

BACIYARD

New York, Thursday 11 September, 2003. No. 3

MUROSUR
ARTES VISUALES



SANTIAGO, TUESDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 1973

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, WE CHILEANS WERE STUNNED BY THE AIR ATTACKS ON THE TWIN TOWERS AND THE PENTAGON, NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF ITS VIOLENCE AND UNQUESTIONABLE HORROR, BUT BECAUSE ON THAT DAY WE WERE GETTING READY TO OBSERVE THE 28TH ANNIVERSARY OF ANOTHER SEPTEMBER 11TH: THE 1973 COUP D'ÉTAT IN CHILE.

Backyard

MuroSur Artes Visuales

This newspaper is a part of contemporary art project conceived by visual artists from Chile. What we propose to reflect on — theoretically, esthetically and politically — stems from a fact that many of you may find surprising. On September 11, 2001, we Chileans were stunned by the air attacks on the Twin Towers and the Pentagon, not only because of its violence and unquestionable horror, but because on that day we were getting ready to observe the 28th anniversary of another September 11th: the 1973 coup d'état in Chile.

Starting out from this painful, macabre and also confusing superimposition of historical facts, the Santiago-based MuroSur-Artes Visuales Gallery artists' collective has put together a program in which artists and intellectuals will reflect on these two events. The artists we invited have used them as a basis for works being exhibited at the Americas Society. In this newspaper, a group of historians, writers, journalists, and architects discuss their views of the two 11s.

For Muro Sur, it was essential to create an art project that would transcend a particular building's exhibition space. We thought it was important to organize a public, participatory art activity with the potential to involve more producers and spectators in the city's public space. After all, the unexpected violence affected and will continue to affect memory, public history and the personal histories both of the people who live in these places and throughout the world.

Our question was: How can art shape or represent events of such power and historic significance, of such importance and relevance for the future? From there we asked ourselves: What is the relationship between art and politics?

Our project is called *Backyard*, and it consists of this publication, an exhibition at the Americas Society (680 Park Avenue, at the corner of 68th Street). The title *Backyard* comes from the way U.S. government spokespersons referred to Latin America in the late 1960s and the 1970s: Latin America as the United States's backyard.

We thought the best way to publicize *Backyard* would be to infiltrate and imitate the circulation system used by the print communications media. We chose the very day of September 11 to tell you how important it is to talk about, research, and reflect upon traumatic events, and use them to produce something. Indeed, the act of producing has been a lesson that history has undertaken to teach us in Chile. Implicitly and explicitly, we still have a need to reflect on a September 11 that took place 30 years ago, a need that has not diminished from generation to generation.

This publication and the exhibition it accompanies were organized by MuroSur. MuroSur is a participant of AS A SATELLITE, a program of the Visual Arts Department of the Americas Society.

AS A SATELLITE is made possible through the generous support of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts. Additional support has been provided by the Elliott Family Foundation.

We also wish to acknowledge the Prince Claus Fund, Netherlands. And the following for their cooperation and support of this project: Trudy Balch, translator; Irene Pardow, graphic designer; the members of the artist collective MuroSur; and the Visual Arts Advisory Board and Visual Arts Department of the Americas Society.

The views expressed by MuroSur in this publication are not necessarily those of the Americas Society.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 2003
(6-8 PM)

Oppening

Videos Curated by Néstor Olhagaray
Claudia Aravena
Guillermo Cifuentes
Rodrigo Flores
Gonzalo Rabanal
Enrique Ramírez

Máximo Corvalán
Claudio Correa
Gonzalo Díaz
Nury González
Josefina Guilisasti
Ignacio Gumucio
Voluspa Jarpa
Rodrigo Merino
Bernardo Oyarzún
Lotty Rosenfeld
Ximena Zomoza

Recent Art from Chile

MUROSUR BAC > YARD

ARTES VISUALES

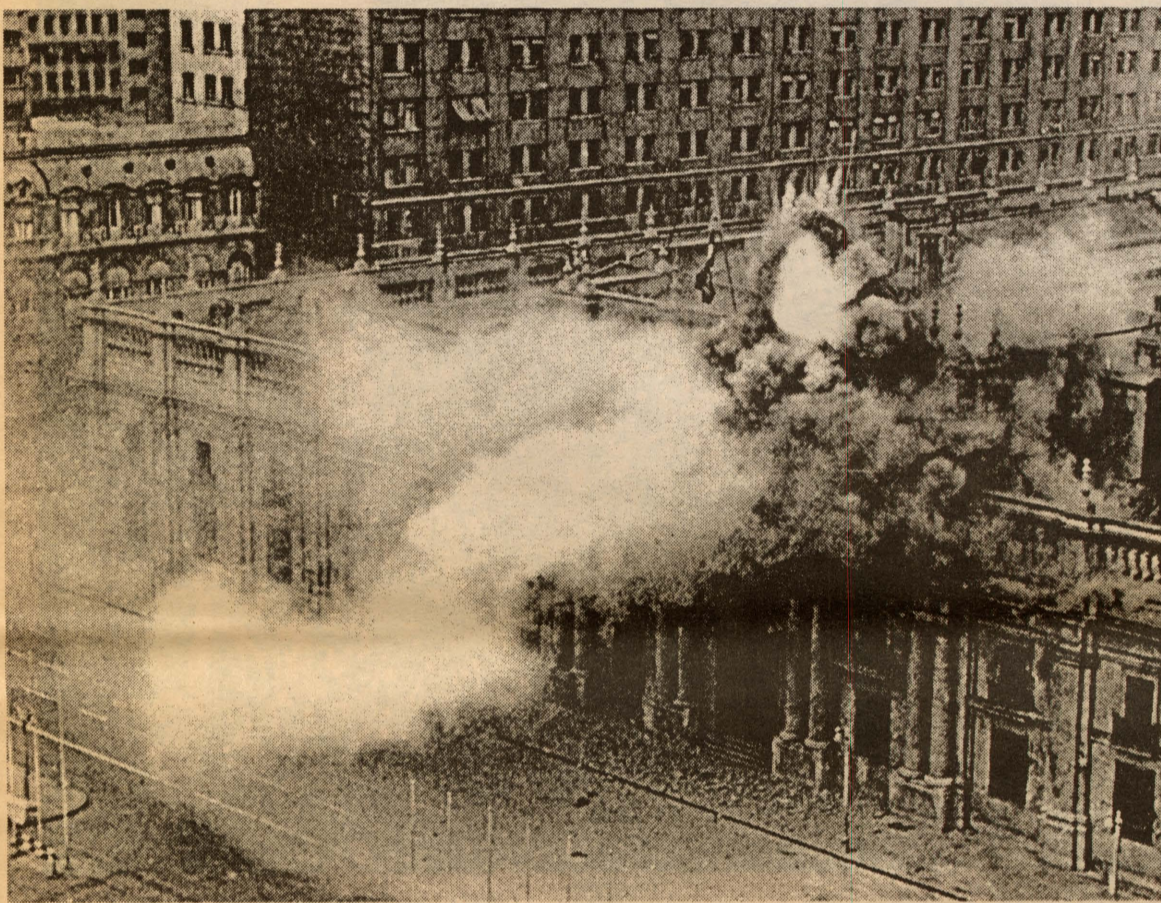
SEPTEMBER 12-28, 2003

The Americas Society Gallery
680 Park Avenue at 68th Street
New York, New York 10021
F: 212-277.83.61
E: murosar@yahoo.es

Gallery Hours Wednesday - Sunday, Noon to 6 pm.

