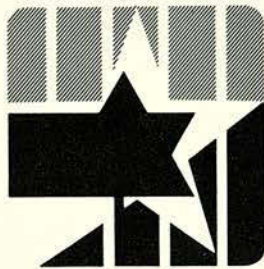


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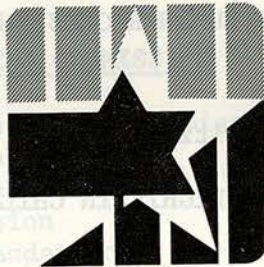
**CANADIAN ENQUIRY  
INTO HUMAN RIGHTS  
IN CHILE**

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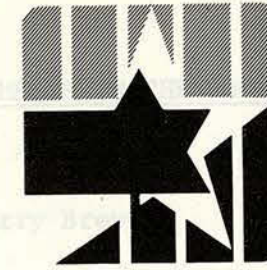
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- A. Julio Cortez
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- C. Osvaldo Figueroa
- D. Elias Reyes
- E. Nolberto Marin
- F. Ernesto Bustos
- G. Ana Gonzalez
- H. Gabriela Bravo
- I. Ulda Ortiz

Former NDP Member of Legislative Assembly for Thompson, Manitoba and former President of Local 7, United Steel Workers of America (Thompson, Manitoba)	
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## INTRODUCTION

The Canadian Enquiry into Human Rights in Chile was organized by a group of Canadians concerned about the violation of human rights in Chile. The Enquiry was subsequently sponsored by a large number of Canadian organizations and individuals identified in an attachment to this document.

It is intended that the findings of the Enquiry Commission, chaired by Elspeth Munro Gardner of Vancouver, will be taken both to the United Nations and to the Canadian delegation which will be present at the General Assembly in November.

Over a period of six hours we heard submissions from nine Chileans, six of whom are now living in Canada (most of them had arrived in the past six months, with two as recently as two weeks), giving us details of their experiences concerning consistent violations of human rights in Chile.

Six of the witnesses were:

Julio Cortez, a university student who was arrested September, 1975. He was released with the last group of officially recognized prisoners from Tres Alamos prison camp in November, 1976.

Elias Reyes, a Christian Democrat and harbour worker. He arrived in Canada on October 2, 1977.

Nolberto Marin, a union leader and municipal worker who was arrested on September 27, 1975. He arrived in Canada on May 15, 1977 with his family.

Carlos Veloso, the father of Carlos Veloso, a 16-year-old student kidnapped and tortured by the DINA. The father was also arrested by the DINA. Father and son reached Canada in July 1977.

Osvaldo Figueroa, one of the three men falsely accused of the young Veloso's kidnapping. He arrived in Canada in late September, 1977.

Ernesto Bustos, industrial school student. He came to Canada directly from prison in October 1977.

In assessing the evidence given to us, we had in mind the generally accepted principles and rules of international law relating to human rights (International Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations, December 16, 1966). In particular, we were concerned with such human rights as the following:

1. the right to life,
2. the prohibition of torture or cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment,
3. the right to liberty and security of person,
4. the right to a fair trial before a competent, independent and impartial tribunal,
5. the right to recognition as a person before the law,
6. the right to free expression of opinion, peaceful assembly and freedom of association,
7. the right to work and to engage in trade union activities,

8. the right to the highest attainable standard of physical and mental health,
9. the right to education.

#### EVIDENCE

From the information given to us by these nine witnesses, it became evident to us that since September 1973, there have been consistent and continuing violations of human rights and liberties in all the forms mentioned on the previous page by the military Junta of General Pinochet. It was clear to the Commission, having heard the evidence of the recent arrivals from Chile, that the situation has not changed substantially, although the Pinochet regime has claimed improvements. Changes, such as the replacement of the DINA with a newly-named agency, are obviously designed to give the appearance of change, while the repression continues unabated.

We were especially concerned to hear the evidence of a number of witnesses concerning the effect of political repression and economic deprivation on the physical and mental health of children. Particularly repulsive was evidence given by Carlos Veloso of the torture of his 16-year-old son, apparently not an unusual practice. Another witness told us of children fainting from hunger. Another referred to the psychological effect on young children of the disappearance of parents, and of the repressive education system. The effect of this on an entire generation cannot be ignored.

From the evidence before us, we believe that the means employed in Chile to suppress its people include:



1. arbitrary arrest,
2. detention incommunicado and without charges or trial,
3. confessions induced by torture on false charges,
4. denial that persons have been detained or are under order of detention,
5. intimidation and harrassment of families and friends,
6. blacklisting from employment,
7. denial of the right to employment,
8. systematic economic repression,
9. complete suppression of trade union activities,
10. denial of the right to an education, even down to the primary level,
11. denial of health service and medical care,
12. ABOVE ALL, the disappearance of persons without any form of charge or official arrest, and the use of torture on a massive scale and in the most brutal fashion, at times with the complicity of members of the medical profession.

One witness produced a list of persons that he knew to have been executed without trial, and a list of some of those responsible for these assassinations.

It is obvious that in many cases the combination of suppression of human liberties amounts to a complete denial of human rights, including the right to life itself.

The Chileans now living in Canada expressed their thanks for having

been able to find homes in this country, but the Commission was disturbed by the evidence of two of the witnesses who are presently living in Canada, that they are being subjected to new harrassment by unknown persons whom they believe to be representatives of the Chilean secret police operating in Canada.

The last three witnesses who testified before us were three of those who organized or participated in the hunger strike in Santiago, Chile, in the offices of CEPAL, a U.N. organization.

Ana Gonzalez told us that her husband, her two sons and her 21-year-old daughter-in-law, pregnant at the time of her detention, were all abducted in April, 1976 and that their whereabouts remain unknown.

Gabriela Bravo, a 27-year-old public health nurse, testified to the disappearance of her husband on June 25, 1975. She told us that her husband, a 32-year-old doctor and psychiatrist, who had been the secretary of the Socialist Youth and a member of Parliament, had disappeared. She had been unable to obtain any information as to his present whereabouts.

Ulda Ortiz testified that her husband was detained in July 1974, and that, along with her two daughters, aged 8 and 16, she lived in uncertainty, anxiety and pain, awaiting word as to whether he was dead or alive.

In all three cases, the women told us that the authorities denied that these persons had been detained, but we were told that in all three cases, there were witnesses to the abductions, and Mrs. Bravo was told



by another prisoner that he had seen her husband in prison and knew that he had been tortured.

All three women told us that they know of hundreds of other persons who have disappeared. They told us, too, that through investigations conducted by many families, information has been gathered from time to time about the whereabouts of various persons, and the tortures to which they have been subjected, despite denials of the authorities that they were ever detained.

The three women from Chile told us that, as a result of the hunger strike, General Pinochet had finally admitted to Kurt Waldheim, Secretary General of the United Nations, that there were indeed persons in Chile whose disappearance could, in fact, be accounted for by the military Junta. He promised that by September 30, 1977, information on the whereabouts of the missing persons would be made available to the United Nations. September 30th has passed, and Pinochet's promise remains unfulfilled. The relatives of the disappeared prisoners in Chile are organized into a group called the Families of Detained and Disappeared People, which is under the protection of the Vicariate of Solidarity of the Catholic Church of Chile.

#### CONCLUSIONS

The warmth and dignity of the presentation of the witnesses, and the obvious pain which they felt, for themselves and for their children, brought to all members of the Commission a sense of the tragedy involved in the wholesale destruction of human values being brought about by the heinous repression of the Pinochet regime against the people of Chile.

It has been suggested in recent months that the DINA no longer operates and that there has been an improvement in the state of human liberties in Chile. Had we been inclined to accept such a view, our last three witnesses made it abundantly clear that repression in Chile continues unabated and has taken a new and terrifying form. The essence of this change is that it is obviously now the policy of the Pinochet regime to deny that persons have been detained or are under order of detention, and thus to disclaim any responsibility for the whereabouts of such persons.

We believe that the evidence we have heard is part of a pattern of gross violations of the human rights of Chilean citizens by the Chilean Junta and its repressive state apparatus. We are also very concerned about the evidence that was presented to the effect that there may be Chilean secret police agents acting to harass Chilean refugees in Canada. We feel that such allegations have been too quickly dismissed by Canadian officials.



RECOMMENDATIONS

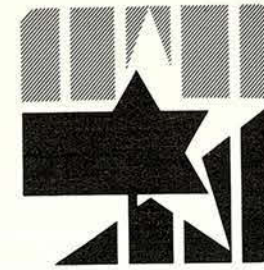
The Commission therefore urges the United Nations to:

1. establish the whereabouts and the fate of the "disappeared" prisoners; and
2. put pressure, by means at its disposal, including the use of sanctions if necessary, to bring an end to the repressive regime in Chile.

The Commission also urges the Canadian government to:

1. give strong support to action by the United Nations;
2. act consistently with the Canadian condemnation of the Pinochet regime in the United Nations, by denying economic or financial assistance to the Junta;
3. investigate the allegations of activities of Chilean secret police agents in Canada; and
4. provide a safe haven for Chilean refugees who wish to come to Canada to escape political repression in their own country.

(signed) Elspeth Munro Gardner  
Chairperson



## CANADIAN ENQUIRY INTO HUMAN RIGHTS IN CHILE

RESOLUTIONS

The following resolutions were prepared by a subcommittee of the Working Committee of the Canadian Enquiry into Human Rights in Chile. They were presented to the delegates of the Enquiry, discussed and adopted unanimously on October 30, 1977.

I. IMPLEMENTATION

In the interests of intensifying the solidarity of all democratic forces, in Canada and internationally, with the anti-fascist struggle of the Chilean people, as well as to emphasize further the demand that the government of Canada support the resolutions adopted by the United Nations organizations for the complete international isolation of the military-fascist dictatorship in Chile;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the delegates from the Canadian Enquiry into Human Rights in Chile directs that the Report from the Commission shall, during the week of October 31 - November 5, 1977, be formally presented to Prime Minister Pierre E. Trudeau and to External Affairs Minister Donald Jamieson.

FURTHER, that on or about November 10th next, the Enquiry Commission Report be submitted formally to the 32nd General Assembly of the United Nations, and that its Report and the resolutions be disseminated for the purpose of securing widespread public support. This Report and resolutions shall also be forwarded to national solidarity committees throughout the world.



## II. CANADIAN COMPLICITY

WHEREAS Chile's repressive military Junta requires foreign support in order to continue its dictatorial rule, including widespread and systematic violations of human rights by, for example, arbitrary imprisonment, kidnappings, large scale physical and psychological torture, intended to buttress the regime by terrorizing the Chilean people; and

WHEREAS complicity of the Canadian government was clearly established by the unseemly haste with which it granted diplomatic recognition to the fascist Pinochet regime within days of the violent overthrow of the democratically-elected Popular Unity government of Salvador Allende, as well as by its continuing refusal to entertain any idea of either political or economic sanctions against this fascist regime; and

WHEREAS firms based in Canada, including Noranda Mines, and Falconbridge Nickel Mines have contracted in summer 1977 with the Chilean military Junta and its agencies to make investments in copper which, when completed, could total close to one billion dollars; and

WHEREAS an investment of funds in Chile will require the investing corporations to work within the repressive Chilean labour code and attendant practices of blacklisting and arbitrary dismissal, thus making the company an accomplice in the denial of basic workers' rights; and

WHEREAS such investments, to become effective, will require the financial support of Canadian government agencies or multilateral aid and credit from agencies in which Canada is a member; and

WHEREAS Canadian workers and their communities are presently suffering enormous set-backs because of the practice of Canadian-based corporations taking advantage of repressive overseas governments, tax concessions and low wages to transfer production out of Canada, and the collaboration of the Canadian government in facilitating this transfer;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that this assembly support fully the campaign to stop private investment in Chile until human rights and democratic liberties are restored; and

THAT this assembly call for the immediate restoration of full trade union rights, the release of all imprisoned trade union leaders and members and the restoration of trade union organizations, collective bargaining and a free judicial system in Chile; and

THAT this assembly, its participants and participating organizations take action to press the firms involved -- Noranda Mines Ltd., Falconbridge Nickel Mines Ltd., and its partners McIntyre Mines and Superior Oil Ltd. -- to refuse to implement contracts with the Chilean military junta for joint ventures in Chile until human rights and democratic liberties are restored; and

THAT this assembly make known to the Canadian government and its agencies, including the Export Development Corporation and CIDA, its opposition to the granting of any Canadian financial assistance, credits or insurance, and its opposition to the granting of any multilateral financial assistance through the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank or similar agency, to Canadian firms seeking to invest in Chile or to the Chilean military Junta or its agencies until such time as human rights and democratic liberties have been restored in Chile, and that it urge its participants and participating organizations to do likewise; and

THAT this assembly urge Canadians to examine the holdings of their banks, pension funds, universities and professional associations, as well as their personal stock-holdings, if any, in order that all shareholders are challenged to join in the protest against the use of Canadian funds to assist the investment agenda of the Chilean military Junta; and

THAT this assembly support and encourage the full discussion and movement to action in support of the campaign to stop Canadian investment in Chile in our union, community, educational and religious organizations.

