

**Day 5**

**“Quinta pata” (Fifth leg)**

**Who were we?**

I have fond memories of most of those people who came with me to Glasgow on the bus and of those who arrived later. These compatriots came from all over Chile. Some were highly educated people; others like me, were just workers without a trade or a profession who, with the passing of time, went on to study in colleges and universities to become skilled workers and professionals, working today in a variety of fields. The highly educated people who came were university lecturers, teachers, and qualified technicians in different fields, including electronics. Some of those who had had education at university level, after their arrival in Scotland, went straight to study at colleges and universities with bursaries from The World University Service (WUS) or local bursaries. Some of these people become, at a later stage, accomplished professionals working today as teachers in schools or as lecturers in colleges and universities.

The first year in Glasgow was, for all of us Chileans, a period of getting to know each other and although I adapted quickly to my compatriots and my new environment, I noticed that a social class divide was still maintained by some refugees in our exile. Nevertheless, despite our differences we all managed to mix well. I was part of a very interesting group of people who helped me to develop as a person and to mature politically.

I knew Pedro who lived for years in Glasgow. At the moment Pedro works as a blue badge tourist guide in Edinburgh. This is his account about what happened to him at the hand of the Pinochet regime:

**11<sup>th</sup> September 2001 and 11<sup>th</sup> September 1973**

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am writing this letter to express my experience and views about how I overcome long-term atrocities effects. Since the atrocities of Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> September 2001 in America and Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> of September 1973 in Chile, the life of many people in Chile, The USA and the world, have been badly affected.

The atrocities of September the 11<sup>th</sup> in America and the atrocities revealed in 250 lawsuits against General Pinochet, awoke my memories of those years when I was kidnapped, tortured, disappeared and imprisoned for several years by Pinochet's brutal regime of state of terrorism in Chile and abroad

I was one of hundreds of thousands of political victims and to put my experiences very briefly, I was kidnapped by Pinochet's secret police DINA, on the 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1974 because I was the secretary of the Chilean Socialist Party in my town. I was made disappeared, my name was changed and I was kept chained, without food and water for ten days and nights. I was blindfolded at all times and brutally tortured almost every night between 12 and 4am. Their tortures included interrogations with brutal beatings, severe electric shocks, mock executions psychological and moral tortures and several Nazi methods.

I suffered extreme malnutrition, I become very weak, my hands and feet were badly infected around the chains and my health deteriorated. These atrocities, plus the following months and years of injustices, have had long term effects and have badly disrupted and damaged my life.

Under pressure, Pinochet's regime admitted my existence, but they cynically changed and distorted the facts, date and circumstances of the kidnapping, presumable to hide the evidence of those ten days of disappearance, torture and Nazi experiments.

For the following seven days and nights they put me in very small and dark cells, which I called vertical coffins for their shapes and size ( 3ft long, 3 ft wide and 7ft high ). These vertical coffins were very cold, damp, airless and claustrophobic. Later this confinement was repeated twice. I was then put in prison without charge for several months until Nov. 74, when we were taken to Tejas Verdes, the concentration camp and military barracks of the notorious Manuel Contreras Sepúlveda, chief of the secret police, DINA. (Chilean Gestapo)

There, we were abused with psychological torture and brutal violence until 20 minutes before the military tribunal began. Just before the "Pinochet's war tribunal" began, we were intimidated with death threats and beating until bleeding, particularly by the frenzied and sadistic sergeant in command, who managed to send us to the military tribunal frightened, terrified and completely incoherent.

In this terrorising environment, they sentenced me to 15 years in prison, plus other sentences which excluded me of my civil rights for life. In prison, I was beaten and left injured several times, without any medical assistance. My lawyers, Hernan Montealegre, did all he could, but even he was later kidnapped and imprisoned for exercising his legal profession defending political prisoners. This was the justice system of General Pinochet.

I have received professional counselling or support for this and I have been my own counsellor all my life. Now, once again my dormant suffering has been vividly awoken by some military personnel who revealed how some of my friends and thousands of political prisoners-disappeared were tortured and murdered.