A Judgment Stolen

YOU WERE GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO JUDGE. AN OPPORTUNITY THAT CAME LIVE, AND IN TECHNICOLOR. BUT OURS WAS SNATCHED AWAY. WE WEREN'T ALLOWED TO SEE HOW A SOCIALIST PRESIDENT WAS FORCIBLY STRIPPED OF HIS POSITION. BECAUSE WHEN HORROR IS CENSORED, IT CANNOT BE JUDGED. IF PEOPLE HAD BEEN ABLE TO SEE THE BRUTAL ATTACK ON LA MONEDA, THE CONSPIRATORS WOULD HAVE FACED A PRISON SENTENCE. AND THAT WAS WHAT WAS PREVENTED FROM HAPPENING.



Even if some of the images you recognize in this newspaper are black and white, you will remember the color of the sky, the flames, and the smoke that cast a pall over Ground Zero on the morning of September 11, 2001. You will know that from certain angles, the facades of the Twin Towers managed to gleam before they collapsed. You will also remember that, after the buildings tumbled down, the streets of New York, and its cars and passers-by, were blanketed by a thick dust that left the city black and white. And whether or not you were close by, you will know exactly what happened, because ultimately you will recall the images broadcast live on TV that day, transmitting the events that marked that Tuesday of horror. You will have an idea of how much time went by between the first explosion and the second, between the attack and the collapse, because you watched that sequence many times, over and over again, until you were exhausted.

In order not to forget.

When you see the images of the Palacio de la Moneda — Chile's presidential office building in Santiago, bombed on September 11, 1973, to bring down the government of Salvador Allende — you will not know what color the building was. You may not even have enough background information about what happened.

But you will likely tinge the sky, the flames, and the smoke with the coloring you remember from your own tragedy. You may even imagine the collapse of the building, although that did not happen. True, there was rubble. And dust. Though not that overwhelming odor of death. And there were dead as well. Beginning with the president and thousands of others that have added up over the years. Of course they were "disappeared." Not all at once, like in New York, where the fire consumed every last bone. Our dead were buried behind our backs, clandestinely, exhumed, and thrown into the sea. So that they would never exist at all. Neither alive nor dead.

In order to forget.

Perhaps, then, you will put yourself in the survivors' place, and think that on that Tuesday of horror — or in the days that followed — you saw on television the images of the Hawker Hunters flying over La Moneda. And maybe you will imagine a photograph being taken of a rocket as it is launched from one of the fighter-bombers toward La Moneda, until it hits. And then, of course, the smoke, and the flames consuming the flag that crowns some part of any government headquarters building. But no. Those images were taken prisoner too. And they disappeared for years. That day only radios

transmitted, and only a part of what was going on, until the antennas were knocked down. Most of the broadcasts were military edicts issued by the Armed Forces. And TV stations were even showing animated cartoons.

So that all would be forgotten.

I was born on October 3, 1975, two years after the military coup. I knew what had happened in my country because people told me, because I read about it, because I had access to forbidden photographs and forbidden books. Because I belonged to a family that was also forbidden. I was 13 years old when, on March 11, 1990, the dictatorship came to an end. The state television station, which had been under the control of Augusto Pinochet's dictatorship for 17 years, broadcast the first post-regime news program. What we saw was unprecedented: there, on network TV, was the Palacio de la Moneda, in ruins. For the first time, soldiers in tanks laying siege to La Moneda, the president weakly attempting to resist, fighter-bombers, bombing, smoke and flames. For the first time Allende's shrouded cadaver. For the first time the prisoners taken that morning.

All those images were black and white. As though representing events that occurred decades before, not 17 years ago. But they had something that endowed them with a sense of the present: movement. Those sequences showed the beginning of death, yet they had life. They had returned to the present.

At that point I thought I had recovered some of the memory that had been stolen. But I was wrong. I realized it a couple years ago, when an older friend — a teenager back then — told me he went to La Moneda on September 12, 1973. And what he said included a detail: the color of the furniture that lay outside after the bombing. That was when I realized my memory had no color. The same color that you did have. You see, you were given the opportunity to judge. An opportunity that came live, and in Technicolor. But ours was snatched away. We weren't allowed to see how a socialist president was forcibly stripped of his position. Because when horror is censored, it cannot be judged. If people had been able to see the brutal attack on La Moneda, the conspirators would have faced a prison sentence. And that was what was prevented from happening.

Color and black-and-white will leave a mark on our memories. But they are related. True, in New York, no one censored the images of what happened. In Chile, on the other hand, the records of horror were confiscated from the collective memory for nearly two decades. However, censorship and overexposure do have something in common. Neither allows us to look on calmly. And both arouse suspicion.

That's the reason for these texts. For the looks we are casting now. Because we must go back again and again to the images stolen from us and shown to us, in order to find in them what—in both cases—no one wanted revealed to us. Perhaps in 2018 you'll see the images that are missing. As long as the color doesn't dazzle you.

Eleventh and Eleventh

Santiago/New York

Airplanes, flames, and deaths form the memories of millions of people who saw the bombing of the Palacio de La Moneda in 1973 and the World Trade Center in 2001. Visible as well were clouds of what resembled fog, perhaps reminiscent of the "Night and Fog" into which so many Nazi concentration camp victims vanished without a trace.

The symbolic aura of these events, which spread terror throughout society, has become one with their outcomes, in turn represented by actions that have increased uncertainty and all signs of death: wars and human rights violations.

The allure of authoritarianism of one kind or another was what motivated the people who worked the death machines in 1973 and 2001. The first group acted to save the unity of Western Christian society (an ever-present theme of Latin American dictators), while the second attacked the Twin Towers in the name of the one God.

In both cases, we citizens were defenseless witnesses to the burning of expiatory victims. We remembered that rights and liberties — supposedly secure values — were once again being subjected to trial by fire.

When we looked from Chile at what was happening in New York, we recalled, 28 years after 1973, the day of the coup that ended democracy in our country. That day sparked the beginning of the dictatorship whose devastating symbol was the disappearance of numerous political opponents, as well as concentration camps, exile, and cultural censorship.

Like the 1973 coup, New York's 11th happened on a Tuesday in September, the uncertain beginning of spring in Chile, and at the same time as our 11th as well. There, gathered in the Plaza de la Constitución, we commemorated the death of President Allende, overwhelmed as we thought of the flames that once again consumed so many innocent people.

We could have sat back, unmoved, because our 11th involved more than Chile. The U.S. government, headed by President Nixon, also played a part in bringing us the night that lasted an infinity in real time for our precarious lives. But the tragedy of our suffering and our experience in learning about democracy — the democracy of before and after — awakened a sense of unease as well as necessity. We needed not only to condemn the brutality of the attack, but also to express our solidarity with the pain of the victims and their survivors.

We also remember the fear that bent our backs. It was a fear that made bitterness and vengeance a powerful motivation for accepting that others — people unknown to us, faulted for the ways they live and think — could once again suffer the consequences of warlike attacks at the hands of those who were stronger.

As we already know, the world changed following September 11, 2001. After the war in Afghanistan, the hunt for the Taliban, and the search for members of al-Qaeda came the war against Iraq: always in the name of annihilating terrorists who could newly attack our certainties.