## III. GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF THE THREE CHILEAN WOMEN

WHEREAS three heroic women, Ana Gonzalez, Gabriela Bravo and Ulda Ortiz, representing the families of the 2,500 "missing persons" who are demanding information about the fate and whereabouts of close relatives kidnapped by the Junta, have spoken to us about the concrete activities of the Junta in these kidnappings, and of the anguish suffered by the families of the "disappeared"; and

WHEREAS these three women will be returning to Chile in the middle of November,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that we extend to them, and call upon all agencies and individuals to do likewise, our fullest support and assure them of our unremitting efforts to force the Junta to liberate their "disappeared" relatives and all other political prisoners; and

THAT we demand that the Honourable Donald Jamieson, Minister of External Affairs take whatever measures necessary with the Chilean government to guarantee the safety of these three Chilean women.

## IV. POLITICAL PRISONER PROGRAMME

WHEREAS Chilean and international human rights bodies continue to report the holding of many political prisoners in Chile; and



WHEREAS the Chilean Junta attempts to conceal that it holds political prisoners by calling them "common criminals" while sentencing them to jail sentences of up to life imprisonment based on kangaroo courts and "confessions" extracted under torture; and

WHEREAS among these political prisoners there are 95 individuals and heads of families who have been interviewed, selected and visaed for Canada; and

WHEREAS the Chilean Junta continues to block their exit from Chile by refusing them the decree 504 granting them permission to leave,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that this assembly calls on the Chilean military Junta to immediately grant the 95 political prisoners visaed for Canada permission to leave Chile; and

THAT this assembly asks its participants and participating organizations to call on the Chilean military Junta and its embassy in Ottawa to immediately grant the 95 political prisoners visaed for Canada permission to leave Chile; and

THAT this assembly calls on the Canadian government to use its influence to press the Junta to release these 95 to Canada.

#### V. CALL TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA

The Canadian Enquiry into Human Rights in Chile, meeting in Toronto October 29/30, 1977, having heard the direct testimony of Chilean witnesses establishing the cruel and systematic deprivations of human rights at the hands of the fascist dictatorship of the Pinochet Junta,

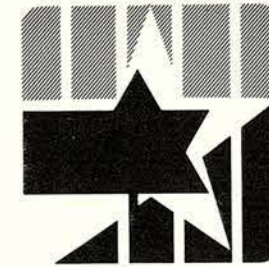
CALLS on democratic Canadians in all walks of life to express their support of the Chilean people's struggle to restore democracy in their country.

This support can and should take the forms of active support and furtherance of the following principal demands:

FOR AN END to the fascist terror in Chile, the immediate disclosure by the Junta of the fate and whereabouts of the more than 2,500 "missing persons", the restoration of freedom to them and all other political prisoners;

FOR AN END to the complicity, open and covert, of the Canadian government, Canadian representatives on the World Bank, Canadian financial institutions and corporations with the fascist Pinochet regime; and

FOR THE FULL AND ACTIVE SUPPORT by the Canadian government of the United Nations resolutions that call for the complete isolation -- economic, military and diplomatic -- of the military fascist Junta in Chile.



## CANADIAN ENQUIRY INTO HUMAN RIGHTS IN CHILE

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 Amnesty International, Group 2, Calgary  
 Amnesty International, Group 15, Halifax  
 Association Coopérative d'Economie Familiale, Montréal  
 Association des Travailleurs Grecs, Montréal  
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 Walter Pitman, President, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, Toronto  
 Harry Rankin, Alderman, Vancouver  
 Richard Renshaw, Roman Catholic Priest, Toronto  
 Carmen Rindeau, Carrefour de Solidarité Internationale, Sherbrooke  
 Art Riseley, Director of Ontario Region, C.U.P.E.  
 Louis Romero, Professor, Law, University of Saskatchewan  
 Elliot Rose, Professor, History, University of Toronto

John Terrance Ross, Professor, Political Science, Algoma College  
 Ron Ruth, Political Education Committee, Saskatchewan Federation of Labour  
 Vicente Saleiros, Professor, Social Services, Laval University  
 S.P. Sharma, Professor, Pres. Canadian Institute of Internat. Affairs, U. of Regina  
 M. Shinbrot, Professor, Mathematics, University of Victoria  
 Frank Showler, Toronto  
 Edouard Sloan, Président, Conseil Québécois de la Paix  
 Eleanor Smollett, Professor, Anthropology, University of Regina  
 Peter Smollett, Professor, Social Studies, University of Regina  
 Malcolm Spencer, Minister, Grace United Church, Meadowlark, Sask.  
 James Steele, Professor, English, Carlton University  
 Fletcher Stewart, Minister, St. George's Anglican Church, Chaplain, U. of Alberta  
 Louise Swift, President, S.T.O.P. (Save Tomorrow, Oppose Pollution), Edmonton  
 Cyril Symes, Member of Parliament, NDP Sault Ste. Marie  
 George Taylor, Lawyer, Alderman, Saskatoon  
 Jacquelin Télémague, Carrefour International, Montréal  
 Nels Thibeault, President, Manitoba Federation of Labour  
 Douglas Tottle, Editor, USWA "The Challenger", Winnipeg  
 Jim Turk, President, NDP Ontario  
 Rennie Warburton, Professor, Sociology, University of Victoria  
 R.C. Wild, Minister, St. Francis Church, West Vancouver  
 C. (Bud) Wildman, M.P.P. NDP, Algoma  
 Lois Wilson, Minister, President of Canadian Council of Churches  
 Robert Wright, Minister, United Church, Welland  
 Mel Zimmerman, Professor, French, York University  
 Jacques Zylberbere, Professor, Political Science, Laval University

Working Committee Chairman: Val Bjarnason, National Director of Organization  
 United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers  
 Executive Secretary: Florrie Snow Chacon  
 Coordinator: Katie McGovern



JULIO CORTEZ

To begin my declaration, I will make a brief summary of my experiences as a prisoner of the DINA, the intelligence service of the Chilean military junta. I think it would be better to do this first, before answering questions from members of the Commission or from those who are present as delegates.

I was arrested in September, 1975, in the public street, by about 16 agents of the Directorate of National Intelligence, who had five or six cars. I was savagely beaten there, in the street, handcuffed, and my feet chained. Then I was taken to the Villa Grimaldi, a very well-known place. There I was beaten for three or four hours on all parts of my body by five or six persons, while remaining tied hand and foot. After that I was placed on what they call the "parilla". This is a type of bed on which a person is placed naked, with hands and feet tied. After that, they used electric current on all parts of my body. They attached one cable to my testicles and others to my hands, feet, head, neck -- to all parts of my body. I don't remember the time, but I would say I was tortured for a period of time from 9:00 p.m. to 7:30 in the morning without any remission. There were various tortures.

The first was the "parilla". After that they took me and hanged me by the wrists tied behind my back, and also in this position, they again used electric current -- to the feet, the anus, to all parts of my body. After that they let me down and tied me to the "caballete". In this position, I was subjected to blows and to electric current--primarily it was electric current.

After that I was returned to the "parilla". This was from 9 o'clock to 8:30 at night, varying the types of torture, from the "parilla" to various ways of hanging. I was also examined twice by doctors -- doctors of the DINA -- who told me they were not so much concerned about my health, but concerned whether I was ready to talk. The problem for them was that I should not die because they wanted me to talk to implicate my friends or some other persons. I was taken twice before doctors, but I was always blindfolded and could not identify anybody. After all this, I was taken to Cuatro Alamos. This is the place where the DINA holds incommunicado those prisoners who have been tortured. Generally in Cuatro Alamos they do not torture, but I heard cries and tortures in Cuatro Alamos, but this is not usual. Generally in Cuatro Alamos they do not torture. It is a place where people are kept incommunicado and where the food is uneatable and the treatment is very bad. I was in a cell, alone, for a month, incommunicado for a month, and then with other people.

In all I was three months in Cuatro Alamos. On three occasions I was punished by kicks and blows, for -- according to them -- misconduct. I lost ten kilos in weight. After the three months I was moved to a detention camp, Tres Alamos.

There I met Commander Pacheco, colonel of the Carabineros (uniformed police), a man I had never seen before. I had never before seen a man so vile in the manner he treated us, and also the women prisoners. He treated us like vagrants or homosexuals or thieves, and the women like prostitutes, all of them. Fortunately, and it was a matter of luck because at this time a series of events were taking place internationally against the junta and in defence of human rights, and also the coming meeting of the Organization of American States, there was a change in the system of imprisonment. We were given

"guarantees". The food was improved. In a few days we actually got eggs and rice at times.

We could see the reflection of what was going on in the international sphere and in the Organization of American States. However, the punishments did not stop for me. One of them was because of the distribution we made when one of our comrades was going to Holland, to exile. We made a distribution and for this we were punished -- about 50 people, including me. We had to work without shirt or shoes in the blazing sun on rocky and thorny ground, which made the heels and feet bleed. We had to make a little pasture. This was from eight in the morning to half past one in the afternoon.

I must also relate how the Pinochet violators treated comrade Arturo -- Victor Arturo. He was constantly harrassed by the soldiers. In this case he was beaten and placed in something which we called the "truso". This is a punishment cell with water on the floor three or four centimetres deep, so that one could not sleep and one's feet were in the water. There he was on special rations. He was constantly being punished and put in this cell because he was well-known to the junta.

After that I was moved in 1976, July, to camp Puch-uncavi. There the camp was controlled and directed by the Marines. The treatment was somewhat similar. The food was a little better. We ate beans every day, nothing else. In these last days I felt better because there had been a lot of pressure in the international field, where people were very worried about our situation. Also at this time came the period of the liberation program, which culminated in my own liberation. I was one of the last prisoners in the concentration camps -- I mean the known concentration camps, the public ones.

CARLOS VELOSO

Carlos Veloso is the ex-president of the Plastic Workers Union of Chile, a member of the Christian Democratic Party, a married man with six children.

CARLOS VELOSO

Before starting with a statement about my own position I would like to thank you, members of this Commission, for your concern with the situation of my people in Chile and your preoccupation with the fact that a country which had a tradition of democracy for many, many years has lost it and is under a military regime that is openly Fascist.

My personal case is this. I am a member of the Plastic Workers Union, and a former president. I am concerned both directly and indirectly in this story. I can tell you about the hyenas, the brutes of the DINA. I came to know a little of their methods. Their pressures were not directly against me but against the person of my oldest son, who is 16 years old.

This boy was abducted the second of May of this year after some of the leaders had written a document which we presented to the government, demanding minimum guarantees for the exercise of our union responsibilities and duties. In those days, because I was without work due to unemployment, I was helping out in the Cardin Foundation, which is an institution for workers, under the direction of the State of Santiago and of the Catholic Church of Chile.

The boy was abducted at four in the afternoon, the second day of May this year. He was taken into a car of the sort used by police. He was blindfolded and taken to a place



he didn't recognize, since he was blindfolded. During the whole time he was kept like that. He says they put him at a desk, and began to ask him questions about my activities, what connection I had with certain organizations. They asked him questions to find out if I had taken part in any actions of the people, or if he had heard in the house that I had taken part in any anti-government action. My boy replied that he knew nothing about my activities because I didn't talk about them in the house.

With this reply, they began to torture him. He was hit by several people, violently in the face. They kept on asking him questions, and they put electric cables in between his toes, and in between his fingers, beneath his tongue. They put electrodes to his temples, all the while asking him questions, interrogating him about my activities, saying that he must know something, that he was my oldest son, that he must have seen something in my office during working hours or when accompanying me to some activities, or one of the many political union meetings there were in the country. He could not remember, because he lost his concept of time, how long he was tortured.

He remembered that someone gave him an injection and he began to have the feeling he was flying through the air. He knew they were hitting him but he didn't feel it. He remembered that they took him to an adjoining room, always blindfolded and accompanied by two persons.

He said, 'In this room they made me enter, they took off my blindfold and I saw somebody lying on the floor. I saw him there by the light of their lamps. He was bleeding profusely and I thought he was dead.' And they said this would be what would happen to him if he did not tell them about the activities I was taking part in against the government. The tortures continued with questions, until they realized that he knew nothing about my activities and he could be of no help to them. He was put into a car and thrown out ten or fifteen blocks from the house of the mother of my wife where we were staying at that time. There he found somebody, told them who he was, and asked them to help him find the house of his grandmother, and that he had been assaulted. He arrived at the house, bleeding, his clothes covered in blood, showing signs of having been drugged, and repeating 'I didn't say anything, father, I didn't say anything.'

In this situation, we were somewhat frightened and when he had recovered a little after drinking some water and a tranquilizer that we gave him, I talked with him. He told me everything that had happened to him, and I began to think that it must have something to do with the military intelligence known as the DINA.

We were worried and we didn't take the boy to a doctor because of fear, fear that it would be found out that he had told us everything about what happened. And we were frightened about repercussions. We only made contact with the Parish Priest of the Church where my mother-in-law lived. The following day, we went to register a notice of Habeas Corpus on behalf of my son and my family and myself, and we presented ourselves to one of the Tribunals of Petty Crimes in Santiago, with all the details which my son had told us.

