first fixed in 2003, and there seems no probability of further. Apart from the foyer, no plaque marks the association of detained-disappeared from the UTE or the *poblaciones*. Successive Ministers for Sport control the further erection of historic markers throughout the site and have clearly resisted efforts to further memorialise the precinct.

To this day, the Victor Jara Stadium remains one of the least marked sites of the major torture, extermination and disappearance centres in all Chile. No international band has performed in the Victor Jara Stadium since 2009.

No leftist party except Jara's Communist Party showed much interest in the stadium even at the time, 2003, when the government was prepared to allow a restrained signage. Since then the human rights movement also has shown little interest, in part, of course, because its focus is persons rather than place. Several hundred homeless Chileans continued to shelter on the stadium floor against Santiago's biting cold winter nights. For many years the trump card seemed held by the state. It owned the building and in the absence of any current interest group demanding conservation or interpretation, it chose to do nothing. Ageing and somewhat decrepit, it seemed that the stadium had nothing to anticipate but a deteriorating and

unmemorialised future.⁶ The Minister's control was not, however, absolute. It is rumoured that the Piñera government in 2015 tried to sell the site for a shopping mall, but was forestalled at the last moment by the declaration of the stadium as a Protected Historic Monument. Yet how many resources future governments would deploy towards its preservation remained uncertain.

Patio 29

In 2005 President Bachelet's centre-left government designated Patio 29 as another Protected Historical Monument. In 2010 President Sebastián Piñera's centre-right government constructed a memorial platform at the patio, some 40 metres long and 1 metre high, 3,032 pieces of precast concrete blocks.⁷ At irregular intervals marble plaques replaced the concrete. One read:

Patio 29 represents the horror of mourning that never ends.
It represents the tireless struggle to know the truth, obtain justice and remember.

The plaque jointly memorialised the detained-disappeared in Patio 29, the Association for the Families of Detained-Disappeared, the politically executed and the rural town of Paine and victims of the bombed seat of government, La Moneda.

Another read:

Patio 29. Recovery of a public place, where we invite you to reflect on the profound respect that we owe to LIFE, and the NEVER AGAIN that everyone yearns for.

⁶ For conversations, interviews and information on events at the State University of Technology and Estadio Chile, thanks to José Uribe.

⁷ 'Patio 29 Memorial', Architizer; Pascale Bonnefoy M., 'El silencio del cementerio' [The silence of the cemetery], ArchivosChile, 10 September 2013.

And a third:

They wanted to kill you
And they killed you
They wanted to burn your body
and they burned it.
They wanted to tear you from the struggle
And this they could not do

They could not tear you from the struggle!

Yet despite the passing of so many decades and so much investigation, nobody today can be certain of how many bodies were taken to the Patio in the first four months of the coup and buried, or later exhumed, or went straight to the crematorium. In 2013 ChileArchive attempted a full-scale determination, both case by case and by comparing the records of the Medical-Legal Institute, where many of the bodies were sent first, and those of the General Cemetery. The Medical-Legal Institute holds records of 1,130 bodies taken to the cemetery, 700 showing signs of bullet wounds. The cemetery records differ markedly both in comparison with the institute's, and internally. Unhelpfully, its administrator allows only 'consultation' (viewing) of the Site Register, but no copying or reproduction. Unlike many other of the mysteries raised in this book about which we can be sure that somebody, somewhere, knows the truth, such were the ad hoc improvisations, daily changes and makeshift solutions at Patio 29 that no final record was kept, or if it was, it would be almost certainly wrong. After months of investigation, ChileArchive concluded rather forlornly:

Were they cremated in total secrecy, as has been rumoured for years? Were they taken to another place and disappeared? Were they buried as NN [No Name] without any records? Or were they buried in niches or tombs without being recorded in the Cemetery Records?⁸

8 Bonnefoy, 'El silencio del cementerio'.

ChileArchive's appraisal, like those of all other leftist research organisations, stresses the need for respect of human life codified as human rights. Introducing the need to reassess the numbers of victims who may have been buried in Patio 29, even temporarily, the Archive stated that on:

14th of September, when the bullet-ridden bodies began to arrive, 71 persons were buried, among them the first eight victims of human rights violations, that of an adolescent of 16 years, Tabitha García Gutiérrez.⁹

Notice the fundamental shift away from the 1970s invocation of an unfinished program of left political action, or even of an elected democracy overturned. By 2010 the violation of human rights had become first principle of the signage at all our memorials. From this point Chileans could denounce the contravention of the International Charter of Human Rights as Pinochet's first and fundamental violation. While powerful lobbies were emerging in the United States, Canada, Venezuela and Mexico, it was western and northern Europe with their long traditions of human rights discourse, sympathetic parliaments and existing organisations that were especially fertile soil. In Europe, Chilean exiles played no small part in persuading the International Human Rights Commission to adopt the abuses in their own nation as one of its first specifically directed investigations in the mid-1970s.¹⁰ For some it needed not much more than a close look at a 'people's democracy' to realise its shortcomings. The communist Antonio Leal reflected:

The earliest Chilean exiles in western Europe began to reassess their failed experiment, while the principle was reinforced by even some who had chosen exile in eastern bloc countries. The vision of socialism, with freedom, with respect for human rights, is an absolute necessity. I have come to believe that the socialist bloc ideologies were unviable ... Dead for me is the orthodox notion of Marxist-Leninism as

9 Bonnefoy, 'El silencio del cementerio': 'Ese 14 de septiembre, cuando comenzaron a llegar los primeros muertos por herida de bala al cementerio, fueron sepultadas 71 personas, entre ellas las primeras ocho víctimas de violaciones a los derechos humanos: una era la adolescente de 16 años, Tabitha García Gutiérrez. Los ocho fueron enterrados en nichos comprados por sus familias o en sepulturas familiares, según consta en el Libro de Ubicaciones del Cementerio General.'

10 Patrick Kelly, 'The 1973 Chilean coup and the origins of the transnational human rights activism', *Journal of Global History* 8(1), 2013, 165–86.

something that is really viable. It was expressed in the concentration of power in the hands of one party. The vision of socialism, with freedom, with respect for human rights, is an absolute necessity.¹¹

The political scientist Patrick Kelly describes the huge growth of the human rights movement in the 1970s and 1980s as a kind of universal solidarity movement working as a means to galvanise the world against state repression and terrorism. Kelly traces the Chilean origin of the human rights movement to José Zalaquett's seminal work *The Human Rights Movement*, published in 1981, the thinking for which had begun in the United States after his expulsion from Chile in 1976. Thinking and political action snowballed together. Advocates persuaded Amnesty International to ally itself against human rights abuses, past and present. Through the combined effect of both, torture began to supplant exile as the first focus of violations. Strange alliances formed: the leader of the MIR, Miguel Enriquez, in August 1974 wrote to Archbishop Raúl Silva Henríquez, that divided as they were, 'certainly at least we are united in the defence of human rights'.¹² In the two following decades, the presentation of Pinochet's atrocities as violations of International Law or human rights, rather than merely the persecution of the left, remained the dominant voice of Chilean post-Pinochet protest. We have already seen how Viviana Díaz, whose father was disappeared in 1976, stated during a 2005 lecture at Villa Grimaldi that '[t]ime has passed, but the violations of human rights are still an inexcusable aberration; the truth of the deeds has always been here'.¹³ Patio 29 – secluded rendezvous first of clandestine meetings in the 1970s, endpoint of mass human rights marches from La Moneda after 1989, key element in Bachelet's 'symbolic reparation' program – was among the first of the Sites of Conscience to forefront the violations of human rights as its *raison d'être*.

11 Antonio Leal, in Katherine Hite, *When the Romance Ended: Leaders of the Chilean Left, 1968–1998*, Columbia University Press, New York, 2000, pp. 137–45.