Millions of citizens throughout the world have risen up to demand proof of the weapons of mass destruction that Iraq was going to use to respond to the coalition of armies. These most powerful of forces would fire the most intelligent weapons yet invented to destroy people and entire cities. The United Nations — created after the horrors of World War II precisely to prevent wars that did not have citizen consent — could do nothing.

During and after the war, television images showed us women and children who had been killed and wounded. As usual, few soldiers lost their lives, nor was any proof presented for the military action.

The 21st century world seems to have returned to the human catastrophes of the century that preceded it. It appears that political decisions are no longer illuminated by the promises of modernity made in 1789: unlimited respect for human rights and self-determination of all peoples. Such promises were belatedly ratified in the 1947 Universal Declaration of Human Rights and in all pacts made to protect people from the power of the state and from the most powerful states. "The happiness of all," that eternal hope sanctified by 18th-century thinkers and revolutions, is not only fading out of sight, but is also losing its meaning.

Nonetheless, in Chile, 30 years later, we recall our September 11 and the traces of memory left by our victims. We are trying to uncover the truth of what happened, and we also want justice to continue its pursuit of those who are guilty of crimes against humanity. If we succeed, perhaps we will have contributed in some part to supporting the promises of a better world. We will also be able to express our thanks for the solidarity of millions of people who supported us during those decades, in order to expose the secrets of the terrorist state and safeguard the memory of its victims.

As for September 11, 2001, we continue to hope that the allure of authoritarianism, which counsels intolerance and "bad death," will cease to devastate the spirit. Citizens are demanding a critical review in order to make way for peace, asking their political leaders to explain the decisions that punished innocent people and have been of little help in decimating the hidden faces of terrorists. Still, we suspect that behind the acts of war, there is an unmentionable ruling interest in doing good business, which demands human sacrifice.

From one September 11 to the other, in Santiago and New York, we hope for good news about humanity. Is this possible?

(1) The Palacio de La Moneda, also known simply as "La Moneda," is the name of Chile's presidential office building. On September 11, 1973, Chile's armed forces attacked the building while President Salvador Allende and a group of his supporters were inside. First with tanks and artillery, and finally bombing it from the air. Allende killed himself rather than surrender. The coup d'état ended the government of the leftist Unidad Popular (Popular Unity) coalition. A de facto regime was installed, first headed by a military junta and later solely by the army's commander-in-chief, Augusto Pinochet. The totalitarian regime lasted 17 years.

How S11 could become ⚡11

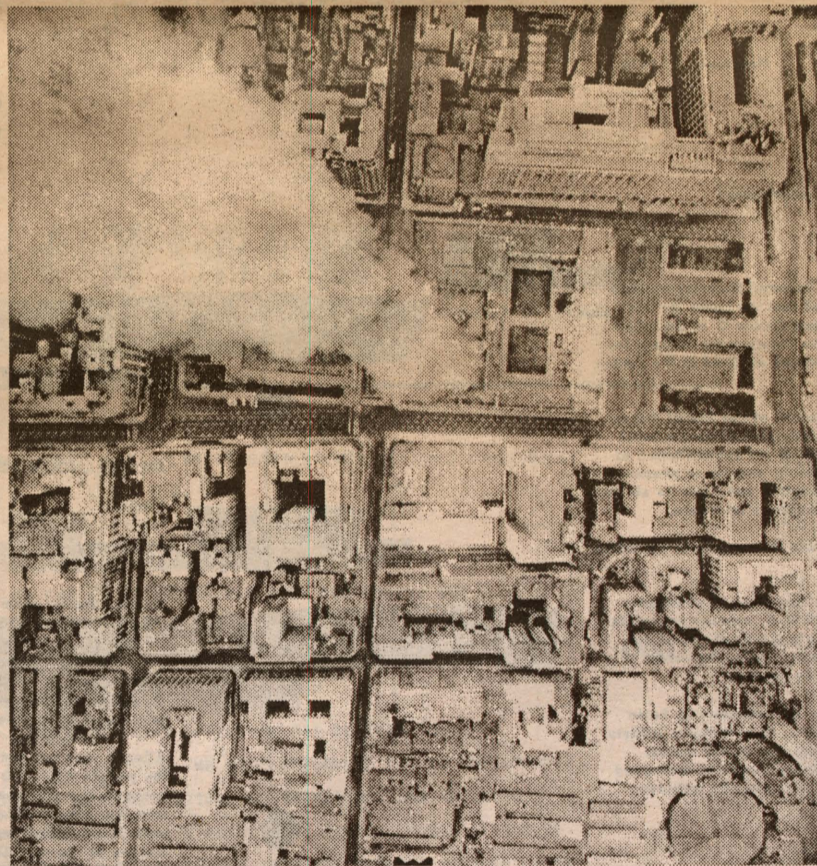
THE EXPRESSION "S11" UPSETS ME IN TWO WAYS. FIRST, IT EVOKES THE WAR MESSAGE, NOT ENTIRELY INNOCENT, THAT SOME OF MY CLASSMATES USED TO DRAW IN THEIR NOTEBOOKS. AND, NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY WERE THE STRONGEST SUPPORTERS OF THE PINOCHET REGIME. THE INSCRIPTION, WHICH I TOO MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN MORE THAN ONCE, LOOKED JUST LIKE THIS: ⚡11.

I was born on October 23, 1971, almost two years before September 11, 1973. The date is not entirely irrelevant: I belong to the last generation of Chileans who reached adulthood — that is, the age of 18 — with Pinochet still in power. Of course, by that time he was getting ready to abandon the Palacio de la Moneda, while we were enduring the weight of a numbed adolescence that, looking back on it now, was for the most part sadly unmemorable. Having said this — that I feel obligated to introduce myself once and for all as a “child of the dictatorship” — I can, without further ado, turn to that other date: S11. As the suspicious reader has already suspected, there is nothing terrible about such an arbitrary and immediate connection. Represented in this way, i.e., by an established media anagram born of the modern-day passion for acronyms and abbreviations, the expression “S11” upsets me in two ways. First, it evokes the war message, not entirely innocent, that some of my classmates used to draw in their notebooks. And, needless to say, they were the strongest supporters of the Pinochet regime. The inscription, which I too might have written more than once, looked just like this: ⚡11, Nazi-style, which meant that any street mural neophyte would automatically recognize its connotations. We all knew that an “S,” stripped of its curves, its ribs broken, was simply one of the two rays of terror: ⚡⚡. In the early 1980s, ⚡11 was a small, subversive ultra-rightist group, so wretched and pathetic that in order to exist it needed the collusion and above all the cowardly complicity of the very forces Pinochet used to crush his civilian enemies.

It may appear that the previous digression has distanced me from what I was asked to write about: the potential similarities — “tangible” was what the persistent director of Backyard said, I think — between the bombing of the Palacio de la Moneda and the collapse of the Twin Towers. All right, then, following

that metallic thread, sooner or later we’ll get to the most obvious of these related images. In both cases, airplanes played a leading role: Hawker Hunters in 1973, Boeings in 2001. The first were victorious by dropping bombs, the second by being the bombs. And the pilots, though in a different way, were victorious as well: those flying the Hawker Hunters knew there was no chance they would die during the mission: for them, the glory was in this world.