The same day, the day we had sought a notice of Habeas Corpus, two men who identified themselves as members of the military intelligence service arrived in the night. This is a regular organization of the military which apparently has nothing to do with the repressive apparatus which is known as the

DINA which is directly controlled by the junta's president, Pinochet. They told us they had been informed of the abduction of my son, and they assured me that they had not been responsible for it. They said they had nothing against him and that they had been given the express task, by the Ministry of the Interior, to carry out an investigation into our case to discover who was behind it.

After that, my son was taken to the Vicariate where he told them everything that had happened to him, all the tortures he had suffered, and was then taken back to our house.

The visit of the officials who identified themselves as members of the military intelligence continued. The second day they took us, my son and I, to make a declaration. We were blindfolded and I do not know where we were taken, but from what I heard later, and from conversations with others, I think it was the famous Villa Grimaldi, the DINA torture centre. We were again interrogated about what happened, and the questioning began to centre on the activities of my Party against the Chilean junta, trying to induce me to believe that those who had acted against my son were extreme elements of Marxist tendencies and they had acted against me out of vengeance because I was a militant member of the Christian Democratic Party.

This type of interrogation continued through Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, during which they made my son repeat time and time again his version of what happened during the day of his abduction. Saturday of the same week, the officials again came to my house, asking us please to accompany them. They said they had some clue and they wanted to show me some photographs so that we could identify somebody. I agreed and was taken by car, though I cannot say how or where. They asked me questions about my activities, such as what the Christian Democratic Party was doing as regards the junta. They told me I had a duty to authorize my son to go to the Investigation Centre. The Chilean civil police had recognized a photograph that they would show us.

I replied that there was no inconvenience, that I would call my wife -- we had an unlisted number -- and told my wife to authorize my son to accompany them.

At night, when I returned home more or less at 2 a.m., my son told me that they had taken him to a room alone, accompanied by a man with a gun, and they showed him a note that said: 'Señores of the Military Intelligence, I must talk privately with you.' And they made him sign it.

He said they told him he had to sign a declaration in which he identified his abductors as top union leaders, some of them Christian Democrats and others who belonged to the Popular Unity in Chile, and who had posts as leaders, and those who were in union leadership positions in my country. Since my son refused to sign this declaration, they showed him instead a list of five Christian Democrat members who supposedly had carried out an act of vengeance against me because I was involved in activities of the Vicariate of Solidarity in Chile and activities of the Cardin Foundation in union matters. And the apparent chief who directed the group, who had tortured the boy, was the president -- we carried out our activities clandestinely -- of the Christian Democrat Party, Andres Salivar.

Recognizing what they were trying to do, the boy refused and did not sign. They told him I was collaborating with them, that I was giving them all the information and that I had



signed the documents. The boy asked them to show him my signature and that if he saw my signature, he would sign too. On Sunday, after telling me all this, we both were taken to the Investigation Centre, blindfolded. My son was taken to the second floor, and I was left on the ground floor with a guard who kept a gun on me, a machine gun or pistol, I'm not sure what type of weapon because he was behind me. I was very nervous.

I heard, from the floor above, conversations between my son and some other people. Then he was brought down and they said, "Your son is mad. He is lying and inventing stories. He says it was leaders of the Christian Democrats that abducted him, that there is a group of leaders from unions that is mixed up in this and that they are acting against you."

They left me with him. I asked my son to tell me the whole truth about things because he was creating problems for us. He was also creating problems for other people. He was creating many problems. Either he was lying or he was saying things under threat and he should say if he was being tortured. My son told me he would tell me the truth.

They put us in an adjoining room and we were there about half an hour and when we were alone he told me he was going to tell me the truth. "Those who were acting on me were three men who live in the neighbourhood where we live. They were three former popular leaders of the Popular Unity, who abducted me and did everything that was described. I did not tell you about it because I was threatened with death."

All of this version of the story was recorded and they made us both sign the declaration in which the identity of the presumed abductors of my son were given, and they took us, it was about 4 a.m., to another place. It must have been to another of the houses which the DINA has in Chile, for they have many of them, where they interrogate and torture. They left us here to rest because we were tired. The boy was taken to a doctor.

He was away about two hours, which worried me, and I asked some woman where he was and I was told that the doctor was looking after him and that he was resting because he had had a difficult day. When he returned, my son was accompanied by a person, armed, and he was very, very nervous.

Later when there was another chance, my son told me, "Father, they tried to hypnotize me, and they want to kill me. I heard very clearly they want to kill us because they have all the declarations ready and they want to blame the Marxists for our death. They are going to say that leftist commandoes killed us, and they are going to take our bodies and throw them on the street."

Because of this situation I got very nervous and then I got an idea. I asked them to talk to my wife on the phone, to tell her why I was not coming home that night. That was what I said to the armed woman who was guarding me. They gave me a phone. I was not sure if it was a real phone or just an internal communication phone. I made sure it was really my wife who was answering me on the phone. When I was sure it was my wife I screamed hysterically to her, "I'm detained by the DINA." "We have problems. Please make a denouncement if we don't come back." This provoked the anger of two people who were close to me. One of them put his gun in front of me, and the other one put another gun at my back. Still the woman hit me on the face and took the phone away. She said to me, 'you are just making the security of this house in danger. So now we are going to kill you and your son.'

With this threat I tried to explain myself to her, telling her that I was very nervous. I tried to excuse myself in front of her again, but what I said to my wife was very liberated, because I wanted her to tell people that we were in trouble.

So the woman told me she was going to call her chief. I talked to the chief and I can't identify him, because I don't know who he is. He said, 'What's wrong with you? You are just making the security of this house unsafe. But to make you more comfortable, we are going to transport you to your house, but you are going to be under surveillance there.'

That same day, Sunday, the week that all the facts were happening, and very early Monday morning, we were transported to our home. Since that time, for twenty-two days, my wife, me and my six children were detained under a regime of permanent watch with armed people, inside of our home. This is what they call a protection system. Protection for our family from possible extremist attempts. During 22 days, while the public opinion because of newspapers began to know of a number of detentions of neighbourhood leaders, a disappearance of a lawyer occurred. But he re-appeared later on and now he is living in another country. He also declared he was detained by the DINA. The lawyer's name is (sounds like on tape recording) Edio Doren. It was a very famous case. A number of neighbours also were named.

Meanwhile we could talk to nobody. We could not use the phone, and we could not receive any visits from any relatives. One day the Bishop Alvear came to our home. He spoke a few words to me. He realized the situation my family and I were going through. My children couldn't go to school anymore because they were detained inside the house. The clergyman presented a Habeas Corpus in favour of our family because the situation was absolutely illegal we were going through. But the situation was qualified as a regimen of protection by the Pinochet people.

Later on, another bishop, Fr. Balish, a member of the Episcopal Committee of the Catholic Church of Chile, came to the house but they wouldn't let him talk to me. About 22 or 23 days later, at the end of the month of May, they told me they had programmed a press conference in which we should say to the public the true facts of what had happened with my son, and what they had on tape recordings, which said that the three people who were blamed were really the ones guilty of the kidnap and the torture of my son. We had to give this interview to the press. They invited all the media people -- of course it was the mass communication following and controlled by the government. Secretly I managed to send a scrap of paper to a friend saying please call some other reporters who are not so faithful to the government, who are at least a little independent from the government, or I could even say in a position of opposition. That is the case of the Chilena radio, which is the radio of the Catholic Church in my country, it is critical of the government. So I wanted to get some other reporters to whom I could tell what we were going through.

The newspaper people came. The police gave me a text of everything I should say to the journalists. In front of the reporters all the people who were our permanent guards at my home were watching me and listening to me at the press conference. They tried to publish this report in other countries, and this was coincident with a meeting in Grenada, a meeting of the OEA, in which human rights in Chile were discussed, along with other matters. It was a show to demonstrate there was terrorism in



Chile, that all the repression system in Chile was justified -- this was to manipulate public opinion. Fortunately, there was a newspaper which published my actual situation, and began to make a lot of doubt. With the help of the pressure of the church, and the pressure of some other important persons -- ex-congress people of my former party -- with the pressure of all these things before the government, the regimen of protection was relieved.

The guards left. But, I had to stay about a week without establishing contact with anybody, because I was controlled from the outside. Cars passed all the time watching my home. Once one of the men came to me and said, "Mr. Veloso, your case is passing to the Military Justice. The DINA is asking for the death penalty for the guilty ones (the three people detained). So you have to go to the tribune when you are called to sustain your declaration, and I have an offer for you. I know you have sent your application to be an immigrant in Canada, and we think you can have problems in Canada. Because of this situation, the leftists could give you a hard time in Canada. We offer you the possibility to change your identity and the identity of your family. We can transport you to a friendly country where you won't have any problems."

So I told him I had nothing to be afraid of. I had acted honestly and cleanly, the very conscience of everything that was happening, therefore I was asking for permission to continue my application for travelling to Canada, and to go to the Canadian Embassy to complete my papers. The Canadian Embassy had approved my visa and the flight was tentatively booked for May 5, 1977. It was the same time all these things happened.

Waiting for the call of the military tribunal which came the next week, I tried to communicate with no one. I just went to the Canadian Embassy pretending to be working on my papers, and I made a secret declaration in front of the first secretary of the Embassy, Mr. Jack Drapeau, telling all the truth and asking him to keep it a private document in case something happened to us. I left him with special permission to use this information if something happened to us -- to the Catholic Church and for public national opinion.

I continued working on my papers. That Saturday I got in contact with Monseigneur Balish by telephone, and we agreed that Sunday we would meet and I would declare to him all the truth of the situation.

Meanwhile, they had detained one of the employees of the Archbishopric of Santiago, and another person who was a neighbour of mine, a member of the Catholic community in our area, so, there were five people connected with the kidnap, torture and rape of my son.

Before my son was transported to the military tribunal, he was taken to military hospital for a medical examination in Santiago. He said he went there and a man came, accompanied by four policemen in uniform, who I imagine from the pictures I could see, was the famous General Contreras, Commander-in-Chief of the DINA, who took my son inside. They let me out, and he took my son to a doctor, and Mr. Contreras dictated to the doctor the diagnosis for my son.

The statement said my son presented evidence of torture, that his hands had been burned by cigarettes, and this was confirmed by the DINA agents' evidence, and that he showed visible evidence of the rape. All this without even taking a look at the boy. Further on in the declaration, he asked that

for these crimes, the DINA ask the penalty of eighty years imprisonment, or death, for the delinquents. This was told to me by the DINA employee. You will understand that the image created to the public in front of all these huge displays of publicity for these incidents, made me very dubious. I had serious doubts about any and every person that approached me. This is very understandable if you go through what most prisoners have experienced under the dictatorship.

So, I was very undecided, to collaborate or not to collaborate with anybody at that time. We couldn't get in touch with anybody. Nobody would look at us, and that, in a way, was good, because we had time to try to find an alternative for us to seek the right time to tell the truth. We received a summons to appear. On Monday, my wife and I went to a military tribunal and we told him my son was ill and could not come because of a medical prescription. We asked if we could come on Wednesday, because on Tuesday I had to go to get papers for identification for my passport for Canada. I knew my visa had been approved. The tribunal agreed with this request to come on Wednesday.

On Tuesday morning at seven o'clock, we went to the Archbishopric to present a declaration to the public notary. On these 38 pages, we told everything that had happened to my son and us up to that time. With all the psychological Pressure put on the boy, and telling him we were all going to be killed if we didn't agree with them and all he had been told to say, he was told that he had to blame those people who had been accused of the torture.

The DINA agents were not convinced themselves that well-known union leaders could be involved in this action. They tried to change things around to improve the show they had set up because this case had provoked very strong response from the public, since it was the first time a juvenile had been tortured.

Because this case became so important and caused so much indignation with the public and the Church, they had to continue with the show, which they used to present cases where terrorist actions and bomb attacks were happening and they would blame the five prisoners for it. We finished with the declaration, and after signing it, I asked him to give all the copies to the Cardinal, so he would use them at any time he would estimate convenient, and so that these copies would also be presented to the Supreme Court.

On Wednesday, we went to the tribunal to tell him the truth and to ratify to him that all the declarations that had been made in the press and the declarations of my son had been made under pressure; that all the documents we had signed were done so under pressure; and that the real truth was that members of their intelligence services had tortured my son. All these declarations were made verbally to the tribunal.

All this caused extreme agitation, because everybody expected us to ratify the declarations we had made to the press before. Since we did not ratify the declarations made to the DINA they could not proceed to execute the five prisoners as previously expected. All they were waiting for was for my son to say that those people were the ones who had tortured him.

This changed things very abruptly, and they even called a very high ranked official, whom I believe is Attorney-General of the military tribunal.



After he listened to the new declarations, the process began to go very, very slowly. That night at ten-thirty, the secretary of the tribunal told my son, 'you and your family had better leave this country very soon, because the DINA is going to kill you all. Leave this country.' My son was very worried, but we all had to sleep in different places in Santiago, including the house of the first secretary of the Canadian Embassy. We were called to the Legal American Institute to write a final examination. Fortunately, we did not arrive on time and we did not have the examination. Later on, we learned that they had a special plan for us that day.