Legal trials in Chile revealed some atrocities committed by the military, including taking off the victims eyes with military knives, breaking the victims bodies, bone by bone, murdering or throwing the agonising or death from helicopters to the sea and many other unthinkable methods. All of this has made me to relive my own years of suffering. I am becoming increasingly immersed in my past. I often found myself deep in my thoughts, remembering in great details the atrocities inflicted on me and others. I am constantly tired\_because of the accumulating lack of sleep, disrupted since I was kidnapped and tortured. Under this state, I cannot concentrate in my duties and as result, I make mistakes, increase stress and generate other physiological effects. I can mitigate, overcome or postpone these effects by working and studying, but to effectively heal this, I have to write my memoirs, search for Truth, Justice and Love, internally and externally, and re-establish myself in the society where I live. My message to avoid similar atrocities is to stop all abuses of power and create Effective Justice Systems for all races and beliefs, particularly for the poor and defenceless, so often ignored.

Yours faithfully,

Pedro P. Gajardo. Edinburgh, Scotland. April 2004

### **Which political parties did the Chileans belong to?**

Most people belonged, or said that they belonged, to the parties making up the coalition known in Chile as Unidad Popular (UP): Socialists, Communists, Izquierda Cristiana, Partido Radical (tercer congreso) or Mapu etc. In addition, there were people from the so called ultra left Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria (MIR). A few people did not belong to any particular political party and I was one of them. I belonged to a Catholic Organization called JOC (Juventud Obrera Católica). I never doubted the political sincerity of my friends and I do not think they called into question my social background or my commitment as a political militant. Luis Rodriguez, on the other hand, was a member of the army forces in Chile and served with the Allende and then under the Pinochet regime. He was one of a few who

refused to join the military coup plan and for that reason Luis was arrested and put in prison for 2 ½ years, He went through torture like several Chileans who came as refugees to Glasgow and to other areas of Scotland. *“We were not the one who disrespected and disobeyed the constitution”*

### **How I spent my time in Glasgow**

I spent most of my time studying English at Anniesland College in the company of Tulio Bravo, a rather eccentric and egocentric dental student from Talca and Hugo Alvarez from Chiloe, a former Air Force cadet. I had met them in Lima and we came to Glasgow together from London. It was in Glasgow where I came to know them well. I enjoyed their company very much and with them I formed the first Chilean musical folk group in Britain to support the solidarity work with our country. In fact it was a Chilean, Ivan Hrastré\*, who asked me to form a folk group to carry out solidarity work. The words of Gordon Hutchinson came alive during this period because our group was in great demand to play at political rallies and other cultural activities. Tulio, apart from singing with us, was also a quite charming character who, with his unique sense of humour, helped to maintain the high spirits among our community in Glasgow. I discovered the importance of humour and singing as valuable elements in confronting our first experiences on foreign soil and I would dare to say that, without it, our existence would have surely been poorer. Tulio now lives in Chile and works as a dentist. Hugo played the guitar in our group and still lives in Glasgow with his Scottish family. Hugo has that type of fine human quality that we, the **Santiaguinos**, always associate with those who come from the south of Chile. Hugo had two other brothers who also lived in Glasgow and one of them, Tito, unfortunately died some years ago in that city.

### **By 1975 the Scottish press began to take an interest about the Chileans who continued to arrive in Scotland:**

#### **Daily Record, Thursday, Dec 4, 1975**

The Children had to live on water, some days we ate...some days we didn't  
Grace Franklin talks to the Chilean Refugees in Scotland

If you're worried about the price of bread, spare a thought for Olga Calderon. Between January and September of this year the price of bread in her native Chile went up to 150 times its normal price. Her seven school-age children had to live on hot water and the occasional piece of bread. "some days we ate and some days we had nothing" one of her teenage daughters says simply. All the while, Olga had the additional heartbreak of her husband, Leonadis, being imprisoned. His crime was that he was a trade union official. His sentence was indefinite. One of the hundreds imprisoned in the national stadium, he was reduced to eating potato skins to ward off starvation. For this family at least, there has been a happy ending. Olga, Leonadis and their children are now living safely in Scotland. Three weeks after her arrival, Olga is only just beginning to talk again.