12 Kelly, 'The 1973 Chilean coup and the origins of the transnational human rights activism'.

13 Díaz, 'Chilean society of today in the light of violations of human rights in the past'.

The tour, 2014

Nena González, 77 years of age, still works as the custodian of Patio 29, sitting down more frequently, consulted often, promised much, receiving little. She saw the first burials, read the surreptitious notes of the disguised priest to his parents, made secret visits and drew maps for the Vicariate of Solidarity, witnessed the clandestine exhumations of corpses, the presidential ceremonies, the memorialisations, the demonstrations, the construction of the memorial platform. She is angry that she has been promised so much, but received nothing even from the Vicariate. Film crews consult her and promise to reward her when filming begins: nothing. She has no idea who will succeed her as caretaker of the precinct. Nobody in her family wants to, yet that is the sole tradition by which the cemetery caretakers have functioned for more than a century. She holds so much knowledge, so many memories, so much torment in what she has seen, heard and absorbed; but it seems of no value to anyone outside the instant gratification of their curiosity. The deep-seated prejudices of the Chilean class system seem to ensure that few, even those leading the human rights movement, will ever take seriously a 77-year-old woman of bent back and hardly any teeth, in an ancient blue dustcoat, born within a stone's throw of this place of enormous symbolic significance, sweeping the paths and keeping alive the memories of those who lay within her domain, with no more equipment than a worn-out broom.

Patio 29 remains, of course, part of the city's General Cemetery, and like the Victor Jara Stadium is the property of the state. None of the collectives, so strong in other Sites of Conscience, has taken the role of *primus inter pares* to demand a certain course of action, for this is shared public space. Nor has any leftist party demanded a dominating voice, not least because the number, identity and political allegiance of bodies buried in the precinct is unknown. The state holds absolute authority, and nobody has challenged it.

The National Stadium

Santiago was host to the 2014 South American Games, most of which took place at the National Stadium. Now that the government had declared itself politically committed to finishing the memorialisation of the National Stadium, it was much more convenient to show itself

enthusiastic rather than resistant. It was no accident that the first part of the Kunstmann plan to be completed was the precinct outside the swimming pool adjacent to the main entrance to the whole stadium complex.

As March 2014 approached, forthright as ever, Wally Kunstmann was not going to miss an opportunity for international publicity. Three days before the opening she denounced the Concertación Government for years of passivity, and especially, the 'lack of transparency' in the armed forces. Again she stressed the centrality of women detainees at the expense of the attention thrown on male detainees memorialised (or supposed to be memorialised) within the stadium itself. If the authorities had elevated the status of anybody, it was that of the detained-disappeared and politically executed. The political detainees who had survived had remained forgotten since the transition to democracy. The circumstances of the men were well known, but those of the women, hardly at all.¹⁴

On 4 March Kunstmann, Sports Minister Ruiz-Tagle and sculptor Guillermo Nuñez presided over the opening of the 'Greece Memorial'.¹⁵

The tour, 2014

Visitors were left in no doubt as to whom the principal memorial was dedicated.

The self-guided Circuit of Memory designed by Wally Kunstmann's team begins, as was always intended, at the 'Greece Street' entrance near the swimming pool.¹⁶ First stop is the entrance precinct where Don Roberto Sanchez may well be seen working, and it is here that the main work of memorialising currently takes place. An imposing metal plate mounted on an eye-level plinth reads:

14 Claudio Metrano, 'Este martes se inaugura el Memorial a prisioneros políticos en Estadio Nacional' [Opening of the Memorial to the Political Prisoners in National Stadium on Tuesday], *DiarioUchile*, 3 March 2014.

15 'Memorial for political prisoners at Estadio Nacional after forty years', *Santiago Times*, 5 March 2014. The names derive from the 'Greece Entrance', the main entry to the Stadium from 'Avenida Grecia' [Greece Avenue].

16 The tour is described in Spanish, in *Cambio 21* (Santiago), 27 April 2012, www.cambio21.cl/cambio21/site/artic/20120113/pags/20120113131301.html.

Here in this former swimming pool changing room was the place where hundreds of women suffered the brutal repression of the military coup.

It was here in this sombre place where the dream of thousands of Chileans and those from overseas was interrupted by political detention, the horror of torture and death.

Through these walls, curling up round each other against the sneers, hundreds of women, house-wives, students, workers and professional women paid in pain and blood for their decision to be part of the construction of a more just and decent new nation for all.

Here inside, through these walls and beneath the claws of the gaolers, daughters, sisters and mothers were the first women in Chile who had to endure the beginning of a long and dark night of cowardice.

Yet it was also here that the pain wove the unbreakable net of fraternity which gave the prisoners mutual protection against terror, and cared with their lives for their pregnant comrades, for outside these walls tomorrow, it is certain that life will continue and fulfil their hopes.¹⁷

In memory of all those who suffered within its walls and those who hoped, in the darkness, to see the light of justice and liberty.

Regional Metropolitan Association for Men and Women Prisoners and Political Prisoners

The much-reproduced icon of the Metropolitan Association shows clearly a woman, not a man, bound blindfolded in a chair. Everywhere the language is heightened, the passions intense. In the small permanent exhibition installed in front of the changing room, detainees are regularly described as 'prisoners of war'. The former detainee Roland Carrasco writes:

The Stadium, barracks and prison, where artillery points at the entrances of the sporting complex. The (military) patrols tramp on the pavement of the interior paths allowing the echo of orders, greased metal sounds, shouts and discharge of rifles and heavy machine guns.

17 También fue aquí donde el dolor tejó la red irrompible de la fraternidad, que hizo a las prisioneras protegerse mutuamente del terror, cuidar con sus vidas a sus compañeras embarazadas porque mañana, fuera de estas paredes, es cierto que continua la vida y se realizan sus esperanzas.

The gunpowder stinging in the nostrils paralyses the prisoners' hearts in the cells like Gate 8. The three long-haired teens were taken away with their heads covered under a blanket and they never returned to be healed at the gate. Neither did the two workers in Dressing-room 4 taken off to interrogation in the frightful Velodrome. Many years later, we understood that their relatives found their mortal remains.¹⁸

Teresa Anativia López writes:

We kept guard over a piece of soap for our comrades who had been raped, offering care and caresses, especially when they woke up at night screaming with nausea and vomit.

In November 2014 a temporary exhibition featured stories of individual women, their photographs and stories suspended on the peeling, stained and ugly wall. Inside, in every corner, downstairs and in the farthest recesses, stood the remains of candles burned in collective and personal vigils enacted on the night that President Bachelet presided over the ceremonial opening of the changing room. Each one of the washbasins, deep in brown dust, carried the remains of two or three waxy stumps. A list of the names of some 50 female political detainees also carried the pungent comment that they were copied from the registers of the DINA Commander General Contreras: 'hence the decision of President Lagos to withhold the information collected by the Valech Commission of Enquiry is preventing further investigation'. The demand to release this information, as we shall see, is echoed by the National Institute for Human Rights established in Londres 38 Memory Space.

Outside the detention centre, an imposing sculpture completes the first signed-off memorial in the stadium complex. It is a shallow pool in which stand two large (4 metres by 2) modernist artworks mounted on a concrete frame, the work of the Chilean artist Guillermo Nuñez. The first depicts large black shapes under the title 'A Dark Time', and the other, 'Una Agonía Como Huella', an agony like a deep wound. Beside it stands a stone wall in the same colour as the rendering on the changing-room detention centre. Its shape echoes a prison wall. Towards the top is carved the ridgeline of the Andes skyline as seen from the stadium, towards the bottom is etched the phrase 'estuviste aquí' – you were here.

18 Tr. Paula González Dolan.

In a pool of remembrance stands a huge drawing of black, formless shapes personifying the dark time.

A red cement path sweeps purposefully from the swimming pool towards the stadium, but the visitor does not pass the historical signage projected by the Kunstmann plan. It is not built, nor planned in the near future. Entrance way no. 8 into the stadium containing the detainee inscriptions is closed following damage by vandals in August 2014.¹⁹ Nor does the tour take in a building identical to the women's detention centre on the other side of the new swimming pool, but out of sight and unremarked. Don Roberto Sanchez, foreman of the pool precinct, may be the only one who still recounts the rumours that have circulated since the dictatorship, that this building may have been used to hold international detainees. Was, perhaps, Charles Horman held here? Somebody knows, but nobody is telling.