Once we had finished with all the declarations, we began to prepare our trip, but the same Saturday we were supposed to leave the country we were told that we had to make new declarations. We were told that we had to ratify all the declarations before a special minister of the supreme court, who was now in charge of this case. This was going to be at 8 in the morning June 18th. At 7 o'clock that morning my son and I were detained at the church and taken to the offices of the civilian police of the second military tribunal of the country. Fortunately a neighbour saw our detention, which was made with an unusually large number of police with machine guns and other guns, and around seven or eight police cars. We were treated as common delinquents along with Father Santiago Marchal, who was the minister of the church where we were staying. The neighbours phoned the Vicariate-- or to the Bishop of the area, I don't know whatever happened--but the minister of the supreme court immediately came to the offices of the civilian police. We ratified all our declarations, while the DINA agents were openly talking to the civilian police officials, trying to get permission to take us to the military tribunal. As soon as we finished the declarations, we were taken to the military tribunal. After we were declared incommunicado, we were interrogated by the tribunal. At around noon, they took my son and they locked him up in a room, and I was taken somewhere else until two DINA agents and two plain soldiers arrived.

They began to punish me, and they asked me to sign a declaration that was already written. On this paper, I had to say that all I had signed and declared to the minister of the supreme court and to the Archbishop was not true, and that I was under pressure from the Church. And that the people that were detained were in reality the torturers of my son. For half an hour they punished me, trying to convince me to sign. They kicked and hit me, and applied electric shocks for about 20 to 30 minutes. Then because I was still firm on my position, they took me back to the tribunal and I was declared free, but my son remained detained but not incommunicado. So that night I was taken into a refuge, and I convinced my wife that she should leave the country and go to Canada with all my other children, so that at least my son and I could feel a bit more secure knowing that they were outside the country and that they were all right.

That Saturday night my boy was again visited by the DINA agents, who again brutally beat and tortured him, trying to convince him to sign the document that was so vital to them. They told him that they were especially worried because we were declaring to the military tribunal the same thing that we declared to the church, so that the military people will know what the DINA was doing. He was tortured Saturday and Sunday with the same methods they had used before. Although they knew that my son had ulcers, they fed him beans with hot sauce. This induced hemorrhage, then they injected him with anti-coagulants, and continued with the torture. On Monday, he was

taken to declare to the tribunal. He couldn't communicate with us, and he couldn't tell us what was going on. He didn't say anything to the tribunal because at that time he just didn't trust anybody. He thought everyone around him was a member of the DINA. On Monday, something very strange happened. He was taken by the secretary of the military tribunal to the legal medical centre. When they were in the car, the tribunal came down and told his secretary to stay, and that he was going to take him. When they arrived there and they went in, a doctor approached him and said, 'Mr. Secretary, I have the diagnosis they have asked me for ready.' The tribunal said, 'What diagnosis?' The doctor replied, 'You know, the one you asked me for.' Do you know who I am? I am the tribunal.' 'Oh. But the secretary of the military tribunal came and asked me to write this diagnosis', saying that my son had been raped and that he had first degree wounds. With this certification from this kind of institution, it would appear to the public that we were lying. Happily, the tribunal reacted favourably and he threatened the doctor so that he had to make a new diagnosis and really examine my son.

The day before this examination, and excuse me for going into these details, they had introduced a broom handle into the anus of my son, so that he would appear to have the signs of rape. But my son explained this to the doctor, and upon close examination there was not clear evidence of rape. So the certification stated that there had been no rape. That was very favourable for us. Then they submitted my son to a psychological test which was already prepared, such that my son would appear with mental imbalances, and declare him crazy. However, the test revealed that my son had an intelligence comparable to a twenty-year-old.

Then, the tribunal took my son to his office. When they arrived there, in front of my own son, the tribunal degraded his secretary because he had the rank of a captain. He took off the stars and his service gun. At this point the secretary identified himself as a member of the DINA, that he had been appointed as a secretary Ad Hoc specially for this case. Then, when the tribunal pressured him to tell him all the truth right there in front of my son, he told him that once he had obtained the prearranged certification from the doctor, then we were going to be shot by an extremist group as we were coming out of the medical institute, and that he (the secretary of the tribunal) was going to be wounded. So, this is how we escaped an almost certain death. This was all revealed and confirmed by my son in the declarations made to the ministry of the Supreme Court before we left the country.

Finally, on Tuesday, they continued with the declaration, but my son was not being pressured now. He was being protected. On Wednesday, three of the detainees were freed because of lack of evidence, but the other two had to remain and they are still in jail in Chile.

#### OSWALDO FIGUEROA

Oswaldo Figueroa was the secretary of a neighbourhood community centre in his town, and a general secretary of the Health Workers Union. He is married with one daughter.

#### OSWALDO FIGUEROA

Before starting my evidence on what happened in May of this year, as in the case of Carlos Veloso, I would like to thank the Commission for the interest they have in holding this event on Human Rights in Chile.



Sunday, May 2, at two in the morning, somebody came to ask for me, telling my wife that a gentleman wanted to talk to me in the Avenida de los Torres and Amerigo Vespuchi. My wife said I was asleep at that moment, but he insisted that my presence was necessary. So I got up and went to see the person who said he wanted to talk to me. He said the following words to me: "Señor Figueroa. We have to talk to you and it is an urgent matter." I saw that it was two or half past two in the morning, which I pointed out, and that there was no public transport and I said I would go the following morning. This individual left.

At 7:30 a.m. May 9, when my wife went to work, the individual who came before arrived, asking for me, asking if I was Figueroa. After the identification had been made, I was pushed violently about by four individuals who were masked and had revolvers in hand. I asked what was going on. They told me it concerned an assault. At this time my daughter was listening from the room where she sleeps. She got up and came in, asking what was happening. With a tranquility that astonished me she said that they were not to hurt me and that they could take what they wanted. My daughter was immediately seized by both arms by two masked individuals who took her violently back to her bedroom, leaving her tied hand and foot to the bed, with a blanket tied around her waist to the bed, like a belt. They searched the whole apartment looking for some arms or something. The only things they had said were that it was all about an assault. The only thing they took was a watch that was mine -- quite a valuable one, which was never returned to me.

After that, about ten minutes later, approximately, they took me violently and pushed me down from the second floor to the street, where a car was waiting for me. I was pushed in violently, with kicks and blows. They started the car and they pushed my head between my legs, without saying a word to me. They made signals to each other, that's all. I could not calculate how long the trip was because I was disoriented. I was surprised. I imagined that it was about an assault. In this way we arrived at our destination. I still had my eyes bandaged, my hands tied behind my back.

I was pushed violently out of the car and was led to a place which at that moment I did not recognize. I was put into a chair, and I felt something like a tickling sensation in my left ankle. They asked me what was happening to me. I was not sure because at that time I was in an excited condition and I said I was having a slight heart attack. Then they brought in a doctor -- I say a doctor because they took my blindfold off in the office and there was only him and me. Nobody else. The doctor told me he had been informed that I had suffered a slight heart attack and that, to get rid of my problems, I had to tell them what I had been doing May 2 at 4:30 in the afternoon. I told the doctor I had been working as usual from 9:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. I asked him what was going on. He said, tell me the truth, what was I doing May 2? I told him I had been working all day and that I had proof of my work. He said, 'you weren't at work, and now you will have to suffer the consequences.'

Next, they blindfolded me, five minutes passed when I heard footsteps entering the office, and a gentleman who I calculated to be of some size from the way he threatened me, began to hit me in the face and the stomach. He kept asking me the same question, what was I doing May 2. I kept repeating that I had been working all day. I asked what this was about May 2. They had given me no information at all what May 2 was all about. They took me away from there and led me to a dungeon -- Villa Grimaldi, as I later found out, was where I was.

I was stripped immediately and I found myself on the famous "parilla". They began to work on my body, attaching an electric cable. Later I felt them put various electrodes on different parts of my right side.

Gentlemen, this is how my torture began. Electric current, more electric current. Crying out my innocence, telling them they knew "all the potatoes" as they say in Chile, that they knew the truth, that I would tell them everything I knew about May 2. I maintained I had been working. The truth, gentlemen, is that I spent the whole day, Monday, from 9 a.m. more or less and all the night denying what they said, and suffering torture, and blows.

When Tuesday came, another shift arrived. And they also insisted, 'Tell us the truth. We have all day, all night, all the time we want.' And to refresh my memory a little, they told me I was a leader of a band of terrorists, kidnappers. In a short time, they went on torturing me, and I heard a voice telling something about the matter on which they were questioning me. In my subconscious mind, I caught something of what was said. Now, not being able to stand any longer the blows, the charges of electricity and blows in the face, I began to confess.

Since I had confirmed the matter of a rape, they told me I had to tell the whole truth. They went over what I said and told me it was not enough, that I had to say I was chief of the band, the torturer of the Veloso boy, the man who raped the Veloso boy and the head of the kidnappers.

They began further questions. They told me, "You planned to kidnap Veloso, the boy's father." I replied that I didn't know Veloso. I knew five different Veloso's who lived in Villa Mexico, but I didn't know which Veloso they were talking about. I didn't know which one they were referring to. Nevertheless the torture went on and on and on, until they got me to repeat all of the story which they gave me, including parts in which I was supposed to have burned the hands of the Veloso boy with cigarettes, and then I said "No". I cursed the hour when I said no, because it brought real terror. They applied electric current to my genitals. I bit myself for such an error. I had to continue and repeat the story they had given me, in order to avoid such agony.

They kept on about the Veloso's. I told them I knew five Veloso's but I didn't know from which Veloso family the boy had been kidnapped. I don't know how much time passed from the Monday on, but I had to repeat five times the same declaration that I had now memorized so that it could be put on tape and there would be no doubt about the facts of the kidnapping.

The next thing, they said that I knew a lot about political and terrorist activities, and I had to tell them who were the leaders of the people of the Cardin Foundation, since I knew the people in that neighbourhood. 'You must know a lot since you were the secretary of the neighbourhood group in the Villa Mexico neighbourhood. You know many people. You must give us their names and then that will be the end of the Veloso rape case.'

I knew, gentlemen, that if I named somebody, I would bring one more innocent man to torture. I promise you. I withstood the blows, the punches and all that they did to me. Because they could not get names from me -- this would be about the dawn of Wednesday -- they let me rest. But how long did they let me rest? Half an hour. They threw me on the floor of cement, with my feet tied. I asked for water, because I could not stand the fatigue. Instead of giving me water, they poured a bucket of water over my naked body and I stayed like that some 30 minutes. When I tried to go to sleep I was awakened with kicks. They took me again to the torture room and put me on the "parilla" and gave me charge after charge of electricity. I told them, gentlemen, that I had told the truth, that I had taken the Veloso boy, had tortured him, had violated him, whatever they wanted me to say. The reply was categorical. That I had to give information about the Chilean Vicariate of Solidarity. That I knew many priests. That I knew many officials of the Vicariate. That I knew many people of the Cardin Foundation. That I was an intimate friend of Señor Valoso. That I knew his activities. Gentlemen, all these questions were put to me through torture upon torture.



Yet, I said nothing, and then I was threatened -- I say threatened because I realized later what had happened -- I was threatened that they would bring in my daughter, naked, (I swear I am telling the truth), so that I would be forced to rape her, in their presence. They said that if I were not capable of violating her, they would do it for me. I am sorry, ladies, you will have to excuse me for what I am telling you, but I want to tell the truth. They would open the legs of my daughter, so that she could be raped by those jackals. I heard a cry from somewhere, "Daddy, daddy!", and I thought it was my daughter but I could not believe that this had happened, that she could have come to such evil. They gave me a new charge of electricity and again I heard the cry, "Daddy, daddy!" And then I realized that it was not the voice of my daughter. That gave me courage to continue to withstand this agony.

Seeing that I wasn't going to give names or identify myself as a personal friend of Señor Veloso, or personal friend of Cardinal Monseigneur Henriquez, they decided to change the electric current. And so they took me to another place, and used on me the number two twenty current which we had in Chile. They put an electrode to each side of my head. This application of current didn't last more than a few seconds at a time, but there were charges, then charges. It was terrible. I maintained my denials, that I didn't know the Señor Cardinal, or only knew him by photograph or by newspapers or television, but personally, I did not know him. Nor did I know the priest they mentioned, except I had had a few words with him once when he was in Villa Mexico. Seeing this, we went back to the same routine, what had happened on May 2, to correct the complete declaration. I remember perfectly, they said that now I would have to confront the Veloso boy which you kidnapped, raped and assaulted, etc., etc.

