



### Testimonies / “4 Piezas Acusmáticas por los Derechos Humanos”

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#### 3. “Un pequeño acto de resistencia (Ana María Jiménez, Teresa Izquierdo)” - 23:03

*“A small act of resistance (Ana María Jiménez, Teresa Izquierdo)”*

**A.M.J.:** I am Ana María Jiménez.

**T.I.:** And my name is Teresa Izquierdo.

**T.I.:** The day we were supposed to meet, we were going to meet each other... it must have been in mid 1974, we met every 15 days on Cueto St. So I showed up and you were not there.

**A.M.J.:** I didn't show up. I was arrested a couple of days before. I arrived at Villa Grimaldi, they stopped me on a bus, inside the bus. And from the bus they took me there, blindfold, handcuffed, between two men. I was an only daughter, completely spoiled and loved by my parents, so I didn't know other kind of...

So when I get there and was sent for the first interrogation, the guard said “you are Ana María Jiménez, alias little Lucía, alias...” you know, a couple more aliases. And I, replying by the book, said “No, that's not me”. And then he called me “liar!”, and slapped me so hard on my face ... I was sitting on a chair... I fell on the floor, chair and everything, rolling back. I tried to get back on my feet and he punched me here, on my jaw. I just saw myself with my teeth on my hand.

**T.I.:** That reception they gave you was more or less similar to mine. Well, they caught me a year and a half later than you, and, at that time, DINA had obviously refined the detainees reception even better. It happened that, when I arrived and they took me up to the room (they dragged me to the room), they told me to open up my mouth, and they stuck a revolver inside. And they started talking to me ...“I am an Army general...” and all that stuff... no, no, he wasn't a general, but he said he was from the Army, and he... making all these claims... claims like why was I involved in this stuff. Like I wasn't supposed to be there, you know, and lots of kinda like classist stuff. And then he takes the gun back and says “and that thing I put in your mouth, what was it?”. Then I said... it was a revolver, really, and I said “a pistol”. “What?! Can't you tell the difference between a revolver...” and then he started kicking me and throwing me on to the floor. But that was the reception like there: the gun in your mouth, any kind of bullshit they used to tell you, and then straight on to the floor, all kicked out. That was the way everyone was received at the time.

**A.M.J.:** At Villa Grimaldi we went to the bathroom only once a day. They took us in a little queue, and there was a little hut we could use as a toilet, but the door remained open all the time, and a guy was always pointing at us. So a bunch of women went in that day, and it was raining heavily. And they had all of us there and a guard lady said what I told you before, for they were bored to death this dreadful day... “Who's the one that makes music here, the musician one? Let her sing!”. And then I remained silent. “Aren't you the one that...? Well, sing!”. And I said : “No, No, No, I won't sing at all”, no matter the cost, but it was like a small act of resistance, you see?. Not for their entertainment. And right there, as I said before, at a moment

we were left alone, a . said to me "please, sing, one of our comrades is almost dying, that would help him a lot". And there I sang "Zamba para no morir" ["Zamba for not dying"], I'm not sure if you know that song... "my voice will break the evening...". So, it tells that you could still stay alive, it deals with the strength of staying alive as long as you feel loved, the son or daughter you could go back to... so I sang the song, until they shut me up. Later they took them all inside, and, because of singing "subversive" songs, I was left alone out there all night. But I felt a little satisfaction for doing an act of resistance. And later I learned that the comrade who was agonizing in the tower, Cedomil Lausic, had actually died that night.

**T.I.:** There's always a moment, a place, a scene of resistance that's enormously important for a person, regardless they have crumbled later, or they were lying on the floor before, or anything... I remember, for example, when they put us against a wall, they took us all like... they were getting ourselves lost, we were inside the Villa, but they tried to disorient us, and they put us all (four of us) against a wall. That is, execution. And I took my comrades' hands then, I didn't stand still at all, I took their hands firmly. And later, when we arrived to Cuatro Álamos, we were blindfold, I understood we were somewhere else, I took my bandage off and said "hey, take your bandage off, guys, we're not at Villa Grimaldi anymore". And all these things we were punished for later. But all of them were like feelings of strength, that strengthened yourself and the others. Same when they tried to molest me, I left the guy get near me, but when he was very close, I shrieked so loud I'm sure it was heard by the whole tower (I was at the Villa tower). Small things that are extremely important for the rest of the people, for the one that's listening, and for oneself, too. Signs of resistance.