For as long as I can remember, I’ve heard people talk about how skillful the pilots were who bombed La Moneda, a building located in the very center of a city that, incidentally, had practically no tall buildings 30 years ago. “Almost all the bombs hit the target,” I heard the gung-ho architects of the military coup say,



more than once. Even today we don’t know what the margin of error was, nor do we know exactly how many bombs did not hit the target. To me, this uncertainty seems to have a very human relationship with the number of victims — forever uncertain — in the attack on New York. “Almost all the bombs hit the target” is a compliment from any point of view. And in all other respects very similar to another remark overheard in a Washington, D.C. bar eight days after S11, amid the striking “end of the world” atmosphere in that also violated capital: “Those guys knew what they were doing.”

I remember that during those days of confusion, the *New York Times* published a

small chart giving preliminary numbers of foreign citizens — grouped by country of origin — who had died at Ground Zero. The country with the second-highest number of casualties amid the smoldering rubble was England, the *Times* said: a result that could appear quite logical. But what was incredible and — no matter how you look at it — implausible was the country that topped the list: Chile. I think the figures were even triple the number of English victims. The *New York Times* never confirmed this information in later editions, which suggests that it was an inexplicable mistake. Though ultimately, of course, everything can be explained: I know esoteric types who would be able to grab onto such an odd mistake and, based on that, construct a monumental and obscure narrative that would somehow end in a reference to September 11, 1973. But since the vocation of occultist is always more worthy of respect in a reader than in a writer, I will refrain. The only accurate information, according to what I’ve found out, is that just one Chilean citizen disappeared in the attack on New York.

I had tickets to fly from Chile to the United States on September 11, 2001. A week later the first plane of the new era took off, and I was on it. So as not to repeat what I’ve already written, I can sum up my experience in Washington, D.C., as follows: what was most notable in that world-is-coming-to-an-end paranoia was the explosion of repressed passions, most of all sexual passions. I never went back to the United States after that trip.

What I see now, at an awkward distance (because I lived there for two years), is extremely disturbing: the stoking of a monstrous patriotism, the blows struck right and left by an evil spirit, wounded but still victorious. Yet this spirit has apparently not stopped to think, even recently, that this string of “victories” contains the fuse that could set off its own destruction. I can perceive the unmistakable tone of violence made discourse and, behind it all, the sinister plan of the forces in power: to turn back the disastrous meaning of S11, and make the date into a war cry. Very similar to what some of my not entirely innocent classmates used to draw in their notebooks: ⚡11.

Kissinger v/s Kissinger

Fragments

"THEY (THE DOCUMENTS) LEAVE NO DOUBT THAT THE UNITED STATES ACTED IN ONLY THE MOST MINIMAL AND INEFFECTUAL FASHION PRIOR TO CHILEAN ELECTION. NOT ONLY WERE THE FUNDS INSUFFICIENT TO HAVE ANY SIGNIFICANT IMPACT, THE INSISTENCE ON NOT SUPPORTING THE SOLE CANDIDATE WITH A CHANCE OF DEFEATING ALLENDE CAUSED US TO DIVIDE THE RESOURCES IN A WAY THAT PROBABLY INCREASED THE FRAGMENTATION OF THE ANTI-ALLENDE VOTE." IN HENRY KISSINGER, THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS (NEW YORK: LITTLE BROWN COMPANY, 1979): SEE P. 669.

"After meeting Kendall, Nixon asked Helms, Mitchell, and me to his office in the early afternoon of September 15 (...). If there were one chance in ten of getting rid of Allende we should try it; if Helms needed \$10 million he would approve it. Aid programs to Chile should be cut; its economy should be squeezed until it "screamed." Helms should bypass Korry and report directly to the White House, which would make the final decisions. The operational objective at the time was still the "Rube Goldberg" scheme. Nixon did not in fact put forward a concrete scheme, only a passionate desire, unfocused and born out of frustration, to do "something."

Henry Kissinger, *The White House Years* (New York: Little Brown Company, 1979), pp. 673-674.

"On October 14 the CIA representative, Tom Karamessines, reported to the 40 Committee - as part of Track I - that a 'coup climate does not presently exist.' (...) The only remaining possibility was an amateurish plot organized by a General Roberto Viaux to kidnap General Schneider and take him to Argentina."

"The Senate Selected Committee, supposedly investigating assassination plots by the United States government, spent a great deal of space in its 1975 report mulling over whether Al Haig or I was misleading the Committee when we testified that coup planning had ended in October 15 or whether the CIA proceeded without authority. The facts are these. The Senate Select Committee discovered a second group plotters, in addition to the Viaux group, with whom the CIA was in contact and who also planned to kidnap General Schneider. Neither Haig nor I was ever aware of their existence for the very good reason that they never did anything. When I ordered coup plotting turn off on October 15, 1970. Nixon, Haig, and I considered it the end of both Track I and Track II. The CIA personnel in Chile apparently thought that the order applied only to Viaux; they felt they were free to continue with the second group of plotters, of whom the White House was unaware. They even provided them with three submachine guns on October 19 without informing anyone in the White House."

"Then on October 22, the Viaux group, which had been explicitly told to desist by the CIA on October 17, proceeded on its own in defiance of CIA instructions and without our knowledge. It attempted to abduct General Schneider, and bungled it. Schneider drew his pistol in self-defense and was mortally wounded by gunfire. (...) Indeed, no one intended assassination, not even General Viaux. Assassination was never discussed or implied in any 40 Committee meeting on any subject during my tour of duty. Viaux planned a kidnapping - and we told him not to do it; the second group of plotters did nothing." Henry Kissinger, *The White House Years* (New York: Little Brown Company, 1979), pp. 675 - 677.

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506
~~TOP SECRET//SENSITIVE//EYES ONLY~~ UNCLAS November 9, 1970
National Security Decision Memorandum 93
TO: Secretary of State
Secretary of Defense
Director, Office of Emergency Preparedness
Director of Central Intelligence
SUBJECT: Policy Towards Chile

Following the discussion at the meeting of the National Security Council on November 6, 1970, the President has decided that the basis for our policy toward Chile will be the concept underlying Option C of the Inter-agency paper submitted November 3, 1970 by the Department of State for the consideration of the National Security Council as outlined in the guidelines set forth below.

The President has decided that (1) the public posture of the United States will be correct but cool, to avoid giving the Allende government a basis on which to rally domestic and international support for consolidation of the regime; but that (2) the United States will seek to maximize pressures on the Allende government to prevent its consolidation and limit its ability to implement policies contrary to U.S. and hemisphere interests.

Specifically, the President has directed that within the context of a publicly cool and correct posture toward Chile:

- vigorous efforts be undertaken to assure that other governments in Latin America understand fully that the U.S. opposes consolidation of a communist state in Chile hostile to the interests of the United States and other hemisphere nations, and to the extent possible encourage them to adopt a similar posture.
- close consultation be established with key governments in Latin America, particularly Brazil and Argentina, to coordinate efforts to oppose Chilean moves which may be contrary to our mutual interests; in pursuit of this objective, efforts should be increased to establish and maintain close relations with friendly military leaders in the hemisphere.