I had a brief respite -- I think it was a couple of hours -- and then they confronted me with the Veloso boy. I was blindfolded. They asked the boy if he recognized me as his abductor, torturer and rapist. The boy answered, 'Yes'. I think, gentlemen, that I almost collapsed. They took off my blindfold and I saw it really was the Veloso boy, son of Señor Veloso, who I was seeing. They took us out so that he could attest categorically that I had been his abductor, kidnapper and torturer. The boy confirmed it, and it was all taken down and recorded on tape. They bandaged my eyes again -- no -- before that they said they would bring in the father. And they brought in another man, but he said he was not Señor Veloso, that Señor Veloso was somewhere else. This man put a hand on me, nothing else. But I realized that he was not Veloso because in reality I knew the man.

They took me back to the torture room and told me: 'Señor Figueroa, it seems the Veloso boy has made a mistake. He has said you were not the abductor, the torturer, the rapist. I gave thanks to God, gentlemen, that at last he had told the truth. But I was deceived, and what a deception. Again, they stripped me and took me back for more torture. They tortured me for five hours because one of them was in charge and he said that now the Veloso case was finished and that I had been identified and that was that. Normally, they used the 220 current, interrogating me about the whereabouts of arms: where does the Vicariate hide its weapons? where are the Cardin Foundation's weapons hidden? where did we carry out assaults? where did we place bombs on May 1?

Because of this torture, I began to invent anything they wanted to avoid such torment. I said I had made assaults in this place and that place, had put bombs in any place they wanted, and that I would admit whatever they wanted me to say. I went on for longer than an hour, inventing and inventing so as to be able to avoid some of this torment. Shortly, a man came. I heard his voice and it was the same person who had hit me at the beginning -- yes? He told me that I was telling lies,

that there had been no assaults in those places, there had been no bombs, that I was wasting precious time -- precious, yes for torture, but not precious time for the use of humanity.

And so, gentlemen, this was the day before the last, when they took me to identify another prisoner. They brought me to identify him. They put a machine gun at my back and hit me and I was supposed to say that I recognized him. I am going to give his name -- Jorge Trancoso Aguirre. He was tortured. While they tortured me, they tortured him along with another comrade who is also in Canada now. He was also accused of being one of the kidnappers. They said, "Figueroa, you have made a mistake. The man you identified is not Trancoso." They took me to identify him. I saw him, on the "parilla", without electrodes, without cables. What I saw, gentlemen, and I swear it, was his body. They asked me if it was Trancoso and I said yes, it was. They made me go back again and I said again, yes, it was Trancoso. I maintained it was Trancoso. The torment didn't matter in the face of such injustice, such lies. Seeing this, they took me at about four in the afternoon and told me I was free to go.

Naturally, I was surprised. They put me into a car, with my eyes blindfolded, my hands tied. I could not see where we were, and I could not tell you where, at this moment. I don't know how long the car drove for within the city of Santiago.

When another car arrived they put me inside, took off my blindfold, covered me with a blanket and held me on the floor with my feet against the right hand door. I heard a voice saying, 'Is it ..... in the back?' two metres from me. When we were travelling at about 20 or 30 kilometres an hour, according to my calculations, they threw me out on the pavement. The vehicle behind drove at me, but I reacted instantly, and rolled away. The car braked scarcely centimetres from my body. What was the intent of this? To injure me? I tell you, it was to assassinate me. It could look like I had been run over.

At my home, they did not know where I was being detained. They only knew I had been abducted. Later, they would be told I had been killed, a car accident, or I was drunk. They intended this because I had seen Señor Trancoso, dead. Because of this they made the attempt. So they asked me, cynically, 'What's wrong with you. What's wrong with you? We saw the car and we saw people inside the car throw you out on the street. We want to help you. We can follow the other car.'

At the beginning I believed them. But when they pulled me inside the car, when I felt the left arm of one of the men, his jacket was pushed back and I saw he was armed and he had a police radio in the car. I asked myself who they could be. While I was in the car with them I was not blindfolded and I knew where I was. I was in Street Marathon going to Trarrazabel Avenue and in that part of the city I have a relative. So I told them, please let me go to the house of this relative, if they had good intentions. I did this because I wanted to confirm whether or not they were really intending to help me. They said they had to take me to the Central Investigation Office, so when I realized where I was going, from the streets we passed, they covered my eyes tightly with Scotch tape. Both my eyes were completely covered with tape.

They made me cover my face with a newspaper so that people on the public transport could not see me.



In a short time I was transferred to another car, and they took me to another destination, at least that was what I thought, but they really took me to Villa Grimaldi. I couldn't see exactly the time, but under my blindfold I could see a little bit and it was night, it was early evening. I could hear a lot of steps and I heard water falling from a tap. I asked them for water, but they said they could not give me any because my body was filled with electricity and if I drank water it could kill me. Then I heard a voice, the voice of this beast, because I cannot say he is a man, and he told me, "Here we are again." Then I understood that I was indeed back again in the Villa Grimaldi.

Then he told me, you have to tell me the whole truth because you know a lot. So repeat again, all the facts you know. When I didn't tell him anything, they pretended to shoot me. They gave orders, supposedly, to the firing squad. I heard the noise of the machine guns and they told me you have a few seconds to speak out and save your life. I said I didn't have anything to say. I had lost hope. What would happen, would happen.

Next, I heard somebody say 'aim', but nobody fired. Next I was taken to another room, and I found myself in this big room, in shadow, and they took off my bandages and they asked me again to identify two individuals, Señor Zuleta and Señor Umberto Grulla, both detained in the public jail, without charges against them. I identified them, and when I had identified them they told me I had to tell them about the life of Señor Grulla as a Christian Democrat and leader of the neighborhood group. I told them I knew nothing about the private life of Señor Grulla, that I knew him as a leader, yes, but more than that I did not know. Now it was about dawn of the 12th or 13th - I'm not sure of the date.

They interrogated me all through the night with blows, in order to get me to sign more than 15 notebooks containing my confession, in which I recounted my participation as organizer and chief of a band of terrorists and kidnappers that were responsible for the kidnapping of the Veloso boy, declaring that I had placed bombs on May 1, and also accusing me as an accomplice of the Catholic Church because I would not say where arms were hidden. They took me to a cell and tied my feet again and brought me two plates of food. I could not eat, though I was hungry, tired and thirsty. I told them, the torturers, that I wanted to eat, but I could not eat because I could not move and my hands were not free. They said, 'Eat like the dogs eat.' They said I had to eat both plates of food and if I didn't it would go hard for me. I could not eat. I don't know how much time passed, hours or minutes, when I heard somebody come into the cell, and I knew from his boots he was a member of the military and he said: "You haven't eaten your food, old man. Give thanks that I am here." And it was the first human word that I had heard in days. He took both plates. He threw the food on the floor and put the empty plates close to me. When the chief came, and I think he was his superior because he saluted, the superior asked if I had eaten the food and he said yes.

Next I was taken out and taken to another room where there were two women -- members of the military. I say military because of the sound of their shoes, the heels. I was again interrogated about the Trancoso case. I said I had identified Señor Trancoso, that he was dead and I knew no more than that. They said that this might cost me my life. Very well. They took me again to the torture room and now came the terrible -- excuse me, a minute ----

when they tied me again to the "parilla", a man with gloves tried to pull my tongue out and two other beasts held me like that and applied electric current. They tried to cut my tongue out so that I would not be able to speak. My tongue swelled because of the electricity, but they didn't accomplish their objective. They did tear off part of the tip of my tongue, as I can show the Commission, should they wish. There is still a scar. They made me swallow the piece of my tongue. And since I could not speak they believed they had indeed cut off my tongue.

I was then transferred the same day to Cuatro Alamos. I was tied up, tortured, whipped. Then I was taken to a station wagon, and I had to move to the back, over many legs of others, who did not get out at Cuatro Alamos. I don't know where they were going. When we reached Cuatro Alamos, I asked to see a doctor. They told me, yes, they would bring a doctor. A woman who came in -- I knew by her voice -- was surprised when I spoke normally, though my mouth was bleeding. She said, 'Oh, you have recovered your voice. You can talk.' I nodded yes, because there was a lot of blood.

I gave all my personal facts and a list of what I had when I was first detained, things like my billfold and cigarette case, which were taken by the masked men who detained me. I told them about the watch, but they said there was no mention of it.

A doctor came, and saw how I was bleeding and I told him I could not stand the pain from my tongue. I told him what had happened and he said that I must have done this injury to myself. Yes, gentlemen, that I had arrived at Cuatro Alamos absolutely uninjured. After four days, four nights of torture.

I was taken to a cell, incommunicado. Here I didn't suffer blows, but insults. At different times, when they brought me food, they threw it in the cell, and the food went on the floor and they made me eat it from the floor. Listen carefully. They made me eat like an animal, and I had to clean the floor with my own tongue.

After 20 days, they came to take photographs of the five of us who were detained, one by one, because we were not allowed to communicate with each other. They took our photographs in various poses and photographs of different parts of our bodies, to see if we showed signs of torture. I tell you that when they took these photographs my legs were covered by sores. Electric shock cannot be confirmed later, nor can the burning of the flesh by electricity, but I still have my legs as a memory, here, now, of the torture I endured. And whatever doctor wishes to examine me, I am ready to show him. I still have the scars. I also have a big scar on the abdomen from being tied down by a thick cable.

A few days later we were visited by the Minister of the Supreme Court. These jackals who are in Cuatro Alamos as guards were begging me not to say anything to the minister about the tortures they were using. I said yes, I was going to tell him. But I didn't tell him, because I was afraid of being taken back again to the torture room in Villa Grimaldi. Because I had already been threatened by the DINA before going to Cuatro Alamos; they told me that if I denied or retracted my declaration made earlier, they would kill me and my family.



Anyway, I did tell the Minister of the Supreme Court everything that had happened to me, that I had been abducted by agents of the DINA, without showing me any authorization of detention, that I had been taken, blindfolded, that I had been tortured and I showed him my tongue which was still ulcerated. The doctor from the Supreme Court took notes of all this and he gave me some pills to take for the pain. I asked the Minister of the Supreme Court what would happen to me, whether I had a right to a lawyer, and he said, 'You don't have any right to a lawyer in your defence because you are in the hands of the military. They are the ones in power, and our hands are tied.' It was the same answer that others received, those who were held incommunicado.

A few days after the visit of the Minister, we were visited, one by one, by the Minister of Justice. She came with a large staff, including men of the DINA. She looked at some photographs in which I appeared naked, and asked me, 'Well, do you recognize these photographs? Is this you?' I said, yes. She asked if I had anything to say about the tortures. I exploded. Señora Minister, you know the problem very well. The gentlemen of the DINA are present here and they can verify the facts. She said, show me the wounds. Show me your tongue. I showed it to her and then one of them said that I had purposely bit my tongue in Cuatro Alamos. But how would he know I had bit my tongue in Cuatro Alamos when he wasn't there? And he had not yet even seen my tongue, because I could not show it properly, it was so swollen.

I said, Señora Minister, you should not waste your time and make me waste my own, because I do not even feel like making any new declarations in front of you. I had already presented all the evidence to the Minister of the Supreme Court. And I told her that if she wanted them she could ask him for them. And then I was taken back to my cell.

The smell of our bodies was so bad we could barely stand it ourselves. We were filthy, dirty, and had to urinate in our own clothes. We had no chance to take baths. At least the Minister gave an order for us to have clean clothes. But the clothes didn't stay clean. When the Minister was gone they made me roll in the mud. And so things continued until I had to go to the Military Tribunal. They cleaned me up for that and they told me I was free. I could not believe it.

Then I took all my things, but before they let me go they ordered me to sign a paper, written in my own hand, where I presented testimony saying I had not been tortured and that they had not even punished me, and that while I was in Cuatro Alamos I was treated very well. I had had a doctor any time I needed one and had no complaints. And that, gentlemen, is what every prisoner has to do, as you must know from the testimony of Dr. Cassidy, who is well-known. That is what happens to every prisoner who is tortured by the Fascists who are governing our country.

Then the Tribunal interrogated me until 11 at night. I couldn't tell you the exact date because I could not keep track. I think I was in Cuatro Alamos 20 to 25 days, and only after that was I taken to the Tribunal. The questioning lasted three or four hours. The Tribunal told me I was supposed to be the head of a terrorist band that wanted to overthrow the government. I ask you, could four or five persons -- five against an army -- do anything? Then I made a declaration

denying all that I had been forced to say because of torture. But there was this man, I don't know if he was military or civilian, but he was the secretary of the Tribunal, and I remember having heard his voice during the tortures but I didn't say that to the Tribunal, because I was so scared, not for me, but for my wife and my only daughter, who is only 18 years old.

He told me I hadn't told him everything, that I knew a lot. Then I was sent to the public jail, incommunicado. My declarations to the Tribunal were made in four stages, during which I was incommunicado for ten days in the public jail. Until finally on the 20th day, we were taken in front of the Tribunal, and the Tribunal let me know that my daughter was going to be able to continue studying. I said, yes, but how can she study if I am the head of the family and I am the only one who works and I am in jail. What my wife makes is nothing, not enough to educate my child. I thought this was a sick joke. I was returned again to the jail and on the 22nd of July we were taken back to the Tribunal, and we were confronted with the son of Señor Veloso. They asked him if I had been the man who had abducted, tortured and raped the Veloso boy.