#### **Scotland has given refuge to several Chilean families.**

Near the Calderon's new home in Motherwell are Alberto and Carmen and their four sons and in a tower block in the same district, Micka and Patricia live with their two years old daughter. They all have similar stories to tell. The men have been imprisoned for months on end, sometimes several times. The women have struggled to clothe and feed their children in a country where the political turmoil has left them unbelievably poor. They are still poor. All they could carry in their suitcases.

Ivan Hrastré\*, a lovely man, belonged to a party known as Partido Radical Tercer Congreso, he was married to Marta and had two children, lived in Drumchapel for a while before before moving to Paris and was the President of our Circulo Lautaro

Thanks to organisations such as the Chilean Committee for Human Rights, a charity based in London and the Scottish Chilean Refugees' Committee, they have been found local authority homes. These have been furnished by well-wishers. One woman, whose father has recently died, off-loaded a vanload of household goods such as fridge, television and furniture to one family. Those men who can follow their own trade are being helped to find jobs. Others will attend training courses for new jobs. All these adults are attending classes to learn English, while the children- who are settling well to life in Scotland- are attending special language centres. A bus takes about 20 children from the Motherwell area to Glasgow to a Children's Language Centre. Eventually, when their English is good enough, they will attend local schools.

The women have found that, despite language barriers, the local people have been very helpful. Our next door neighbour has offered to baby-sit for us anytime, and a neighbour downstairs comes up several times a week to visit us," said one of the Chilean women.

"Every one asks 'can we help you?' and 'have you any problems?' It's amazing how kind everyone has been" These families in Scotland may be among the last to be helped in this way. The Committee which has re-settled 240 Chileans here is now going to have great difficulties helping any others.

FOR THE ORGANISATION IN CHILE THROUGH WHICH THEY WORK IS THREATENED WITH CLOSURE BY THE MILITARY JUNTA.

The regime has already jailed priests and social workers as well as a British surgeon and is threatening to close the soup kitchens which stand between thousands of undernourished Children and starvation. Tomorrow, the Scottish Chilean Committee will make public the worsening situation... And ask for families all over Scotland to give them support to carry on.

### **Reports**

By 1974 there were many reports published by organizations dealing with Chile and one of these informative reports was entitled "Life in Chile under the military regime" It cost 20p and was published in November by the Chile Committee for Human Rights. It was written by a representative of the CHCHR on a second visit to Chile.

*"The report was based on documents, newspapers articles, conversations and personal experiences..."*

The contents of this 40-page comprehensive report were:

Physical repression

Unemployment and the economic situation

The situation in the countryside

The health service

Education and Culture

Final Report of the International Commission of Jurists' mission to Chile

Letter from Eugenio Velasco to the President of the Colegio de Abogados

Percentage of students and academics expelled from universities in Chile since the coup d'etat

Circular N0 41 of the Command of Military Institutions

Letter from Head of School to parents

Circular N0 643 from the Departmental Directorate of Private Schools, Santiago

Circular N0 611 from the Departmental Directorate of Private Schools, Santiago

Circular from Camara del Libro

Chile Stadium

### **Racism**

The people of this country and its civic institutions seemed to accept me, and my fellow Chileans, in good spirit for what I was and without any apparent restriction. Although I was never looking for signs of racism towards me, we Chileans could still feel and smell that racism existed in Scotland and we sensed that we could not ignore it as we began to be aware that some fellow Chileans had experienced it in the flesh.

But it was also true to say that racism and social class identification existed in Chile and, in my view, even more strongly than in Scotland.