~~TOP SECRET//SENSITIVE//EYES ONLY~~ UNCLAS

Declassified/Released on 1/28/85
under provisions of E.O. 12958
by ~~_____~~ National Security Council
U. 145967C 104-1306

~~SECRET//SENSITIVE~~

Sit Rep #-1
INFORMATION
June 29, 1973

MEMORANDUM FOR: THE PRESIDENT
FROM: HENRY A. KISSINGER
SUBJECT: Attempted Coup in Chile

Chilean Army units are reported to have launched an attempted coup against the government of Salvador Allende this morning. Army troops supported by four tanks (presumably from the 1st Armored Division) moved against the Presidential Palace at 9:00 a.m. Carabinero (police) guarding the palace exchanged shots with the coup forces. An unconfirmed report says the coup forces have taken over the palace. Witnesses claimed to have seen five persons dead on the streets at the palace.

Allende was not yet in his office at the time. He has made a broadcast to the people from his home denouncing the coup and asking the people to come to the defense of the Government. He warned them against moving into the scene of the fighting, however. He also claimed that loyal Army units were either moving to the defense of the palace or standing by for orders to move. This contradicts other reporting that includes two of the units Allende mentioned as being part of the coup forces.

There are no indications yet of any participation by Navy or Air Force units or personnel. They had been reported as taking an active part in coup planning in recent weeks.

The Chilean Trade Union Confederation (controlled by the Socialists and Communists) has called on its workers to seize industrial plants and to take steps to mobilize to defend the government.

~~SECRET//SENSITIVE~~

DECLASSIFIED
By ~~_____~~ NARA Date ~~_____~~

Retyped: mm:6/29/73

PAGE 1 OF 3 PAGES

EXO SS/D SECUR

THIS IS AN INFORMATION REPORT, NOT FINALLY EVALUATED INTELLIGENCE

SECRET

DIST 10 SEPTEMBER 1973

1.5 (c)

1.5 (c)

THAT A COUP ATTEMPT WILL BE INITIATED ON 11 SEPTEMBER. ALL THREE BRANCHES OF THE ARMED FORCES AND THE CARABINEROS ARE INVOLVED IN THIS ACTION. A DECLARATION WILL BE READ ON RADIO AGRICULTURA AT 7 A.M. ON 11 SEPTEMBER. THAT

SECRET

2545 - 24 - 3

APPROVED FOR RELEASE
DATE 01/11/1989

(40)

THIS IS AN INFORMATION REPORT, NOT FINALLY EVALUATED INTELLIGENCE

DIST 10 SEPTEMBER 1973

THAT A COUP ATTEMPT WILL BE INITIATED ON 11 SEPTEMBER. ALL THREE BRANCHES OF THE ARMED FORCES AND THE CARABINEROS ARE INVOLVED IN THIS ACTION. A DECLARATION WILL BE READ ON RADIO AGRICULTURA AT 7 A.M. ON 11 SEPTEMBER.

PAGE 2 OF 3 PAGES

SECRET

THE CARABINEROS HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR SEIZING PRESIDENT SALVADOR ALLENDE.

2. COMMENT: THE COUP SCHEDULED FOR 10 SEPTEMBER HAD BEEN POSTPONED, AND

1.5 (c)

3. COMMENT: WHILE IT MAY BE THAT THE ARMED FORCES POSTPONED THE COUP SCHEDULED FOR 10 SEPTEMBER IN ORDER TO IMPROVE TACTICAL COORDINATION, AND WHILE THE NAVY APPEARS FIRM IN ITS RESOLVE TO OUST ALLENDE, IT HAS TO BE ASSUMED THAT THE PRESIDENT IS STILL WORKING DILIGENTLY TO DEFLATE THIS CRISIS. IN THIS REGARD HE HAS SCHEDULED A NATIONAL ADDRESS FOR THE AFTERNOON OF 10 SEPTEMBER. THE PRESIDENT COULD USE THIS OCCASION TO ANNOUNCE SOME DRAMATIC PROPOSAL SUCH AS THE CALLING OF A PLEBICITE WHICH COULD AGAIN CAUSE THE PLOTTERS TO HESITATE.

1.5 (c)

SECRET

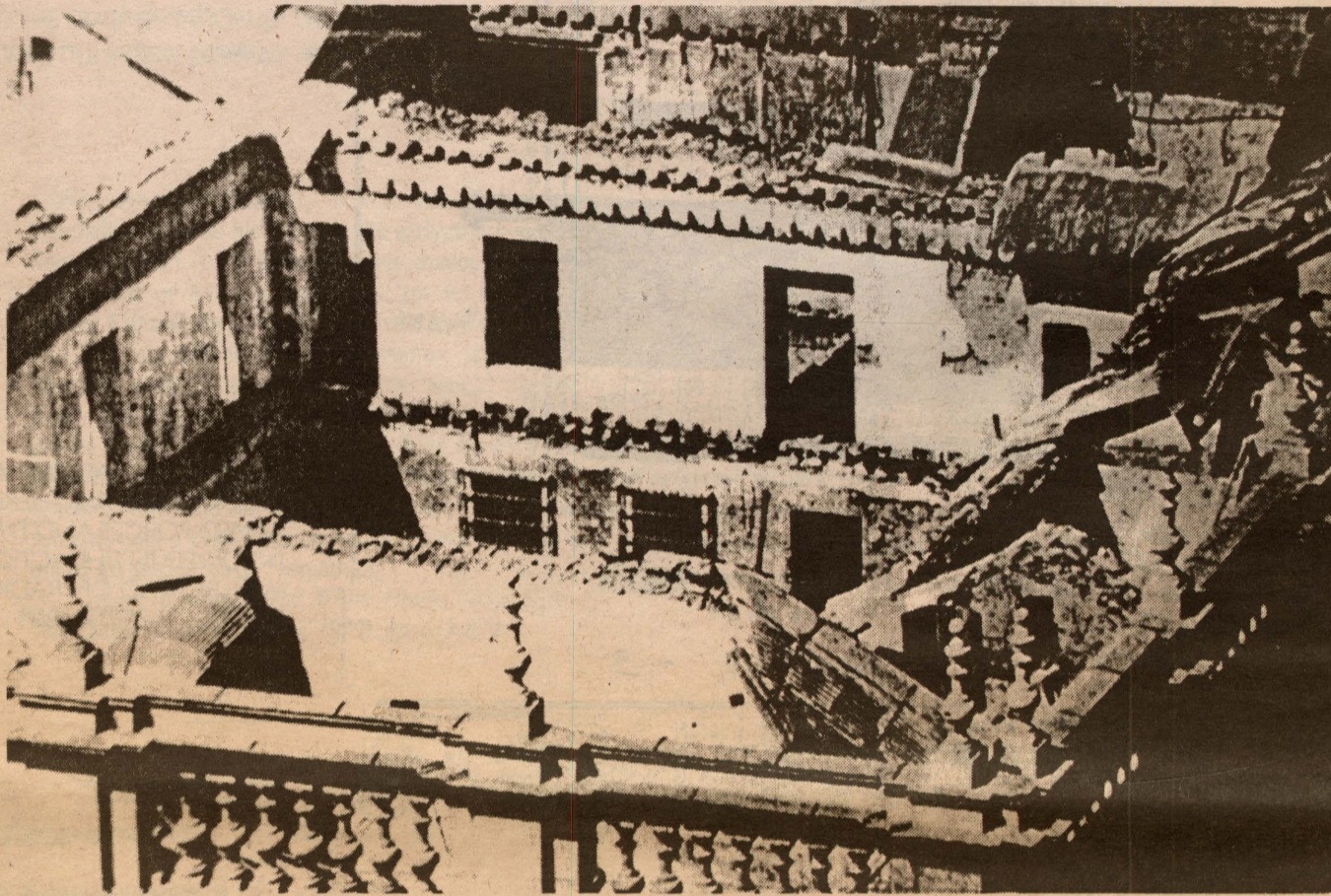
THE CARABINEROS HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR SEIZING PRESIDENT SALVADOR ALLENDE.