The boy said I had never touched him. They asked him if he knew me and he said, 'Yes, I know him, but only as a neighbour from Villa Mexico and I only know him by sight.' And then the interrogation continued with other details. The same day we were freed because there was not enough evidence for the charges of abduction, torture and rape.

Then we went back to the jail at 10:30 p.m. on the 22nd and were very surprised when we arrived because the statistics office was closed. This was very unusual, because the statistics office has to stay open until the last prisoners come in, so that they either declare him free or a prisoner or incommunicado. These things have to be recorded the same day. That is the law and what the Tribunal dictates. Thus we approached the guard and we told him we were really surprised this was happening and we were afraid that that night, the DINA agents would come and take us and that we would disappear for ever. This guard who was a high-ranking officer told us there would be no problem and that nobody would come for us. But that night we could not sleep all night and every time we heard somebody walking past we immediately thought they were coming to pick us up. We were so afraid, because the other prisoners had warned us the public jail was full of agents of the DINA, either as guards or prisoners.

They took us again to Cuatro Alamos. We waited for two hours and a half, which was for us a year, because we knew we could be tortured again. Fortunately, the church, with the aid of the Cardinal and some lawyers of the Vicariate, acted fast. The Cardinal talked to the Minister of the Interior. He talked to Pinochet too. I knew this later. They made conditions to the Cardinal for our freedom. They said you can keep the Vicariate or you can let these men go free. I am telling you the truth. My comrade Eduardo de la Fuente and I would prefer to give our lives rather than let them stop the Vicariate because it is the only defence that the persecuted people have in Chile. It is the only institution who will raise a hand to rescue people from these hyenas, from these beasts.

This is how it was in my days of torture and 44 or 45 days of being incommunicado. I am asking the members of this Commission to make a complete investigation because we have had enough lies by the Fascists who govern our country. I know they are going to say later that Figueroa never was detained. He was never whipped. He was never tortured. And they are going to show you the document. But please, gentlemen of the Commission. I am not a boy. I am 55 years old. At my age, I will not allow myself to tell a lie about this. That's all. Thank you. You can ask me any questions.



ELIAS REYES

Elias Reyes is a Christian Democrat and harbour worker. He was also secretary to a member of parliament. He is aged 30 and is married with two children.

ELIAS REYES

Before beginning this witness, I would like to thank the Commission for what it is doing for my country.

The night between August 27 and 28 in the city of Antofagasta, when I was going home from work, I saw in a passage-way where I live a station wagon and a car closing off both exits. About ten metres from my home out from behind a hydro pole a man came up to me and asked if I was Elias Reyes. I said yes. I continued walking to go and knock on the door of my house. The men grabbed me and said they were arresting me for political activities. While this was happening the people inside the house noticed it and opened the door and my brother-in-law came to the door and swore at them, thinking they were criminals. There were eight of them from the police intelligence service. They broke into my house, broke a door; they beat my nephews who were only 2, 4 and 5 years old. The only one they had any respect for was my father, who could not move from his bed and had been like that for the past seven years. After this, they took me to a car, blindfolded me and we made several turns around the city and then they took me to La Providencia, which is the torture centre for Antofagasta.

That night they didn't torture us. About 7 a.m. I was handcuffed and blindfolded and they took us and said, now the dance is going to begin. They accused us of subversive actions against the government. They said we were waiting for arms from Argentina. They said I was a guerrilla and karate instructor. They said I had been a body guard of the ex-president Frei. They tortured us for two and a half days. They gave me electric shock. They put my head in a toilet basin and flushed it. They hanged us by the hands and feet. They put our heads in the corner of a pool table and played billiards, shooting at us. Meanwhile my family was trying to find out where I was and they told them to look for me at the morgue. They told them if I was not at the morgue I must have left Antofagasta.

Because of pressure from the Archbishop of Antofagasta, Monseigneur Carlos Oviedo Cabada, we re-appeared that Saturday and with me re-appeared 2 more Christian Democrats, Andres Lan and David Segueiras. The last one, I did not know. They accused them of preparing a national strike. The Archbishop could make pressure, saying I was detained at the door of my house and the vehicles had been identified.

That same Saturday, we were taken to the public jail, incommunicado. Until Thursday we stayed there, then they took us again to La Providencia.

During the transportation I saw the Deputy Pedro Araya Ortiz, who had written to my wife. He was in such a bad condition that I was frightened for him. They took us again to the Providencia because the DINA from Santiago was coming and they were to take us to Santiago.

Friday morning they told us we were free. In the afternoon, about 5 p.m. they told us we could go but they didn't take us to main door of the jail, they just took us to a back door and there a red station wagon belonging to the DINA was waiting. Inside were four men who told us we were going to Arica. They

told us they had orders to empty their rifles into us if we tried to escape. They tied our hands and feet again and they put adhesive tape over our eyes. After five or six hours of travel, it was night, and they untied our hands and told us they were going to kill us. They put a machine gun pointing at my heart. I could do nothing. I was waiting for the worst. They only beat us and then put us back in the station wagon.

Saturday, we were taken to Santiago, to Cuatro Alamos, where they took a declaration from us at night, without torturing us. We were held incommunicado all the time. I could see people again on Tuesday, when I was brought some documents to sign. It was our declaration because the Christian Democrat Party had instituted a plea of Habeas Corpus on our behalf and this had been given.

When I was in Antofagasta, the lawyer, Ferman Dos, also applied for Habeas Corpus but it was rejected. After that Tuesday I did not see anybody else until Friday or Saturday, I cannot really remember the date. It was about 8 in the morning. They took me out from the cell and they took me to a dark room and a fat man came and identified himself as a medical doctor. I think he hypnotized me because he suggested to me that I was feeling hot, that I was feeling cold, at the same time. He told me I had to understand the army, and that it had been a bad dream, and he told me to forget what had happened. He told me, you will be free. The Deputy Pedro Araya could not walk. He urinated blood. They worried about that and they took us to Cuatro Alamos to allow him to recover. It was September 12 when I recovered my freedom.

They told me I would not lose my job, but it was a lie because I was fired. I passed the worst time I could ever have. I had my child of two years, a girl, and when she was learning to talk and she asked for bread, I could not give her anything.

NOLBERTO MARIN

Nolberto Marin was president of the Municipal Workers of the town of Tocopilla, in Antofagasta province, in September 1973. Aged 56, he is married with four children.

NOLBERTO MARIN

With the permission of the Commission -- I was a prisoner in the jails of Chile and I came here to give my testimony about what happened to me.

I was a union leader. I was president of the Municipal Workers of Tocopilla. It is a little town. I am 56 years old and father of four children. At the time of the military coup, September 11, 1973, they overthrew the legitimate government that had been elected by the people by a democratic vote.

I was detained September 27, in my home. A group of SICAR agents, under Lt. Cantin, came at four in the afternoon, just a few minutes after I had arrived home from work, because at that time I was still working as a union leader. When they came to my home, without any authorization, they broke into my house and they beat my family who were inside. They insulted my wife and sons. They began to beat me and they took me to the



back where there was an empty room. They began to beat me and I lost consciousness a lot of times. They put me in a station wagon, unconscious. They took me to police headquarters. They began to torture me and made me eat excrement. They gave me electric shocks in different parts of my body.

I did not know why I was detained. I didn't know if it was because I was a union leader or because I belonged to a political party. I belong to the Communist Party of Chile.

Until the process was completed, later on, I did not know why I was accused, because one day when they interrogated me, they accused me of nonsensical things. They told me, 'you have machine guns. You have rifles. Where are you hiding all these?' I told them I didn't know anything. The only thing I had been doing was to be a union leader, and I had respect for my president because he was legally elected and elected by the people, and because of all the injustice and the poor wages, I wanted a change of government and his election.

When I kept on saying those things they treated me barbarically. They beat me and they kept on asking me about the machine guns. They asked me about bombs. They kept on torturing me with electric shock. At one time, they locked me in a cell where there was a medical doctor called Vicente Zepeda. He had been very badly beaten and had internal hemorrhages, and was bleeding from his nose and was in very bad shape. From that cell I was transferred to Antofagasta. In Antofagasta we stayed there. In that jail a lot of people were passing through and some were processed and some stayed, until the military tribune decided to pick somebody and finish the process.

When I was there I got to know the accusation against me. In the group transferred to Antofagasta, 45 people in the truck, we were transported like animals, watched from the air, and there were jeeps beside the truck. All the soldiers had machine guns. We could not even move because they told us that if we moved they would kill us right away. Finally, we got to Antofagasta and there we were guarded by the jail personnel -- the gendarmerie -- and by the soldiers, because at that time the military was in charge of the jails, too. At midnight they started to say they were going to shoot us. Sometimes they took us out and they shot into the air and did things like that to frighten us, and intimidate us.

The food was very bad. In Chile we had a cereal called "frangollo" which is made from corn. They gave it to us and we could not eat it. They told us they had nothing else to give us to eat. It came from somewhere from an old store of cereal. It was stored in a place where people were shot and blood had been running into the food. They gave us that same corn to eat for our meals. All the people who were detained in Antofagasta jail can testify about this.

I was in jail three years and eight months. I asked to be transferred to Santiago because in Antofagasta the treatment was very bad. But in Santiago the conditions were the same. It was worse. They mocked us because we were not shaved and told us we should keep a better appearance and shine our shoes, and how could we do that when we had no supplies for that? We did not have anything to shave with or anything to clean our shoes with.

If one of the officers thought we did not look good, they punished us with two or three days of punishment, sometimes four days. Another thing was we could not stand anywhere, we

had to keep moving. They said if we stood around, we were thinking bad things, thinking how to escape from there.

We didn't even think about that, because we knew if we escaped they would get us again and kill us right away because at that time they killed people without any control.

I have with me some names of people who were shot, comrades shot in Tocopilla. The man in charge of the shooting was Col. Luciano Astete. Others were Major Juan Munoz, and Capt. Hernaldo Silva -- he was one of those who gave the orders to kill people. Another Captain, Rudolfo Silva, a man mentally disturbed, I would say, I cannot explain myself well, but he was the one who raped the women, because in the Tocopilla jail there were some women comrades. We were divided by a wall of a cell, but we could hear when this man came to their cell and we could hear the screams and cries of the women. The guards had no respect for them. I think they were men with something wrong with their minds. We felt so impotent that we could do nothing to help, and had to see a woman, who is a mother with a child, suffer in that condition. I think these men are worse than animals, hyenas, because even the animals of this world have respect and these men didn't have any respect. Men should feel that a woman is something sacred.

I want to give some more names. Rudolfo Silva was the one in charge of rape, and Lt. Cantin was in charge of the tortures and the murders.

I am going to give some names but maybe the Commission has them:

Washington Munoz, copper worker in Chuquicamata -- murdered.

Julio Bruel, high school teacher -- murdered.

Reynaldo Aguirre, worker and union leader -- murdered.

Carlos Gallego, teacher -- murdered.

Freddy Araya, clerk and union leader -- murdered.

Carlos Segovia, office worker -- murdered.

Gabriel Garay, clerk of the Chuquicamata copper mines -- murdered.

Claudio Tonola, medical doctor -- murdered.

Vicente Zepeda, medical doctor -- murdered.  
This is the doctor I saw before.

Drene Cuevas, health inspector -- murdered.

Mario Arquero, governor of Tocopilla -- murdered.

Marco de la Vega, mayor of Tocopilla -- murdered.

Jose Garcia, office worker -- murdered.

Alex Valenzuela, alderman -- murdered.

Guillermo Villarroel, office worker -- murdered.

Luis Jorquera, president of the Clerks Union of the Soquimich Co. -- murdered.



And like them, a lot of names I cannot remember, after the tortures and at my age, I forget.

For us, it was terrible suffering to be in that jail. Later we went to Santiago jail. We asked them why we couldn't be treated in a better way because we were not criminals, we were political prisoners. But they said we were criminals, delinquents. But we said, 'You told us we were not delinquents, we were political prisoners. I am a union leader, and to be a union leader in Chile you have to be a person of respect. You can't have any police record. If you have been detained by the police for anything, like being drunk, you cannot be the leader of a union.' I told them that, but they never listened to me. We asked them to respect us. There were so many political prisoners in the jail.

We went on a hunger strike in the jail trying to improve the conditions and get some respect for the rights of political prisoners. I am not very clear about the situation, but I understand that in the international treaties of human rights, political prisoners must be treated differently from common criminals. And that was what we wanted to get.

We went on the hunger strike and some officials came and talked to us and we explained why we were on strike, but they didn't see any reason for it and they dispersed all the strikers through all the different jails in Chile. Maybe you heard some of this before, because they talked about the strike on the radio. The international Red Cross knew about it, but they dispersed us before anything could be done -- six persons in every jail, in some prisons only three. The treatment in each depended on the warden in charge. Some comrades went to jails where the warden and the guards were a little bit more human, and their treatment was a bit better. Others went to bad ones, where they got very bad treatment, and were beaten all the time. For example, I got to Valparaiso, and there the jail is very old and goes back to the time of the colony and independence. In those times it was a fort. They call it the little city. In those times too they used some cells called "cepos", in which you go under the ground, completely in the dark and it is just a hole, with bad smell and humidity. This kind of cell was not used for years, but now we were there, sent to them.