### **Sentiments**

As a result of these considerations, however, I could very quickly see myself projecting myself into a more prominent future in Scotland. That is to say, I could do in Scotland things that in my own country I could ever have imagined doing. It was clear to me that in this country I could do interesting things with my life, if I was wise. The rest was limited to accepting, in all honesty and wisdom, all the benefits available from the good civic structures and Government institutions available to all the Scottish people. I am glad to say that, with the passing of time, I was able to show the type of person I was: able not only to receive but also willing and capable to give something in return. Yes! Because I wanted to be a good ambassador of the being I am. I can also stress that most Chileans who decided to stay in Scotland after the departure of Pinochet are effectively contributing, with their knowledge and skills, to the progress of this country where we become not only proud tax payers but enthusiastic followers of Scottish football. I become a Partick Thistle supporter and others Chileans become Celtic supporters.

### **My first experiences in Glasgow at the shadow of my mother**

I always felt guilty in relation to my mother. She was old and alone in Santiago, exposed to many unpleasant things and living in an awful “conventillo” in Cueto Street\*. My consolation was that I was working and I could help her with some money on a monthly basis. I was the first Chilean in Glasgow to have been offered a job. I worked for four years in Glasgow (1974-78) in Harshaw Chemicals a very old chemical factory situated in Shettleston Road. I worked here with Peter King, the man who offered me a job as an apprentice draughtsman. Peter was a lovely and gentle Communist man, an engineer and a wonderful singer. This factory used to process iodine which had come all the way from Chile to the place where I was working.

Many friends from my barrio, even a priest, used to pay visits to my mother and for years and years I received from them letters written on my mother’s behalf. Most of them are repetitive and sad letters in which my mother recognised that she was very pleased that I was okay, however, always making sure that I knew how much she was missing me. I also missed her very much! At times these letters were written to me by people I did not know. My own letters were read to her by people I did not know and this caused me and my mother a lot of anxiety.

My mother, who had been an extraordinary step mother, always thanked me for the money I used to send her from Scotland. The dictatorship too was happy because thousands and thousands of Chileans like me were forced to send hard currency to Chile as life there was very hard. But whatever money I could send to Chile from Scotland, my mother and I knew that it was not enough. What we both wanted was to see and to talk face to face. I wanted to touch my mother and kiss her and I, like most Chilean exiles, could do very little about this situation.

\*Cueto Street appeared to be the location of Isabel Allende’s family house which inspired her to write her famous novel *The House of the Spirits*.

### **I fell in love**

I always thought that it had been a wise decision to come to Scotland and to Glasgow in particular. I was, like many Chileans, single and soon I found affection in Glasgow from a Spanish speaking French girl from Cannes who became my girlfriend and, for the first time in my life, I lived with a woman.

We lived very happily together for six months and getting to know Dominique Desfontaine, a very gentle and politically articulate girl, was extremely important for me. She represented affection, love and a psychologically stabilising factor which helped me to control my emotions and my anxieties. Dominique was a French assistant in a Secondary School in Glasgow and eventually went back to France. I was very sad to lose her, but there was nothing I could do to persuade her to stay with me in Scotland. What could I offer her? my love but then, what else?

### **A typical Chilean refugee home in Glasgow in a place called Drumchapel.**

Chileans families were given, as well as a house to live in, all type of furniture by various people and organisations. It was up to them to paint and decorate their home in order to make it a welcoming experience for their visitors. Most homes were kept reasonably clean; however, one had always the impression that Chileans were using their homes only as a transit residence. The decoration was always poor; it was almost as if there was no love for the place in which they were living. My impression was that there was no sense of belonging, which was sad. In retrospect, I think that this negative attitude was understandable because people were looking forward to going back to Chile as soon as possible. *But in those days who was in a position to say when the dictatorship was going to come to an end?* Among the scant decorations one could see on the walls of the Chileans' homes were black and white or colour pictures, etchings, prints or drawings of Salvador Allende, Pablo Neruda, Victor Jara, Violeta Parra. There were also typical craft objects (artesanía) made in brown or black clay. One could see a variety of souvenirs made in copper, embossed with images of some of the people mentioned above or, otherwise, maps of Chile.

One could also see political posters. At a later stage, some colourful patchworks also began to appear on walls. Difficult is to remember the number and who were the families who lived at Drumchapel, perhaps in the region of 20 to 25 people.