The Via Crucis, the pathway between the Coliseum and the velodrome along which every detainee was frog-marched, is the same as ever. Heading towards the velodrome and the *caracol* torture chamber, the visitor passes another *caracol* on the left, also identical but also unremarked: this was the women's torture chamber, used as a store-shed from the 1990s. Don Roberto, blindfolded and waiting to be tortured, calculated from hearing their screams and his knowledge of the stadium terrain, that it was here that the women were being tortured. Like the changing room out of sight behind the swimming pool, its presence is now a source of unremarked embarrassment and quietly forgotten.

At the velodrome, the passionate narratives last seen at the other end of the stadium begin afresh.

It was this place that the *caracol*, by chance constructed in the shape of a snail, was chosen by the Armed Forces to commit the most shameful atrocities ...

For a few seconds, imagine raucous military marches filling the air in a vain attempt to disguise the sharp bark of rifles and the deadly thudding of the machineguns and the terrified cries of the victims ...

19 'Dolor por la violencia' [Grief at the violence], *Cambio* 21, 28 August 2014.

The truth of these facts disclosed here must prevail and with that truth the recovery of the dignity of the victims. Night will pass into a day in which the new generations, mindful of the recent history, will never repeat such terrible deeds.

The velodrome, still without signage, is open for cycling events while the *caracol* remains locked. Clearly the next stage of construction, now that military intervention can be discounted, will depend on the determination of the government to pay for it. Nobody has had to set aside Don Roberto Sanchez's preference for a sunny fountain of frolicking cherubs and beneficent angels. He has not told anybody, nobody has asked him.

The last and single most significant element in the Kunstmann plan was the construction of a memorial museum. That, of course, will not now happen since Bachelet, in the last year of her previous term (2006–10), constructed the massive Museum of Memory and Human Rights elsewhere in the city.²⁰

After the Victor Jara Stadium and Patio 29, the National Stadium is the third of the three state-owned atrocity sites. It is the only one of the three in which specific interest groups have demanded a voice, even then not the parties, collectives or brigades of the left, but the Association for Families of the Detained-Disappeared, and later the Association for Ex-Political Prisoners. Perhaps they found it a more attractive venue because the issues of the National Stadium were international, the Victor Jara Stadium only party-parochial, and Patio 29 inaccessible. Whatever the interest groups, though, the state commissioned the Kunstmann plan, delayed it, altered it, oversaw it and will determine its final disposition.

Yet within the girdle of control came freedoms manifest in the memorials themselves. Notice how women survivors here are identified not by party affiliation but by occupation:

Through these walls, curling up round each other against the sneers, hundreds of women, house-wives, students, workers and professional women paid in pain and blood for their decision to be part of the construction of a more just and decent new nation for all.

20 Museo de la Memoria y los Derechos Humanos [Museum of Memory and Human Rights].

The writer uses the Spanish reflexive verb *acurrucarse* (literally 'snuggle up') to describe the solidarity of the women detainees at the National Stadium, meaning here in English something like 'nestling round against each other for mutual protection', against the *garras* (claws, talons) and the *vejámenes* (satire, shafts, insults, taunts, sneers) of the gaolers. Both the verb and nouns are evocative words not used in other memorials. They are not those in everyday use in the *poblaciones*, but literary and in this context, poetic. Women survivors make the biting, unequivocal moral judgement of *una noche cobarde, larga y oscura*, a long and dark night of cowardice. The phrase carries a linguistic force different to 'the most ferocious violations of human dignity' that 'demand justice and punishment' but one equally potent in its contempt for a false and corrupt *machismo*. The 2014 text makes no explicit demand for justice, only an implied blazing indictment of the captors' claim to call themselves men. In focus are no longer the dictatorship atrocities, but the human experience of the detainees and their strategies of survival. The decade-long refocus away from the detained-disappeared and politically executed towards the lives of the survivors continues. It is this most recent signage at the National Stadium that leads the direction. We can compare the ascendancy of this educated class of memorialisers with the liberal-left West German establishment's rise to dominance in interpreting the Nazi past.²¹ Though from the same social/educational stock, it is the Chilean once-radical left that has seized the public interpretation of the dictatorship. They underline agency not victimhood, resistance, not suffering, not what *they* did to us, but what *we* did to survive. Share our experiences if you can.

What may be the government's final word on the nation's memorials was a new plaque erected in 2015. It read:

National stadium
National monument

The plaque's definitive brevity implied finally that it was here, of all Chile's Sites of Conscience, that the human rights violations of Pinochet were to be finally focused and encapsulated.

21 Knischewski and Spittler, 'Competing pasts', p. 167.

Londres 38

A 2014 pamphlet for English speakers greeted visitors entering Londres 38 by informing them that:

This space now serves to help understand the reality of state terror, enter into the memories of the protagonists of this story, and take an active part in discussions and debates over present day struggles.

The emphasis on the present day, and the absence of historical comment on either the MIR or the 119, indicates the huge discrepancy between the present purposes of 'Londres 38 Espacio De Memoria' (London 38 Memory Space) and the desires and intentions brought by the collectives a decade earlier.²²

Some time in 2012, the state-dominated consortium managing the use and interpretation of Londres 38 issued a report entitled 'A Memory Space Under Construction: Londres 38 House of Memory'. It began challengingly:

The working group has developed a memory project which seeks to go beyond the traditional concepts of museum or commemorative space, in line with new currents in critical museology, which privilege relations with the community, that is to say, the world of the subjects and not only objects (monuments and buildings) and their display. (s. II)

At the genuinely community-controlled corporation at Villa Grimaldi, such a statement would signify that the corporation had recognised the need not to shut itself off in its own memories but to engage young Chileans.²³ In the light of the feuding collectives' failed struggle to retain control over the space at Londres 38, the statement could well be construed as a decisive moment of state intervention.

Nor did the following paragraph dealing with the planned role of the collectives give them any encouragement:

22 'Former Center of Repression and Extermination', Londres 38 House of Memory, pamphlet (in English), 2014.

23 'Proyecto: Un Espacio de Memoria en Construcción' [Project: A Memory Space under Construction], Londres 38 House of Memory, pdf, n.d. c. 2011.

Unity and Plurality. The three collectives constitute a new organisation for all the objectives relating to the management and organisation of Londres 38, maintaining their autonomy to carry out their original aims, *provided that this autonomy creates neither difficulty nor implementation of the adopted agreement.* (emphasis added)²⁴

The site itself, the proposal continued, would provide a space to meet, engage in dialogue and exchange information with those who visited the building; information about the building could be provided in forms like brochures and wall exhibitions.²⁵

The first objective of the management committee was 'to make a contribution towards Londres 38 in the construction of a society and a state that guarantees and promotes respect for human rights'.²⁶ And indeed the proposal looked to have some teeth. A pamphlet of November 2014 stated boldly:

Forty years after the coup and two decades of civil government
There are still SECRET ARCHIVES.

We demand their release.²⁷

It continued:

[Keeping state secrets] ... is antidemocratic and holds back the process of truth and justice, perpetuating the impunity of those responsible. For this reason, in cases of grave violations of human rights, the state is obliged to make public all the available information, and can't protect itself by denying the existence of requested documents or restrict access based on the individual privacy or national security, which are the usual reasons for denying access.

24 'Unidad y pluralidad. Los tres colectivos se constituyen como una nueva organización para todos los fines relacionados con la gestión y administración de Londres 38; manteniendo su autonomía para actuar en torno a los fines que les han dado origen, siempre y cuando dicha autonomía no contravenga ni dificulte la implementación de los acuerdos adoptados.

III.5.3 Espacio de encuentro, diálogo y acogida

Se habilitará una sala que tenga por fin albergar un espacio de encuentro, diálogo y acogida para quienes visiten la casa. En este espacio, habrá personal a cargo (que puede ser la misma persona que esté a cargo de la visita), y se contará con información en algún formato a definir (por ejemplo, folletos, trípticos, etc) sobre la historia de la casa y temas relacionados. Además, servirá para dar cabida a quienes quieran entregar información o un testimonio. Se ha acordado usar la sala del primer piso que hoy usan los guardias para este fin.' (p. 21).