At the present time, we shouldn't allow people to keep on this method of confinement. This should be part of history. But in Chile we are still using it and I think there is no place else in the world which uses this sort of imprisonment today.

I have been in Canada for four months, but I still have comrades in jail in Chile and I am very thankful to the people of Canada and the government of Canada because it is thanks to the Canadian authorities that a lot of us are free now.

Gentlemen, you must forgive me. Three years and eight months in a jail is a lot of time. It is a very sad life that destroys your mind and your body, too. This is what happened to me. Besides the tortures, my mind.... my mind is not well. Please forgive me. (The witness is crying.) When I remember the past, I feel very sad. I would like not to remember it any more. That is all. If you want to ask me something, I will try to answer you.

#### ERNESTO BUSTOS

Ernesto Bustos was a student leader at the Industrial School of San Fernando at the time of the 1973 coup. He was married two days before he came to Canada on September 24, 1977, but his wife had to be left behind.

#### ERNESTO BUSTOS

Firstly, I would like to make a brief summary of my activities as a student before the coup of 1973, in Chile.

Before the September 11 coup, since 1970 I was in the Industrial School of San Fernando, where I studied interior construction. I was a leader of the students. In the months before September -- May, June, July and August, in the whole of Chile there was a strike because the students were attacked by Fascist gangs in the streets, with chains, carrying out attacks on houses and schools. As a student leader, I opposed this strike without being a militant of the Popular Unity Party or being a partisan, but through identifying myself with the legal government. In my school, all the students were children of people with modest means. It was an industrial school. We all had to graduate to earn our livings. All were from the working class or the middle class.

When the coup came, there were no immediate problems and we continued to study and the 15th of October, 1973, at ten in the morning, a regiment of infantry came to the school. In the presence of a lieutenant, they told me I was unpatriotic and that things would happen to me that were happening to many others for having opposed the "democratic" movement to free the country from President Allende. They proceeded to torture me, with electric current. They stripped me naked and put me into a kind of drum, with excrement in it. They took me out and put me on the floor, tied up face down, and kicked me and walked on me with their boots, which twisted my spine. The chief of intelligence, Col. Ricardo Manriques hit me in the stomach until I lost consciousness.

When I recovered, I had been shaved, and my hair had been cut very short. At mid day, they ordered me to go fifty times around the San Fernando Avenue, to show off my short hair cut.

From then on, I continued to go normally to school. There seemed to be no problem anymore and I was able to pass into the fourth year, which meant that in 1974 I would be able to get my diploma. On July 17 at 11:30 in the morning two vehicles of the army entered the gates of the school, along with a station wagon of the Intelligence Service and a car belonging to the Service of Investigations. They came to arrest me in the class room. They took me for interrogation, during which they accused me of having handed out 5,000 pamphlets in the market of San Fernando, on Saturday at 10 a.m. I was accused along with another person. That day, Saturday, I had been taking a mathematics exam, and I was never absent from classes, which I told them, and said they could prove this for themselves, but they said that was not necessary, that what mattered was that I should tell them what they wanted to know in order to compromise others.

In my own case, even if I wanted to do so because of the tortures, I could not inform on others because I was not a militant of any party in the Popular Unity government, only a sympathizer, and I would continue to be.



The tortures were continual, with different methods, but the most frequent was electric current, to the testicles, the tongue, the ears, and to the hands and feet. After applying electricity to my testicles, they used electric current on my penis along with something that stabbed and opened a wound, so that they could apply the current within the wound. This caused me problems with a vein later on, so that I had to have an operation. But last year the operation would have cost 2,000 pesos and I did not have 2,000 pesos. I am the oldest son of a widowed mother who receives 400 pesos for maintenance, which is enough for us to eat for ten days, more or less, but to eat very poorly. The light and water were cut off for most of the year. And so an operation would be a real luxury, although it was imperative, and I could not have it done. I think I am going to have this operation Tuesday or Wednesday of the next week, in the city where I am now living.

More than that, as I have mentioned before, I had dislocation of the spine, which had to be put in plaster in a hospital in Santiago, by a doctor from the University of Chile, who treated me secretly, putting me in plaster, without any charge. In Chile, you have to pay even for injuries caused by their boots, such is the state of our right to health in Chile today. So I was put in plaster for two months, and did exercises for a year and was able to overcome this problem.

In the prison during the three months of being incommunicado, I was subjected to all kinds of pressure, including the interrogation of my mother in a room next to the one where I was, to try and get her to convince me to speak and name one of the professors. They said that if I did they would take me home, that I was a good boy and a lot of rubbish so that she would influence me and make me talk. After two and a half months of being incommunicado, they gave her permission to speak to me so that she could convince me to talk.

Unfortunately, my mother, who had no leftist ideas whatsoever, since she cannot read or write, told the captain:

"No. Leave him here. I don't want him."

"What are you saying, Señora?" said the captain.

"Don't you want your son back with you?"

"Of course I want him home, but he would go mad with the torments of conscience if he did something like that. And I would feel ashamed of having a son who was a traitor."

All this gave me courage to endure, and September 2 I was notified that the charges against me had gone to the Court Martial of San Fernando and that I was accused of breaking the security laws of the State by joining illegal organizations. This had to do with what I said earlier about distributing leaflets.

The questioning in preparation for the Court Martial began, without torture, but without me having any right to a lawyer. After two weeks, I was notified where I should go to court. But I did not have any funds to get a lawyer to defend me. So I was not able to go to court at that moment. Luckily, for the military at the time, there were some international groups in the country investigating the crimes of the junta, going through the jails. And taking this opportunity, they sent me to trial as a common criminal, rather than process me through the court.

I was transferred from San Fernando to Rancagua by night without my family knowing where I was going. In Rancagua, when I told them about the tortures I had suffered, and showed them proof on my body -- there was a burn on my leg from a hot iron they used on me -- the Court of Appeal asked me to give evidence about everything that had happened to me. I did so and Captain Manriquez ordered the Court of Appeal to hold me incommunicado for another 15 days.

Here was one more proof that ordinary justice, and the tribunals of justice in Chile at this moment are simply a side-show and a decoration for the Government, nothing else. They merely take orders, that's all.

I was taken to court again. Now I had all the rights. I had a right to a lawyer, I had defence. November 20 I was able to go home, though I had to go to the Office of Justice twice a day for the next six months to sign a paper. Later on this was changed so I had to go only on Saturdays, then once a month, and September 28, 1975 I was condemned to 1,082 days in jail, a commutable sentence. It meant completing 541 days in a common jail in a place that I could choose. I chose San Fernando.

Since I was still in classes, I went to talk to the director of the school, Enrique Leon Gonzales, asking him that I be allowed to take my examinations, since I had done all the work for the first semester and some for the second semester and I wanted to take the exams. I wanted to prove that I could pass the course, because I wanted to return later, and I had many economic problems in being a student, like many of those in my school.

This gentleman said he had orders not to let me take the exams, orders from the military state attorney. There were 15 days left before classes began, but when the new period of school began on the 22nd, I went to register and I was told I had no right to study, that I was undesirable. So I went to speak to the superintendent. I brought my certificates of the other three years which showed I was a relatively good student. I said I had a right to study, I had been in prison, I wasn't allowed to work. I was left with nothing.

He said I would have no problem. I had to study. He went to call the school by telephone and tell them to admit me, and they admitted me conditionally.

After the 11th, we began patriotic rallies, every Monday we had to sing patriotic songs and hold cultural or artistic meetings. For April 27, 1975, the director ordered me to pay homage to the carabineros (uniformed police). I refused for very concrete reasons -- it was the carabineros who had tortured me. I could not pay homage to them. I was suspended for a month.

I felt very uneasy, but I continued studying. When I was going home, July 26, 1975, one block from my house, at 4 p.m., a white station wagon stopped. I thought it was a friend, or a professor, and I went on walking. But somebody shouted "Hands up". They pushed me to the ground, tied me, pushed me into a garbage bag and then under a canvas and took me, I don't know where. From July 26, I returned to my house, September 27. I had "disappeared" for the whole of this time.

The tortures -- what can you say about them? There aren't words for them. Nothing that describes them. What I want to emphasize is the cruelty, the brutality, the denial of respect for the human being, especially for a man.

I saw them take in 30 people. By 10 p.m. of the night when they arrested me there were some 20 people detained and they went on bringing them in. At 10:30 they brought in a young man who had been one of my companions at high school, when he was a leader of the Patria Y Libertad movement, and now he was detained as an "extremist". Patria Y Libertad is an organization in Chile, which helps and administers torture. And this young man, Jaime Viasanca, had been detained as extremist.

My interrogation started the same July 26th. At dawn, it was raining and dark. They were interrogating three of us, Jaime and I and another who still is alive in Chile, by luck. The objective of the interrogation was to frighten me, make me afraid. They put questions and didn't listen to the answers. There were five people interrogating one prisoner. They didn't listen. They weren't even interested. All that interested them was to hit and torture and to frighten and achieve a psychological effect, so that a man can hardly breathe for fear.



Suddenly I heard someone say, "We are going to kill you!" I thought, was it me? And another comrade thought, was it him? We all thought it must be ourselves because we were blindfolded and tied because their heroic patriotic soldiers had to tie us up so that they could hit up properly.

That night the torture ended and we were locked up in the stables. We found out later that that's where we were, but all we could hear were steps.

The next day practically the whole corps of detectives arrived to help with the torture. When I arrived home September 27th after being a month and a day disappeared, my house was prepared for a wake. The pictures were down from the walls. Everything was prepared for mourning, with neighbours there, crying and consoling my mother, because Jaime Viasance had been killed July 26th. There had been a notice over the radio that he had been caught by the curfew patrol and had resisted. I can witness that the young man died beside me.

The young man's family had money and they were well-known. They went to demand explanations. The mother asked the superintendent and he said: "There has been an unfortunate error. We will try to get an answer for you. But he had to die some way or other. It was an error, but he was dead."

After that, I went to Santiago for an electro-encephalogram because I was really badly upset, and needed psychological help. I had to go back to San Fernando because I went five times to try and get work at the minimum wage because it wasn't possible for me to get factory work because they asked for papers, and those who had had trouble with the law could not get papers. I went five times for this minimum-wage work, and they sent me five times to the manager, who said, "You have lost the right to work, you are not conscientious, you are dangerous." I still had a grandmother who was not in too bad a situation, and she took care of me, and I started making plans to go to Canada.

Since I was still contesting my sentence I had a lot to do before I was to leave. I left on September 24. But I could have gone five months earlier, but I was contesting my sentence and I had to get the Ministry of Justice to commute my sentence, since I was regarded as a common criminal. And he did change it. Because of that I was able to leave the country.

But my problems didn't end there. Before leaving, I got married, September 16th. I could not tell the Embassy because of my security problems, because the act of going to Santiago might have meant my disappearance, and if I wrote my correspondence could be stolen. The people of the Catholic Church who helped me with my problems knew I had got married and I asked them what I could do.

In the first Canadian airport where you land, you must tell everything to the immigration official, they said, and tell them you are married and why this has happened. The first airport was Vancouver. In Vancouver, I was detained three times by the international police because it said in my passport that I could only enter the country with the government's permission. I was feeling sick, and I spent 15 days in bed in the town where I was staying. I had got sick from eating so much food on the plane. After that I went to Manpower in the city where I had come, and Manpower made a petition for my wife to come to Canada, but it had to be arranged in Chile. And my wife is in danger in Chile because she is my wife. I live in a small town and everybody knows us and the people didn't know I was leaving. Besides the human problem it has caused me, wanting my wife here with me, there is also a problem of safety for her.

I am grateful for the opportunity that this tribunal has given me to offer testimony, and I ask them to condemn the junta, to send letters and pressure, to use concrete means, so that those who have disappeared now appear, so that uncertainty for so many people comes to an end, so that people have the right to live in their own country, so that children have the right to live with their fathers, so that a child can be with its mother. So that one day again we can see the sun and walk through the streets in peace. That is all.

#### ANA GONZALES

Ladies and gentlemen of the Commission, ladies and gentlemen in the audience, we have come from Chile, our beloved and suffering country. We have lived in pain, cannot yet accustom ourselves to it. Like those who have given testimony before this tribunal, we cannot yet feel unemotional about our experiences. And we have to keep feeling emotional about it, because this is good, because we can never become accustomed, we Chileans, to endure the indignities to which we have been subjected in our country, where all human rights have been trampled into the ground, as you have heard, the most basic rights, the right to life itself.

From my pain, from my hope, from my fight I would like to salute Señor Veloso, Señor Figueroa. Our emotion, our warmth, our pride in hearing them speak before this Commission -- and the young man who has just spoken. And when we see these Chilean men speak with such bravery, even in spite of tears, we are proud of them and we tell you, speaking also for ourselves, that with more hope than ever, the day will come, the day will come soon, thanks to these men, thanks to the unity which is being forged in our country, and embrace your families, your sons. We, the families of the disappeared and detained people, will one day see our husbands and fathers again.