### **Robberies**

Unfortunately some families living in Drumchapel began to suffer robberies at the hands of small children who broke into their homes. Sometimes these burglaries involved stealing from the refugees family items which were precious to them in terms of emotional value and, for a refugee, there is nothing worse than to lose treasured belongings in this way.

### **Neighbours**

I shared a flat with Tulio and Moises Silva at Inchfad Drive in Drumchapel. We had wonderful neighbours in the persons of Jack and Theresa and their children. Theresa and Jack were very good friends of Jimmy Reid, who was a jazz lover and the Rector of Glasgow University in the 1970s. It was thanks to him that Manuel Fernandez came to Scotland as refugee. He was the first Chilean to arrive in Glasgow as a refugee. Years ago Manuel and his family left to live in Italy.

### **For us it was a rich period of learning to cope with all types of difficulties.**

When we came to Scotland we had to face unexpected experiences and many difficulties. One of these snags was the English language which in Scotland, and especially in Glasgow, began to display its own cultural intricacies. *How could we know that English intermingled with the Scottish and the Gaelic languages in this fascinating and proud industrial city full of Irish and Gaelic descendants?*

It was bloody hard work to try to reconcile our first English lessons with the colloquial English spoken by many in Glasgow. It was equally hard for all of us to accustom ourselves to the cultural rhythm of a country of which we knew next to nothing. It was very depressing not to be able to speak, understand or write in English at the very moment when we badly needed to speak. There was so much to say and to learn and it was dreadful that we could not do it. A few Chileans in Glasgow could manage to speak and understand English. I was one of those who could not say or understand anything. That happened about 35 years ago and now, after all these years in Scotland, I have the vanity to write to you in the English language, not only about myself but about Chile. (I admit I am proud of being able to do so)

### **Several married couples split up**

I cannot forget that a number of Chileans were suffering great stress, involving deep emotional experiences. Several Chilean families in Glasgow, as in other parts of Scotland, sadly began to split up as a result of so many extraordinary things taking place in their lives. These families had one, two or three children and for them it was difficult to comprehend what was happening. There was, in Drumchapel, a special house only to be used by those men who had separated from their wives since coming to Glasgow. Among our community of exiles this home was called jokingly “la casa de los solteros” (The house of the single men).

### **“Hombres nuevos” (new men) but still macho men!**

How can I forget the problems of Patty, deserted by her husband in Drumchapel with three small children? How can I forget similar situations involving other Chilean women, such as Rebeca in Edinburgh left by her husband, also with three small children? Like these women, many others were abandoned. It was the price to be paid for being in exile. I know well that similar cases were regularly seen throughout Scotland and Britain. We do not know the motives for their separation. I can attempt, however, to speculate in good faith about some of the causes. My speculation deals solely with the idea that Chilean wives resented the fact that their “socialist” or “communist” “compañeros” were in many circumstances bloody “machistas”. In their view, the exiles men were concerned with themselves and focusing exclusively on their political activities, leaving aside, the important domestic responsibilities including such responsibilities of taken care of the children. I remember well that in some quarters some people argued that there was a lack of “comprehension” on the part of some women towards their “political” husbands. It was known that some women in exiles had classed themselves as “apolitical” and their arrival in Scotland came about as a result of their husbands having to leave Chile for political reasons. In this dilemma, many women had no alternative but to follow their husband into exile with their children. These so-called “apolitical women” were, in my view, in extremis loyal to their men and it is sad for me to suggest that some of these “political men” did not match up the type of loyalties shown to them by their “apolitical” wives. I am in a position to say, however, that in those places where I lived (Glasgow and