25 Such a wall exhibition of 2014 was 'Secretos' (Secrets).

26 Section III.2, p. 11.

27 'Proyecto: Un Espacio de Memoria en Construcción' [Project: A Memory Space under Construction], p. 11.

The pamphlet, presumably approved by the Londres 38 Memory Space executive committee, demanded the opening of three discrete state archives. First were the secret parts of the Rettig Report (particularly the names of those implicated in the fate of the politically executed and detained-disappeared) and the Valech Report (particularly the names of those implicated in illegal detention and torture). To the cynical, the assertive tone might have indicated, perhaps, not much more than the government either disassociated itself or did not consider itself bound by publications emanating from Londres 38. It was ironic that the state's proposal seven years earlier, in 2007, to establish exactly such an Institute for Human Rights in Londres 38 was exactly what had united the warring collectives in vociferous and passionate opposition to it.

The pamphlet's third demand was for the further release of documents discovered in Colonia Dignidad.

Colonia Dignidad was a peculiar German quasi-colony, a state within a state in the south of Chile, tolerated uneasily by several post-World War Two governments, then encouraged and protected by Pinochet.²⁸ There his administration amassed a huge DINA archive. During the transition to democracy more documents were sent for storage and also, probably, to hide them.²⁹ In 2005 more than 40,000 files, held in larger biographical archives, were discovered to reveal the activities of DINA officers, including some involved in disappearances. Family members, legal investigators and historians also could locate many references to detainees: five, for example, to Victor Jara and two to Muriel Dockendorff, one of which confirmed her brief imprisonment, previously only suspected, in Londres 38.

For Londres 38 to gain the status of clearing-house of such a sensational collection of digitised documents was a major coup. Indeed, it was unclear why the government had allowed such an important archive to be funnelled through the comparatively obscure website of Londres 38. Much more logical would have been its own national Museum of Memory and Human Rights, or the National Archives of Chile itself. It may be that it had concluded that the conduit would

28 'Archivo de la Colonia Dignidad', Londres 38 Espacio de Memorias; Bruce Falconer, 'The torture colony', *The American Scholar*, 1 September 2008.

29 'Archivo de la Colonia Dignidad', Londres 38 Espacio de Memorias.

provide a useful justification for its control of Londres 38, while also distracting criticism that its interpretative control, its archaeological investigation and the basic maintenance of the building itself were all drifting aimlessly. The MIR remained nowhere; indeed, it was unsurprising that the democratic state remained unenthusiastic about allowing sympathisers of a party dedicated to armed revolution to install itself in an iconic building, which, in any case, had been the headquarters of the Socialists. Londres 38 had become the Institute for Human Rights that the government had first proposed in 2007 despite enormous opposition. Now its victory seemed complete.

Meanwhile, as the digital archive flourished, the building continued to deteriorate.

The tour, 2014

The first messages to be professionally inscribed on the grimy interior walls seven years earlier,

This is a past which follows the present
and

Memory making not inscribed in the present is the same as
remembering nothing

seemed ironic in the absence of any signage specific to the building. The rough exploratory holes remained, one even piercing the next room. The staircase ceiling was peeling and part of it missing, and a piece of moulding had clearly fallen away rather than being removed. The signage reassured visitors that the holes in the walls (some made five years previously) were part of the restoration of the building, preliminary to a full archaeological and forensic examination 'that could bring new proofs to the judicial processes into the crimes committed in this building'. The elaborate but now deteriorating signage for the 2013 exhibition on the 119 was stacked, exposed to the weather, in the rear courtyard. On the blackboard inviting comment under the question 'Why are we constructing a memorial?' a single person had answered, 'To teach not to have confidence in mankind'. Beside it another message, 'While there exists no truth or justice there will be vengeance'. The only sign that appeared to be permanent, displayed in government red, aggressively reminded visitors that

the interrogators, torturers, vigilantes and executors, employed by the state, still received a pension. Some have been 'condemned ... Others remain on active service'.³⁰

The state defeated and ejected the party-driven political left from the building to install its own brand of the modern Chilean human rights movement through an institute that is no more than tolerated by the collectives. 'Human rights' to the Londres management appears to mean not much more than the release of certain archives. To the collectives it means, as it always has, the identification of burial sites, the whereabouts of the detained-disappeared and the identities of the perpetrators. Truth and Justice first and last. The parallel, if not discordant, objectives are unlikely to meet soon.

The MIR has failed to obtain its own commemorative building. Or has it? Roberto D'Orival Briceño's collective, Colectivo 119, may have its eyes on another House of Memory: José Domingo Cañas.

House of Memory José Domingo Cañas

Laura Moya's passing in 2013 initiated changes at first subtle, later more pronounced. The site's 2012 official history listed among its achievements its guided tours, weekly vigils, maintenance of the library, workshops, performances and the general advancement of human rights emanating from its own community of Ñuñoa. A diagram showed four divisions of authority, volunteers and honorary members at the bottom, upwards through the executive director, through the directorate until, at the top of the hierarchy, the unnamed Laura Moya, 'Fundadora':

The restoration of this place was the result of the tenacity of family, survivors, human rights activists, young people's collectives working together. It was a joint effort, but there is no doubt that Laura Moya was the motor of this struggle. Her tenacity and leadership permitted the achievements which we share today.

30 María José Pérez and Karen Glavic, 'La experiencia de la visita y la visita como experiencia: memorias críticas y constructivas', Londres 38 Espacio de Memorias.

The equivalent version of 2014, after her death, omitted 'Fundadora', placing the executive director at the apex of the management structure.³¹

With much more frankness than shown by the other Santiago site custodians, the corporation admitted to its current failings and challenges. First, it had failed to attract young people sufficiently to carry on the work as the generation of the survivors faded:

We proposed to ... carry out the construction of a society in which justice and respect for human rights comes first thus linked to the new generations of young people in Chile.

The second problem were the internal divisions:

Different organisations formed during this period, the difficulties of the struggle and the frustration in the destruction of the building broke us up emotionally and sometimes we were not able to maintain unity. Despite having no resources, we discussed different proposals about what to do with the site.

Two particular challenges were to review the agreement among members of the directorate, and, in the only use of capitals in the entire website:

Train and educate people in memory and NOT IN HORROR³²

Followed by the affirmation of the significance of the physical site:

Manuals and recipes of how to shape a place where crimes against humanity were committed don't transfer automatically from one to the other. Despite the differences between the centres, DINA is in the middle of the same history of the country, the contexts of each place are different.³³

The tour, 2012

In 2012, the money that Laura and the government had invested was splendidly evident. The original walls and passageways were signposted, like 'Prisoners' entrance' or 'Torture room', leaving the visitor to reflect upon how small a space was needed for such

31 'Organigrama' [Organisation chart], Fundación 1367 Casa Memoria José Domingo Cañas.

32 'Capacitarse y trabajar la pedagogía de la memoria y NO DEL HORROR'.

33 'Casa Memoria José Domingo Cañas', Sitios de Memoria, 2012.

diabolical deeds to be enacted. Dozens of freshly varnished wooden poles supported billowing sails. Cement seats offered contemplation. A *parrilla* excavated from the ruins stood in its own space. The small swimming pool had been excavated and exposed. At the rear on the right stood a brand-new building capable of holding 80 conference guests, on the left Laura's donated political library. Through the rear door a cement pool of memory where on its plinth were gathered artefacts found among the ruins that the demolishers had left: nails, bolts, unidentified iron pieces. Etched photographs traced the history of the site. Fifty-four polished pebbles each bore the name of detained-disappeared, 10 more discovered since the initial list of names had been inscribed on the street memorial plinth. Lumi's presence was everywhere. A prominent poster read 'Lumi Rebel Light'.

Yet a few tiny details might have portended a deteriorating future: the memorial pool and fountain at the rear of the precinct had yet to be filled because of plumbing difficulties. At the extreme bottom of the memorial outside, the last three names of the detained-disappeared had themselves disappeared because of weather damage.