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Architecture of the Attacks

11sept1973-11sept2001



I

Trying to write about two events of great historical and emotional impact seems like an act of faith. This is especially true when looking at them from the point of view of architecture, because both events involved the destruction of architectural works that, in their time, represented uncertainties for the discipline itself. Using the strategies and tactics of destruction, these events created tension among all the canonical categories of architecture: from politics to ethics and from technical values to symbolic ones (1).

The breach in Chile's democratic framework became a reality in the almost surgical bombing of the Palacio de La Moneda (2), the seat of political power in Chile. The attack on the world's most powerful economic system was personalized in the horribly precise attack on the Twin Towers, which ended in their media-saturated implosion. These are events from whose implications we cannot run; they represent something much more complex than attacks on works of architecture. I do not intend to decontextualize these violating, traumatic events from their necessary sociopolitical, economic and cultural referents. Indeed, anyone trying to write about them will invariably feel the referents' constraining influence. We could even say that this is something that has to happen. All I am trying to do, quite superficially and perhaps awkwardly, is explore what it means that these events were attacks on buildings. I want to understand what it means that the attackers struck works of architecture (and therefore the city) that represented a state or a moment in the city's development. As such, these attacks have led to this text.

La Moneda was a singular icon of political power in Chile, while the Twin Towers/World Trade Center complex were unique symbols of economic power. All were targets of destructive acts, but they are linked by more than that. They were also architectural works that perfectly fit the image of what those attacks were seeking to destroy. On a national and global scale (3) and with terrifying efficiency, both attacks succeeded in bringing about a significant change in the way we regarded a particular moment in history.

Buildings that represented political and economic power were destroyed in order to establish - in a tragic way - an image of the world. For this image to function efficiently, it had to alter collective memory with one masterful gesture and establish a new form of order. The primary objective of these destructive acts was to make a point with a double meaning. First, they sought to bring about the necessary destructive

collapse without regard to the consequences and losses. But at the same time, they sought to use the foundations of this collapse to establish hope for a new order. All we need do is remember the way fundamentalists and liberators alike have destroyed historic monuments: as they raze the image of the past, they try to construct a new memory, full-scale and on every level.

The Palacio de la Moneda had to be bombed, even if the president were to have resigned. There had to be an image that would be deeply engraved on the collective memory, showing that the autocratic regime would be established through an act of extermination, on new and virgin territory. Once destroyed, the icon could be rebuilt into another symbolic code.

The Twin Towers had to be destroyed because, for the architects of this destruction, the act would represent another conquest of capitalism. The towers' very existence demonstrated the enormous, efficient capacity of money to achieve ever more defiant and spectacular objectives. Making one of the architectural symbols of the market economy disappear was an attempt to demonstrate, in a terrible way, the existence of other, very different perspectives.

II

La Moneda also began as a building that represented economic power: it was Chile's national mint. Its sober, deliberate architecture symbolized and symbolizes the democratic fabric of Chile, particularly after the building's doors were reopened to the public. Chile's legislature sought an architectural symbol that was solid to the core, that would establish the image of democratic ideology beyond doubt. From its hierarchic position in the city of Santiago, this architecture would control the country's fate.

The attack by Hawker Hunter bombers on September 11, 1973, around midday, was intended precisely to destabilize that image. Only the building's shell was left, its public face erect and smoldering, thus to exercise direct influence on victors and survivors alike. Paradoxically, the same dictatorship had to rebuild La Moneda as an image-icon in order to validate its political-institutional ideology with victors and survivors. For its own sake, it had to validate its own image of democracy. ▽

The Twin Towers represented economic power at its strongest, a metaphor for the ability to build the impossible. The towers' fabulously slender structure and streamlined design fully and completely expressed the context (and desires) of a society (4). These clone buildings (5) sought to position themselves in New York, the city of cities, as the work that created and developed a new cityscape for Manhattan island. The ideology established in the construction of a place is what the two Boeing 767-200 aircraft belonging to American and United Airlines (6) destroyed on September 11, 2001.

III

The reconstruction of these buildings is characterized in distinctive ways. The Twin Towers and the rest of the World Trade Center complex were immediately transformed into a pilgrimage site. The area even took the horribly evocative name of "Ground Zero." With a viewing platform that architects (7) planned and built for this purpose, crowds of visitors from the United States and around the world squeezed in to see the empty space, which implied both an end and a beginning. Ground Zero fulfilled Baudrillard's apocalyptic prophecies about New York; it was an important symbol of how powerful destruction could be. In that destruction, in that act of demolition, is evidenced both the horror of and fascination with the fantasies contained in that same vacuum. Those evocations, spurred on by patriotic courage, are assumed to demonstrate the capacity for repair and cleanup. They have inspired proposals and projects, memorials and buildings, beams of light and acts of devotion. All in search of the innocence lost in the attack and destruction of New York's icons, all valid but suspiciously promising symbols of a city, of a country, of a nation.

La Moneda, on the other hand, was abandoned for years, a symbol of power overthrown. Only later was it rebuilt, "inaugurated" on March 11, 1981. Only this year (2003) will one of its most symbolic entrances for Chile's republican tradition reopen: the Calle Morandé door. This distinction is key for understanding the fundamental differences in the reconstruction of both buildings. The seat of executive power in Chile was destroyed in order to topple a democratic government and seek - supposedly - a new institutional order. It was left abandoned to provide absolute proof of the regime's firepower, a regime that also took control of another symbolic building: the UNCTAD (8) headquarters, later renamed for Diego Portales (9). The new government wanted to use this act of abandonment to show its distance from the bad, antiquated political practices of the Republic, while at the same time letting the building stand as a terrifying icon. To some, it symbolized the new era, while to others it threatened and oppressed with its blackened walls.

Ultimately, perhaps the destruction of the World Trade Center was a much more surgical operation than the attack on La Moneda. La Moneda resisted and ended up burnt, violated, desolate and ultimately abandoned for years. Its very architectural structure was later transformed into the stage set that would validate the dictatorship. It recovered from that stigma only with the arrival of a new, democratically elected president.

The Twin Towers fell and disappeared, violently, and with an aseptic quality that was painful. Nothing remained but postcards and images, which - like reflections and fantasies - appear in old movies. And with old movies, it's always possible to turn off the television and make the memory disappear.