Edinburgh) some of these “apolitical women” took a very active role in the many local activities related to the solidarity movement with our country. What was very difficult for any woman - “political” or “apolitical” - to accept the behaviour of their husbands / “compañeros” supposed to be “hombres nuevos” (“new men”). The “hombres nuevos”, for some reason behaved in their own homes in Scotland in a rather reactionary fashion. I personally thought that Allende’s socialism not only entailed deep social and economic changes in society but a new outlook on family life. Three years of intense social and political debate, however, were not sufficient enough to get rid of some intransigent attitudes coming from “left-wing politico” men towards their wives / “compañeras”. What Chilean wives in exile, “political” or “apolitical” were able to see was that their “political husbands” had all the freedoms and opportunities to go anywhere: English classes, academic courses, social and political gatherings in Glasgow or London, while they could not. Women were expected to continue to carry on in exile the type of domestic life assigned to them in Chile, which includes taking care of their children without the assistance of their working husbands. In Scotland, their task became more difficult as the social and cultural environment was so different and full of everyday challenges. Women had to fight all type of difficulties in isolation. There was, of course, advisory help available to them from the British people involved in the Solidarity with our country.

What we all knew was that this period was very sensitive for everyone and it was precisely the time for all of us to come together to resolve jointly the new challenges of exile. In many respect we closed rank as a Chilean group. It was, nevertheless, something different in the domestic front as at the time the idea of closing ranks in the family did not occur and regrettably in a moment when it was most needed: Children, for example, were in great need of support in their integration into their school environment, as well as in the playgrounds near their homes. Some women and children in exile had been exposed unwillingly to a new life away from dear relatives and friends. Women, on the other hand, had no relatives or close friends to help them as it was in Chile. Fortunately, the children showed us that in terms of learning the English language they were fast to overcome any communicational difficulty. This was a tremendous relief. In many instances, children become “interpreters” for their parents.

### **What was the cause of the problem?**

The issue was that some women felt abandoned by their men in unfamiliar circumstances, in the middle of nowhere and at times, in a hostile environment. So bad was the situation that some “political” men did not even permit their wives to take English classes. Some, but not all, married men soon began to play the role of Don Juan with local women and this aggravated an already fragile relationship with their - “political” or “apolitical” - wives. *Was it the result of an already fragile family situation in these men’s homes?* I do not know, but what I do know is that there were couples who were both “politically motivated” people and yet some of these people still split up. Why? The must be powerful reasons: women in Chile were, according to local social norms, subjected to economic dependence on their men. At its most basic, women’s role was to be at home and take care of their children and serves their husband as he returned either from work or from his political activities or other social activities such as playing football. Chilean women, however, soon discovered that in Scotland they were in a good position to re-arrange their life style. They soon realised that, in this country, they could perfectly survive without the “economic assistance”

coming from their husbands. They learned that, in this country, they had a good chance of finding jobs while at the same time making arrangements with social work services, nurseries and schools, for the welfare of their kids. This experience of exile was sad for all people involved but for some women, however, it was, in some respects, a liberating experience.

**The story of “la Lola puñales”. (A puñal, in Spanish, is a knife).**

From my period at Drumchapel I well remember a single mother known to all of us as “La Lola puñales”. This nickname was given to her by Tulio Bravo (tulita to us)

Lola was very much part of our folklore in Drumchapel because she was a sort of controversial character in our community of exiles: she not only used to speak to people in vibrant colloquial Spanish-Chilean language but loved to dress in a rather provocative way by any Chilean standard: colourful mini dress, a lot of make up and always proud of showing her breasts, as much as possible, to the general public, especially at party time. There were always all sorts of rumours claiming that Lola was regularly the source of public scandals in Drumchapel and because of this we jokingly compared her to Jacqueline Kennedy, who was always in the news at the time.

Lola had two teenagers: a son and daughter and several suitors prepared to give her everything in return for her love. Among the candidates were several Scottish men, a young Mexican, who was crazy about her, and Moises Silva, my flat mate, a very quiet Chilean. For all these reasons, Lola used to be an easy target of gossip among the refugees in Glasgow. She managed to alienate some women and men and because her behaviour was “*a bit incompatible with the “political spirit” of the rest of the Chileans*”. It seemed to me that some middle class Chileans played the moralist card. What I know about her is that this middle-aged woman was from my barrio in Santiago and had a blonde, blue-eyed husband who, in fact, was known to us in the barrio as el “rucio Acuña”, (the blonde Acuña). I used to play football in the streets with him when I was small boy. Lola’s son was a handsome boy called Mauricio and was the darling of the Drumchapel girls. Besides that, Mauricio was a sort of teenage leader among his friends and to achieve this, he had to win a public contest involving tough Scottish boys and girls, a tree, a target, and a knife. Jeanette, Lola’s daughter, for her part, became an expert in martial arts and later became a teacher. “La lola puñales” eventually moved to London, as did my flat mate Moises Silva, and one day we in Glasgow were shocked to hear of Moises’ death. He had been electrocuted while he was trying to fix a lamp for Lola. (This is the story of Lola and Moises, as I know it).