The tour, 2014

In 2014, a year after the death of Laura Moya, the welcome notice announcing the opening hours was missing. The once arresting murals continued to fade in the blistering Chilean sun. One of two had been crudely retouched, including that of the naked, suspended detainees, but a bench obscured the nudity of the women. The furious demand for punishment and justice painted on the boundary wall

Here were committed the
Most ferocious violations
Of human dignity
For this reason we demand

JUSTICE AND PUNISHMENT

was now disfigured by an electricity meter stuck on the wall on the left-hand side, half hiding the words. The pool of memory remained dry. One of Laura Moya's last preoccupations, to verify the rumour that detainees had also entered the building through a door in the upper floor of the house next door, was now revealed, though uncaptioned; but peeling paint and huge gaps in the unseasoned wooden poles

demonstrated that the government's contribution to the construction had been done as cheaply as possible. The iron frame lying in the 'Torture chamber', re-identified not as a *parrilla* but merely a large iron bedframe, was just a wiry tangle propped against a wall. Pieces of roofing tile, windows and an iron gate leaned uncaptioned against the conference centre, while a poster for gay rights indicated the desire of the remaining volunteer staff member, Bernardo de Castro, to ally the Memory House to other minority causes. Some of the informative text etched in metal had faded to become almost illegible; the sails had blown away or hung in tatters; the wooden pathways were subsiding and hard to negotiate, while a hoarding of all the detained-disappeared in A4-sized photographs fixed outside the conference room was gone altogether. Inside, the photographs of Laura Moya were kept secure by the ever-faithful Bernardo de Castro, while a poster of Lumi Videla Moya bravely greeted visitors entering the building.

Lumi Videla Moya
Justice and Memory
NOW

A number of individuals, alienated or driven from the Casa de Memoria's team of volunteers by Laura's strong personality, were beginning to reconsolidate, concerned that the governing body seemed content to allow the whole precinct to fall to bits. Money was desperately short. Account-keeping for donations or sales of posters and Laura's books was not much more sophisticated than a shoebox. Vandals broke into the building twice. Disaster: in the same year the corporation learned that all the timber, including that in the conference centre itself, had been infested by borers and would have to be replaced. Who was to pay for that?

Laura Moya had driven José Domingo Cañas forward through her authority, determination, learning, passion, bureaucratic expertise and finance. Her absence now demonstrated the strengths and weaknesses of a single vision when once that engine failed. She had achieved so much. But for how long would her vision endure?

Villa Grimaldi

The early tensions over what form the memorial should take had by 2015 given way to a more urgent discussion as to what should happen within the grounds. By then the replica tower, erected after much angst on the presumption that it would dominate the entire precinct, had been overshadowed by the dome over the performance space. The corporation, again after much deliberation and contrary opinion, decided that it was more important to attract new visitors than maintain the original conception of quiet serenity. Outreach programs invited school visits and provided student learning materials. Theatre, pop concerts, recitals of poetry and music, album launches, even a wedding ceremony of a son of a detained-disappeared followed.³⁴

The changes, though, were internal, not forced upon the corporation, and made possible through its ability to keep government interference at bay. Unlike most other Sites of Conscience in Santiago, Villa Grimaldi still manages its own displays and has the finance to service them.

With the passing of years, corporation members and guides notice that more and more children arrive knowing little even of the dictatorship itself. The historian Katherine Hite, visiting the site at the end of 2009, told a reporter that she saw an impulse in the new team of professionals to educate the young that did not exist previously.³⁵ In an article written in English, she and her associate Cath Collins found that the site still felt somewhat insular, intended more for human rights activists than others.³⁶

Nor was rethinking confined to the corporation members alone, for the program of interviewing 164 survivors of Villa Grimaldi brought some serious reflections to the young scholars well versed in the manifold controversies attending oral history and memory. As was proper, their commentary on the archive that they had compiled was cautious and restrained, but their awareness of what was *not* being said troubled them. In a companion commentary on the transcribed recordings, the interviewer Dr Mario Hercés reflected that historical interviews in

34 Villa Grimaldi Corporación por la Paz.

35 'Experta norteamericana Katherine Hite visitó Villa Grimaldi'.

36 Hite and Collins, 'Memorial fragments, monumental silences and reawakenings in 21st century Chile', pp. 387–88.

Latin America, with their prevailing themes of militancy, resistance, torture and resilience, carried an explicitly political dimension reaching beyond the purposes of simple recall but touching the restitution of justice.³⁷ Evelyn Hevia Jordan conceded that in the interests of neutrality and objectivity, the investigator had to confront what seemed an already predetermined position. How did one deal with cases of denunciation, collaboration and betrayal, themes barely touched upon in the interviews? Bravely, but circumspectly, she surmised that the principal hypothesis of the oral historians was that the political militants had influenced the form in which the survivors relived their experience as detainees. 'This implies that within Villa Grimaldi there grew a certain type of relationship among the prisoners which many times appeared in terms of solidarity, mistrust, isolation and others.'³⁸ Wisely, in her concluding paragraph to the transcriptions, she let her uneasiness with what she hinted might be a self-imposed hegemony of testimony be articulated by a survivor himself:

[O]ur history has been constructed on the basis of the myth of heroism, eh? And all of us were heroes (laughs) and they call themselves survivors now, but I don't much like that term, it gives a heroic shade to the thing which (leaning forward) – you're not just a survivor of Grimaldi, you're a survivor of something much more global (silence).³⁹

Such an admission is worrying for all oral historians who believe that the medium should have the capacity to reproduce emotions that the speakers felt at the time, not what they felt, or thought they should have felt, later. A more plain-speaking critique of what we might call the politicisation of emotions amongst trauma victims may be found in the tensions between those who fled to Miami after Castro's victory in 1959–61, and those who arrived via a perilous raft journey in the mid-1990s. The oral historian Elizabeth Campisi found immense pressure placed upon Cubans arriving at Miami in homemade rafts to conform to the prevailing narrative that presented the Cuban revolution as

37 Diana Taylor, 'Trauma as durational performance', *Open Journal Systems* 1(1), 2009.

38 Evelyn Hevia Jordan, 'Notas para una aproximación al estado de las memorias subterráneas en el Chile actual' [Notes towards an approach to the state of hidden memories in Chile today].

39 'Testimoniante, Archivo Oral Villa Grimaldi', n.p.

invalid, unpleasant or beset with negatives. Experienced interviewers told each other 'you have to get to them before they learn what to say'.⁴⁰

And indeed, behind the transcribed rhetoric, and unlike most of those who never were physically harmed, the Chilean tortured seem to hold little grudge against the well-known and much vilified female 'betrayers' like 'La Flaca Alejandra' (Marcia Alejandra Merino). They seem to understand them as others do not or can not. Some Chilean torture survivors maintain that probably *everyone* revealed something under electrical torture; in fact it is said that MIRista rank and file members were directed that if (and when) they had to betray anyone, they should do so down the hierarchy of leadership, not up it. Such advice is nowhere to be found in the archive. Meanwhile, some other survivors of Villa Grimaldi feel totally alienated from it, or having been once, never return.⁴¹ Clearly their views are not in the transcription archives either. They did not wish to be interviewed, and were not.

How then to interpret Villa Grimaldi faithfully or accurately? Do the terms mutually exclude each other? The struggle for a deeper meaning of the experience of repression by the dictatorship endures, though its manifestations are not always sympathetically received. Michele Drouilly was quite unimpressed with Roberto Merino's guided tours, arguing that she and others had worked so hard to get words like 'detained-disappeared' and 'torture' in the everyday vocabulary of Villa Grimaldi and the nation. 'Suddenly we have this man talking about punishment and actors.'⁴² Yet Merino had made a brave attempt at a Foucauldian interpretation of his humiliation and torture. It may be that he suffered from several of the accepted manifestations of post-traumatic stress disorder like emotional numbing, depersonalisation and dissociative amnesia.⁴³ Would such a mental state affect a guide's interpretation of his or her interpretation? Clearly, yes. Are changes to be expected over time? Clearly, yes. Should such survivors be allowed to act as guides and, if so, who should monitor their interpretation?