- (1) Alejandro Crispiani, "Espirales," ARQ 53 (March 2003) (Santiago, Chile: ARQ Ediciones, School of Architecture, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile), p. 14.
- (2) A building planned as a mint by the Spanish architect Joaquín Toesca in the last quarter of the 18th century. *Revista de Arquitectura* 4 (December 1993) (Santiago, Chile: Faculty of Architecture and Urban Studies, Universidad de Chile), pp. 2-5.
- (3) Rodrigo Tisi, "Destruir Edificios," in ARQ 53 (Santiago, Chile: ARQ Ediciones, School of Architecture, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile), p. 17.
- (4) Jean Baudrillard and Jean Nouvel, *Los objetos singulares, Arquitectura y filosofía, Colección Popular 614* (Buenos Aires, Argentina: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 2001), p. 10.
- (5) *Ibid.*
- (6) www.rememberingseptember11.com. Excerpt from Rodrigo Tisi, "Destruir Edificios," ARQ 53, *op. cit.*
- (7) Liz Diller, Kevin Kennon, David Rockwell, and Ricardo Scofidio.
- (8) A building built by the Allende government in 1971, to host the Third International U.N. Conference on Trade and Development.
- (9) A 19th-century Chilean statesman who gave form and order - in an authoritarian way, say some authors - to the nascent Chilean republic.

Target La Moneda

TWO HAWKER HUNTER AIRPLANES TOOK OFF FROM SANTIAGO'S LOS CERRILLOS AIRPORT ON TUESDAY MORNING THE 11TH, "WITH THE SACRED DUTY OF DEFENDING OUR COUNTRY." THE PILOTS HAD PRECISE INSTRUCTIONS TO BOMB THE PALACIO DE LA MONEDA, THE PRESIDENTIAL HEADQUARTERS. FLYING LOW, THE TWO FIGHTER PLANES — ARMED WITH 18 SELF-PROPELLED ROCKETS — TOOK UP THEIR POSITIONS ALMOST 1,700 FEET ABOVE THE MAPOCHO TRAIN STATION, AT A SPEED OF JUST OVER 820 FEET PER SECOND. THEY WERE NEARLY HALF A MILE (800 METERS) FROM LA MONEDA. CLOSE TO MIDDAY, THEY LAUNCHED THE ROCKETS, WHICH BROKE THROUGH THE BUILDING'S WINDOWS AND ROOF, SETTING IT ON FIRE. FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THREE SECONDS BY THE PILOTS BEAR THE FIRST WITNESS TO THIS CHARRED DISFIGUREMENT.

NEARLY 30 YEARS LATER, NEW YORK'S TWIN TOWERS WERE DESTROYED BY THE IMPACT OF TWO COMMERCIAL AIRLINERS, WHICH HIJACKERS USED AS MISSILES ON THAT BLACK TUESDAY. THE TELEVISED IMAGES OF THE ATTACK AND THE COLLAPSE OF THE TWO BUILDINGS TURNED THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN. ANOTHER FACE — A DIGITAL ONE — WAS IN FLAMES.

The superficial coincidences between the two tragedies seem but a macabre twist of historical chance. The incandescent faces of the most powerful country on earth and the first democratically elected socialist government are ablaze on a pyre that consumes the icons of both the capitalist and revolutionary utopias.

What the images capture that day is the moment in which the real and symbolic value of life is devastated. At the same time, noises hover over us, defining a panorama of countless wounds; the catastrophe proceeds without delay. Its melancholy tracks, its stark representation is distributed among the hints of identity hanging from the faces of the disappeared, multiplied in an infinity of posters that painfully blanket our cities on that 11th and the days that follow. The unspeakable is fixed in the act of suspension perpetuated by the recognizable face, its evanescent and dynamic quality torn away, an uncompromising record of theft. Mutilated human cadavers, their skulls crushed, their bones pulverized, whose photographed faces bear the terrible stamp of human nature as a relentless demolition machine, muffled and oblivious, shredding all flesh and the laws that govern it.

I was eight years old on the first September 11. Only today, as I recall the interminable black and white cartoons on television, am I capable of contemplating the deepest meaning of that day and the reasons that stopped me from reflecting on it before. In fact, those animated characters were warning me not to forget. It would have been enough if one of them had realized it was racing through mere air, pursued or in pursuit, and fallen irrevocably to the bottom of the cartoon, shattered.

On the one hand, my responses criticize the "wish that this should be forgotten" that we Chileans have experienced in dealing with this demented act. But they also stress the need to identify the danger of continuing to use "common sense" as our guide. That is, conducting our daily lives with the omnipotence of certainty (as do



astronomers in their mathematical calculations of the tenth planet), without experiencing its limit. It is what we came to know on those Tuesdays and have forgotten time and time again: the experience of coming close to death.

For me, the imperative to "have forgotten" explodes along with the south tower that collapses on thousands of television screens around the world on the second 11th. That explosion frees the word that could name the horror. It also frees my thoughts, and immediately — I'm not sure why — I think of funeral rites. I imagine ceremonies that light up the city that night, with only children presiding, thousands of orphans who are working on abolishing words.

Like them, all I have left is an appeal to my childhood memory, which cannot relinquish the specter of trauma, the fear of what cannot be grasped, the vertigo of what cannot be grabbed hold

of, the madness of the inexplicable, the odors that form a resistant residue. Now I recall a work entitled *Play-Doh*, by the Chilean artist Rodrigo Merino, which illustrates this feeling perfectly. Merino's creation is a plasticine reproduction in miniature of the devastated La Moneda. Made into a toy, the sculpture emphasizes how what happened is the stuff of a game that is played just once, no more. Something of the human, its unavoidable transience, is recovered in this conversion.

Opposite the sacred quality of that childhood (of that country) sways, pendulum-like, the fragile televised image of the "treaty," "the dialogue table," or the "agreement." Or the violence legalized by the money doled out as reparation for crimes committed against "first-class" dead, abandoning the thousands of "second-class" dead who constitute the buried remains of betrayal.

The experience of ruin was my own as I dealt with the two events discussed in this article. On the one hand, a childhood under assault, lacking the capacity to become the authority on which to base my experience of utter devastation and desolation, as I faced a present that had dissolved. On the other, my adulthood, incapable of pulling away from the photographic instant — a sign of reality — which, like the Consecrated Host, is the vicar of the body of experience and guarantees that the facts have verisimilitude. Ruin that never truly becomes language, but only mimics it.

Other examples of how ruin is poured out in narratives that are but a rhetorical exaltation that simulates democracy:

The speaker repeating the faceless names of detainees who disappeared, catalogued in Chile's Rettig Report, is the emblematic figure of this dissolution: the mechanical puppet that has replaced its subject and defines reality as a series of narrated encounters. An orality devoid of feeling, an intermittent and interminable utterance that merely articulates grimaces, contortions, and small, voiceless bureaucratic shrouds.

The rubble from the collapse of the two towers and the remains of the three thousand disappeared, all intermingled in the twisted metal beams and the riverbeds, the shafts in lost mines, the desert, the mountain and the sea, are my own childhood. My own country. Remains that will accompany me forever, wherever I go. Material remains abstracted from the original scene and presented in the copy of "objectivity" in the autopsy and in the terrifying hygiene of the morgue. Contemplating the records of the ruins enables me to understand why subjectivity has disappeared.

Chile cannot forget. Memory, then, is a kind of device that helps me understand the ruins that surround me, like those deceptive figures that can be interpreted one way some of the time and another way at other times. It is also the only possible space for bringing together the multiple, changeable experiences expressed in the necessary "daily plebiscite" from which, day by day, a nation reinvents itself based on individual subjectivity. Memory is, in sum, the last bastion in which we can attempt to try out an alternative to the sentimental rule of common sense, also known as consensus or State militarism.