**David E. Hojman’s optimism (a discussion which deals with two books that he has published in Britain)**

While Salvador Allende was killed for trying hard to build a just society in our country some Chileans academics with connection with Scotland were already trying hard to kill the president, but this time, from an academic point of view. The economist David E. Hojman lived for a while in Glasgow and at one point in his life become Alicia’s partner, a lovely Basque girl, very much involved with the Chilean refugees in Glasgow in 1974. As far as I am aware of, people like David were in no way connected to the community of Chilean exiles in Glasgow or participant of the Chilean Solidarity movement in Scotland.

“Change in the Countryside, *from Pinochet to Aylwin and beyond*”, is a reference book edited by David from the University of Liverpool and published by the Macmillan Press Ltd in 1993.

The book contains many contributions from a number of academics people from different parts of the world including, of course, several Chileans, among them Cristobal Kay\* a rather nice Chilean academic with Glasgow connection and husband of the British Sociologist Diane Kay who wrote a book about exiles Chileans in Glasgow in 1987. I found David’s book timidly hiding inside a card box in a forgotten corner at the old James Thin’s bookstore in Edinburgh. At the shop, Hojman’s book had an original price tag of £45.00, then another tag of £10 and finally a tag of £4.95, which was the price I paid for it. From the paper cover of his book I read:

“The Chilean attempts at transforming agriculture along neo-liberal lines in the 1970s and 1980s were unprecedented in their energy and consistency. Followed as they were by efforts in the 1990s at creating a just and economically dynamic society under conditions of political democracy, by using and perfecting market mechanisms inherited from the previous regime, this experience is unique in the developing world. Other Latin American and Third World nations have much to learn from the successes and the failures of the Chilean experiments.”

The “efforts” which Hojman referred to above were in vain. The “just society” never materialized. Even in the year 2006, the subject is still a matter of concern at government level as, in a country that is supposed to be steadily growing, the gap between the haves and have-nots has widened. In my view, the Chilean “successes” in agriculture go to the exporters of fruits, wine, salmon and raw material. These people are not Chile. Those who run these businesses are the new aristocrats in our country.

I found at James Thin, same card-box, another of David’s academic book:

*“Chile”, the political Economy of Development and Democracy in the 1990s”.*

It had been published by Macmillan in 1993 and printed in Hong Kong (I suppose for cheap labour and good value for money). The book had at James Thin’s book shop an original price tag of £40.00, then reduced to £10.00 and again to £4.95, which was the price I paid for it in Edinburgh. From the paper cover of the book I read:

“In 1990 Chile emerged from almost 17 years of military rule to become the only Latin American country where a democratic regime coexists with free-market policies which actually work. The former head of state, General Pinochet, remained as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Those policy makers who had bitterly attacked his economic strategy became its loyal supporters.”

The democratic regime which Hojman refers above is not the type of democratic regime that we all know in Europe. By 1993, Chile was far from being fair and democratic. At the end of the year 2006, there were issues related to democracy, human rights and freedom of information which were not yet resolved.

(please continue to read day 6.)

\*Cristobal Kay studied at the University of Chile, Oxford and Sussex where he received a Ph.D. He was a fellow of the Centro de Estudios Socio-Economicos(CESO) at the University of Chile 1971-73. After the coup he was a visiting fellow to the Institute of Latin American Studies, University and at present is currently a lecturer in economics in the Department Of International Economics Studies at the same university. (Allende’s Chile, edited by Philip O’Brien, Praeger Publishers, 1976).