40 Elizabeth Campisi, 'Talking cure. Trauma, narrative and the Cuban rafter crisis', in Cave and Sloan, *Listening on the Edge*, Oxford University Press, London, 2014, p. 89.

41 Diana Duhalde, discussion, December 2014.

42 Michele Drouilly, interview, 4 April 2015.

43 Peters, in Cave and Sloan, *Listening on the Edge*, pp. 232–33.

That is a matter for the corporation. Describing her tour by Pedro Matta, the performance scholar Diana Taylor pondered the difference between trauma victim and guide:

Like other survivors, I believe, Matta is both a traumatized victim and a witness to trauma ... For Matta, the experience does not last two hours – it has lasted years, since he was disappeared by the armed forces. His reiterated acts of walking, of showing, of telling, of leading people down the paths characterize trauma and the trauma-driven actions to channel and alleviate it. For him, as for the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo, the ritualized tour offers both personal consolation and revenge. Memory is a tool and a political project – an honoring of those who are gone, and a reminder to those who will listen that the victimizers have gotten away with murder. His tour, like the Mothers' march, bears witness to a society in ruins in which judicial systems cannot bring perpetrators to justice. Yet the walk-through, like the march, also makes visible the memory paths that maintain another topography of place and practice, not of terror but of resistance – the will not only to live but also to keep memory alive.⁴⁴

Six years later, 40 years after the experience, few survivors are prepared to act any longer as guides. The day-to-day interpretation of the site is the province of the younger generation. The strong themes of a decade earlier – blow-by-blow brutality at every corner, the serenity of the rose garden, quiet contemplation of the Wall of Names, the Foucauldian theoretical construct, the loving solidarity among detainees expressed more strongly by women than men, the touching humanising of Michele Drouilly's artefacts in her House of Memory – what remains of these in the modern tour?

The tour, 2014

The modern tour is a self-guided audio tour, invoking, in English or Spanish, 'the painful history' carried out by the 'highest authorities of the Chilean state'. Unlike Matta's tour, which climaxed in the Wall of Names, the visitor follows an anticlockwise circle beginning at the now blocked original detainees' entrance, through which 'no one will ever walk over these paving stones again'. The grove of birch trees symbolises something 'solitary and fragile'. The audio guide acknowledges the death of 'Mauro', the guard executed at the ombú

44 Taylor, 'Trauma as durational performance'.

tree, but provides no details of the manner of his excruciating death. The rose garden was said to be revived after 'the corporation decided to re-create it initially as homage' to the women who had died at Villa Grimaldi. The 'House of Memory' was developed to show the disappeared 'beyond their mere names' and 'developed jointly with their relatives'. Michele Drouilly is uncredited for these initiatives. Past the tower – which visitors are still encouraged to enter despite children sometimes fooling about in it – come the memorials to the left political parties. All look much more cared for than a decade ago: the MAPU party, 'dreaming and fighting for justice and solidarity', the rather homespun Socialists' – a little pebble lying on a stone block, reminiscent of Laura Moya's memorial at José Domingo Cañas. The Communist memorial 'fighting in the antifascist struggle to restore democracy' has an excerpt from the Communist Party member Pablo Neruda's 'The Dead of the Plaza':

And I don't come to weep over where they fell
 I come to us
 I appeal to the living, to you and me within your beaten breast
 Others fell in the past. Do you remember? Yes, you
 Remember
 Others fell who were of the same family, the same name.⁴⁵

The MIRistas, ever the internationalists, have inscribed in bronze the names of 580 fallen comrades, including those killed in Nicaragua, El Salvador and Argentina.⁴⁶

The optional audio subsection 'Daily life in the cells' speaks of the agency of the women, who would sing so as not to hear the screams of the tortured. The guide describes how an individual was deputed to wash everyone's clothes, while others chipped away at the coloured glass to replace it with identically coloured paper that could be removed as a spyhole.⁴⁷ The men's testimony to their own solidarity is not mentioned. Any hint of a Foucauldian interpretation has vanished.

45 Los Muertos de La Plaza (1948)
 Yo no vengo a llorar aquí donde cayeron
 Vengo a nosotros, acudo a los que viven
 Acudo a tí y a mí en tu pecho golpeado.
 Cayeron otros antes. Recuerdas? Si,
 Recuerdas.

Otros que el mismo nombre y apellido tuvieron.

46 'Memorial del MIR en la Villa Grimaldi', *Punto Final*, 14–27 May 2010.

47 Tour conducted 8 December 2014.

The passionate intensity of the Ex-Political Prisoners memorial unveiled at the National Stadium in March 2014 is entirely absent; overall the impression is restrained, factual, informative, bland.

Michele Drouilly has very little to do with Villa Grimaldi now. The ideological and museological issues, she says, have been mostly resolved. What depresses her is the endless fights for positions of control and celebrity status amongst the leadership. Her energies are spent, she did what she could. Today the determination that she brought to Villa Grimaldi to reify the memorial of Jacqueline, she has brought to her own site of conscience at home. She holds her sister not in Villa Grimaldi but in her heart.

Loyola, Quinta Normal

Julieta Varas, ever the fighter, did not take kindly to her ejection in 2009 from the governing body of the Loyola Renacer, and from her home within the precinct. She appealed to the Court under Article 20 of the Constitution against her 'arbitrary and unjustified expulsion'. The judgement conceded that she, Rebeca Videla and others had indeed founded the Renacer to develop a housing estate with a 'social project' and a 'memory project concerning the violation of human rights'. However, other 'organisations and persons' had joined 'to produce tensions and difficulties'. Her plea was rejected, the Court ruling that the Renacer committee had acted wholly within its constitution in replacing members of the committee when necessary, and to expel certain members from their homes and from the Loyola precinct.⁴⁸ Varas departed and is seldom seen in the area.

Renacer Loyola itself is complete, a gated community within a mixed municipality of small businesses, unemployment and upward mobility. Sections of the original wall remain, but most of the houses are fronted either by an iron grid fence, or a 2-metre cement wall, as ugly as the original, topped with barbed wire. The dwellings are structurally identical even to the uniform colour of a light-brown cement rendering, personalised only with perhaps a satellite dish, gardens and, at Christmas, decorations and lights. The 5-hectare space is jam-packed, the passages narrow, the rooms small, but everything

48 Santiago Court of Appeal, 2nd hearing, 5 October 2011.

is modern, everything works. The only public spaces are the still-standing classrooms, where children's outdoor toys, and a garden cared for by Josefina, mark the spot of the last ignominious resting place of Varas's memorial plaque before the committee threw it away.

Josefina is deeply thankful to have a modern home within a secure community that she cannot be evicted from, which she can leave to her daughter, privileges that by no means all Chileans enjoy. But her ethic of hard work and self-sufficiency has come at a cost. One of the well-known sights was Josefina pedalling round the neighbourhood on a three-wheeled bicycle, the front converted to hold an enormous box of utensils and ingredients for on-the-spot *tortillas*. The repetitive strain injury to her wrists that developed over many years has greatly reduced her capacity to earn an independent living. Often, instead, she'll help out at her sister's liquor store three streets away. She is disappointed that the Renacer residents have divided themselves into those who consider themselves – these are her words – the aristocracy and the rest, the proletariat. The former keep to themselves and their children away from the others, don't use the communal space or come to the community meetings, and socialise elsewhere. She would love to secure a second dwelling for her son, but competition is intense. Her community ideals of open community values, like the mandarin tree in a free zone that everyone would share, have been disappointed.

Such a division is, to be sure, likely to occur amongst any group of human beings living together, but in profoundly class-conscious Chile, a small, self-contained, crowded community bounded very distinctly within a high wall would surely be expected to divide sooner rather than later. Such, of course, was never the idea of the Renacer. How then did it happen? Josefina's resentment is directed not at the Julietas of this world – individuals come and go – no, she resents the Chilean state that favours the very poor and the very rich but leave the great majority in the middle subject to corruption and bribery at every level. 'People at both extremes will get the system to work for them, but not those in the middle.' She wonders how the people who should never have never been admitted to Loyola gained their homes.