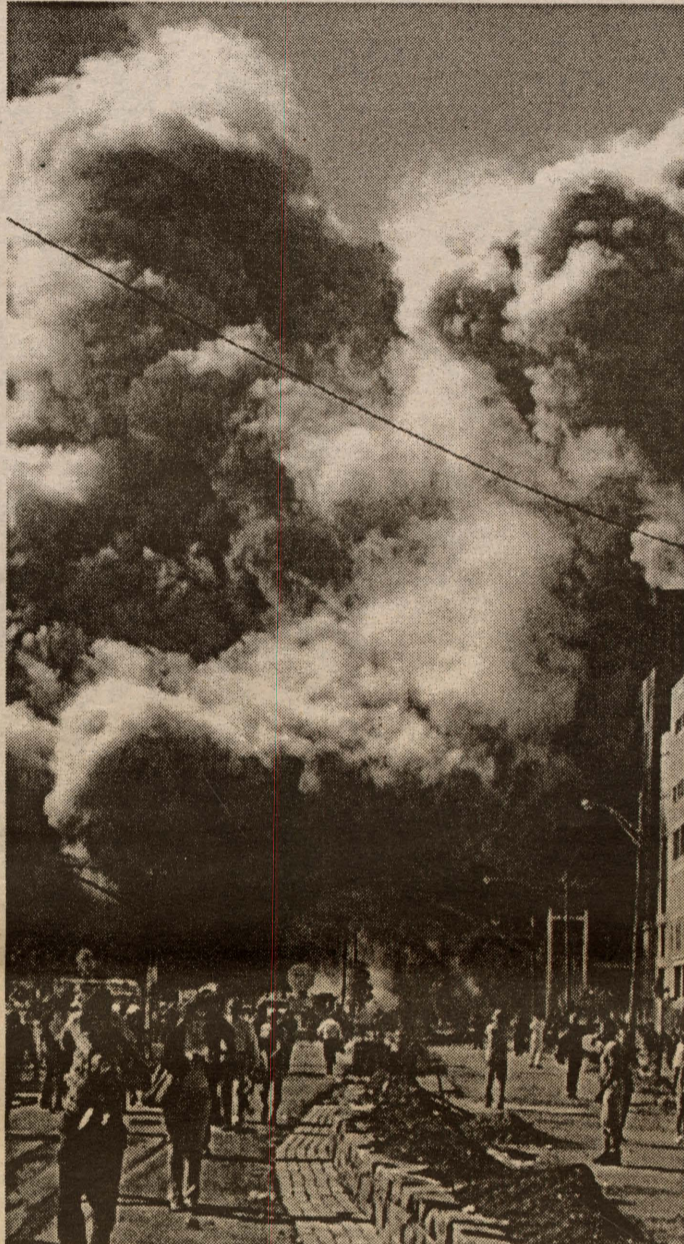
The End of Innocence

The dates and the number of dead are the same. September 11, a building bombarded from the air and three thousand dead. One of these events happened in Chile in 1973 and laid to waste both the constitutional regime of Salvador Allende and the Palacio de La Moneda; the other took place in New York — where I'm writing these lines — in 2001 and reduced the World Trade Center to dust, but that's as far as the similarities between the two bombings go.

The attack on the Twin Towers was not a coup d'état, but an act of suicidal terrorism: although it changed U.S. foreign policy, it did not transform American society at the core, as the 1973 coup d'état did Chile. Osama bin Laden did not take power after he demolished the Twin Towers, as Pinochet did after he bombed the Palacio de la Moneda. The bombing of the Moneda was a savage act that nonetheless established a new order, also savage. The attack on the Twin Towers was a lone, desperate act that confirmed the fragility of an order that did not change at all. No matter what we leftists in Chile and throughout the world think, the September 11 coup d'état was a revolutionary act: the storming of the Winter Palace by the anti-proletarians. The attack on the Twin Towers, by contrast, was simply a Buddhist monk-style blaze set by guerrillas who lacked a master plan.

But to me it doesn't matter what these acts really were. My job is not to be objective: I'm one of those people who lives off convincing skeptics that objectivity doesn't exist. If "I" look at it, and then I switch to that other "I" that is "we," the two dates are the same. I'm a child of the first September 11: I was born in 1970 but entered the world on September 11, 1973. It was then, when I was three years old, that who I was — and who I wasn't — was revealed to me.

That was when I discovered I had enemies, and that to those enemies my family's existence, and my own, was intolerable. I learned to talk during a time when people told me that language wasn't mine, but theirs. My family circle was broken; they, the world, Chile burst into my



house with a submachine gun in search of my mother or my father. Innocence was torn from me in one swift blow, and that same blow taught me that there were people bigger and stronger than I was. That there was a blind, irrational power that levels everything, so that its might remains beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The fire over the Moneda was just that, the end of the game. The palace no one thought was very important or very impressive grew more beautiful in the flames. In The destruction, it found the voice that its architect, Joaquín Toesca, had castrated. It screamed to the heavens that this was a real country because people really die here. It showed the revolutionaries that the revolution existed, but that it would never belong to them. To the reformists it made clear that reform was impossible, to the conservatives that nothing would be conserved. Pinochet did to Chile what Alexander the Great did to the Gordian knot: he cut it in two. The puzzles that gave meaning to Chile were sacrificed in order to start over from zero, or even less. To start from fear in order to continue in fear. To turn my parents back into infants, and to force me, and children like me, to be the adults.

I did not experience September 11, 2001 as intensely. In fact, I was in Veracruz, Mexico, drinking a mojito and eating some bean tostadas when I saw the towers fall. The people in the bar didn't bat an eye at the images, and they kept on playing their marimbas. It was hard for me to

believe that this all wasn't CNN playing some kind of joke. Only later did I meet a woman who watched the towers collapse as she stood on the balcony of her home. We talked a long time, we are still talking, I'm afraid we'll be talking forever about the morning she was getting ready to take a plane to Madrid, the morning when everything she was sure of stopped being sure at all. That peaceful end of summer, savoring a glass of orange juice under a pristine sky in which the unthinkable suddenly happened. One airplane, then another, and the fire, and the executives leaping into the void, and the white clouds, and the posh restaurants handing out sandwiches to the injured. And death, as in Chile in 1973, the feeling that the jig was up, that there was no longer any place for impunity. That you're being punished, that you will be punished for the very weight of your innocence. The crime of existing and of being "others" in this world, which is the feeling Chilean and U.S. September 11 victims have in common. That sudden awakening to a world at war, in which you can no longer be neutral.

Not even New York can be the capital of a capitalism that is tolerant, diverse, democratic, and creative, just as Chile couldn't be the country of benevolent, democratic socialism, with empanadas and red wine. Those two fetal utopias came to an end amid all the blood that accompanies a birth. Out of all that rage, what remains is fear. The strong will understand how to live with it, the weak for it. New York is no longer "something else," it is no longer a paradise of tolerance and free expression: it is the same as everything else, one more focal point in the battle between two world orders and two forces that hunger after chaos. That's why Manhattan residents didn't even have to be shushed into accepting the ordinance that banned smoking in all public places, though in normal times it would have been a topic of controversy. Thousands of little changes will gradually turn into one sweeping change that constitutes the end of innocence.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 2001



MUROSUR
ARTES VISUALES

BACZYARD