Now we have to think, well, thinking about all these people who never left there, what would have happen to them. It's like the feeling of something unbearable, all these unbearable feelings. It's unbearable not knowing what happened to my loved one, it's unbearable that he's neither dead nor alive. That feeling is a terrible thing, something that people drag, and drag...

You know what? The other day I was talking to a *compañera*, and she told me a very wise thing. She said to me "hey, what's the use?. What's the use these fuckers end up in jail?. What's the use in getting one hundred, two hundred million pesos? ... What's the use?. We don't know what happened to our people!". Now we're going to start to ask the judges for, trials to ask for final destination. That's not a figure at all, but we're preparing trials for final destination already.

Repressive organisms were enormously efficient in that sense, when they disappeared people in the early days. Well, there were lots of witnesses who have been in these detention and torture centers with them, but nobody knew about their whereabouts. Unless... I don't know, some of them ended up at Colonia Dignidad, it was later known, because they always had someone arriving and telling. They were enormously efficient doing that, very few ways of reconstructing the story. And also, by the '80s, what they did, in a tremendously efficient way, too, they laid an ambush and presented it as a clash afterwards. So, two militants they've been keeping eyes on for who knows how long were walking by, and, "bang! bang!", they killed them, and then, an enormous set-up in the news... "yes, a clash down there at..."you name it. And that was the second way of eliminating people and paying no price for it.

**A.M.J.:** I think I've never overcome fear. One thing is getting over it when you're there, them asking you about Tom, Dick, and Harry, and you saying "No, I can't do it, I can't talk, I can't denounce my comrades, for ideological reasons, or matters of the heart, how could I look at their faces again if I betray them". But that doesn't mean you're not afraid at all. You have such a great fear, I can tell you, in my case, for example, it has stayed with me even now. Fear never leaves you at all. Sometimes you feel better, but sometimes I'm home alone, and I start thinking, or hearing a noise and... it scares me so.

**T.I.:** Memories come back, and you start living everything again, in full force. Anyway, my experience is different from Ana María's, for, on the one hand, I stayed only 48 hours at Villa

Grimaldi, and it was terrible, but I stayed just 48 hours there. They couldn't destroy me in 48 hours, not a single bit. But, besides that, I (always) ... my relationship with Villa Grimaldi has to do with my couple's disappearance. So, for example, when Villa Grimaldi was finally opened, well, I cried just like everybody else when ... we all came in crying. But now, when I go visit there, I see his name, or his picture, or for his anniversary, we organize a small act to remember him... so, my relationship with the Villa is a healing one, in the sense that I feel that somebody, apart from me, takes care of paying the corresponding homages. And I get the happiest when kids are jumping around everywhere, for it's always filled with kids. And then I say, wow, well, what else could I offer to my partner. What else but these kids' laughter, to him and all the others. For they are the ones who left. It's like a cemetery, but it's not a cemetery after all. But since they are disappeared detainees, well... it's like he... I mean, when the date he was arrested gets near, I go there, and that comforts me.

**A.M.J.:** Well, women in general... some men, too, but most of the women, 90% of the women, suffered atrocious sexual assaults, multiple... I can't tell. Headed by Mr. Martchenko, Krassnoff Martchenko, Miguel Krassnoff Martchenko...

**T.I.:** A prince, like you could've never told he would have wanted to rape a woman. The cruellest guy you can imagine.

**A.M.J.:** This guy that Labbé paid an homage to. That's Martchenko. I say, for example, women... I wasn't there, I hadn't arrived yet, I arrived on March, and this happened in December, but all the girls who were there on December were taken to a room, and were raped time and again and again by all the guards and officers who felt like doing it. I mean, this was a standard procedure, it wasn't a license taken by the guards there, no, the officers were the ones leading these assaults. So women here had a terrible time. At Grimaldi we were... I mean, we were not raped by dogs, as we went through at Venda Sexy, or other kind of stuff, but it was a tremendously brutal experience this one, of multiple molestation.

**T.I.:** For a long time, after I was at the Villa, for I left Chile, it was all like a... I felt like shielded, like, nothing could happen to me because I couldn't feel anything, I was transformed into a sort of tank, where nothing could ever happen to me. I was totally defended. Nothing called my attention, like I had no feelings whatsoever. I enclosed myself completely. I became a very hard person, a really hard one. For I couldn't get in touch, I mean, every time I tried to get in touch with any of my feelings, I broke down completely.

**A.M.J.:** Filled with scars, I think we survivors are still fighting.