There is no tour, of course, to be undertaken at Loyola. No memorial plaque attaches to any interior or exterior wall of Renacer and is unlikely ever to do so.

Those who wished in 2015 to commemorate the recent past confronted a Chile almost unrecognisable to those who once followed Victor Jara's invitation to gather round where the potatoes were burning. It was true that the class divisions based on family, wealth, position and education seemed as strong as ever, and the Communist and Socialist parties remained viable. But the polarities had softened. The founder of the far-right Fatherland and Liberty political grouping, Roberto Thieme, now believed that Pinochet was a traitor, and at the time of the coup he himself had lacked political sense.⁴⁹ Allende's Popular Unity Party had long ago fragmented to other parties. The Frente Rodriguista had committed no outrages for a decade. Laura Moya, lamenting that the next generation was taking only a shallow and passing interest in rebuilding their society, insisted that truth and justice were more urgent imperatives than human rights. Curators at Villa Grimaldi and José Domingo Cañas found themselves confronted by the ignorance and, at times, the flippant uninterest of their young visitors. While in disagreement over other issues, the centre and all manner of leftist opinion were united in the need for educating the young. It seemed that young people sometimes wondered what the struggle was about, since Allende and Pinochet could both seem to represent aberrations in their nation's otherwise stable democracy. Their elders, who had given so much to memorialise their party, friends or family, debated as to who would carry the burden of education. The gap between the looked-for paradise of the 'Socialist Republic of Chile' (as Lumi Videla's 15-year-old friend had put it so long ago) seemed at an unbridgeable distance from the demands of today's student movement for universal free education. Those whose parents had joined revolutionary-action parties like MIR embraced neither an agreed political direction nor what had once seemed to be an inevitable historical program to fulfil. Who would maintain the rage?

The MIR itself never recovered either from its savage persecution or claims that some of its leaders had collaborated with the security forces. By 2015 it existed more as a nostalgic might-have-been among its ageing supporters. Gladys Díaz, one of its few militants known to have revealed nothing under prolonged torture during the dictatorship,

49 Roberto Thieme, interview with Tomás Maciatti, YouTube, 17 September 2013.

remained defiant as she reflected, in 2010, on the achievements of her party. 'Were we heroic, altruistic, idealistic or naïve? Historians and sociologists, she surmised, even later MIRista generations, might ask: were we really an elite who gave our best without a moment's thought for ego? Yes, we might have been more aware, more tolerant, reflective, experimental, intelligent, older or wiser'; but Díaz concluded with the triumphant peroration that MIRistas had been enchanted by ideals and ideologies that they were prepared to give their lives for. No one could take away their immense pride in having been the revolutionaries of their time, forgers of the future, their unfulfilled dreams ready to be taken up by new generations.⁵⁰ Young people were indeed forming their own judgements, and not always favourably. In 2010 the filmmaker Macarena Aguiló, a child of MIRista parents who left her in Cuba while they returned to continue the armed struggle in Chile, subjected her mother, especially, to an excoriating though implicit interrogation of why she had done so.⁵¹

As ever, public memorialisation reflects the changing preoccupations of the society that creates them. Chileans do not, any longer, discuss the violence of the dictatorship – neither do their memorials. The confronting emotionalism of Pedro Matta's Villa Grimaldi tour has given way to a flat and unemotional audio tour to mark the endpoint of 25 years of 'polémicas intensas' as to how the history of suffering should be presented there. José Domingo Cañas first displayed what its curators thought, wrongly, to be a *parrilla*; now its Board of Governors prefers its House of Memory to advance 'education and memory and NOT HORROR'. The guide at Londres 38 defended the absence of the instruments of torture such as the *parrilla* in the building as 'contrary to its aesthetic'.⁵²

The language of the memorials themselves turns its face from violence too. It is difficult to imagine how this furious invocation, painted in about 1999 on the boundary wall of House of Memory José Domingo Cañas, could be written in 2015:

50 Díaz, Gladys, 'Acto por Memorial del MIR en Villa Grimaldi, 8 de mayo de 2010' [Act of Commemoration at the opening of the MIR memorial, Villa Grimaldi, 8 May 2010], Correo de los Trabajadores.

51 Macarena Aguiló, prod. and dir., *El edificio de los chilenos* [The Chileans' House], DVD, 2010.

52 Leopoldo Montenegro Montenegro, interview, 5 December 2011.

Here were committed the
Most ferocious violations
Of human dignity

For this reason we demand

JUSTICE AND PUNISHMENT

The potent words ‘ferocious’ and ‘demand’ would look out of place on any contemporary monument, and for several reasons. The desperate voice that demanded justice and punishment is clearly of the working-class *poblaciones* ‘La Legua’ and ‘La Victoria’. The authors painted them in anguished rage on the wall of José Domingo Cañas at a time when the government was refusing to release the names of the perpetrators identified in its own reports (as it still does). In the following decades their public fury has become private, dulled to a deep resentment or forced acceptance that most of the perpetrators who have not yet been apprehended probably will never be punished. Though it is possible that another hitherto unknown site of execution like Cuartel Simon Bolívar may yet emerge, justice for the politically executed and the detained-disappeared seemed as far away as ever. It is the voices of the *poblaciones* that are absent on the most recent Santiago memorials.

Equally, the interpretative spotlight has moved away from the detained-disappeared and the politically executed. While each of the 2005 plaques outside Londres 38 named the identity and political party of the victim, 10 years later the families of the dead still await the crucial archives to be released by the state. Perhaps all but a few have given up hope that the missing will return. The memorials are already erected – or never will be. Short of the state releasing the secret information in the Rettig and Valech Reports, there is little left to discover, nothing that can further assuage the deepest feeling of mourning, loss and rage. The collectives who form a minority among the board members of the House of Memory Londres 38 have made the best of the state’s dominance of the site to lever the further release of state documents.

In 2014 Wally Kunstmann maintained that it was the survivors of detention, especially the women, who remained forgotten, and her priorities were apparent in the very language of the plaques at the National Stadium. The contemporary public interpretation of the dictatorship is in the hands of the survivors.

One explanation for their success may be that, if full democracy may still not have completely returned to Chile, then administrative bureaucracy certainly has. The administration and the educated middle class, who can manipulate it, dominate today's memorialisation. The well-educated survivors, knowledgeable in lobbying, experienced in making the system work for them, strong in friendships in the right places, have seized the microphones and the inscribing tools. The House of Memory José Domingo Cañas is the only substantial memorial specific to the suffering of the *poblaciones* in the entire city; but without the initial lobbying and personal finance of Professor of Psychiatry Laura Moya, that would not exist either. Indeed, only two of the seven site memorials examined in this book have been actually created by the members of the working classes: the Communist Party's Victor Jara Stadium, which despite its heritage listing is in some long-term danger; and Julieta Varas's memorial plaque, which is already smashed and gone. Meanwhile, as the cruellest nightmares passed, highly articulate survivors have begun to speak about their experiences in interviews and documentaries. They write autobiographies and books of poetry. They engage more robustly in what is a process, to many, of self-therapy.⁵³ They meet their accusers: Gladys Díaz gained much comfort by confronting one of her torturers in court. She found him demystified: short, ugly, poorly educated, so powerless that he was forced to use the respectful second person singular pronoun *usted* rather than *tu* when addressing her.⁵⁴ Publicly discussing and composing the passionate but poetic reflections displayed in the women's detention centre and the *caracol* at the National Stadium surely acts as psychological release. Accustomed to rhetoric, the evocative, literary plaques at the National Stadium no doubt fell easier from the pens of middle-class survivors than those of the *poblaciones*. Less preoccupied with daily issues of food and shelter, they are able to focus their energies on memorialisation.

53 For example, Jorge Montealegre, *Frazadas del Estadio Nacional* [Blankets of the National Stadium], LOM ediciones, Santiago, 2003; Hernán Valdéz, *Tejas Verdes*, LOM ediciones, Santiago, 1996; Mario Artigas, *Valle de Lágrimas* [Vale of Tears], Pentagrama, Santiago, 2005.