The testimony I give, and that of the two friends who accompany me, will be the testimony of hundreds and hundreds of families who live in the same pain. You will be listening to three women whose drama has lasted from three years to one-and-a-half years, but this voice comes from the cries of anguish, despair, struggle and soul of hundreds and hundreds of families with detained and disappeared members who have the same problem, and who cannot go before the tribunals of the world.

I am 51 years old. I decided to join my comrades and leave to journey through the world, not to denounce but once more to tell the world the pain in which we live, and ask once more for your help to end our pain and our daily search. My children, Luis Emilio Recabarren, 29, union leader of the state technical university, married to Nalvia Rosa Mena, a very pretty girl, a young girl, only 21 years old, pregnant at the time of her abduction. Of my son, Manuel Guillermo Recabarren, 23 years old, the younger of the two boys, who is also detained, a detention that happened April 29, 1976, at 10:30 in the morning. Only eight hours after the detention of my sons, my husband, Manuel Recabarren Rojas was also detained. Listen to what happened that night at 8:30, when he came back from work, because, due to the economic conditions in which we were living, my children had had to leave their studies at the technical university, and we all lived together in the one house.



We saw soldiers of the security, dressed in civilian dress, but carrying machine guns. They came in three cars, one white Citroen, a Chevrolet and a taxi. My son came with his child of two who didn't yet know how to talk. Nalvia yelled for help to stop them from taking the child from her arms. At the shout for help, and since the cries of the child were attracting many people, many witnesses came down to see what was going on, or were passing by, or who were neighbours living close by. We all tried to stop the men from taking the child. But they stopped us with machine guns. Nalvia was taken even though she was eight months pregnant. They threw her into one of the cars and the car went off south on Street Santa Rosa. They took her with the other people they detained, and they took by grandson of two years.

An hour and a half later, my grandson was thrown out onto the street at 11:30 at night. Somebody heard him and took him in from the street. We spent all night taking care of him and sitting up waiting for the day to come so that we could do something. At this time I was working in a factory that sold drinking water. On May 1 we were going to pay homage to a labour hero by taking some empanadas for the workers. Besides doing this, we had to get on with the work, but I went to my chief to tell him what had happened and tell him that I couldn't work at lunch. I spoke to the head of the factory.

My husband went out first, and I followed ten minutes later with my other grandchild, five years old, and we had been deciding before that whether or not to take the child. I arrived at the Casino, which was not yet open. The workers were outside, waiting for their lunch. I had things which had to be done.

I didn't know yet what had happened to my family, but I knew that day, because my husband never came home, and then I knew what had happened. I wanted to cry and cry with rage, but I had this other grandchild and I had to hide my emotions because the night before I had been crying for three hours, and he had to sleep. I went home. I phoned my daughter and many neighbours came to the house to find out what was going on. I knew I had to go to the Vicariate of Solidarity.

I had to tell the mother of Nalvia about the disappearance of her daughter and her grand-child and her son-in-law, and this was a great pain to me. It took me a long time to convince her because she kept on saying that they were there with her at four in the afternoon and she could not believe me, that the girl had been taken by the security forces of the state. She is mother of two sons also.

We did everything we could in those cases, as so many hundreds of people did. We went to the official court of the Ministry of the Interior asking about them. And the officials replied that they had not been detained, nor were there any orders for their detention. From there we went to the International Red Cross, their centre for service to prisoners, and that is a road which many women before me had gone. The other macabre task we had, the wives of those who had disappeared, was the continual visits to the morgue.

I went and tried to identify them from among bodies practically unrecognizable. I could not tell you if, perhaps, among those bodies, there were the bodies of the ones I loved. Another terrible thing was that I had to continue to live, and there was the problem of the grandchildren. The little one of

Manuel Guillermo, who, when he was detained was only two years old -- think for one moment what a child of two is like -- he is still a baby yet. He was at nursery school, and the nursery school gave a class to the very tiny little ones on the caribineros, and to make sure they had understood, the teacher asked the children what the caribineros did. And the first to answer was my grandchild and he said "They kill my manjongo." And the teacher realized that Manjongo was the name he used for his father, Manuel. And the other children started pretending to play that they were shooting too. These crimes I will never pardon, because, besides making men cry -- men who are truly men, look what they have done to the children. Such crimes -- I have to hear such things!

We have witnesses of all the detentions. Immediately after the detentions, I went to the junta offices in the neighbourhood and I spoke to the secretary, and I want to tell you that this woman might have been a servant of the junta but she was a humane person. She gave me all her support and sent with me to try and find out what happened because the problem is that in Chile, nobody official investigates a disappearance, only the families. It is we who have to investigate. So with this woman we went to make investigation and we found numerous witnesses, but they would not give testimony for fear of losing their jobs, and for other reasons. They wouldn't do it. We did find some witnesses, and they gave their evidence.

Besides that, another man in political detention gave testimony that he had seen my husband in mid-August in a place of interrogation but he didn't know where the place was. It is no mystery to us nor to you now that this should be, for they take you always blindfolded so that you do not know where you are.

Also I asked for an investigation to be made, and in conversation with those who were investigating I understood that they were convinced my family had been detained. For the official reply to our call for investigation, we had to wait five days. The official reply came and it said that my family were not detained nor were there any orders for their detention.

And so, here we are, having left our country to seek, as we did when we went on hunger strike, the reply, once and for all, that we have demanded from the government: where are our families? And Pinochet promised Kurt Waldheim, as he did with us -- he has mocked him. There has been no reply, except to tell all those who were on hunger strike that their families are not detained in Chile. That eight have gone to Argentina, that one is in Holland since 1973, and that one is from a family which has lost five people as far back as 1973. We find the answers unsatisfactory and we have told this to the government. We consider we have been used by Pinochet in a Machiavelian game.

#### QUESTION

I've heard of a very large group of missing relatives in Argentina who congregate once a week in a square in Buenos Aires and are causing the government of Argentina a lot of embarrassment and they are congregating to protest their missing relatives. Has your group ever tried a similar kind of action in Chile, in Santiago, or would it be too dangerous?

#### ANSWER

You know that a group of Chilean women did more than that, they went on hunger strike in the CEPAL office of the UN of Santiago in June 1976. There were articles about this through the world, and here we are making declarations about what the families of those who are disappeared are doing within Chile. And they have said that they will not accept the reply of Pinochet. And we will not do so either. And we have said that we will not rest until we know the truth.



GABRIELA BRAVO

Members of the Commission, delegates and members of the audience, it is hard for us, Chileans, with so many tragedies in our country. Chile has always been a country that has been respected for its democratic traditions, for its organization and for the fighting spirit of its people. Now, Chile is known for the atrocities which you have been hearing about from witnesses to this tribunal. We are grateful to the people of Canada for your solidarity with the Chilean people and the chance you give us to denounce the violations of human rights in our country. I ask if you, my Canadian friends, can understand, in all its magnitude, the Chilean drama. I ask this because a few years back in Chile we would not have been able to understand such things. We would never have believed it. We would have said that it was a horror movie. Unfortunately, we in Chile have been living in a horror movie for four years. Now we see pictures of terror day by day as human rights are trampled. But we never become resigned. Every woman, every Chilean, every worker, every student, every peasant never becomes resigned.

You can see this when a young man like Ernesto speaks, from the strength with which he communicates his experiences in spite of torture. He still sees life with such love of being alive.

My own case is one of so many cases of the families of those who have disappeared in Chile. My name is Gabriela Bravo. I am 27. I am a nurse. I am married to Carlos Lorca Tobac, 32, a psychiatrist, and secretary general of the Socialist Youth of Chile and a deputy to the national congress. Two years ago he added another title: he became one of those who have been detained and have disappeared. The 25th of June 1975, in broad daylight, at 4 p.m. there was a military operation in one of the streets of Santiago. My husband was taken, along with another socialist militant, Carolina Wif, who has also disappeared. Many witnesses declared their testimony before the judge, and they were heroic in doing so, two years ago. Yet, to the writ of Habeas Corpus presented to the Chilean court, as Ana said, the reply was always, Carlos Lorca has not been detained nor are there orders to detain him.

Yet, Carlos was among one of the first called to present himself to the Minister of Defence. Carlos didn't do so because he did not believe they were the legitimate authorities.

We became temporarily separated. I was seven months pregnant. It was a temporary separation to await what was happening. We never saw each other again. My house was broken into several times. I was permanently watched. I knew about him through telephone calls. One day the telephone rang and I was told he had been detained in the circumstances I have described.

There is further proof, another prisoner was with him in the Villa Grimaldi three weeks after his detention. He saw him through the hole in a door when he was brutally tortured and they were asking questions about another couple. Carlos did not inform on this couple and according to the other prisoner, he was left unconscious. He never saw him again.

With this silence, we, the families of those who have disappeared have gone to international organizations, asking for our families' whereabouts. The Organization of American States, the Inter-parliamentary conference, have asked for information about Carlos. Yet, nothing is said. Only the Secretary General

of UNESCO was told in March, 1976, that Carlos had been processed and detained, but no more than that.

Therefore I ask, could you understand the drama of a mother, when her son of 4 years asks, where is my father? What should I tell him? That he is dead? That he is alive? That he is a prisoner? Children are very wise. You cannot deceive them. Now I have to be away from my child, and I am worried about him. I and my son have to have a reply, the reply that many mothers and sisters and children of the detained and disappeared prisoners are waiting for. As the family of the Veloso boy have found him again, as the family of Figueroa found him again, as the mother of Ernesto saw him return, we know that though many of the people who have disappeared have fallen, many will return, through our struggle and the solidarity of others.

CHAIRMAN

We do not want to question you. We only want to give you our support.

ULDA ORTIZ

Members of the conference, who represent organizations which fight for the defence of human rights and who are here present.

I am here so that you will know the reality that I live in as mother, wife and Chilean in my country. My anxiety, anguish and pain commenced with the detention of my husband, Jose Luis Baeza, which happened July 9, 1974. My husband was arrested by the Air Force intelligence service. Their leader was Commandante Egaldo Sevallo, of the Intelligence Service Academy of the Air Force. They took him to the dungeons of the Ministry of Defence, and then took him to the War Academy. Here he was tortured, suffered physical torture daily, and was held in conditions of incommunicado for a long time. His detention was not reported to any of the country's organizations. From the first moment of his detention I did everything I could to try and find out from the authorities of the government. The reply from everywhere was negative. They said he was not detained and there was not order to detain him. He must have gone to the guerrillas, or gone off with another woman. There is a curtain of silence hiding the real truth of his detention and his disappearance.

I am the mother of two daughters, who daily await the return of their father. One is 16 and the other 8 at this moment.

As for me, they have not only taken away my husband's right to liberty and his right to life, but they have taken away my right to work. I was fired a month after my husband was detained. My family has had to survive with me being head of the household and a housewife. And this with uncertainty that never ends is how I have been living for three years. And I have had no real answer telling me where my husband is, what happened to him. All that helps me is the feeling of hope, of confidence to make us go on fighting for what we love most, the life of those we love. As mother, wife and Chilean, I call on all the humanists of the world that they raise their voices to break this curtain of silence, so that once more and for ever, this disappearance that has no historical precedent, will end.



We want them to tell us where they are. I represent hundreds and hundreds of women, mothers, children and sisters, in the Vicariate of Solidarity, who are seeking the students, young people, workers, peasants, professional people, leaders, pregnant mothers, among those who were detained and have disappeared. We are all waiting for a reply from the government of the country. We want to know the truth once and for all. The government promised this to the secretary general of the United Nations, promising to tell the whereabouts of every one of those who have disappeared. We ask the United Nations to demand a reply, especially in the cases of the 36 women who were in the hunger strike in CEPAL.

We ask and we will go on asking, especially of the United Nations, that two investigators go to Chile on behalf of the secretary general, to see the irrefutable proofs and testimonies that the families and the government have. They must see proof of what happened. They must insist that the authorities comply with their promise. We want the UN to send a commission to Chile to investigate the cases of hundreds and hundreds of people who have disappeared in Chile. With all this proof, they will confirm what I am telling you now, the anguish, the injustice of so many women, so many young people and children who now live in my country. I think that this year, in which the UN holds its Commission on Human Rights, is the appropriate occasion to demand a reply to the question, where are they? We will go on doing all we can to find out the truth. We unite together, all the women whose families have disappeared, the women in the Vicariate of Solidarity, with bonds that cannot be broken by forgetting or by fear. And we say, once more, as was said in the hunger strike, it is true, we will find them. For life, peace, and liberty, we will find the, and with your help, I believe we will indeed do so.

#### QUESTION

Are you afraid of what will happen to you when you return to Chile?

#### ANSWER

We are very conscious that we are repeating to the world what we have said many thousands of times in Chile, in public, and before the courts, and we were then in the hands of the junta. We have maintained that the only thing to do was to see that the whole world knew, that the organizations for the defence of human rights should support the families of those who have been detained and have disappeared in demanding the truth, where are our families. That is all we want. We travel, demanding this. We are not afraid.