54 Gladys Díaz, in Carmen Castillo, *La Flaca Alejandra*, DVD, 1993. Miguel Krassnoff Martchenko received, in 2011, 144 years imprisonment for over 20 crimes against humanity, Ramona Wadi, 'Dictatorship relics in Chile: Paying homage to Miguel Krassnoff Martchenko', Upside Down World, 14 November 2011.

The survivors understand that both the public impulse to critically memorialise the atrocities of the Pinochet regime and the state's interest in doing so have almost run their course. What they write now is their last chance to interpret their own history, and they know it. Following generations cannot follow them with the same legitimacy or passionate intensity. No one will be able to shout, in Roberto D'Orival Briceño's account of the fiery meeting at Londres 38 on the day that the doors were opened: 'You have no right to speak. You weren't here!'

Yet it cannot yet be claimed that critical memorialisation of the dictatorship is quite complete. Knowledge of secret extermination centres like Cuartel Simon Bolívar only emerged in 2007; others may be revealed. Just as significant, perhaps, was a demand of June 2015 that army conscripts be considered as a victimised group in being compelled to carry out actions against their compatriots. Their suit claimed that they could not be held responsible for their actions.⁵⁵ It is not impossible that they too will demand a memorial. A speaker at a meeting of human rights activists at the National Stadium in December 2014 pressed for sites of resistance, such as the Vicaria de la Solidaridad, to be the next sites of commemoration rather than further sites of pain and suffering.⁵⁶ The feeling is growing that sites of resistance should be memorialised, not just of 'dead freedom fighters and resistance martyrs', but survivors like 'lawyers, teachers, journalists, archivists and parish priests'.⁵⁷ It is possible that State Terrorism is tentatively replacing the naming of the horror as human rights violations.⁵⁸

The memorials that stand today, from José Domingo Cañas to the National Stadium, are still points of two shifting decades. While other hopes and expectations have been buried in the collective history of their time, the memorials crystallise the emotions of those that made

55 Melissa Gutierrez, 'La eterna batalla legal de los conscriptos de la dictadura' [The conscripts' eternal legal battle against the dictatorship'], *The Clinic* online, 17 June 2015, see also 'Confessions of a Torturer', *Santiago Times*, 25 November 2004.

56 Notes taken at meeting, 11 December 2014.

57 Sebastian Brett, Louis Bickford, Liz Ševcenko and Marcela Rios, 'Memorialization and Democracy: State Policy and Civic Action', p. 10.

58 Aguilera and Caceres, 'Signs of state terrorism...', p. 13.

them. They have survived internal strife, state interference, budgetary crises and vandals. They endure as texts to both their creators and their moment of creation and will continue to do so.

Provided, that is, that the state supports them equally. It is clear that the National Stadium memorials, whether or not the Kunstmann plan will ever be completed, are physically the most secure. Next, in our estimation, is Villa Grimaldi, though it is possible its management by 2030 will be subsidised, if not dominated, by the state. It is likely that Londres 38, at last repaired but under total government control, will endure as a human rights institute situated in a historic building. José Domingo Cañas will only be saved if the state Ministry of Public Works funds a manager/guide/caretaker similar to Londres 38. Beyond this generation, the Victor Jara Stadium as it stands will be secure while it continues to serve useful social purposes such as indoor sport and night-time shelter for the homeless, and while its safe conservation does not cost too much. Nothing more will be, or can be, done at Patio 29, for nothing remains to be discovered. Memorialisation at Loyola has already been swept aside. In the end only the state itself can and will maintain the sites after the passing of the generation that endured the suffering and created the memorials.

In 1974 Jacqueline Drouilly, MIRista, third-year social work student, 24 years of age, possibly pregnant, was arrested and bundled away blindfolded. Tortured and beaten, she spent months in Tres Alamos and José Domingo Cañas, recognised by a fellow detainee for the last time in March 1975 at Cuatro Alamos before being transported to Grimaldi, tortured again and disappeared. Throughout the 1970s Norma Yurich and her family never slackened their sleepless attempts through the courts and Red Cross to locate her.⁵⁹ But in all probability, Jacqueline died of the effects of torture or was deliberately murdered some time in 1975. Her drugged or dead body may have been transported to a helicopter to be tipped out over Quintero Bay. There her bones lay on the sandy bottom until they too dissolved. Now nothing remains. All that her family, and every family, can do is imagine. All over Chile,

59 The legal endeavours are tracked in Sonia M. Martin and Carolina Moroder, *Londres 38 Londres 2000*, CESOC, Santiago, n.d., c. 2005, pp. 159–87. The chapter also contains interviews with Jacqueline's sister, Nicole.

many thousands of relatives are too grief stricken or too old to debate any longer how to memorialise their missing and tortured child, partner or parent. Some are dead, having mourned their murdered child or partner till the end of their days, barely able to conceive his or her agony on the *parrilla*, the terror of lying in the cells awaiting the next summons, every imagined moment fixed in a lifetime of abiding grief.

Michele Drouilly wrote this poem to her detained-disappeared sister.

Like a game of chess

It was on a beautiful November day that they told us
 It's so long ago now, Jacqueline
 And the years have slipped through our fingers
 And I refuse to accept that of you only are left
 A few faded photographs
 A far-away memory
 An unforgotten echo
 Unfinished knitting
 A few embroidery threads
 That telegram you sent me, do you remember?
 And a name, but what am I saying?
 For ... It's not that which only remains, rather, It's that which also
 remains.⁶⁰

Let us bring the survivors, the politically executed and the detained-disappeared together in a symbolic salute to the dead and missing and to their families, at a time when the brief sunlight of the world, as Dickens put it, is blazing full upon them. Here is Norma Yurich,

60 Como un juego de ajedrez

Era un lindo día de noviembre cuando nos avisaron
 hace ya tanto tiempo Jacqueline.

Y los años se nos han resbalado entre los dedos

Y me niego a aceptar, que de tí sólo quedaron

Unas fotografías borrosas,

Un recuerdo lejano,

Un eco inolvidado

Un tejido inacabado

Unos hilos de bordar

El telegrama ese que me enviaste, te recuerdas?

Y un nombre, pero qué estoy diciendo!

So no es que solo quede eso, sino que ademas queda eso.

Michele Drouilly, in Martin and Moroder, *Londres 38 Londres 2000*, p. 160.

the mother of Jacqueline Drouilly, writing in 1961 to her 10-year-old daughter about to enter boarding school. Anxiety, excitement, anticipation and motherly love for a lifetime of promise.

List of Things Not to Do

1. Don't hide your neck under a scarf instead of washing it. 2. Don't talk to your teacher like one garbage man to another. 3. Don't get into fights with anyone. 4. Don't talk non-stop so that no-one can interrupt you. 5. Don't throw your expensive coat down under the bed. 6. Don't get about with your hair in a tangled mop like Brigid Bardot with the glooms. 7. Don't store your shoes inside your books. 8. Don't draw thousands of girls with beehive hairstyles because they look big-headed instead of doing your jobs.

... You know that I love you very much and for this reason I want you to study so that you'll be something more than a housewife, because this work can be done by someone who can't read and write. Well, my dear daughter, I'm keeping on writing to you until you know that I'm a bothersome mother. Because the sleepers here don't know that I'm writing to you. It's two in the morning here. Receive my many kisses and from your daddy too, and love from Nicole as well. Clorinda sends her memories. We're all waiting on tenterhooks on Saturday coming to wait for you, because the little girls and I love to see trains. Closing this edition, I've remembered some money that I want to send you, but be patient, I'll put in your hands. DON'T SQUANDER IT. It's better that you send it back to me. Love to those whom I know. Special love to those whom you know I love best. BEHAVE YOURSELF BEHAVE YOURSELF BEHAVE YOURSELF.

Bye my sweet,

YOUR MUMMY AND DADDY⁶¹

61 Norma Yurich to Jacqueline Drouilly, 20 November 1961, reproduced with permission.

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